



Nagy • Nolan • Seal

The Midlands Rivers & Lakes



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Contents

Credits.....	1
Introduction.....	3
Rivers of The Haven Isles.....	3
Ayr, River.....	3
Bilehithe, River.....	3
Cald, River.....	3
Claw, River.....	3
Clay, River.....	5
Cree, River.....	5
Derwin, River.....	5
Dribble, River.....	5
Dusk, River.....	6
Esken, River.....	6
Firth, River.....	6
Great Ooze River.....	6
Great Thameswater.....	6
Gripping River.....	7
Hadreen River.....	7
Helm, River.....	7
Hexen, River.....	7
Husk, River.....	8
Itch, River.....	8
Loughy, River.....	8
Mercy, River.....	10
Moon, River.....	10
Ooze, River.....	10
Ratmaw, River.....	10
Sixx, River.....	10
Sour, River.....	10
Tary, River.....	11

Teem, River.....	11
Tesset, River.....	11
Thief, River.....	11
Towery, River.....	11
Troutdeep River.....	12
Twine, River.....	12
Wessex, River.....	12
Welling, River.....	12
Withy River.....	13
Why, River.....	13
Lakes and Lochs of The Haven Isles.....	14
Lakes of Havenland.....	14
Bilewater.....	14
Cernwater.....	14
Conniscar, Lake.....	14
Graffingwater.....	15
Greenmere Lake.....	15
Kelderwater.....	15
Rootwater.....	15
Ullogwater.....	16
Wastenwater.....	16
Lochs of Scotland.....	17
Loch Glass.....	17
Loch Linnog.....	17
Oldenwale Lakes.....	18
Ballawater.....	18
Lake Brennig.....	18
Lake Caerdog.....	19
Garregwater.....	19
Lake Wyrny.....	21
OGL.....	22
OPEN GAME LICENSE.....	22

INTRODUCTION

The Haven Isles are surrounded by coastal waters rich in both life and danger. These seas are fed by the rivers and lakes that carve their way through land.

The rivers support trade and are rich in resources, and the lakes provide areas for around which Havenlanders can settle and thrive.

That is not to say that the folk have it easy. The rivers and lakes are dangerous places for those unwary, and unprepared. Death and life balance precariously on this watery lifesblood.

RIVERS OF THE HAVEN ISLES

Ayr, River

The River Ayr is clear and safe to drink as far downriver as Leadtown. After that, it is heavily polluted from the town's lead industry. Whilst safe to bathe and wash in, drinking water from the river or eating fish caught from it both have long term side effects that manifest over years. With many of the inhabitants of the small hamlets downriver living off the waters, they are gradually becoming more bonkers with each generation, with no known cause. So much so, that the folk of Leadtown refer to the folk downriver as being 'from Bonkersville'.

Bilehithe, River

The Bilehithe meanders from the Bilewater out to the coast along the border between Kentshire and Wessex. Smelling faintly of cabbage, the river is gentle and wide as it travels along the edge of the Weald Forest. While passable by small craft, larger boats cannot avoid the many shoals along its length.

Cald, River

The River Cald is short, but important. Running through Glasshollow, it connects to some of the highest quality fireclay mines in the land. Over the years, the river has been worked with locks, canals, and many waypoints. These facilitate the transfer of labour and supplies up to the mountain mines and the running of fireclay down to Glasshollow. The lower reaches are used to transport the goods crafted in Glasshollow out into the estuary and beyond.

Claw, River

The Claw River begins its winding journey in the hills of Hexenmoor and then weaving its way into central Devern before crawling north back towards the sea. The remnants of small settlements can be found along the banks of the river. Each one of these budding new settlements has died out; the settlers having fallen foul of the poisonous Puffer Clawfish. This nasty fish has poison-filled spines as thin as hairs which run throughout its flesh and protrude from its body. When the fish is filleted and deboned the spines break inside the flesh depositing their poison. Those



unfortunate enough to ingest the poisoned flesh of the Puffer Clawfish become ill after 24 hours; their flesh retains fluid making their limbs look puffy. The all-over body swellings reach breaking point and begin to leak white pus. The end is marked by black-green lesions forming around the eyes, just prior to a gurgling death as they drown in their own fluids.

Clay, River

Beginning in the raised land of Lesternshire, the River Clay is thought to be named after the high quality, grey clay found along its banks between Starford and Lestern. The river is named after the first lord of Lestern, Lucius Clay, who infamously drowned all of his advisors in the waters to the east of Lestern after they tried to seize power for themselves. Shallow and pebble-bottomed for much of its run, there are many fords up and down the Clay's length, so crossing this river is rarely difficult.

Cree, River

Originating in the foothills of Gywndonia Forest in Clewed and collecting in the Brennig and Ballawater lakes, before winding down across the Clewed Plains and into Chesternshire where its estuary

empties into the Emeraude Sea. Fast-flowing, narrow and clear across the Clewed Plains, the River Cree gets wider, slower, and filled with Wing-gilled Landfish just upriver from Chestern.

Derwin, River

Cascading down the hillsides high in the Yirkmoor Forest, the Derwin is crossed by two main trade routes as it flows down to the Grimsburg Estuary. Picturesque and placid, the river is lined with oxbow lakes as its course has altered over the millennia. The river has several broad-crested weirs along its length that adjust its flow to keep the settlements downriver safe from flooding. Several of these weirs have sluice mechanisms operated by weathered stone golems.

Dribble, River

The Dribble is not so much a river as a stream of mucky, dark water, undrinkable and foul-smelling, that literally dribbles down from the peaks of the Yirkdale Forests. The largest nugget of gloomium was panned out of the Dribble over 100 years ago, by a short-lived prospector named Bobert Noggins. After finding the luminescent material covered in a crust of fishbones and coveting it for two years referring to it as 'his dearest', the quarter-

pound rarity was sold to the then Lord of Lankershire, Jubious Montgomery. The now dishevelled waif, Bobert, slid into a painful, eye-bulging, extra-fingered death and eventual obscurity, whilst Jubious Montgomery became mad and is said to have had 'eyes in the back of his head'. Some suggest this was metaphorical, but others vehemently disagree.

Dusk, River

The River Dusk is slow, shallow, and frankly not all that attractive. It is filled with grasses and muck. A colony of four-eyed grabbers is known to haunt its banks, traveling up and down the river in search of sheep, sheepdogs, and shepherds.

Esken, River

The River Esken flows strong and pure out of the highlands until it runs through the southern edge of the Grammpshire Plain, where it turns brackish and undrinkable. The upper reaches are well known to the locals as excellent hunting grounds and there is an annual white-water race at the headwaters. This race begins at the lake above Esken Falls (Hex H02) and runs two miles downstream to a finishing line just after a sharp bend in the river with a sandy beach. The prize is mostly bragging rights, but the post-race feast held on the beach is not to be missed.

Firth, River

The great River Firth has a long and bloody history. It is here that Clan Damnonii held sway prior to the coming of the Gomans. Along the shores of the Firth, ten miles upstream from the

estuary, generations of 'The Damned' – as they came to be known – fought each other. After the coming of age of the twins Eron and Noray, they fought each other for control of the rich pastoral lands. Both banks of the river are dense with ancient tombs and grave markers, and many of the foundations of the village structures located along the shores are built using repurposed stone from these burial sites. Weapon shards are often found, along with bones marked with signs of the violence wrought upon them. When the wind blows up the Firth, and the beryl-hued mists swirl over the chill waters, people often see the faces of the long dead, still full of hatred for their kin on the other side.

Great Ooze River

The second most famous river in all Havenland is also the most fish-filled too. Perch, pike, barbel, and tench are amongst the many species which can be caught from its waters, but due to its abundant fish stocks, it also boasts the most dangerous predators such as; great, green, three-finned sharks and zapper fish. Many folks along its banks make a living from catching fish or catching the things that eat the fish. Broad and meandering, the river widens to some three miles across before it turns northwards and enters Norfolkshire.

Great Thameswater

The most famous river in all Havenland, it journeys through five counties before picking up all the dirt and shit that the folks of Great Lunden throw into its waters. To swim in it anywhere

downstream past Windsour is to invite all manner of parasitic horrors into your orifices. As it passes though Great Lunden the opacity of the river water changes from reasonably clear into a totally brown murk. Anyone caring to examine a cupped palm of water will see all manner of things floating in it – bits of faeces, decaying flesh both animal and human, and some of the demonic-looking zooplankton that thrive in the river, such as the long and segmented wiggly-barb waterworm and the jellyblood mollusc. This russet-hued effluent washes into the Great Thameswater Estuary where it mixes with the olive-tinged Dog Sea to form a horrible mud-coloured concoction.

Gripping River

Wiggling mainly through Suffolkshire, the Gripping River is known for its drownings. It runs deep and has dangerous currents for most of its length. Anyone attempting to swim across it at its wider stretches must make a saving throw – adding a bonus of +1 per Level – or drown. In addition, its ice-cold, transparent emerald waters are fed from underground spring water coming up from the Middergloom where it picks up the barest traces of gloomium as to be almost harmless, but gives the river a slight bioluminesce which can be seen at night.

Hadreen River

Originating in the hills of Doomfreshire, this river enters Havenland at Middercastle. By then, the clear, drinkable water has been contaminated. Urine,

faeces, dead animals, and all manner of things that you do not want anywhere near drinking water end up on the Havenland side, lovingly provided by the shirefolk upriver, who take great delight in adding as much vomit-inducing material into the water as they can find or donate. They habitually block the flow of the river simply to rile the garrison at Middercastle. Typically, after a few days, the garrison commander is forced to send out a work party under military protection to clear the blockage and restore the flow of the river. More recently, the Scotlanders have harassed these work parties and the garrison commander has been forced to send word to Grimicus Keep to dispatch its Griffon Riders to the scene. The likelihood is that next time, the garrison commander will ask for the Griffon Riders to be sent out as soon as the river flow ebbs...

Helm, River

Named after the great warrior, Sir Sutton Helm. Recently, Gloomcrabs have been seen making adventurous nocturnal migrations upriver to within spitting distance of Helm's Ford. It is thought that depletions in the fish stocks around Mermaid Isle might be causing this, forcing the gloomcrabs to seek their meaty treats elsewhere. Livestock, horses, and riverfolk have all made it onto their menu.

Hexen, River

The River Hexen's name comes from Hexenmoor where its source sits nestled between several hills marking the boundary between Hexenmoor and the

flatlands of Devern. Exiting the hills, it quickly broadens to over thirty feet wide, snaking along the Dorsomset border before heading deeper into Devern and exiting into the sea at Hexen Tor. The local phrase, 'fkin' hex on ya', originates from the likelihood of falling into the Hexen while trying to cross one of its many poorly maintained bridges. Duke Igor Salt is responsible for the only well-maintained bridge, a solid stone construction two coaches wide, known as the Queen's Crossing. A small stone sentry house stands next to the bridge where a toll keeper levies a toll on all who want to cross – poor commonfolk, merchants, and the nobility alike. Anyone stupid enough to argue finds themselves tossed into the river by the sentries. This has led to another local phrase, 'fkin' Salt'll hex on ya', said to anyone foolish enough to annoy the duke or his tollmen.

Husk, River

Rising just to the east of the Glammargan mountains, the Husk river winds into the mountain range, often disappearing underground and in and out of century-eroded caverns. What starts as a sluggish sickly green ooze flows out as ice-green, clear water, having been filtered by the mountain rock. It is claimed that this water has healing powers and many have entered the caves of the Glammargan mountains to find the source of this transformation, never to return. The most famous of these were the 113 members of the Brotherhood of Shifting Signs who marched upstream and into the caves never to be seen again. Some folk claim that if you listen carefully you can still

hear the distant echoes of chanted mantra, "Wh're t'cack in'ell are we?".

Itch, River

Aptly named, the River Itch drags something from the soil of inland Hamshire that makes it uncomfortable to swim in, useless for bathing, and sometimes fatal to drink. This short, wide river has a slightly more rust-coloured hue than the free running waters of other rivers. Duke Felix Ironfern sees the clean-up of the river as part of his plans to improve Southerton's weary economy, as it will encourage settlement in the area. So, he has promised a large reward to anybody who comes up with a way to cleanse the waters of the Itch.

Loughy, River

Running from the Glammargan mountains to the Brecken Forest, this large river is an important trade route for the clans. Animals, food, and miscellaneous items are transported between the mountains and the Brecken Forest clans, with trade continuing downriver to connect with the Cairndyff and Fishcairn trade route just north of Mumblesea. A trading post has been established here and is growing into a small settlement. Known as Three Ways, the number of tents and inhabitants around its few permanent buildings changes daily, as traders arrive having made their way downriver from the Brecken Forest and beyond or made their way from Havenland through Cairndyff and Heresfield. Horses, mud cows, animals, pots and pans, clothes, and even



the occasional cask of Nightsight Mead all pass through or change hands here.

Mercy, River

Starting in the rugged peaks of Great Mersea as a trickle, the River Mercy carves its way through the jagged slopes and runs along Mersea valley before forming the border between Mersea and Chesternshire. Dispute over which side of the river the border falls on is a topic of furious and angry debate in both regions. Mills and docks line both banks of the river as it heads to the Mersea Estuary, with fights and sabotage over river ownership both regular occurrences and dominating local discussion. Of course, there are some who claim that such occurrences are really the cover for the activities of the criminal gangs that operate along both banks.

Moon, River

"I've pissed a bigger river than that!" is often said about the River Moon, but for all the ridicule, this river is special. On nights with a gloom moon – when the lands cast a shadow on the moon, and it is both full, new, and green-hued – the waters sparkle and shimmer an emerald hue. Fish caught during this time and prepared in a certain way can heal wounds and treat diseases as well as any member of the clergy.

Catching fish at this time is a dangerous pursuit, as the hill-dwelling predators around the rivers have learned through the centuries about the good eating during this time and prefer juicy townfolk to fish.

Ooze, River

This has been described as the most ordinary river in Havenland. Its clear waters seem untainted by its inhabitants and users as it winds its way down from the Yirkdale Forests.

Ratmaw, River

The small River Ratmaw flows out of the heavy marshland in the centre of Cernwall and southeast towards the coast, exiting into the sea opposite Blymouth. Its clear waters power a single mill halfway along its length, the waterwheel spinning slowly and lazily as it drives the milling machinery within. Locals from all around bring their wheat here to be ground into flour, being the only working large mill in the area. Ten miles further along the river, towards the coast, work has begun on a second mill, much to the dismay of the current mill owners.

Sixx, River

Already detailed in the The Middelands book (page 63).

Sour, River

This aptly named river has the sourest of waters. Nicknamed the 'River of Lemons', the water is sometimes sprinkled on food, especially desserts by the river valley folk. Upstream of Coalford, the river is deep and occasionally tainted by sulphurous discharges bubbling up from below ground. During these times the nickname changes to the 'River of Eggs', or 'River Fart'.

Tary, River

The longest and largest of Scotland's rivers, the Tary does not tarry, but instead rushes mightily from its start near the base of Mount Nevis. A wild and dangerous river, the Tary often floods the surrounding lands, especially in the spring when a combination of giant otter dams and ice floes block the meltwaters from the peaks. When one of these obstructions gives way, flash floods are frequent. In the summer months, the lower stretch of the Tary is known for a rare mussel said to give long life to those who eat it. And of course, those who find pearls within are said to live happy – or at least wealthy – lives into the bargain. These valuable pearls are sought after by alchemists from as far away as Great Lunden, especially the few pearls that give off a green sheen.

Teem, River

This river has one of the deepest sections in Havenland. On the border between Torhamshire and Lankershire, the bottom of the River Teem suddenly plunges to half a mile in depth. None of the locals swim in it, and they warn anyone travelling along this stretch that swimming is a fool's errand as they will be quickly lost to the river's depths. It is only after a stiff drink or three that a local might let slip the rumour that something lives in the pitch-black cold of the river's deep water, a beast so vile that there are no words to describe it. The only known survivor of swimming in the river has never been able to tell his tale. His young hair now white and his voice unspeaking, Derwick Smitherns barely sleeps between his feverish screams.

Tesset, River

Fresh water for Southerton comes from the River Tesset. In addition, those wishing to travel to Havenhenge typically take a long ride on one of the flat-bottomed river boats that travel its length. Such journeys are invariably tranquil as the river does not run quickly and is free of islands and other forms of interference. Fishing is good along much of its length.

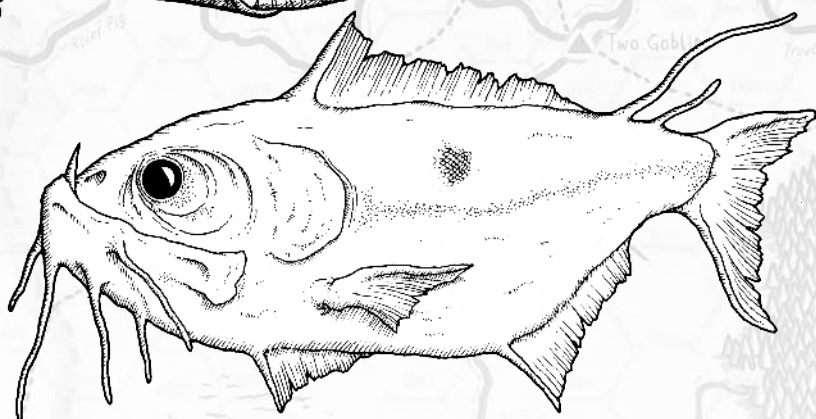
Thief, River

The clear smooth flow of water along the River Thief deceives many a traveller, for its glass-like smoothness can transform into frothing, bubbling white-water which runs faster than a green-crested bottlejack jumps bottles. Such unpredictable changes have led to many deaths along its length.

The cause of the river's unpredictability lies a mile below the river bed, deep in the earth. There lies the ancient gloomium dragon, Magnificent Destroyer Split-tail the Wise, slumbering atop a pile of mixed treasures and gloomium crystals. His periodic shifts in his sleep not only move the roof of the cave he slumbers in, but also the river above. Legend has it that a cave near where the river exits into the sea leads back inland and to where the giant dragon slumbers.

Towery, River

This river is fed by the sluggish, fetid waters of Garregwater and the cool flows from the snow-capped summits of the South Powyd peaks. Where the two join, the water clumps together like phlegm bobbing along the top of the river. The width and depth of this river offers



potential invaders a route to the very heart of Oldenwale. Thin stone watchtowers line the banks of the river. The top of each is dominated by a massive pit filled with slow burning oil. If invaders are spotted, the oil is lit, acting as a rallying call for the clans to converge on any river-borne invaders.

Troutdeep River

Already detailed in the TM book (page 63).

Twine, River

Cold, wide, and clear. After leaving the Kelderwater, the River Twine flows south towards the sea and Nownthcastle. Following the trade route about thirty miles north of Torham, the Twine is crossed by the main Great Lunden-Middelercastle trade route via the Kelder Bridge. This stone bridge has thirteen arches and supports heavy military traffic. A guardhouse stands at each end of its 350 feet span. It is manned day and night and all crossing the bridge are inspected. This and the fact that military traffic is always allowed to cross first annoys the

merchants a great deal. An alternative crossing is available further north up the river, just before the Great Wall, known as Wall Crossing, but this bridge is less well guarded or checked.

Wessex, River

Tumbling out of the Surrshire Hills, the River Wessex cuts the western edge of the Weald Forest and then flows into the Southerton Down Forest on the western edge of the county, having broadened out in the short stretch of plains between the two forests. It then flows down to the coast. The upper reaches of the river have a series of small falls known as the Tiered Falls and several sections with narrow, impassable rapids known collectively as the Wessex Rapids.

Welling, River

The River Welling makes a dramatic exit from Havenland, dropping nearly 100 feet into the sea over the hard chalk falls. The Wight Falls are often the subject of drunken tavern-talk in Southerton and elsewhere in the county as the owner of The Rotting Barge Inn has promised a

fifty-gold quid purse to the first person to ride the falls in a rowing boat and live to tell the tale. No one has yet been confirmed as having ridden the falls and the purse remains unclaimed. Above the falls, the short stretch of river runs through the dark woods of the Southerton Down Forest. Creatures both dangerous and placid, are often to be found along its banks.

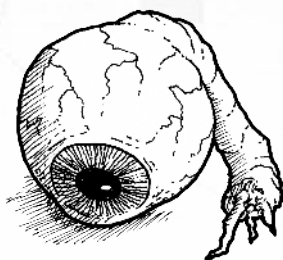
Withy River

Running mostly in Linkernshire, the Withy has been dubbed the 'River of Healing' by Duchess Aurelia Oldstead. Most think this is some ploy to get visitors to the river and attract trade to the Withy's riverside settlements. There is some truth to both claims, although the Duchess knows nothing of the real goings on along the Withy. The Black Druids of Linkern Wolds are brewing gallons upon gallons of healing potions in large underground halls deep in the Linkern Wolds. When the time is right, they plan to use their agents to empty barrels of the liquid into the river, whilst their minions downriver show the folk how curative the river water really is. The Black Druids' aim is to draw as many people in as possible to take the healing waters of the Withy and when the time is right, pour poison into the river to sacrifice thousands of riverfolk and visitors to sate their vile, demonic god.

Why, River

Flowing from the snowy caps of the highest mountains in the South Powyd mountain ranges, the River Why is a favourite haunt for river pirates and brigands who prey upon the traders travelling between Killminster and Heresfield. Although deep in clan territory, the clans seem reluctant to mete out the swift, brutal, and typically fatal justice they are known for upon such pirates and brigands. The merchants who are attacked complain that the clans tend to turn a blind eye because they are Havenland merchants. There is some truth to this, but the main reason for the clans' inaction is because most of the pirates and brigands are clansmen themselves.

The trade route between Killminster and Heresfield passes over a wooden winch-driven drawbridge. It is operated by local clansmen who drive a team of mud cows which haul on thick ropes to raise the bridge. The ropes are unhooked allowing the bridge to crash back down. Unsurprisingly the bridge often collapses and needs to be repaired. The delays this causes is another reason why merchants hate this trade route.



LAKES AND LOCHS OF THE HAVEN ISLES

Lakes of Havenland

Bilewater

Just inside Wessex, along the Kentish border, the Bilewater forms at the conjunction of two rivers flowing from the coastal peaks of each county. The southern river, The Scrag, comes down in an ever-raging torrent from Thunderslay Peak in the Sodden Hills of Wessex, carrying with it a heavy load of gloomium-infused chalk. The northern river, The Calm, meanders gently across the fertile flatlands of Kentshire, after coming down from the heights just outside Great Lunden. Its waters are rich with biota small and large. Where the two meet, the waters churn and spray. The air is laden with the scent of boiled cabbage for a mile or more, and when the wind blowing is in the right direction, the people of Hastings Watch claim they can smell it. Within the waters is said to live the legendary Wessex Serpent, a creature of spite and pain. Missing cattle, failed crops, and yet another excessive night at the tavern are all blamed on the mythic powers that emanate from the malevolent lake monster.

Cernwater

This large lake stands near the midpoint of Cernwall, its jet-black water always icy cold, even at the height of summer. The centre of the lake is dominated by a

whirlpool that churns the water for a mile in all directions. Anything unfortunate enough to be caught in 'Cern's Eye' – as the locals call it – find tentacles as thick as a fishing boat hull, whipping out and pulling them down below the surface.

Small villages thrive along Cernwater's shores. The inhabitants of these settlements have perfected a manner of harvesting the hollow reeds that are abundant here. Using a wide flat bladed knife, they harvest and save the sweet, non-alcoholic elixir that fills their centres. The locals call this 'Cern Wine', stockpiling it for their yearly Festival of the Giving One.

Despite the dangers of Cern's Eye, massive shoals of silver shardfish are found in the lake and form the backbone of the local economy. Fished in small boats called coracles, the locals find themselves eating shardfish stew more often than they would like. The silvery skins are cured, taking on a leathery toughness, but retaining their silvery sheen. These are sold to traders who ship them to Great Lunden.

Conniscar, Lake

At five miles long, Lake Conniscar is the longest lake in Havenland. Located in a glacial valley, a few small settlements can be found along its shores, whilst its waters are home to an abundance of marine species ranging from zapper fish to a few sightings of a three-finned shork. On an island in the centre of the lake stands the blasted remains of Peel Keep. The lake is most famed for the fastest boat ever-created. 32 years ago, the eccentric

Donoghue Cameburn found that with an adapted hull design and enough gloomium-infused black powder, the 30-foot-long, two-masted caravel he nicknamed *Black Fish*, could traverse a mile-long stretch of the 5-mile-long lake in 36 seconds. During his final attempt with an optimum mixture of fuel ingredients, Cameburn fell off the boat at the intense start of the run, and the boat careered off course and launched itself onto the island and into the great hall of Peel Keep where it exploded, killing everyone on the island.

These days the island is said to be haunted by the angry and baleful spirits of the Peel family. This is mostly true. A small sect of necromancers has secretly taken up residence in the dungeons beneath the ruins and has been robbing the graveyards up and down the valley. So far, Dreadmaster Gravefinger is happy with the sect's progress in reviving members of the Peel family to do their bidding.

Graffingwater

Vertically-sided and deep, Graffingwater is a mass of weeds that hides all manner of horrors. The heaviest carp ever-caught in Havenland, was caught at Graffingwater. Just after weighing the 200-lb monster, the proud fisherman, Ralph Dickington posed for a painting of his achievement. The painting was barely finished when he was dragged into the water by a tentacle as thick as a horse's chest, along with the carp he caught.

Greenmere Lake

Refer to page 55 of the TME book.

Kelderwater

Kelderwater is a large expanse of ice-cold, black water often covered in a thin layer of midderfog. Close to its southern shore, the lakebed drops almost-vertically to a depth of over 100 fathoms. Here, a giant stone titan lies as if waiting, covered in weeds and liverwort. Its eyes, made of huge faceted emeralds the size of a horse, are now algae-covered and lifeless.

Sharing the pitch-black deep with the titan is a den of five, malign water nagas. The largest and most depraved has an horrific human-male visage and is known by his honorific, *"He Who Kills for Pleasure, Ruler of the Black Depths, The Most Noble and Venerated of Nagakind, Spitter of Bile, Tormenter of Men, and Master of the Most Dark and Vile Arts, Highlord Ibb"*. Ibb is a narcissist and can be easily manipulated if he believes that his flatterers are sincere in their praise of him. Of course, if he finds their sincerity lacking, he will kill them without mercy leaving the dismembered remains strewn across the shores of the lake as a warning to others.

Rootwater

The largest lake outside of Laken Forest in Cymbria and Lankershire, Rootwater's shoreline is a mixture of silty sand and mud. The eastern shores are shallow and gradual, allowing safe access to the lake, but the western shores are much shorter and drop off into pitch-black darkness a few feet from the shore. The lake is rumoured to be bottomless and home to fish of unusual size. The fisherman, Hobblin Morris, set to catch one of these using a 1,000-foot-long fishing line and a

specially trained garden goblin as bait. Morris reached the end of his line without the goblin touching the bottom, suggesting that the lake is deeper than Greenmere Lake. As Morris wound the line back in, the rope went slack and a mass of bubbles appeared under his boat, causing it to capsize. As Morris swam to shore, he turned back to see the biggest piscine tail he had even seen or read about, break the surface and smash the overturned boat to pieces. Sir Turkin Oxbone, Knight of Root still has the fishscale that washed up on the shore that day confirming Hobblin's tale. Harder than iron, Sir Turkin uses it as his large shield. The never-seen-again beast is referred to as Hobblin's Bane.

Ullogwater

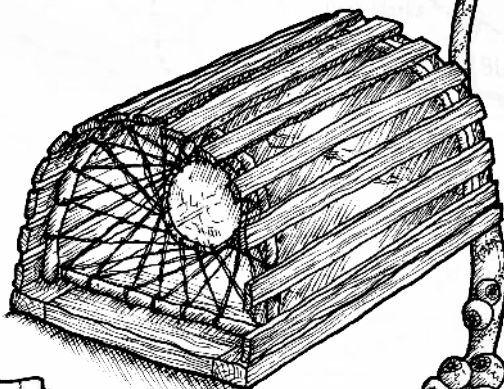
Located in the north of the county, Ullogwater is the second longest and deepest lake in Havenland. Named after the legendary cymbrian warrior Ullog Giantslayer, the lake shores are scattered with small settlements, whose folk eke out a living from the lake and surrounding forests and hills. The largest of these settlements is Ullridding, home to roughly 200 souls. On the first day of spring, folk from the other settlements along the lake gather in Ullridding for the Dangler Fish Race. Each participant takes a sheep's bladder and ties in both ends after filling it with air. They paint it with features which resemble those of a dangler fish and then each one is painted with a unique number. They are all dropped in the river from Ullog's Bridge at the same time, and the first one to make it down the three-mile river course, to the finish

line at The Cockfondler's Inn wins a selection of prize-winning vegetables, and a pig. Sabotage and stone-throwing from the river bank is encouraged.

Wastenwater

Lying close to the coast in the shadow of Mount Fellscar, this lake has a sinister feel to it. Bodies regularly wash up on its shores, many the victims of foul play, but some the victims of something of a more terrifying nature. Many have bite marks which suggest a predator between 20 and 30 feet in length.

At the bottom of the lake stands an army of three-foot tall stone idols, each carrying a gardening implement such as a hoe, rake, or spade. Several have fishing rods. Covered in weeds and algae, the 666 statues, organised in three long rows of 222 are perfectly aligned to face to the southwest. Some say that these figures resemble dwarves, but others say they are a long-forgotten race of devils called Halphfolk.



Lochs of Scotroland

Scotroland is home to many long, serpentine bodies of water known as lochs. Nestled in long valleys cut by glaciers millennia ago, the lochs are deep and often dangerous. From the verdant, algae-covered, and settlement-lined Loch Doom and Loch Daern of South Argengyle, to the cool, clear, and nutrient-rich Loch Awe in North Argengyle, Scotroland's lochs are impressive.

The most imposing, ice-cold, deep, and dangerous lochs are those in the Highlands. Loch Chern, Loch Deep Delve, and Loch Even are revered by the locals and the watery, tentacled creatures that inhabit them, are treated as gods.

Loch Glass

A cold loch bordered by steep hills to the south with a few small settlements on its banks. The submerged forest which can be seen under the waters of its eastern end is said to be the location of the Stone Circle of Ydraig, lost 400 years ago.

Loch Linnog

One of the deepest lakes in Scotroland, Loch Linnog is sparsely settled, its few fishing hamlets barely clinging to the mountainsides. Smoky green tendrils swirl through the waters of the loch, . They seem to come from the depths, but it is not clear where they go. Both fish and fishermen keep their distance from them. Fishermen especially, as the

tendrils have been known to grab onto boats and pull them under. Locals say that more tendrils have appeared in the last few years and the safer fishing areas are getting scarce. In addition, the locals have also recently noticed that the loch never gets so much as a hint of ice upon it, even in the depths of winter.

Loch Linnog is separated from Loch Deep Delve by the River Linnog. It is here that the Shrine of the Water Horse was built over 1,000 years ago, and it is here that the Sisters Equinus maintain their vigil, waiting for the next appearance of the mighty spirit of the lake. The Shrine of the Water Horse is cut into the very rocks, with a tunnel that extends down and into the lake itself. Statues, pillars, bas-reliefs, and chambers are all cut from the living rock in exquisite detail, with a skill rivalling that to be found on the continent and no sign of building or repair. The lowest level, filled from the tunnel with water from the lake, has a 30-foot-tall statue of a sea stallion rearing up from the water, its mane constantly shedding water as if it had just burst through the surface. Recently, one of the tendrils found its way in through the tunnels and made off with one of the sisters during the order's evening prayers.



Oldenwale Lakes

Ballawater

Ballawater is the site of another of the great feats of engineering in Oldenwale. Along the western edge of the lake, up the river which feeds it, and into the mountains, stretches a complex series of guide ropes, cables, and pulleys, supported periodically by timber framed towers. Upriver, in the hills, boats are loaded with slate from the slate mines and hooked up to the guide ropes and allowed to travel down the river to the lake unmanned.

Once a boat reaches the lake, its progress is halted by large nets and kinfolk haul in the boats before unloading the slate to larger steam-powered barges. The empty boats are then towed back up river by teamsters and packs of mud cows.

The steam-powered barges cut through the middle of the lake avoiding the shallows. Reeds smother the sand banks and out into the slightly-deeper waters. Amongst the reeds, blending in seamlessly, the feelers of Silt Dwellers poke through the sediment. The lake is only capable of supporting four or five silt dwellers due to their size, but they are big enough to snare a steam barge and drag it down into the depths. The kinfolk have successfully lured these Silt Dwellers away from where they work with the boats by keeping herds of mud cows as a food source. However, the deeper waters are the safest on the lake. Twin brothers Sawel and Trefor Morgan co-ordinate the

operation. Sawel on the lake and his brother upriver.

Lake Brenning

Located on the edges of the Gwyndonia Forest, its ice-cold waters fed by the nearby mountains, Lake Brenning is home to one small village, Fellbray, a small fishing community that has little to do with their own clan or the outer world. The wooden houses of this village stand proud of the water on stilts that have been driven down into the lake bed. Legend holds that when their ancestors reached the shores of the lake, a group of giant thorned briarlings, each carrying thick logs, strode from the forest and into the lake where they drove the logs into the lake bed before leaving. The ancestors used these as the base for the village that now stands on the lake. To finish construction, the ancestors hired the expertise of a mage from Havenland who was to suffer a terrible 'accident'. One dark night when the village was nearing completion, he tied his hands behind his back, climbed into a sack full of rocks, tied the sack, and fell into the lake. Everyone agrees it was a tragic fate, however, ever since that night, on the third full moon of every year, his ghost wanders the village causing unrest and unsettling its inhabitants. Elder Merion Jones has sent his son, Morgan Jones, to try and find a solution to their ghost problem. The villagers do not want any outside interference.

Lake Caerdog

Cool icy waters flow down from the mountain into Lake Caerdog. The small settlements around the lakes edges are all protected by stakes angled towards the waters edge as it is not uncommon for monsters who dwell higher up the mountains, such as hugging snowbeasts, to be swept down the slopes by flashfloods and into in the lake, only to surface and threaten the villages. Ropes with small metal items tied to them are wound between the stakes. Although they have been sharpened, these act more as an early-warning system than as a method of stopping the creatures.

The kinfolk from Lake Caerdog are famous throughout Oldenwale for their sheep-herding dogs. Able to cover all types of terrain, these dogs are trained to respond to the sound of a small whistle, whittled from the earbones of a snowbeast. In the hands of an owner skilled with the whistle, the dogs can herd sheep and work as a pack, including being directed to attack a target designated by their owner.

The lake is also home to the Two-tailed Lizard. Locals believe that they are the smaller cousins of the once-great dragons. This is, of course, total shit; something which any dragon would tell them just before killing them if they were stupid enough to seek one out and wake it. However, the two-tailed lizards have rainbow-hued scales which have the limited ability to change colour. Their skins keep some of their colour-changing properties even after death. The clan knows the secret of processing the Two-

tailed Lizard skins so they can cycle through specific shades. The resulting hides are sold for sums that only a few in Great Lunden can afford.

The only place where Two-tailed Lizard hides are sold is the grandly-named Golden Fleece Inn which sits on the eastern end of the lake. It is the furthest into Oldenwale that any Havenlander will come, but for the merchants of Great Lunden, it is the only place where they can obtain Two-tailed Lizard hides, which are usually sold at auctions once or twice a year. In this way, the clan maintains tight control the sale of the hides with minimal effort.

For the merchants, the Golden Fleece, Lake Caerdog, and Oldenwale are an unnerving place. Some evenings, a high-pitched whining comes from the mist; at this sound even trained dogs cower under the tables.

Garregwater

Garregwater can be smelled from miles away, the foetid pong of its water gaining in strength the closer you are to the lake. The kinsfolk use purple lilacs which they harvest from the bottom of the mountains and crush to help avoid the nasal assault. The crushed petals release a sweet-smelling essence, which can be used on clothes and colourful cloths. The kinfolk tie the latter around their mouths and noses.

The lake edge is covered with Lavendar Fall trees. Their boughs bend over the lake to a height of two feet above the surface, providing a perfect breeding ground for insects and bugs. The lake's birdfish



propel themselves out of the water to catch both, whilst the kinsfolk use nets on the end of poles to catch the fish mid-flight. Making the fish edible is another matter. The gutted fish is packed full of hollowgrass – which grows beneath the trees along the bank – then buried for two weeks, during which this time the grass absorbs the smell and any lingering stench from the fish. Thus the fish is rendered almost-edible.

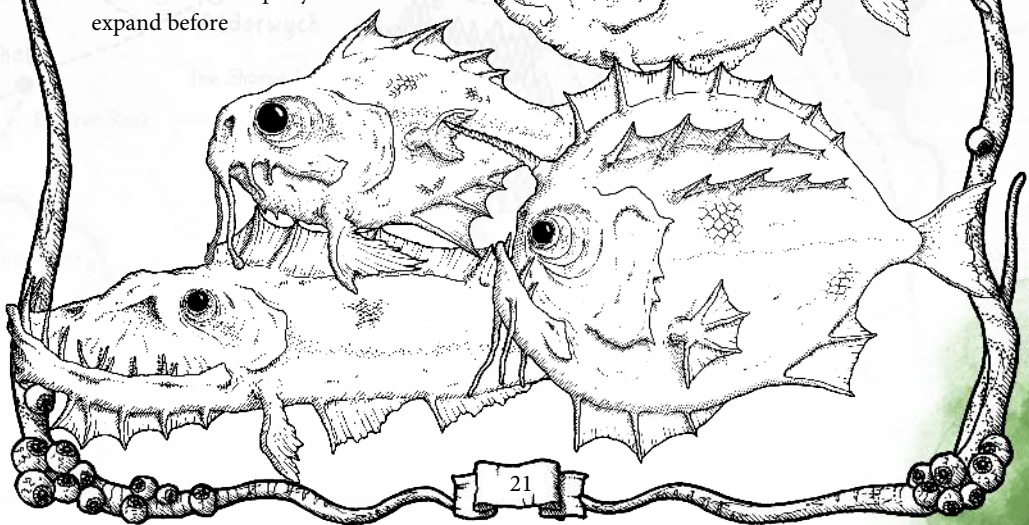
exploding with enough force to shatter the surrounding ice. The nearby kinfolk inevitably plunged into the icy water.

The ice is also cut out of the lake and used to maintain the freshness of the fish when they are transported for sale.

Consequently, the clansmen guard their ice like gold, not wanting another clan to gain control of a valued resource. Anyone attempting to steal the ice is met with the most extreme force.

Lake Wyrny

Called the Lake of Glass, the surface is frozen all year round. Attempts to melt it with fire and magic have all had no effect. The locals use the jawbones of sawfish, bought in from the coast, to cut holes in the ice. Once a hole is made, the kinfolk gather around it and throw a net weighted with stones into the hole. When they return the following day to retrieve the net, it is usually full of large Wyrny Pike. However, sometimes the kinfolk are unlucky and the net contains a Blast Snapper. Upon contact with the air, the violent death-throes of this fish causes it to rapidly expand before



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*"I'm not going in there.
Is that actually shit?
...And more importantly,
what the hell did it?"*