



The Midlands

An OSR Mini-Setting & Bestiary

Nagy • Nolan • Seal



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Introduction to the Midderlands

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INTRODUCTION

Written by: Glynn Seal

The Middlerlands actually exists, honestly. Well, sort of. This is my green-hued and twisted, late-middle ages to early-renaissance, dark-fantasy viewed through grime-smeared spectacles. It is of an area centred around where I actually live in England — the West Midlands and its surrounds.

Many of the locations are contorted, fantasy versions of locations I have seen or visited. Others are simply made up.

There is parody and tongue-in-cheek humour buried in this tome. Some of you will see it, others won't. No offence is intended if there is any to be seen. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.

That said, you can ignore all that and read it purely as it is intended — a living, breathing setting.

The book is intended to provide as much 'game-juice' as possible. Game-juice is defined as being just enough detail to provide a path for the Game Master to travel down without feeling shackled by unnecessary history or its canon. This approach also allows the ideas to port across to other settings and game systems without much trouble.

THE MIDDERLANDS

Situated in the middle of Havenland is an area known by the ancestors as the Middle Havenlands. They don't use that name much anymore, preferring to talk lazily, and skip letters. In strange accents, often misheard and little understood by those outside of the central region — they call it 'The Middlerlands', and themselves 'Midfolk' or 'Middlerlanders'.

Dudderfolk: "I tell ya this me ol' cocker, every Dudderfowk ar've met that ar've 'ad a deep chin wag wiv, ar dey understand half on it. Quarter on it ar'a push ar reckon."

Interpreter: "I will tell you this, my old friend, every person from Duddingly that I have met that I have had detailed conversations with, I did not understand half of it. A quarter of it at a push, I reckon."

There are many peculiar folk that call these Middlerlands home. Generally mistrusting of outsiders, they eye strangers with suspicion, closing doors, barring windows, and scurrying in opposite directions. Maybe the area has had a troubled history and that is why the folk behave the way they do.

All that aside, there are good folk too. These folk just want to subsist peacefully and not have interference or 'goings on' in their lives.

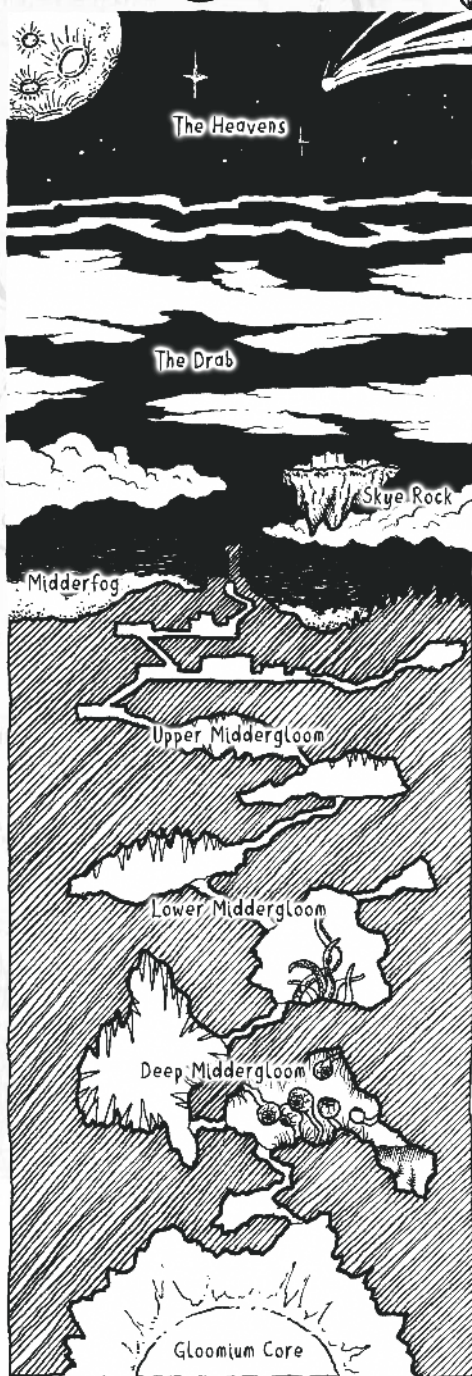
Nothing is ever that simple.

As well as the people of the area, there are the places. The towns and hamlets, the woods and hills, the lakes and the rivers. Amongst all these places are stranger locales too: circles of stones, strange towers, foreboding castles, and burial grounds.

Everywhere though, the Midderlands is tainted by a green-tinged menace that rises from 'Middergloom', the deep and mysterious realms beneath the surface. It affects nature and order. Sometimes subtly and sometimes catastrophically. Middergloom is often described as hell bathed in green fire and flames. Green-tinged, viscid slime; noxious, acrid vapours, and miasmas of hopelessness creep upwards from below. Amongst them, viridian-coloured demons, lime-green tentacles and other malachite horrors claw their way to the surface to wreak havoc. The Lords of the land are always working to keep things at bay. They fight endlessly as if holding back a torrent of despair.

The realm of Middergloom is deliberately nebulous and mysterious, and left for the Game Master to develop as needed to suit his campaign.

The same vileness that lurks below taints the skies above the land too, known as 'The Drab'. The atmosphere is a hint of green rather than blue. The colour can shift between dark turquoise and sickly yellow-green in a short space of time. When night comes and the Drab clears, the midfolk can



see the constellations surrounded by wispy green nebulae, strange wandering stars and comets, and a single many-cratered, almost web-covered moon.

There are many things in the Middelands to keep the inquisitive minds of treasure seekers amused. There are also many things to keep the treasures where they are.

Things stir in this viridian-hued landscape. Evil eyes blink and watch. Teeth and claws scratch and sharpen. Gaping maws slobber and drool.

All is not content in the Middelands.

Oh and...

- Weird shit happens for seemingly no reason at all — exploding trees, fireballs from heaven, rain of frogs, plague of badgers, colossal vegetables, etc.
- Gods are a thing, but treat the Middelands with disinterest for the most part.
- Many vile, slimy, horrific, tentacled, chthonic, piscine, mutated, and putrid nightmares lie beneath the landscape in Middergloom, occasionally surfacing or manifesting to wreak havoc.
- Dabblers in the arcane arts of casting spells and summoning are generally mistrusted and even persecuted in some of the region's backwater areas.
- Green stuff — if it is green, whatever it is, it can have a place in the Middelands.

Keep your eyes as sharp as your wits in the Middelands.

Gloomium

Deep in the Middergloom, near the centre of the world is a spinning core of ethereal, arcane metal known as 'gloomium'. To look upon it is to invite madness, as it is colossally huge, intensely bright green, and infinitely denser than iron.

On occasions, gloomium seeps and leaks onto the surface in all manner of forms. Deep-dwelling creatures are more affected by the strange substance and become increasingly more indescribable the closer they get to the gloomium core. It is this intensely-green, metallic menace that has catalysed the strange landscape and its effects on the inhabitants.

Gloom-touched

The effects of gloomium on the denizens of Middergloom can be quite strange. Anyone or anything that spends too much time underground can start to develop the strangeness that is often attributed to the gloomium. Other than making living creatures extremely unwell, gloomium can cause the subjects it eventually kills to return to being, although twisted and deformed. These beings are known as gloom-touched. They are not undead.

You can take any creature and make it gloom-touched by adding one or more of the following gloom-touched deformities. These have no effect on the statistics of the creatures unless the Game Master decides otherwise and is appropriate. As

an example, extra eyes could mean that the creature is no longer surprised.

Gloom-touched Deformities

Roll 1d20

1. An additional 1d6 glowing, green eyes.
2. An additional 1d6 ears of various sizes. Ears can be pointy.
3. An additional 1d6 mouths.
4. An additional 1d4 limbs, all withered and unusable.
5. Teeth are excessively large and sharp.
6. Long horns protruding from head. 50% curled, 50% straight.
7. All facial features are distorted and weird.
8. The creature continually vomits luminous yellow-green bile and blood.
9. The creature constantly twitches and screeches as if in pain.
10. Unusually long arms and spindly fingers.
11. Spines sprout from a random body location.
12. Iridescent scales cover a random body location.
13. Exchange 1d4 limbs for green, slimy tentacles. Add weapons to the tentacles as necessary.
14. Sexual organs are green-tinged and located in a random body location, excluding the groin.
15. Mouth is located in a random body location, excluding the front of head.
16. Ears are located in a random body location, excluding the side of head.
17. Eyes are located in a random body location, excluding the front of head.

18. The creature's hands, feet, or whatever part comes into contact with the ground, oozes slime like a snail.
19. The creature is surrounded by a black, inky miasma.
20. The creature glows with a luminous green hue.

Random Body Locations

Roll 1d20

1. Top of head.
2. Front of head.
3. Back of head.
4. Sides of head.
5. Neck.
6. Chest.
7. Shoulder(s).
8. Back.
9. Belly.
10. Armpit(s).
11. Upper arm(s).
12. Elbow(s).
13. Lower arm(s).
14. Hand(s).
15. Groin.
16. Backside.
17. Upper leg(s).
18. Knee(s).
19. Lower leg(s).
20. Foot or feet.



Weird Shit

Want to add a bit of Middelands weirdness? Roll 1d30 on the table below or pick something that fits.

1. A puddle of luminous green liquid bubbles up from the floor/ground.
2. The closest tree suddenly explodes, leaving a splintered smoking stump.
3. A rain of 1d10 green balls of fire rain down from the Drab above.
4. A localised rain downpour which includes small, live frogs.
5. A cete of 1d30 badgers rampages through the area.
6. Overnight, a small crop of carrots has quadrupled in size. Some carrots are four feet long.
7. A building disappears overnight, only to reappear the following evening, its occupants seemingly unaware.
8. A random stranger or player character sprouts long, green, wiry hair from his head.
9. You find a writhing, dismembered tentacle, oozing puss. It is 1d6 feet in length.
10. Bright, green lichen rapidly grows over an area.
11. Deep, earth-shaking, thumping noises.
12. A blood-curdling scream followed by another.
13. A dead body falls from the Drab.
14. A swirling vortex appears in the clouds of the Drab above and green lightning arcs around the black eye of the vortex.
15. A long, spindly, short-lived tornado appears and sucks up trees, cattle, vegetation, hedgerows, and fences.
16. A section of fencing animates and attacks the characters
17. A section of land gives way and falls into a sinkhole.
18. A herd of cattle develops the ability to talk in the common tongue for a short duration.
19. A loud drone fills the air, rising in tone until it reaches a crescendo, then it stops abruptly.
20. Middelfog sets in thick and fast, reducing visibility to ten feet. A real mushy pea-souper.
21. A sudden onset of green-hued frost covers the immediate area, and then slowly melts away.
22. A force of ten black-clad armoured warriors march through the area, pushing anyone out of their way.
23. A green-hued apparition of a gloomium-touched creature appears and screams a deathly wail, then disappears.
24. A villager staggers towards the player characters vomiting and retching violently, he looks to have some kind of leprosy or flesh-eating pox.
25. The closest building suddenly collapses due to subsidence.
26. A passing cart spills its load of eyeball-filled barrels.
27. A passing cart spills its load of barrels, each filled with severed heads.
28. A meteorite streaks across the Drab, leaving a shower of emerald sparks.
29. A meteor strike hits the ground not far away creating a loud explosion.

30. A pack of rabid dogs runs through the area chased by a pack of rabid cats.

The Colour Green

Lots of natural things in The Midderlands have a greenish tinge. This should be a common theme in the descriptions where possible.

Here are some words that can be used to emphasise this trait in the setting;

- Apple
- Artichoke
- Asparagus
- Avocado
- Bottle green
- Celadon
- Celeste
- Emerald
- Fern
- Forest
- Garnet
- Grass
- Jade
- Jungle
- Juniper
- Kelp
- Laurel
- Leaf
- Lichen
- Lime
- Malachite
- Mint
- Moss
- Olive
- Opal
- Pear
- Pickle
- Pine
- Sage
- Seaweed
- Slime
- Teal
- Turquoise
- Verdigris
- Viridian

Weather

The Drab above is the provider of the Midderlands weather. The Midderlands is pretty much temperate.

Average temperature is 20 °C (68 °F) during the day and 10 °C (50 °F) at night. If you want to vary it, roll 1d6 and 1d20.

On the the 1d6 roll, a 1-3 is a minus and a 4-6 is a plus. The 1d20 result is the amount of variance in °C from the average. So, results of 3 and 17 during the day would be 20 minus 17. That is a 3 °C daytime temperature, which is pretty fucking cold for a temperate region, but hey, that is what it is actually like, so you can handle that, right?

Generally, it is raining. A light drizzle. If not, the Drab is still turquoise or sickly yellow-green and cloudy. At night though, the sky clears and you can see all the wondrous sights of the heavens.

Feel free to roll on the random weather table in the appendix — you might get some sun!

Roadways

Civil engineering in the Midderlands has not evolved much since the Gomans invaded two thousand years ago. Most of the roadways shown on the hex map fall into two types; compacted stone, or dirt track.

As a general rule, the compacted stone roadways are used to connect large towns together by shortest possible routes. As an example, Burnton to Leechfield is compacted stone.

Dirt tracks make up the remaining roads, although some of these other roadways are a mixture of both depending on the terrain they pass. In some cases, the dirt tracks have become mud bogs, so wooden stilts and timbers have been laid, or

crushed stone has been laid and tamped down.

As examples, the road from Blackwych to Wylenhall is dirt track, but where it crossed the river either side of the River Wort it is compacted stone.

Midderlands Age

The Midderlands is not set in a specific period, but in a hotchpotch of historical ages. Loosely, the late 15th century or early 16th century will suffice. References:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/15th_century
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/16th_century

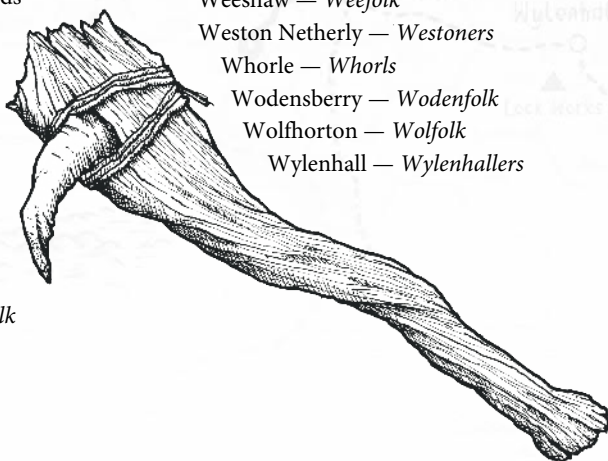
The age of discovery. Artillery exists and hand-held firearms are in their infancy. Most folk believe in witches and witchcraft, and are highly-superstitious. In general though, common folk have no idea what is going on in the world outside their town or village. News travels slowly.

Collective Midfolk

The folk of the Midderlands (collectively, 'Midfolk' or 'Midderlanders'), refer to each other by various names depending on where they come from. This list provides some of the more common ones, listed by location;

Abbots Bream — *Abbotfolk*
 Aldwych — *Alderfolk*
 Allraess — *Allfolk*
 Ashenby — *Ashenfolk*

Athernstone — *Athernfolk*
 Blackwych — *Wychers*
 Brignorth — *Brigfolk*
 Broomwich Heath — *Broomfolk*
 Burnton — *Burntonians*
 Burnwood — *Burners*
 Cairn Chase Forest — *Queerfolk*
 Cairn Nook — *Cairnookians*
 Deadford — *Deadfods*
 Duddingly — *Dudderfolk*
 Fetterstone — *Fetterfolk*
 Herding Town — *Erdfolk*
 Ironbridge — *Ironfolk*
 Leechfield — *Leechfielders* (or *Leeches* if you are a Tamewort native)
 Netherseal and Overseal — *Sealfolk*
 Rudgley — *Rudgefolk*
 Shalestone — *Shalefolk*
 Shelfold — *Shelfolk*
 Shifall — *Shiffenfolk*
 Staffleford — *Stafflefolk*
 Suttham Oldfeld — *Oldfelders*
 Tamewort — *Tamefolk* (or *Warts* if you are a Leechfield native)
 Tealford — *Tealforders*
 Walshale — *Walsfolk*
 Waterhorton — *Wathorks*
 Weeshaw — *Weefolk*
 Weston Netherly — *Westoners*
 Whorle — *Whorls*
 Wodensberry — *Wodenfolk*
 Wolfhorton — *Wolfolk*
 Wylenhall — *Wylenhallers*



Races of the Midderlands

Humans. Humans are everywhere in the Midderlands. That is not to say that dwarves, elves, half-elves, and halflings do not live here, they are just too overwhelmed by humanity to stand out.

In fact, it is the same for the other creatures of the Midderlands too. It is unusual for garden goblins to tend gardens for noblemen of the area, but it does happen. When it does though, it would be more unusual for anyone to bat an eyelid.

All-in-all, humans are everywhere, but the Midderfolk will not take against any other races amongst them.

Strangers on the other hand, human or otherwise, are not to be trusted — especially if they look like magic-users, or cast spells like magic-users. The Midderfolk attitude of ‘death by witch-trial first, ask questions later’ often applies.

Midderland Counties

The Midderlands is a mixture of counties. Tealfordshire, Staffershire, Western Midderlands, Warrickshire, Darbyshire, and Lesternshire.

The borders of these counties are patrolled and maintained by the lords of the large towns, that is when they can agree to a common goal. For the most part, Midfolk are free to cross counties,

but occasionally there are check points and guards in the heraldry of their respective lords.

Staffershire constitutes the largest area of land and boasts six of the Midderland’s largest towns, followed by the Western Midderlands with two.

Government Hierarchy

For the most part, the Midderlands has a totally made-up system of governance. It is kind of feudal. Where the feudal system had barons, these are now lords — it sounds cooler. Also, there are a few less ranks involved. Feel free to add or remove ranks at your leisure.

In summary (most important first); Queen > Dukes > Lords > Knights > Peasants.

Queen: There is a queen who rules over the lands. She resides in Great Lunden somewhere down to the south seemingly away from the affairs of the Midderlanders. She is Queen Elspeth IV or sometimes ‘The Mad Queen’ behind her back. She rules over all of Havenland and is keen on placing the heads of traitors on spikes around her palace. She is surrounded by sycophants. Notably, she has over forty slobbering, nodding, grovelling, back-stabbing, scheming, dukes, all eager to keep their heads.

Dukes: Each duke rules one of the counties of Havenland in the name of Queen Elspeth. They are responsible for maintaining law and order; for ensuring that her majesty’s decrees are passed to

the lords; for counting all taxes raised and ensuring that the queen gets every last coin from her subjects; and for raising men-at-arms should her majesty ever decide to go to war. None of the dukes reside in their respective counties although they all maintain homes there. Indeed, some of the dukes have never even visited their counties, let alone resided in them. Instead, the dukes live close to Great Lunden and are more interested in obtaining favour with the queen than in the lives of the peasantry miles away. Some dukes do take the time to visit their counties, but most are content to send minions to deliver messages and the Queen's decrees and in return, collect taxes raised. This leaves the lords of the towns to do whatever they like as long as the taxes are collected and the dukes to pander to her majesty when not pandering to their personal perversities.

The current dukes of the Midderlands region are;

- Benedict Oakwood, Duke of Tealfordshire
- Isaiah Harrison, Duke of Staffershire
- Rufus Ponsonby, Duke of Warrickshire
- Gertrude Margoyles, Duchess of Darbyshire
- Ebenezer Hawkins, Duke of Lesternshire,
- Silas Ironhand, Duke of the Western Midderlands

Lords and Ladies: Most 'large' towns in the land are governed by a lord or lady — and in some cases more than one. Usually either hereditary or appointed by the duke upon whose lands the town stands, it is

not unknown for the Queen to suggest a suitable candidate should the whim strike her. It is their purpose to govern the populace, collect taxes, enforce the queen's decrees, and ensure that the dukes they answer to are kept satisfied. Some lords and ladies are benevolent, some are bastardly, some are bone idle. Each also commands a personal retinue, typically comprised of loyal knights and men-at-arms, sometimes backed up by mercenaries, should their bickering with the other lords escalate into a clash of arms.

Knights: Just as the lords and ladies are appointed by the dukes, the lords and ladies have the right to bestow lands and particular titles upon their favoured subjects. Typically, this is to ennoble a subject, raising him or her up from the populace by granting a knighthood and an accompanying manor. Also, their names become prefixed with Sir. Most knights hold lands in the name of their lord or lady, such manors typically consisting of no more than a hamlet or two, though some are really fortified keeps or outposts. Lords and ladies also have the right to appoint somebody as an armiger. This grants them the right to bear arms and a heraldic device, and sometimes an honorific title, but does not ennoble them or grant them a manor.

Currency

The midfolk will bargain and barter with — and for — anything to hand, including livestock, family members, vegetables, whittled spoons, pottery, and unusually-shaped stones. It is suggested that the

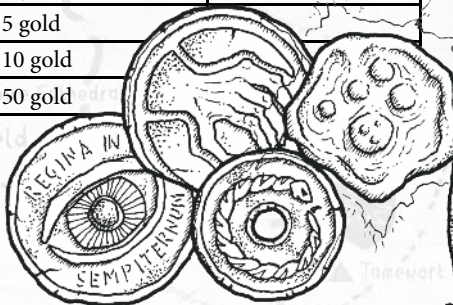
Suggested Currency of the Midderlands

Coin Name	Quick Equivalent	Gold Equivalent	Pronunciation
Copper Halfpenny	1 Copper piece	0.005 gold	Hayp'nee
Tin Penny	2 Copper pieces	0.01 gold	-
Brass Two Pence	4 Copper pieces	0.02 gold	Tupp'unce
Silver Shilling	1 Silver piece	0.05 gold	Shillin'
Bronze Florin	2 Silver pieces	0.1 gold	-
Iron Twenty	4 Silver pieces	0.2 gold	Twen'ee
Electrum Halfquid	1 Electrum piece	0.5 gold	Haff-quid
Gold Quid	1 Gold piece	1 gold	-
Platinum Fiver	1 Platinum piece	5 gold	
Middium Groat	2 Platinum pieces	10 gold	
Gloomium Ingot	10 Platinum pieces	50 gold	

Game Master use this system of exchange rather than the one of cold, hard coinage when running a Midderlands campaign and that he should encourage his players and their characters to do likewise.

Note that a dirty, pox-ridden villager from Blackwych might value a Waterhorton turnip above his hefty wife and three groats.

This is not to say that coins are not in circulation, especially in the wealthier areas. The Game Master should feel free to use any monetary system he likes, but over the centuries, Havenland has adopted its own currency and exchange rates. The table above presents the current state of Midderland currency, listing the



common coinage, their names, and how they relate to the currencies typically found in other fantasy game systems.

Of special note are the gloomium ingots. These bad-boys glow in the dark, hence their spectacular value. Although called gloomium by name, they are not made from that substance. They are thought to be of a divine origin and curse those not wise or devout enough to own them.

Having a gloomium ingot on your person — or within ten feet — consistently for more than 3 days will start to affect the bearer. Reduce one point of Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution each day thereafter, with no saving throw. The wearer feels increasingly shit, getting worse each day. Upon the first statistic



hitting zero, he should make a saving throw each hour thereafter. Upon a failure, the bearer dies.

Upon giving up the ingot, the statistics recover gradually with two days of bed rest for each day the ingot was borne.

Equipment, Weapons and Armour

If it is in the mains rules, it is available. Flint & steel, chalk, rowboat, flail, sling, chain armour, etc. It is all found in the large towns for a cost.

Let us say that Isaiah Hawkes, a player character, needs some plate armour. He does not have 100 gold quids. Yet the blacksmith, Boris Fallows, agrees to a barter. Boris will let the armour go in exchange for thirty healthy sheep, a barrow full of turnips, and Old Man Rufus' prized heifer.

Remember that the barter system can lead to other adventures and role-play opportunities. How will the player characters get the heifer off Rufus?

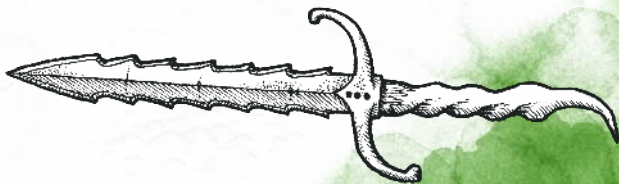
Enjoy it.

Religion

The Game Master should feel free to use whatever gods, deities, devils, demons or superior-beings he feels is appropriate to his campaign ideas. There is devoutness in The Middlerlands, but it is generally untargeted and vague. There is no real monotheism, but more an intangible collective. There is a perception of there being bright, light and airy heavens above them, and dark, cold, deathly green hell below them.

Midfolk often refer to the benevolent beings as 'them upstairs', or 'The Gods' when requesting divine assistance. In comparison, the malevolent beings are referred to as 'them downstairs', or 'The Devils'. Depending on if you have lived a good or bad life, it determines your final resting destination — upstairs or downstairs. Demons and Devils are terms used interchangeably.

The table on the next page contains some suggested superior-beings for you to develop if you choose.



The Superior Beings of the Midderlands

Common Name	Other Name(s)	Short Description
Baphomet	The Black Goat, Rukkanon	A demon said to invisibly preside over dark and malevolent rituals and sacrifices.
Gael	The Gold Angel, The Shining One	Said to be the angel that takes souls of the good-folk 'upstairs' to The Gods after death.
Gobulus	Gol, The Wart King	Taking the form of a giant, disembodied, green serpent's eye, wreathed in flames. Venerated by goblins of all kinds.
Mephistophael	Gormoth, Kan-Thuul	An undead, angel-demon said to collect the souls of the recently deceased, who in their lives committed the worst crimes imaginable. Mephistophael butchers, tortures and ensures that all possible horrors are inflicted upon those it collects as punishment for the things they did in life.
Mithra	Lady Luck, Mistress of Silver	A maternal-looking deity often invoked when luck is required, or is deemed to have occurred.
Morgontula	Arachoth, Spiderking, Holy Fuck!	A colossal, eight-legged spider god. Said to live in a gigantic web in the centre of the moon and to hunt angels above thunderstorms.
Old Hobb	The Devil, Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub	Often uttered when something has gone wrong and there is no-one obvious to blame.
The Gods	Them, Our Fathers	Often referenced when the midfolk are looking for divine benevolence. Sometimes they are believed to be ancestral beings, and other times a divine, collective force of good.
The Reaper	Grimm	The demon that takes the souls of the bad-folk downstairs. Appears on a ghostly raft made of bones.
Treeman	Ol' Green One, The Old Man	A fabled man of the woods. Protects the flora and fauna of the woodlands and forests.
Vulgryph	The Vulture King	Deity of birds and wealth. Preying on the weak and poor.

Hexagon Map Grid

The Middelands map is overlaid with a hexagonal grid consisting of 36 columns and 21 rows. This grid is numbered, generally towards the bottom of each hex. The format is first two digits for column, and second two digits for the row.

This referencing can also be used to describe a location. For example; Shalestone is within hexagon 2313. This may be stated in the text as follows;

Refer to Hex 2313 for Shalestone's location.

Or alternatively,

Randomly generate a Hex reference for the Shiftingwood's current location.

To randomly generate a Hex reference, lay out the map on a flat surface, and drop a twenty-sided dice from around twelve inches from above the centre of the map.

Where it lands, choose the closest hex centre or hex border and that is the randomly generated hex.



Heraldry

The large towns of the Midderlands proudly, and in some cases defiantly, display their coats-of-arms whenever and wherever they can.

These signs of authority are rife, and the lords and ladies of the large towns ensure theirs are dominant. They often appear on large signposts at town borders, on the battered tabards and dented armour of town guards and militia, and on local administrative buildings.

The small towns have their heraldic signs too. These are left up to the Game Master to design, unless noted in the description for each of the towns described later.

On this page, and on the map of The Midderlands, are shown the coat-of-arms designs for the large towns. In descending order they are as follows (blazonry purists please look away, I made some of this shit up):



Burnton

Black field with a silver double cross.



Cairn Nook

Per fess black and silver chequered on silver field with six inverted gold leaves touching on a black pale sinister.



Duddingly

Grey field with three silver skulls on a light grey pale.



Leechfield

Silver and red triangular field.



Rudgley

Gold field with two black crescent moons.



Staffleford

Blue field with three gold stars and a gold fess with one azure star.



Suttham Oldfeld

Grey field with seventeen gold coins and roman numerals for twenty-seven on a red chief.



Tamewort

Per fess red and black field with red and black striped chief and black sun rising.

Madderlands Words

To many folk outside the region, the people of the Madderlands talk funny. This is a summary of common Madderland words that often crop up in conversations.

Madderlands Words	
Midfolk Word(s)	Meaning(s)
<i>Am</i>	Are
<i>Ar</i>	I or Yes
<i>Ar'a</i>	At a
<i>Ar've</i>	I have
<i>Argy bargy</i>	Aggravation, pushing and shoving
<i>Ay</i>	Am not, Are not
<i>Bamboozle</i>	Confuse
<i>Boris, Dave</i>	Man's name used in place of another name, either because it is not known or they are known well.
<i>Cakehole, chops</i>	Mouth
<i>Chin wag</i>	Conversation, talking
<i>Cocker</i>	Friend
<i>Cogwinder, clobber, lamp</i>	Punch, hit
<i>Dey</i>	Did not
<i>Eedyut</i>	Idiot
<i>Fairce, kissa</i>	Face, visage
<i>Fowk</i>	Folk
<i>Gaff</i>	Dwelling or business place
<i>Gawp, gawping</i>	Stare, staring
<i>Gob</i>	Mouth or to spit

Madderlands Words	
Midfolk Word(s)	Meaning(s)
<i>Gooin</i>	Going
<i>Jasper</i>	Wasp
<i>Jed, jedded</i>	Dead, killed
<i>Jizz</i>	Any gooey substance
<i>Kaylied</i>	Drunk
<i>Lark</i>	Like
<i>Loff</i>	Laugh
<i>Lughole</i>	Ear
<i>Lummock</i>	Clumsy, lumbering
<i>Mar</i>	My
<i>Mon</i>	Man
<i>Nip</i>	Turnip, parsnip
<i>Ole, ol', ode</i>	Old
<i>On it</i>	Of it
<i>Oss</i>	Horse
<i>Reasty</i>	Off (as in food), bad, dirty
<i>Saft</i>	Stupid
<i>Scrap</i>	Fight, brawl
<i>Shite, shat</i>	Shit
<i>Smosh</i>	Smash, break
<i>Snot</i>	Mucus
<i>Spud, tater</i>	Potato
<i>Spug, spuggy</i>	Sparrow or other small bird
<i>Suck</i>	Sweets or treats
<i>Wazzock</i>	Stupid, annoying (person)
<i>Wenching</i>	The act of flirting with the ladies (or gents).
<i>Y'am</i>	You are
<i>Ya, Yow</i>	You
<i>Yampy</i>	Useless, hopeless
<i>Yed</i>	Head

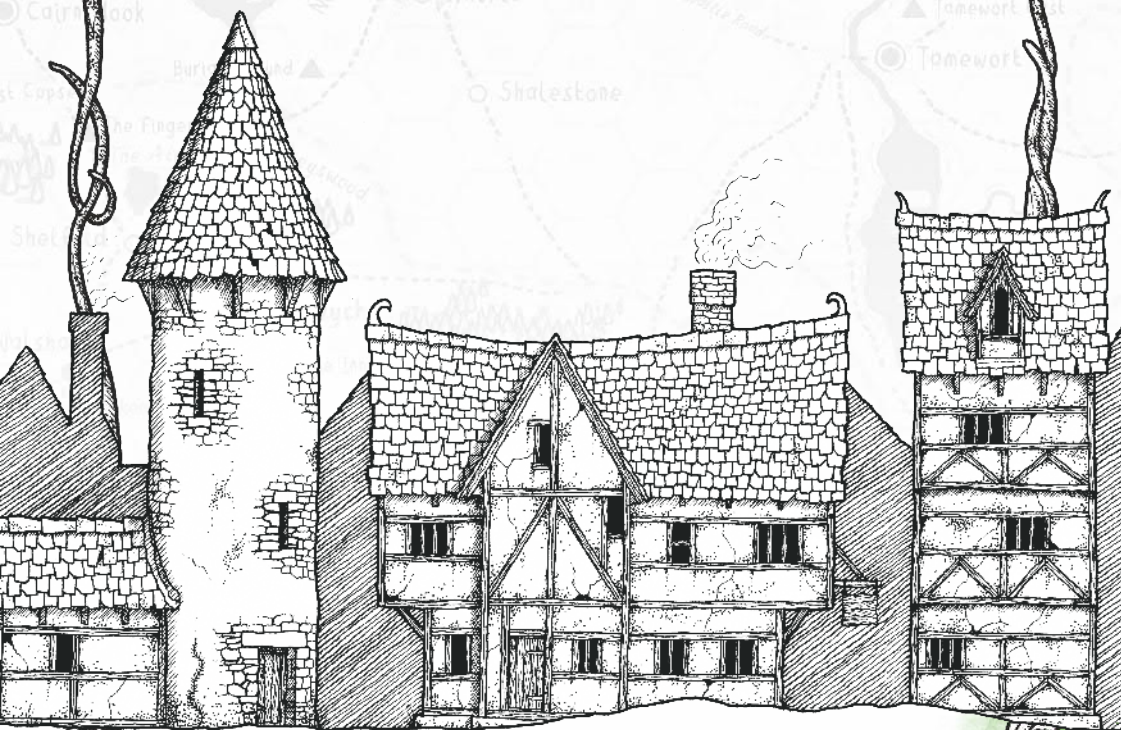
Locations of the Midderlands

HAMLETS

Alderwych

Considered 'posh' by surrounding folk, the gentile and aged community of Alderwych is quite a nice place, consisting of quaint thatched cottages and a church with lofty steeple overlooking a nice village green. The church bell is made of bronze and eerie-sounding when rung. The clapper is said to be a mace which was found on the fields after the Battle of Tentowns. Some say the clapper, known as the 'Deadman's Holler', leaks blood onto the bellringers below when rung during a blue moon.

Big Owge, Luke the Larger, and Cheesy Pete live separately on the edge of the hamlet, subsisting from fishing and performing feats-of-strength for money.



Athernstone



Athernstone

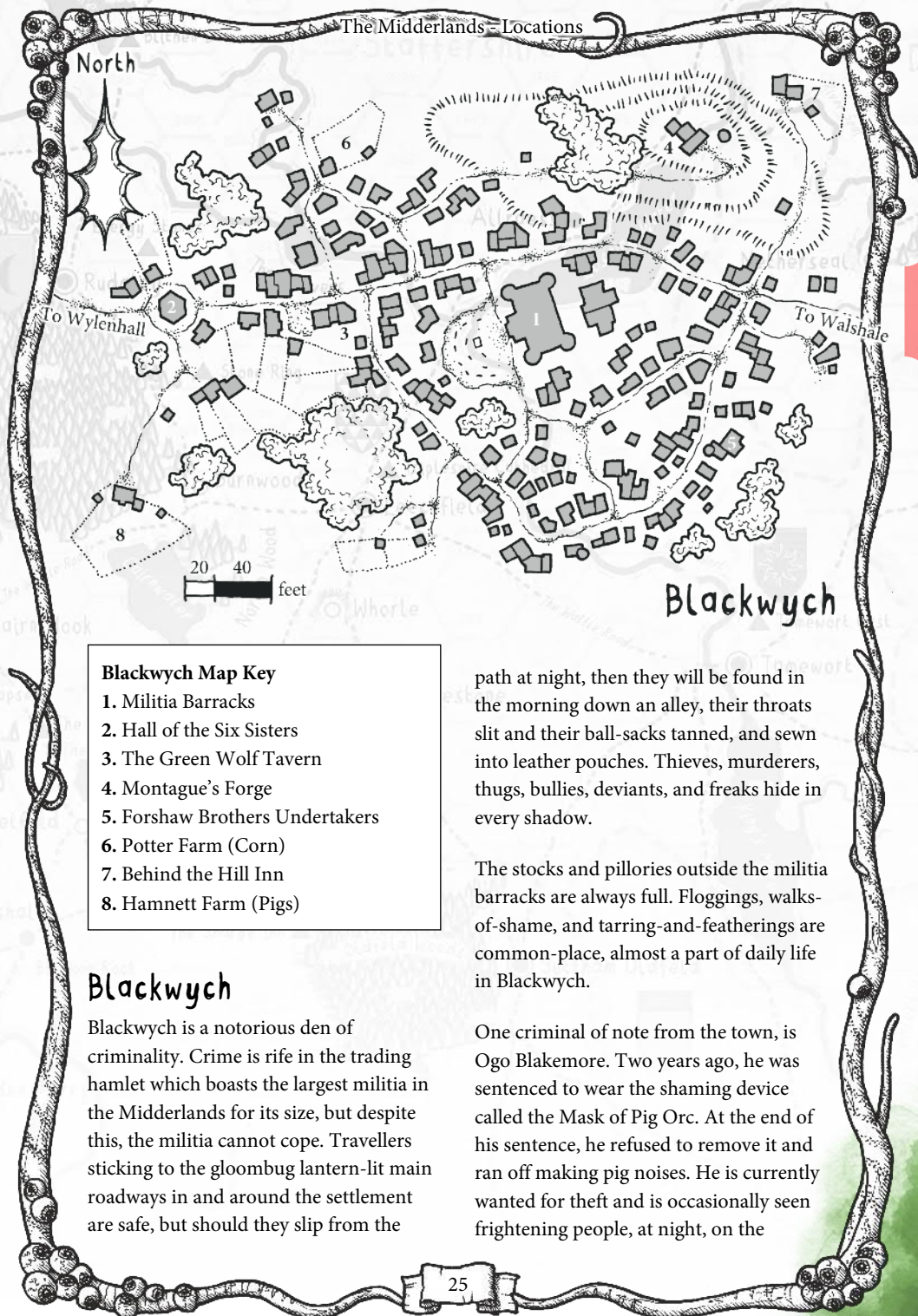
Athernstone is permanently wrapped inside a blanket of Midderfog that stops at the hamlet's boundary markers where ratdogs sit howling at the edge of the town. Athernstone is haunted by the noises from the marshes which lie between it and Deadford. Were it not for the devoutness of its inhabitants, Athernstone would have long become an outpost for the necromancers of Deadford. They consecrate their ground almost daily, wash in holy water, and pray for salvation from the Masters of Deadford.

No one is buried in Athernstone, they are all cremated with no exception. Even animals found dead are quickly burned. This prevents any unwanted life after death.

Refer to the map of Athernstone above. This key relates to those locations;

Athernstone Map Key

1. Church of Saint Athern
2. Hubbin's Windmill
3. Holyhand Pond
4. Old Ox Inn
5. Hubbin's Bakery
6. Mulkin's General Store
7. The Marshes



Blackwych Map Key

1. Militia Barracks
2. Hall of the Six Sisters
3. The Green Wolf Tavern
4. Montague's Forge
5. Forshaw Brothers Undertakers
6. Potter Farm (Corn)
7. Behind the Hill Inn
8. Hamnett Farm (Pigs)

Blackwych

Blackwych is a notorious den of criminality. Crime is rife in the trading hamlet which boasts the largest militia in the Midderlands for its size, but despite this, the militia cannot cope. Travellers sticking to the gloombug lantern-lit main roadways in and around the settlement are safe, but should they slip from the

path at night, then they will be found in the morning down an alley, their throats slit and their ball-sacks tanned, and sewn into leather pouches. Thieves, murderers, thugs, bullies, deviants, and freaks hide in every shadow.

The stocks and pillories outside the militia barracks are always full. Floggings, walks-of-shame, and tarring-and-featherings are common-place, almost a part of daily life in Blackwych.

One criminal of note from the town, is Ogo Blakemore. Two years ago, he was sentenced to wear the shaming device called the Mask of Pig Orc. At the end of his sentence, he refused to remove it and ran off making pig noises. He is currently wanted for theft and is occasionally seen frightening people, at night, on the

borders of Walshale. It is believed that the mask has somehow become imbued with magic, making Ogo much harder to capture.

Burnwood

A hundred or more years ago, a larger village stood here, but not much lies above ground in Burnwood now. It was ravaged by mysterious fires that killed many. From these ashes, another smaller settlement emerged only to be ravaged by fire once more. The third settlement was built seventeen years ago, using timber soaked in barbel oil (a known fire-retardant), but again it burnt to the ground, this time with a strange, bile-green, arcane fire.

Thoroughly pissed off, the burners went underground and what was once a large village is now a hamlet of burrows and warrens. The burners also enacted a strict 'no timber' policy in Burnwood and consequently, there has not been a catastrophic fire in Burnwood for sixteen years.

No-one ever got to the bottom of 'The Fires of Burnwood', but it is deeply suspected that Pye the Warlock knows something.

Deadford

There is only one road to Deadford. It leads south from the route to Ashenby and is clearly marked with a crude signpost which reads 'Beware! Necromancers!'.

The road to Deadford is raised above the surrounding marshland which makes the journey easier than it should be as the Midderfog and mist almost always block out the sun. Sound is also muffled, unless it consists of howls and blood-curdled screams, which seemingly travel for miles.

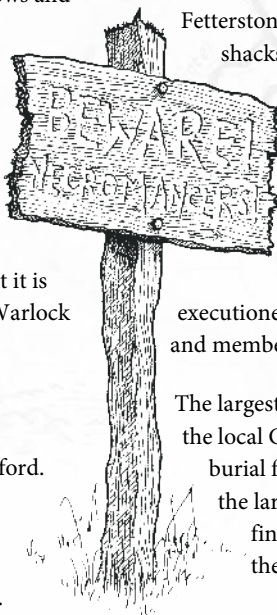
Deadford is a collection of ramshackle, decrepit, old buildings, dark and unwelcoming, much like their keepers. The long-ago full graveyard is now empty. No-one is sure if the dead left of their own accord, presumably to escape certain torment at the withered hands of the Masters of Deadford.

Packs of short-horned ratdogs roam the surrounding lands knowing that meals of pallid flesh are nearby.

Fetterstone

Fetterstone is a collection of wooden shacks and small, stone buildings on the edge of a boggy, peaty marsh. Not many people live in this bleak hamlet, but most that do, have some connection to the nearby gaol. Many Fetterstoners are gaolers, executioners, gravediggers, watchmen, and members of the militia.

The largest structure in Fetterstone is the local Church of Saint Fetter and its burial fields. Its graveyard is one of the largest in the area, providing final resting places to many of the gaol's inmates old and new.



It is fair to say that most of the watchmen and militia are employed to prevent escape attempts by the gaol's inmates and then apprehend those that do as quickly as possible. However, this is less of an issue than the problem they have with errant Masters of Deadford striving to raise the Midderland's worst criminals — many of whom have died in Fetterstone Gaol and are buried in its graveyard — as the most sadistic undead they can find. That, and the insatiable appetite for decaying flesh of the short-horned ratdogs that roam forth from Deadford.

Netherseal Map Key

1. William's Tower
2. Benjamin's Windmill
3. The Gargoyle Inn

Netherseal

South of Overseal, in a small valley, is its sister hamlet of Netherseal. Where the folk in Overseal are bright and friendly, the inhabitants of Netherseal are dour and mistrustful. Some say that in years gone by, the Masters of Deadford slaughtered the hamlet's population. Nowadays, the Netherfolk trust no one.

Netherseal is dominated by two buildings perched opposite each other on the ridges that border the valley. One is a grey, stone tower with scant windows and a pointed black tiled roof. This is the home of the aged archivist, William of Greyfort, whose sprawling library of mystical, occult, arcane, and divine tomes fills both his tower and the chambers beneath it.

Netherseal



On the other side of the valley on a similar ridge sits a matching grey, stone windmill built in a similar style. Owned by the octogenarian, mechanical genius, Benjamin of Weeshaw, its wine-coloured sails turn perpetually, even when there is no wind. Shafts, cogs, gears, pistons, and chutes of all kinds and sizes whirl, grind, slide, gnash, hiss, and bang feverishly at all hours of the day. Murky, black-green water is drawn up from wells beneath the windmill, as well as the occasional weird and unusual treasure. No one knows why Benjamin draws this water or what he might be looking for, and no one dares ask, for the old man is notoriously cantankerous. This does not stop wild speculation upon the part of the Netherfolk.

Overseal

In the middle of Overseal is a decrepit fountain called 'The River God'. At its centre is a vine-covered, bronze statue of an ichthyocentaur wrestling a giant serpent. It has stood here for centuries, a remnant of long-forgotten settlers who venerated the river gods of old. Water no longer spews from the serpent's mouth and the basin surrounding the statue is empty, filled with lichen and creeping vines.

Legends speak of a once-living being who was turned to bronze by the Gorgon of Wortsmouth. Others say that, "*when Lossing floods, the Riverman'll be flesh.*" The Lossing Water has not flooded for three centuries.

Shalestone

Known as the 'blossoming hamlet', shalefolk take great pride in the appearance of their hamlet and dwellings. Their houses are decorated with flower-filled hanging baskets, their gardens with herbaceous borders and verdant-carpeted lawns, and their boundaries with topiarised trees.

Mantice Shallowsump lives here. Known for her healing skills and beneficial poultices, she is a crazy old hag, but one that can be relied on.

Shelfold

Standing on the route between Duddingly and Leechfield, Shelfold is the usual first stop for anyone travelling between the two towns. The hamlet benefits from the passing trade, especially The Spring, the tavern that stands at Shelfold's crossroads. Besides its meads and ales, the tavern is renowned for its signature dishes — thinly cut, fried potato slices and meat on a stick. No-one knows what meat it is, but its taste improves beyond comprehension after the swigging down of a pint or two of the house ale.

Two pools are located near Shelfold. One is The Altas, a steep sided pool avoided by the locals because it is rumoured to be home an eight feet long Blithen Pike that lurks at the bottom. The other is The Swag Pool, a haven for migrating birds. Some of these birds are quite rare, like the lesser-spotted woobird, while some larger birds of prey come to hunt the spugmunch

20 40
feet



Shelfold Map Key

1. The Spring Tavern
2. Black Dog Stables
3. Fallow Farm & Fishery

jaspers that menace the pool and surrounding area.

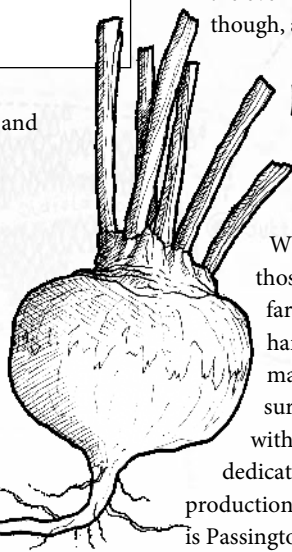
Shifall

This small hamlet is the last stop before crossing west into Tealfordshire on The Wattle Road. Its inn, The Weathered Otter, is renowned for its house dish, 'Liver in hollowed-out potatoes wrapped in tench'.

The cook takes great care in its preparation so it is only available during the evening. It is worth the wait though, as it tastes out-of-this-world.

Waterhorton

Similar in size and population to Weeshaw. If all the river trappings of Weeshaw were replaced with those of parsnip and turnip farming, they could be the same hamlet. The stone cottages that make up the hamlet are surrounded by several farms with rich fertile land, all dedicated to parsnip and turnip production. The biggest farm in the area is Passington's Farm, blessed with a



golden plot of land which ensures that any vegetable grown in its soil is always twice the average size.

The parsnips and turnips grown in the area are known as 'w'horton 'nips' and they are the best vegetables in the Midlands. Any stew, broth, or pie can be much improved with the addition of 'nips from Waterhorton.

Aunt Hetty's Almshouse is the place to eat in Waterhorton. It was here that a bard of some note recently stayed in the village and after eating a dish of honey-roasted parsnips, he penned *Much Ado about Parsnips*. This play is a comedy concerning the folk of Waterhorton and their love of turnips and parsnips. It has received rave reviews across the southern counties of Havenland.

Weeshaw

The Weefolk of Weeshaw are fishermen. Besides the nets, oars, and reed baskets to be found outside their homes and smokehouses, every building in the hamlet is decorated with fish-skins and fish-skulls. The villagers smoke all of the fish they catch and what little they do not eat themselves, they sell as far west as Tealford. Weeshaw kippers are said to be the best in the Midlands.

Of late, some river-folk have become lunch for the large pikes which have taken to lurking in the stretch of the water down

Weeshaw Map Key

1. Lawgiver's Square
2. The Cock Inn
3. Blackstone Watchtower

Weeshaw

To Tamewort

40 80 feet

To Suttham Oldfeld

North

To Waterhorton

river from Brignorth where the Weefolk fish. Having sought help from their lord to no avail, the weekfolk have taken to using a system of whistles and calls to signal each other up and down the river when the pike is on the prowl.

Anyone staying at the local alehouse, The Cock Inn, will find their hair and clothes smelling of smoked fish for days afterwards. The smoked kippers are of course excellent, but the inn is cold, damp, smells of smoked fish, and much in need of repairs.

Weston Netherly

Often shrouded in mists that drift in from the soggy moors to the north of it, this hamlet is best described as ‘creepy’. The folk here seem more pallid, with deep-set eyes, sparse hair, and an almost-piscine look. Some say that a terrible curse beset the Westoners when Sir Volt from the nearby mansion disappeared, but the inhabitants of the hamlet

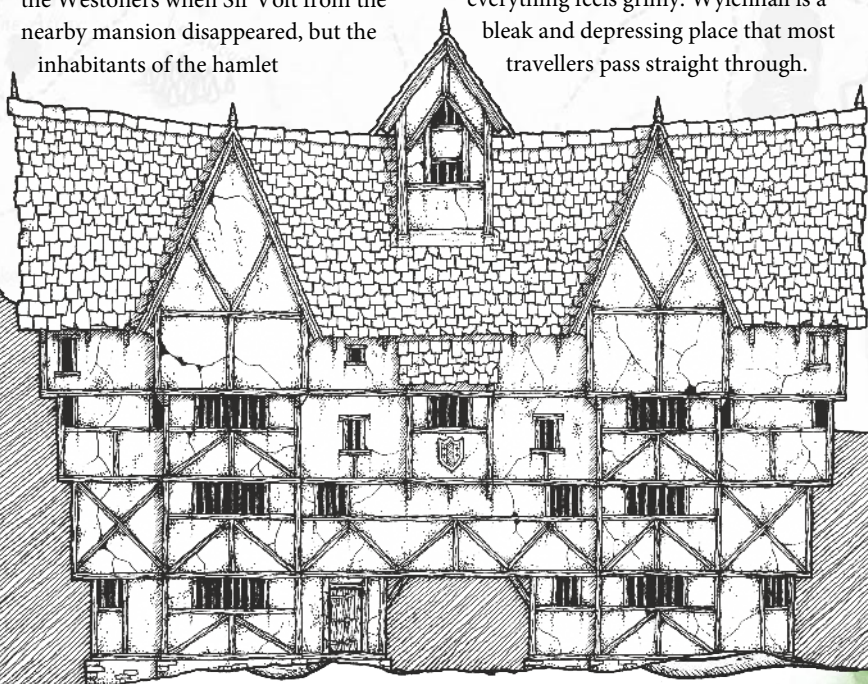
have nothing to say on the matter — or anything else.

Whorle

Built on the site of an age-old settlement, Whorle is a sleepy place that sits on a sandstone plateau overlooking the route into Leechfield. Some say that an ancient burial ground lies within the sandstone, riddled with crypts and passageways. A book-keeper lives here known as Oliver Goldfellow. Opinion is divided upon the man; some say he is corrupt, some wise. He manages the coin and expenditure for the Lords of Leechfield.

Wylenhall

This hamlet suffers from the proximity of the nearby Lock Works. The stonework of its buildings are soot-blackened, the folk are grubby, the tracks are muddy, and everything feels grimy. Wylenhall is a bleak and depressing place that most travellers pass straight through.



These Wylenhallers are hard-working folk though. A saying amongst merchants in Wolfhorton is that *"There ay nowt grimier or hardier than a Wylenhaller"*, and there is much truth in this. The Guild of Ironworkers has its main hall here, though it always seems closed. The main spokesperson for the guild is Dunstan Abbott, a tall, elderly man with a gaunt, ashen face, and deep set eyes. He has a bald head with a scar of an inverted, five-pointed, star-symbol just above his brow. He does not speak of how this scar came to be.

Recently, a Wylenhall craftsman called Roddert Fecksmith disappeared. It is said that he had perfected the forging of a hand-held gunpowder weapon which could fire a small iron ball without the weapon splitting and needing to be bound in iron. Where he went nobody knows, but there are rumours that Kildrellan Duddingly's henchmen were seen loitering in the area recently — and Kildrellan is well-known for his love of cannons.

SMALL TOWNS

Abbots Bream

This town is dominated by several merchants' guilds, each vying for the best trade deals between the Middelands' larger towns. They include The Silver Hand, Forty Barrels Trading, Quidland Commodities, and Goblin Head. Although some appear to be run by jolly, fat, bejewelled personalities, there is secrecy, deceit, and death in Abbots

Bream as the competition between the guilds has become ever more ruthless.

The Silver Hand is amongst the most cutthroat of them by asserting covert control over trade routes, assassinating rivals, and price-rigging. It has secretly employed a company of black-clad mercenaries to seize control of the Blithen Dam and levy a toll to all merchant caravans wanting to cross. The mercenaries claim that this is to pay for the caravans' protection from bandits along the route. This has caused unrest in Abbots Bream, with several traders having been forced out of business or forced to sell up to The Silver Hand as the southern trade route is strangled. No one has been able to determine if there is someone controlling the mercenaries, but a few of the more vocal opponents of The Silver Hand have disappeared, rumoured to have ended up at the bottom of Blithen Lake tied to stone blocks. The leader of The Silver Hand is known only as 'The Silver One'. He, she, or it has never been seen in public.

Gloomcap watches over Abbots Bream from the edge of March Woods. The Silver Hand has located a rare and highly-valuable fungi in the north east of the wood called a golden mycena. The secretive guild want as much of this as it can get its hands on. Gloomcap knows and waits.



Allraess

This lakeside town makes its money from two sources. One consists of the passing trade and the travellers between Leechfield and Burnton, the other is the thriving trade in goods on the Lossing Water. Both steam-powered barges and oar-powered cogs regularly dock here from across the lake. Allraess is the base of operations for Thirteen Barbels Cargo, which has achieved its recent prominence by undercutting many of the long-standing businesses on the lake. It has also benefited from the increase in traffic and travellers passing Allraess due to the issues at the Blithen Dam. Some say that the Thirteen Barbels has links to The Silver Hand, that its recent prominence is part of a wider regional strategy to dominate trade. The allegations are denied.

Ashenby

Ashenby sits at a crossroads through which trade passes between the heart of Lesternshire and the breweries of Burnton. In addition to the road to Burnton, one leads straight to Tamewort. Both of these larger towns seek to influence Ashenby with favourable rights, negotiations, and deals. All of this because of the strategic importance of the town should war between rival lords or dukes ever come to the Middelands.

Most of Ashenby is sprawled over a large hill which overlooks the lands all around. At its top is Ashenby Stronghold. This castle consists of a massive outer circular wall, 50 feet thick and 200 feet tall,

surrounding the inner Ashen Tower. This circular tower is a staggering 500 feet high and is supported by gigantic flying buttresses.

The local lord and commander of Ashen Tower, Sir Irron Longspear of Ashenby, is courted by several regional nobles because he carries favour with the Queen, much to the chagrin of the Duke of Lesternshire. The Lords of Burnton and Tamewort believe Irron to be a fool and easily manipulated, for Sir Irron appears to thrive on the attention he receives. However, Sir Irron is sly and cunning and is seeking to form his own enclave at Ashenby. His closest advisors know him as The Fox. His clandestine liaisons with the Queen are shrouded in mystery.

Brignorth

Sitting between the top and bottom of Brig Tor, this town is divided between Hightown and Lowtown. Hightown is where the town's rich and noble reside. It is also home to the Knight of Brignorth, Hestel Vinethorn, who governs here. Apart from to attend the town's summer tourneys, he rarely ventures forth from Highcastle, spending his days surrounded by advisors and mead. The River Sixx flows through Lowtown, a ramshackle and earthy set of dwellings and shops that extends into the caves and passages which cut deep into the base of the tor.

In the summer months, the banks of the river are vibrant with tourneys and fairs. The jousting events are legendary and murderously brutal, and anyone is free to take part at their own risk — knight or

Brignorth Map Key

- | | |
|---------------|----------------------|
| 1. Hightown | 4. Joon's Villa |
| 2. Lowtown | 5. Vinethorn Lookout |
| 3. Highcastle | 6. Tourney Fields |



not. The dead from the tourneys, especially the grand and petit mêlées, are tossed into the river if no-one claims the corpses. This has caused a considerable spike in the pike population south of Brignorth. Though none have grown in size to rival the giant pike lurking at the bottom of The Atlas near Shelfold, many are large enough to drag a man to the river bottom, and there are more of them. Brigfolk never swim past the town's southern boundary markers and if they do, they are rarely seen again.

Broomwich Heath

The glass-making hub of the Midderlands. Vases, jars, and bottles are manufactured here, as is glass for window frames and in particular, stained-glass for religious buildings across the region. The glass furnaces are located on the town outskirts, closer to the sources of sand than they are the water they require, so water is carried from the River Wort to the furnaces via an aqueduct roughly a mile in length.

The Broomfolk are a proud and skilled lot, their stone cottages being filled with their wares. This pride has not come without a price though, as Broomwich Heath has the largest population of green-crested bottlejacks in the Midderlands.

Herding Town

The lands around Herding Town, to the north and south, and a little to the west where it is bounded by marshland, are dominated by herds of cattle, sheep, and horses. In the town itself, Erdfolk keep pigs, goats, and chickens, while also

trading in domesticated animals of all kinds and all that can be sold from their slaughter.

In times of old, the land to the north-west of Herding Town used to be a deer park owned by the Lords of Suttham Oldfeld, the Oldfeld Woods sprawling as far south as the town's northern border. The old Lords of Suttham Oldfeld cut down most of the woods close to Herding Town for their own needs many years ago. Having left the Erdfolk without the precious resources close at hand, they still honour their old promises by allowing Erdfolk hunters and woodsmen to venture into Oldfeld Woods. The deer are long gone.

The Herding Town folk are also encouraged by the Lords of Suttham Oldfeld to dredge and clean the mucky waters of the River Wort as it passes south and out of the Western Midderlands into Warrickshire. This is due to pressure from the Lords of Coven Tree to the south, who are responsible for the welfare of the folk of northern Warrickshire — especially those of Weeshaw — and threats from the Lord of Tamewort to keep the King's Mere free of "*filth from the black lands*".

Herding Town Map Key

1. Black Deer Keep
2. Lugger Pond
3. Ollington's Farm
4. The Lost Sheep Inn
5. Hunters Hill
6. Sir Pobblin's Dwelling

Herding Town

To Suttham Oldfield

Farmland

North

30 60 feet

River Wort

To Broom



Ironbridge

Nestled in a wooded gorge through which the River Sixx runs, Ironbridge takes its name from the rusting bridge that crosses the gorge above it and dominates the landscape for miles around. The small town is often considered sleepy, but it is home to thriving iron and coal mining industries. Once extracted, coal and iron ore are ferried by river south towards Brignorth and Killminster, and taken by cart north via The Wattle Road routes into Staffershire and the Western Midderlands. Ironbridge iron ore is considered to be of the highest quality of any extracted across the Midderlands, and when Wodensfolk and Wylenhalls want to forge something extra-special, they head to the hills of Tealfordshire, especially Ironbridge, for their ingots.

The biggest mine in Ironbridge is Ironbrook Mine. This drift mine is on the south-western banks of the gorge below the Rusting Bridge. The most important mine in Ironbridge remains unnamed and a secret, located hidden on the north-eastern banks of the river under the unblinking gaze of watchmen from The Wreak. Only a few know of its existence, and all are sworn to secrecy upon pain of death and that of their families. It is here that the best Ironbridge ore is mined and then smelted into ingots.

Tealford

Standing on the edge of the Teal Hills, Tealford is a teeming market town dominated and protected by The Wreak. It has good trading relations with

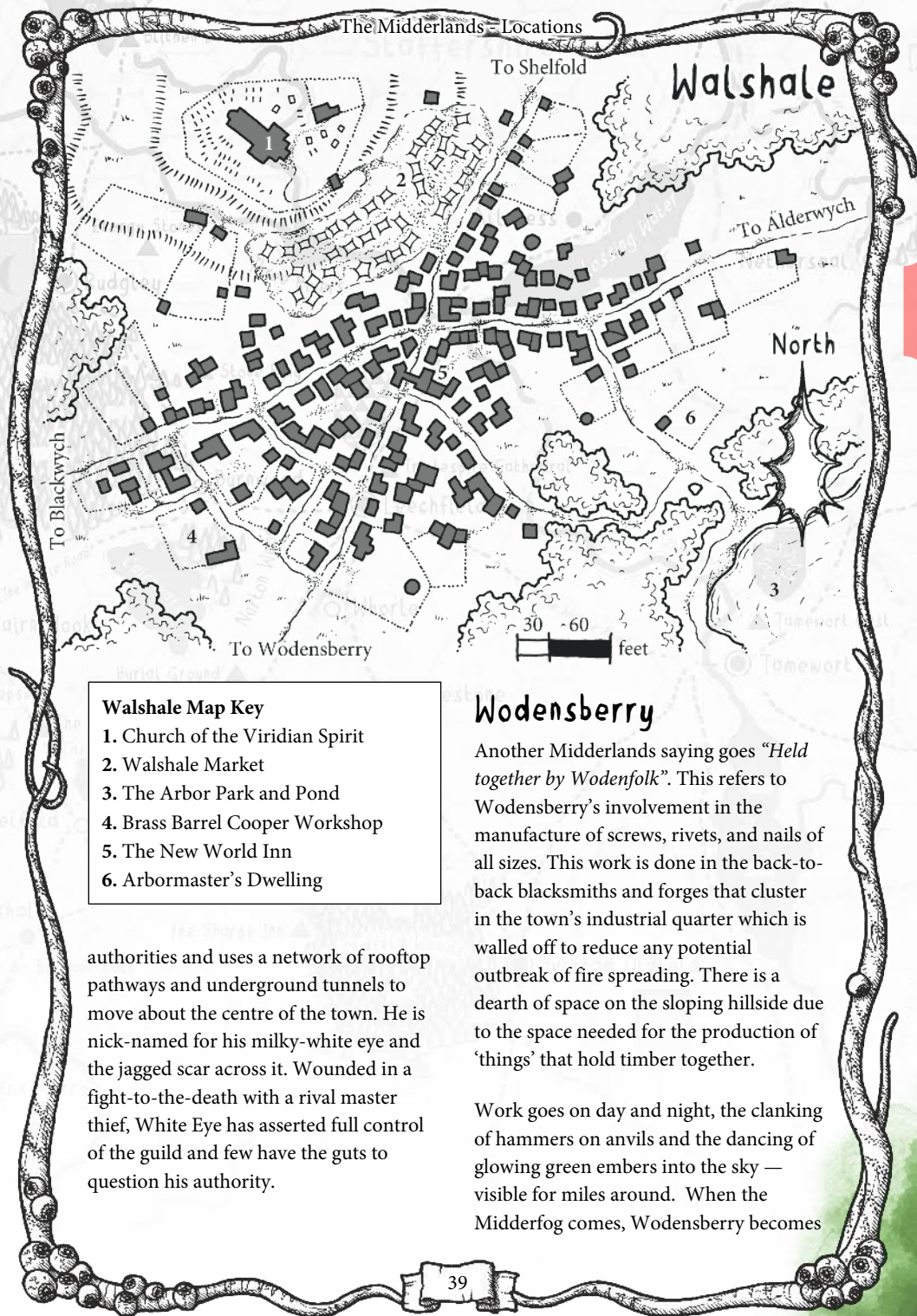
Staffleford to the north and Shroomsbury to the west.

Tealford is known for its pottery and ceramics. Earthenware, stoneware, and even porcelain plates, bowls, urns, pots, and even floor and roofing tiles are fired in the kilns of the town. The biggest pottery is known as Redkilns. Owned by Thomas King, it has been firing pots since the Goman invasion and was commissioned to produce all the floor tiles and ceramics for the Triplespire Cathedral. To this day, Redkilns has a decree which makes it the sole producer of all tiles for buildings owned by the Lords of Leechfield.

Walshale

Walshale is at the heart of the region's leather-working industry. The southern half of the town is a hive of abattoirs, tanneries, and leatherworks. On some days, the stench that wafts out of the tanning quarter is overwhelming. The leather that comes out of the town is used for various purposes, but Walshale is known for its fine leather tack and harnesses, particularly saddles.

The northern half of the town is dominated by a hill. A church stands atop the hill which is surrounded by a large, sprawling market. This market is infested with urchins and beggars who answer to Jimmy 'White Eye' Whitlock, the head of the local thieves' guild. They act as his information network in the town and pay him some of their earnings from theft and begging respectively. Whitlock moves between safehouses to avoid the



Walshale Map Key

1. Church of the Viridian Spirit
2. Walshale Market
3. The Arbor Park and Pond
4. Brass Barrel Cooper Workshop
5. The New World Inn
6. Arbormaster's Dwelling

authorities and uses a network of rooftop pathways and underground tunnels to move about the centre of the town. He is nick-named for his milky-white eye and the jagged scar across it. Wounded in a fight-to-the-death with a rival master thief, White Eye has asserted full control of the guild and few have the guts to question his authority.

Wodensberry

Another Middelands saying goes “*Held together by Wodenfolk*”. This refers to Wodensberry’s involvement in the manufacture of screws, rivets, and nails of all sizes. This work is done in the back-to-back blacksmiths and forges that cluster in the town’s industrial quarter which is walled off to reduce any potential outbreak of fire spreading. There is a dearth of space on the sloping hillside due to the space needed for the production of ‘things’ that hold timber together.

Work goes on day and night, the clanking of hammers on anvils and the dancing of glowing green embers into the sky — visible for miles around. When the Middelfog comes, Wodensberry becomes

enveloped in a celadon-coloured phosphorescence.

The largest forge in Wodensberry is called the Black Pit. Here ironsmiths hammer out all manner of items — brackets, clamps, nails, and screws, while women and children make pins. The swordsmiths of the Black Pit are renowned for their iron longswords, called Wodensblades.

Wolphorton

Wolphorton, Winter, Year of the Gripes.

Darkness comes. Wisps of smoke rise casually from blackened stone chimneys. Hearths below battle the cold of early winters grasp. Gnarled oak doors now barred. Windows of inferior lowland glass now shuttered. Something else is coming, and they know of it.

As green lantern light leaks under doorways, a thrice-cursed shadow passes through the town of Wolphorton. The silence grows. The shadow darkens.

In the village square, an oak post stands. Eight feet tall and sturdy. It is here that she is tied; a sobbing, whimpering wretch, her fate already known to her.

Her white gown daubed with pig's blood, and a witch symbol cut into her forehead, she lifts her gaze. Her bloodied eyelids spring open; two unholy, black orbs revealed. Her broken teeth begin to show. She shrieks an unearthly shriek.

It is here!

The folk of Wolphorton are worried. They don't go out much after dark. They distrust strangers, they fear witchcraft, and they burn or drown anyone suspected of dark or infernal pacts. To this end, and in order to keep the populace safe, they regularly sacrifice their own to sate the hungers of the shadowy things beyond the gloom-light.

LARGE TOWNS

Burnton

The town of Burnton stands on the banks of the Troutdeep river in the shallow Trout Valley. The first thing that visitors to Burnton notice is the smell of brewer's yeast and the reek of hops. It is everywhere and people either love it or hate it. The smell is due to the town's primary industry, the breweries to the north of the town that are the main source of work for many of its inhabitants. From here roll out the barrels, bottles, and casks

Burnton Map Key

1. Regarin Keep
2. Market Square
3. Fullmead Brewery (large site fully encompassed by surrounding road - see map)
4. Drunken Ducks Alcoholic Beverages
5. Bridge de Bastallon
6. The Pillow & Tankard Coach House
7. The Punched Muckulus Tavern
8. Dwelling of Willigar the Red
9. The Veiled Lady Pleasure House
10. Golden Scales Trading Company

Burnton

North



of the quality beers, meads, and ales that the town is renowned for.

Burnton's buildings are primarily grey stone and thatch. Near its centre, coopers and blacksmiths construct the barrels and casks necessary to support the town's brewing heart. Burnton is known as the 'Town of Bridges' because there are so many that span the rivers and streams to the southeast of the town. The northeast of the town, especially on and around the Fullmead Brewery, is dominated by docks and wharves. There are other breweries in Burnton too, such as the Double Barrel Brewing Company, Black Tankard Ales, and Drunken Ducks Alcoholic Beverages, but none are as large or dominant as the Fullmead.

The Fullmead Brewery is run by Willigar the Red, but he is an unwitting puppet of the astute Lord of Burnton, Regarin de Bastallon. A vigorous man who has seen fifty winters, de Bastallon is not only loyal to queen and country, but also to his subjects, whom he wants to protect from the machinations of others. A man of his word and easy to anger, he is not above deceit or tax increases in order to protect the town and its position in the Middelands. He has spies planted in Ashenby Tower, Tamewort Castle, and is currently trying to penetrate The Silver Hand to ascertain the true nature of the goings on with Thirteen Barbels Cargo in Allraess. Half of the profits from the Fullmead Brewery fund the small army that protects Burnton. Both this and de Bastallon's clandestine operations are necessary to keep the brewery's wealth and power out of the covetous hands of

rivals like Lord Ebben Tame of Tamewort or The Silver Hand of Abbots Bream.

Burnton also has a large boat yard which caters to the steam-powered barges, cogs, and tugs used on the rivers.

Cairn Nook

The current ruler of Cairn Nook is not a lord, but a lady. Lady Tallya Ebbendark is a raven-haired beauty of thirty-two winters. Elegant and regal, she is never seen outside of Ebbendark Castle in anything, but her teal-hued scalemail armour and carrying her two-handed sword, Darkcrow.

She is surrounded by a council of twelve individuals, each responsible for various elements of the town's internal and external matters. Much of the council's current attention is focused on the Cairn Chase Forest and what is going on beneath the ground in that area.

Cairn Nook is a mining town. Its extensive palisade walls are surrounded by large open pits and mine entrances as well as large timber-framed towers which support pulley wheels used to raise and lower materials from the mines, draw up flood water, and transport workers. The mines are so extensive it is said that the earth beneath the town is honeycombed with tunnels. These deep tunnels and shafts are occasionally a matter of concern for the town council and there are rumours amongst the miners that the council has hushed-up instances of sleeping things that dwell beneath the earth being disturbed. Cairn Nook is a

mass of multi-storeyed, timber structures built around Ebbendark Castle which sits perched atop Lady's Hill.

Cairn Nook needs a constant supply of wood and timber to support its mining industry, but as much timber as it is safe to take has already been cut from the nearby Cairn Chase Forest. To continue the town's building and mining operations and its need for timber, the town council has planted new swathes of fast-growing trees and saplings which sprawl east towards the Cairnwater. These are protected under the 'Lady's Laws' and anyone caught cutting down trees in her lands is summarily executed.

The council is in dispute with the Guild of Ironworkers, which has boldly been taking timber from Cairn Chase Forest. The guild is also accused of having cut down a large swathe of trees in Lady Ebbendark's tree fields much to her ire. Only wise counsel from her advisors has stopped her from taking direct action against the guild. Some on the council believe the Guild of Ironworkers to be innocent of this crime and think it to be a ruse perpetrated by the guild's enemies.

Duddingly

A limestone tor, atop which perches Duddingly Castle, looms over the town below. This is the seat of the Lords of Duddingly. The limestone tor is riddled with passages and tunnels which also run beneath the town and beyond. The tunnels and caverns within the tor are used by the Duddinglys to store food and gunpowder reserves, whilst the tunnels

enable them to move about town unhindered and unseen. The Lord's men can use the tunnels to emerge from sewer grates or safe houses, as they have in times past, to quickly quash uprisings and revolt. The Duddingly family tombs lie deep under the tor, whilst deeper still, in sealed vaults are buried the older rulers of the area. The Duddinglys don't venture there.

Although there is little likelihood of an immediate uprising or revolt in Duddingly, its townsfolk are anxious. The current lord, Hoggin Duddingly, is a senile old fool and getting forgetful and they worry that when he dies, his eldest son Sir Kildrellan Duddingly, a merciless, evil bastard, will become the new lord and their lives will become unbearable. He is almost never seen without full plate armour, dragon-winged helm and a black-bladed, two-handed sword known by the cowering populace as 'Headtaker'. Kildrellan spends much of his time stirring the mistrust and dislike of the rulers of Leechfield against Tamewort. He knows that whilst they are engaged in their own petty squabbling he can get away with largely what he likes.

Duddingly Map Key

1. Duddingly Castle
2. Abbey of the Grey Knights
3. Guild of the Flagellant Order
4. Inn of Five Cannons
5. Temple of Baphomet
6. Tax House
7. The Lord's Marketplace



As it stands, Kildrellan has survived nine attempts on his life, leading to the townsfolk nicknaming him 'The Lich Cat'. He has survived poisoned mead, attempted decapitation by falling stained-glass, drowning after being pushed off a barge, a fall from the castle tower, being smothered in his sleep, and being trampled by stampeding mud cows, to name a few. Some say his two younger brothers, Sir Julius and Sir Hallis, plot against him, with Sir Julius standing to inherit the title upon the death of both his father and his older brother — assuming the Duke or Queen do not intervene. Consequently, Kildrellan is protected by three knights at all times. Each is dressed in black scale armour, their faces covered with black, visored, corinthian barbute helmets. Their identities are unknown.

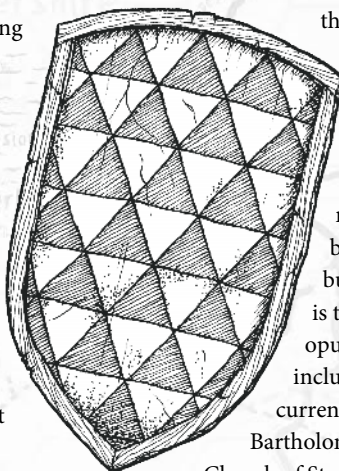
The town itself is a collection of dirty, limestone buildings with a mixture of slate, clay, or thatched roofs. The central part of the town and market square is protected by a thick stone wall, while the outer parts are surrounded by a wooden palisade wall. One building of note beyond the palisade wall is the Abbey of the Grey Knights. It stands just outside the town on the road to Stybridge and is the residence of thirteen leper-knights — their armour modified to hide and counter their disfigurements. For example, Brother Septimus has gauntlets

onto which have been forged blades, his hands no longer able to clutch weapons.

Leechfield

Most towns in the Midderlands make little pretence to either learning or piety.

Leechfield is the exception, being the region's religious and academic centre. Its size makes it almost a city, so the religious leaders saw fit to build a cathedral here. There are numerous religious buildings in Leechfield, but Triplespire Cathedral is the tallest and most opulent of them. The others include the Bishop's Palace, currently home to Bishop Bartholomew Tennant, the Church of St. Agatha's, the White Friary, the Friary School, and the College of Divinity. Much of the city's opulence comes from the donations and bequests from the wealthy and the nobility, hoping to absolve their sins through displays of



Leechfield Map Key

1. Triplespire Cathedral
2. Bishop's Palace
3. Church of St. Agatha's
4. The White Friary
5. Friary School
6. College of Divinity
7. Merchant's Guildhouse
8. Lord Commander's Villa
9. The Silver Shilling Inn
10. The Tree of Sanctuary



'charitable' piety. It is not uncommon for such men and women to retire to Leechfield to live out their days engaged in competitive displays of this piety, much to the consternation of their no-longer-quite-as-rich children.

The town is divided into quarters; Divine Quarter, Noble Quarter, Poor Quarter, and Merchant Quarter. Outside of the defences to the east lies an area of town called The Deadlands. This is where the dead are laid to rest, a necropolis almost the size of a small town itself, filled with mausolea and tombs of white marble, grave markers of grey granite, and depressions left by paupers' pits of old, all draped in ivy and shaded by oaks. It is said that vampires and eaters-of-dead-flesh roam the Deadlands at night and that a vampire known as Sir Valen the White commands all that rise again.

Leechfield has no defensive walls, but has many secret magical defences of arcane and divine origin, these are marked with a series of 30 feet tall copper posts, up to 100

feet apart all around the town perimeter. These are called the 'Fingers of the Gods' or simply 'God-fingers'.

The city is ruled by the Lords and Ladies of Leechfield. They number seven. One has dominion for each quarter, two for The Deadlands, and one Lord Commander who leads the city's militia and soldiery and casts any deciding votes. All are served by religious knights who are loyal and protect and serve the lords and ladies unquestioningly, believing them to be chosen by the gods. The current lords are:

Lord Commander Gryphen Whitehelm

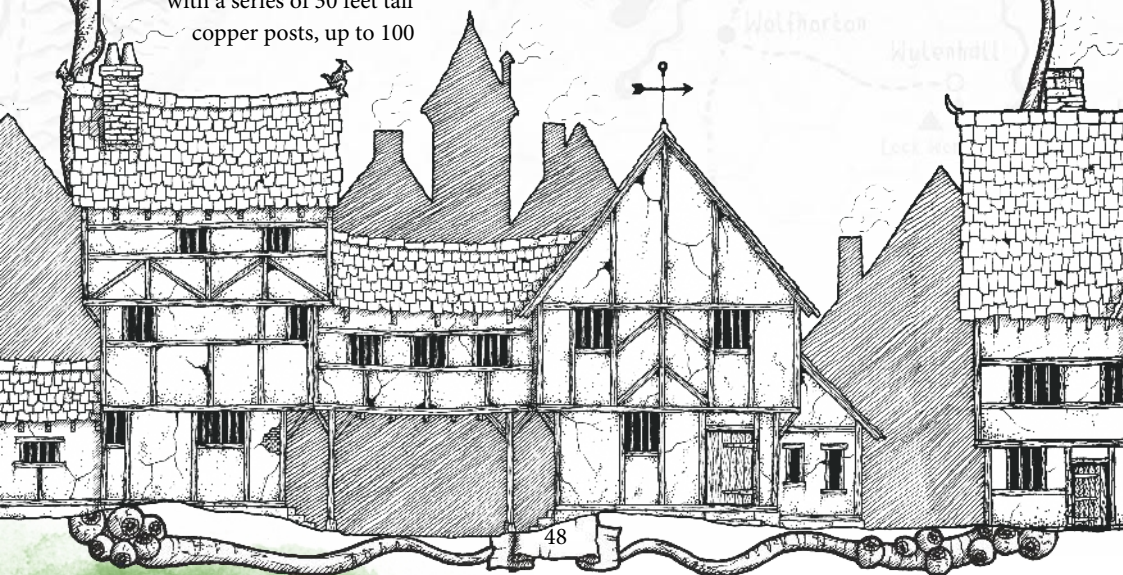
Divine Quarter: Lord Ignatius Ulysses

Noble Quarter: Lord Petter Javen

Poor Quarter: Lady Grace Hallow

Merchant Quarter: Lord Holt Lazaren

The Deadlands: Lord Boris Deville and Lady Petra Okkensale.



In the centre of the divine quarter stands an ancient white tree with silver leaves. A legend foretells the downfall of Leechfield; *“Ruins shall be found in Leechfield should the white oak fall at the hand of the dead king”*.

Rudgley

The closest settlement to Cairn Chase Forest, Rudgley is a town under siege. The denizens of Cairn Chase Forest regularly flood out of the forest *en masse* to harass the townsfolk. Some blame the energy stones east of town, luring creatures up the low hills to the mysterious monoliths. Consequently, the town is heavily fortified on its western flank with a series of stone walls and circular towers, with barbicans to protect the roadways. The eastern flank is less well protected and in disrepair in some instances.

The Lord of Rudgley is a young boy of ten winters. Lord Jorn Orworth III came to power after his father, the late Lord Jorn Orworth II, was killed whilst at war in the

East four years ago. Called ‘The Little Lord’ or ‘Young Jorn’, he is popular and trusted by the town’s populace.

He is attended at all times by his personal bodyguard, a huge bulk of a man called Brek Al Akkala. Brek is seven feet tall and wears the armour of the Mukdhim warriors to the east. Some say Brek swore an oath to Young Jorn’s father that he would head to Havenland to find and protect his son upon the late lord’s death.

As well as Brek, Lord Orworth is surrounded by a retinue of advisors, the most notable of which is Baron Ippindar, a true friend and confidante of the late lord. Ippindar and Brek ensure that Young Jorn is kept safe and that the town stands firm against those that would seek the usurp his power.

Currently, Lord Orworth’s advisors are resisting all efforts made by anyone to take timber from Cairn Chase Forest so as to not further antagonise the creatures that have been attacking from its depths.



They are also worried about the occupation of Blithen Dam by mercenaries, which has led to a drop off in trade between Rudgley and Abbots Bream and is the talk of the town. With the town's soldiery busy defending the town against attacks by the creatures of Cairn Chase Forest, Lord Orworth's advisors have yet to come to a decision as to what to do about the mercenaries at the dam.

Rudgley is noted for its woollen products. There are many sheep farms to the east of the town.

In the main, Rudgley is a collection of timber-framed buildings, though some larger stone structures exist. One of these is The Black Sheep, an inn near the centre of town. The best inn for miles, it has thirty rooms and its own stables, and is run by Bettrice Guthelbucket. She is actually a spy working for Baron Ippindar and regularly eavesdrops on her guests, and depending on who they are, will sometimes be dragged off by a small force of town guard for an interview in the dungeons below Orworth Keep.

Staffleford

The town of Staffleford is known for three things — fine footwear, mining machinery, and the notoriously poor reputation of its lord. Besides shoes and boots, the town's craftsmen manufacture mine-carts, horse gins, and other moving contraptions. The biggest machinery manufacturer is Staffs Mining Equipment run by Derb Boggins, whilst the best footwear is found at the Fleet of Foot shop owned by Madam Octalia Summerson.

The Lord of Staffleford, Lord Beron Mung, is known far and wide to be an asshole — and that is being kind. Often drunk, but drunk or sober, Lord Mung is abusive to his wife, advisors, and subordinates. For the most part, they shield the townsfolk from his tirades and pettiness, lest they rise up in revolt. However, it is not uncommon for the man to step out onto the balcony of the ancient High House in the centre of town where he spends most of his days, and hurl drunken abuse at passers-by. To date none of them have taken offence enough to challenge Lord Mung to a duel, though it is only a matter of time before he insults the wrong person. In the evenings, he retreats to the family keep to the north of the town on Mung Ridge to plunder its wine cellars, much to the relief of his advisors. That said, when dealing with Tealford, Rudgley, or towns to the north, Lord Mung can be charming, witty, and charismatic. During these times, the advisors can relax slightly.

However, this has not stopped Lord Mung's wife, Lady Sasska, from engaging in a series of romantic liaisons with Thomas King, the owner of the Redkilns pottery in Tealford. Lady Sasska knows that she risks death in engaging in such behaviour, but secretly hopes that Thomas will give her a child and hopefully her husband the heir that he desperately craves. Two of Lord Mung's advisors have learned of this deceit and are keeping it from Lord Mung to protect Lady Sasska.

Convicted criminals in Staffleford are regularly dragged through the town by horses — and on occasions pulled apart.

This spectacle is known as ‘a pulling’, and the remains are used to decorate the southeast gate which has now been nicknamed ‘Gutgate’.

Suttham Oldfeld

The Queen herself has visited Suttham Oldfeld and granted it royal status. Therefore its correct honorific is Royal Suttham Oldfeld.

The town is governed by two lords and a lady. They are all siblings of the De Wesseling family. Lords Kurn and Firth De Wesseling, and Lady Caecillia De Wesseling are a young, strong, dominant and righteous hand on the townsfolk’s matters. Together they are known as ‘The Three’.

The Three are protective over the Oldfeld Woods, seeing it as an ancestral land. The lands south of Oldfeld Woods also fall within the domain of The Three.

The town is a sprawl, with a walled core known as ‘The Golden Heart’. The sandstone buildings within The Golden Heart are built in an opulent and intricate architectural style known as Wessellian, whilst those outside it are built in fieldstone or worked granite to prevent fire. Town bylaws state that all roofing materials have to be clay or slate although there are exemptions with consent from The Three.

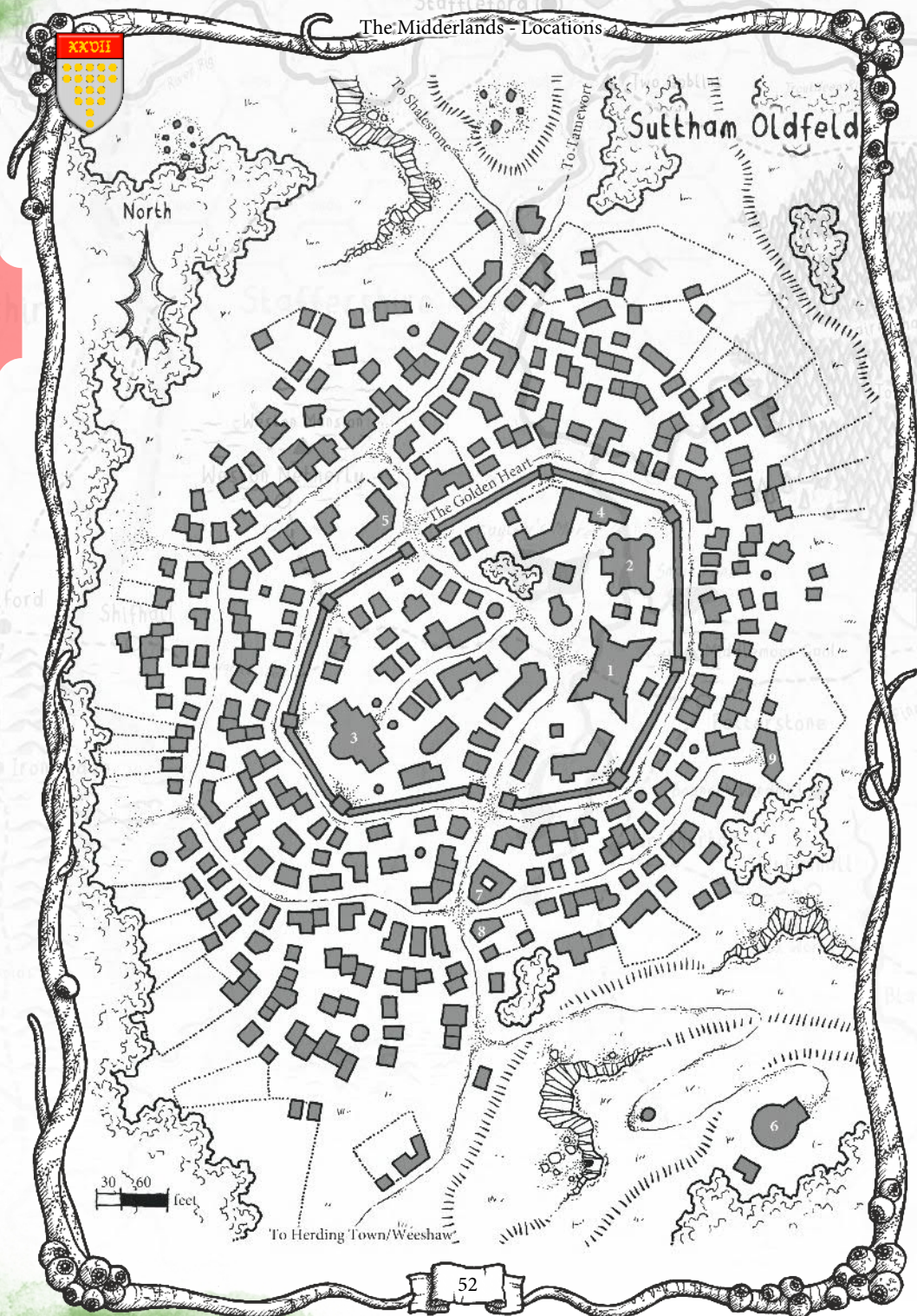
A colossal tower on the outskirts of the town provides a view over the surrounding lands for miles just as the tower can be seen from many miles

distant. Its purpose is to watch the domain, especially the woodland. Atop the tower sits a gigantic trebuchet, known as ‘Queen Elspeth’s Fist’. It is said that a boulder launched from this device could reach as far as Tamewort Castle. The tower keeper is a knight loyal to The Three called Sir Trusson Arkwright. It is said that he has a pet equinian that he keeps at the top of the tower, just below the trebuchet.

Suttham Oldfeld is known for its bank and money lending capability. The De Wesseling family are incredibly wealthy having made its fortune from mountains of gold discovered far to the west across the stormy oceans. The bank vaults of Suttham Oldfeld are legendary for being impregnable or at least no one has ever broken in, escaped and lived to tell the tale. Some say they are guarded by dragons and others by demons and devils. All these buildings sit within the heart of the town.

Suttham Oldfeld Map Key

1. De Wesseling Fort
2. De Wesseling Bank and Vaults
3. De Wesseling Manor
4. Lords and Lady’s Stables
5. Oldfeld Inn
6. Arkwright’s Tower
7. The Southern Route Tavern
8. Jarvin’s Forge
9. Hulladon’s General Store



Tamewort

30 60 feet

To Ashenby

To Leechfield

To Southam Oldfield

To Athenstone

North

Mouth of the
King's Mere

To Weeshaw



Tamewort

Tamewort is one of the oldest towns in the Madderlands. Its position on the river with access to the lake and a tall hill for fortifications has made it a perfect defensive position with excellent access to resources, ensuring that there has been a settlement on this spot for over two millennia. The current town is a mixture of wood and stone structures, with the merchants and manufacturing located close to a castle to the north-east of the town. Various dwellings are located both sides of the river with wharves in the northern part of the town.

The current Lord of Tamewort is Ebben Tame, who lives with his three wives in the lofty castle. Lord Ebben rarely visits the town, but his three wives — Thornelle, Katareena, and Usulla — are regular visitors and between them manage both their husband's affairs and those of the town. The Lord of Tamewort and his wives do not have good relations with anyone under the surface. Any dealings are cordial and necessary, having developed a deep mistrust for other

Madderlanders over the centuries. They have spies in all towns and hamlets.

Lord Ebben has an inner circle of twelve knights that protect his town, people, and lands. Known as the The Iron Circle, these knights are clad in dull, plate-mail armour and ride huge, black chargers. No more than six leave the castle at any one time. A common saying by the townsfolk is that "the six are out", meaning that the shit has hit the fan and six knights of The Iron Circle have been dispatched from the castle to deal with a situation.

Tamewort is notable for one curious custom. At noon on any day following a full moon, an inflated pig's bladder is thrown from the belfry of the clocktower in the town square. Townsfolk compete to obtain the bladder in a bloody, violent display of selfishness. At sunset, one of the Lord's wives blows a horn from the same tower signalling the end of the spectacle. Whoever is holding the bladder when the horn is blown gains the lords favour and a pouch full of gold. This is known as the 'Festival of the Bloody Pig'.

Tamewort Map Key

1. Tameworth Castle
2. The High House
3. Town Square/The Lady's Belfry
4. The Staffershire Armoury
5. The Tame Arms Tavern
6. The Juicy Carp Inn
7. Worthold
8. Malmaster Ironworks
9. Al-Dak's Emporium
10. Ebbenstar Stables

POINTS OF INTEREST

Blacken Rock

For a start, it is not black. This large, dark grey, boulder, some ten feet across sits here next to a large pond near to The Arbor park in Walshale. This boulder is not of local stone, and there appears to be no explicable reason why this 50 ton piece of solid hellstone should be here.

Hellstone is only found in the northern parts of Scotland. This strange stone is flecked with luminous turquoise, glass-like deposits, and reported to ward off evil spirits. Many 'treasure-hunters' have tried to chip off chunks of this super-hard substance — all to no avail. No one has ever managed to budge the boulder either, not even Big Owge from Alderwyth.

Blithen Dam

At the southeastern end of Blithen Lake is a large, stone dam with ominous-looking, wooden watch-towers along its length.

The lake water is directed off to both sides where sluice gates allow it to plummet into an underground river system below. From there it thunders further downwards, eventually driving colossal, thumping, infernal machinery deep in the chthonic bowels of the Middelands, beneath Cairn Chase Forest.

Of late, the dam and its watchtowers have been occupied by mercenaries clad in piece-meal, black armour. Travellers crossing the dam are scrutinised every inch of their way by the disdainful eyes of

the mercenaries, who also man checkpoints at both ends of the dam. The mercenaries at these checkpoints question anyone travelling south with wares for sale and any traveller or merchant resisting this questioning will have their goods confiscated or worse. No matter in which direction the travellers are travelling, the mercenaries do not answer any questions about who they are working for. In fact, they are clandestinely employed by a merchant guild in Abbots Bream known as The Silver Hand. Their reasons for doing this are shrouded in mystery and murder.

The eroded banks and stony shores of the Blithen Lake are a dangerous place for travellers and mercenaries alike. Redlure stickleback make their way up from the depths to drag unwary travellers and mercenaries — who have inadvertently slipped into the lake — down into the inky depths. They do so noiselessly to avoid drawing larger prey, but some say you can hear the crunch of a redlure stickleback cracking the armour of some unfortunate mercenary as the fish feeds.

Bognock Windmill

All that is left of this once colossal windmill is a huge, circular stone wall, its height varying depending upon how much stone has been stolen by the locals for their own structures. Located on a slight rise, no one can remember what led to the destruction of the windmill, but most know that under the tangle of weathered oak beams sticking out over the walls is a set of steps leading down through the foundation to who knows



where. It was here that a cult of devil-worshippers practised its unholy rites until some fifty two winters ago, when the Lords and Ladies of Leechfield put the cult to the sword and the flame. No one has reason to come to the Bognock Windmill today, though some claim that the legacy that the cult left behind stirs once again.

Burial Ground

A lone, twisted birch tree surrounded by mushrooms is the only feature for miles around. Few come here, for mushroom-collectors know that these red-capped mushrooms are highly hallucinogenic and potentially lethal to those hungry enough to eat them.

A long-dead king of Tamewort lies beneath the ground here, decaying in cold, dank chambers. Robbed of his golden hoard years ago — some say by Leechfielders — the old king has awakened once more to re-gather his lost treasures.

Cock Inn, The

A large inn on the north road out of Weeshaw famed for its kippers, this place is popular with the folk working the River Wort. Owned and run by Briar Longthorn and his family, this old ranger knows the south-eastern Midderlands like the back of his hand. He has an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of the flora and fauna found round about, and if he trusts someone enough, will share this — and perhaps more rare and interesting knowledge.

Duddingly Castle

There has been a fortification of some kind or another on the limestone tor where Duddingly Castle now stands for almost a thousand years. The current castle, a sturdily-constructed and well-defended edifice, has been the seat of power for the Duddingly family for around five hundred of them.

The castle is well-defended, and when the mood strikes, usually whilst drunk on Fullmead's Head-banger at three o'clock in the morning, Kildrellan Duddingly likes to fire a cannon onto the sleeping populace below.

Energy Stones

Not far from Rudgley, four massive stones emerge from the earth. Each is 100 feet tall and black as night, and together they form a square 300 feet on each side. In the darkness of the night, they pulse with a faint green glow, but at the summer and winter solstice, the green glow turns to red. Rudgefolk call this 'The Reddening'.

No one knows why they are there, who built them, what they are for, or what effect they have on the local populace. Rudgefolk often blame sleep disorders and the strange goings on in Cairn Chase Forest on these monolithic structures, saying they have an unseen energy.

Fingerpost, The

On the road between Cairn Nook and Duddingly stands a signpost. The post is made of iron with bas-relief images of

writhing serpents spiralling to the top where there are two weathered, bronze plaques, each engraved with a destination. One is to Cairn Nook, two miles distant, the other is towards Duddingly, thirteen miles distant. Why anybody put a signpost here is beyond bafflement, especially considering that the road is straight, and the sign has two direction markers. Some suggest that it is also an arcane marker whose hidden directions can be revealed to those who know how to use it.

Resting on the end of each plaque is a dismembered hand with pointed finger. They look real-as-hell, but when touched appear to be the same bronze from which the direction plaques were engraved.

Fullmead Brewery

Known for its quite literally staggeringly-good ales and meads, the Fullmead Brewery just outside Burnton is the largest provider of alcohol in the region. A large factory sits on the banks of the Troutdeep River to ensure that demand is met. Waterwheels drive the machinery and steam-powered barges transport the casks upstream. Where the river does not take the precious cargo all the way to their delivery destinations, horse and cart finish the route by road.

The brewery is operated by Willigar the Red — he has no last name according to his many wives. Willigar is a maestro when it comes to brewing ales and meads. He does like to gamble. A lot. Which is why he has had so many wives.

Jakken Rapids

The Jakken Rapids is where the River Sixx falls 200 feet over three sets of highly dangerous rapids. Navigable only by the most agile of small vessels crewed by the most skilled of pilots, the waters here are not the only dangers. Landfish prey on any souls not prepared to take the much safer, if slower, road which runs along the river's eastern bank.

Jobe Island

There are two small islands on the inky black liquid of Hemlock Water, both roughly 300 feet in diameter. One is flat and uninteresting; this is Dagon island. The other is perpetually shrouded in fog which limits vision to never more than 20 feet in any direction; this is Jobe Island. Once the enveloping fog is penetrated, getting onto Jobe Island is challenging, for the shoreline consists of never less than 20 feet high, steep banks covered in barbed, thorny foliage.

The only spot free of the thick, thorny bushes on the island is a 20 feet diameter clearing in the middle of the island. An 8 feet tall, phallic-looking stone pillar of smooth, dark green stone stands in the centre of this clearing. Engraved with mystical symbols and weird, serpent forms, the stone gives off a low, almost-imperceptible hum. A tarnished, silver spear horizontally skewers the stone near the top, overhanging both sides equally, tip pointing north. The spear looks like it grew there, and refuses all attempts to dislodge it.

Oh, by the way, did I mention the mass of decomposed corpses stacked haphazardly all around the clearing? No? Ah. Sorry about that. **whistles**.

Lock Works

On the outskirts of the hamlet of Wylenhall, stands a huge, soot-blackened, stone structure with tall chimneys. The black and acrid smoke that belches from these chimneys is contrasted by the fiery orange glow of iron-working furnaces that feed them. This is the Lock Works.

Originally built to make locks of all types, the last two-hundred years have seen it diversify into all manner of iron work, from railings to cannon, locks to automaton.

Owned by the Guild of Ironworkers, the furnaces and smelters of the Lock Works needs a constant supply of iron ore and charcoal to be kept running night and day. Of late, this has grown to be a problem for the guild, for its reserves of charcoal are dwindling. Consequently, the guildmasters are looking north to Cairn Chase Forest as a source of wood for the charcoal they need. They have sought permission from both the Lords of Cairn Nook and Rudgley to fell trees in Cairn Chase Forest, but this has been denied lest the logging unleash the denizens of that dark forest. This has forced the guildmasters to consider other options, but the Lords of Suttham Oldfeld already have spies working within the Lock Works to prevent the guildmasters' eyes turning to Oldfeld Woods.

Middlemoor Gaol

North of Fetterstone is a sodden moor at the centre of which stands a foreboding, ash-grey structure on a small rise. Eight towers rise 100 feet each to form the points of an octagon, walls join the towers, and eight wings meet in a central hub which houses the administration area. This is Middlemoor Gaol, which the inmates have nicknamed "The Wheel". The outer walls are surrounded by a dry moat 50 feet deep and 30 feet wide.

Middlemoor Gaol is both a prison and an asylum. Some of the Middlerlands' most dangerous criminals are housed here, including Buggrof the Ripper, Slasher Dogface, The Finger, Five-eye Elcrand, and probably the most notorious of all Middlerlanders, Fifty-dead-in-a-shed Frederick affectionately known by other inmates as Fred the Shed. He has seen thirty eight winters in The Wheel, and no, he is not coming out anytime soon.

Rusting Bridge

A huge, rusting hulk — three, large iron arches built on four, crumbling stone foundations — spans the River Sixx just south of Ironbridge. The iron bridge creaks and groans as if life ebbs away from it, whilst below, the river churns, frothing like a rabid dog. It is here, beneath the russet, skeletal remnants that the horn-chinned, halftrolls lurk. Snatching at the succulent river fish.



Tower of Pye

Poking through the treetops of Cairn Chase Forest is the twisted form of a tower. It belongs to the insane warlock known as Pye. The dark rock of the tower seems to have been carved from a single, gigantic, other-worldly piece. Sharp, jagged spikes surround the top like a demonic crown and the body of the tower is uneven and disfigured. Some say it was a gigantic trunk of an oak, long-petrified, others say it is the leg of a giant, snapped off and left to calcify.

Tavern tales tell of strange devices and accoutrements — energy accumulators and directors, sun and moon reflectors, metallic rods, and even corpses — occasionally seen on the top of the tower or hanging out of its narrow windows. Red glows, differing in hues and brightness, seem to emanate from inside, and on the occasions when they do not, the tower itself can be seen to have a glowing, green hue.

No one dares to enter the clearing at the foot of the tower, assuming they even enter Cairn Chase Forest at all.

Two Goblins

The road between Rudgley and Staffleford crosses the Pig and Pegridge rivers a mile and a half southeast of Staffleford. An identical stone bridge crosses each. The bridges are known as ‘The Goblins’ by Stafflefolk, hence the name of this small area between the two, Two Goblins.

The bridges are of stone block construction comprising five arches. Each supports a 20 feet wide carriageway made of smooth cobbles. Straddling the entrance on the northern ends of the bridges are 30 feet high statues of night goblins, facing south. It is said that the statues were added to deter invasion of Staffleford by the crazy inhabitants of Cairn Chase Forest. Some say it deters valuable trade.

There are a few buildings betwixt the bridges that sell knick-knacks and souvenirs of Staffleford. Although why anyone would want to pay good money for a poor attempt at a model bridge in clay is beyond the comprehension of many.

Sharpe Inn, The

On the western edge of Oldfeld Woods lies a sprawling, single-storey inn run by an incredibly beautiful and welcoming maiden, and her two strong sons. Cat is the landlady of The Sharpe Inn and she takes no nonsense and often sends boisterous patrons away with their tails between their legs, but rooms are immaculately maintained and her tasty meals are known as far north as Abbots Bream. So the inn is never short of custom.

The land at the rear of the inn is a tangled mess of thorny bushes and decaying foliage. Within it lurk small, fey, woodland creatures hiding themselves in rotten branches or earthy burrows. In the middle of this overgrowth lies a hidden hoard. In ages past, a foreign traveller

from the cold north-east known as Olaf buried a small chest here, never to return.

Stone Ring

The Stone Ring is an ancient, circular earthwork perched on a hill between Leechfield and Tamewort. The perimeter is littered with old, weathered stones. Some say that a king of old is buried here, while the academics of Leechfield point to the evidence of it being some kind of defensive structure.

In the summer months, the area is the destination for two pastimes. It is said to increase fertility and many couples make their way here to conceive. It is also used by folk that re-enact the battles of old between the pious and learned folk of Leechfield and the heathen and inbred folk of Tamewort — this opinion is seemingly reversible depending upon which town you come from. These two pastimes are often happening simultaneously and go unacknowledged by each other — an oblivious co-existence.

Tamewort Castle

The seat of power for the Tame family, Tamewort Castle is a towering, age-old, granite fortification which sits atop a tall hill in northern Tamewort overlooking the River Wort. The family name does little to indicate their temperament. Lord Ebben Tame is a blood-thirsty, warmonger, always off fighting battles in foreign lands at

the behest of more timid leaders. During these crusades against the infidels, his estate and subjects are managed by his three wives. Each is platinum-haired, demanding, stern, and draconian, but all are stunningly beautiful. Sir Kildrellan is secretly infatuated with Thornelle — and she knows it, playing him more than he knows in the interests of her Lord.

All three are fiercely loyal to Ebben and work together to ensure his plans are successful. Behind closed doors, the populace of Tamewort whisper about a coven of witches behind the Tamewort throne.

Triplespire Cathedral

A huge gothic structure with three, meandering spires that seem to touch the clouds. This religious edifice dominates Leechfield, imposing its doctrine through the medium of stone. The Lords of Leechfield reside here, found in the basement levels issuing their commands and plans via the clergy.

The Exalted Library has its home in the basement levels of the Cathedral too. Its tomes, cartularies, codices, and libers are protected from damage behind vault doors wrought with divine enchantments and mystical glyphs.



Weston Mansion

An old, derelict mansion, vacated one-hundred years ago. The Weston family disappeared without trace one foggy evening and no-one knows where they went or why. Some say that the owner, Sir Volt, was in league with demons and devils, whilst others say he was obsessed with reincarnation and bringing the dead back to life. Whatever the truth, the mansion is cursed and the folks of Weston Netherseal give it a wide berth.

Wreak, The

Standing 2,000 feet above the surrounding land is the prominence known as The Wreak. Composed of granite to its western sides and sandstone to its eastern flank, it serves as a landmark for travellers along The Wattle Road and a military outpost for the Lord of Shroomsbury to the west, who maintains a large watchtower and outbuildings on its top. The defensive structures were built to protect the western approach to, and provide uninterrupted views of, the River Sixx, The Wattle Road, Ironbridge, and most importantly Tealford.

A series of tunnels leads down from the watchtower through the granite flank to emerge behind some defensive outcroppings. These same tunnels connect to deeper and much older tunnels. Most are sealed, but a handful remain forgotten.

A posting to The Wreak is always an unwelcome one once the rumours are heard. They tell of missing guards,

unexplained footprints, blood smears heading deeper, low-pitched moaning, high-pitched screams, and the ground shuddering. Some say The Wreak has its own spirit, a long forgotten earthen sentinel, whilst others say that The Wreak lies on top of hell itself.

RIVERS & LAKES

River Sixx

Fast-flowing and dangerous. The stretch south of Brignorth is probably the most dangerous in all The Middelands.

Troutdeep River

With the exception of the River Sixx, all rivers in the Midlands flow into the Troutdeep. Obviously named because it is filled with juicy trout, the river also runs deep after the Lossing Water and has dangerous currents that catch out weaker swimmers and waders.

River Pig

Slow and meandering, weedy and reedy. This river has many oxbow lakes on its Tealfordshire leg.

River Pegridge

The Pegridge starts as a collection of lakes on the borders of the Western Middelands and Staffordshire before joining the River Pig near Staffleford. A tributary from Cairn Chase Forest flows into the Pegridge after Gayley's Mere. The tributary occasionally turns the Pegridge red. Some say it is the blood of the forest,

whilst others suspect that it is iron ore richer than that of Ironbridge mined deep from under the forest by unknown hands. No one has verified the source and those that have tried have not returned to tell.

River Wort

The River Wort takes a long path through the Western Midlands, Warrickshire, and Staffershire before joining the Troutdeep at the Lossing Water. At the start of its journey, it is blighted by the industrial landscape of the foundries. Blackened, greasy and rubbish-filled, the water flows south of Herding Town where it is dredged and cleaned of the largest pieces of debris and worst pollutants. From there it passes into Warrickshire and Orr Pond before its journey north past Tamewort and Burnton.

Blithen Lake

A large lake created by the blocking of the River Blithe, as it heads south to join the Troutdeep. Blithen Lake has stony shores and eroded banks overhung with willows. Redlure stickleback thrive in water-filled caves beneath the surface.

Lossing Water

A long lake that is filled with cargo barges and other river-going vessels. The shores near Allraess are a mass of docks and wharves, loading and unloading cargo. The air is thick with black steam from the vessels heading upstream.

King's Mere

The King's Mere is a large body of water that the Lord of Tamewort strives to keep the most beautiful and elegant in the area. Midderland swans, ducks, and geese rest on this lake yearly and it seems that the bigger fish don't like the cleanliness of the water, preferring murkier and more stealthy water.

The Lord of Tamewort employs special lake-men to rout out bigger fish over two feet long, so as not to affect the bird populations, and to clear any weeds from the designated route for trade vessels. The penalties for navigating a vessel outside of the designated 'trade route' on the King's Mere are unusually draconian — the loss of both hands.

Gayley's Mere

A cold, clear lake, named after the first sir of Weston Netherly who drowned here. Sir Gayley stripped off his clothes one winter morning, and walked naked into the lake after hearing voices telling him to do so. His body was never recovered, but his toupee was found upstream in the Wolfenwater seven days later. The lake is nicknamed 'Wigwater' by Fetterfolk. No one knows if Sir Gayley was mad or really did hear voices.

Snail Pond

This lake is known to harbour four-eyed grabbers. The empty shells of dead grabbers are sometimes found washed up on the shore, hence its name. The grabbers live in extensive, moist burrows

in the banks of the lake, and occasionally enter the lake to lie in wait for food.

Hemlock Water

An icy, dark lake fed from an underground source, the lake is not connected to the Orr Pond. Two islands sit within its waters, Jobe and Dagon. Hemlock perch are abundant here, and they are always hungry.

On rare occasions, the earth shakes near the lake, and perch up to three feet long can be seen leaping out of Hemlock Water and thrashing about on the narrow strip of land that separates it from Orr Pond desperately trying to get into the more unpleasant neighbouring pond. No one knows why they do this, but they suspect that something in the depths of Hemlock Water is spooking them.

Orr Pond

A large, black, scummy pond, which collects the last bits of murky, residue-filled water that flows south from the black industry of the Western Midderlands. Scavengers pick their way through the assortment of crap that accumulates on its eastern shores. ‘Muddy’ Erik Reedsman is the most successful and best-known mudlark in the area, often selling rare finds in the markets of Tamewort and Suttham Oldfeld.

Wolfenwater

This lake is tinged with blue-green algae and there is almost always a scum across

the top. In September, the scum clears and the water becomes crystal clear. During this period, the ruins of a fortified structure can be tantalisingly seen beneath its surface. One attempt to dive down to the structure seven years ago, ended in tragedy when the lake water mysteriously became dirty-black and scum-covered, then the lines attached to the divers went slack. No-one has since attempted it.

Cairnwater

This is not a fun place. It feels bad. Especially along the shoreline bordering the Norton Wood, where dismembered bodies are sometimes found. Talk of a monster in the deep water here keeps the locals at bay. Night-time travellers needing water are occasionally less-fortunate.

They call it ‘The Sluggeroth’, but such a creature is not known to those with any knowledge of devilry, demonology, or necromancy. It is a writhing, many-tentacled, deep-dwelling abomination that hides in the water-filled caverns beneath Cairnwater. Mostly, it is not even hungry, it is just angry and hate-filled. If you look at the water closely, at night, and the fish start to frenzy, then The Sluggeroth is near.

In the bottom of the lake, aging and gathering algae amongst the weeds, is the broken-off-arm of a brass statue.

Three Rivers

This lake is inaccurately named as Three Rivers, although technically only two

named rivers flow here. The Troutdeep is joined by the River Blithe where the volume of flowing water causes it to gather in the low-lying land before it heads off east to the Lossing Water. The eddies and currents in Three Rivers are truly dangerous, even for skilled riverfolk.

WOODS & FORESTS

Cairn Chase Forest

Cairn Chase Forest is a dark, foreboding, mass of tangled trees, vines, and bracken. Pine, spruce, oak, birch, yew, and ash trees abound, creating myriad pathways in and out of the dim spaces beneath the lofty canopy.

Strange green, blue, yellow and purple miasmas can be seen drifting on the ground. Quick-forming fogs, eerie silences, strange feral calls, deep thumping, body-shaking vibrations, hauntingly cold breezes, and shifting trails all add to the superstitions the local populace have about the place. This is not helped by many people having gone missing in the forest depths. Many suspect the meddling of the strange warlock, Pye, or the interactions of the energy stones north-east of Rudgley. Many creatures, strange and common, make the woods their home and the surrounding lords of the land intend to make sure they stay contained within.

Fingerpost Copse

Midway between Shelfold and Cairn Nook, a sprawl of yew trees hides a band of murderers known as 'The Severed Face'. They are an uneducated lot, but they have remained hidden so far because they murder anyone who stumbles across them, thus preventing anyone learning of their activities. This is further helped by the fact that many of the disappearances are blamed on The Fingerpost, a source of arcane superstition.

Leyswood

This wood is predominantly alder trees, with occasional oaks and elms. There is rumoured to be a harras of equinians that roam within, sometimes flying over the treetops. These beasts are secretive. Long have they learned that the Midfolk value their tails for making weapons. An Equinian Mace is highly valued by Tamefolk.

A mouseling trapper from Shelfold known as 'Mousekin Marten' frequents Leyswood. Named on account of his affinity and knowledge of his chosen prey, he spends his days looking for the small furs he prizes so much. The mouseling population dwell in a shifting maze of barely-human-sized tunnels and burrows that Marten squeezes through almost daily.

Marten tells of a number of larger mouselings he has seen only once, deep beneath Leyswood. They seemed more intelligent and human-like. Marten hypothesises that they act in the service of

a much larger, more vicious creature that he refers to as 'King Leysling', a play on the words Leyswood and mouseling.

March Woods

Close to Abbots Bream, this ancient, mostly-oak woodland is known as 'The Shrooms' by the locals. The name originates from the abundance of fungi, yeasts, and molds to be found under its moist, verdant canopies.

Gloomcap

Some legends tell of a giant, part-mushroom, part-treeman who roams the woods tending the rarest fungi. Known as Gloomcap, it is said that he does not take kindly to the interference of civilised-kind, and will actively move against any attempts to remove trees or fungi from the area.

Norton Wood

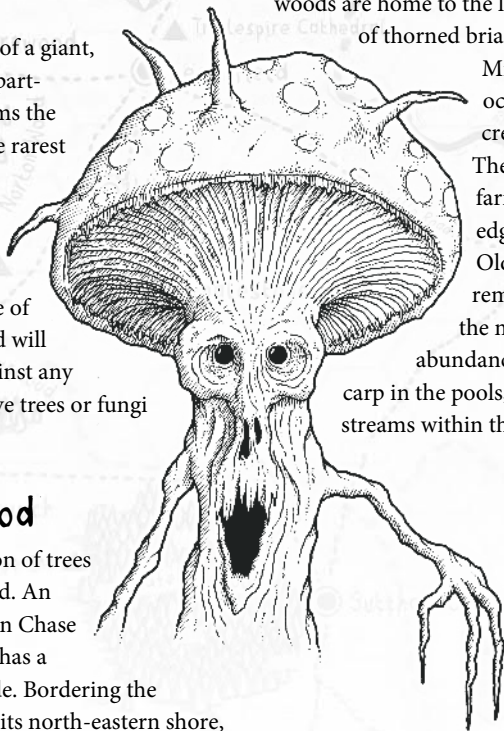
A motley collection of trees make up this wood. An old leg of the Cairn Chase Forest, this wood has a similar, darker side. Bordering the Cairnwater along its north-eastern shore, things from the murky depths make their way into the woods at night. Rumours also tell of a tentacled-horror, glistening in the dark, hurling dismembered bodies into the trees for hundreds of feet.

Collections of stones formed into mounds mark the victims' final resting places.

Oldfeld Woods

A large, oak woodland west of Suttham Oldfeld. The woodland contains many clearings and ponds that are abundant with woodland creatures. The lords of Suttham Oldfeld do not allow anyone to hunt or clear trees from the woods without their 'Lords' Consent'. The exception being registered Erdfolk. These woods are home to the largest population of thorned briarlings in the

Middelands, occasionally creating a menace to The Sharpe Inn and farms on the western edge of Suttham Oldfeld. They remain contained for the most part by the abundance of Middelands carp in the pools, ponds, and streams within the Oldfeld Woods.



Oddities of the Midderlands

ITEMS

Copper Cranium Helm

This helm is fashioned from the skull of a conus ogre and has a slightly coppery sheen underneath the verdigris. The short spiral spike on the top increases the chances of being hit by any lightning effects such as *lightning bolt* and blue dragon breath. All lightning effects or spells cast within 100 feet of a copper cranium helm have a percentage chance equal to '100 less the distance the effect originates' of being directed to the wearer rather than the intended target. For example, the wizard Mattias Pouke casts a *lightning bolt* at the

infamous bandit, Edwin of Nagyr, but unfortunately, his companion, Magnus of the Green Bottle, is wearing a Copper Cranium Helm and is standing 35 feet away. There is a 65% chance (100-35) of

Magnus getting hit by the *lightning bolt* instead. Fortunately, all saving throws against lightning and electrical effects are at +5 when a Copper Cranium Helm is worn.

Copper Cranium Helms have been known to increase in value when a blue dragon is terrorising an area.

Value: 1,000 gold quids

Equinian Mace

Unsurprisingly, Equinian Maces are made from the tails of equinians. Each consists of two parts, a leather-wrapped, silver filigree haft to which is bound to the beasts tail section, which is a black-scaled, long and bony shaft which ends in a knobbly ball of incredibly hard, black bone.

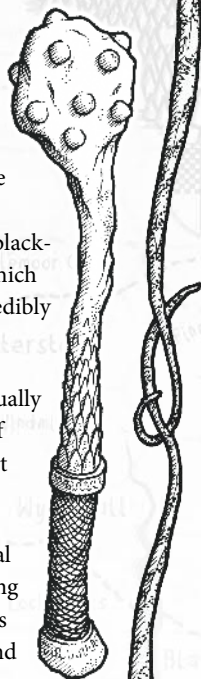
These weapons are issued (usually posthumously) to members of the Lord's Guard of Tamewort for exceptional service.

An Equinian Mace is a magical +2 heavy mace, +4 versus flying creatures. Additionally, it does 1d8 damage instead of 1d6, and weighs 13 lbs.

Value: 1000 gold quids.

Gloombug Lamps

At night, stray too far from the main thoroughfares of the towns in the Midderlands, and you will find trouble.





When the light fades, these routes are bathed in pockets of green light. The source of this luminescence is caused by swarms of insects known as gloombugs. These tiny nocturnal insects gives off a luminous green light which it uses to attract its prey—moths.

Being ever resourceful, midfolk collect these insects from the local marshes and put them in glass jars that they carry around as lanterns. The light is about half as effective as lantern light and lasts until the gloombugs die — usually within a day. Green-crested bottlejacks tend to avoid these glowing green insects, for reasons unknown.

Many towns in the Midderlands appoint someone its Keepers of

Gloombugs. His duty — and that of any assistants, of which there

are often several in larger towns — is to wander the streets checking the lanterns that hang from bespoke timber or iron posts, and where required, they replenish the dead bugs inside. Both Keeper and assistants are known as 'Gloombuggers', but because they carry out their duties wearing a skull mask, Midfolk have taken to calling them 'Skullheads'. Removing a publicly installed gloombug lantern from its mounting, unless a currently employed Gloombugger, is usually punishable by death.

Value: 15 gold quids.

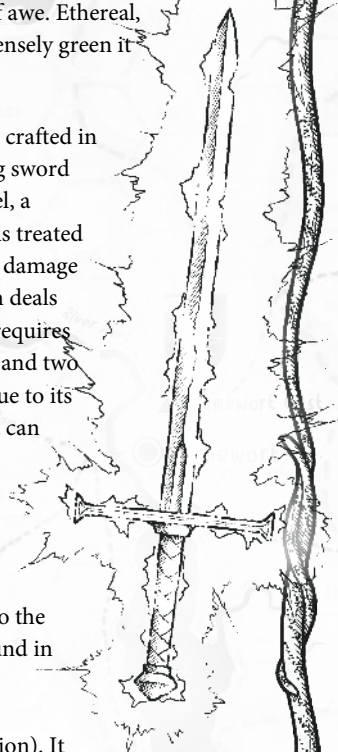
Gloomium Blade

A Gloomium Blade is 'as rare as rockin' oss shit' as they say in Walshale. So rare in fact that no one living has even seen one. Forged from the spinning core of the world, a gloomium blade is a thing of awe. Ethereal, dense, and so intensely green it hurts the eyes.

Said to have been crafted in the form of a long sword forged by an angel, a gloomium blade is treated as a +5 to hit and damage long sword which deals 1d10 damage. It requires a strength of 16+ and two hands to wield, due to its weight. No shield can be used by the wielder.

It does double damage to any creature unique to the Midderlands (found in this book in the Creatures of the Midderlands section). It is treated as a magical, silver, and iron weapon simultaneously.

Value: 1,000,000 gold quids.



Grabber Shield

The split and hollowed-out shells of four-eyed grabbers are super-hard like stone but lightweight. This makes them invaluable as shields. These shells are cut and shaped to provide unusual-looking shields that adequately serve their purpose.

This shield acts as a +1 shield. Additionally, it weighs half the weight of a normal shield of its size.

Value: 400 gold quids



Anyone staring at the mask for more than three rounds is affected as if the *charm person* spell has been cast on them.

The player of a character wearing the mask must oink, snort or squeal like a pig after every fourth word until the mask is removed.

The wearer also gains *darkvision* and a -1 to all attacks and saving throws in bright/sun light.

Value: 200 gold quids

Ironbridge Ingots

Weapons and armour made with Ironbridge ingots can gain special qualities due to the superior and unusual quality of the iron. Roll 1d20 and consult the following list (pick the result according to the item type, so armour would get the Armour Class quality, not the combat bonuses):

1: -1 to hit and damage or -1 penalty to Armour Class.

2-18: Normal

19: +1 to hit and damage or +1 bonus to Armour Class.

20: +2 to hit and +1 to damage or +2 bonus to Armour Class.

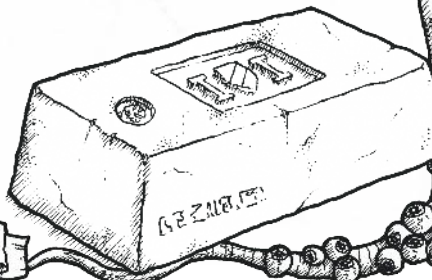
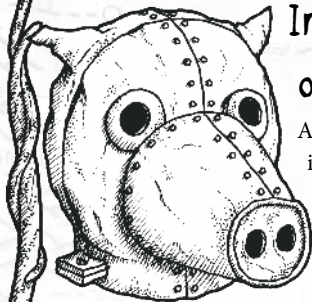
Iron Mask of Pig Orc

A crudely made iron mask that bolts and padlocks around the neck. Made of battered and

dented iron, riveted and

brazed, this mask takes the form of a badly-drawn pig. The snout is long and cylindrical, the ears triangular and bent.

When donned, this mask causes anyone who looks at, and is within 20 feet of the mask wearer to stare agog at their porcine visage. Anyone that does not want to stare at the mask must make a saving throw to resist each round.



Only roll on the table after all materials have been used and consumed.

Value: 100 gold quids per ingot.

Left Arm of the Brass Man

Only found in the bottom of the Cairnwater. A human-sized, life-like arm made of solid brass. It looks to have been broken off a statue of some kind. There is an eerie look about it. Something that just does not seem right.

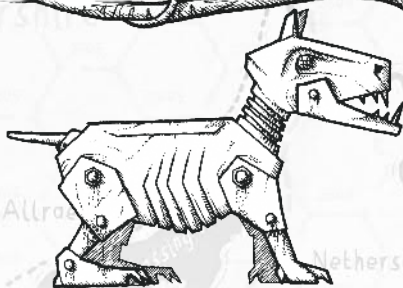
There is no statue in all of the Midderlands known to be missing an arm and the arm has no foundry marks or inscriptions of any kind. The Left Arm of the Brass Man is a mystery.

Value: 100 gold quids.

Lockwork Construct

These constructs are created by the artisans in the Lockworks as gifts for special clients. They are made in the image of small guard dogs, but work with clockwork, springs, pistons and strange rituals. Each is coupled with a green-jewelled amulet.

Each construct is typically placed to guard a particular location and given a simple, verbal instruction, such as, 'Make sure no one enters unless bearing the Leechfield coat-of-arms.' Should the terms of the instruction be triggered,

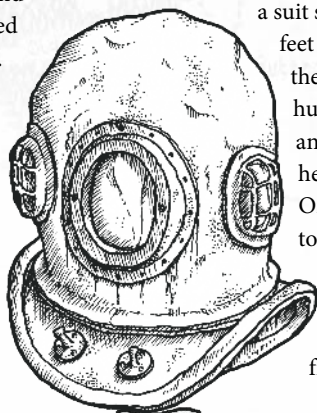


then the construct will whirl into life and emit a high-pitched squealing that will alert anyone nearby. At the same time, the amulet paired with the construct will glow and give off a soft hum to alert the wearer that the construct has been activated because its warding instructions have been triggered.

Value: 2,500 gold quids.

Wylenhall Ironclad Armour

These suits of armour consist of heavy, barrel-like iron shells and ball-like helmets with round glass viewing ports. Each iron shell has articulated and armoured appendages resembling arms and legs, and once the helm is bolted into place, a suit stands approximately 8 feet tall. A hatch in the back of the shell enables a single humanoid to climb inside and crouch inside with their head sticking out of the top. Once the helm is placed on top and screwed in place with brass wing nuts, the armour's mystical aura will synchronise with the frontal lobe of the wearer's



brain. This symbiosis allows the wearer to control the movements of the armour effortlessly.

The suit provides an Armour Class of -8[+8]. The armour weighs 275 lbs and has the same restrictions as if wearing a suit of chainmail. The wearer will also feel as if he is wearing a suit of armour. The suit also negates the wearer's Dexterity bonuses.

The two arms end in pincers that can grab and hold shields and weapons. On their own they can be used as weapons allowing two attacks per round at 1d8 points of damage each.

Value: 5,000 gold quids.

Nightsight Mead

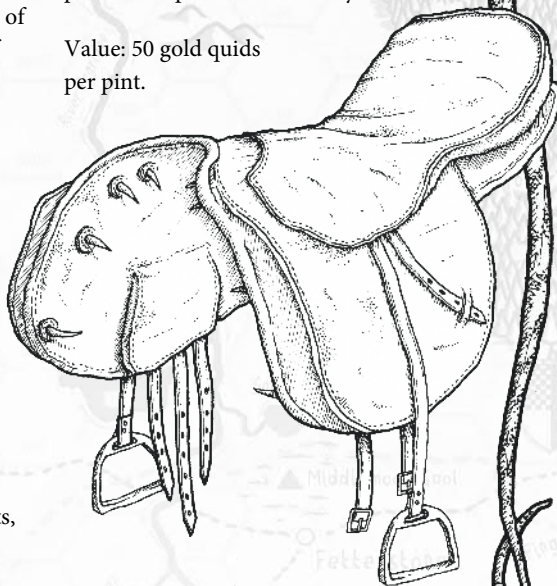
Brewed with highly-secretive ingredients, this specially-brewed mead provides anyone drinking at least one, full pint, with *darkvision* up to ten feet per pint.

The effect lasts for one hour after the last pint was consumed.

There is a limit to the number of pints that someone can drink without detrimental effect. The number of pints that someone can drink is equal to half their Constitution score (rounded down). For every one pint consumed over this number, the imbiber's

Dexterity is cumulatively reduced by 4. The effects of this Dexterity damage lasts for two hours per pint consumed. If the imbiber's Dexterity is reduced to zero, he must make a saving throw or lose 4 permanent points of Dexterity.

Value: 50 gold quids per pint.



Walsfolk Saddle

In Walshale, a select few master leatherworkers are able to fashion the highly sought-after Walsfolk saddle. It makes movement of horses or mules increase by an additional 50% over terrain. The saddles are thought to heighten an animals sense of direction too. As a result, they also reduce the percentage of getting lost by 5%.

Value: 400 gold quids.

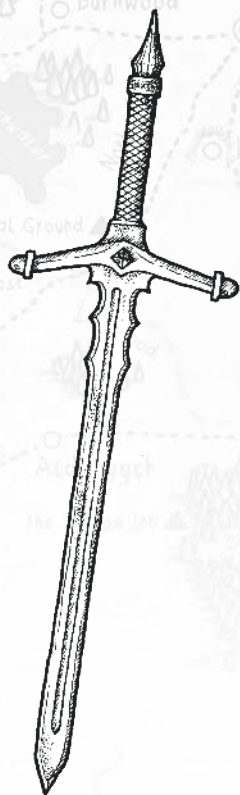


Wodensblade

An iron longsword made by the wodenfolk. They vary in appearance, some are engraved with runic swirls, while others are left plain. All are decorated with turquoise and dark-green enamels though.

This incredibly sharp weapon is a +1 longsword, +3 vs green-skinned creatures.

Value: 600 gold quids.



SPELLS

All the spells found in the *Swords & Wizardry Complete* rulebook are available in The Middelands setting. Some additional spell are also presented below.

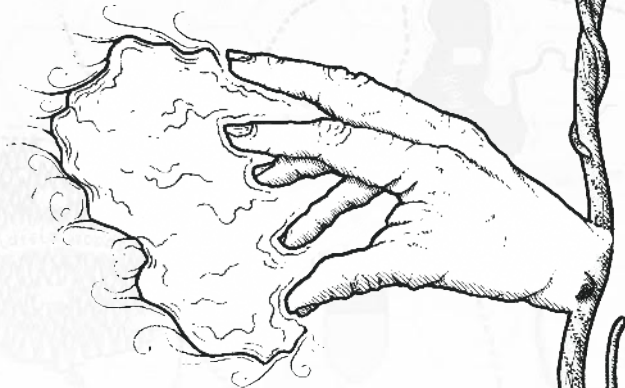
Middergloom Missiles

Spell Level: Magic-User, 2nd Level.

Range: 150 feet.

Duration: Immediate, but dissipate after 1 round per caster Level.

Description: Bright green, ethereal balls of energy appear at the casters fingertips. A single missile is generated for each Level possessed by the caster. These can be thrown all at once, or as many per round as the caster desires until they dissipate. The caster must roll to hit for each missile. Successful hits score 1d6 damage, with no saving throw.



Gloomium Shield

Spell Level: Magic-User, 3rd Level.

Range: Caster.

Duration: 1 turn.

Description: The caster surrounds themselves in an ethereal, green-hue. It twists and writhes like smoke. This aura acts as a shield against physical attacks, increasing the caster's Armour Class to 0 [19]. If the casters Armour Class is already that or better, it improves by 1 point.



arc in 1 round as far as the range of the spell. Anyone caught in the webs can make a saving throw to avoid being stuck. Anyone stuck in the webs can try to roll their strength score or under on 1d20 to escape. The webs are made of Morgontula's essence, and are resistant to fire and cannot be burned away.

Curse of Old Hobb

Spell Level: Cleric, 3rd Level.

Range: Successful melee attack, or willing recipient.

Duration: 1d6 rounds.

Description: When the cleric successfully touches the target with their bare hand, they are cursed by Old Hobb. The target takes a -2 penalty to attack rolls, saving throws and Armour Class for the spells duration.

Morgontula's Vomit

Spell Level: Magic-User, 5th Level.

Range: 1d10x10 feet.

Duration: Spraying lasts 1d4 rounds. The webs last for a further 1d6 rounds starting from when they appeared.

Description: The caster issues forth a vomit of sticky spider webs from their mouth (in much the same way as a can of 'silly string'). Whatever the caster directs the vomit at, it gets plastered in the sticky strands. The caster can cover a 45 degree

What Did That Do?

Spell Level: Magic-User, 3rd Level.

Range: As per spell cast.

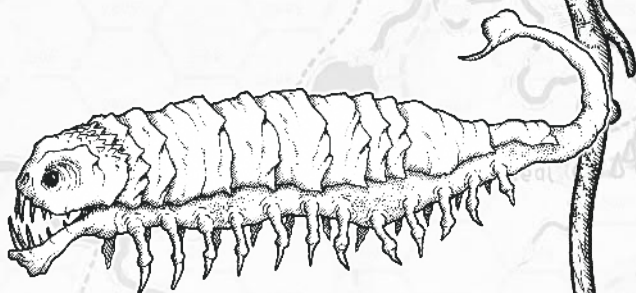
Duration: As per spell cast.

Description: Casts a random spell. 50% chance that it is the reverse of a reversible spell. To generate the spell roll 1d30-4 (ignoring results of 4 or less). This is the Letter Die. It corresponds to both a letter of the alphabet, and the first letter of the spell name. Grab the *Swords & Wizardry Complete* rulebook and go to the spells starting with that letter. Count the number of spells whose name starts with that letter, and pick dice that will generate a result. This is the Spell Die. For example, for the Letter Die, I roll 24-4=20. That gives a result of a T. T has seven spells, so I roll 1d8 for the Spell Dice. I get a 2 and cast *Teleport*! If a letter has no spells available, then the spell fails. If you pick a Spell Die that can generate a higher result than the number of spells available, keep rolling until you get a usable result. It is even possible for a Magic-user to cast spells from other Classes this way. Weird!

FAUNA

Centidemonpede

This centipede might be small, but it is more feared than the big spider on your ceiling above your bed at night. The centidemonpede is as long as a little finger, and it can get into the teeniest of nooks and crannies.



They love to eat earwax, and will munch into a lughole to get at the juicy ear-nectar. If attacked or in danger, they use their last resort — their sting. 50% of the time, this marks the death-knell of the horrible critter, which will die 2 rounds after delivering their poison.

The poison requires three saving throws. If the victim fails all three, they convulses three times, their eyes bulge and pop out, and then their whole body explodes covering anyone near in blood, guts, puss, and brain matter.

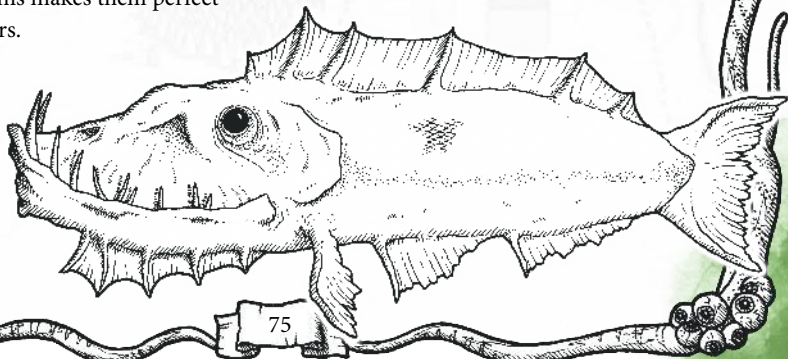
Fish, Weird

The fish found in the rivers, lakes and various bodies of water in and around the Midderlands are as dangerous as some of the more unsavoury creatures of the region. Yet along with the wide array of sharp teeth, spiked fins, and venomous bites they also provide some unusual benefits with the right knowledge.

Blithen Pike

A true predator, the Blithen Pike lurks in murky river bottoms, ambushing smaller fish from among the bulrushes and weedy bottoms. Growing to over six feet in length and to more than 200 lbs. It has a chameleon-like ability to alter its colour to suits its surroundings. This makes them perfect ambush predators.

Somewhere between Shelfold and Alderwych lies a deep pond, roughly 500 feet

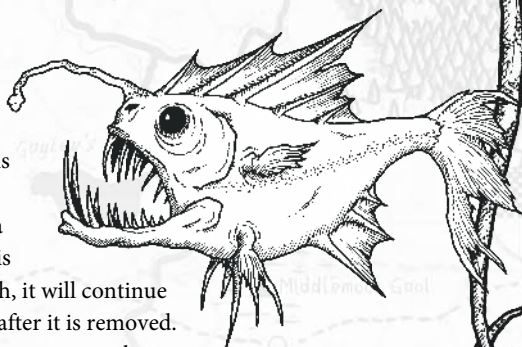


across. Not shown on any maps, it is known as 'The Atlas' by locals who claim that an 8 feet long Blithen Pike lurks at the bottom. Consequently, they avoid the pond's steep banks that plunge into its dark waters, though an Alderwych fisherman, Luke the Larger, once you put a pint of Nightsight Mead in his hands, will describe how he saw the monster surface and look him square in the eye before returning to its deep, watery home. One rumour about the pond is that it is connected via underground waterways to another pool near Walshale called 'The Arbor'.

Blithen pike meat is stinky, some say almost putrid. Anyone eating a mouthful of this rank provender must make a saving throw. Failure causes 1d10 damage. Three consecutive failed saves result in the death of the person eating the fish. If three consecutive saves are passed, the eater gains invisibility (as per the spell) for 10 rounds.

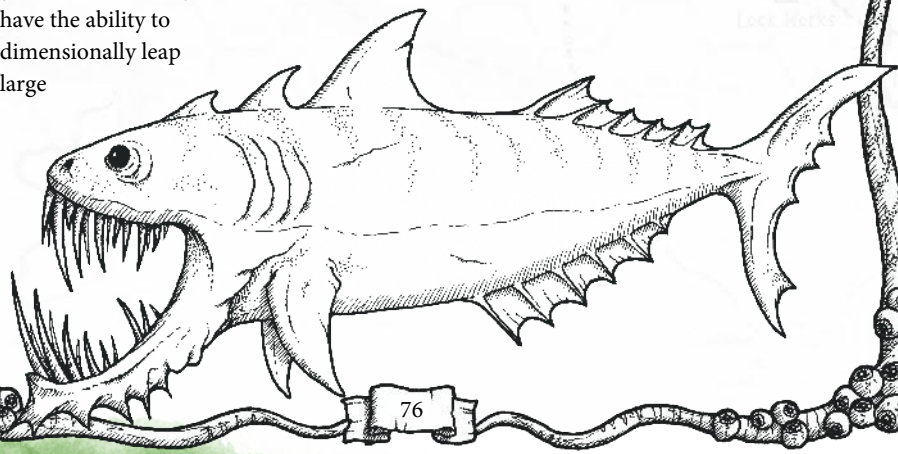
Dangler Fish

The Dangler Fish hides in dark, murky lake bottoms and deep, water-filled caverns where it lures its prey with an appendage which hangs from its forehead that emits a green bioluminescence. If this appendage is removed from the body of the Dangler Fish, it will continue to glow in dim or darker light for 2 weeks after it is removed. The glow acts as a torch, albeit one that burns green rather than orange. Trapping a Dangler Fish is not without its challenges. Not only do they live in deep water and deep caverns, this two feet long fish also has a nasty bite.



Great-green-three-finned Shork

This vicious asshole of a creature can grow up to 20 feet long. It is only found in the largest bodies of water in The Middelands and no-one can even begin to explain how it gets there. Some sages believe shorks have the ability to dimensionally leap large

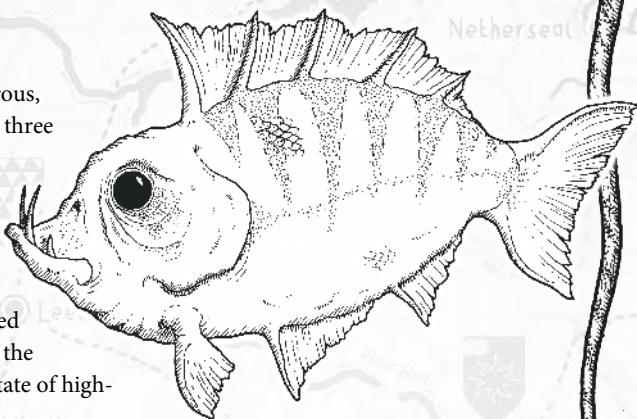


distances through water. The soup made from the fins of shorks is known to be hallucinogenic, the resulting broth being much sought after by the Followers of the Shiftingwood.

Anyway, if you see three fins in the water and you don't have Wylenhall Ironclad Armour on, get the fuck out!

Hemlock Perch

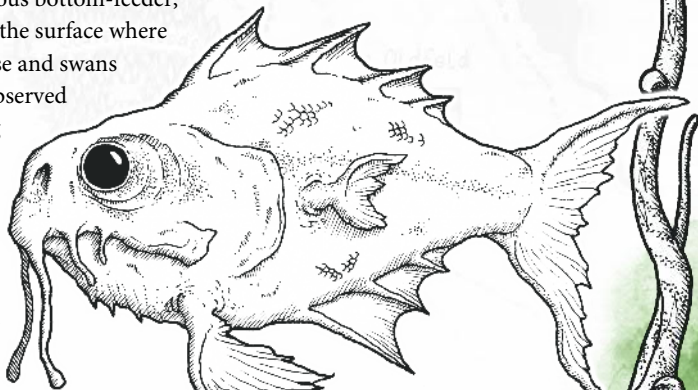
The Hemlock Perch is a carnivorous, cannibalistic fish. Growing up to three feet in length and up to 80 lbs in weight, they will eat almost anything that enters the water. Many toes, fingers, and even hands have been lost to a hungry Hemlock Perch. They are attracted by the smell and taste of urine in the water which drives them into a state of high-activity.



Perch have a salty taste, but smell distinctly of urine. Anyone eating a fillet of perch must make a saving throw. Failure results in excruciating stomach cramps for 1d6 hours. Whilst suffering from 'perch belly', the eater is at -2 on all attack rolls and saving throws. If the saving throw succeeds, the eater gains the power of clairvoyance (as per the *clairvoyance* spell).

Lossing Barbel

The Losing Barbel is a visitor to many rivers in the region. In particular, it has found a home along the River Sixx, especially near Ironbridge. Growing to four feet in length, the Losing Barbel is a voracious bottom-feeder, although it will approach the surface where it will swallow ducks, geese and swans whole. It has even been observed snatching and swallowing smaller goblins that sometimes enter the water to prey on smaller fish.



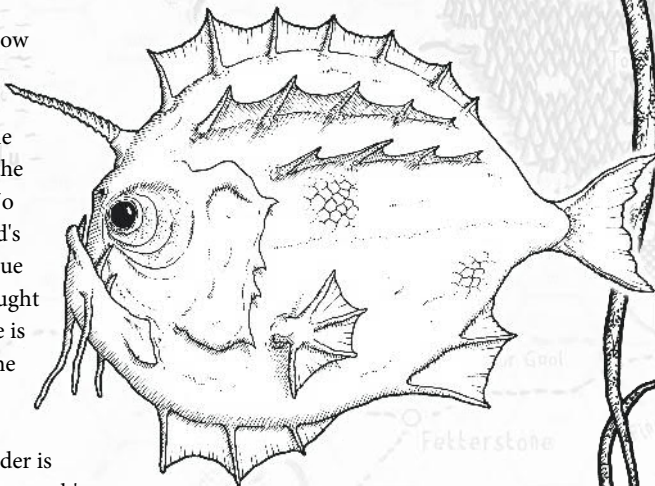
The Losing Barbel, when cooked, has a lovely

pork-like taste with a slightly nutty aroma. It is served as a delicacy in Tealford. Anyone eating a whole barbel (of any size), including the skin, eyes, innards, and teeth should make a saving throw. If they pass they gain a temporary +2 on all saving throws for 6 hours. If they fail, they incur a -1 penalty on all saving throws for 6 hours.

Alternatively, the body of the Lossing Barbel can be boiled and reduced to give an oil known to act as a flame-retardant. A person or object smothered in barbel oil takes 3 fewer points of damage from fire each round. A coating lasts for one hour.

Midderland Carp

The Midderland Carp can grow to three feet in length and 100 lbs in weight. It generally feeds on waterborne insects and small fry, and is the meatiest fish in the region. No fishermen on the Midderland's rivers is considered to be a true fishermen until they have caught a Midderland Carp and there is great competition between the region's towns to have their fishermen catch the biggest carp. The current record-holder is a 102-pounder known as 'Longtooth', caught in the King's Mere by Grobbin Murkston from Athernstone.

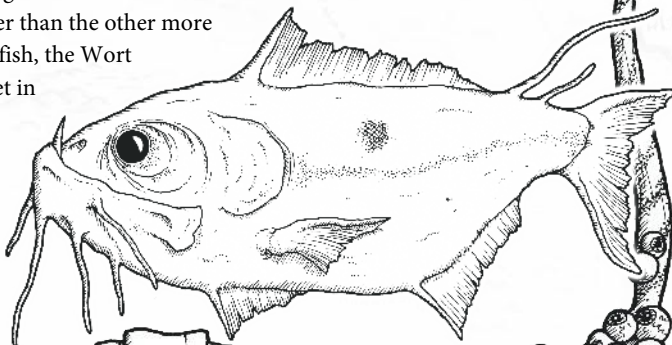


Carp meat is surprisingly healthy. Each 18-ounce cooked fillet heals 1 Hit Point per hour for a 6-hour period. Followers of the Shiftingstone are adept anglers.

Wort Tench

The Wort Tench is a dark green fish that feeds on waterborne insects. Smaller than the other more well-known Midderlands fish, the Wort Tench can grow to two feet in length and roughly 30 lbs. in weight.

Although the Wort Tench infers no beneficial effects when

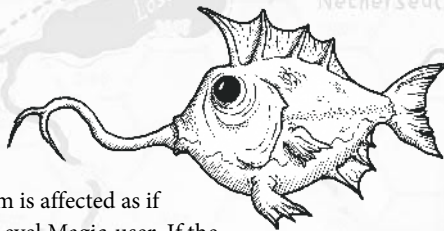


eaten, specimens weighing over 20 lbs are rarer and sought after. Once out of the water, dried to a husk, smothered in honey and rolled in pine nuts, the bodies of these fish work exactly like the *protection from evil*, 10-foot radius spell. This spell effects wears off two days after the honey-coating is applied. It should be noted that the scent given off by a Wort Tench prepared this way, creates an insatiable hunger in Oorgthraxes, who will make every attempt to consume the preserved fish to the point of death.

Zapper Fish

The Zapper Fish is only six inches or so long, and looks all cute and innocent but if the two needles at the end of its proboscis touch bare skin whilst in water, then it delivers an

electric shock of such violence that the victim is affected as if hit by a *lightning bolt* cast by a 8th Level Magic-user. If the same happens out of water the effect is as cast by a 5th Level caster.



Lesser-spotted Woobird

This bird has reached almost mythical status in the Midderlands. Often depicted as a small, red and orange peacock with tail feathers ending in sharp poisonous spines, this bird has a strange call like the rising and falling of steam pressure in a pipe. Hearing the strange call is said to cure any disease (as per the 3rd Level Cleric spell, *Cure Disease*).

Midderland Magpie

The size of a crow, these birds are similar to the common black and white magpie found all over Havenland. The Midderland Magpie is similarly black but has green feathers instead of white. This bird is a relentless and voracious kleptomaniac. It will swoop down and steal anything shiny that it can carry off in its claws or beak.

Some say that these are more worrisome than intestinal hawks and nobblins put together, especially when in numbers. These birds are considered to hold varying degrees of bad luck, depending upon the number spotted. When they are seen, a Midderlander can often be seen attempting to negate the impending bad luck by raising their index finger upwards in the general direction of the harbinger of doom and muttering "Fuck off!" A common rhyme in the Midderlands used to assess the degree of bad luck after accidentally seeing a number of magpies is as follows;

*"One is for sorrow,
two for an illness,
three for a pox,
four for a stillness (death),
five for stolen silver,
six for stolen gold,
seven makes you die,
before you become old,
eight or beyond,
crumble to the floor,
the Reaper has come,
we are all no more."*



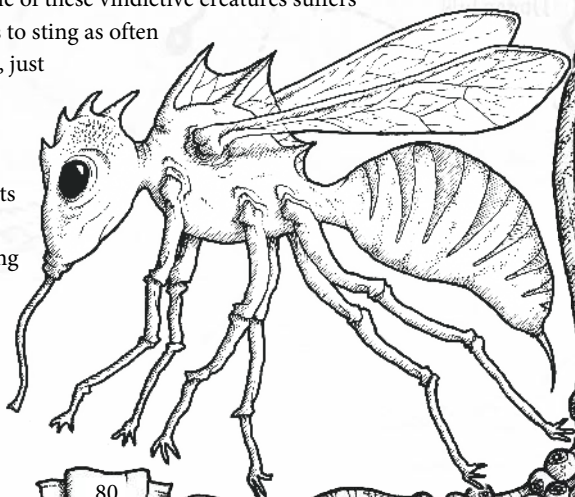
Roll 1d8 to see how many are spotted. Feel free to add to the sense of foreboding by making something happen that reinforces the superstitions in the rhyme.

It is common for Midfolk to attempt to cancel the bad luck by punching the closest person to them, even if this is a stranger. It is not uncommon to be punched by a total stranger, only for them to nod in the general direction of the magpie or magpies and use it as a reason for the unsolicited violence. This is somehow accepted by most Midfolk.

Spugmunch Jasper

This massive wasp is the size of the palm of your hand. Always trying to sip ale with its proboscis, it is the bane of outdoor drinkers in the dry weather.

Anyone that attempts to swat one of these vindictive creatures suffers its repeated wrath, as it attempts to sting as often as it can (there is no need to roll, just keep the insect making sting attempts for as long as it is amusing). Each sting requires a saving throw. A failed save results in 2 damage and a poison-filled blister. After the fifth failed saving throw the target becomes paralysed for 2d6 rounds. The jasper then drinks the ale and flies off all wobbly-like.



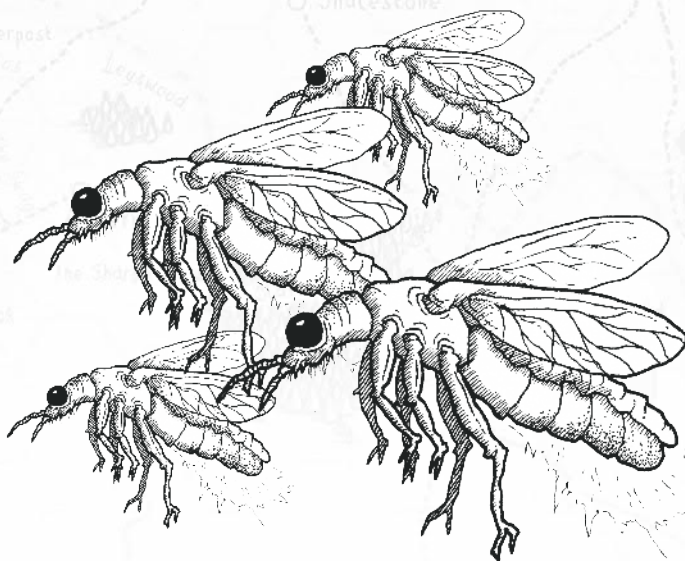
Gloombug

The abdomens of these one-inch-long, flying insects glow with a vivid, green bioluminescence. As such, they are coveted by the Gloombuggers for their lanterns. The glow from these insects attracts moths and other nocturnal insects lured to the hypnotic, dancing light looking for any easy meal.

The spiders of the Midderlands have learned that building webs where Gloombug Lanterns are located also gives them an opportunity for a juicy meal too — even if they glow themselves for a short while afterwards.

On their own, gloombugs are little more than an irritation. In large numbers, they can ravage a cabbage crop in a couple of hours. Farmers pay to have Gloombuggers collect gloombugs from nearby marshland to avoid a crop disaster.

Gloombugs baked in a pie make for good eating.



FLORA

Hallucinogenic Fungi

There are many types of fungi in the Midderlands. A lot of them make things more weird. There is a 50% chance that any mushrooms eaten raw are hallucinogenic. The onset of such effects take 1d10 minutes. For the effects of the hallucinogen roll 1d4 times on the following list, or pick what you like:

1. See all clouds as giant pigs.
2. Believes next person they see is their master.
3. Dances, like a maniac.
4. Sings, like a strangled cat.
5. Believes everyone is trying to cut their hair.
6. Can't stop giggling.
7. Falls in love with the trees.
8. Wants to give away random amounts of money to strangers.
9. Paranoia about being followed by 'them'.
10. Itches all over for no reason. Constantly scratching.
11. Insatiable thirst.
12. Insatiable hunger for a random food item.
13. Wants to lick people.
14. Keeps throwing stones.
15. Excretes bodily fluids in public.
16. Sees all trees as black-clad warriors following their every move.
17. Self-conscious about clothing and appearance.
18. Sleeps, snoring optional.

19. When talking, add an additional insult of your choosing at the end, said with venom and malice. For example, "Thank you, kind stranger!" becomes "Thank you, kind stranger! You stinking piece of shit!".
20. Intense, uncontrollable anger at the smallest of things.

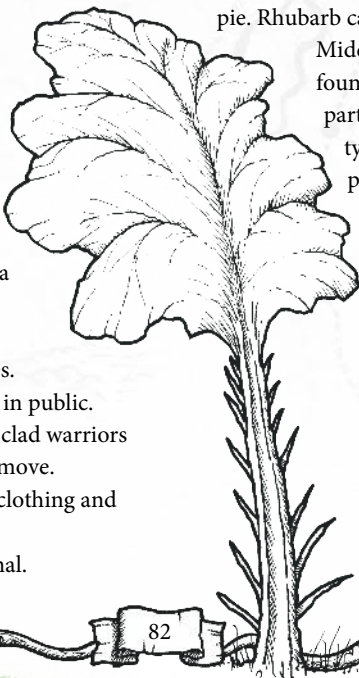
Fungi Effect Duration

Roll 1d6.

1. 1d6 x10 seconds
2. 1d6 x10 minutes
3. 2d12 hours
4. 1d10 days
5. Roll all four results above and add them together.
6. Roll 1d100. 1-95 - 1d6 x10 minutes; 96-100 - Permanent.

Alderwych Rhubarb

This rhubarb makes the most fabulous pie. Rhubarb can be found around the Midderlands, but the type found in Alderwych is particularly suited to the type of pie recipe that the people of Alderwych make, and make really well. A slice of Alderwych rhubarb pie heals hit points as per *cure serious wounds* cast by a 4th Level Druid.



Bognock Gooseberry

The gooseberries found in and around the area of the Bognock Windmill are perfect for making a special recipe of preserve known as 'Bog Jam'. Bog Jam satisfies hunger and even thirst like nothing else. Spread on a chunk of bread it is all you need to eat and drink for a whole day.



Golden Mycena

The Golden Mycena is a rare fungus only found in a few places in the Midderlands. It has incredible healing properties. A single fungi can be made into a poultice that can act as a resurrection spell on a deceased being. If a single mushroom is ingested by a living being it offers long term regeneration of 1 Hit Point every round, lasting 1d6 days.



Creatures of the Midderlands

Written by: Edwin Nagy and Glynn Seal

Within the following pages are some of the more weird and wonderful creatures to be found in The Midderlands. These are not generally known to be found in any lands outside of Havenland, but that is not to say that they have not found ways of traversing other realms, other planes of existence or even other times.

These creatures detailed herein are monsters, non-player characters, and even playable Race-Classes. Besides their basic descriptions, each is accompanied by an example NPC ready to add to your game and a Race-Class ready to be played by your players. Feel free to dip in and out of these as you need to. Don't feel the need to allow any of the Race-Classes in your games if you don't want to. Cherry pick some if you prefer.

Creature Communications and Languages

All these creatures communicate in some form or other. Some creatures are noted as using the common tongue, but others possess telepathic ability, body language, or even strange sounds.

Creatures could also converse in any number of racial languages too, but rather than detail all these for each creature, you can freestyle to suit what you think is cool, fits your adventure, or fits your campaign feel.

For example, if the player characters come across a nobblin in the wild, you can choose to have it use telepathy, take on airs and graces and talk like a posh bastard, or even go all out and have it jabber in a language of your own making that neither the players nor their characters will understand. Just have fun with it.

A Note on Balance

The following creatures have been crafted primarily for fun and care has been taken to ensure that they are enjoyable to play or meet as adversaries. That said, some of the Race-Classes might be considered too weak or strong when compared to the standard Classes presented in the Swords & Wizardry Complete rulebook. Therefore, the Game Master is encouraged to adapt and change the abilities as he sees fit should he feel that a particular creature is not working as a Race-Class for either the players or the player characters.

Creature Sizes

It's useful to see how these new creatures size up both against one another, and the average Midderlander. The following pages show the comparisons.

The Middelands - Creatures

Muckulus

Greater
Horned Groat

Ocular Goblin

Mawling

Green-crested
Bottlejack

Mouseling

Average
Midfolk Male

Four-eyed Grabber

Conus Ogre

14 ft

Redlure Stickleback

Intestinal Hawk

13 ft

12 ft

11 ft

10 ft

9 ft

8 ft

7 ft

6 ft

5 ft

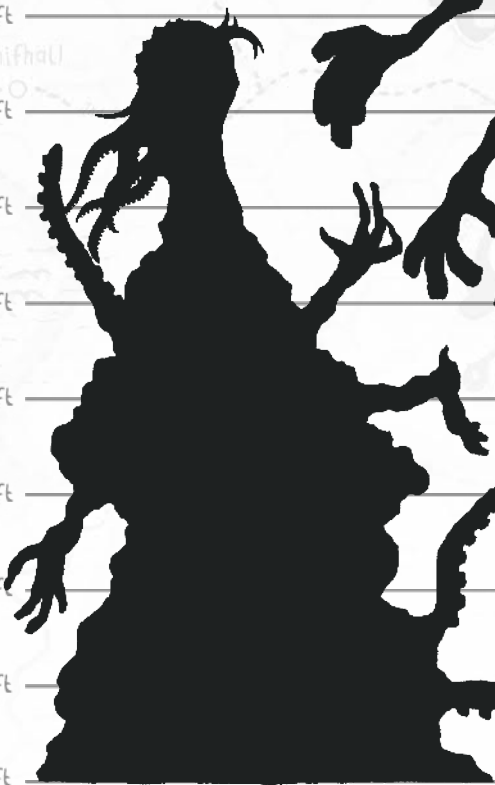
4 ft

3 ft

2 ft

1 ft

0 ft



Horn-chinned Halftroll



Slitherling

Hook-nosed Wart Goblin

14 ft

12 ft

11 ft

10 ft

9 ft

8 ft

7 ft

6 ft

5 ft

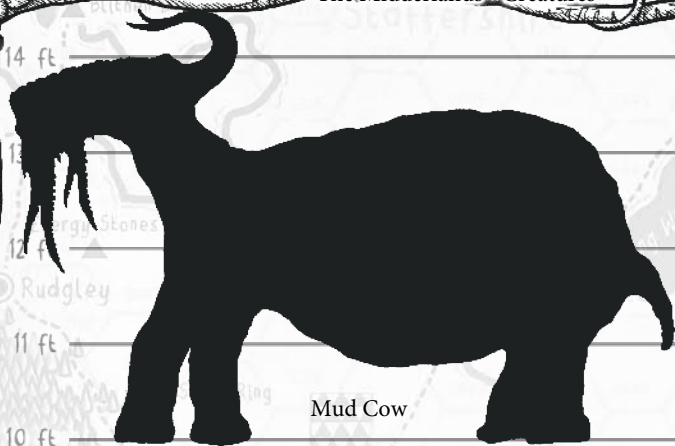
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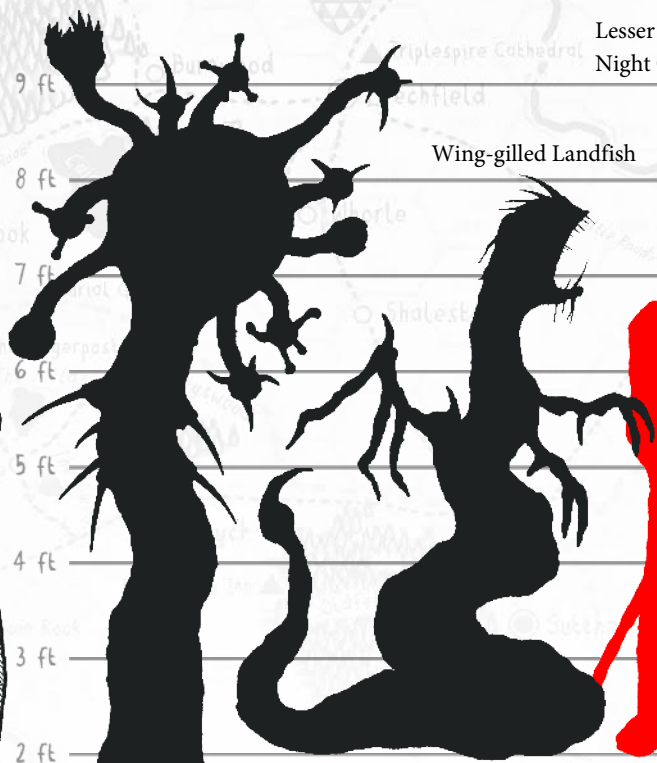
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Mud Cow



Lesser Havenland
Night Goblin



Wing-gilled Landfish

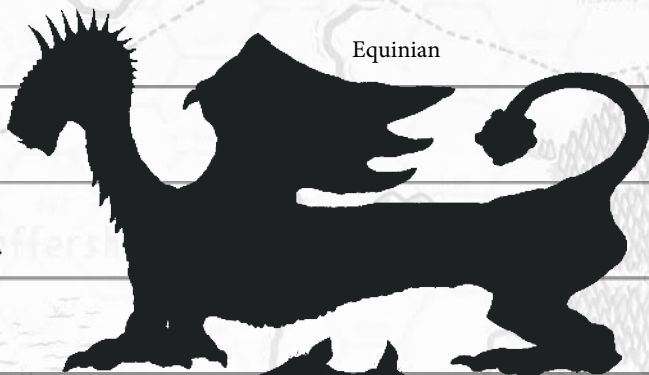
Average
Midfolk
Male

Oorgthrax

Thorned Briarling



Equinian



Six-headed Sewer Gripe



14 ft

13 ft

Short-horned Ratdog

12 ft

11 ft

10 ft

Nobblin

Large-nosed
Garden Goblin

9 ft

8 ft

Trunked Saurian Halfogre

Ommatophorian
Half-Goblin

7 ft

6 ft

5 ft

4 ft

3 ft

2 ft

1 ft

0 ft

Average
Midfolk
Male

LESSER HAVENLAND NIGHT GOBLIN

Monster Description

Thin and gangly with a misshapen head set with large black eyes and a hard, proboscis-like nose.

The legs and arms are out-of-proportion, being longer than the top half of its body, with its arms long enough to almost touch the floor.

Height: Usually 2½ feet, but can grow to 5 feet.

Weight: 30–75 lbs.

Lifespan: 15–20 years.

Location

Found in the woodlands of the north Midderlands, often infringing on the human populations of the towns of

Staffleford, Abbots Bream and

Burnton. There

is a large group of goblins

known as the

‘Ganglefoot Clan’

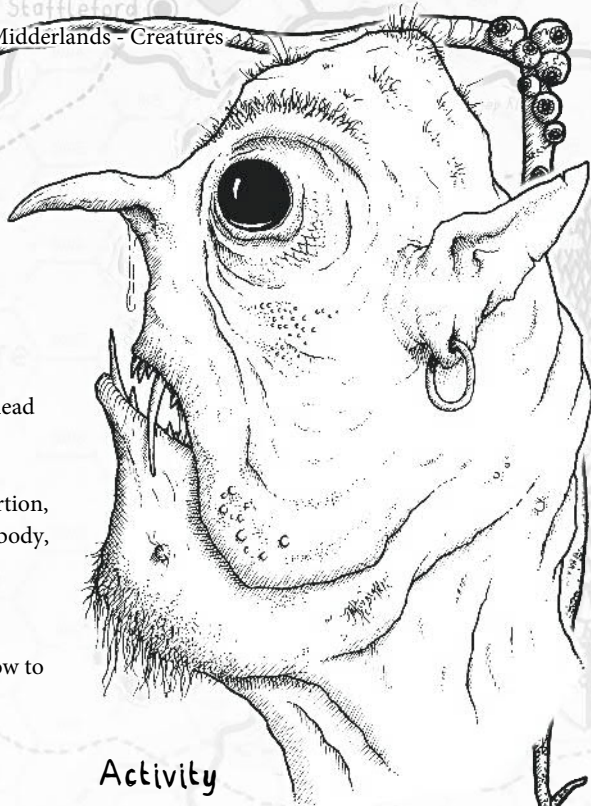
located near to the

western edge of

the Blithen Lake,

but through long

experience, they know to steer clear of the dangers of the water’s edge.



Activity

As its name suggests, the

Lesser Havenland Night Goblin is mostly nocturnal. To aid its nightly activities it has large, black eyes to gather the scant night-time light. The dark orbs help it see the tiniest of movements. When the sun rises, they prefer to lair inside burrows dug out from under the roots of dead trees.

There are reports that ‘clans’ of Lesser Havenland Night Goblins have been seen in wooded areas further south of late, their predations causing a decline in other wildlife in the area. These clans rarely number more than twenty individuals and are typically led by a stronger chief (slightly bigger and a few more Hit Points). Life within a Lesser Havenland

Lesser Havenland Night Goblin

Hit Dice: 2

AC: 7 [12] (thick-skinned)

Atk: 2 claws (1d4)+Blinding (see below)

Saving Throw: 14

Special: *It Burns:* -1 to hit in sunlight or bright light.

Shriek: (twice a day) Causes a saving throw. On failure, drop carried items and cover ears. The Night Goblin cannot do anything else whilst shrieking other than run off.

Blinding: If both claw attacks hit, the goblin can hold on and use its nose attack the following round instead. On a successful nose hit target has a 10% cumulative chance of being blinded.

Craving: Upon seeing a craved food (pick one) from the following list: spiders, cats, stag beetles, slugs, snails, small birds, mice, bread, pork, potatoes, tomatoes, bees, or wasps, the goblin is at -2 to all hit, damage and saving throws until they spend a round eating their craving (cumulative with *It Burns*).

Move: 9

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Night Goblin clan is bloody and brutal with any signs of weakness being seized upon and individuals being shunned.

Eating

Their primary diet consists of large insects, specifically moths, spiders, and beetles. They are known in times of scarcity to take larger prey such as small

birds and juvenile rabbits. Sightings of night goblins are common in September during spider mating season when the largest spiders run amok.

Lesser Havenland Night Goblins do get cravings for certain food items (see statistics block) and they will go out of their way to get them, sometimes to their own cost. This occasionally sees them making their way into farms, villages, and towns where they raid human larders. This is despite the fact that they have an allergy to these same foodstuffs. Mucus trails near larders and pantries are a sure sign of night goblin activity as is the disappearance of any cat or dog from the household.

Trying to take food items off a Lesser Havenland Night Goblin is a foolhardy experience and one that has resulted in many blind, deaf, and even dead Madderlanders.

Fight or Flight

There is a saying that goes, "As blind and deaf as a cat in a fight with a night goblin". The saying is true. When cornered, the Lesser Havenland Night Goblin is the single loudest living creature on earth due to its hearing-destroying, high-pitched squealing. The tactic is effective and most creatures run away to avoid having their eardrums pierced.

When it does need to fight, the Lesser Havenland Night Goblin leaps up and grabs its opponent's head, wrapping its legs around his shoulders. Once there it begins digging its long bony fingers into the opponent's eye sockets whilst

Grooshnub

Description

Grooshnub is a fairly typical night goblin in most regards. However, his eyes glow with a reddish tinge in the darkness.

Whether this is an abnormality with his eyes or a hint of something more sinister in his demeanour, only the goblin gods know.

Motivations

Grooshnub craves bread. He can smell it from about a mile away and he will do almost anything to try and steal it away.

A loner, Grooshnub has shunned his clan, the 'Bloody Noses'. Being a race renowned for singling out difference as weakness, Grooshnub's clan goblins picked on him because of his red-tinged eyes and often beat him bloody.

Traits & Mannerisms

Aside from the constant sniffing caused by his rather ironic allergy to bread, Grooshnub's blinks hold slightly longer than normal. He also has a habit of drumming his broken-nailed fingers on his chin.

continually head-butting the opponent, aiming for the eyes with its hard dagger-like nose to try and blind them. This vicious attack is rarely used to kill an opponent, even amongst their own kind, as once a Lesser Havenland Night Goblin has blinded a foe, it will then make a run for it, or if one of its own kind, make fun of them.

There is a tale of a middle-aged hermit who lived north of March Woods. When attacked by a small band of night goblins, he didn't give a crap, for he was blind in one-eye, and deaf anyway. He ripped the head off the first night goblin and used it as a weapon, impaling the others with its dagger-like nose. 'The Tale of One-Eyed Ben' is told to young Midderlanders as a fable. The moral being that even when outnumbered, physically challenged, and weaponless you can use an attacker's weapons against them and succeed. They miss out the bit about him bleeding to death shortly after from a wound to his remaining good eye. Callous leaders in the Midderlanders use this as a threat, "Move out of the way, peasant or you will die like One-Eyed Ben".



"I saw one once. I was just about to call the cat in for the night when it clambered from underneath the potting shed, its eyes shining brightly in the full moonlight! I knew then that I would never see the cat again."

Equipment

Half of the time, Grooshnub is holding a chunk of bread in one hand. His only other possession is a small leather pouch tied around his waist. It contains a shiny marble, a patch of red satin cloth covered in dried blood, 3 gold quids, a sharp piece

of green glass, and what can only be described as a rotten finger.

Lair & Valuables

After shunning his clan, Grooshnub found the bowl of a hollowed, gnarled, old oak tree in the March Woods north of Abbots Bream to lair in. He has dug up into the tree slightly and created a ledge on which he sleeps during the day.

Inside the tree, covered in mucus and excrement is a small wooden box that holds various seeds, nuts, bits of bread, rotting meat, and dead insects. Another severed finger holds a dirty, silver ring — a ring of feather falling.



Grooshnub

Level: 2 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 2 ft. 8 in. **Weight:** 42 lbs
Age: 12 years **Move:** 9

STR: 9 **Hit Points:** 7
INT: 12 **AC:** 7 [12]
WIS: 12 **Saving Throw:** 14
CON: 10 **BHB:** 0
DEX: 14 **XP Bonus:** +5%
CHA: 7

Special: *Craving:* Grooshnub craves bread.

It Burns: Grooshnub is -1 to hit in sunlight/bright light.

Blinding: On a successful hit with both claws, Grooshnub can use his nose attack next round. If the nose attack hits, the target has a 10% cumulative chance of being blinded.

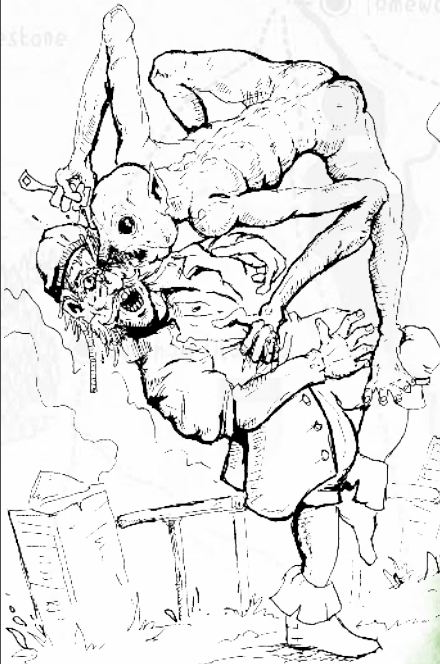
Shriek: Grooshnub's shriek is so loud, anyone who hears it must make a saving throw. If this is failed, they must drop all carried items and cover their ears.

Armour: – **Shield:** –

Helm: –

Weapons: Claws (1d4) and nose (1d4+special)

Equipment: 50% chance of bread, and see Equipment text below.



Night Pilferer

The Night Pilferer is a combination Race-Class based on a Lesser Havenland Night Goblin.

Prime Attribute: Dexterity, 13+ (+5% experience bonus)
Hit Dice: 1d4/Level (gains 1 Hit Point/Level after 10th.)
Armour/Shield Permitted: Any
Weapons Permitted: Any
Race: Lesser Havenland Night Goblin only

The Night Pilferer is generally a reclusive and quiet character. Player character Night Pilferers will have been shunned by their clan for some unusual trait. Initially, roll 1d100. On a result of a 1-40 it will be an eye trait, on a result of a 41-80 it will be an ear trait, and on a result of 81-100 it will be both. Then roll 1d12 on the Night Pilferer Shunned Trait table to find the trait.

In combat, the Night Pilferer uses the Thief attack tables.

Night Pilferer Class

Abilities

Alignment: Night Pilferers are generally Chaotic, but can be any alignment.

Night Pilferer Shunned Trait		
Roll	Eyes	Ears
1	Red-tinged	Hairy
2	Blue-tinged	Un-pointed
3	Non-reflective	Red-tinged
4	Small	Blue-tinged
5	Milky-white	Green-tinged
6	Green-tinged	Purple-tinged
7	Purple-tinged	Drooping
8	Bulging	Warty
9	Unblinking	Scaly
10	Oval-shaped	Wiggling
11	Pear-shaped	Split-eared
12	Perpetually-watering	No ear, just a hole

round eating and satisfying their food craving or it has been removed from their senses for three or more rounds.

It Burns: Night Pilferers hate light. They fight at -1 to hit in sunlight or bright light.

Natural Weapons: A Night Pilferer is able to use its claws as natural weapons. It can attack twice for 1d4 damage per claw. In addition, if the Night Pilferer hits with both claw attacks, it can use its sharp nose to make a head-butt attack the following round. If the nose hits, it deals 1d4 damage and also has a 10% chance to blind its opponent. An opponent when blinded fights at -4 to attack, and takes a

Night Pilferer Food Craving

Roll	Craving
1	Spiders
2	Cats
3	Stag beetles
4	Slugs
5	Snails
6	Small birds
7	Mice
8	Bread
9	Pork
10	Potatoes
11	Gloombugs
12	Bees or Wasps

Craving: All Night Pilferers crave a food type. This is usually some kind of insect, but can be a conventional food item, such as bread or pork. You can select a random food type at the Game Master's discretion, or roll on the adjacent table. When a Night Pilferer sees their chosen food craving, they are unable to focus and all hit, damage, and saving throws are at -2 until they have spent at least one

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d4)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	1,250	2	14
3	2,500	3	13
4	5,000	4	12
5	10,000	5	11
6	20,000	6	10
7	40,000	7	9
8	60,000	8	8
9	90,000	9	7
10	120,000	10	6
11	240,000	10+1 HP	5
12	370,000	10+1 HP	5
13	500,000	10+1 HP	5
14	630,000	10+1 HP	5
15	760,000	10+1 HP	5
16	890,000	10+1 HP	4
17	1,020,000	10+1 HP	4
18	1,150,000	10+1 HP	4
19	1,280,000	10+1 HP	4
20	1,410,000	10+1 HP	4
21+	+130,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4

-2 penalty on saving throws where eyesight is critical.

Shriek (Level 2): A Night Pilferer can let out a piercing shriek once per day.

Thief Abilities 1 (Level 3): Gain the ability to Climb Walls, Hear Sounds, Hide in Shadows and Move Silently as a Level 1 Thief.

Thief Abilities 2 (Level 5): As Thief Abilities 1, but abilities as a Level 5 Thief.

Thief Abilities 3 (Level 7): As Thief Abilities 1, but abilities are as a Level 9 Thief.

Thief Abilities 4 (Level 9): As Thief Abilities 1, but abilities are as a Level 13 Thief.

Thief Abilities 5 (Level 11): As Thief Abilities 1, but abilities are as a Level 16 Thief.

Nose Backstab (Level 13): Gains the ability to use the nose as a Thief's backstab at +4 to hit and double damage, every two Levels thereafter, increase the damage by one multiple. So, the damage at Level 15 is triple damage, Level 17 is quadruple damage, etc.

Gather the Clan (Level 16): Your former clan starts to revere you, despite your shunned trait and ousts the current leader. You now lead the clan and have twenty Lesser Havenland Night Goblins at your command.

Nosekill (Level 20): A successful hit with your nose backstab causes the opponent to make a saving throw because you have driven your nose into their brain or other vital organ. There is a -1 cumulative penalty to the saving throw for each additional 1 point you naturally hit by more than you needed. For example, if you needed a 14 to hit, and rolled an 18 (excluding modifiers and +4 for nose backstab), that's 4 more than you needed, giving a -4 to the saving throw.

LARGE-NOSED GARDEN GOBLIN

Monster Description

Three to four feet tall, these podgy goblins spend their days sniffing out slugs, snails and caterpillars from herbaceous borders and vegetable patches. If any predators or humans approach they remain stock still and are so often mistaken for garden ornaments or grotesques.

Height: 3–4 feet.

Weight: 50–75 lbs.

Lifespan: 130–150 years.

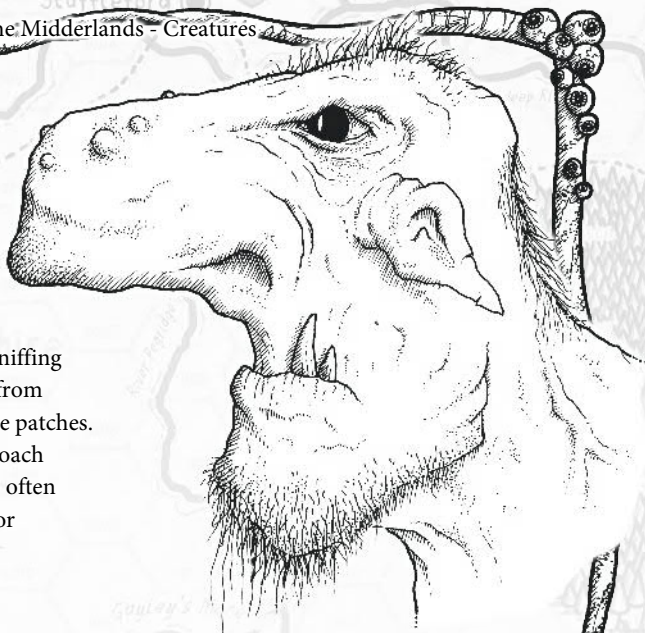
Location

These goblins are common around the Midderlands. They are easily found near to Oldfeld Woods and as far east as Overseal and Netherseal, and reaching as far south as Weeshaw.

They tend to be uncommon in Tealfordshire as the ground and crop-growing is harder.

Activity

They are usually active in the dawn and twilight hours, especially during harvest times. They are dormant in the winter months.



Eating

Slugs, worms, snails and caterpillars. They are sometimes known as Farmers' Friends, because they keep the bugs off the crops. Their presence in the fields is

Large-nosed Garden Goblin

Hit Dice: 1d6 Hit Points

AC: 7 [12]

Atk: Swat (1d3)

Saving Throw: 18

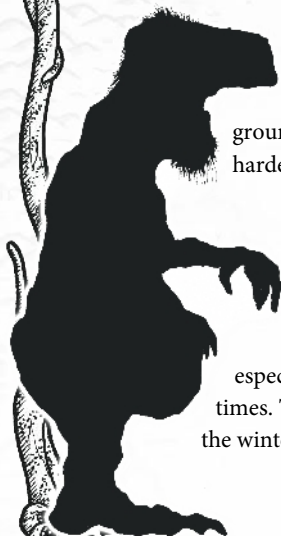
Special: *Fogging:* Once per day can emit a fog cloud that obscures a 40 feet radius disk 10 feet high for up to ten minutes, or until a stiff breeze disrupts it.

Statueform: When stationary for one full round, a garden goblin looks exactly like a statue and Armour Class improves to 4 [15].

Move: 6

Alignment: Neutrality

Challenge Level/XP: A/5



actively encouraged by farmers who leave pails full of bugs out to lure them, typically paying children to collect the bugs.

Fight or Flight

These goblins attempt to use their preternatural stillness to imitate garden statuary if they feel threatened, and they are good at it — their skin hues alter like a chameleon, to look like weather pitted stone or lichen covered stone. If approached too closely and they feel they are at risk of discovery, they emit a fog cloud and run like the wind. If cornered, they fight defensively and only until they can do a runner.



Mawg

Description

Mawg wears a red and orange-striped sash and low-peaked cap. He has a leather satchel at his side where he stows evidence collected from thefts from the garden he looks after. He also carries a few creepy crawlies to sate his frequent hunger pangs.

Motivations

Mawg is loyal to Master Smithson, a nobleman who hires him to guard his estate garden just east of Weeshaw. He works diligently to ensure that anyone attempting to steal herbs or food from the garden is found out and ultimately apprehended, although he rarely attempts to apprehend such miscreants himself.

Mawg

Level: 3 **Alignment:** Lawful
Height: 3 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 55 lbs
Age: 102 years **Move:** 6

STR: 9 **Hit Points:** 7
INT: 9 **AC:** 7 [12]
WIS: 14 **Saving Throw:** 15
CON: 13 **BHB:** +1
DEX: 14 **XP Bonus:** +10%
CHA: 7

Special: *Fogging:* Mawg can cast *obscuring mist* as the Druid spell once per day.

Quiet as a Mouse: Can Move Silently with 40% chance.

Statueform: When stationary for full round, it is nearly impossible to differentiate Mawg from garden statuary and his Armour Class increases to 4 [15]. Mawg can maintain this for three minutes and then requires a three-minute break before doing it again.

Armour: — **Shield:** —

Helm: —

Weapons: Club (1d4)

Equipment: Leather satchel, cracked magnifying glass.

Traits & Mannerisms

Mawg is shy, preferring to gather his information through eavesdropping and spying than direct intervention.

"I must have walked past it three times before I noticed the unusual statue in the garden. I hadn't seen it there yesterday when I was planting the rosemary. As soon as I got to within an inch of touching its head, it billowed mist and bolted like lightning! I promptly passed out, and woke up a few moments later covered in shards of the clay pots I was carrying. Bloody goblins!"

Equipment

On his person, he carries a small wooden club, cracked magnifying glass, and a leather satchel holding several envelopes containing broken leaves, small stones, and similar 'evidence'.

Lair & Valuables

Mawg has access to a garden shack with several actual pieces of garden statuary. He regularly moves them around the grounds to provide cover for his own activities.



"Brek? Is that a Goblin in the garden?"

"Yes, Lord Jor, Shall I go and kill it?"

Garden Spy

In combat, the Garden Spy fights as a Druid. They can use clubs and hammers as weapons.

Prime Attribute: Wisdom

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (Gains 1 Hit Point/Level after 10th.)

Armour/Shield Permitted: None

Weapons Permitted: Clubs and hammers

Race: Garden Goblins only

They cannot wear armour but add any Constitution modifier to their Armour Class along with any Dexterity modifier.

Garden Spy Class Abilities

Alignment: Garden Spies are typically Neutral or Lawful.

Tough Skin: Garden Spies get a +2 bonus to saving throws to resist area damage effects due to their tough skin.

Tracking: Garden Spies can determine whether medium or larger creatures have passed through an area within the past hour by studying the state of any resident insect life for five minutes. This increases by an hour for each Level a Garden Spy

gains. So for example, at Level 2, a Garden Spy can determine whether creatures have passed through an area in the last two hours, the last three hours at Level 3, and so on. They can determine a general type of creature (humanoid, animal, etc.) and rough numbers (a few, a dozen, a hundred).

Quiet As A Mouse: Garden Spies can Move Silently as a Thief of two Levels higher.

Statue Form: Garden spies can disguise themselves as rock statuary by ceasing to breathe, lowering their heartbeat, and modifying their skin. They can maintain this for one minute per Level, but require a break equal to the amount of time spent in statue form. While in this state, a Garden Spy does not get a Dexterity bonus to its Armour Class, but improves its Armour Class by 3 due to its hardened skin.

Fogging (Level 3): Garden Spies gain the ability to cast *obscuring mist* per the Druid spell once per day for every three Levels of the caster. At Level 6, the cloud does 1d4 points of damage per round to any other creatures within it.

Summon Fey Creatures (Level 6):

Garden Spies can summon 1-3 woodland fey creatures to help it. Creatures summoned have no more than 3 Hit Dice and will only come to a forested area.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	17
2	1,500	2	16
3	3,000	3	15
4	6,000	4	14
5	12,000	5	13
6	24,000	6	12
7	48,000	7	11
8	96,000	8	10
9	200,000	9	9
10	300,000	10	8
11	400,000	10+1 HP	7
12	500,000	10+2 HP	6
13	600,000	10+3 HP	5
14	700,000	10+4 HP	4
15	800,000	10+5 HP	4
16	900,000	10+6 HP	4
17	1,000,000	10+7 HP	4
18	1,100,000	10+8 HP	4
19	1,200,000	10+9 HP	4
20	1,300,000	10+10 HP	4
21+	+100,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4

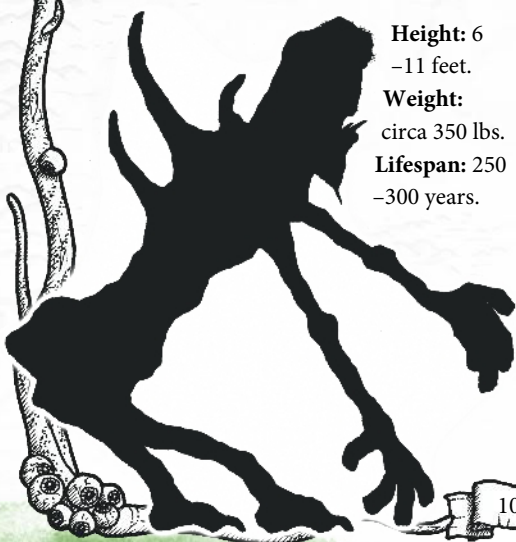
What's That Noise? (Level 9): A Garden Spy can cast *insect plague* per the Druid spell once per day. They cannot eat the insects thus summoned though, as they taste weird.



HORN-CHINNED HALFTROLL

Monster Description

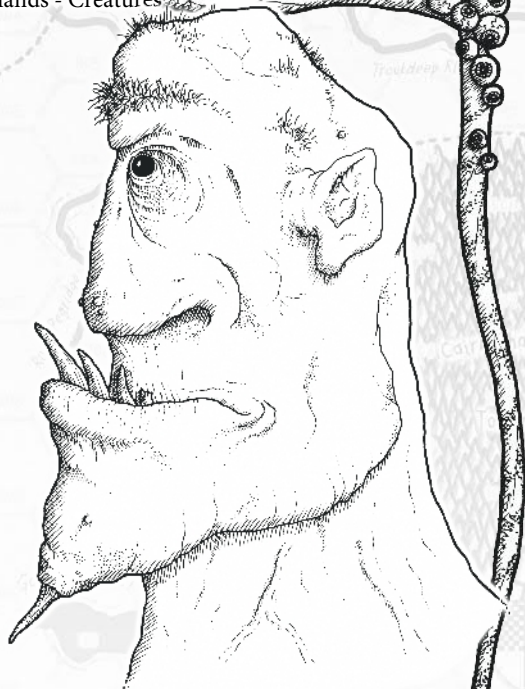
Horned-chinned Halftrolls stand six feet tall, but specimens have been seen that reach ten or eleven feet from mud-covered feet to chunky fingertips. Named for the three inch spikes that protrude from their chins, these pescetarian creatures have much larger bony protrusions on their backs — some up to two feet in length. They have long, spindly arms that end in thick, four-fingered hands, and walk in a nearly seated position on relatively undersized legs. Their natural colouring is drab, and they spend much of their time coated in mud, rust, and algae in an attempt to avoid attention. Awkward on land, Horned-chinned Halftrolls have developed a cunning swimming motion that propels them quickly through the water with a full spiral every stroke.



Height: 6
–11 feet.

Weight:
circa 350 lbs.

Lifespan: 250
–300 years.



Location

They are found along the banks of the River Sixx near to Ironbridge and Brignorth. Often found hiding under bridges, especially ones constructed of iron. They cover themselves in mud and rust, and then wait motionless under the bridge arches for passing carp and barbel. On rare occasions, they have been spotted under the bridges at Two Goblins.

An older specimen, has been known to feed under the bridges of Burnton.

Known as 'Old Chin' he is left to his own devices by the townsfolk, but the boatmen occasionally throw him leftovers from their catch.

Activity

Minimal except when they catch fish with their lightning-quick reflexes, bash them on their spiked chins, and chew noisily and messily until they gulp them down.

Eating

The halftrolls thrive on river fish, particularly carp and barbel. These fish have no detrimental effects on the halftrolls who seem to get mildly intoxicated on the piscine flesh.

Fight or Flight

The Horn-chinned Halftrolls' first line of defence is camouflage. When this fails, they typically effect an auditory illusion as a distraction and attempt to disappear into the water. If this too proves ineffective, they are fearsome fighters, having a long reach and lightning reflexes.

Horn-chinned Halftroll

Hit Dice: 5

AC: 4 [15]

Atk: fists (1d6) and chin spike (1d8) or back spike (4d6)

Saving Throw: 12

Special: *Reach for the Fish:* Fist attacks have a melee reach of up to 20 feet.

Retaliate: If an opponent attempts a melee attack and misses, a Horn-chinned Halftroll can instantly make one fist attack, once per round.

Surprise: Horn-chinned Halftrolls surprise on 1-3 in 6.

Move: 9, 18 swim

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240



Fogtoof the Fish-popper

Description

Fogtoof's skin is light grey and she wears mud-spattered leather armour. She has an olive-green sash that supports a woven creel and wears a metal helm fashioned to

look like a monitor lizard that she struggles to keep coated in mud.

Motivations

Fogtoof is searching for the Fish of Many Wishes. She spends her time collecting lore from bridge-crossers and searching the lakes and rivers of the Middelands for this mythical beast. While waiting for this great find, she collects shiny baubles from the river bottom and has collected some rather valuable pieces of jewellery amongst the nearly worthless pieces of quartz and agate. She enjoys the shininess of wet rocks.

Traits & Mannerisms

Fogtoof spits when she talks, almost making raspberry sounds as her tongue lolls about inside her mouth.

Equipment

Fogtoof carries a magical creel. It can contain up to six cubic feet of material and preserves each object at the precise level of wetness it was at when it was placed within. Amongst her other valuables are a diamond earring worth 120 gold quids, a gold ring with an elvish seal worth 50 gold quids, and a mysterious piece of metallic glass (a glass shard of protection) that provides +1 to saving throws while held. Fogtoof's monitor lizard helm is also magical and provides +2 to Armour Class and provides its wearer with extraordinary hearing.

Fogtoof the Fish-popper

Level: 5 **Alignment:** Lawful
Height: 7 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 330 lbs
Age: 194 years **Move:** 9/15 swim

STR: 17 **Hit Points:** 36
INT: 6 **AC:** 4 [15]
WIS: 10 **Saving Throw:** 10
CON: 15 **BHB:** +2
DEX: 16 **XP Bonus:** +5%
CHA: 9

Special: *Reach for the Fish:* Fogtoof can attack targets up to 20 feet away with her two fists (1d6+2) or her clubs.

Hold Breath: Fogtoof can remain underwater for 5 turns.

Camouflage: Fogtoof can blend in with stationary surroundings with a 65% chance of not being spotted.

Catchy, Grabby: Once per round, Fogtoof can catch an arrow or other normal sized missile with a successful saving throw.

Armour: leather **Shield:** -
Helm: monitor lizard helm +2

Weapons: 2 clubs (1d4+2)

Equipment: magical creel, diamond earring, gold ring, glass shard of protection.

Lair & Valuables

Fogtoof's home in a corner of Blithen Dam is decorated with a multi-hued mosaic of broken glass and semi-precious gemstones. Otherwise, her possessions consist of a few well-worn picture books showing humans catching magical fish.



Rust Swimmer

In combat, the Rust Swimmer fights as a Fighter. They can use any melee weapon, and any armour or shield. They use ranged weapons with a -4 penalty to-hit due to having eyesight better suited to seeing underwater.

Prime Attributes: Strength, Dexterity
Hit Dice: 1d12/Level (Gains 2 Hit Points/Level after 10th.)
Armour/Shield Permitted: any
Weapons Permitted: any
Race: Horn-chinned Halftrolls only

Rust Swimmer Class

Abilities

Alignment: Rust Swimmers may be of any alignment.

Reach for the Fish: Rust Swimmers have a 10 feet reach with melee weapons and can use their fists as melee weapons for 1d6 damage. Rust Swimmers get the same

"I had always wondered what the occasional sloshing sound coming from under the bridge was. Then one day I saw it in the shade of the arches. Seven feet tall and camouflaged against the river bank. It sat crouched, looking into the flowing water. Slowly it leaned forward, and with a flash of movement reached into the river with both hands pulling out a thrashing carp. Barely a second passed, and the carp was crushed in its toothy maw, squelching as water and juice sprayed forth. A few gulps and the fish had gone. Horse hooves clopping along the towpath nearby made the creature turn and as I looked to see the newcomer, the halftroll vanished."

bonuses to hit and damage as Fighters with high strength.

Hold Breath: Rust Swimmers can remain under water for up to ten minutes per Level.

Fast Swimmer: Rust Swimmers have a swim speed of 18. This is reduced by 3 for leather armour, by 6 for ring or chain armour, and by 9 for plate armour.

Camouflage: Rust Swimmers can blend in with certain surroundings provided they do not move. Their chance of appearing to be a section of old masonry or rusting stanchion is 50% plus 3% per Level. They gain a 15% bonus if completely underwater. They can maintain this for twice the length of time they can remain under water. If successful and alone or only with other Rust Swimmers, nearby creatures are surprised on 1-4 in 6.

Water Tracking: Rust Swimmers can track creatures in the water. They have a base chance for tracking by hour of 80% modified by a -10% for each hour old the track is and for the speed of the water, -10% for each mile per hour that the water current is flowing at.

Catchy, Grabby: Once per round, a Rust Swimmer can catch an arrow or other normal sized missile with a successful saving throw.

Fisherman: In suitable freshwater environments, Rust Swimmers can gather enough fish to feed four medium creatures in one hour.

Dual Wield (Level 4): Rust Swimmers gain the ability to dual wield clubs, maces, hammers or their fists with no penalties, getting two attacks per round with these weapons.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d12)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	14
2	2,500	2	13
3	5,000	3	12
4	10,000	4	11
5	20,000	5	10
6	40,000	6	9
7	80,000	7	8
8	160,000	8	7
9	320,000	9	6
10	640,000	10	5
11	840,000	10+2 HP	4
12	1,040,000	10+6 HP	4
13	1,240,000	10+8 HP	4
14	1,440,000	10+10 HP	4
15	1,640,000	10+12 HP	4
16	1,840,000	10+14 HP	4
17	2,040,000	10+16 HP	4
18	2,240,000	10+18 HP	4
19	2,440,000	10+20 HP	4
20	2,640,000	10+22 HP	4
21+	+200,000 per Level	+2 HP/Level	4

GREEN-CRESTED BOTTLEJACK

Monster Description

Green-crested Bottlejacks love bottles of all kinds, especially glass ones, and use their head-horn to get at the contents by jabbing it into and pulling out the cork stoppers. They can shrink to fit inside any glass bottles. They are immune to ingesting the contents of any liquids inside glass bottles, so potions from glass bottles have no effect. Bottlejacks can also use glass bottles as dimension doors,



Green-crested Bottlejack

Hit Dice: 3

AC: 3 [16]

Atk: Bite (1d4), Special

Saving Throw: 14

Special: *Spit Acid:* Three times per day, a Green-crested Bottlejack can project an acid jet up to 30 feet long. Typically aimed at the eyes, the acid causes blindness in most creatures for 1d4+2 rounds and 2d4 damage. With a successful saving throw, the creature takes half damage and is not blinded.

Bottleporting: Bottlejacks can teleport from any glass bottle to another glass bottle it has been inside before anywhere on the same plane, or another glass bottle that it can see, whether or not it has been

inside it. While shrunk to fit inside a bottle, they retain their mass and so are significantly denser than normal, giving them an Armour Class of -2 [21] plus any protection the bottle provides. While in a container, Bottlejacks are in a separate reality from any liquids that might also be in the container. They do not interact with these liquids in any way.

Acid Crest: Grappling a Bottlejack requires that the grappler make a saving throw or take 1d6 damage per round of grappling from the acidic pores on its crest.

Hates Salt: A Bottlejack must make a saving throw to cross through or over a line of salt.

Move: 3

Alignment: Lawful

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

simply gating from one empty glass bottle to another.

Older specimens of bottlejacks can develop and apply these abilities to pottery, earthenware, and ceramic containers as well as glass.

Sluggish in general appearance, the Green-crested Bottlejack has a bright-eyed goblinoid head at the top of its foot-and-a-half tall body. It sports a small upturned hook centred between bulbous eyes and an extendable mouth. Bottlejacks range in base colour from cobalt blue to shamrock green, but all have a distinctive seaweed-coloured, webbed crest along their backs. Their undersides are generally lighter than their topsides, and their mouths are bright canary yellow. Bottlejacks use their forehead-mounted hook to pull corks from bottles and can use their mouths to open many other types of containers. They can shrink themselves to fit inside a 12 oz. or larger bottle.

Height: 1–2 feet.

Weight: 10–15 lbs.

Lifespan: 10–12 years.

Location

Bottlejacks are found all over the Midderlands, but are more common in Tealfordshire. It is thought that the sandy, silica-rich ground attracts them. Broomwich Heath is another location where bottlejacks can be easily found. They are considered a pest and vermin by most, especially the Broomfolk.

Activity

Nocturnal by nature, the squeak of a cork being unstopped whilst in bed, or strange holes appear in copper pots and pans is a sign of a bottlejack problem. Catching them is harder as they can disappear into bottles. If you don't want a bottlejack infestation, then keep your empty glass bottles away from your copper pans. A common saying in the Midderlands is, "Keep your glass and copper separate" which equates to the same as saying, "Don't keep all of your eggs in one basket".

Gold and silver are also not safe, and the money-lenders and banks of the Midderlands know this to their cost. A circle of salt tends to keep bottlejacks at bay, hence the phrase, "A true moneylender is always worth his salt".

Eating

Non-ferrous metals, particularly copper are the bottlejack's weakness. Using their acidic spittle they dissolve non-ferrous items and lap up the resulting metallic goo.

Fight or Flight

When possible, Bottlejacks remain close to one or more glass bottles so they can escape easily. Bottlejacks are peaceable by nature but will emit a strong acidic spray if provoked, typically aiming at the eyes.



Th'teek'l

Description

Th'teek'l is pale green, nearly white on the top, fading to a rich blue underbelly. Its crest is several inches tall and moves expressively. Its emerald eyes are bright and jump quickly from object to object.

Motivations

Th'teek'l works as a messenger in the mountains of Tealfordshire. It is content with a steady diet of copper but also enjoys accumulating many random bits of knowledge against the day that perhaps it will enjoy great power and wealth.

Traits & Mannerisms

Th'teek'l blinks it's eyes constantly while occasionally flicking out its tongue to lick an eyelid. When nervous, it makes a low chattering sound with it's teeth.

Equipment

Th'teek'l carries no equipment.

Lair & Valuables

Th'teek'l has an extensive network of glass bottles throughout the many towns of Tealfordshire. In addition to ones in places you would expect — pantries and larders, cellars and shops, inns and taverns — many others have been secreted across the county, allowing Th'teek'l to appear unbeknownst under many meeting rooms or tucked up in a ceiling. Th'teek'l also has several bottles concealed in caves

Th'teek'l

Level: 6 **Alignment:** Neutral
Height: 1 ft. 7 in. **Weight:** 11 lbs
Age: 9 years **Move:** 3

STR: 8 **Hit Points:** 18
INT: 16 **AC:** 3 [16]
WIS: 9 **Saving Throw:** 10
CON: 14 **BHB:** +3
DEX: 8 **XP Bonus:** +10%
CHA: 14

Special: *Bottleporting:* Th'teek'l can teleport between any glass or clay containers that it has been inside within ten miles of each other.

Spit Acid: Th'teek'l can spit an acid jet up to 30 feet away. If it hits, the target takes 3d4 damage and must make a saving throw or be blinded for 1d4+1 rounds. On any round, there is a 2 in 6 chance of its being able to spit.

Hide in Shadows: Th'teek'l can Hide in Shadows with a 55% chance of success.

Hates Salt: Th'teek'l must make a saving throw to cross through or over a line of salt.

Armour: – **Shield:** –
Helm: –
Weapons: Horn (1d2)
Equipment: –

throughout the mountains near veins of copper ore.



Glass Gater

In combat, the Glass Gater fights as a Fighter. They cannot use weapons, armour, or shield, but have a natural Armour Class of 3 [16] which cannot be modified by Dexterity.

Prime Attribute: Intelligence
Hit Dice: 1d4/Level (Gains 1 Hit Point/Level after 13th.)
Armour/Shield Permitted: none
Weapons Permitted: none
Race: Green-crested Bottlejack only

Playback: Glass Gaters can memorize speech they have heard once even if they don't understand the language. They can repeat the speech for up to one week after hearing it. They can memorize up to one minute of conversation for each Level.

Glass Gater Abilities

Alignment: Glass Gaters may be of any alignment.

Hates Salt: Glass Gaters dislike salt. They must make a successful saving throw to move through or over a line of salt. Having to cross through salt or having a handful of salt thrown at it, causes a Glass Gater to suffer 1d8 damage.

Acid & Poison Resistance: Glass Gaters get a +2 bonus to saving throws to resist damage from acid and poison.

Spit Acid: Glass Gaters can spit an acid jet up to 30 feet away. If they hit, the target takes 2d4 damage and must make a saving throw or be blinded for 1d4+1 rounds. At Level 6, the damage increases to 3d4 and at Level 12 to 4d4. On any round, there is a 2 in 6 chance of a Glass Gater being able to spit. Otherwise, a Glass Gater can attack with its horn for 1d2 damage.

Bottle Squeeze: Glass Gaters can shrink down to about twenty cubic inches in order to fit within a glass container. At

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d4)	Saving Throw
1	0	2	15
2	2,000	3	14
3	4,000	4	13
4	8,000	5	12
5	16,000	6	11
6	32,000	7	10
7	64,000	8	9
8	128,000	9	8
9	256,000	10	7
10	350,000	11	6
11	450,000	12	5
12	550,000	13	4
13	650,000	14	4
14	750,000	14+1 HP	4
15	850,000	14+2 HP	4
16	950,000	14+3 HP	4
17	1,050,000	14+4 HP	4
18	1,150,000	14+5 HP	4
19	1,250,000	14+6 HP	4
20	1,350,000	14+7 HP	4
21+	+100,000 per Level	+1 HP/Level	4

"It's bloody well here somewhere, I can tell by all the corks on the floor! That little bastard has dissolved a pouch of gold I was hiding in here."

Level 6, they can also enter ceramic or other clay-based containers. They cannot enter metal containers. While in a container, Glass Gaters are in a separate reality from any liquids that might also be in the container. They do not interact with these liquids in any way.

Bottleporting (Level 1): At Level 1, Glass Gaters can teleport between any two glass

containers that they can see. If a Gater attempts to teleport to a container that is broken, there is a 50% chance that nothing happens and a 50% chance that it teleports to the location of the centre of the pieces of the container and takes 3d10 points of damage. Glass Gaters cannot carry external items with them when they teleport, but can carry anything they can fit in their mouth. While within a container, their Armour Class improves to -2 [21].

Bottleporting (Level 3): At Level 3, they can use this ability to teleport to bottles they have been in before that are within 2 miles, even if they can't see them.

Bottleporting (Level 6): At Level 6, the teleportation power includes clay and glass containers they have been inside within 10 miles.

Bottleporting (Level 9): They can teleport to any container they have been in anywhere on the material plane.

Anyporting (Level 12): Glass Gaters can teleport up to 60 feet to a location they can see without entering a container provided they are resting on stone, clay, or glass.



GREATER HORNED GROAT

Monster Description

The ungainly Greater Horned Groats stand around seven feet tall. Unable to stand up straight due to their deformed bones, they have the hindquarters of goats, and the forequarters of human and rat hybrids. They move as if staggering, but they are not slow. Their faces look like a cross between a human, a goat, and a warthog.

Greater Horned Groat

Hit Dice: 4

AC: 7 [12]

Atk: Kick (2d6) and bite (1d8), charge

Saving Throw: 13

Special: *Track Human:* Can track humans by smell and determine their Hit Dice if within 300 feet.

Ram: A Greater Horned Groat who gets a running start of at least 20 feet can make a single headbutt attack against an opponent for 2d6 damage. If the opponent is large or smaller, it must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Trample: A Greater Horned Groat can trample a prone opponent at +2 to hit for 2d6 damage.

Move: 12, not inhibited by steep, rocky terrain. Downhill, they can move 24 and still headbutt at the end of the round.

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Height: 7 feet.

Weight: 275–300 lbs.

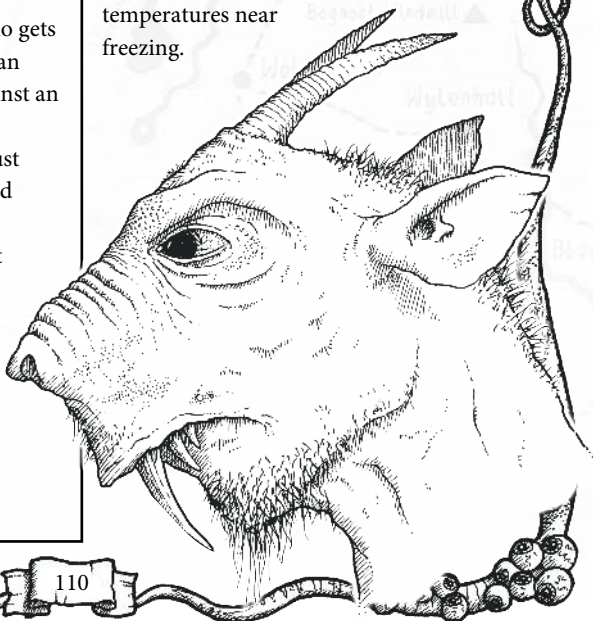
Lifespan: 70–80 years.

Location

They are found skulking on the outskirts of all major towns around the Middelands and along the rocky areas of the trade routes. They typically live in steep rocky areas, preferring to dwell in natural caves when possible.

Activity

Greater Horned Groats are particularly active in the evenings, and especially during major celebrations and festivals. It is thought that banging drums might attract them, but this theory is unproven. They tend to be somewhat sluggish in hot weather and much prefer temperatures near freezing.



Eating

Humans, raw and screaming, are the food of choice for Groats. They are messy eaters and happily rip out the guts and entrails looking for juicy livers, kidneys, and hearts. When pressed, any humanoid flesh — dwarves, elves, halflings, and even goblins — will suffice.

Fight or Flight

Greater Horned Groats take advantage of the weak, drunk, and isolated. On rare occasions, they band together to attack larger groups of humans. They tend to attack suddenly, from cover. If possible they will first headbutt and then trample their victim. Greater Horned Groats typically fight to the death.



Gestenhobblfyr

Description

Gestenhobblfyr is an albino Human Hunter. He has pink eyes and dirty, white fur and skin. He has acquired a chainmail hauberk ripped from the body of a Brignorth guard and wears it ill-fittingly under a tattered brown tunic made of hessian. His short tail has been severed in a previous confrontation and is now just a nub.

Motivations

Gestenhobblfyr enjoys terrorising the local populace, pretending to appear as some kind of ghost or other spirit. He then sneaks up to them and listens to what they say after having given them a good fright. He is also, of course, interested in fine dining, and considers the well-soused to be the well-seasoned.

Gestenhobblfyr

Level: 7 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 7 ft. 7 in. **Weight:** 257 lbs
Age: 42 years
Move: 12/24 on a downhill charge

STR: 16 **Hit Points:** 39
INT: 14 **AC:** 3 [16]
WIS: 8 **Saving Throw:** 9
CON: 17 **BHB:** +4
DEX: 11 **XP Bonus:** +5%
CHA: 5

Special: *Ram:* With a 20 feet run up, Gestenhobblfyr can headbutt for 2d6 damage. If opponent is large or smaller,

it must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Trample: Gestenhobblfyr can trample a prone opponent at +2 for 3d6 damage.

Track Human: Gestenhobblfyr can track humans by smell and determine their Hit Dice if within 300 feet.

Human Trapping: Gestenhobblfyr has a 45% chance of building a well-hidden human trap.

Armour: chainmail

Shield: – **Helm:** –

Weapons: long knife (1d6)

Equipment: old percussion instruments, snare components.

Traits & Mannerisms

Gestenhobblfyr walks with a slight limp, which is difficult to make out with his ungainly manner anyway. His pink, bloodshot eyes water constantly, as if crying. Sometimes, he clears his throat, making a low, guttural and unnerving sound.

Equipment

Gestenhobblfyr carries a battered tin horn and a few rattling percussion instruments that he uses to improve his spirit imitation. He also carries a long, curved knife that has provided many a silent kill.

Lair & Valuables

Gestenhobblfyr lives in a complex of three caves. While the outer cave is barren, he keeps the skulls of his victims in the middle cave. These have been dug into the walls of the cave, some facing inwards and some out. The resulting pattern looks to be wave, or perhaps rolling hills. Within the innermost cave, Gestenhobblfyr has a mattress stuffed with soft clothing and a cracked cauldron of coins, buttons, and baubles worth a total of 50 quid. He also has bits of rope and spring steel that he uses for constructing the occasional snare.



Human Hunter

In combat, the Human Hunter fights as a Fighter. They can use any weapon. They can wear chain armour but not any other kind nor can they carry a shield.

Prime Attribute: Constitution

Hit Dice: 1d8/Level (Gains 1 Hit Point/Level after 10th.)

Armour/Shield Permitted: chain

Weapons Permitted: any

Race: Greater Horned Groat only

Human Hunter Abilities

Alignment: Human Hunters must be Chaotic.

Ram: A Greater Horned Groat who gets a running start of at least 20 feet can make a single headbutt attack against an opponent for 1d6 damage increasing by an additional 1d6 every four Levels. If the opponent is large or smaller, it must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Trample: A Greater Horned Groat can trample a prone opponent at +2 to hit for 2d6 damage increasing by 1d6 for every 5 Levels.

Trap Wary: Human Hunters gain a +2 on their saving throws against non-magical traps.

*"I could just tell it was near. I don't know how.
Then, out of the darkness it came. Ripped out his guts, and dragged
him off screaming into the darkness.
Old Bill never stood a chance."*

Humantrapping: Human Hunters can build pit traps and other devices for capturing humans and similar creatures. Their chance of creating a successful trap is the same as a Thief of the same Level's chance for Delicate Tasks and Traps.

Ratspeech: Human Hunters can speak with all rats including wererats in rat form. They can also speak Common with human-like intonations.

Track Human (Level 1): Human Hunters can track humans by smell who have passed by within an hour unless there has been a heavy rain, strong wind, or other intervening factors.

Track Human (Level 4): At Level 4, they can determine the approximate Hit Dice of a human or humanoid has if they can smell it from within 300 feet.

Track Human (Level 8): At Level 8, Human Hunters can also determine fat

content and health status (including current Hit Points) of humans and half-humans within 300 feet.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d8)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	1,250	2	14
3	2,500	3	13
4	5,000	4	12
5	10,000	5	11
6	20,000	6	10
7	40,000	7	9
8	60,000	8	8
9	90,000	9	7
10	120,000	10	6
11	240,000	10+1 HP	5
12	370,000	10+2 HP	4
13	500,000	10+3 HP	4
14	630,000	10+4 HP	4
15	760,000	10+5 HP	4
16	890,000	10+6 HP	4
17	1,020,000	10+7 HP	4
18	1,150,000	10+8 HP	4
19	1,280,000	10+9 HP	4
20	1,410,000	10+10 HP	4
21+	+130,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4



INTESTINAL HAWK

Intestinal Hawk

Hit Dice: 2

AC: 6 [13]

Atk: 2 claws (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Beak:* If an Intestinal Hawk hits with both claw attacks, it will attempt to eviscerate its opponent with its beak. The victim takes 2d6 damage and, until healed, takes an additional 2 points of damage for every 10 feet they moves unless they make a successful saving throw, in which case they take half the initial damage and avoids the additional damage.

Magic Detection: Intestinal Hawks have an innate ability to *detect magic*, and while they don't always understand the value of magic items, they attempt to acquire them.

Magical Theft: An Intestinal Hawk can make a targeted attack on a single worn or carried magic item. The owner must make a successful saving throw to prevent the Hawk from making away with it. This skill does not allow a Hawk to grab worn armour, for example, or even a lashed-on scabbard, but could allow it to steal a weapon from its sheath, an amulet from around somebody's neck, or a weapon from the hand of its bearer.

Move: 9/Glide 15 (must descend at least 5 feet for every 10 feet it moves forward)/Climb 9.

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

Monster Description

These ungainly birds reach a height of about three feet. They have a prominent raptor-like beak and piercing eyes.

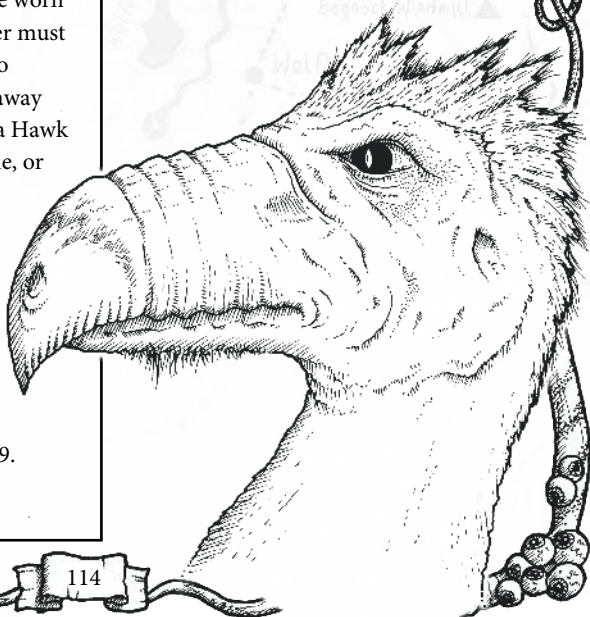
Overall grey in colour, their breast and neck feathers are a dark pink.

Intestinal Hawks have short vestigial wings and possess both fore and rear claws. They walk awkwardly, but can jump and glide well.

Height: 3 feet.

Weight: 40–50 lbs.

Lifespan: 20–30 years.



Location

They are found in forested areas. They lair in underground burrows but spend most of their time in the upper branches of large deciduous trees.

Activity

Intestinal Hawks raise their young in the late spring. During the winter, they tend to spend much of their time in their burrows, coming out only at dusk and dawn to hunt. During the summer months, they spend significant portions of both day and night outside.

Eating

Intestinal Hawks feed primarily on mammalian viscera. They generally prefer to feed on small animals, but can group together to bring down medium-sized and larger prey if necessary.

Fight or Flight

Intestinal Hawks generally only fight to obtain food, and try to ensure that they can easily outfight their prey when they do. They attempt to lead invaders away from their lairs, especially in the winter and spring when eggs or young are around, but will fight to the death to protect their young if necessary.



Redcroak

Description

Redcroak has mottled grey and brown body feathers and while her neck feathers are bright red, her breast feathers are the colour of putty. She has a couple of jagged notches in her beak from previous encounters with magical plate armour. Both her fore and aft claws are tipped with mithril — a gift from a female dwarf she befriended.

Motivations

Redcroak is getting on in years and has advanced further as a Rage Beak than any Intestinal Hawk in recent history. She is searching for a flock that she can train and that will, in turn, defend her as she enters her final years. Having had several other Intestinal Hawks turn on her as they matured, she is willing to consider other species and has recently begun training some Short-horned Ratdogs; hopefully they will turn out to be more loyal.

Traits & Mannerisms

Redcroak constantly preens her chest feathers. She also loves catching flying insects, especially butterflies, in mid-glide.

Equipment

Redcroak's mithril claws act as +1 weapons, whilst her aft claw covers are poisoned. After a successful hit, the victim must make a successful saving throw or be paralysed for 1 round. She also has a silver dog whistle that she wears on a

chain around her neck. She can use this to summon 2d4 Short-horned Ratdogs if any are within half a mile of her. The whistle is inaudible to most humans and demi-humans, but her rasping breath can be heard when she blows it.

Lair & Valuables

Redcroak has built a large and cozy den under the protective roots of a monstrous oak tree. 3d4 Short-horned Ratdogs will typically be found within or nearby and will defend the lair against all intruders. Throughout her years in the forest, Redcroak has built herself a lovely nest of valuables that pales in comparison to a dragon's hoard, but would be quite the attraction if knowledge of its existence were to become public. In addition to gems and

Redcroak

Level: 10 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 2 ft. 11 in. **Weight:** 48 lbs
Age: 42 years
Move: 9/Glide 15 (must descend 5 feet for every 15 feet travelled)/Climb 9

STR: 9	Hit Points: 45
INT: 10	AC: 0 [19]
WIS: 8	Saving Throw: 6
CON: 13	BHB: +4
DEX: 11	XP Bonus: -
CHA: 12	

Special: *Claw Attacks:* Redcroak can make two claw attacks at +1 to hit and 1d4+1 damage. If she chooses to use her rear claws, the target of a successful hit must make a successful saving throw or be paralysed for one round.

Beak Attack: Redcroak may instead make a beak attack at +2 to hit and 1d8+2 damage. On a successful hit, the victim must make a successful saving throw or be immobilised with pain for 1d4 rounds.

Glide Attack: If Redcroak is elevated and surprises her opponent, she may make a Glide and Rend attack at +4 to hit for 3d4 damage.

Magic Detection: Detect magic within 30 feet.

Magic Theft: Attack a magic item held by an opponent. Saving throw avoids it being snatched.

Armour: - **Shield:** -

Helm: -

Weapons: Poisoned mithril claws.

Equipment: Silver ratdog whistle.

jewellery worth 1,200 quids, she has put aside a +1 shortsword with a bejewelled pommel, a tiara of clairvoyance (120 feet radius), and an amulet of protection, +1. While attracted to the magic, she does not know what any of the items do.



Rage Beak

In combat, the Rage Beak fights as a Thief. They can use daggers as melee weapons and can use a sling or light crossbow. They cannot wear armour or carry a shield.

Prime Attribute: Intelligence

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (Gains 1 Hit Point/Level after 10th.)

Armour/Shield Permitted: none

Weapons: dagger, sling, light crossbow

Race: Intestinal Hawks only

Rage Beak Abilities

Alignment: Rage Beaks cannot be Lawful.

Claw Attack: A Rage Beak may use its claws as a weapon. This attack does 1d4 damage if it hits. At Level 5, a Rage Beak may make two claw attacks per round.

Beak Attack: A Rage Beak may use its beak as a weapon. It does 1d8 damage if it hits. At Level 3, a Rage Beak's beak acts as a +1 weapon. At Level 6, this increases to +2, and at Level 9 it is +2 and a medium or smaller victim must make a successful saving throw or be immobilised in pain for 1d4 rounds.

Glide: A Rage Beak can glide. It must descend at least 5 feet for every 10 feet travelled horizontally. At Level 7, this changes to 5 feet for every 15 feet travelled and at Level 14 to 5 feet for every 20 feet travelled.



Glide Attack: A Rage Beak that successfully surprises its opponent may make a combined Glide and Rend attack. The Rage Beak must descend at least 10 feet. It makes its to-hit roll with its claws or a dagger at +4 and does double damage. At Level 8, the damage is tripled. Whether or not the attack is successful, the Rage Beak can continue another 10 feet without provoking an opportunity attack.

Feather Falling: A Rage Beak does not take falling damage unless it is stunned, immobilised or otherwise unable to glide.

Climb & Jump: A Rage beak can climb trees and rough walls at its movement speed, and it can make a horizontal standing jump of 5 feet+2 feet per Level.

Magic Detection: Rage Beaks automatically detect magic within 30 feet.

Improved Armour: Rage Beaks' Armour Class improves from 9 [10] by 1 with each Level. A Level 5 Rage Beak has an Armour Class of 5 [14] in addition to any Dexterity modifier.

Bits & Beaks (Level 12): At Level 12, a Rage Beak can make two claw attacks and a beak attack per round. This cannot be combined with a Glide Attack.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	2,000	2	14
3	4,000	3	13
4	8,000	4	12
5	14,000	5	11
6	20,000	6	10
7	28,000	7	9
8	40,000	8	8
9	70,000	9	7
10	120,000	10	6
11	200,000	10+1 HP	5
12	350,000	10+2 HP	4
13	500,000	10+3 HP	4
14	650,000	10+4 HP	4
15	800,000	10+5 HP	4
16	950,000	10+6 HP	4
17	1,100,000	10+7 HP	4
18	1,250,000	10+8 HP	4
19	1,400,000	10+9 HP	4
20	1,550,000	10+10 HP	4
21+	+150,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4



SLITHERLING

Monster

Description

These creatures are an unnatural and nearly indescribable mess of tentacles, limbs, horns, and quivering flesh. Out

from this, two large, independently-moving eyes take in the world. The blue-grey flesh of the Slitherling is coated in a viscous, silvery fluid that marks the ground as they slide along.

Height: 8 feet.

Weight: 400 lbs.

Lifespan: 500+ years.

Location

Slitherlings live in underground grottoes and caves near or beneath larger towns. Due to their aversion to salt, they stay far from the coasts and other sources of brackish water.

Activity

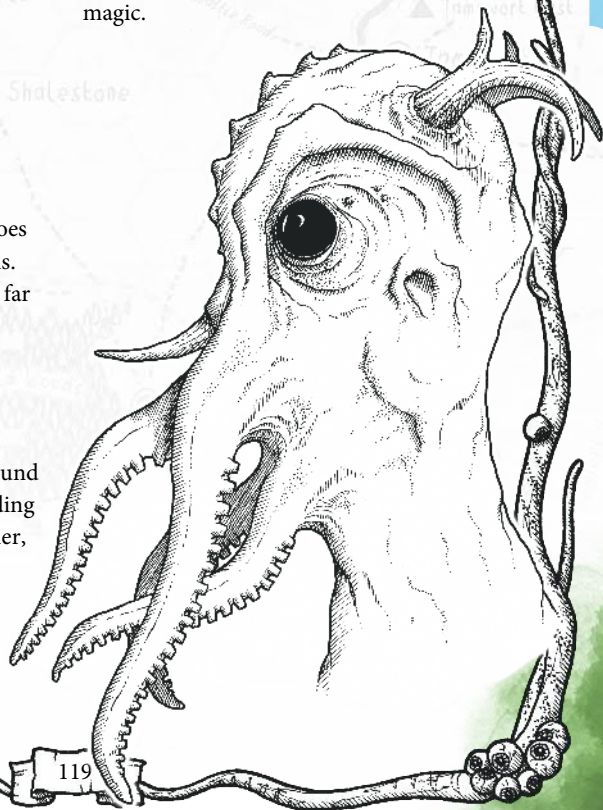
Slitherlings rarely leave their underground homes. Having almost no understanding of day and night, or winter and summer, they can be active at almost any time. They rest for only ten or fifteen minutes every few hours.

Eating

Slitherlings eat mammalian brains. While they gain some knowledge and mental power from most of the brains they consume, they delight in the brains of spell-casters, as this food gives both magical abilities and physical nourishment.

Fight or Flight

Being slow and ungainly, Slitherlings are unlikely to run away. If they feel terribly threatened, they may use any available spells they possess to effect an escape, such as teleporting, dimension-hopping or casting fog clouds. Slitherlings attack only when they are hungry for food or magic. They are always hungry for magic.



Slitherling

Hit Dice: 8

AC: 3 [16]

Atk: 2d4 attacks (one per body appendage) (1d6+1), special

Saving Throw: 8

Special: *Suck Magic:* A Slitherling can make a grappling type attack with its face tentacles. The attack does no damage, but if it lands, the victim must make a successful bend bars/lift gates roll to free its head. If it is unable to do so, the Slitherling begins to suck its brains out the following round, doing 3d10 damage each round. If the target is an arcane spell caster, it also loses 1d3 spells to the Slitherling each round, starting with those of the highest Level. Slitherlings are unable to make other attacks while engaged in this activity, but can maintain a grapple and lash out adjacent targets instead. They have -1 to hit if they do this.

Telepath: Slitherlings can communicate telepathically with any spell-casting creature.

Casting: Slitherlings can cast any spell they have absorbed from a Magic-user or other arcane spell caster once. Depending on where they are found, they may have very few spells saved up or quite a lot. If undecided, they can have 1d3-1 spells of each Level from 1 to 4 (roll randomly for spells), and 1d2-1 spells each of Level 5 and 6. Unless other types of arcane casters exist in your world, spells will only come from the Magic-user list.

Move: 9

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 12/2,000

Tobbulous

Description

Tobbulous is towering even for a Slitherling. She is nearly nine feet tall and weighs upwards of 500 lbs. She is covered in tentacles, limbs, and horns—evidence of the massive amount of magical corruption she has endured throughout the two and a half centuries that she has been alive. Tobbulous has a faint orange hue to her skin and her eyes are a deep green.

Motivations

Tobbulous lives in a dungeon below a clandestine training school for spellcasters near Abbots Bream. Students who threaten to surpass the skills of the school's master, or those who simply make one mistake too many, are dropped down into her area, never to be seen

"Why did The Master banish us down here, Nitakin?"

"I'm not sure my friend, but he didn't seem so happy about us using that scrying spell... Hang on, what's this glistening underfoot? It reminds me of a slug mucous trail..."

"Nitakin? Is your brain hurting too... Oh fuck!"

Tobbulous

Level: 7 **Alignment:** Neutral

Height: 8 ft. 11 in. **Weight:** 413 lbs

Age: 264 years. **Move:** 9

STR: 16 **Hit Points:** 34

INT: 13 (Telepathy with spell casters)

WIS: 12 **AC:** 6 [13]

CON: 15 **Saving Throw:** 9

DEX: 8 **BHB:** +2

CHA: 10 **XP Bonus:** –

Special: Tobbulous can make 3 body appendage melee attacks per round (1d3 each).

Suck Magic: She can use her face tentacles to grapple (save to avoid and at

end of turn each round to break) and does 3d8 damage for each round she has her victim grappled. Also absorbs 1d3 spells/round from spellcasters.

Casting: Tobbulous has accumulated an impressive collection of spells, but most of them are utilitarian not offensive. She has three 1st Level spells, six 2nd Level spells, four 3rd Level spells and one each from Levels 5 and 6. While she can cast any of them, those of Level 5 and 6 have a chance of failing.

Armour: –

Shield: –

Helm: –

Weapons: –

Equipment: –

again. With ample food and magic, Tobbulous has few needs. Tobbulous does, however, long to see another Slitherling before her death. Unfortunately for her, wizards who can cast *Teleportation* or other travel spells are rarely dropped into her realm with those spells intact, and so far, none have remained there long enough for her to catch them.

Traits & Mannerisms

Tobbulous is generally silent and emotionless. On occasion, gaseous bubbling emerges from beneath her flabby frame creating a fetid odour.

Equipment

None.

Lair & Valuables

With little interest in the belongings of former spellcasters, Tobbulous leaves the bodies of her victims where they lie—rotting flesh, moldering spell components, and mostly valueless mundane items. Surely some of her victims managed to secrete a magical ring or some other small trinket before being unceremoniously deposited in the depths.



Spell Eater

In combat, the Slitherling fights as a Magic-user. They cannot use any weapons other than their appendages. They cannot wear armour or carry a shield. They have a natural Armour Class of 9 [10] that improves by 1 for every two Levels.

Prime Attributes: Intelligence and Wisdom
Hit Dice: 1d4/Level (Gains 2 Hit Points at Level 13 and gains an additional 1 Hit Point/Level after 13th.)
Armour/Shield Permitted: none
Weapons Permitted: none
Race: Slitherlings only

Spell Eater Abilities

Alignment: Any

Appendage Attack: A Spell Eater can attack once for each of its appendages for 1d3 damage. They have two at first Level

and gain one limb and one extra attack with every four Levels.

Suck Magic: A Spell Eater can use its face tentacles to grapple the head of a medium or smaller creature. The target must make a successful saving throw to avoid the grapple. If the target fails its save, it may try again at the end of its turn each subsequent round. While its victim is



Spell Eater Level	Spell Level (% chance of failure)								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	0%	10%	20%	30%	40%	50%	60%	70%	80%
2	0%	5%	15%	25%	35%	45%	55%	65%	75%
3	0%	0%	10%	20%	30%	40%	50%	60%	70%
4	0%	0%	5%	15%	25%	35%	45%	55%	65%
5	0%	0%	0%	10%	20%	30%	40%	50%	60%
6	0%	0%	0%	5%	15%	25%	35%	45%	55%
7	0%	0%	0%	0%	10%	20%	30%	40%	50%
8	0%	0%	0%	0%	5%	15%	25%	35%	45%
9	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	10%	20%	30%	40%
10	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	7%	17%	27%	37%
11	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	3%	13%	23%	33%
12	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	10%	20%	30%
13	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	5%	15%	25%
14	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	10%	20%
15	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	5%	15%
16	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	10%
17	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	5%
18	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%
19	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%
20	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%
21+	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%

grappled, a Spell Eater sucks 1d8 plus an extra 1d8 Hit Points for every three Levels of the Spell Eater. In addition to damaging the opponent, the Spell Eater randomly absorbs 1d3 spells per round from any arcane spell caster. Any absorbed spells stay with the Spell Eater for 1d6 days before dissipating, roll for each spell separately. There is no limit to the number of spells that can be absorbed.

Casting: A Spell Eater may cast any spell that it has absorbed. The spell is cast as if the Spell Eater were a magic-user of the

same Level or of the minimum Level required by a Magic-user to cast the spell. If the spell is of higher Level than what a magic-user of equivalent Level could cast, there is a chance of failure. See failure table below. If a spell fails, there is a 25% chance of it targeting a randomly selected creature within range (which could include the Spell Eater), a 25% chance that the spell will succeed at half power (damage, distance, duration, etc.), and a 50% chance that it will instead cause 2 points of damage to the Spell Eater for each Level of the spell.

Learn Spell: (Once per day) If a Spell Eater absorbs a spell of a Level that an equivalent Magic-user could cast and keeps it for 48 hours, the Spell Eater can make a roll to attempt to learn the spell. The chance is the same as that from the Intelligence table under Chance to Understand New Spell in the *Swords & Wizardy Complete Rulebook*. Once learned, the spell may be cast in place of a spell of the same or higher Level that the Spell Eater has absorbed.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d4)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	2,500	2	14
3	5,000	3	13
4	10,000	4	12
5	20,000	6	11
6	35,000	7	10
7	50,000	8	9
8	75,000	9	8
9	100,000	11	7
10	200,000	12	6
11	300,000	13	5
12	400,000	14	4
13	500,000	14+2 HP	4
14	600,000	14+3 HP	4
15	700,000	14+4 HP	4
16	80,000	14+5 HP	4
17	900,000	14+6 HP	4
18	1,000,000	14+7 HP	4
19	1,100,000	14+8 HP	4
20	1,200,000	14+9 HP	4
21+	+100,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4

REDLURE STICKLEBACK

Monster Description

In their natural form, Redlure Sticklebacks are a brightly coloured collection of tentacles and fleshy mane-like appendages. They have a distinctive red-horned collar about their heads and a

small luminescent orb that hangs in front of a spike-filled mouth. Sticklebacks can take on other appearances, often appearing in piscine, humanoid or serpentine forms. In any form, the glowing orb, and natural piscine look and smell is present in some way.

Redlure Stickleback

Hit Dice: 2

AC: 7 [12]

Atk: Bite (1d6)

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Ghostshift:* Redlure Sticklebacks can move between the ethereal and material planes in either direction once per round. If arriving from one plane to another to attack a creature that can't see into the former, that creature is surprised on 3 in 6.

Shapeshift: Redlure Sticklebacks can also shape shift 2 times per day as per the same named ability possessed by the Water Ghost race-class (refer to that entry), taking a full round to do so.

Waterspeech: Redlure Sticklebacks can converse with all aquatic creatures.

Move: 6/Swim 18

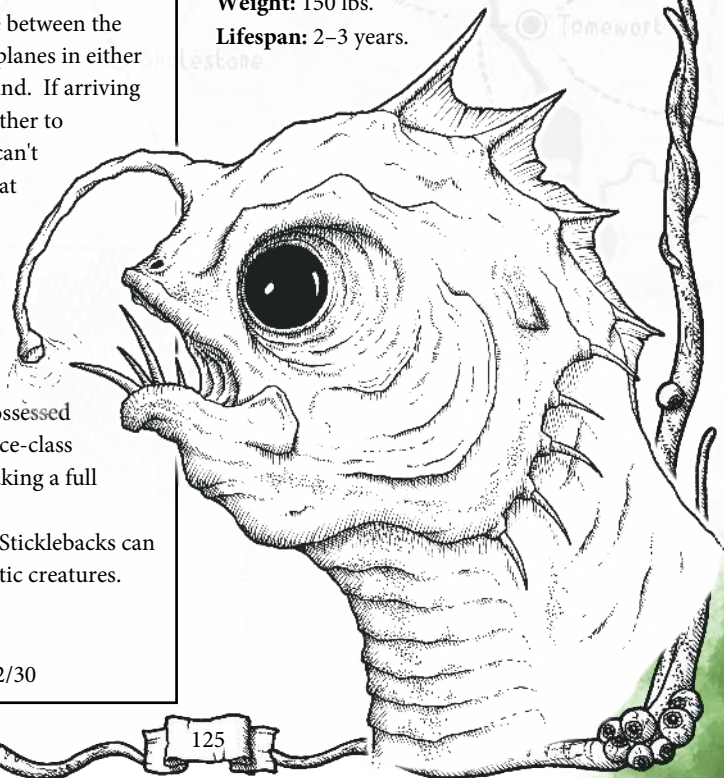
Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Height: Roughly 4 feet long in natural form.

Weight: 150 lbs.

Lifespan: 2–3 years.



Location

Found primarily within Blithen Lake, Redlure Sticklebacks occasionally travel ethereally to other waters or clumsily overland to nearby areas. A small number have been reported in Orr Pond with one particularly evil-looking specimen appearing to lead them.

There is also an old folk-tale of a venerable Redlure Stickleback that roams the marsh north of Fetterstone. Escaped prisoners from Middlemoor Gaol have been known to turn back to the gaol after encountering it.

Activity

Redlure Sticklebacks have a short but intense life. Needing no sleep and able to switch between the ethereal and material planes at will, they move about their aquatic habitats restlessly. Able to move on land, they generally avoid it as too dangerous.

Eating

Redlure Sticklebacks feed on fish and other small aquatic life. If desperate, they will consume land-based creatures, but generally stay away from anything with fur or feathers.

Fight or Flight

The transformation to and from the ethereal plane is at once the salvation and the curse of the Redlure Stickleback. In most circumstances, it allows them to choose when to avoid a confrontation, but it requires so much energy that they must

be almost constantly eating. They generally hunt by waiting in ambush in a dark location with their bioluminescent lure out to attract prey. Sticklebacks often swarm together, creating a large ball of twinkling light beneath the depths of the water.



Sleesh-tan-goolang

Description

Sleesh-tan-goolang is indistinguishable from other Redlure Sticklebacks in his natural form but has developed a favourite humanoid shape that looks like a lime-green kobold with webbed hands

Sleesh-tan-goolang

Level: 4 **Alignment:** Neutral

Length: 3 ft. 8 in. **Weight:** 127 lbs

Age: 14 months

Move: 6/Swim 18 (also in aquatic kobold form)

STR: 9

Hit Points: 12

INT: 14

AC: 8 [11]

WIS: 8

Saving Throw: 10

CON: 8

BHB: +0

DEX: 13

XP Bonus: +5%

CHA: 17

Special: *Ghostshift:* Sleesh-tan-goolang can switch between the ethereal and material planes 8 times per day, taking half its movement to do so.

Shapeshift: Sleesh-tan-goolang can also shape shift 8 times per day taking a full round to do so.

Waterspeech: Sleesh-tan-goolang can converse with all aquatic creatures.

Armour: – **Shield:** –

Helm: –

Weapons: Knife (1d3)

Equipment: Mysterious wooden box, belt pouch with small fish.

and feet. It is in this form that Sleesh-tan-goolang is most likely to interact with demi-humans, although this has had an undesired effect on occasion. He also likes to shift into a human form when he needs to interact with humans, usually to amuse himself.

Motivations

Aside from eating, Sleesh-tan-goolang enjoys amusing himself at the expense of others. He will often take the form of a human and engage a fisherman or boatman with promises of hidden wealth beneath the water. Once he convinces the victim to get into the water and look with him beneath the surface, he shape-shifts into his natural form and scares the life out of them. They usually run, leaving Sleesh-tan-goolang cackling to himself as he rifles through his victim's belongings.

"Captain, I need you to double the watch across the dam for the next few evenings."

The Redlures are becoming more brazen, and I shall lose no more men than I have to.

Don't be fooled by the shapeshifting, the lure gives it away. Five gold coins to any man that kills one and proves it to me."

Traits & Mannerisms

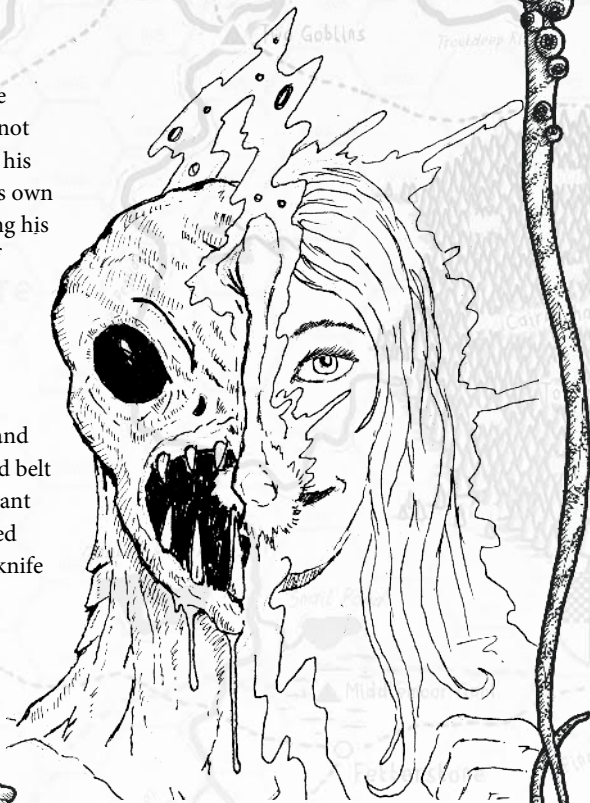
When Sleesh-tan-goolang laughs, he makes a cackling noise. Even when not being directly amused, he cackles at his own thoughts, being often lost in his own world. He also has a habit of wiggling his lure, and flicking it out of his line of sight.

Equipment

Sleesh-tan-goolang has acquired a wooden box covered with strange (and likely fake) runes, and wears a tooled belt pouch hung from a belt woven of plant material. The pouch is typically filled with small fish. He also has a small knife hung from the belt.

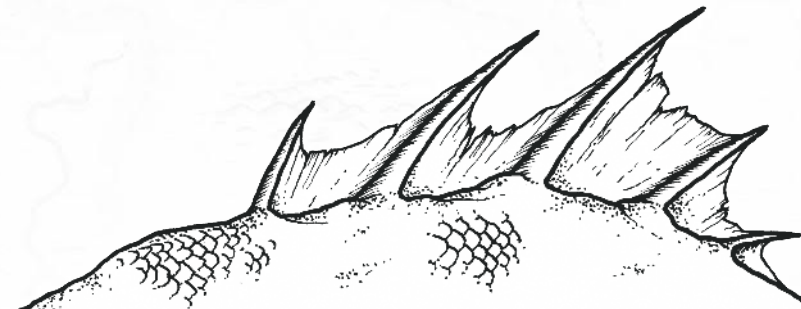
Lair & Valuables

None.



"Let's go for a dip in the lake. Are you coming?"

"I'm not sure, I heard rumours of people being taken into the depths from this very spot, never to be seen again."



Water Ghost

In combat, the Water Ghost fights as a Fighter. They can only use their bite as a weapon while in their natural form, but in humanoid form can wield any weapon. Similarly, they can only wear armour or carry a shield when in a humanoid form.

Water Ghost Abilities

Alignment: Any

Ghostshift: At first Level, a Water Ghost can move between the ethereal and material planes 4 times per day (each direction counts as one time). The transformation can be completed in a round and uses its movement. At Level 4, they can transition 8 times per day and can still take half their movement in that round. At Level 8, they can move back and forth between planes any number of times and the transition can be combined with full movement.

Ghostsee: Water Ghosts can see in the ethereal and material planes whichever form they are in.

Shapeshift: Water Ghosts can shape shift. The new form will have the same mass as their natural form, but can vary in density by up to 20%, up or down. They can shift from one shape to another 4 times per day at Level 1, 8 times at Level 4, and an unlimited number of times at Level 8. A shift is done instead of an attack

Prime Attribute: none

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (1 Hit Point/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: none

Weapons Permitted: none

Race: Redlure Sticklebacks only

and heals the Water Ghost 1 Hit Point for each of its Levels. Water Ghosts gain the movement speed of the body they transform into, although they cannot fly in any form.

Waterspeech: Water Ghosts can converse with all aquatic creatures.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	13
2	2,000	2	12
3	4,000	3	11
4	8,000	4	10
5	14,000	5	9
6	20,000	6	8
7	40,000	7	7
8	80,000	8	6
9	130,000	9	5
10	190,000	10	4
11	250,000	10+1 HP	3
12	350,000	10+2 HP	3
13	450,000	10+3 HP	3
14	550,000	10+4 HP	3
15	650,000	10+5 HP	2
16	750,000	10+6 HP	2
17	850,000	10+7 HP	2
18	950,000	10+8 HP	2
19	1,050,000	10+9 HP	2
20	1,150,000	10+10 HP	2
21+	+100,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	2

HOOK-NOSED WART GOBLIN

Monster Description

These goblins run to about four feet tall, and nearly as wide. Long, agile fingers and tail contrast with an ungainly teardrop-shaped body. They have a nose that nearly doubles the size of their head. Hook-nosed Wart Goblins are bright orangey-red with darker wart-like growths covering their bodies.

Height: 4 feet.

Weight: 120–150 lbs.

Lifespan: 50–60 years.

Location

They can be found throughout the countryside, living around farming villages and hamlets. They avoid both the larger towns and true wilderness.

Activity

Hook-nosed Wart Goblins are industrious workers and ignore both diurnal and seasonal cycles when they have a task to complete.

Many have been known to even ignore food and sleep unless told to take

breaks, working until they keel over. While rarely without a goal in mind, an idle Hook-nosed

Wart Goblin just stands stoutly on its feet, moving its head from side to side to better take in the world's scents.

Eating

Hook-nosed Wart Goblins dine on song birds, coaxing them out of trees and grabbing them with their nimble fingers.

When these are unavailable, they make do

Hook-nosed Wart Goblin

Hit Dice: 3

AC: 3 [16]

Atk: 2 claws (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 14

Special: *Grappling:* A Hook-nosed Wart Goblin can choose to grapple instead of using its claw attacks. It grapples as a 4 Hit Dice creature. If it succeeds, it can make a raking kick attack at +1 to hit for 1d12 damage in the same round.

Wartsmell: Due to their great sense of smell, Hook-nosed Wart Goblins are only surprised on a 1 in 8.

Move: 9

Alignment: Lawful

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

with rodents and other small burrowing creatures that they capture in a similar fashion.

Fight or Flight

These goblins typically ignore intruders and will attempt to get back to their task when interrupted. They will, however, only take so much meddling. After a second time of being interrupted within a short period of time, Hook-nosed Wart Goblins fly into a murderous rage, attacking the meddlers with their long fingers and taloned feet. They often use their hands to rip open their adversaries' mouths.

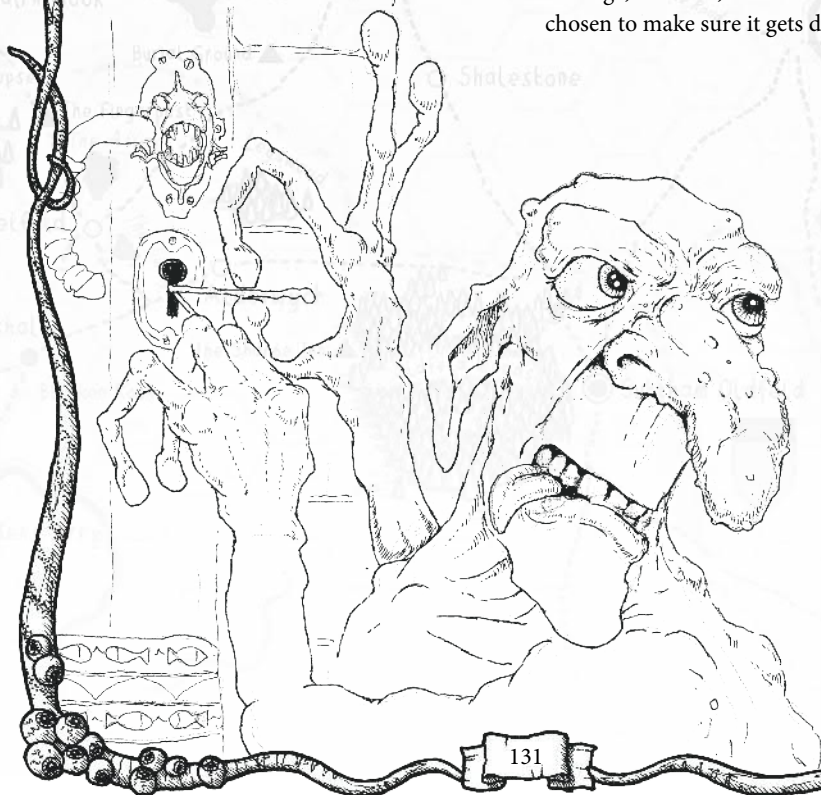
Grinkeel

Description

Grinkeel wears a crisp blue and yellow tabard. He carries a large satchel over his shoulder, similarly emblazoned. He carries a seemingly-unwieldy great sword, but balances it well in combat.

Motivations

Grinkeel has served his master for several decades. Initially a simple messenger, he has since been posted as chief tax-collector over a fairly large area. Unlike most of his master's collectors, Grinkeel neither skims off the top nor is distracted by bribes or threats. When there is a vital message, however, he is still often the one chosen to make sure it gets delivered.



Traits & Mannerisms

Grinkeel is fiercely honest. If his honesty is at all questioned, he immediately draws his dagger and prepares to fight unless an apology is received. Once the apology is made, Grinkeel's demeanour returns back

Grinkeel

Level: 6 **Alignment:** Lawful
Height: 4 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 121 lbs
Age: 38 years **Move:** 9

STR: 14 **Hit Points:** 39
INT: 10 **AC:** 5 [14]
WIS: 9 **Saving Throw:** 9
CON: 18 **BHB:** +2
DEX: 14 **XP Bonus:** +5%
CHA: 11

Special: *Don't Interrupt Me:* If fighting to keep his mission on track, or defend his liege's land, Grinkeel gets +1 on all to-hit rolls.

Grappling: Can choose to grapple instead of using his claw attacks. Grinkeel grapples as a Level 7 creature. If he succeeds, he can make a raking kick attack at +1 to hit for 1d12 damage in the same round.

Wartsmell: Grinkeel has such a keen sense of smell, he is only surprised on a 1 in 8.

Armour: - **Shield:** -

Helm: -

Weapons: Greatsword (1d10), dagger (1d4)

Equipment: Locked taxroll book, messenger's satchel

to normal as if nothing happened, and the incident is forgotten.

Equipment

Grinkeel carries a large leather satchel that contains a locked log book and pouches of coins collected from the peasantry. He carries a great sword and a narrow dagger. All of these belong to his master. Grinkeel has a small ankle bracelet made of braided leather given to him by a childhood friend.

Lair & Valuables

When not on the road, where he normally claims the lord's privilege to stay at an inn, Grinkeel has a small thatched hut in the gardens outside his master's keep. He keeps nothing valuable there.



"Did you just question my honesty?"

"Prepare to die... horribly!"

Tasker

In combat, the Tasker fights as a Thief. They can use any weapon. They cannot wear armour or carry a shield.

Prime Attribute: Constitution

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (2 Hit Points/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: none

Weapons Permitted: none

Race: Hook-nosed Wart Goblin only

Tasker Abilities

Alignment: Lawful

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	2	14
2	2,000	3	13
3	4,000	4	12
4	8,000	5	11
5	14,000	6	10
6	20,000	7	9
7	28,000	8	8
8	40,000	9	7
9	70,000	10	6
10	120,000	11	5
11	200,000	11+2 HP	4
12	350,000	11+4 HP	4
13	500,000	11+6 HP	4
14	650,000	11+8 HP	4
15	800,000	11+10 HP	4
16	950,000	11+12 HP	4
17	1,100,000	11+14 HP	4
18	1,250,000	11+16 HP	4
19	1,400,000	11+18 HP	4
20	1,550,000	11+20 HP	4
21+	+150,000/Level	+2 HP/Level	4

Natural Armour: Taskers have a natural Armour Class of 6 [13] that can be modified by Dexterity or Constitution.

Wartsmell: Taskers are surprised on a 1 in 8.

Carefulness: Taskers have skill with Delicate Tasks and Traps and Open Locks equivalent to a Thief four Levels higher than their current Level.

Slow Metabolism: Taskers can go without food or sleep for a number of days equal to their Level without any penalty. For each successful saving throw, the Tasker can go an additional 12 hours. At the end of this time, for every day or partial day spent without sleep, they must rest for 8 consecutive hours (so after three days without sleep, the Tasker requires 24 consecutive hours of rest). If they don't, they lose one point from each stat for each day or partial day spent awake until they get the rest. If any of their stats go to zero because of this, the Tasker dies.

Firmfoot: A Tasker has +2 on any roll against being dragged or knocked over.

Fisticuffs Affinity: Taskers engage in unarmed combat as if they had one additional Level.

Don't Interrupt Me (Level 4): Starting at Level 4, if defending their territory or working to complete something they were ordered to do, a Tasker gains +1 on all melee attack rolls for every four Levels.

SHORT-HORNED RATDOG

Monster Description

These dog-like creatures are barrel-chested and have large, well-padded feet. They tend to be grey and black in colour. They have hooked horns where one expects to find ears and multiple fangs protruding from their upper jaws.

Height: 2 feet tall at the shoulder.

Weight: 40–50 lbs.

Lifespan: 10–12 years.

Location

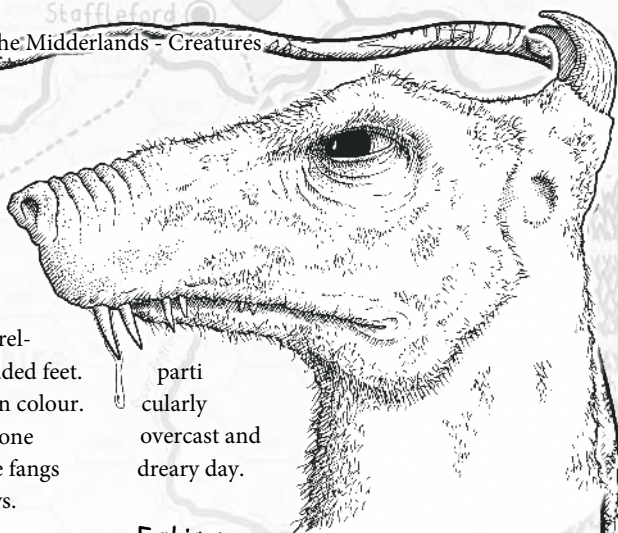
Packs of Short-horned Ratdogs are often found around potter's fields and other unconsecrated burial grounds. In smaller numbers, they are often kept as pets by necromancers and others that have dealings with the dead. Small packs are sometimes found in the darker, rougher areas of larger towns. They often gravitate towards coastal and other fog-ridden areas.

Activity

Short-horned Ratdogs are active mostly at night, preferring to remain dormant during the day.

They are often dormant for several hours after they eat.

They will occasionally venture forth on a



particularly overcast and dreary day.

Eating

Short-horned Ratdogs feed on decaying flesh. They are fond of elf but will eat almost anything as long as it is in a proper state of putrefaction.

Short-horned Ratdog

Hit Dice: 2

AC: 7 [12]

Atk: Bite (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Headbutt:* A Short-horned Ratdog can make a headbutt attack instead of a bite. If it hits, the target takes 1d4 damage and if it is medium or smaller must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

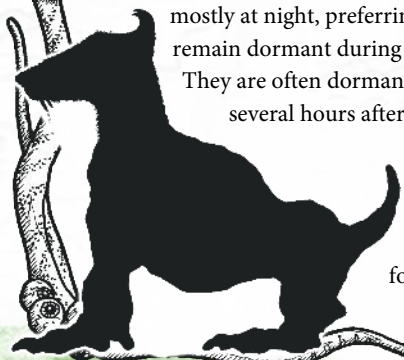
Pack Attack: For each additional Ratdog attacking a single opponent, each Ratdog gets +1 additional to hit for bite attacks.

Ratdog Disease: Any creature bitten by a Short-horned Ratdog must succeed on a saving throw or contract a wasting disease.

Move: 24

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60



Fight or Flight

Short-horned Ratdogs are territorial pack animals. They fight to defend their turf, to protect their honour, or because they feel like it. They are particularly vicious when awakened during their postprandial naps.



Spike

Description

Spike is heavily scarred from his years of service to Andregal the Mad'un. His short black coat has a grey streak on his back. He wears a shirt of black metal chain.

Motivations

Spike is looking for a new master. Andregal was recently killed by a group of the prince's men while Spike was guarding the wrong entrance. Spike stayed at Andregal's tower until there was no more flesh to consume and then headed out into the world. Never having had a pack, he is somewhat lost. His strength and force of will have gained him a few canine followers, but Spike is desperately searching for a new alpha.

Traits & Mannerisms

Disturbing thoughts of playful puppies and fluffy kittens haunt his Spike's sleep. These terrible nightmares often cause him to jumps and yelp in his sleep.

Spike

Level: 8 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 2 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 52 lbs
Age: 7 years. **Move:** 24

STR: 16 **Hit Points:** 38
INT: 13 **AC:** 4 [15]
WIS: 7 **Saving Throw:** 8
CON: 14 **BHB:** +5
DEX: 9 **XP Bonus:** +10%
CHA: 16

Special: *Diseased Teeth:* Spike's teeth are black and foul. Anyone bitten by him must make a saving throw or contract a wasting disease.

Distracted Attack: If Spike attacks a creature that is already engaged in

melee, he gets an additional +4 to hit. In addition, if he hits with a natural 20, he does triple damage.

Headbutt: Spike can make a headbutt attack instead of a bite. If it hits, the target takes 1d4 damage and if it is medium or smaller must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Shadowmove: Spike has learned to use darkness to aid his stealth. He can step up to 60 feet through nearby shadows three times per day.

Armour: +1 chain

Shield: –

Helm: –

Weapons: Teeth (1d8) plus disease from tooth caps.

Equipment: –

Equipment

Spike's chain shirt is magical. It has an additional +1 improvement to Armour Class and does not make any noise. In addition, three times per day, it allows Spike to step through the shadows, appearing up to 60 feet away in a moment. Spike also has a pair of magically replenishing poisoned tooth caps. Each one can be used twice per day, refilling when the sun sets. On any successful attack Spike can choose to release their content at will. The target must make two saving throws. Each failed save causes 2d4+4 damage and causes a 15% chance of causing the target's death within twelve hours from a rotting flesh disease.

Lair & Valuables

Spike's former lair was only partially looted before Spike and the other surprises that Andregal left behind finished off the invaders. The large tower is full of valuables, especially of a necromantic sort, but remains well guarded. The magical traps will ignore Spike, but not any of his possible companions.

Rip Throat

In combat, the Rip Throat fights as a Fighter. They cannot use weapons or shields, but may be outfitted with leather or chain barding.

Prime Attribute: Strength

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (1 Hit Point/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: leather or chain barding

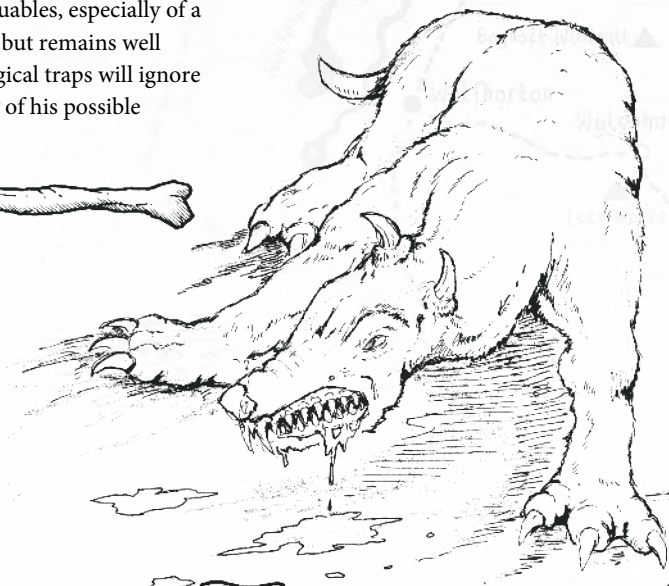
Weapons Permitted: none

Race: Short-horned Rat Dogs only

Rip Throat Abilities

Alignment: Rip Throats must be Chaotic.

Sense Living: Rip Throats can tell if anything living is within 60 feet of them, making them nearly impossible to surprise (1 in 20) except by undead and construct-type creatures.



Bite Attack: A Rip Throat's bite attack does 1d8 damage on a hit.

Headbutt: A Rip Throat can make a headbutt attack instead of a bite. If it hits, the target takes 1d4 damage and if it is medium or smaller must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Distracted Attack: A Rip Throat attacking an opponent that is engaged with a different enemy or who is surprised gains a +3 to hit and on a natural 20 does double damage as it manages to sink its teeth into its opponent's neck. At Level 6, the to-hit bonus increases to +4 and the damage on a natural 20 is tripled. At Level 12, this rises to +6 and quadruple.

Extra Damage: For three hours after consuming a large meal of rotten flesh, a Rip Throat's attack does +1 damage. This can only be done once per day. It takes at least 5 minutes for a Rip Throat to consume an adequate amount of food to trigger this ability.

Diseased Teeth (Level 4): At Level 4, a Rip Throat can use diseased teeth caps. The caps release their disease on a successful hit and the victim must make a saving throw as if attacked with a poisoned dagger. At Level 8, the Rip Throat has gained enough control that it can choose whether to release the disease. At Level 12, it can carry up to three separate doses of disease and choose how many of them to release on any successful attack. The disease is often one that causes necrotising fasciitis.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	2,000	2	14
3	4,000	3	13
4	8,000	4	12
5	14,000	5	11
6	20,000	6	10
7	28,000	7	9
8	40,000	8	8
9	70,000	9	7
10	120,000	10	6
11	200,000	10+1 HP	5
12	350,000	10+2 HP	4
13	500,000	10+3 HP	4
14	650,000	10+4 HP	4
15	800,000	10+5 HP	4
16	950,000	10+6 HP	4
17	1,100,000	10+7 HP	4
18	1,250,000	10+8 HP	4
19	1,400,000	10+9 HP	4
20	1,550,000	10+10 HP	4
21+	+150,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4



OCULAR GOBLIN

Monster Description

The most prominent feature of Ocular Goblins are their oversized jet-black eyes. However, their three-legged, tripod-like stance, long, prehensile tail, and large, six-fingered hands all make them stand out from other goblinoid creatures, even at a distance.

Height: 5 feet.

Weight: 150–180 lbs.

Lifespan: 80–90 years.

Location

Troops of Ocular Goblins live in forested areas near well-travelled roads. They prefer older forests with well-spaced trees and less underbrush.

Activity

Ocular Goblins prey on trade caravans and other people passing through the woods, attacking them and then rifling through their victims' goods and possessions for anything shiny. They are well aware that guards and travellers tend to be sluggish just after lunch and so tend to time their attacks to take place in the early afternoon. The rest of the day they spend moving from tree to tree



collecting food or patrolling and scouting for victims. They spend the nights asleep in their treetop nests.

Eating

While Ocular Goblins prey upon humans and demi-humans for fun and profit, they are vegetarian. They eat nuts, berries, and mushrooms, and they consider baked

Ocular Goblin

Hit Dice: 1

AC: 6 [13]

Atk: Bite (1d6), special

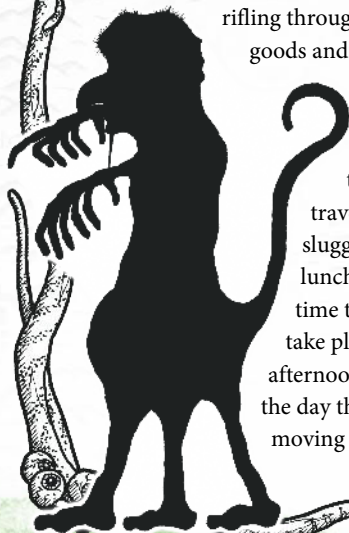
Saving Throw: 17

Special: *Grappling:* An Ocular Goblin grapples as a 4 Hit Dice creature and can move its normal movement while carrying up to 200lbs.

Move: 18/Climb 18

Alignment: Chaotic

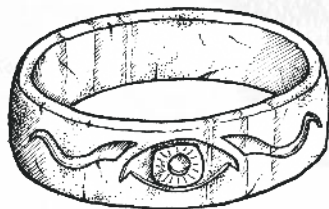
Challenge Level/XP: 1/15



goods, especially rye bread, a particular treat.

Fight or Flight

Ocular Goblins are attracted to shiny objects and will gleefully kill for them. They tend to swing down from trees, trusting in surprise, to steal away a rider or pedestrian and then carry their victims up into the trees. Ocular Goblins typically tear open their victims' throats and leave them to die up in a tree. Once they are dead and it is safe, the Goblins return to strip their victims of anything that glitters before leaving the carcasses strewn about on the forest floor below where they are eaten by forest scavengers. These carcasses sometimes attract wandering nasties, such as Short-horned Ratdogs. Cowards at heart, Ocular Goblins will not stay for a fight, choosing instead to race away through the tree tops.



Voog

Description

Voog is covered head to knees in shiny jewellery. The head of her troop, she wears the best items taken from the troop's victims. Her waist is wrapped in belts from which hang baubles both valuable and gaudy as she is unable to distinguish between costume jewellery and items of worth to the human population. She has a preference for green silks and gems.

Motivations

Voog's main goal is to keep her troop under control so that she may continue to reap the benefits of their raids. She rules with an iron fist from high atop an ancient oak, rarely descending to attack these days.

Traits & Mannerisms

Voog is often distracted by her jewellery, stopping mid-sentence to buff and polish an item she particularly likes.

Equipment

Amongst a riot of mostly worthless paste gems and mirrored baubles, Voog has three magical items and a half-dozen valuable emeralds. She has a ring with one wish remaining that she wears proudly on her tail—it has three large green sapphires embedded in its platinum base. Voog has a magic mirror that not only allows her to enjoy her resplendence, but allows her to see any area that she knows within one

mile of her. Finally, Voog has a magical sceptre — probably full of many unknown powers — which is also a +2 club that she wields to ensure her dominance.

Lair & Valuables

Voog is master of a large treetop lair. The troop has built a series of nests ranging in size from 15 feet to 30 feet in diameter. They stretch across several large trees and are connected with ropes, knotted fabric, and bits of vine and wood. Whilst most of the Ocular Goblins wear their wealth, there are small gems and other bits of shiny lost in the branches of the nest. Those searching should be able to find something of value every ten minutes or so until the next random monster comes along.



“Did you see that?”

“See what?”

“Movement up in the trees, like a fucking weird, monkey, thing.”

“I think you need to stop eating those mushrooms from Passington’s Farm!”

Voog

Level: 6 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 4 ft. 10 in. **Weight:** 166 lbs
Age: 89 years. **Move:** 18/Climb 18

STR: 18 **Hit Points:** 28
INT: 9 **AC:** 5 [14]
WIS: 10 **Saving Throw:** 11
CON: 12 **BHB:** +2
DEX: 18 **XP Bonus:** +10%
CHA: 17

Special: *Grappling:* Voog grapples as a 12 Hit Dice creature and can make a bite attack on a grappled opponent while moving at full speed.

Sharp Teeth: Voog’s bite attack counts as a +1 magic weapon for the purposes of hitting creatures only hit by magical weapons.

Tactical Retreat: Voog is nimble and can leave a melee without provoking an attack.

Infravision: Voog can see in the dark up to 60 feet.

Armour: natural

Shield: – **Helm:** –

Weapons: Bite (1d6), +2 club

Equipment: Jewellery, mirror of far seeing.

Body Snatcher

In combat, the Body Snatcher fights as a Thief. They can use clubs and shields and throw rocks but use no other weapons or armour.

Prime Attribute: A Body Snatcher must have a minimum Strength and Dexterity of 17.

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (1 Hit Point/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: shields

Weapons Permitted: clubs and thrown rocks

Race: Ocular Goblins only

Body Snatcher Abilities

Alignment: Body Snatchers must be Chaotic.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	16
2	1,300	2	15
3	2,700	3	14
4	6,000	4	13
5	12,000	5	12
6	18,000	6	11
7	36,000	7	10
8	54,000	8	9
9	108,000	9	8
10	162,000	10	7
11	320,000	10+1 HP	6
12	480,000	10+2 HP	5
13	640,000	10+3 HP	4
14	800,000	10+4 HP	4
15	960,000	10+5 HP	4
16	1,120,000	10+6 HP	4
17	1,280,000	10+7 HP	4
18	1,440,000	10+8 HP	4
19	1,600,000	10+9 HP	4
20	1,760,000	10+10 HP	4
21+	+160,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4

Sharp Teeth: A Body Snatcher can use its bite as a melee attack (1d6). At Level 6, a Body Snatcher's bite attacks count as +1 for the purpose of hitting creatures only hit by magical weapons.

Heavy Lifter: Body Snatchers can carry up to 200 lbs without being encumbered.

Natural Climber: Body Snatchers can climb trees and other rough natural surfaces at their normal movement rate.

Tactical Retreat (Level 3): At Level 3 and beyond, Body Snatchers are able to leave combat without provoking an attack.

Infravision (Level 4): At Level 4, Body Snatchers gain 60 feet infravision. At Level 8, this increases to 120 feet.

Grappling Run (Level 6): At Level 6, a Body Snatcher can make an attack on a grappled opponent while making its full running movement if it is not otherwise engaged in melee.

Multi-attacking (Level 9): At Level 9, Body Snatchers can make two attacks — one bite (1d6) and a grapple.

Sight of the Oculus (Level 12): At Level 12, Body Snatchers can see invisible and ethereal creatures and are immune to illusory effects.

Grappling: Body Snatchers grapple as if they had twice their Hit Dice.

CONUS OGRE

Monster Description

They look like emaciated humans with spiked, cone-shaped heads and long fingered hands. Their skin has a reddish-brown hue.

Height: 6 feet.

Weight: 120 lbs.

Lifespan: 400+ years.

Location

Conus Ogres tend to live underground in small enclaves or alone. They inhabit areas beneath open plains or grassland and mountaintops. A small group of Conus Ogres has taken up residence near The Wreak, much to

the chagrin of the watchmen atop its peak.

Five watchmen have been killed in recent storms, each death being blamed on the Conus Ogres. A bounty of twenty gold quids has been placed on each of their heads.

Activity

Conus Ogres spend most of their time dormant in their underground lairs. They come up to the surface during electrical storms to feed and dance.

Eating

Conus Ogres feed on electrical energy. With very few exceptions, they get all their nourishment from natural lightning. Some have been tamed by druids, who feed them by casting call lightning, whilst others have been made victims of experimenting wizards, and are fed with magically produced electricity.



Conus Ogre

Hit Dice: 4 (special)

AC: 2 [17]

Atk: Fist (1d4), special

Saving Throw: 13 (special)

Special: *Electrical*

Regeneration: Conus

Ogres gain 1 Hit Dice

every time a lightning bolt strikes within 20 feet of them.

Their saving throw, Hit Points, and attack modifiers go up accordingly. The effect

lasts 1 turn and is cumulative.

Stormcaller: When above ground, and in a major storm, they are daunting creatures. Conus Ogres can *call lightning* like a Druid of Level 2+their current number of Hit Dice. However, they can only call the bolts every third round. **Electrical Immunity:** Conus Ogres are immune to the ill effects of any electrical attack.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: special

Fight or Flight

Conus Ogres neither fight nor fly when outdoors. They harness the electrical energy around them and anyone nearby may well be hit. Underground, they are sluggish and poor fighters unable to rely on their *Stormcaller* ability.



Petrichor

Description

Petrichor looks like a standard Conus Ogre except for a gruesome scar encircling his head. He wears a heavy chain shirt and carries a copper-tipped spear.

Motivations

Petrichor spent three long years being examined by an expert in the arcane arts. This dabbler-in-the-arts wanted to discover how Petrichor and the others of his ilk could feed on electricity. Surgeries and magical investigations were his daily torture until one day the mage did not appear. Left to himself, Petrichor eventually escaped his shackles and took over the wizard's tower. During lightning storms, he stands atop the upper tower sucking in the life force from the clouds. He has also learned how to use some of the wizard's creations to generate, transfer, and store electricity. He is content in his world, but maintains a strong hatred of arcane casters.

Petrichor

Level: 10 **Alignment:** Lawful
Height: 6 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 118 lbs
Age: 360 years. **Move:** 12

STR: 10 **Hit Points:** 53
INT: 17 **AC:** 3 [16]
WIS: 12 **Saving Throw:** 6
CON: 9 **BHB:** +5
DEX: 9 **XP Bonus:** –
CHA: 12

Special: *Stormcaller:* Petrichor can cast *call lightning* ten times per day. He can have up to ten instances of the spell acting concurrently, allowing him to call one lightning bolt each round.

Electrical Regeneration: While within this lightning storm, Petrichor has 18 Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution (changing Armour Class to 2 [17] and increasing max Hit Points to 63.). He also regenerates 10 Hit Points from each strike.

Potential Energy: Once he has stored ten lightning bolts, Petrichor can release them all through his spear with a successful melee attack. As soon as he releases the stored bolts, Petrichor loses the temporary stat increases from his Electrical Regeneration ability.

Electrical Immunity: Petrichor is immune to the ill effects of any electrical attack.

Armour: +2 chain (Faraday's Armour)

Shield: – **Helm:** Natural

Weapons: +2 spear, can conduct lightning blast for 8d6+10 points of damage on a hit.

Equipment: None carried other than magic armour and spear.

Traits & Mannerisms

Petrichor maniacally laughs when he is hit by lightning. He also has a habit of tapping the spike on the top of his head with his index finger.

Equipment

Petrichor wears a +2 magical chain shirt of copper rings. Faraday's Armour, as it is known, creates an energy shield around its wearer that is proof against any mental attacks including ESP and other forms of prying such as *know alignment*, etc. He can channel stored electrical energy through his spear as if he were making a touch attack.

Lair & Valuables

Petrichor lives in an otherwise abandoned wizard's tower on the northeastern borders of Tealfordshire. The prior tenant specialized in electrical based magic and attempted to use this force to create and prolong life. Automata, magic items, and strange creations are plentiful.



"It's looking pretty grey and stormy out there. There will be conus ogres out tonight!"

Lightning Dancer

In combat, the Lightning Dancer fights as a Cleric. They can use any one-handed weapon. They can wear any armour and carry a shield.

Prime Attribute: Wisdom

Hit Dice: 1d10/Level (2 Hit Points/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: any

Weapons Permitted: one-handed weapons

Race: Conus Ogres only

Lightning Dancer Abilities

Alignment: Any

Weather Prediction: Lightning Dancers can cast *Predict Weather* at will as a Druid of the same Level.

Stormcaller: Lightning Dancers can cast *Call Lightning* once per day for each Level possessed. The spell behaves the same as the Druid spell of the same name, except that the Lightning Dancer cannot aim the lightning as effectively as a Druid can. The target gets a saving throw to avoid damage completely, and gets +1 on their saving throw for each Level the Lightning Dancer is below Seventh Level. Thus, a Level 1 Lightning Dancer would grant +6 to the target's saving throw. Higher Level Lightning Dancers can have more than one spell operating concurrently but cannot call more than one lightning bolt per round.

Electrical Immunity: Lightning Dancers are immune to the ill effects of any electrical attack.

Electrical Regeneration: Anytime a lightning bolt strikes within a distance equal to 10 feet times the Level of the Lightning Dancer, the Lightning Dancer regains 1d10 Hit Points and their Strength, Constitution, and Dexterity increase to 18, with all applicable benefits, for 2d4 rounds.

Potential Energy (Level 10): At Level 10, Lightning Dancers gain the ability to store lightning for up to 3 rounds. If a lightning bolt has struck within 100 ft within the last three rounds, the Lightning Dancer can absorb the energy and can release it upon a successful touch melee attack causing 8d6+1 points of damage per Level of the Lightning Dancer. The Lightning Dancer loses the temporary improvements to their attributes from that lightning bolt, but can still enjoy the benefits of other bolts.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d10)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	15
2	2,500	2	14
3	5,000	3	13
4	10,000	4	12
5	20,000	5	11
6	40,000	6	10
7	80,000	7	9
8	160,000	8	8
9	320,000	9	7
10	520,000	10	6
11	770,000	10+2 HP	5
12	1,020,000	10+4 HP	4
13	1,270,000	10+6 HP	4
14	1,520,000	10+8 HP	4
15	1,770,000	10+10 HP	4
16	2,020,000	10+12 HP	4
17	2,270,000	10+14 HP	4
18	2,520,000	10+16 HP	4
19	2,770,000	10+18 HP	4
20	3,020,000	10+20 HP	4
21+	+250,000/Level	+2 HP/Level	4



OMMATOPHORIAN HALF-GOBLIN

Monster Description

Ommatophorian Half-Goblins are humanoid creatures with oversized heads.

Protruding from their spiked skulls are two eyestalks that are constantly on the move, looking around in all directions. Their skin is typically a dark ochre.

Height: 7 feet.

Weight: 250–300 lbs.

Lifespan: 40–50 years.

Location

These creatures live in warrens under small to mid-sized towns.

They tend to create labyrinthine tunnel systems beneath the surrounding farms.

Ommatophorian Half-Goblin

Hit Dice: 4

AC: 6 [13]

Atk: Headbutt (2d6) and fist (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 13

Special: *Peripheral Vision:*

Ommatophorian Half-Goblins are never surprised and can see invisible creatures.

Sixth Sense: They are immune from back stab attacks and flanking opponents gain no advantage against them.

Headbutt: A creature struck by the Ommatophorian Half-Goblin's headbutt must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Move: 12

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: 4/120

Activity

Ommatophorian Half-Goblins do not seem to have a set sleep pattern, but do not venture into open air except at night. They are very social creatures, rarely found in groups smaller than three or four and often with tens of their companions.

Eating

They eat cooked meat of most any type but their favourite dish is stewed rabbit with parsnip and they will extend their tunnels to harvest parsnips from below.

Fight or Flight

As Ommatophorian Half-Goblins are never surprised and have an excellent sense of smell, they can typically choose whether to engage in combat. They are generally smart enough to avoid conflicts that they are likely to lose or where there is little to gain. When involved in melee, their first attack tends to be a headbutt that often knocks a target prone.



Ekkernip

Description

Ekkernip dresses in richly tooled leather armour. He carries a two-handed sword and a brace of long daggers (treat as short swords). He is heavily muscled, like most of his kind, and has a purple sash on his

head that would be a blindfold on a regular humanoid.

Motivations

Ekkernip is searching for followers. Over the years, he has become increasingly disgusted with the local lawlessness and black markets and feels he has done as much as he can with his small group of fellow Thieves' Banes. He is ready to start a militia and bring order to the neighbourhood.

Traits & Mannerisms

Ekkernip has a habit of lowering his eyestalks down to his mouth, so that he can flick his tongue over his eyeballs to clean debris from his eyes.

Ekkernip

Level: 9 **Alignment:** Lawful
Height: 7 ft. 5 in. **Weight:** 272 lbs
Age: 33 years **Move:** 12/0.1 burrow

STR: 14 **Hit Points:** 52
INT: 16 **AC:** 3 [16]
WIS: 10 **Saving Throw:** 6
CON: 14 **BHB:** +3
DEX: 15 **XP Bonus:** +10%
CHA: 16

Special: *Dual Attack:* Ekkernip can make two attacks per round.

Counter Attack: Ekkernip can counterattack against an attempted

sneak attack. This is in addition to the two attacks he gets per round.
Peripheral Vision: Ekkernip is never surprised and can see invisible creatures.
Sixth Sense: Ekkernip is immune from back stab attacks and flanking opponents gain no advantage against him.

Headbutt: A creature struck by the Ekkernip's headbutt must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

Armour: +2 leather

Shield: -

Helm: -

Weapons: Two-handed sword, two short swords (+1 vs. chaotic creatures)

Equipment: sash of know alignment

Equipment

Ekkernip's armour is +2 *leather*. His knives are both *short sword* +1 vs. *chaotic creatures*. His sash of know alignment allows him to know a target's alignment at will.

Lair & Valuables

Ekkernip has recently left his home lair and is looking for an appropriate new one once he builds up a suitable coterie.



"Just as the thug took my pouch, this huge, bulk of a thing appeared out of nowhere, and viciously head-butted him, spikes going straight through his skull. This thing picked up my pouch handed it to me, winked his left eyestalk and disappeared."

Thieves' Bane

In combat, the Ommatophorian Half-Goblin fights as a Fighter. They can use any weapon, armour, and shields.

Prime Attribute: Intelligence

Hit Dice: 1d8/Level (2 Hit Points/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: any

Weapons Permitted: any

Race: Ommatophorian Half-Goblins only

Thieves' Bane Abilities

Alignment: Any

Peripheral Vision: Thieves' Banes are never surprised and party members they are in communication with are also never surprised. They are immune from back stab attacks and creatures gain no benefit from a rear attack.

Sixth Sense: Thieves' Banes can see invisible creatures and objects, or creatures that are hiding in shadows.

Parry: Thieves' Banes can fight on the defensive, using the parrying ability per the Fighter.

Burrowing: Thieves' Banes can burrow through soil at a rate of one foot per round and rock at one inch per round. This rate doubles if they have a strength of 16 or higher.

Dodgy Food (Level 2): Thieves' Banes can sniff out food and at 2nd Level gain the ability to detect poisoned or disease-ridden food using their sense of smell.

Anticipate (Level 4): At fourth Level, Thieves' Banes can reverse a sneak attack. If a creature attempts to make a sneak attack against a Thieves' Bane, the Thieves' Bane can attack out of initiative just before the attempted sneak attack. The Thieves' Bane gets +2 to hit for the attack. The sneak attacker can then continue to make a regular attack. At Level 8, it can take two attacks prior to the sneak attack attempt.

Multiple Attack (Level 6): At Level 6, Thieves' Banes can make two attacks per round, and at Level 12, three.

Vigilantes (Level 9): At Level 9, a Lawful Thieves' Bane may establish a vigilante militia, attracting others of its Class as well as Fighters to a group pledged to destroy a local thieves' guild. Their continued advancement for each Level beyond 9th requires the successful elimination of a guild headed by a Thief of the same Level or higher.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d8)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	14
2	2,000	2	13
3	4,000	3	12
4	8,000	4	11
5	16,000	5	10
6	32,000	6	9
7	64,000	7	8
8	128,000	8	7
9	256,000	9	6
10	400,000	10	5
11	550,000	10+2 HP	4
12	700,000	10+4 HP	4
13	850,000	10+6 HP	4
14	1,000,000	10+8 HP	4
15	1,150,000	10+10 HP	4
16	1,300,000	10+12 HP	4
17	1,450,000	10+14 HP	4
18	1,600,000	10+16 HP	4
19	1,750,000	10+18 HP	4
20	1,900,000	10+20 HP	4
21+	+150,000/Level	+2 HP/Level	4



TRUNKED SAURIAN HALFROG

Monster

Description

With their elephantine noses, octopoidal tentacles, ogre-like jaws, and goblinoid features, Trunked Saurian Halfrogues could only have come from the dark laboratory of an insane wizard. Their lower bodies are scaled, and they have the legs and feet of a giant chicken. Given their origins as magically-constructed beasts since gone feral, it is a wonder that Trunked Saurian

Halfrogues have managed to mate and have offspring. Exactly how and why remains a mystery, one that only certain, very curious scholars want answered — though why they would, is equally, a mystery.

Height: 7–8 feet.

Weight: 300 lbs.

Lifespan: 80 years.

Location

Trunked Saurian Halfrogues live near bogs and swamps. They are solitary creatures.

Activity

Trunked Saurian Halfrogues spend much of their time hiding in the muck waiting for food to come their way. They are most active at

Trunked Saurian Halfrogue

Hit Dice: 3

AC: 7 [12]

Atk: Weapon,
up to four,
special

Saving Throw:
14 (+2 versus
fire)

Special: *Surprise Attack:* If hidden, it surprises on 1–7 in 8.

It can then make one sneak attack as a 5th Level Thief.

Gas Attack: Three times per day, it can emit noxious gas in a 20 feet radius. Creatures within the cloud must make a successful saving throw or take 1d4 Hit Points/round for 1d4 rounds. During this time, the hacking and choking creature is unable to take any other action.

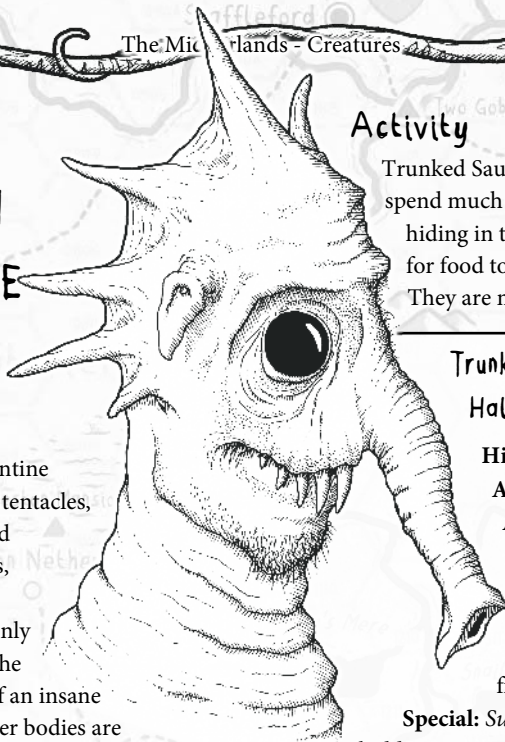
Hide in Mud: They can hide in mud as a 5th Level Thief, and detect movement through the soil up to 30 feet away.

Flame & Pain: Immunity to natural poison and +2 to saving throws versus fire.

Move: 12/Swim 12, unimpeded by muddy terrain

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60



sunrise and sunset. They tend to avoid colder climes.

Eating

Trunked Saurian Halfogres eat whatever prey comes their way, feeding primarily on thirsty wildlife. They are happy to munch on adventuring parties as well, and have a special fondness for creatures imbued with magical or fey energy, including Elves and Magic-users.

Fight or Flight

Trunked Saurian Halfogres can hide superbly in areas with adequate mud, burying themselves completely and leaving just the tip of their trunk above the water. They attack smaller or weaker creatures from ambush when possible. If threatened, Trunked Saurian Halfogres emit a noxious gas and attempt to escape.



Oog Festerling

Description

Oog Festerling wields a halberd in one hand and one tentacle and sports two mismatched shields on his other limbs. One shield has a golden lightning bolt painted across it and the other is a small round buckler covered in a tattered leather hide. He wears a simple helmet with holes punched through it for his head spikes and is wrapped in woven pond grasses and lily pads. He has bright eyes that look like a pair of robin's eggs.

Oog Festerling

Level: 3 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 7 ft. **Weight:** 294 lbs
Age: 50 years **Move:** 12/Swim 12

STR: 12 **Hit Points:** 14
INT: 6 **AC:** 6 [13]
WIS: 7 **BHB:** +1
CON: 16 **XP Bonus:** +5%
DEX: 14
CHA: 6

Saving Throw: 14 (+2 vs. fire and lightning)

Special: *Trunk Blast:* Oog can snort dirt and detritus up his trunk and emit a trunk-blast once per day that does 1d6+1 points of damage to any within 5 feet that fail their saving throw. Take half damage, rounded up, on a successful saving throw.

Hide in Mud: Oog can hide in mud with a 30% chance of success and if he surprises an opponent, he gets +4 on one attack and does double damage if he hits.

Flame & Pain: Oog is immune to natural poisons and gets a +2 bonus versus fire.

Phibianspeech: Oog can communicate with amphibians.

Armour: –

Shield: two, one grants +2 on saving throws versus electrical attacks

Helm: small, battered.

Weapons: Halberd 1d8+1

Equipment: Pouch full of oddments

Motivations

Many years ago, Oog met a certain Slitherling Spell Eater. He learned rumours of places where creatures such as himself were fabricated. As he's aged, this knowledge has festered and warped him. Oog Festerling believes that if he can find such a place, a wizard would surely grant him great powers.

Powers that would allow him to eat to his heart's content. Oog might even eat the wizard for desert, and absorb his powers too. Oog Festerling is quite mad.

Traits & Mannerisms

Oog makes snorting sounds through his trunk when he talks, almost like a pig.

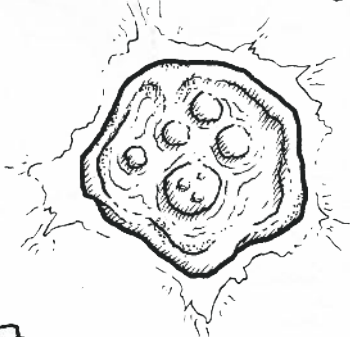
Equipment

One of Oog's shields grants a +2 bonus to saving throws versus electrical attacks. His halberd and buckler are non-magical. Oog keeps a small pouch on his belt where he keeps the clues he has hoarded over the years. These include odd bits of parchment, broken sticks that might have been wands, and "magical" stones that he casts in divination attempts.



Lair & Valuables

Oog Festerling's lair is a former beaver lodge. He has constructed a mannequin of sorts from odd bits of armour and clothing over a wooden form. He has a small wooden chest full of rodent skulls. At its base is Oog's prized possession—a glass vial containing some sort of living ooze. Oog believes this is the magical ancestor of his race.



Stink Bogre

In combat, the Stink Bogre fights as a Cleric. They can use any melee weapon, including pole arms, and carry shields (up to four), but cannot use armour.

Stink Bogre Abilities

Alignment: Stink Bogres must be Chaotic.

Flame & Pain: Stink Bogres have a +2 bonus to saving throws against fire and are immune to natural poisons.

Prime Attribute: Constitution

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (2 Hit Points/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: up to 4 shields, no armour

Weapons Permitted: any melee weapons

Race: Trunked Saurian Halfogres only

Phibianspeech:

Stink Bogres can communicate with amphibians.

Quadwield:

Stink Bogres can wield up to four shields and

weapons. They gain a +1 improvement to armour class for each shield and can make an attack with each weapon.

Hide in Mud: Stink Bogres can hide in deep mud or marshy terrain as per the Thief's Hide in Shadows ability equal to a Thief two Levels higher than the Stink Bogre. While buried, they can sense movement of most small or medium creatures within 30 feet and of large creatures within 60 feet.

Surprise Attack: If a Stink Bogre surprises its prey from hiding, it can make a sneak attack like a Thief of the same Level. It can only make the one attack on its surprise round.

Trunk Blast (Level 2): At Level 2, Stink Bogres can emit a trunk blast of dirt and detritus that causes 1d6+1 damage to all within a 5 feet radius. Victims who make a successful saving throw take half damage. A Stink Bogre can do this once per day for every two Levels it has.

Gas Attack (Level 9): At Level 9, Stink Bogres gain the ability to emit a major noxious cloud that acts as the spell *Cloudkill*. They can do this once per day for each Level above 8th.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	16
2	2,500	2	15
3	5,000	3	14
4	10,000	4	13
5	20,000	5	12
6	40,000	6	11
7	80,000	7	10
8	160,000	8	9
9	320,000	9	8
10	480,000	10	7
11	640,000	10+2 HP	6
12	800,000	10+4 HP	5
13	960,000	10+6 HP	4
14	1,120,000	10+8 HP	4
15	1,280,000	10+10 HP	4
16	1,440,000	10+12 HP	4
17	1,600,000	10+14 HP	4
18	1,760,000	10+16 HP	4
19	1,920,000	10+18 HP	4
20	2,080,000	10+20 HP	4
21+	+160,000/Level	+2 HP/Level	4

NOBBLIN

Monster

Description

Named for their knobby heads, Nobblins otherwise look like small humans with vestigial feathered wings growing out of their shoulder blades. They have small, sunken eyes that dart about rapidly.

Height: 3 feet.

Weight: 80 lbs.

Lifespan: 60 years.

Nobblin

Hit Dice: 1d6 Hit Points

AC: 8 [11]

Atk: Special

Saving Throw: 17

Special: Kleptomania: Although Nobblins do not have an attack, with a successful 'to-hit' roll, one may steal most any item from an attacker, including the very weapon from their hand. They will only take one item and then will move full speed towards their hiding places.

Move: 18

Alignment: Neutral

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Location

Nobblins live primarily in the northern parts of the County of Tealfordshire along the River Pig. They live near civilisation but avoid places that lack trees.

Activity

Nobblins are mostly active around sunset when they sneak into households and steal whatever their little heart's desire (see Nobblin Kleptomania table) and then take them back to their hiding places to bury them underground, never to be revisited again. They spend much of the evening running about after a successful caper before burying themselves



Nobblin Kleptomania			
Roll	Desire	Roll	Desire
1	Rings	11	Pottery
2	Weapons	12	Boots/footwear
3	Savoury food	13	Urine
4	Gloves/gauntlets	14	Moss
5	Cloaks/mantles	15	Poop
6	Helms/hats	16	Alcohol
7	Livestock (buried alive)	17	Sweet food/cakes/ Confectionery
8	Money	18	Berries
9	Gems/jewellery	19	Nuts
10	Flowering plants	20	Any shiny objects

underground for the next 18 to 20 hours. They are solitary creatures.

Eating

Nobblins have never been seen eating. It is thought that they absorb nutrients through the soil, although this has never been proven.

Fight or Flight

Flight, absolutely. Nobblins are timid creatures. When scared, their wings beat furiously but this does not seem to help them move more quickly. Occasionally, they leave droppings as they flee.



"Where did my tankard of mead go?"

Jugg

Description

Jugg dresses in a patchwork kilt. He wears a hessian cap upon his head embroidered with patches of orange felt in the form of flying geese. His feet are bare, even in the coldest weather and his eyes seem to shimmer.

Motivations

Jugg was put under a geas many years ago to fill a cave with clay containers. He is now aware of being under the geas, but attempts nightly to take one container for the cave and one other item for his own mysterious reasons. The other item tends to be a textile and gets buried as soon as he can spirit it away from its previous owner. The container he deposits in the cave, which seems to be filling up a little more slowly than it should, as if somebody is reaping the rewards of his thievery.

Jugg

Level: 11 **Alignment:** Neutral
Height: 2 ft. 10 in. **Weight:** 74 lbs
Age: 42 years **Move:** 18

STR: 7 **Hit Points:** 19
INT: 11 **AC:** 3 [16]
WIS: 7 **Saving Throw:** 16
CON: 12 **BHB:** +5
DEX: 17 **XP Bonus:** +10%
CHA: 15

Special: *Kleptomania:* Jugg finds it very hard to resist stealing clay containers and vessels.

Escape: Jugg can cast either *time stop* or *teleport* up to 1,000 feet to a place he knows once per day.

Cornered: Jugg can cast *mirror image* or *invisibility* on himself three times per day.

Armour: – **Shield:** –
Helm: knitted **Weapons:** –

Equipment: Superior lock picks (+5% to Pick Lock skill)



Traits & Mannerisms

Jugg loves to scratch his head and back on the bark of trees. He has an oak tree that he prefers, and has even buried a few things at the foot of this tree. It is unclear why he is drawn to this location, but the tree has off-colour patches where he rubs his head and back.

where he deposits the earthenware is well-hidden by dense shrubbery. He typically enters using his teleportation ability, but has carelessly left an obvious trail where he leaves on foot.



Equipment

Jugg has a set of excellent lock picks (+5% to Pick Lock chances) that he carries in a pocket sewn into his kilt.



Lair & Valuables

Jugg never sleeps in the same hole twice and other than what he wears and carries has accumulated no wealth. The cave

Anything Thief

In combat, Anything Thieves fight as Magic-users. They can use daggers only and cannot wear armour nor carry a shield.

Prime Attribute: Dexterity

Hit Dice: 1d4/Level (1 Hit Point/Level after 9th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: none

Weapons Permitted: daggers

Race: Nobblins only

Anything Thief Abilities

Alignment: Neutral.

Thiefly Traits: Within one hour of sunset, before or after, Anything Thieves have a 50%+5%/Level chance to Hide in Shadows and Move Silently. The rest of the time, they can Hide in Shadows and Move Silently as a Thief of the same Level. They can Pick Locks as a Thief of the same Level at any time of day.

Improving Armour: An Anything Thieves' Armour Class improves per the table below, in addition to any Dexterity modifier.

No Job too Big: An Anything Thief can carry an object up to its body weight and size without any movement penalty.

Soil Leech: Anything Thieves do not need to eat or drink, but must spend at least four hours per day in close contact with fertile soil or begin to suffer from starvation.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d4)	Saving Throw	Armour Class
1	0	1	16	8 [11]
2	1,500	2	15	7 [12]
3	2,500	3	14	7 [12]
4	5,000	4	13	6 [13]
5	10,000	5	12	6 [13]
6	20,000	6	11	6 [13]
7	40,000	7	10	5 [14]
8	80,000	8	9	5 [14]
9	160,000	9	8	4 [15]
10	320,000	9+1 HP	7	4 [15]
11	480,000	9+2 HP	6	4 [15]
12	640,000	9+3 HP	5	3 [16]
13	800,000	9+4 HP	4	3 [16]
14	960,000	9+5 HP	4	2 [17]
15	1,120,000	9+6 HP	4	2 [17]
16	1,280,000	9+7 HP	4	2 [17]
17	1,440,000	9+8 HP	4	1 [18]
18	1,600,000	9+9 HP	4	1 [18]
19	1,760,000	9+10 HP	4	0 [19]
20	1,920,000	9+11 HP	4	0 [19]
21+	+160,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4	-1 [20]

Cornered I (Level 4): At Level 4, Anything Thieves can cast *mirror image* on themselves three times per day.

Cornered II (Level 6): At Level 6, Anything Thieves can turn invisible as per the Magic-user spell up to three times per day.

Escape I (Level 9): At Level 9, Anything Thieves can cast *time stop* once per day.

Escape II (Level 11): At Level 11, an Anything Thief can teleport as per the Magic-user spell, up to a mile away to a place that it knows with no chance of failure once per day. It can only cast this on itself.

WING-GILLED LANDFISH

Monster Description

Wing-gilled Landfish have the barbed head of a particularly ugly fish atop a long, serpentine body that ends in a scorpion-like barb. They have long-fingered hands at the end of short

Wing-gilled Landfish

Hit Dice: 8

AC: 2 [17]

Atk: Bite (1d8), sting (1d4+paralysis), constrict special

Saving Throw: 8

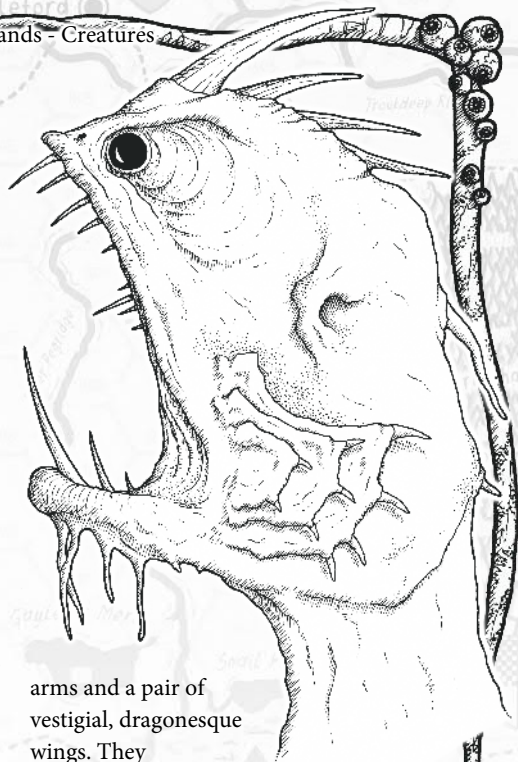
Special: *Grappling:* Along with its bite and sting attacks, a Wing-gilled Landfish can make a grapple attack. While it has a victim grappled, the victim takes 1d4+2 damage each round from the constriction.

Paralysing Sting: The sting of the Landfish causes paralysis for an hour unless the target makes a successful saving throw. The Wing-gilled Landfish only has enough poison for four attacks before it must spend a day resting to recover each dose expended.

Move: 12/Swim 18

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1,100



arms and a pair of vestigial, dragonsque wings. They occasionally have rings adorning their fingers.

Length: 12–15 feet.

Weight: 300–400 lbs.

Lifespan: 8–10 years.

Location

Wing-gilled Landfish live in and around rapidly flowing water, in particular the Jakken Rapids on the River Sixx in Tealfordshire.

Activity

Wing-gilled Landfish alternate between eating and sleeping. They wait camouflaged until prey comes along, pounce and eat, then spend a week mostly comatose while they digest. They can easily go several weeks without eating.

Eating

Wing-gilled Landfish eat large mammals by preference, capable of swallowing medium-sized creatures whole.

Fight or Flight

Wing-gilled Landfish are fearsome fighters and rarely run away, although some metal clad prey may seem too much trouble to be worth their while. They attempt to constrict their prey with their long body while simultaneously paralysing it with poison from their barbed tail. If in the water, they will also sink below the surface to drown their victims.



Feeeeeesh'k

Description

Feeeeeesh'k is a striking combination of hideous and beautiful. Its head resembles the worst undersea nightmares while its body is glittering, glistening rainbow of iridescent scales. Feeeeeesh'k wears two ruby-encrusted rings, one on each hand.

Motivations

Aside from food, Feeeeeesh'k covets a potion or wand of polymorph self. Having once traded a wizard's captured servant for its own beautiful body, Feeeeeesh'k would like nothing more than to transform its head into the sleek form of a wolf or dragon.

Feeeeeesh'k

Level: 8 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 13 ft. 8 in. **Weight:** 382 lbs
Age: 7 years **Move:** 12/Swim 18

STR: 18 **Hit Points:** 45
INT: 14 **AC:** 2 [17]
WIS: 9 **BHB:** +7
CON: 16 **XP Bonus:** -
DEX: 15
CHA: 9

Saving Throw: 8 (+2 versus magical fire and cold, immune to normal fire and cold)

Special: Because of its rings, Feeeeeesh'k can cast *magic missile* five times per day.

Grappling: Along with the bite and sting attacks, Feeeeeesh'k can make a grapple attack. While a victim is grappled, the victim takes 1d4+2 damage each round from the constriction.

Paralysing Sting: Feeeeeesh'k's sting causes paralysis for an hour unless the victim makes a successful saving throw. Feeeeeesh'k only has enough poison for four attacks and he must then spend a day to recover each dose expended.

Armour: - **Shield:** -
Helm: - **Weapons:** -
Equipment: pair of magical rings

Traits & Mannerisms

Feeeeesh'k loves to swim, and can sometimes be found frolicking in the waters of the River Sixx, south of Brignorth. It loves to hunt barbel and toss them onto the river banks and watch them flip-flop until they die.

Equipment

Both of Feeeeesh'k's rings are magical. Working together, they provide resistance to cold and heat (like a Potion of Fire Resistance) and allow their wearer to cast *magic missile* five times per day. If only one ring is worn, it acts as a Potion of Delusion, fooling the wearer into thinking they are getting a bonus to saving throws against whatever they would be most excited about while draining one point of Constitution per week until the wearer dies. The ring may be removed with *remove curse* or by putting the second ring on the other hand.

Lair & Valuables

Feeeeesh'k lives and sleeps in a cavern on the banks of the River Sixx. Accessible only from under the water, it is cool, dry, and full of reflective objects, ranging from pots and pans to breastplates to small hand-mirrors. Some of them are no doubt magical.



MUCKULUS

Monster Description

Generally green in colour, they look more-or-less like large, spiky centipedes, with an elongated bony head covered in eyes.

Length: Up to 6 feet.

Weight: Up to 150 lbs.

Lifespan: 150 years.

Location

Muckuli live in large piles of rotting garbage in both urban and wilderness settings. In larger middens, colonies containing tens of these creatures can be found.

Activity

Muckuli spend much of their time chewing on rotting flesh. They are noticeably less active in cooler weather, although the heat from a large waste pile is enough to keep them active through even the harshest of winters.

Eating

Muckuli eat everything from insects up to human-sized creatures — basically anything they can capture in their web-lined tunnels — but have a strong preference for Mouselings.

Fight or Flight

They fight using their bony heads to

club their victims. While not particularly intelligent, they instinctively pull attackers into their tunnels in an attempt to immobilise them. A Muckulus that feels overwhelmed has a 30 feet breath weapon that combines the effects of *silence 15-foot radius* and *hold person* as per the Cleric spells.

Muckulus

Hit Dice: 5

AC: 5 [14]

Atk: Head Flail (1d8), special

Saving Throw: 12; immune to fire

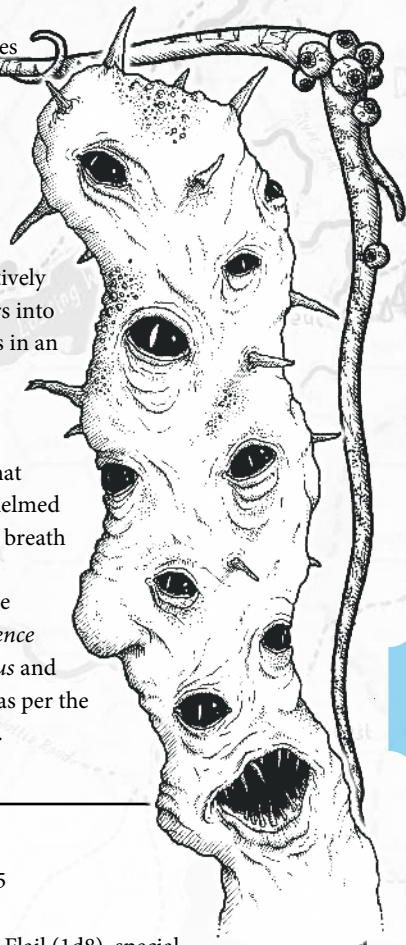
Special: *Breath of Silence:* Once per day, can use its breath weapon—a 30 feet long, 5 feet wide spray which effectively casts *silence 15-foot radius* and *hold person* as per the Cleric spells. Saving throws negate the effect.

Tunnel Trap: Creatures within a Muckulus' tunnel must make a Bend Bars/Lift Gates check in order to move unless immune from spider web type effects.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 6/400



Bokkolduum

Description

Bokkolduum's body is a series of red, brown, and copper stripes. Her head is almost black, making her pale-yellow eyes stand out like so many fire flies.

Motivations

Bokkolduum has just left her hatchling refuse pile on the outskirts of Duddingly and headed to an uninhabited and founded a new colony in which to breed her own brood. At over 100 years old, she is in the prime of her life.

Traits & Mannerisms

Bokkolduum gets high on rotting turnips. In this state, she often believes she is a human, and goes out into the open, even during the day, to converse like a member of the human populace.

Once Bokkolduum attempted to buy a pair of shoes from the castle kitchen, causing the death of the head chef who died from fright.

Equipment

None.

Lair & Valuables

Climbing through the sewers with brief open-air forays at night, Bokkolduum has found the waste pile of the Duddingly Castle's keep. She has just begun creating her system of tunnels, lining them with sticky web as she goes. Amongst the many

Bokkolduum

Level: 5 **Alignment:** Chaotic
Height: 6 ft. 1 in. **Weight:** 132 lbs
Age: 102 years **Move:** 12

STR: 18 **Hit Points:** 30
INT: 4 **AC:** 5 [14]
WIS: 7 **BHB:** +4
CON: 16 **XP Bonus:** –
DEX: 10
CHA: 6

Saving Throw: 12 (Immune to fire)

Special: *Breath of Silence:*

Bokkolduum's breath weapon has the same effect as *silence 15-foot radius* and *hold person* as per the Cleric spells along a 30 feet by 5 feet stream. She can use it once per day.

Armour: – **Shield:** –
Helm: –
Weapons: Head Flail 1d8+1
Equipment: –

valuables that may have accidentally found themselves in this pile, are several of the lord's sheep, their carcasses rotting, their heads caved in, and small bites taken from their sides.

"Excuse me, sir! I'm looking for some size eleven hobnail boots. Do you have any I could try on, please?"

"Aarrgggbbb!!!"

Thud.

MAWLING

Monster Description

Mawlings have scrawny legs supporting a belly of kettle drum proportions. Their heads are mostly toothy maw, although they are also distinguished by having five eyes and a single, central horn.

Height: 5 feet.

Weight: 180 lbs.

Lifespan: 40 years.

Mawling

Hit Dice: 2

AC: 7 [12]

Atk: Weapon, or claw (1d4) and bite (1d6), special

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Bellow:* Along with its melee attack(s), a Mawling can emit a bellow three times per day. Medium or smaller creatures within 20 feet take 1d3 damage and must make a saving throw or fall deafened to the ground and be stunned for 1d2 rounds. Large and larger creatures will only be stunned and deafened.

Brown Note: Once per day, a Mawling can emit its 'brown note', causing creatures within 100 feet that fail their saving throw to release their bowels and stand immobile for 1d4+1 rounds.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic
Challenge Level/XP:
2/30

Location

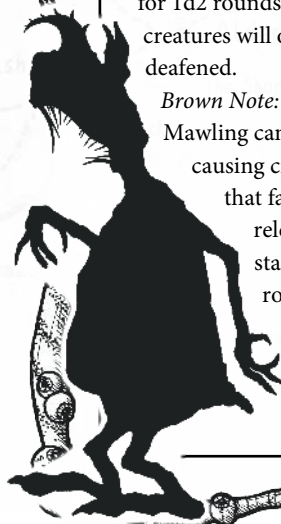
Mawlings live just outside the towns of Derbyshire, especially Overseal and Netherseal.

Activity

Active sporadically throughout the day and night, Mawlings are most noticeable in the early hours of the morning when they project their deep, thunderous mating calls into the air.

Eating

Mawlings eat rabbits and smaller rodents that they first stun with their sonic boom. They hunt in packs known as 'crews'. Typically, one Mawling sneaks into a warren, stuns the inhabitants, and then the rest of the crew run to collect their meals.



Fight or Flight

Mawlings are not particularly fierce fighters, and will use their bellows to intimidate foes into running away. When particularly threatened, they can emit a bowel-releasing note once per day to incommode attackers. They can see well in the dark, and when it is pitch black, their fifth eye allows them to see the world through sonic vibrations and echolocation.



Gollob Gobool

Description

Gollob Gobool, or Golly to his friends, wears loose fitting leather armour painted with red and blue circles. His horn is wrapped with a brightly coloured beaded string. He carries a polka-dotted shield and a drab, overstuffed rucksack.

Motivations

One of Golly's great pleasures is to team up with a Conus Ogre and mimic the sounds of the claps of thunder while watching the lightning streak down on the Ogre's head. Golly believes that his beads make him immune to lightning, but so far, he has just been very lucky. Golly is fond of Mouseling hunting, as are most of his kind, but has frequently been overwhelmed by their defences. Some of them have apparently learned to plug their ears and attacked Golly *en masse*. He would like to find a better Mouseling trap.

Gollob Gobool

Level: 4 **Alignment:** Neutral

Height: 4 ft. 11 in. **Weight:** 167 lbs

Age: 21 years **Move:** 12

STR: 11 **Hit Points:** 18

INT: 7 **AC:** 5 [14]

WIS: 6 **Saving Throw:** 11

CON: 12 **BHB:** +2

DEX: 14 **XP Bonus:** –

CHA: 12

Special: *Bellow:* Gollob can make a sonic blast that does 1d6 points of damage to all within 20 feet who fail their saving throw. He can do this three times per day.

Tunnelling: Gollob can use his sonic senses to detect adjacent tunnels or chambers underground through up to 20 feet of stone or 10 feet of soil.

Awareness: Only surprised on a 1 in 6.

Armour: leather **Shield:** wooden

Helm: –

Weapons: club (1d4)

Equipment: backpack of bones and teeth.

Traits & Mannerisms

Golly has learned to adjust his bellow to emit the occasional high-pitched noises with which he can break the occasional glass object. He is developing this into a talent and amuses himself by placing empty bottles around him and then waiting for bottlejacks to gate into them before shattering them with his tones.

Equipment

Golly carries a wooden club and has a backpack full of teeth and small bones. He often sorts through them after a meal to see if he wants to trade any of his old ones out for new.

Lair & Valuables

Gollob Gobool lives in an abandoned farmer's shack in a field that was last used about fifty years ago. Attracted by the multitude of rodents, he has never found reason to relocate. The farmer left some rusted tools that Gollob has set against the rear wall and a lock box buried beneath the old hearth that he doesn't know about. The box contains a water-filled glass sphere that shows the weather for the next ten days.



Thunderer

In combat, the Thunderer fights as a Thief. They can use any one-handed melee weapon, and carry a shield. They can wear leather armour.

Prime Attribute: none

Hit Dice: 1d8/Level (2 Hit

Points/Level after 10th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: leather

Weapons Permitted: one-handed
melee weapons

Race: Mawlings only

Thunderer Abilities

Alignment: Thunderers are typically Neutral.

Awareness: A Thunderer is only surprised on a 1 in 6.

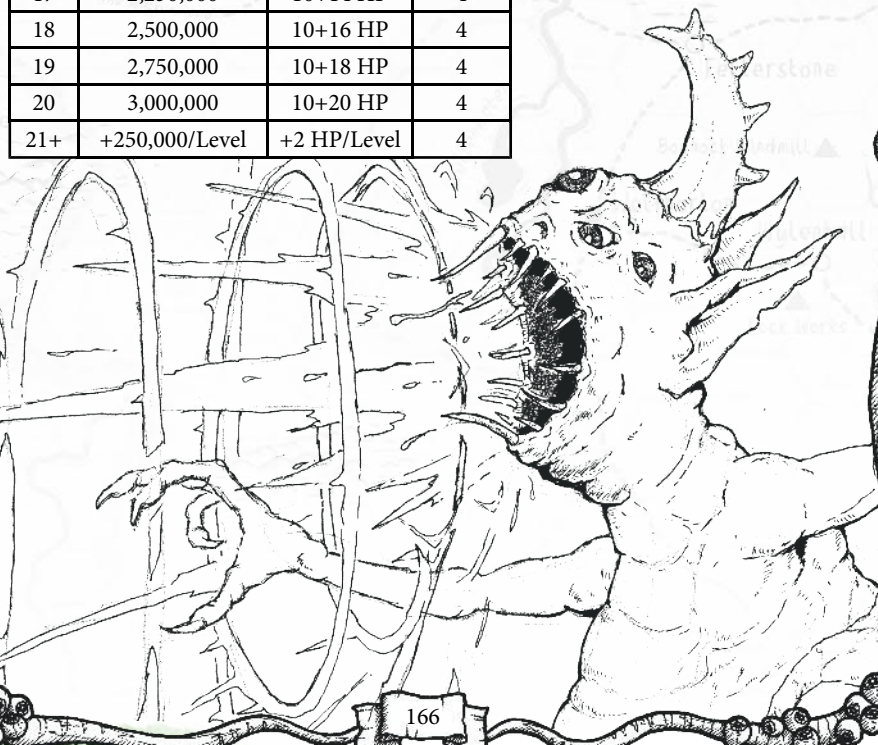
Bellow: A Thunderer can make a sonic blast attack three times per day. At Level 1, a Thunderer's sonic attack does 1d3 points of damage to all within 20 feet who fail their save. At Level 3 it increases to 1d6 damage. At Level 6, the damage increases to 3d6 and those failing their save are stunned for one round and knocked prone. At Level 9, the damage increases to 6d6 with a successful saving throw only reducing damage to half, the range increases to 60 feet, and any stone, ceramic, or similar material within range must make a saving throw or be disintegrated. At Level 12, the sonic attack does 12d6 points of damage or half with a successful save, and anybody within its 60 feet range is deafened for 1 day if they make their saving throw or permanently if

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d8)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	14
2	2,000	2	13
3	4,000	3	12
4	8,000	4	11
5	16,000	5	10
6	32,000	6	9
7	64,000	7	8
8	128,000	8	7
9	256,000	9	6
10	500,000	10	5
11	750,000	10+2 HP	4
12	1,000,000	10+4 HP	4
13	1,250,000	10+6 HP	4
14	1,500,000	10+8 HP	4
15	1,750,000	10+10 HP	4
16	2,000,000	10+12 HP	4
17	2,250,000	10+14 HP	4
18	2,500,000	10+16 HP	4
19	2,750,000	10+18 HP	4
20	3,000,000	10+20 HP	4
21+	+250,000/Level	+2 HP/Level	4

they fail. The blast can destroy trees and other wooden material.

Tunnelling: At Level 3 and higher, Thunderers can use their sonic senses to detect adjacent tunnels or chambers underground through up to 20 feet of stone or 10 feet of soil. This skill can often find the location of secret doors, but not necessarily the means to open them.

Sonic Unlocking: At Level 6 and higher, a Mawling can control its sonic vibrations to pick locks like a Thief of three Levels lower.



MOUSELING

Monster Description

Mouselings are mostly large mice, but unlike mice, they have barbed heads and somewhat rabbit-like eyes and ears. They are covered in a soft brown or white fur that is highly valued by Middellanders, who lure them from their lairs with wind-pipes.

Height: 1–4 feet.

Weight: 10–40 lbs.

Lifespan: 5–8 years.

Location

Mouselings live throughout the Middelands, but a large Mouseling colony is known to be near Leyswood. They inhabit both urban and rural

environments and live in shallow underground burrows that they are constantly re-digging and shoring up again to create labyrinths anew.

Activity

Mouselings are primarily nocturnal, although a strong Mouseling 'king' can

Mouseling/Warrior/King

Mouselings come in three varieties. The standard Mouseling is the smallest of the species. Then the Warrior, then the King.

Hit Dice: 1d4 Hit Points/1 Hit Dice/3 Hit Dice

AC: 7 [12]/6 [13]/6 [13]

Atk: *Mouseling:* bite (1d2),

Warrior: bite (1d4) and claw (1d6),

King: bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6).

Saving Throw: 18/17/14

Special: *Swarming:* Standard

Mouselings can enter an opponent's space and up to 10 may attack a single medium sized opponent. In quantity, they often attempt to force their prey to

the ground prone (use grappling rules) before attacking.

Leaping: All mouselings can leap 10 feet+1 foot per Hit Dice.

Telepathy: All mouselings can communicate with each other telepathically.

Colony Bravery: Warriors and Kings are immune to fear and charm within 100 feet of the colony.

Weapon Use: Warriors and Kings can use weapons and other items as size permits.

Move: 9/12/12

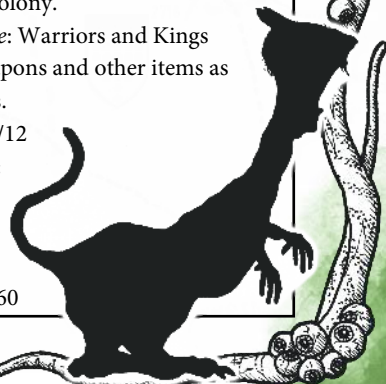
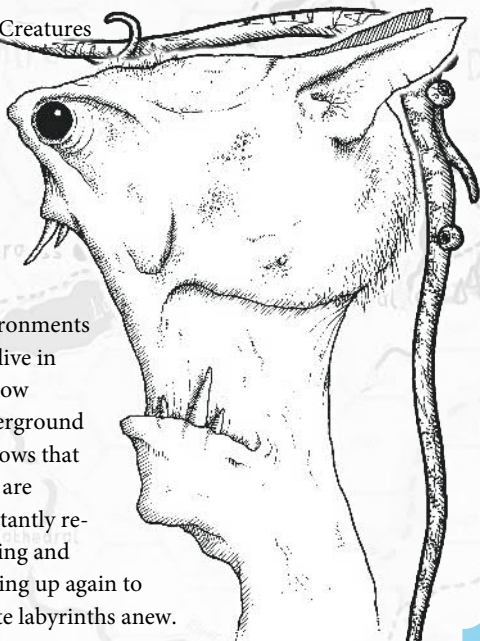
Alignment:

Chaotic

Challenge

Level/XP:

A/5 1/15 3/60



command his warriors to carry out a raid at any time of the day if it is needed.

Eating

Mouselings eat most anything, but they tend to avoid rotten or mouldy food.

Fight or Flight

The bigger they are, the braver and more capable of fighting Mouselings are. Most Mouselings are small and only attack with overwhelming numbers. Otherwise, they flee into their burrows or any available hidey-hole. The larger, medium-sized, warrior Mouselings attack with tooth and clawed feet and are brave as long as their leader is looking on or may learn of their behaviour-or cowardice. Mouseling leaders or 'kings', despite being nearly twice as large as the warriors, assert their dominance by leading from the rear and rarely engage in combat. If cornered while warriors are still watching, they fight fiercely, but they flee as soon as the last warrior falls.



Eekillian

Description

Eekillian is patterned like a zebra. She has shoulder pads crafted from copper ladles and wears the underpinnings of a saddle as armour on her back. She carries a butcher knife.

Eekillian

Level: 5	Alignment: Neutral
Height: 3ft. 6 in.	Weight: 26 lbs
Age: 3 years	Move: 12
STR: 14	Hit Points: 17
INT: 14	AC: 6 [13]
WIS: 7	Saving Throw: 10
CON: 10	BHB: +2
DEX: 15	XP Bonus: +5%
CHA: 12	

Special: *Detect Magic Sniff:* Eekillian can detect magic items automatically.
Leaping: Eekillian can leap 15 feet.
Telepathy: Eekillian can communicate telepathically with other mouselings.
Reduce Size: Eekillian can effectively reduce her size by half for up to five minutes at a time to squeeze into tunnels and other tight spaces. Whilst reduced in size, she cannot attack but her Armour Class is improved by 2.

Armour: miscellaneous bits of metal and leather.

Shield: – **Helm:** –

Weapons: butcher's knife (1d4)

Equipment: magic ring

Motivations

While guarding her king, Eekillian was part of a losing battle against an invading Muckulus. Thinking his warriors were all dead, the King sprinted away while the Muckulus pulled a few of the more succulent-looking Colony Protectors away. Eekillian was not dead, merely stunned, but having seen her King's cowardice, would be unwelcome back in her colony. She has been travelling about seeking food and shelter where she can find it. She would like to find a new group that would welcome her abilities.

Traits & Mannerisms

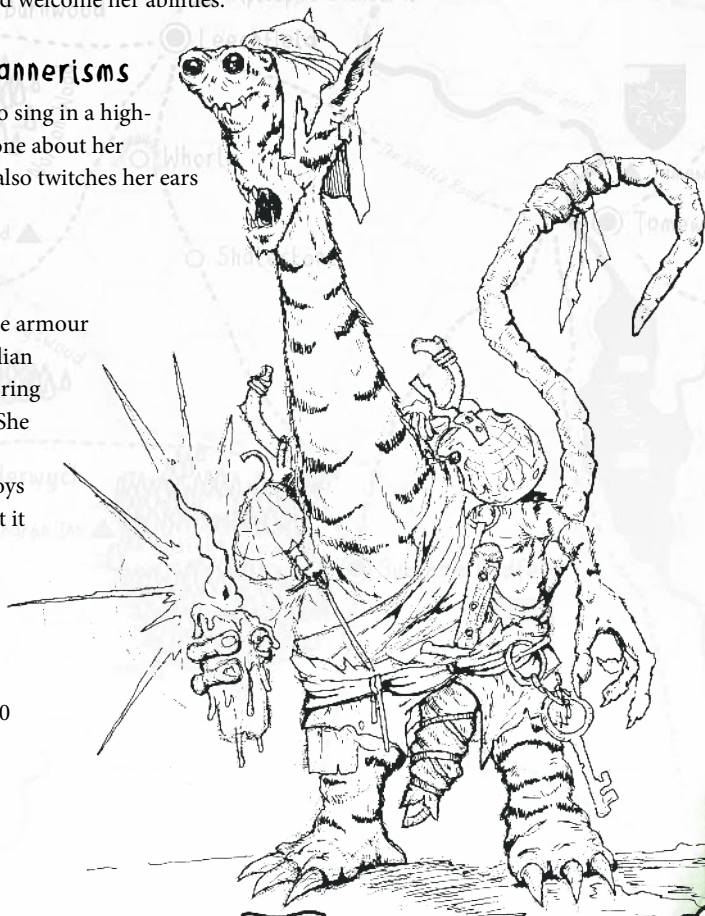
Eekillian loves to sing in a high-pitched, nasal tone about her childhood. She also twitches her ears frequently.

Equipment

Under the saddle armour she wears, Eekillian keeps a magical ring that she found. She is unsure of its powers, but enjoys the perfume that it surrounds her with. Eekillian smells of lavender and this can be detected up to 30 feet away.

Lair & Valuables

Eekillian has found a previously abandoned secret chamber in the dungeon of an old keep. She has filled it with bits of fabric and fur and a silvered helm that she uses as a water dish. The helm would be worth 15 gold coins if properly cleaned.



Colony Protector

In combat, the Colony Protector fights as a Fighter. They can use any appropriately sized weapon, including slings, small bows, and thrown weapons. They do not use shields. They may wear random pieces of metal or hide as armour, providing an Armour Class bonus of between 1 and 4.

Colony Protector Abilities

Alignment: Colony Protectors are typically Chaotic.

Swarm Bonus: When fighting to protect smaller Mouselings, Colony Protectors gain +1 to their to-hit rolls and saving throws for every 10 Mouselings being protected.

Leaping: Colony Protectors can leap 10 feet+1 foot per Level.

Telepathy: Colony Protectors can communicate with each other and with other Mouselings telepathically.

Colony Bravery: Colony Protectors are immune from charm and fear effects when within 100 feet of their colony.

Reduce Size: Colony Protectors can effectively reduce their size by 50% for up to five minutes at a time to squeeze into tunnels and other spaces. Whilst reduced in size, a Colony Protector cannot attack but their Armour Class improved by 2.

Prime Attribute: Strength

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (1 Hit Point/Level after 12th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: random pieces of metal or hide as armour, no shield.

Weapons Permitted: any appropriately sized weapon, including slings, small bows, and thrown weapons.

Race: Warrior Mouselings only

Detect Magic Sniff (Level 4): At Level 4, Colony Protectors gain the ability to automatically *detect magic* by scent. They can detect low level magic (+1 weapons and armour, potions, lesser rings, etc.) up to 15 feet away and more powerful magic up to 30 feet away. At Level 6 they automatically detect arcane spell casters at up to 30 feet away.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	14
2	1,500	2	13
3	3,000	3	12
4	6,000	4	11
5	12,000	5	10
6	24,000	6	9
7	50,000	7	8
8	100,000	8	7
9	200,000	9	6
10	300,000	10	5
11	400,000	11	4
12	500,000	12	4
13	600,000	12+1 HP	4
14	700,000	12+2 HP	4
15	800,000	12+3 HP	4
16	900,000	12+4 HP	4
17	1,000,000	12+5 HP	4
18	1,100,000	12+6 HP	4
19	1,200,000	12+7 HP	4
20	1,300,000	12+8 HP	4
21+	+100,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4

EQUINIAN

Monster Description

Equinians have golden-scaled bodies and shimmering black-scaled tails. They are leonine in posture, but have an almost equine head. Their wings are dragon-like in shape, but appear much too small for their bodies

Height: 10 feet long, 2 feet tall at the shoulder.

Weight: 300 lbs.

Lifespan: 800 years.

Location

Equinians are thought to only live in the Leyswood, although there have been sightings of flights of equinians in other areas of the Middelands.

Activity

Equinians are active during the day and make a daily flying tribute to the sun as it rises and sets.

Eating

Equinians eat large amounts of nuts and berries, and the occasional squirrel or other small rodent or bird.

“Are you another pitiful fool, here to steal my tail? If so, you will die like all the others.”



Equinian

Hit Dice: 8

AC: 0 [19]

Atk: tail (2d6+4), special, spells

Saving Throw: 8

Special: *Tail Smash:* On a ‘to-hit’ roll of a natural 20, the Equinian tail breaks a shield, some armour, or a weapon in addition to causing damage. This does not affect magical items.

Mystical Missiles: Equinians can cast *magic missile* as a 5th Level Magic-user twice per day.

Plantwalking: They can cast *passplant* with a six-hour duration once per day.

Many Equinians: They can cast *mirror image* once per day, always creating four images when they do so.

Move: 12/Fly 24

Alignment: Lawful

Challenge Level/XP: 9/1,100



Fight or Flight

Equinians typically live in a harras of ten. In this group, they are nearly fearless of animals, although they are well aware that humans and their ilk often hunt them for their skins and tails. If attacked, they fight with spells and their fierce club-like tails. They often cast *mirror image* to make their harras look even more formidable as a means of avoiding a fight altogether.



Garagol Usipine the Black

Description

While maintaining a golden hue, Garagol Usipine is actually black from shimmering head to satiny tail. He has yellow eyes and his wings are tipped with gold.

Motivations

Garagol leads his harras with a light touch exhorting its members to keep the forest clear of goblinoids, but to otherwise enjoy the beauty of flight, the sun, and freshly plucked acorns.

Traits & Mannerisms

Garagol is aloof and unwelcoming. He has learnt to distrust most strangers and prefers to ask questions to dead bodies later.

Equipment

None.

Lair & Valuables

The harras sleeps amongst the tallest of the great trees. Their nests are lined with goblin junk, from rusty weapons to worn fetishes. There could certainly be valuables amongst the detritus. Within their nests, they have collected food enough to last for several days.

Garagol Usipine the Black

Level: 13 **Alignment:** Lawful
Height: 2 ft. 2 in. **Length:** 9 ft. 5 in.
Weight: 26 lbs **Age:** 645 years
Move: 12/Fly 24

STR: 17 **Hit Points:** 72
INT: 18 **AC:** 0 [19]
WIS: 16 **Saving Throw:** 4
CON: 16 **BHB:** +13
DEX: 16 **XP Bonus:** –
CHA: 18

Special: *Mystical Missiles:* Garagol can cast *magic missile* as a 7th Level Magic-user up to three times per day and *fireball* as a 9th Level Magic-user once per day.

Many Equinians: Garagol can cast *mirror image* (6 images) once per day.

Plantwalking: Garagol can also cast *passplant* (6 hours) once per day.

Tail Smash: On a 'to-hit' roll of a natural 20, Garagol's tail smashes a shield, some armour, or a weapon in addition to causing damage.

Armour: – **Shield:** –
Helm: –
Weapons: tail (3d6) +special
Equipment: –

FOUR-EYED GRABBER

Monster Description

Four-eyed Grabbers have spiky snail shells and fanged alligator mouths. Between, along their lengthy necks, they have four eyes, two wriggling tentacles and a pair of useless vestigial hands.

Height: 3–4 feet.

Weight: 150 lbs.

Lifespan: 120 years.

Location

Four-eyed Grabbers live in murky ponds and children's nightmares. They are particularly abundant in Snail Pond, but can be found along any silty river banks or lake shores. A few large specimens have been seen in Gayley's Mere in the past.

Activity

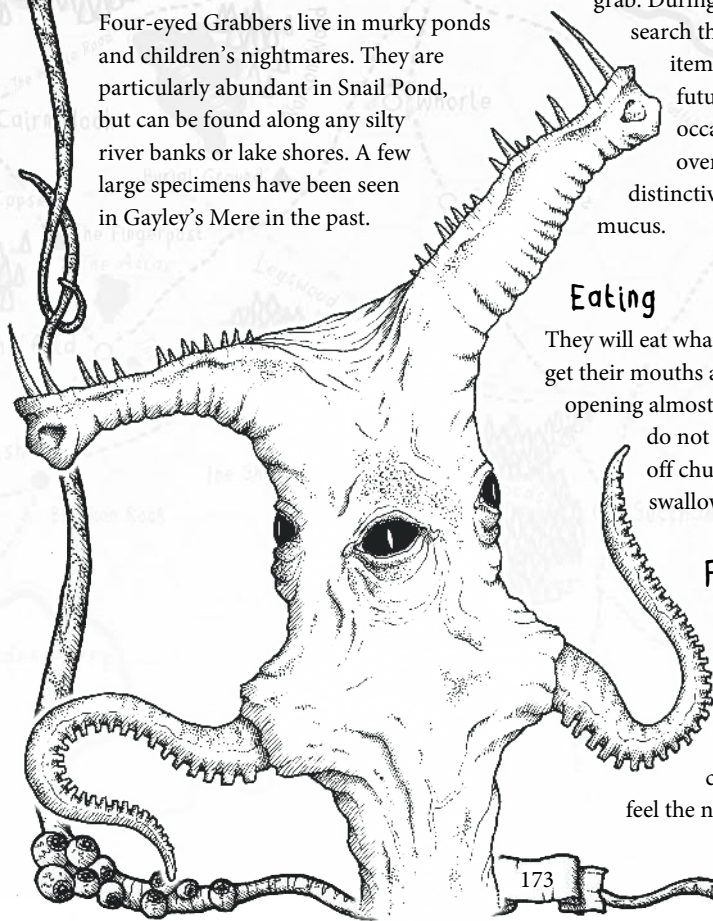
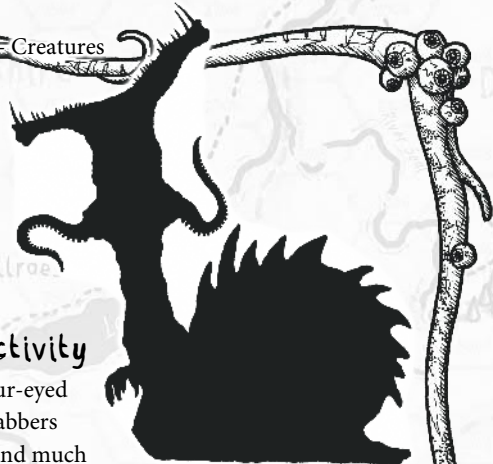
Four-eyed Grabbers spend much of their time concealed in the muck of stream beds and pond edges, just above the water line, waiting for a luscious foot to come by and grab. During the dark of night, they search the water floor for shiny items which they bury for future enjoyment. They very occasionally wander overland, leaving behind a distinctive silvery-green trail of mucus.

Eating

They will eat whatever live food they can get their mouths around — their jaws opening almost 180 degrees apart. They do not chew their food and tear off chunks of animals they can't swallow whole.

Fight or Flight

Four-eyed Grabbers are generally able to keep their hardened carapaces foremost in any melee confrontation so rarely feel the need to back out of a



Four-eyed Grabber

Hit Dice: 2

AC: 1 [18]

Atk: Bite (1d12), special.

Saving Throw: 16

Special: *Swallow:* If a Four-eyed Grabber bites a small or smaller creature, it must make a saving throw to avoid being swallowed whole. Swallowed creatures suffer 1d4 points of digestive damage per round and are immobilised.

Medium and larger creatures are not swallowed, but must make a saving throw to escape the bite. They can attempt this each round. Each round that they are within the jaws of the Grabber, they take an additional 2d6 damage and have a 10% chance per

round of having a limb or other body part ripped off.

Waterise: A Grabber can grab a metal item from a creature or person held in its maw and transmute the item to water, similar to the *transmute metal to wood* spell. Magical items are immune to this effect. It can do this once per day.

Use Magical Items: Grabbers who happen upon magical wands, rods, staves, potions, or rings can use them with their tentacles. Many a mage has spent a few sleepless nights trying to understand how they can use these items as they are widely considered unintelligent.

Move: 3/Swim 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 3/60

fight. They do not start a fight unless they are looking for food, in which case they will snap onto pretty much anything that comes by and looks edible.



Sluggen Blackshell

Description

Sluggen Blackshell has a pale-yellow neck and head extending from his spiked, black shell. The underside of his shell has a pale green stripe from front to back. He is missing half of one of his tentacles, which was bitten off in a fight with another grabber. His shell is marked with cracks and scratches.

Motivations

Sluggen Blackshell has acquired a ring. Whilst he does not fully understand how it works, he believes that it is the reason he is always exhausted. He once bit off the end of his tentacle in an attempt to remove it, but the ring somehow ended up just above where he bit. He would like to

get the ring removed so he feels his old self once again.

Traits & Mannerisms

Sluggen's mood is greatly affected by the ring he wears. He has a 'can't be bothered' attitude, and is often petulant. If pushed, this turns into a short-lived rage, often ended by sheer exhaustion and then a flood of tears.

Equipment

Sluggen's cursed ring of exhaustion has reduced his Strength and Constitution by 3 points each.

Lair & Valuables

Sluggen has no permanent lair, but is usually found hidden by tall grasses, embedded in muck near an oxbow lake waiting for slow-moving food to come by.

Sluggen Blackshell

Level: 2 **Alignment:** Chaotic

Height: 4 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 144 lbs

Age: 92 years **Move:** 3/Swim 6

STR: 8 (11) **Hit Points:** 8

INT: 5 **AC:** 1 [18]

WIS: 7 **Saving Throw:** 16

CON: 12 (15) **BHB:** +2

DEX: 8 **XP Bonus:** -

CHA: 9

Special: *Swallow:* If Sluggen bites a small or smaller creature, they must make a saving throw to avoid being swallowed whole. Swallowed creatures suffer 1d4 points of digestive damage per round and are immobilised. Medium and

larger creatures are not swallowed, but must make a saving throw to escape the bite. They can attempt this each round. Each round that they are within Sluggen's jaws, they take an additional 2d6 damage and have a 10% chance per round of having a limb or other body part ripped off.

Waterise: Once per day, Sluggen can grab a non-magical metal item from a creature or person held in its maw and transmute the item to water, similar to the *transmute metal to wood* spell.

Armour: -

Shield: -

Helm: -

Weapons: bite (1d12-1), swallow

Equipment: ring of exhaustion

OORGTHRAX

Monster Description

The Oorgthrax is a monstrous serpent, nearly 20 feet long, with a bulbous head covered in stalks of various sorts: two eyestalks, a mouthstalk, four handstalks, and four mace-like spike stalks. It has been reported as being deep purple, black, olive green, or a ruddy brown in colour.

Length: 20 feet.

Weight: 800 lbs.

Lifespan: Unknown.

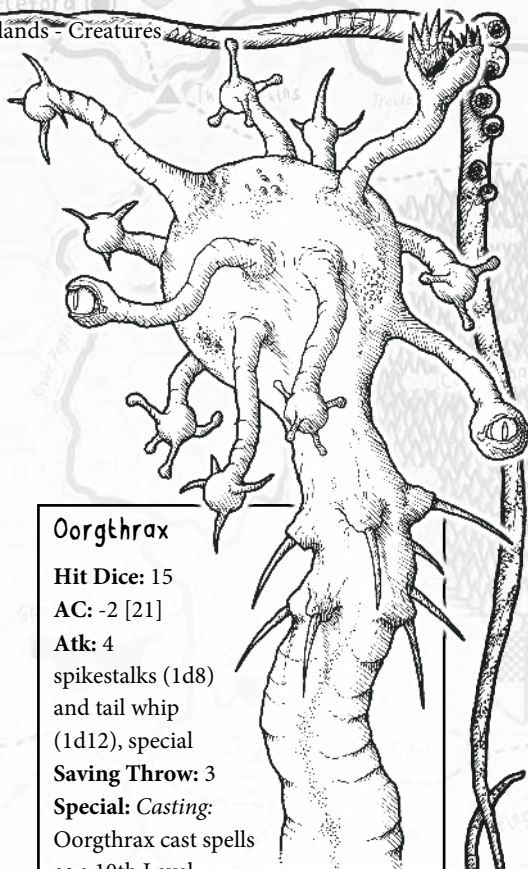
Location

Oorgthrax live solitary lives under some of the Middlerlands' larger marshes, including Deadford and near the Orr Pond and Hemlock Water. It is not known for sure if there are multiples of these creatures or if they travel either underground or through another plane. Stories do tell of their being seen slithering through dark forests and over

mountain crags, but such stories are routinely dismissed as nothing more than rumours.

Activity

An Oorgthrax lives to spread evil. Torture, dissent, confusion, and fear seem to give it energy and pleasure. It meddles with the world through mentally controlled minions, striving to bring the lands into



Oorgthrax

Hit Dice: 15

AC: -2 [21]

Atk: 4

speikstalks (1d8)
and tail whip

(1d12), special

Saving Throw: 3

Special: *Casting:*

Oorgthrax cast spells
as a 10th Level

Magician-user and know
spells as desired by the Game Master.
They always know *charm person* and
charm monster and frequently use
them to attract followers.

Converse: They can communicate
telepathically or verbally in any
language. *Hard-to-kill:* They
regenerate 5 Hit Points/round and
have a 50% resistance to magic.

Army: They are typically surrounded
by a small army of dead that they have
animated.

Move: 18/Swim 18

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP:

20/4500

chaos. It may be active on other planes as well, as it seems that many years can pass between sightings of these creatures.

Eating

Oorgthrax absorb nutrition through their bodies, bathing in the bloody carcasses of their victims. They reserve their mouths for speech.

Fight or Flight

Oorgthrax rarely run. They are too fond of watching others run away instead. Oorgthrax fight with mental control, arcane magic, and their vicious spikestalks.



Mullthrax Y'tharg of Deadford

Description

Mullthrax Y'tharg has been variously described over the eons as everything from a giant snake to a medium-sized dragon. Those describing him have sometimes been under his charm and other times simply insane with terror. The truth is that his body colour changes with his mood and surroundings.

Motivations

Mullthrax Y'tharg seeks to undermine and enslave the populace of Deadford. He has been successful in recent centuries, but order seems to keep rearing its ugly head. His current pleasure is animating the bodies of dead animals and sending them to rampage through farms of the area.

Traits & Mannerisms

Mullthrax is actually very shy indeed, and suffers from low self-esteem. He often uses charm spells just to have the recipients tell him how magnificent and likeable he is. It is unclear, but it is thought that during his juvenile years, the terrified reactions of monsters and humans alike affected his sense of self-worth. So conversely, he gets angry when people are terrified of him, because inside he knows he is a likeable sort. This anger results in beating terrified victims to death.

Mullthrax Y'tharg of Deadford

Level: 15 **Alignment:** Chaotic

Height: 18 ft. 10 in.

Weight: 816 lbs

Age: unknown **Move:** 18/Swim 18

STR: 18 **Hit Points:** 85

INT: 18 **AC:** -2 [21]

WIS: 12 **BHB:** +15

CON: 16 **XP Bonus:** -

DEX: 14

CHA: 17

Saving Throw: 3 (50% resistance to magic)

Special: *Casting:* Mullthrax casts spells as a 10th Level Magic-user. He always

has at least one casting each of *charm person* and *charm monster* in addition to a wide range of offensive spells.

Converse: Mullthrax can communicate telepathically or verbally in any language.

Hard-to-kill: Mullthrax regenerates 5 Hit Points/round and has a 50% resistance to magic.

Armour: -

Shield: -

Helm: -

Weapons: spikestalks, tail

Equipment: several dozen undead and tens of goblinoids and other nasty beasts.

Equipment

None.

Lair & Valuables

Mullthrax Y'tharg lives at least part of his time beneath the marshes of Deadford. He has a large subterranean lair protected by an army of undead and many dozens of weak-minded goblinoids and beasts that have succumbed to his mind control spells. He often lets out rumours of great buried treasure to entice adventuring parties his way. He especially likes to destroy those that fight for good and law.

SIX-HEADED SEWER GRIPE

Monster Description

Six-headed Sewer Gripes are covered in a black-green, sweaty hide covered in warts and growths. They have a huge, bipedal form consisting of a massive trunk and two elephantine legs, supporting three muscular necks. Each neck has a double head at its end — each with a long yellow proboscis and a gaping, toothless maw. They have two arms that end in gruesome tripartite claws. With twelve ears and twelve eyes, Six-headed Sewer Gripes are never surprised.

Height: 8–10 feet.

Weight: 600 lbs.

Lifespan: 250 years.

Location

Six-headed Sewer Gripes, sometimes called Midden Hydras, live deep in the hills of the Middlerlands, far from anybody or anything that would drive it from their lair or kill it.

There are many to the west across the border into Tealfordhsire and beyond, but rumours of a small group around the borders of Cairn Chase Forest are often heard in the quiet taverns in Rudgley.

Activity

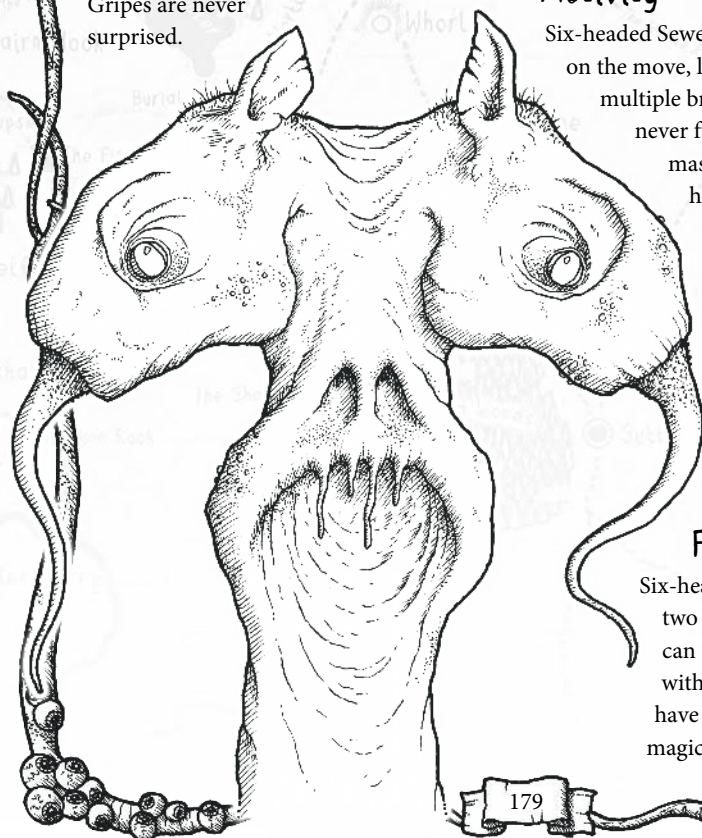
Six-headed Sewer Gripes are constantly on the move, looking for prey. With multiple brains, the creature is never fully asleep, and with a massive stomach it is always hungry.

Eating

Six-headed Sewer Gripes eat flesh, the fresher the better. They also feed on magic when they can find sources of it.

Fight or Flight

Six-headed Sewer Gripes have two massive claw attacks, can stomp smaller creatures with their massive feet, and have the ability to dispel magic and defend themselves



Six-headed Sewer Gripe

Hit Dice: 13

AC: 2 [17]

Atk: 2 claws (1d10) and stomp (2d10) and up to 3 proboscis (*dispel magic*), special

Saving Throw: 3

Special: *Decapitate:* If a claw attack hits with a natural 20, its target is decapitated. A saving throw avoids this.

Knock Prone: After a stomp attack, creatures within 5 feet, including the creature attacked, must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

De-magic Lick: A touch attack with the proboscis effectively casts *dispel magic* as if cast by a 13th Level Magic-user.

Magical Protection: If a Six-headed Sewer Gripe is successful in dispelling the magic, they can use the energy on the next round to cast a combination of *anti-magic shell* and *protection from normal missiles* that lasts for one round for each Level of magic dispelled, or five minutes in the case of a disabled magic item.

Hyper-alert: They are never surprised and can see invisible creatures and objects.

Foul-breath: In addition to the creature's other actions, each head can spit out a breath weapon that acts like the spell *cloudkill* once per day.

Move: 12

Alignment: Chaotic

Challenge Level/XP: 16/3900

with a magical shell. They do not run and are constantly seeking creatures to consume.



"Sssbb, Holken, be quiet!"

*There are eyes and ears
everywhere in this tavern and
I don't need the kind of
attention that a sighting of a
sewer gripe brings with it,
y'know what I mean?"*



Groo Yreeth Yroth

Description

Groo Yreeth Yroth has matching gilded iron collars with links of chain hanging from them. Iron bands wrap his mighty ankles and wrists. His torso is covered in scars left over from magical lightning and poisoned whips.

Motivations

Having achieved his freedom, Groo Yreeth Yroth will stop at nothing to retain

it. Living deep in the hills and switching between temporary locations, he feeds on small creatures while allying with and dominating larger ones. He sends these ones out looking for magic to feed his lust for arcane energy.

Traits & Mannerisms

Groo is a voracious hunter of arcane meals. If he senses magic in the area, he won't stop until he has it. He often flicks out his proboscis-like tongues as if using them to sniff the air like a snake.

Groo Yreeth Yroth

Level: 13 **Alignment:** Chaotic

Height: 8 ft. 2 in. **Weight:** 552 lbs

Age: 180 years **Move:** 12

STR: 18 **Hit Points:** 75

INT: 8 **Armour Class:** 2 [17]

WIS: 7 **Saving Throw:** 3

CON: 18 **BHB:** +13

DEX: 16 **XP Bonus:** -

CHA: 10

Special: *Magical Protection:* Because of his collars, Groo doesn't need to use his *De-magic Lick* ability to 'charge' his magical protection. Groo can always cast *anti-magic shell* and *protection from normal missiles* for a five minute duration every ten minutes and more frequently if he has access to external magic to lick.

Foul-breath: Groo can spit up to six *cloudkill* attacks per day.

Decapitation: If Groo hits with a natural 20 on either of his claw attacks, the

victim is decapitated. A saving throw applies to avoid this.

Knock Prone: After a stomp attack, creatures within 5 feet, including the creature attacked, must make a saving throw or be knocked prone.

De-magic Lick: A touch attack with Groo's proboscis effectively casts *dispel magic* as if cast by a 13th Level Magic-user.

Hyper-alert: Groo is never surprised and sees invisible creatures and objects.

Armour: - **Shield:** -

Helm: -

Weapons: claws (1d10), foot (2d10).

Equipment: Many miscellaneous magic items nearby, some act as if cursed, others have random effects, and a few work as intended.

For found items, roll 1d10;

1-5 — doesn't work at all,

6-8 — works at reduced effect,

9-10 — works as normal.

Equipment

Despite being aged and broken, Groo's collars are magical, allowing him to use his magical protection ability on himself without the need to dispel any magic.

Lair & Valuables

While Groo Yreeth Yroth doesn't have a lair *per se*, the primary areas that he patrols are festooned with magic items, empty potion bottles and discarded and ruined scrolls. Many of the items function erratically if at all after the years of being used as a source of energy, but surely some still would be useful to an adventuring party. The areas that Groo Yreeth Yroth is more likely to pass through are also more likely to have magic items.

"I know it stinks pretty bad, but this is the fastest shortcut to the tavern, and avoids The Town Watch, so it's worth putting up with."

"Is that a dead horse floating in the sewage? How the hell did tha..."

Splosh. Slice. Plop.



THORNED BRIARLING

Monster

Description

Thorned Briarlings are humanoid in shape with woody skin. They have leaves and small branches in place of hair on various parts of their bodies. They have elongated muscular limbs and great beaver-like teeth.

Height: 4 feet.

Weight: 120 lbs.

Lifespan: 300 years.

Location

Thorned Briarlings live in clans in the forest. There is a large colony of them in Oldfeld Woods.

Activity

Thorned Briarlings spend their time looking after their woodland homes. They range throughout their woodland homes, keeping an eye on the plants and animals of the region. They are primarily active in the mornings and evenings, particularly so in the warm months, but they do seek out the nocturnal animals and check up on hibernators as well.

Eating

Thorned Briarlings primarily eat deadfall although they also enjoy some fast-growing variants of ivy.

Fight or Flight

In general, Thorned Briarlings are peaceful creatures and prefer

Thorned Briarling

Hit Dice: 1–6 Hit Dice

AC: Refer to the Thorned Briarling — Abilities Table.

Atk: 2 fists (1d4+1), special

Saving Throw: Refer to the Thorned Briarling — Abilities Table.

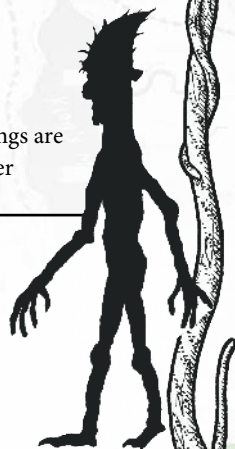
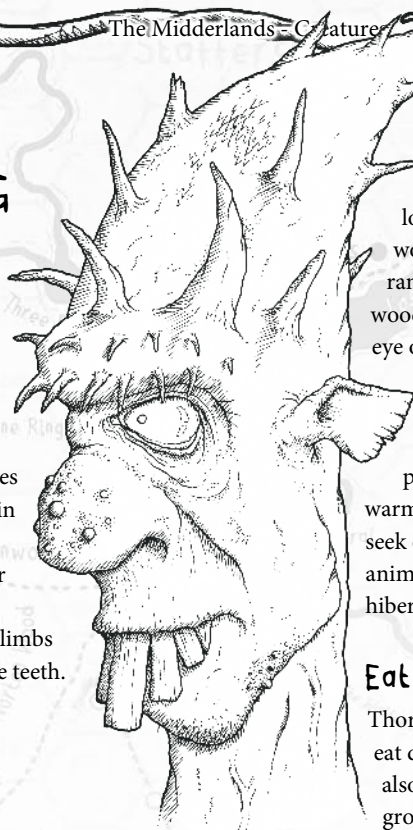
Special: *Clubfist:* Anybody who makes a melee attack against a Thorned Briarling or who is hit by both of their fists must make a successful saving throw or fall into a poison-induced sleep for 1d6 rounds.

Innate Casting: They can cast spells as per the Thorned Briarling — Abilities Table.

Move: 12/Swim 9

Alignment: Neutral

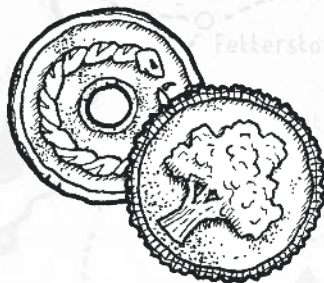
Challenge Level/XP: Refer to the Thorned Briarling — Abilities Table.



Thorned Briarling — Abilities Table

Ability/Statistic	1	2	3	4	5	6
	Hit Dice	Hit Dice	Hit Dice	Hit Dice	Hit Dice	Hit Dice
Saving Throw	17	16	14	13	12	11
Armour Class	9 [10]	8 [11]	7 [12]	6 [13]	5 [14]	4 [15]
Challenge Level/XP	1/15	2/30	3/60	5/240	6/400	8/800
Speak with Plants	2/day	2/day	3/day	3/day	3/day	At will
Warp Wood	1/day	1/day	2/day	2/day	2/day	3/day
Locate Plants	--	1/day	1/day	2/day	2/day	2/day
Plant Growth	--	--	1/day	1/day	2/day	2/day
Plant Doorway	--	--	1/day	1/day	2/day	2/day
Passplant	--	--	--	1/day	1/day	2/day
Sticks to Snakes	--	--	--	1/day	1/day	2/day
Repel Wood	--	--	--	--	1/day	2/day
Transport via Plants	--	--	--	--	1/day	2/day

avoidance and trickery to outright confrontation. The one exception is an extreme reaction to open flame; travellers are warned to avoid campfires in certain locations as Thorned Briarlings go into a rage and attack any fire users. They use their communication skills to pass messages to other Briarlings and attempt to overwhelm the fire users with sheer numbers.



"I've been trying to capture one of those briarlings for years. They are so bloody wily. One moment you think you've got 'em, the next they're gone!"

Oakenwood

Description

Oakenwood stands tall for her people, reaching four feet. She often wears a shawl woven of vines about her shoulders. Strings of golden leaves cascade from her head and walks with a slight limp.

Motivations

Oakenwood's main passion is the birds of her forest. While she looks after all the creatures of the forest, the songs and plumage of the avian denizens speak to her most strongly. She would do most anything for the chance to fly amongst them for an hour.

Traits & Mannerisms

Oakenwood occasionally chirps like a bird of the forest for no reason.

Equipment

Oakenwood's magic shawl of vines gives the diminutive wearer immunity from any sort of entanglement.

Lair & Valuables

Oakenwood sleeps in the fork of a large oak. From the ground, it is very difficult to distinguish her from the tree itself. She keeps a large collection of acorns there and brings them around to plant in various parts of the forest. She also collects seeds to feed to the birds that regularly visit her.

Oakenwood

Level: 3 **Alignment:** Neutral
Height: 4 ft. **Weight:** 99 lbs
Age: 75 years **Move:** 12/Swim 9

STR: 9 **Hit Points:** 11
INT: 13 **AC:** 6 [13]
WIS: 9 **BHB:** +1
CON: 11 **XP Bonus:** –
DEX: 16
CHA: 15

Saving Throw: 12 (+2 versus fire, lightning, disease and poison)

Special: *Tracking:* Oakenwood tracks as a Level 3 Ranger.

Oakenwood's shawl makes her immune to entanglements and she can pass through dense brush without slowing.

Armour: – **Shield:** –

Helm: –

Weapons: 2 clubfists (1d4) – if both hit, make a saving throw or sleep for 1d6 rounds.

Equipment: shawl of vines



*"Hello, little wood lady.
 Ah, isn't she sweet with
 her huge planks for teeth?"*

Forest Guardian

In combat, the Forest Guardian fights as a druid. They can use only non-metallic weapons, including stone or glass tipped arrows, slings, and clubs. They can use wooden shields. They do not wear armour or much of anything else.

Forest Guardian Abilities

Alignment: Forest Guardians must be Neutral.

Skin of Bark: A Forest Guardian's Armour Class improves from 9 [10] at Level 1, then by one point for every Level up to Armour Class -2 [21] at Level 12, plus any shield bonus.

Tracking: Within a forest, Forest Guardians can track as a Ranger of the same Level.

Clubfist: Forest Guardians can use their fists as clubs (1d4). At Level 1, they can only make one attack, but at Level 3, they can make two attacks per round with their fists. If both fist attacks hit, the target must make a saving throw or fall into a poison-induced sleep for 1d6 rounds.

Resistance: Forest Guardians gain a +2 on saving throws versus fire, lightning, disease, and poison.

Innate Casting (Level 6): At Level 6, Forest Guardians gain the ability to cast Druid spells as long as they are

Prime Attribute: Wisdom

Hit Dice: 1d6/Level (1 Hit Point/Level after 9th)

Armour/Shield Permitted: none.

Weapons Permitted: non-metallic weapons.

Race: Thorned Briarlings only

in a forest. Initially, these are Level 1 spells, but at Level 9, they can cast Level 2 spells, and Level 3 spells at Level 12. Forest Guardians are limited to the spells in the list on the following page.

Level	Experience Points required for Level	Hit Dice (d6)	Saving Throw
1	0	1	14
2	2,000	2	13
3	4,000	3	12
4	8,000	4	11
5	13,000	5	10
6	25,000	6	9
7	50,000	7	8
8	100,000	8	7
9	150,000	9	6
10	200,000	9+1 HP	5
11	250,000	9+2 HP	4
12	400,000	9+3 HP	4
13	550,000	9+4 HP	4
14	700,000	9+5 HP	4
15	850,000	9+6 HP	4
16	1,000,000	9+7 HP	4
17	1,150,000	9+8 HP	4
18	1,300,000	9+9 HP	4
19	1,450,000	9+10 HP	4
20	1,600,000	9+11 HP	4
21+	+150,000/Level	+1 HP/Level	4

Level	Spell	Level	Spell
Level 1	Detect Magic	Level 5	Animal Growth
	Locate Animals		Animal Summoning II
	Predict Weather		Anti-Plant Ward
	Purify Water		Commune with Nature
Level 2	Create Water		Control Winds
	Locate Plants		Hold Plant
	Obscuring Mist		Passplant
	Speak with Animals		Sticks to Snakes
Level 3	Warp Wood	Level 6	Animal Summoning III
	Cure Disease (on animals and plants only)		Anti-Animal Ward
	Plant Growth		Feeblemind
	Protection Against Fire		Repel Wood
Level 4	Animal Summoning I		Transport via Plants
	Hallucinatory Forest		Weather Summoning
	Insect Plague	Level 7	Confusion
	Plant Doorway		Transmute Metal to Wood
	Protection from Lightning		
	Speak with Plants		



Adventure in the Midderlands

SPIES IN THE SEWERS

Written by: Mark Nolan

‘Spies in the Sewers’ is a short adventure for the Midderlands setting designed to be played by four low Level characters.

Background

No one knows how much Lord Regarin knows, and who he trusts. His contact in Allraess — who has been trying to infiltrate the Silver Hand — has delivered news of an intelligence leak, and it couldn’t have come at a worse time, as his most able agents are engaged elsewhere.

Lord Regarin decides to test the trust of Horace Fallows — a contact and Full Mead Brewery employee. He has yet to bring Horace into his ‘trust circle’, currently believing his nature — but not his loyalty — to be questionable.

Regarin outlines to Horace what must be done to retrieve this ‘sensitive information’ about the leak, from the Allraess contact. Hopefully, this will help identify the source of the leak, so that it can be dealt with. Regarin needs a special

mead shipment taking to Allraess which is perfect cover for a meet up with the Allraess contact. They can then exchange the intelligence information, and bring it back to Horace. Regarin wants discretely-hired adventurers to get the information delivered — no questions asked.

Horace’s ‘questionable nature’ means he is unable to contain himself, and the feelings of importance turn into telling people who will listen about how important he now feels, effectively spilling the beans on the mission. Unfortunately, the Silver Hand have a spy in the brewery.

Horace has put word out that he is hiring at The Punched Muckulus on the same evening the party are in attendance. The Silver Hand have already arranged for some Thirteen Barbels crew to be in The Punched Muckulus to intercept Horace and take on the mission for him, effectively controlling the outcome and getting to flush out Regarin’s Allraess contact.

Adventure Synopsis

The adventurers are relaxing in The Punched Muckulus Tavern in Burnton, having spent the last of their coin on a warm bed and hot food. A cloaked man (Horace) enters and after a brief conversation with Old Tom the barman, takes a seat with some other adventurer-types at a table close to the party. While they discuss business in whispered tones, three strangers enter the tavern; after scanning the tavern they head over to the table with the cloaked newcomer and the adventurer-types and a brawl ensues.

In the ensuing chaos the cloaked man offers the party money to get him safely out of the tavern.

After helping him escape both the brawl and the tavern, Horace Fallows will be impressed by the actions of the player characters and take them into his confidence, telling them who he is and who his employer is. Further, he will offer them a simple job for his master. All they have to do is guard a shipment of precious mead to Allraess and while there collect some information from another of Lord Regarin's employees, Robert Hawkes. Being overeager, he tells them of the job before gaining their agreement.

If the adventurers decline his offer, aware he has said too much, Horace uses his master's influence to get the adventurers arrested on trumped-up charges. He then visits them and offers to get all charges dropped if they take the job.

Assuming they finally agree, before setting off, the adventurers will need to recover a scabbard that the contact, Robert Hawkes, will use to identify them. Unfortunately, Horace lost it during the brawl. On hearing the failure of the Thirteen Barbels crew to get hired, The Silver Hand's nebulous contacts dispatch a messenger on a fast horse to Allraess to hire bandits to delay the party.

The bandits will delay the party as it travels to Allraess on the following morning. Their intention is not to kill the adventurers, but to find out what they know and to ensure no backup arrives for

Hawkes while The Silver Hand try to flush him out.

On reaching Allraess, Hawkes will meet the adventurers at the wharf. Whilst talking to him they are attacked by unknown assailants, forcing Hawkes to flee into a nearby warehouse. Whilst some of his assailants remain to hinder the player characters, the majority follow Hawkes into the warehouse. As yet the adventurers still do not have the information they were sent to retrieve. Entering the warehouse they find an open grate in the ground leading down to the sewers. After searching, they find a secret passage into a small underground hideout. After working through the hideout they find the assailants who have just fatally wounded Hawkes.

If the adventurers defeat the assailants the dying contact presses two letters into their hands, one addressed to Lily Morris and the other to Lord Regarin, sealed with wax and a stamp they do not recognise. In addition, if the adventurers capture one of the assailants, they can obtain information that later leads Lord Regarin to suspect the involvement of The Silver Hand.

Adventure Start

Read the following (and all subsequent) boxed text aloud;

You are relaxing in The Punched Muckulus Tavern in Burnton, having started a game of 'Drink 'til y'am Blind'. Gravy-stained wooden plates lie discarded on the table and your last tankards of Fullmead's Headbanger are not yet half empty. Your last coin may be in the pocket of Old Tom the Landlord, but at least you have secured food and lodging for the night.

Emerald sparks dance upwards from the log fire dominating the centre of the room, reflecting briefly in the murky water of the bucket beside the fire. A sweat-glazed, red-faced young potboy turns a spit boar over the fire, his wandering eyes following the serving wenches, who periodically give him a clip round the ear with a, "*Ger out on it, ya li'l perv.*" Moss-tinged smoke obscures the furthest corners of the room as it swirls around before settling in the oaken rafters.

The tavern door swings open allowing the midderfog to seep in, covering the straw around the doorway, its deep yellow-green mixing with the smoke from the fire. A cloaked stranger steps over the threshold, closing the door behind him. The hubbub of banter and conversation across the tavern instantly drops to an inaudible whisper as the patrons eye the newcomer with suspicion. Glares follow his every step to the bar, where the stranger holds a whispered conversation

with Old Tom. There is a collective drawing of breath followed by hacking coughs as Tom reaches under the bar, where 'the Peacemaker' lies. Tom straightens and grunts something inaudible his hand rising from under the bar holding a cleaning rag and gestures towards a table where three adventurer-types sit.

As Old Tom's simple gesture the atmosphere relaxes, the deafening silence filled with bawdy jokes, mutterings about the weather, and continued hacking as folk try and clear green, smoky mucus from their lungs.

The windows shake as the door slams open a second time, three heavysset labourers stride into the tavern; their appearance ignored by the patrons. Scanning the tables, their eyes settle on the adventurer-types with the cloaked stranger; one of the newcomers closes the door, sliding its wooden bolt in place, the others stride to the table where the cloaked stranger has just sat down...

The leader of the labourers points at the three adventurer-types sitting with the stranger and drawls, "*Yow said ar mum smells lark a Wort Tench.*" before flipping the table. The three adventurer-types leap to their feet, their hands ready to draw weapons, but with his arms flapping and clearly surprised, the cloaked stranger falls to the floor and disappears from view. As the confrontation between the labourers and the adventurers escalates into blows, the rest of the tavern's patrons, never ones to overlook the opportunity for a scrap with a few cogwinders, quickly join the

fight with cries of “*Yow fucker, me fuckin’ pint!*” and “*Arm gonna smash ya fairce in!*”.

As the player characters look on, pudgy fingers appear over the edge of the player characters’ table followed by the frightened, piggy eyes and vigorously shaking chins of the stranger. Quickly surveying the party, he squeakily offers them one platinum fiver to get him safely out of the tavern.

The Bar Fight

Anyone daft enough, or drunk enough, to not notice the sense of menace or foreboding when confronting Old Tom, and tries to get behind the bar will get smacked with Old Tom’s club as he shouts, “*Oi! Fuck off, Meadhead!*”

Anyone trying to pull a weapon will find Old Tom’s club ‘the Peacemaker’ being smashed across their knuckles, forcing them to drop it, accompanied with, “*Not in mar f’kin’ gaff!*” If the adventurers decide to join in, they will have to use their fists, teeth, chairs, tankards, and the occasional eye gouge — like the rest of the patrons!

The only ground floor exits from the building are the front door — through the brawl, the windows — explaining that to Old Tom may result in lost teeth, or past Old Tom and out the back — assuming he lets anyone pass. There is also upstairs and out through the upstairs windows.

The brawl consists of ten normal patrons, three labourers who entered and started

the fight, and the three adventurer-types whom the stranger was talking to. During the brawl the stranger refuses to answer any questions and will just shake in fear or increase the offer in coin for his safe passage. When the party try and leave with the stranger, the adventurer-types he was speaking to originally will try and stop them. Importantly, events should conspire that these adventurer-types should survive the fight and escape — they appear in a later confrontation on the wharfs in Burnton.

Every other turn during the tavern fight there is a 1-in-6 chance that someone grabs the cloaked stranger to pull him into the fray. The Game Master should roll a d6; on the roll of a 6, a dirty hand grabs the strangers cloak and hauls them into the middle of the fight accompanied with a, “*C’mere yow*”.

After the Fight - Outside the Tavern

The town is shrouded in darkness and Middelfog. The sickly, olive fog clings to the ground obscuring the cobbles, only thinning slightly around waist height. Silhouettes of buildings can just be made out, the occasional glint of candlelight escaping through cracks in doors and windows.

Once safely extricated, Horace Follows introduces himself. Flushed with adrenaline from your escape he dabs a rag at his forehead and babbles on, explaining that he works for the Fullmead Brewery and that he also carries out tasks for Lord

Regarin when discretion is of the utmost importance.

Horace will offer to employ the player characters to guard a shipment of Nightsight Mead from Burnton to Allraess that is set to leave in the morning. While there, they are to meet a contact of Lord Regarin's and bring back some information. His piggy eyes dart from face to face as he mentions the second part.

Horace will haggle on price, offering one platinum fiver for the whole party for guarding the wagon and two extra gold quids for meeting the contact and bringing back his news. Horace will ultimately go up to 15 gold quids for the whole task, complaining and muttering under his breath.

If the player characters accept the job Horace starts to pat down his cloak, getting increasingly frantic, finally exclaiming, "*Oh shite!*" He sheepishly explains he had been carrying a green scabbard with a small red diamond motif at the bottom. Lord Regarin's contact will only speak to someone wearing the empty scabbard. He informs the player characters that they need to find the scabbard before sunrise!

If asked to explain this, Horace replies, "*They'm a queer lot down't Allraess*", nodding his head sagely and causing his chins to wobble. Horace is prepared to pay an extra 10 gold quids immediately if they will retrieve the scabbard; but only if the player characters ask for more coin. If they appear reticent to take the job he will offer the extra monies as an incentive.

Horace is sure he had the scabbard before entering the tavern having checked it was tucked out of sight. The Game Master can offer this if the player characters do not query Horace for more information. If the adventurers agree to the job, Horace tells them to meet him at the entrance to Fullmead Brewery at sunrise; his round silhouette fading into the gloom as he waddles away wringing his hands.

If asked about the adventurer-types he was meeting in the tavern, Horace explains that they were responding to his job offer. He had never seen them before.

If asked about the men who attacked when he was meeting in the tavern, Horace explains that he doesn't know any of them.

If the player characters refuse the job offer, Horace's pudgy face turns a deep puce, perhaps with rage, perhaps with frustration. With a harrumph, Horace will swirl his cloak about him and stamp off into the midderfog, his voice drifting over his shoulder, "*Hrm... well, yes... well... hrm... we will see... bast-*". Aware he has told them too much Horace is determined to make them take the job. He proceeds to the nearest barracks and rounds up twenty militiamen by invoking Lord Regarin's name.

The Game Master can now see what the player characters choose to do and introduce the militia accordingly. A few suggestions are:

- The player characters return to the tavern and the militia enter and confront them.
- The player characters return to the tavern and their paid for beds. The militia enter the rooms and subdue the player characters.
- The player characters remain on the streets or try and leave the town. The militia appears from the midderfog and attempt to apprehend them without preamble.

However the Game Master decides to introduce them, the militia beats the player characters senseless, using only subdual damage. The player characters wake some time later, in a small cold cell in the town gaol. This is a building of grey stone blocks, their cell of the same stone enlivened by occasional bits of moss growing in random patches and the distinct smell of The Punched Muckulus Tavern's cheapest cider emanating from a dark patch of straw in the corner. A window no wider than two hand spans is set near the ceiling of the outer wall, thick iron bars stopping any chance of escape. The opposite wall is dominated by an oak door with iron bars set into it around head height to form a window. Peering through the outer window the player characters can see it is still dark.

Eventually, Horace's face will appear at the doors window, contorted in a look of faux concern. He informs them they have been arrested for plotting treason against the queen. The militia have three witnesses; Blind Elliot, a beggar who would sell his dear old mum (again) for a stale crust of bread; Felicity Abbot, an

apothecary who does a lot of work for the brewery; Edwin Gardner, who tends what few plants there are on the brewery premises. The Game Master may choose to omit where the people work, or have Horace tell the player characters to really hammer home the fact these witnesses have been bought and owned by the brewery — and ultimately Lord Regarin. Horace reminds the party that a warrant for treason means that the Queen will have their heads on spikes at the royal palace. However, Horace states that if the player characters take his job, he is sure the militia will drop the charges.

If asked how he knew they were here Horace replies, *"The magpies have counted well, this must be your day of luck."*

As the Game Master, if you feel this rail-roading affects the sense of player agency in your game, you could have Horace come back to plead with the player characters, offering to raise their reward. Alternatively, you could have Horace abduct a known associate of the player characters or even steal a sentimental item and use it as a ransom. Whatever you think will work to get the players and their characters onboard.

Once the player characters accept the job, if Horace has not already explained about the scabbard he describes it now, explaining it is missing and informing them they need to retrieve it. He then informs them to meet him at the entrance to Fullmead Brewery at sunrise. The door is unlocked by the militia and they are released into the night.

Finding the Scabbard

In searching for the scabbard the player characters should start at The Punched Muckulus as that was the last place Horace knows he had it. The scabbard itself is nowhere to be found if they search for it. However, talking to various NPCs will help lead them to the whereabouts of the scabbard.

If the player characters are struggling, have Old Tom engage them in conversation to get the investigation moving.

Speaking to Old Tom

He hadn't seen the three men that Horace spoke to before that evening. They spoke to him when they arrived slipping him a gold quid to push any work their way, which he found odd. Normally people put jobs up on the beam at the back of the tavern, however coin is coin and taxes don't pay themselves.

The three who entered and started the fight are brothers. Adam, Jon, and Peter Cotterill. They work up at the coopers as labourers delivering barrels. He doesn't know where they live stating they are, "pro'ly tucked up in bed." He is confident none of his regulars would have taken a scabbard, and he certainly didn't see it.

Speaking to the tavern wenches

Initially, Old Tom will not allow the player characters to talk to the tavern wenches, however a little coin goes a long way, after all taxes don't pay themselves! The tavern wenches didn't see much, being under strict instructions from Old

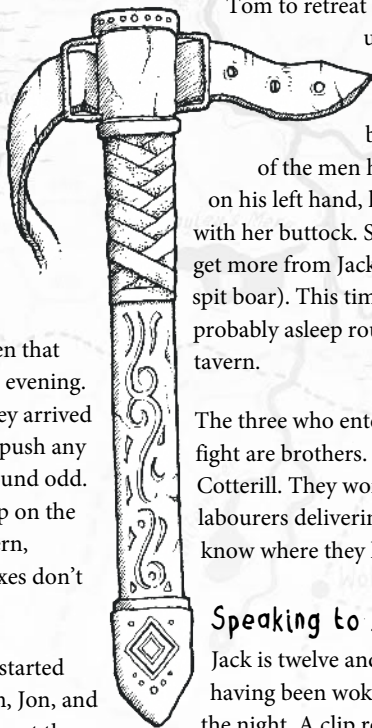
Tom to retreat behind the bar or upstairs in the event of trouble. Molly, a wench with long blond hair, thinks one

of the men had a tattoo of a ship on his left hand, his other was occupied with her buttock. She suggests they may get more from Jack (the lad turning the spit boar). This time of night he is probably asleep round the back of the tavern.

The three who entered and started the fight are brothers. Adam, Jon and Peter Cotterill. They work up at the coopers as labourers delivering barrels. They don't know where they live.

Speaking to Jack

Jack is twelve and will be unhappy at having been woken in the middle of the night. A clip round the ear or a coin will be enough to get him to talk. He will be able to tell the player characters that he recognised the three adventurer-types from the Thirteen Barbels area of the Wharf. It is unusual as they don't normally leave the taverns down by the wharf. He has seen them when doing runs to the boats to pick-up items for the coopers.



As for the scabbard, he saw it on the floor after ‘the fat bloke’ dropped it. He was going to swipe it himself, but he will claim that, “*Them bastards took it, din’t dey? The Thir’een Barbels lot.*”

Confronting the Adventurers

The wharfs of Burnton are busy at all hours and anyone the player characters ask can direct them to where the Thirteen Barbels crew are working. As they approach the section of the wharf where the Thirteen Barbels crew work, an officious-looking man with a clipboard scurries up to them asking what they want. Whatever answer the player characters give, the man will be particularly unhelpful, claiming ignorance on everything and trying to usher them away as he is busy. If pushed, the man will reluctantly give his name as Albert Shenstone. As the player characters and the man argue, the three adventurer-types swagger around the corner of a warehouse just beside them. Recognising the player characters, the adventurer-types will draw their swords and attack — this time they will be using lethal rather than subdual force. The clipboard wielding official squeaks like a mouseling and scurries off.



After the fight a search of the bodies will reveal:

- *The Scabbard*
- 2d8 copper halfpennys
- Make three rolls on the ‘Crap you find on Midfolk’ table in the

Appendix.

- A small piece of parchment with a symbol on it (used to identify low level Silver Hand operatives).

After retrieving the scabbard it is time for the adventurers to head to Fullmead Brewery to meet Horace.

Travel to Allraess

By the time the player characters approach Fullmead Brewery, the midderfog will have lightened to a bottle green with the first rays of the sun, and shadows will have resolved into wrought-iron gates. Horace will be seen pacing back and forth between the gates and a stationary wagon.

Upon learning that the player characters have the scabbard, he is beside himself and tells them to look after it better than he did. Motioning to the wagon with a pudgy hand he states simply, “*This am the mead. When yow get to Allraess goo to the Wharf, the contac’ll find yow.*” With this, Horace waddles off into the gloom.

The wagon is plain with a tarpaulin slung over the top, the slight bulge in the tarpaulin being the special mead. The wagoner, a hook-nosed wart goblin,

slouches forward on the front bench, his nose almost ahead of the horses. The reins hang slackly from his long fingers, a barley stalk moving slightly as he chews, flat cap low over his eyes.

Flicking the reins lazily the wagoner sets the horses off along the south westerly road to Allraess. As they exit the town, the wagoner flicks the reins again causing the horses to pick up their pace, apple-green puffs flaring from their nostrils. The sun hangs low on the horizon, causing the midderfog to shimmer as it lies low in the valley of the River Troutdeep.

If the player characters try to engage the wagoner in conversation he just removes his stalk, snorts up a big gob of snot from his voluminous nose, spits on the ground, replaces the stalk and returns to watching the road.

Roll (1d6)	Travel to Allraess Encounter Table
1	1x Greater Horned Groat
2	Black Bear HD 4+1; AC 7 [12]; Atk 2 claws (1D3), 1 bite (1d6); Move 9; Save 13; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: Hug (1d8).
3	1x Hook-nosed Wart Goblin (related to the wagoner)
4	2d6 Ocular Goblins
5	3d8 Mouselings
6	Wild Boar HD 3+3; AC 7 [12]; Atk 1 gore (3d4); Move 15; Save 14; AL N; CL/XP 4/120; Special: continue attacks 2 rounds after death.

The wagon follows the road passing through multiple hexes (see The Midderlands map). Consult the list of hexes below for each hex travelled through, where 'Random encounter chance' is listed roll 1d6 and on a 5 or 6 roll on the Travel to Allraess Encounter Table below.

Of course, the party might kill the wagoner and go where the hell they like - you can improvise from there.

Hex 2803 Random encounter chance.
Hex 2804 Random encounter chance.
Hex 2705 Bandits
Hex 2706 Random encounter chance.
Hex 2606 Random encounter chance.
Hex 2507 Random encounter chance.

Bandits

The road dips slightly, the midderfog congealing around the travellers, a film of dirty green settling on them. As the road rises again the midderfog lightens to a sickly olive hue; shadows on the road ahead resolve into a wagon and two mounted guards.

It becomes apparent the wagon is blocking the road, the party's wagoner will refuse to go off road due to the nature of the cargo, just saying in a high-pitched, nasal tone, "Y'am paid ta sort this shit ay ya?, sort it!".

The man atop the opposite wagon hails them, identifying himself as Rowan, a wagoner just out of Allraess. He dismisses any questions thrown at him, or any requests to move his wagon, persistently asking questions on what they are

carrying. If the player characters refuse to answer Rowan's questions, the two men either side of his wagon move toward the party's wagon and attempt to remove the tarpaulin.

Rowan and his men are bandits who have been hired by nebulous contacts of The Silver Hand to delay anyone in the early morning travelling this road with a supply of Nightsight Mead. His employer stated that they wanted the delay to be temporary, a day or so. However, if things got more 'complicated' they should ensure that there is no evidence. That is all Rowan knows.

If the player characters try to go around Rowan's wagon, his guards shift their horses to block the way. If they persist he will run his wagon into theirs, initiating a fight.

If Rowan believes these are the people he has been paid to turn back he will start making up lies to try and get them to return to Burnton, for example:

- Brigands are on the road and they should wait a day or two for things to settle.
- A breakout of the pox in Allraess has the town militia turning people away at the town borders.
- The town has been overrun with Mouselings and it isn't safe at the moment.

The Game Master should feel free to continue making up increasingly outrageous lies. If this all fails to persuade

the player characters to turn back, he sighs, *"I tried... finish 'em."* This initiates a fight. One of the bandits gives a shrill whistle signalling the rest of their group to attack from the midderfog. Another 2d6 bandits appear.

After the fight, only Rowan will have any clues as to their employers. He is not aware that it was one of the Silver Hand's agents who employed his services, but he does have a piece of parchment upon which is the symbol used by The Silver Hand to identify low level operatives — the same as the one found on the Thirteen Barbels crew.

After the fight the party can continue on the road to Allraess.

Meeting Regarin's Spy

The wagoner pulls the horses to a stop, pointing into the swirling mist and mutters *"Wharf there. I'll grab yow after ditchin' this lot"*. With a flick of the reins the wagon disappears into the midderfog. Sounds of grinding cogs and thumping engines punctuated by the occasional *"Oi?.."* drift through the olive fog, shadows partially form into people before dissolving back into the gloom around the adventurers. Then the midderfog parts revealing a hunched seaman limping toward the player characters. Eyeing the party, he says, *"Ar, it's a real pea-souper"*.

The seaman is the Allraess contact, Robert Hawkes, but will only identify himself as such if he sees the scabbard. After seeing it, he lets out a short barking laugh; one gnarled hand reaches inside his frayed

waistcoat, "*Stop ya gawpin' ya lummocks, here y'am*", holding out a couple of letters.

Before he can pass anything across, some twenty heavies dressed in overalls appear from the midderfog around them.

Without a word the contact straightens and darts toward the looming shadow of a nearby warehouse. One of the thugs casts a glance at the player characters and slides his finger across his throat before taking off after the contact with most of the heavies. Five thugs stay to deal with the player characters, fifteen following the contact.

The player characters could split up at this point, but this will make any fighting harder on them.

Searching the corpses of the thugs that remained to fight at the wharf reveals that they wear overalls marked with the Thirteen Barbels Cargo Company logo. One thug also has a piece of parchment in his pocket on which is a scribbled map of the sewers with 'L9, R3' written next to a blank bit of wall.

Following the direction that Hawkes ran in, leads to an old wooden warehouse. A single door hangs open, banging softly against the side of the building. Inside, pallets and crates clutter the warehouse floor, a single locked door at the far end the only other immediately obvious exit. Searching reveals an open grate with a ladder leading into the sewers behind a stack of crates. After descending the ladder and following the scribbled map found on the wharf thug, the player

characters find themselves near location 1 on the map.

The Sewer

1. The Sewer Tunnel

Water and shit flow sluggishly down the centre of the sewer, whilst narrow walkways either side are slick with green slime. The arched tunnel is built from red bricks, the odd crack and missing brick allowing water to drip through from the ground above.

Upstream a solid iron gate acts as a dam. Covering the full width of the tunnel and reaching nearly to the ceiling it contains effluence on the other side. A hand spans gap at the top allows waste to flow over, cascading down in a waterfall of shit.

Downstream the passage has floor to ceiling iron bars, stopping humans from progressing further but not the flow of waste. If inspected the bars appear to not show any signs of age or wear, having been cleaned recently.

2. The Secret Entrance

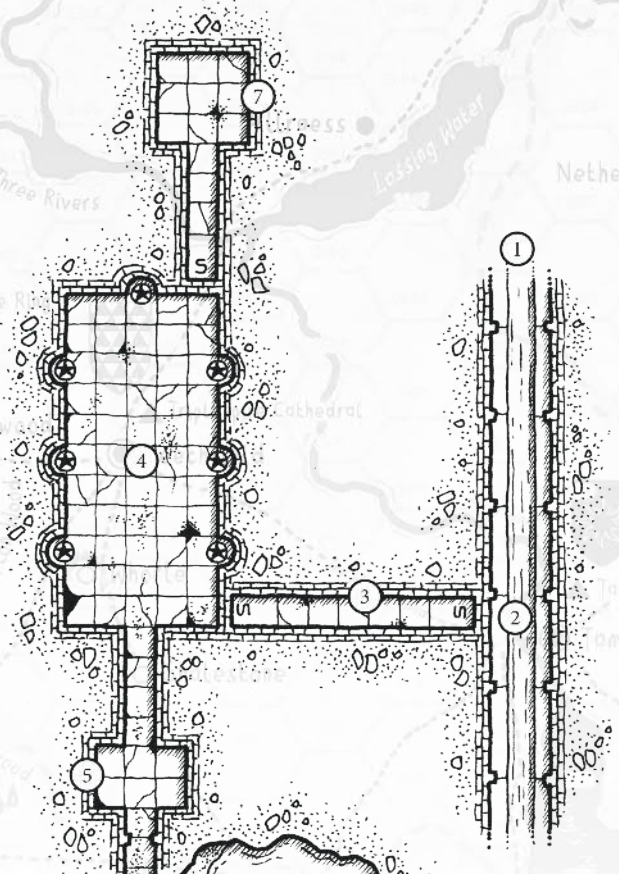
Searching reveals two lock mechanisms at waist height either side of the door which blends in seamlessly to the brick wall. The player characters may also locate the mechanisms using the map if they have it.

Each mechanism looks like a brick with the numbers 12, 3, 6, and 9 carved into them as if on a standard clock face. Three finger sized holes sit in the centre of a round section of the brick that looks as if

North



Scale - 1 square : 5 feet



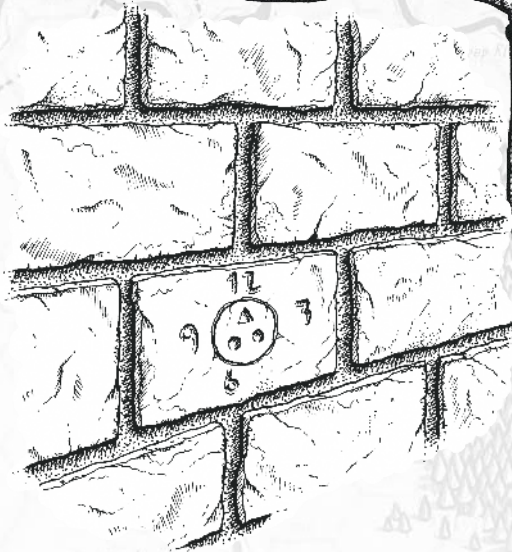
Sewer ^{beneath}
Allraess

it can be turned. The top hole is shaped like a triangle, which starts pointing at the number 12. The locks must be rotated to the correct number and pushed in to activate the mechanism.

The correct sequence is on the parchment taken from the thugs — ‘Left 9, Right 3’. Entering the right combination results in a series of grinding noises culminating in a gentle click. The wall between the locks swings inward revealing a passageway.

Triggering the mechanism when not in the correct position causes the iron gate upstream to drop into the floor, flooding the tunnel with waste. The player characters will hear a scraping sound from upstream, followed by a clang and the heavy splat of something hitting the floor of the sewer tunnel. Then the sound of thick, gurgling liquid will be heard flowing towards them and within a round, the player characters will see a waist deep wall of sewage approaching them. For every turn in the sewage roll a d6. On a roll of a 6, an exceptionally large clump of solid turds has coalesced around a sharp object — a broken bottle, sharp stick, and so on — which hurtles down the passage. Each player character should make a saving throw plus their Dexterity bonus to avoid it or take 1d3 damage. A sadistic Game Master may wish to add some kind of disease effects of the vile, turd deluge.

There is no way to stop the flow of effluence, but there is nothing to stop the player characters from continuing to try



and find the correct combination. If they do, the door swings inward revealing the passageway. The torrent will continue to flow down the tunnel, but also into the newly opened secret passageway and into the pit. It will not flow any further.

If the adventurers are stuck at the door the Game Master can use the following method to advance the story — a grinding noise fills the passageway, searching for the source you notice two sections of the wall rotating. With a gentle click a crack appears in the wall through which you hear:

Voice 1 : “I dow know, he sed guard it, dey he?”

Voice 2 : “but wha’... huh, wa’s that noise?”

Voice 1 : “I dunnow, yow look”

The crack widens and a thugs face comes into view. Roll for Surprise, and initiate a fight.

3. The Secret Passage

Square stone blocks form a short passageway. Halfway along the floor is a ten feet deep pit, containing a single body impaled on wooden spikes. Patches of green ooze lie in the bottom. The pit trap is six feet across, with narrow ledges leading around the edges. Careful examination of the pit will reveal the ledges are fake, propped up with pieces of wood deliberately weakened to collapse as someone is halfway across. Anyone using the ledge will cause it to collapse suffering 1d6 falling damage and having a 10% chance of impaling themselves and receiving a further 1d6 damage.

The door at the far end of the passage opens smoothly when pushed.

4. Main Hall

Pulsing green roots have intruded through the ceiling leaving shattered stonework littering the floor. Six alcoves line the side walls, the statues within being in various states of decay having succumbed to erosion and the relentless probing roots. A single statue stands complete at the far end of the room, untouched by age or the roots. It depicts a man with sharp pointed beard with a rolled up parchment tucked under his arms. A small plaque at the bottom of the statue reads;

'Zebediah Stoolsmith — Sewer Architect'.

Searching the north wall reveals a secret door, which can be opened by pushing an off-colour brick at floor level. The open door reveals a dark corridor. The roots have been hacked away so they no longer

intrude into the passage whilst the floors, walls and ceiling look newly scrubbed. The corridor contains a spear trap. When the third flagstone from the Main Hall end of the passage is trodden on, spears shoot out of holes in the walls and ceiling striking anyone in the second and third flagstone locations. Player characters need to make a saving throw, including any Dexterity bonus, or suffer 1d6 damage.

5. Ante-Chamber

Spiders scurry away as the player characters enter the room, the red brickwork forming a low walled ante-chamber. Tatters of some long ago forgotten fabric lie rotting on the floor, stinking of rat piss. As the player characters enter the room they hear the following from the Pool Chamber, *"We gorrim. Go back 'n mek sure we ay disturbed."*

They can hear the distinct sounds of footsteps getting louder as they head toward them. The player characters have two turns before two thugs enter from the Pool Chamber.

6. Pool Chamber

The brickwork ends opening up into a natural underground cavern. Flagstones give way to sandy earth, which in turn gives way to icy, dark-green, almost black water. The pool dominates the room, sounds of water lapping against the sandy ground echoing off the jagged black rock walls.

The thugs are spread out in a semi-circle around the south west corner of the

cavern, surrounding the contact who is kneeling in the water up to his waist, one hand clutching a stab wound in his stomach. The water seems to be up to knee-level where the thugs are. They have their backs to the entrance.

There are thirteen thugs, unless the Game Master had to use the 'two thugs opening the secret door' method to advance the story, in which case there are eleven thugs. One thug is the leader, he is also the only one wielding a dagger.

As the player characters enter the cavern the centre of the pool begins to pulse, thick green bubbles silently popping and frothing behind the thugs. Ten, thick, glistening, malachite-coloured tentacles, each the thickness of a human torso stretch up out of the now frothing centre. Lashing out the tentacles wrap around bodies, arms and throats immediately pulling 1d6 of the thugs thrashing under the water. The remaining tentacles remain thrashing around searching for further prey.

Each turn, a tentacle attacks a random thug or party member. If all the thugs are killed before the tentacles, the remaining tentacles latch onto corpses and slide back to the depths dragging them under.

If the player characters win the fight the contact beckons them over. With his last dying breath he presses two letters into their hands, one addressed to Lily Morris and the other sealed with a wax stamp is addressed to Lord Regarin. Returning to the surface and looking like the player characters have been in a war, the baffled

wagoner is waiting to take them back to Burnton to be debriefed by Horace.

If the adventurers cut their losses and make a break for it, the wagoner picks them up outside the warehouse, returning to Burnton to be debriefed by Horace.

7. Treasure Room

Fresh mortar has been used to re-point the walls, with larger holes filled with cement. The room appears to have been cleaned meticulously and secured against roots, leaks and any other potential intrusion. A leather bound chest stands against one wall. Inside the chest is a sack containing 10 gold quids, a *potion of healing*, and a small leather bound book with a single piece of cord binding it shut. Opening the book a single sheet of paper falls to the floor; it has the single word 'Deadford' written on it. The book appears to be written using an unintelligible cipher.

This book is a tool for the Game Master to use later as they wish, but it will be of extreme interest to Lord Regarin, and the Silver Hand will also be extremely keen to try and retrieve it. The encoded details cover business dealings that the Silver Hand wouldn't want anyone being able to trace.

Adventure End

Whether they have the letter or not Horace is keen to hear everything the player characters have to tell, and to see any items they are prepared to hand over.

For each of the following items the adventurers choose to give to Horace they will receive the relevant rewards:

- The letter to Lord Regarin — The sum agreed at the beginning of the adventure.
- The book from the treasure room — 100 gold quids.
- For each Thirteen Barbels thug killed — 1 electrum halfquid.
- For each piece of parchment with a symbol on it — 5 gold quids.
- For the parchment with the map — 10 gold quids.
- For a full debrief on who they encountered and what they discovered — an extra 10 gold quids.

Once debriefed and paid, Horace tells the player characters he may have some more work for them, but he will catch up with them in The Punched Muckulus. With this, he shoos them away.

In the next few days, Lord Regarin learns of Horace's inability to keep his gob shut, but confirms his loyalty. Knowing this, Lord Regarin knows he can use Horace in instances where the information he is provided is intended to be divulged. Fake news if you will.

Non-Player Characters

Old Tom

Punched Muckulus Owner

Race: Human

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 5

Hit Points: 29

Attacks: 'The Peacemaker' (1d4+1)

Saving Throws: 10

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 5/240

Equipment: 'The Peacemaker' (+1 club).

Description: Middle aged veteran of many adventures. He wears clean loose fabric trousers and a partly unbuttoned, white shirt. Tom is plainly spoken, of average height and slightly above average width.

Rumour is that somewhere in the Punched Muckulus is his stash of loot; however, no one is daft enough to go looking.

Old Tom likes to keep to himself, rarely engaging in small talk or rumour-mongering. This is one of the prime reasons men who want to do business often choose the Punched Muckulus. Other taverns have ears; anyone caught doing that in Toms place leave their ears behind the bar.

Horace Fallows

Lord Regarin's Employee

Race: Human

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 5 HP

Attacks: dagger (1d4)

Saving Throw: 18

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Equipment: 32 gold quids, dagger, green bejewelled scabbard (which he will lose).

Description: Horace is a short fat coward.

Clean shaven with small piggy eyes and slicked back hair, his multiple chins hide the top button of his shirt and most of the knot on his neckerchief.

Horace is arrogant if he does not perceive any danger; having a condescending manner. Once aware of danger, he turns into a quivering wreck giving up any information he has in order to protect his skin. He is employed by the brewery, but also does work for Lord Regarin. He doesn't know what information the contact has, just that Lord Regarin wants it.

The Other Adventurers

Originally to be hired by Horace

Race: Human (Neutral Fighters)

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 2d8

Attacks: Fists (1 damage, 50% chance subdual damage), shortsword (1d6)

Saving Throws: 13

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Equipment: leather armour, short sword.

Punched Muckulus Labourers

Race: Human (S&W Human, Normal)

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1d6

Attacks: Fists (1 damage, 50% chance subdual damage).

Saving Throws: 18

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Equipment: Roll once on the 'Crap you find on Midfolk' table (see Appendix).

Punched Muckulus Patron

Race: Human (S&W Human, Normal)

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1d6

Attacks: Fists (1 damage, 50% chance subdual damage).

Saving Throws: 18

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: B/10

Equipment: Roll once on the 'Crap you find on Midfolk' table (see Appendix).

Rowan

Bandit Leader

Race: Human

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 2

Attacks: club (1d4), short sword (1d6)

Saving Throws: 13

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 2/30

Equipment: 12 gold quids, shortsword, *potion of healing*.

Description: Aside from the information in the encounter with Rowan, if taken alive, Rowan knows the following. He was hired the previous night by a cloaked man in the Sailors Stains Inn in Allraess. The

job was to turn back or stop a dawn shipment of Nightsight Mead. The cloaked man gave him a piece of parchment with a symbol on it, saying anyone with this should be let through with no questions asked. He paid them 5 gold pieces.

Rowan's Bandits

Race: Human

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1

Attacks: club (1d4), shortsword (1d6)

Saving Throws: 14

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Equipment: leather armour, club, short sword, 1d6 silver shillings.

Description: If taken alive they know nothing. They were hired by Rowan to do whatever work he needed today.

Thirteen Barbels Thug Leader

Race: Human

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 2

Attacks: dagger (1d4)

Saving Throws: 13

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 2/15

Equipment: leather armour, dagger.

Thirteen Barbels Thug

Race: Human

Armour Class: 9 [10]

Hit Dice: 1

Attacks: club (1d4)

Saving Throws: 14

Move: 12

Challenge Level/XP: 1/15

Equipment: club, 1d6 silver shillings.

Malachite-coloured Tentacles

Race: Who the hell knows?

Armour Class: 7 [12]

Hit Dice: 4

Attacks: tentacular thrash (1d6)

Saving Throws: 12

Move: Can only reach any creature in the chamber or 10 feet into the corridor leading to area 5 on the Sewers Beneath Allraess map.

Challenge Level/XP: 4/200

Equipment: n/a.

MORE ADVENTURE IDEAS

Goblins Wanted!

Tom Hurley a farmer on the outskirts of Allraess wants to win a local growing competition, but he will never win with all those slugs crawling over his prize turnips! What he needs is some goblins to gobble down the pesky blighters! Find some, catch them and transport them to Tom's farm for a handsome reward!

Unwelcome Infestation

The Veiled Lady Pleasure House has a very embarrassing outbreak, and it isn't what you might expect! In the cellar they have mouselings, and they need to get rid of them. Nothing puts a paying customer off more than the distinct musk of a mouseling infestation.

Pirates on the Lake

Shipments keep disappearing on the lake and the Thirteen Barbels company is not happy. Someone needs to hide aboard one of their boats and find out what is happening. Out there on the choppy waters anyone or anything could be attacking or taking the boats!

Centidemonpede Racing

Popular as a gambling sport in the less-affluent areas of the large towns.

The organiser has a small glass jar with 4 or 5 centidemonpedes. They are placed on a flat surface a set distance from several blobs of ear wax. The first centidemonpede to the wax wins.

After buying in with their stake each gambler takes 1d6. Each turn roll 1d6 (this is the number of inches the centidemonpede covers that turn) and add it to your running total. If your total equals or exceeds 20 you win. If you roll three 1's in a row the centidemonpede gets whiff of a heavy ball of wax in a patrons ear and starts heading toward the crowd. The organiser scoops it up into the jar and it is disqualified. Ties are settled

with a further round between the tied-competitors only.

Potato Juice!

Big Owge challenges a party member to a game of 'Potato Juice, Potato Juice'. The game involves two players trying to fill a pint bottle with potato juice by smashing potatoes against their forehead. Each player rolls 1d20. A roll of a 15 or more achieves 1/16th of a pint of potato juice into the bottle. A natural roll of a 20 means that a player has smashed 1/8th of a pint of potato juice from a particularly juicy spud. A natural roll of a 1 means that the player suffers a concussion and passes out for 1d6 rounds and loses. First to fill the pint bottle wins. Big Owge gets +2 to all 1d20 rolls because he fucking loves this game. If a player wins, they gain the intense animosity of Big Owge for eternity.

Missing Lanterns

A spate of gloombug lantern thefts have local officials all in a lather. Somebody must pay for this heinous crime and death is the answer. No one has any information. Except maybe you. How do you know where they are? Because when you woke up, your room at the inn was full of them, all thirty-eight missing lanterns. What on earth did you drink last night? Are you being setup? How will you get rid of the evidence?

Hex Map Locations

This section of the book broadly details the contents of some selected hexes. You can choose to ignore and even move these to suit your needs.

The remaining hexes are left for you to fill with your own content.

FIXED HEXES

Hex 0203

The curved top of a massive, rusting, iron sphere lies buried here. If the lichen and rust is rubbed away it appears that it was once covered in strange symbols which are now barely discernible. The symbols are ancient and their meaning long-forgotten. The object seems solid rather than hollow.

Hex 0208

A 30 feet tall, black, stalagmite-looking pinnacle rises from a clump of Midderland gooseberry bushes in a depression in the ground. It oozes a green-tinged, sticky sap. The sap is poisonous to humans and elves (save or vomit), but sweet and tasty to anyone else (+1 to all saving throws for 2 rounds).

Hex 0210

A series of barrows rise up from the grassland. Stone uprights capped with granite lintels which form the entrances to each barrow have long been sealed with a huge boulder, unmoved in aeons, and almost obscured by moss and lichen. Strange, carved, emerald-inlaid symbols adorn the boulders. Seemingly, they have been very effective in protecting the contents from thieves or protecting the populace from the occupant. It is unclear which.

Hex 0421

The landscape leads down into a deep and narrow limestone gorge. Carved into the rock are a dozen, 20 feet high statues facing each other across the 40 feet long passage. The weathered statues look like old lords and ladies, some in armour and others in regal-looking attire.

Hex 0815

This area is rocky. Weathered smooth, granite slabs stick out of the grass at angles as if thrown there long ago. Near the centre is a 20 feet tall, half-buried, male, jade head. The head is tilted over at a 45 degree angle. Its carved eyes and mouth are closed and it wears a spangenhelm.

Hex 0910

A scene of recent, bloody, violent carnage. Human bodies lie all around, as if sliced, ripped and torn apart by something ravenous or pure evil. A river of blood

runs to a dusty depression in the ground nearby, where it pools. Maybe a raging, six-headed sewer gripe has run amok.

Hex 0918

A snoring hill giant sleeps up against an old, fallen oak tree. He wears a loincloth and has two dead pigs tied with rope as a cushion for his bald head. This is Roger. Roger has been eating hallucinogenic mushrooms found in a nearby wood. If woken, he believes that the characters are his masters, and apologises profusely for falling asleep and not bringing them the pigs. He also keeps seeing giant pigs floating in the sky like clouds. This wears off gradually over 6 turns (1 hour). Then, he goes fucking mental!

Hex 1006

A gloombug-ridden marsh. There is a huge nest of spugmunch jaspers near the centre. Their nest sprawls over a single dead-tree that sits on a raised hillock shrouded in a green mist. Inside the hillock dwells a giant, ten feet long, sentient, psychic grub called Uloog. She coordinates the nest into foraging for food and protecting her from predators. She has collected magic items from victims of the swamp but is unable to use many of them — except potions and wands — which she wields in her slaving maw.

Hex 1121

The player characters become aware of something passing overheard when a shadow is briefly cast over them. As they look up, they can see three dragons — up

quite high — silhouetted against the green-hued clouds and heading south-west. One barrel-rolls and lets out a large roar. Thirty seconds later, characters must make a saving throw or get hit by a shower of weighty, dragon droppings. Failure results in 2d6 damage. A thorough search of all of the droppings reveal bits of indigestible material including a +1 *short sword* encased in a bloody stool, which presumably hurt on the way out, a crystal decanter, and a *ring of slow falling* (as per an 11th Level Monk).

Hex 1402

If this hex is entered between sunset and sunrise, the players characters see a ghostly apparition of an army marching across their path (or camp) ahead of them. Initially it is a company of sixty men carrying pikes and wearing chain mail armour. They are followed by horsemen bearing flails and shields. They bear the heraldry of a lord lost to time, three wolves on a triangular shield divided by a black bar. At the rear, surrounded by mounted plate-clad knights is the old Lord on his black charger. He halts his men, looks in the characters' direction, and mouths an oath of revenge through clenched teeth. He turns forward and spurs his horse on and the knights follow in charging the characters down.

Hex 1407

A massive, 200 feet diameter crater. 50 feet deep, the bottom is a quagmire of mud, water and bits of unusually long, tenuous, viridian roots. Oh, and some weird green, slimy jelly.

Hex 1412

The ostracised ex-gloombugger, Obediah Poddington lives on the edge of the marsh in a house made of peat sods. He collects gloombugs in glass jars, surviving off the dead ones. He wanders the marshes at night with a large net, wearing special frames strapped to his boots, each with a stretched mud cow skin. They prevent him sinking into the spongy marsh. He has various skull masks that he wears, some human, some animal.

Hex 1511

An earth tremor begins, low at first, but then rapidly intensifies and the ground ahead explodes. Everyone is showered in dirt and stones (1d6 damage, no saving throw). A strange green light bursts out of the ground and shoots into the sky like a searchlight. Looking down into the torn ground, the light is intensely green and blinding. Elves and half-elves looking at this should make a saving throw or pass out for 1d10 rounds. The light dissipates after an hour and reveals a treacherous rift that leads down into the Middergloom far below.

Hex 1621

A sinkhole lies exposed in the ground before you. A lone birch tree lies on its edge at an angle, roots exposed and on the verge of falling in. 30 feet in diameter, the hole plunges into inky darkness. The sound of water echoes faintly below.

Hex 1705

A company of seven, black-armoured warriors make their way towards the party. Their full-faced helms hide their faces and they bear no identifying heraldry. They ask the party to halt and ask about their business in the area. If looking closely it can be noticed that a couple are covered in splatters of still wet blood. One at the back is hiding a recently severed hand from view.

Hex 1902

A cave entrance leads underground. A tunnel twists and winds downwards and after a few hundred feet ends in a huge cavern glistening with slime in iridescent shades of turquoise, green and bile-yellow. The party begin to feel all relaxed and comfortable after 5 rounds. If they stay for longer than a turn they must make a saving throw to avoid falling asleep. They must make this saving throw every round. Once all asleep, gloom-touched denizens from deeper below come up and steal all of their equipment. Sleep lasts 1 hour and does not affect elves.

Hex 1917

Within a small copse of fir trees lies a small, secluded pond lined with bulrushes and water lilies. Approximately 100 feet across, the water is cool, clear, and deep. The pond is fed from a spring connected to a network of underground streams and eventually the Middergloom. The density and lushness of the fir trees means that the bottom of the pond cannot be seen, but lots of small perch can be seen

swimming about. Lurking in the deepest part of the pond is a monstrous perch known as 'Black Bess' by the local folk of Walshale. This is her pool and the small perch are her offspring.

Hex 2016

On the highest point in this hex, a 800 feet high hill, stands a memorial structure to warriors from the surrounding area who fell in a long-ago battle known as the Battle of Great Wold. The structure consists of a set of twenty-seven steps leading up to a raised plinth some 20 feet in diameter. Around the perimeter of the plinth are eight, Doric pillars supporting a stone dome clad in verdigris-covered copper sheet.

In the centre of the plinth, directly under the dome is an eight-sided table. The table has a concave top surface and within is a formed, octagonal, copper plate with an engraved map of the surrounding area. The acoustics within the confines of the memorial are haunting and echoing.

Beneath the memorial is said to be a series of buried crypts only accessible when a song is sung beneath the centre of the dome, at a certain time of year. No one knows the time of year or the song.

Hex 2222

Buried close to the banks of the River Wort is a hidden menace, a remnant of a long-ago war, a deathly artefact, a big fucking bomb.

In an age before gunpowder, alchemists and artificers of the Northern Korry-An tribes found a large blob of gloomium. It was with great care and the strange deaths of any that touched it, that the tribes managed to fashion an oddly spiked sphere, some six feet in diameter to contain the power of the gloomium deposit. To this they added chemicals and dweomers — long lost to current knowledge — to create one of the most devastating weapons of all time — some say, ever! The Northern Korry-An tribes called it 'The Clusterfuck'. They were able to make two of these infernal devices, using one of them to obliterate the town of Coven Tree during the War of Green Swords. However, despite looking like a huge-fucking-pineapple, the second one became lost.

The ground in the area is boggy and the Clusterfuck lies ten feet below the surface.

There is a 1% chance that any group entering this hex for more than an hour will accidentally detonate the remaining Clusterfuck. If that happens, anyone in the hex is immediately obliterated, and all surrounding hexes become a huge crater. This hex becomes a circular lake fed by the river which will become known as Clusterfuck Lake. The impact on all of the dependant towns, as well as the wildlife, downstream, is likely to be significant due to the contamination.

Hex 2314

An old, gnarled oak stands alongside a hedgerow just to the side of a trail. A cage suspended on a chain wrapped around the

highest, strongest bough contains an emaciated human, barely alive but able to talk in a croaky voice. Crows sit atop the cage, waiting hungrily to pick at his eyeballs. This is Tim Longfellow, and has been wrongly accused of the crime of Parsnip Theft. Theft of parsnips over 2 lbs in weight are punishable by death in all counties. He was set up by Robert Lowbrow with whom he has a long-running feud over some farmland.

Hex 2320

A dozen, grazing mud cows roam a patch of farmland here. As they near a cabbage field, an old farmer appears out of nowhere with an antique crossbow yelling, “*Oi yow fuckas, fuck off me cabbages!*”. His first shot, wildly inaccurate, skims one of the characters (but will not injure them). The mud cows look around, flapping their tentacles, then start to look mad.

Hex 2401

Black smoke billows into the sky ahead. It can be traced to within a small wooded area, at the centre of which is a clearing and a huge funeral pyre. Thirteen, black armour-clad warriors are throwing tens of bodies of what appear to be commoners onto the pyre. They get very aggressive if approached, and want to know the characters’ business in the area. If pushed to explain their activities, they claim that the commoners are all suffering from a highly contagious pox and that they have been immunised already. They urge the characters to leave immediately or they will be arrested and thrown in the

dungeons. They are woolly as to what jurisdiction they make this claim. The commoners do not seem to have any sign of a pox.

Hex 2405

In the middle of a small copse, is a derelict stone cottage with collapsed, thatched roof. It looks to have been burnt down a while ago and inside the characters will see the charred skeletal remains of a single occupant. A closer look will reveal that the late occupant clutches a glowing, emerald that hums with power.

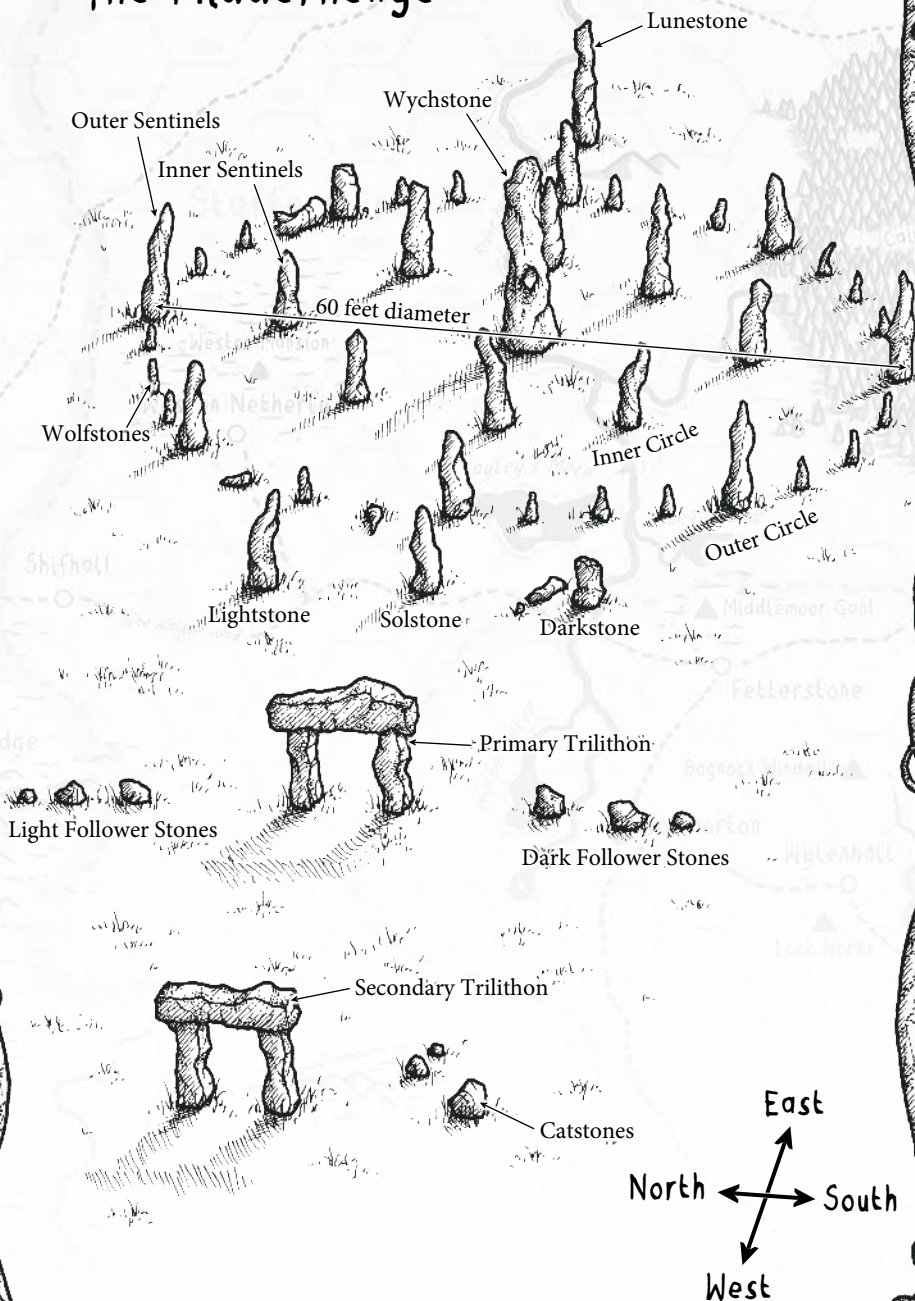
Hex 3211

Two concentric stone circles lie in a large, shallow depression in the ground here. The largest is 100-feet in diameter and the smallest is 30 feet in diameter. Each circle consists of thirteen, equally-spaced, sharp, angular basalt stones with occasional iridescent green flecks. In the centre is a three feet square, flat plinth set flush with the worn ground. Below the plinth is a chamber filled with stagnant rainwater.

Hex 3215

Within this hex lies The Midderhenge. A series of forty menhirs arranged in two concentric circles with a large, central, pierced menhir known as the ‘wychstone’. Beyond the two circles stand further menhirs, two trilithons, and a series of smaller stones. The stones are made of malachite and are in various states of weathering and condition. A few of the stones are toppled, broken, or both.

The Middelrhenge



The alignment of the stones are east-west with the two trilithons lining through with the central wychstone.

No one has discovered who built the stone arrangement and for what purpose, although Leechfield scholars and sages have suggested several hypotheses, including;

- A celestial measuring device.
- A landing strip for dragons.
- An ancient portal to the home of the gods.
- A fertility device.
- Burial markers for an age-old race of barbarians.
- A summoning device for Morgontula.

Hex 3306

A small cluster of stone farm buildings. This is a cattle farm owned by the Drayton Family. They have a son called Artem who was the county champion archer at the last Midderland Games, held in Tamewort two years ago.

Hex 3320

A turnip field. You spot two wiry men trying to maul a huge turnip out of the ground and into a barrow. They are looking over towards the horizon in the opposite direction as they do so, as if watching for someone. These individuals are the Loop Brothers. They are stealing a prize-winning turnip from Farmer Allwin.

Hex 3404

A tall, round, weathered, ivory tower rises from the ground here. 100 feet tall with a terracotta tiled conical roof in need of repair, its walls are pierced in several places above the ground by narrow arrow slits. An old, verdigris-covered, copper door at the base still looks secure. A battered signpost at the start of a dirt trail leading up to the doorway reads, 'Huffington, Master Seer' in flaking, white paint.

Hex 3615

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-horned ratdogs. Inside the warrens, carcasses and bones of various species litter the floor.

RANDOM LOCATIONS

The following locations can be placed randomly. For more information on generating a hex location refer to the Hexagon Map Grid section in the Introduction to the Midderlands chapter.

Great Nob's Circus

The travelling circus run by The Great Nob, travels the lands of the Midderlands all through the year. With a huge tent filled with strange and caged animals, sinewy and dexterous acrobats and colourfully-clad fools, it is popular with the great, unwashed masses.

The circus stays in each hex for two days doing shows. It takes a maximum of one day to pack and unpack at each end. Then it travels at 20 miles per day maximum towards the next randomly-generated hex location.

Shiftingwood, The

Trees of all species make up this leaf-strewn woodland. The location and size of the perfectly-circular Shiftingwood changes randomly. At the beginning of each game session, generate a Hex reference for its position.

Then generate the size. To do this, roll 1d6, and divide the result by 2. This determines the hexagon radius. Remember the woods are almost-perfectly circular.

The woods come into being at the size and position indicated instantaneously. If the woods position ends up on top of other features, they remain there, now surrounded by trees. If the woods merge with other woods or forests, the existing descriptions and effects take precedence. No creatures are affected, it is just that more trees mysteriously appear around them. It is not unknown for animals to wander into the newly-appeared woods and then be left confused when they later disappear again.

The woods have no natural inhabitants apart from the trees themselves which never age or wither. They are in a perpetual state of autumn with russets, yellows and browns in abundance.

Anything surrounded by the woods heals at twice the normal rate. Healing spells are doubly-effective (double all elements of a roll, so $2d8+3$ would be $4d8+6$).

The Shiftingstone

In the centre of the wood is a clearing 100 feet in diameter. A 20 feet tall, green, translucent crystal grows from the ground here. This is called the Shiftingstone. Sharp and jagged, this crystal pulses with energy. It provides the curative powers granted by the woodland.

Surrounding the crystal are thirteen, 6 feet tall, granite standing stones known as 'The Covenstones'. These granite monoliths are dormant forms for thirteen witches, known as the 'Deadly Coven'. They come to life when anything sets foot more than six feet into the clearing. They annihilate everything with red, laser-beam-like eyes, leaving only dust. Just for effect, they wail eerily while doing it.

The central clearing itself will never rest within the borders of a town or hamlet, and will always be at least 300 feet from another point of interest.

Followers of the Shiftingstone

A small band of wandering priests known as Followers of the Shiftingstone follow the Shiftingwood's movements around the region. They have a network of lookouts and urchins that relay the position to them as soon as word of mouth can reach them. Once known, they head there to camp out inside the wood and guide the sick and the needy from the

immediate area under its boughs to take advantage of its curative powers.

Skye Rock

In the shifting, turquoise-tinted skies above The Middelands floats a huge, mass of rock. No-one knows how it floats, why it is there, or how it came to be.

The rock is flat-topped with a rough, dry grass surface and is approximately 2,500 feet long and 2,000 feet wide. The underside of rock and dirt tapers down to a few rough points making the whole thing about 1,500 feet high. Undergrowth clings to its sides. There are a few places on the underside where the rock is loose and large pieces have fallen off in the past. When Skye Rock nears towns and villages, people try not to travel underneath it. There is a saying, 'Never walk under a floating rock', which equates to not tempting fate.

The rock floats between locations at a steady rate of one hex per day. At the start of your campaign, generate a hex location. This is Skye Rock's starting position. Then generate another hex location. The rock will travel from the starting hex to the destination hex in the most direct route at the rate of one hex (1.5 miles) per day.

As it travels, the height at which Skye Rock floats varies. From one hex to the next, the distance between the ground and the underside of the Skye Rock will vary between 4,000 and 7,000 feet. This means that the top of the rock can be as high as 7,500 feet, from where visibility on a clear day can be right across the Middelands.

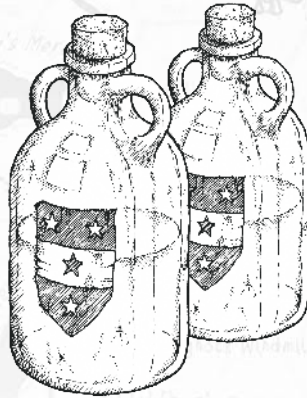
The Skye Rock Band, an independent guild, has the duty of following and plotting the rock's movements across the Middelands. The guild was tasked with the duty more than four hundred years ago, and is funded by a royal grant that Queen Elspeth has been too distracted to retract. Guild members warn towns and villages in the routes ahead once the course is determined, by singing the famous Skye Rock Song. This gives lords and ladies enough time to vacate parts of their towns to prevent unnecessary casualties from falling debris. Their accuracy in predicting the rocks course to +/-100 feet — within one day of a direction change — is now taken for granted.

Atop Skye Rock, an old town and castle sit in ruins, rumoured to be over a thousand years old. In the last few hundred years, many have tried to use the rock as a war machine or defensive structure, but its inability to be controlled or halted has made this impossible and no-one has tried for the last hundred years or so. Strange flying creatures are sometimes seen flying to or from the rock, but these days it is generally left alone, and treated as a source of danger to be avoided if possible.

Appendix

Roll (1d20)	Midfolk Insult Table
1	"Y'am a fuckin' terd."
2	"Y'am thick as two short planks."
3	"Fuckin' eedyut."
4	"Yow, am a fat, ode, knob yed."
5	"Wot yow gawping at?"
6	"Y'am a reasty lummock."
7	"I'll gid ya some argy-bargy."
8	"Am yow lookin' to get jedded?"
9	"Bleedin' fairce like a fourpence."
10	"Yow look lark a sack-a-spuds."
11	"Yow look lark a ratdog chewin' a jasper"
12	"Am yow gooin saft?"
13	"Yow wanna lick snot off ma fairce?"
14	"An' when ar've lamped ya, Ar'm gooin to jizz on ya kissa!"
15	"Yow've gorra fairce lark an osses ass!"
16	"Wanna cogwinder in the cakehole?"
17	"Y'am asking for a scrap."
18	"Fuckin' wazzock!"
19	"Shut yer cakehole, ya gob shite!"
20	"Fowk round 'ere think yam a twat!"

Roll (1d10)	Festivals/Gatherings Table
1	The Midderlands Games
2	Leechfield Festival of Dance
3	Festival of the Bloody Pig (see Tamewort entry)
4	The Burning Cow
5	Sealing of Middergloom
6	Thirteen Witches Burning
7	Ugliest Couple Competition
8	Giant Turnip Tossing Festival
9	Greenmoon Summer Gathering
10	Tower Leaping Championships



Roll (1d20)	Weather Type Table
1	Great storm
2	Thunder & lightning
3	Snowing
4	Sleet
5-9	Heavy downpour
10-13	Clear green sky
14	Rainbows and rain
15-16	Freezing cold and icy
17-19	Dark-green skies and mammatus clouds
20	Absolutely glorious sunshine

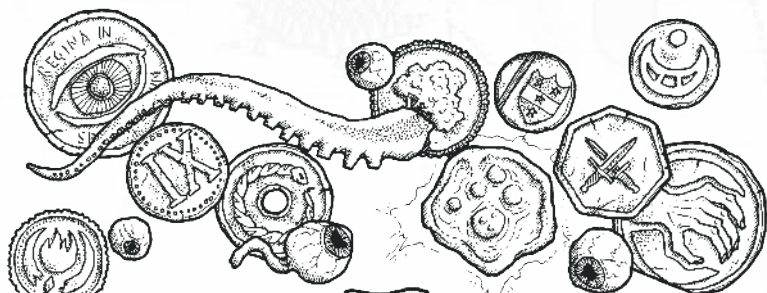
Midfolk Names and Trades Table

First Name (Male)	First Name (Female)	Last Name	Trade
Adam	Abigail (Abby)	Abbott	Apothecary
Alfred (Alf)	Agatha	Aitchison	Baker
Benedict (Ben)	Beatrice (Beatty)	Baker	Barber
Benjamin (Ben)	Belinda	Bingham	Blacksmith
Boris	Betty	Carling	Bottler
Corwin	Carissa	Carter	Bowyer
Cuthbert	Catherine (Cate)	Cartwright	Brewer
Dexter	Charity	Coleman	Butcher
Donald (Don)	Christina	Cooper	Butler
Dunstan	Clarence	Cotterill	Candlemaker
Ebenezer	Daisy	Elliot	Carpenter
Edward (Ed)	Doris	Fairbairn	Cobbler
Edwin (Ed)	Edith	Fallows	Cooper
Ezekial	Edna	Farmer	Farmer
Frederick (Fred)	Elsbeth	Garbett	Gamekeeper
George	Felicity	Gardner	Gardener
Horace	Gertrude	Goldsworth	Glassblower
Isaiah	Gloria	Hall	Gloombugger
Jon	Henrietta	Harris	Harker
Joseph (Joe)	Hetty	Hawkes	Herbalist
Magnus	Hyacinth	Hawkins	Hunter
Matthias (Matt)	Ivy	Hitchcock	Innkeeper
Maurice	Jemima	Hurley	Jester
Norris	Lauren	Johnson	Knight
Obediah	Lily	King	Leatherworker
Percival (Percy)	Mabel	Morris	Messenger
Peter	Marcia	Poddington	Miller
Ralph	Mildred	Potter	Minstrel
Richard (Dick)	Octavia	Sharpe	Painter
Robert	Pandora	Smith	Potter
Roger	Prunella	Squires	Reeve
Rowan	Sybil	Tennant	Scribe
Rufus	Tessa	Thomas	Steward
Silas	Verity	Thompson	Tanner
Thomas (Tom)	Victoria	Montague	Town Guard
William (Will)	Winifred (Winny)	Hamnett	Trapper
Zebediah	Zelda	Forshaw	Watchman

Additional Hamlet or Small Town Names Table

Shelfield on the Lake	Leymill on Wolfenwater	Lowesbrook cum Barrenbrooke	Cattlefall Saint Dexter
Portridge Magna	Glasswell	Sheepsmere	Leybridge
Wychbray	Leafsborough	Saintly	Riverrock
Limehollow	Llanwood	Battleham	Greyly Juxta Cragby
Feycotes	Mirewall	Saintholm	Whitespire
Lesser Oakcliffe	Greater Leyrock	Littlelow	Princeford
Brookby	Midderfeld	Lower Shortcross	Kingsvey
Witchestower	Middervey	Greyhollow	Blackfort
Cragbourne	Eaglesrise Parva	Brownham	Llanwyh
Fallowhall	Firehill	Wyrmere	Battlenall
Lowesfall	Thornheath	Fellworth on Wolfenwater	Gravescotes
Highdeeping upon Wort	Queenscliffe-de-la-Bastion	Sheepross cum Barrenbrooke	King's Oxenstanton cum Barrentor
Wychhale	Princestead	Applebrooke	Glassmere
Brightmarsh	Fellthorpe	Lower Lakemere	Loughwall
Felly	Tombbourne	Stoneford	Godsbourne
Cattleall	Quietham	Whiteville	Lakeborough
Stocksbrooke Saint Dexter	Ashstead	Snakewort	Fellbray
Sandyross	Queenswater	Wellscaster	Casterford
Brookhall	Swordross	Queenswell	Llanridge
Limerock	Redspire	Battlecroft	Firenall
Godswater	Brightfield	Ashhorton	Ashross
Tyhorton Saint Ivy	Wellsville	Sheepring	Applecester
Ironwort cum Gorfeld	Eaglesbray	Littletower	Firehollow-de-la-Carling
Queensrock Market	Greenstead	Deepborough	King's Wyrfall
Midderford	Portwood	Wolfross	Snakemars Juxta Barrenheath
Lesser Lockshill	Sainthill	Leafstead	Llanfeld
Battlebrook	Wychock	Princevale	Greenfield
Highham	Shelmarsh	Battledeeping	Daggernall on Gayleymere
Shelwyh Market	Lesser Daggersoss	Deepsley	Limebourne
Stonethorpe	Ironhills	Sheepfort	Craghale

Roll (d100)	Crap You Find on Midfolk Table		
1-3	A half-eaten turnip.	53-54	A silver brooch shaped like a hand.
4-6	A small jar of preserve (roll 1d4 for jam, jelly, pickle or chutney).	55-57	1d20x 4 inch long iron nails.
7-9	A few brass tuppences.	58-59	A sharpened stick, 4 inches long.
10-12	A bag full of lucky toenail clippings.	60-61	A stick of charcoal.
13-15	A lucky cat's paw (unless you are the cat).	62-63	A folded leather skullcap with a trading company emblem.
16-18	A piece of mouldy cheese.	64-65	A dried-out toad.
19-21	A chunk of stale bread.	66	An eyeball in a water-filled glass vial.
22-24	A game piece made of carved wood.	67-69	A small penknife.
25-27	A skeletal crow skull.	70-72	A flask of lamp oil.
28-30	A severed finger.	73-74	A small book with strange alien text.
31-33	1d3 gold quids.	75-76	A small bronze token engraved with a heraldic symbol.
34-36	An idol to Old Hobb.	77-79	1d6 small, dirt-covered onions.
37	Three fingernails, still with bits of blood and gristle attached.	80-81	A bent piece of iron, half an inch in diameter, six inches long.
38-40	A tuft of feathers.	82-84	A thin, leather cord, 4 feet long.
41-45	A small, polished stone with a green iridescence.	85-88	A pouch containing 1d10 bronze florins.
46-47	A handful of dead gloombugs	89-91	A pouch of fish scales
48	An idol to Morgontula	92-93	Three silver buttons
49	An idol to Gormoth Tor	94-95	A vial of phlegm
50	Part of a gloombug lantern	96-97	A rusty dagger
51	An Oorghthrax tooth	98	A vial of cat urine
52	A Muckulus eye	99-100	A sock with a hole in it



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The Middlerlands

Tamewort

Character Name

Player

Class

Race



Surnam Oldfield

Level

Alignment

Movement

Prime XP Bonus % Dely

Age

Gender



Stafftford

Strength

Bonus to Hit

Dexterity

Damage Bonus

Open Doors

Constitution

Carry Modifier

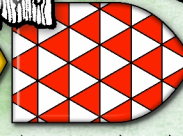


Rudgeley

Intelligence

Bonus to Missiles

Armour Bonus



Leechfield

Wisdom

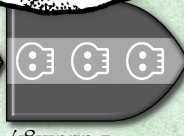
Hit Point Bonus

Raise Dead Survival

Charisma

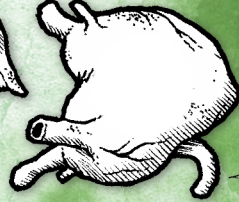
Additional Languages

Max. # Special Hirelings

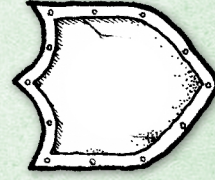


Puddingly

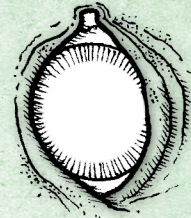
Hit Points



Armour Class



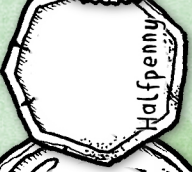
Saving Throw



Gems



Copper



Electrum



Platinum



Halfpenny

Filver

Shillings

Quids



Abilities/Notes

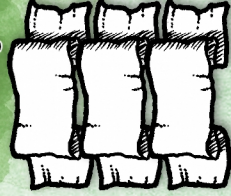
Items/Equipment

Spells/Notes

Weight carried (pounds)



Thieving Skills



Climb Walls

Hear Sounds

Move Silently

Delicate Tasks

Hide in Shadows

Open Locks

Weapons

Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Hit	Damage	Range	RoF

Monster Quick Reference Table							Monster Quick Reference Table						
Creature	HD	AC	Save	Atk	Move	Align	CL	XP	Special				
Conus Ogre	4*	2 [17]	13*	Fist (1d4), special	12	N	Special		Electrical regeneration, stormcaller, electrical immunity				
Equinian	8	0 [19]	8	Tail (2d6+4), special, spells	12, 24 fly	L	9	1100	Tail smash, mystical missiles, plantwalking, many equinians				
Four-eyed Grabber	2	1 [18]	16	Bite (1d12), special	3, 12 swim	C	3	60	Swallow, waterise, use magical items				
Greater Horned Groat	4	7 [12]	13	Kick (2d6) and bite (1d8), charge	12*	C	4	120	Track human, ram, trample				
Green-crested Bottlejack	3	3 [16]	14	Bite (1d4), special	3	L	4	120	Spit acid, bottleporting, acid crest, hates salt				
Hook-nosed Wart Goblin	3	3 [16]	14	2 claws (1d6), special	9	L	3	60	Grappling, wartsmell				
Horn-chinned Halftroll	5	4 [15]	12	Fists (1d6) and chin spike (1d8) or back spike (4d6)	9, 18 swim	C	5	240	Reach for the fish, retaliate, surprise				
Intestinal Hawk	2	6 [13]	16	2 claws (1d6), special	9, 15 glide, 9 climb	N	3	60	Beak, magic detection, magic stealing,				
Large-nosed Garden Goblin	1d6 HP	7 [12]	18	Swat (1d3)	6	N	A	5	Fogging, statueform				
Lesser Havenland Night Goblin	2	7 [12]	14	2 claws (1d4), blinding	9	C	2	30	It burns, shriek, blinding, craving				
Mawling	2	7 [12]	16	Weapon, or claw (1d4) and bite (1d6), special	12	C	2	30	Bellow, brown note				
Mouseling, king	3	6 [13]	14	Bite (1d8) and 2 claws (1d6)	12	C	3	60	Leaping, telepathy, weapon use, colony bravery				
Mouseling, standard	1d4 HP	7 [12]	18	Bite (1d2)	9	C	A	5	Leaping, telepathy, swarming				
Mouseling, warrior	1	6 [13]	17	Bite (1d4) and claw (1d6)	12	C	1	15	Leaping, telepathy, weapon use, colony bravery				

Monster Quick Reference Table												
Creature	HD	AC	Save	Atk	Move	Align	CL	XP	Special			
Muc kulus	5	5 [14]	12	Head butt (1d8), special	12	C	6	400	Breath of silence, tunnel trap, immune to fire			
Mud Cow	3	3 [16]	14	Tentacle slash (1d8) or stomp (1d6), special	6, 18 run	N	4	120	Stampede, ground sense			
Nobblin	1d6 HP	8 [11]	17	Special	18	N	B	10	Kleptomania			
Ocular Goblin	1	6 [13]	17	Bite (1d6), special	18, 18 climb	C	1	15	Grappling			
Ommatophorian Half-Goblin	4	6 [13]	13	Headbutt (2d6) and fist (1d6), special	12	N	4	120	Peripheral vision, sixth sense, headbutt			
Oorgthrax	15	-2 [21]	3	4 spikestalks (1d8) and tail whip (1d12), special	18, 18 swim	C	20	4500	Casting, converse, hard-to-kill			
Redlure Stickleback	2	7 [12]	16	Bite (1d6)	6, 18 swim	N	2	30	Ghostshift, shapeshift, waterspeech			
Short-horned Ratdog	2	7 [12]	16	Bite (1d6), special	24	C	3	60	Headbutt, pack attack, ratdog disease			
Six-headed Sewer Gripe	13	2 [17]	3	2 claws (1d10) and stomp (2d10) and up to 3 proboscises, special	12	C	16	3900	Decapitate, knock prone, de-magic lick, magical protection, hyper-alert, foul-breath			
Slitherling	8	3 [16]	8	2d4 attacks (1d6+1 each), special	9	N	12	2000	Suck magic, telepath, casting			
Trunked Saurian Halfogre	3	7 [12]	14	As weapon (up to four), special	12, 12 swim	C	3	60	Surprise attack, gas attack, hide in mud, flame & pain			
Wing-gilled Landfish	8	2 [17]	8	Bite (1d8), sting (1d4 + paralysis), constrict special	12, 18 swim	C	9	1100	Grappling, paralyzing sting			

[illegible]

The Middelands
(also known as The Midlands)

Scale bar increments: small at 1.5 miles, large at 7.5 miles
Hex centre to hex centre: 1.5 miles

Key

- Large Town
- Small Town
- Hamlet
- Point of Interest

The map depicts a vast region with a hexagonal grid. Major towns include Staffelford, Leechfield, Tamworth, and Duddingly. Rivers such as the River Pig, River Pargridge, and River Wark are shown. Forests like March Woods, Oldfield Woods, and Fingerpost Copse are marked. The map is divided into several shires: Staffelfordshire, Tealfordshire, Staffershire, Darbyshire, Lesternshire, Warrickshire, and Western Middelands. A central area is labeled 'Cairn Chase Forest'. The map also includes a scale bar and a hex centre distance of 1.5 miles.

[illegible][illegible]

- [illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

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The Midderlands

A green-hued, dark-fantasy, old-school mini-setting and bestiary set in a twisted middle-England.

Situated in the middle of Havenland is an area known by the ancestors as the Middle Havenlands. They don't use that name much anymore, preferring to talk lazily, and skip letters. In strange accents, often misheard and little understood by those outside of the central region - they call it 'The Midderlands', and themselves 'Midfolk' or 'Midderlanders'.

Everywhere though, the Midderlands is tainted by a green-tinged menace that rises from 'Middergloom', the deep and mysterious realms beneath the surface. It affects nature and order. Sometimes subtly and sometimes catastrophically. Middergloom is often described as hell bathed in green fire and flames. Green-tinged, viscid slime; noxious, acrid vapours, and miasmas of hopelessness creep upwards from below.

Amongst them, viridian-coloured demons, lime-green tentacles and other malachite horrors claw their way to the surface to wreak havoc. The Lords of the land are always working to keep things at bay. They fight endlessly as if holding back a torrent of despair.

Things stir in this viridian-hued landscape. Evil eyes blink and watch. Teeth and claws scratch and sharpen. Gaping maws slobber and drool.

All is not content in the Midderlands.



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CONTAINS

STRONG

LANGUAGE