

Ruislip and Surrounding Isles

Luke Gearing

Assumes the use of *Wolves Upon the Coast*.

Monsters may be found in *Volume 2: Monsters &*

Treasure was generated using the forthcoming *~~~~~ Treasure*. Item descriptions have been provided at the end of this document.

Where not specified, inhabitants speak Ruis and do not keep written records.

Those on the coasts will have passable Albann.

Monuments are inscribed with a script called Ghom - all Druids are able to read Ghom.

Scholars and monasteries will speak Latin - old records will also be in Latin.



Weather

Roll 1d8 at commencement of play.

After this, roll 1d6, and:

- If the previous days score was 2 or less, -2 to the dice roll.
- If the previous days score was 5 or more, +2 to the dice roll.

#	Weather
-1	Very Hot.
0	Hot.
1	Warm.
2	Overcast.
3-4	Fog.
5	Light Rain.
6-7	Heavy rain.
8	Storm.

Encounters

Every 12 hours, an Encounter roll should be made. Use the location to determine goals as needed - most do not wander aimlessly. If an entry does not appear in *Volume 2: Monsters ℰ*, use statistics for Bandits.

Do not roll encounters for Island hexes.

d100	Encounter
1-2	2d20 Bandits.
3-4	1 Druid and 1d6 Fanatics.
5-6	1 Priest and 1d6 Faithful.
7-8	Merchant carriage and 2d6 guards.
9-10	Herd of deer, 2-in-6 stalked by 3d6 hungry wolves.
11	1d100 heads of cattle, 1 herdsman per 20.
12	Conflict - roll 2d20, one for each side.
13	Corpse - roll 1d20.
14	[If Adjacent to 03.07] The Ogre from 03.07.
15	[If Adjacent to 01.09] The Manticore from 01.09.
16	[If in Northern Ruislip] The Griffon from 05.05.
18	[If Night] 3d6 Orcs from 03.11.
19+	No Encounter.

Ruislip Islands

02.05 Dunrick

This small isle is thick with hypertrophied vegetable growth. The plants lean eagerly towards Ruislip, leaves extended like fingers.

Those sleeping here are strangled in the night by the plants, loving coils around necks. In the years to come, they awake as if from a dream, skin of bark, legs all root and leaves fat and green.

05.05 Shoal

An inhospitable spit of land rearing up from the ocean. Rocks jut like spears. Clambering to the top without tools is likely to result in death upon the rocks.

At the top is the Griffon nest. Five chicks squawk hungrily. They each have 1HD. Killing them will drive the Griffon to rampage across Ruislip, seeking the murderers.

There is a 20% chance it is in its lair - otherwise returning on a 2-in-6 per Turn. It will be seen coming 1 Turn away, unless weather is poor.

Isle of Kindee

01.16 Burnt Village

Devastation marks this area. Lifeless blackened ruins, consumed utterly by flame. Gouges as deep as plough-lines in the remaining stone - as if something terrible dug here. No bodies, no bones, no life. Just devastation, untouched by the years.

02.16 Lair of Sruthkin

A huge dome of earth, grass and shrubs grown atop it. Breathing can be heard within - the slumber of Sruthkin, a Dragon. Atop the hoard of his slain raider kin he dreams, scales iron and bronze. If anyone carrying more than 200sp enters, he will awaken. Otherwise, only violence or disturbing the hoard will awaken him.

The hoard is magnificent (Monstrous V):

- 17000sp in heaped coins of all origins and denominations.
- 4000sp in goods
- *The Water Bell.* (&T)
- *A Whale's Eye.* (&T)
- *The Armwolf.* (&T)
- *Oathchain.* (&T)

Ruislip

03.07 Ogre House

A drystone house, chaotically expanded and repaired into a near labyrinth, hides between two low hills. Heaps of bones, driftwood, and flowers are all around it. Within can be heard heavy footsteps and a low, continuous monologue. The words are indistinct. An Ogre dwells within. He wishes to desire all bones - flaccid carcasses are strewn within. Rats sneak into his bone-hoard at night. This enrages him. He is attuned to all sounds in the house, and stalks intruders cautiously.

There is a 80% chance they are here - otherwise returning on a 3-in-6 per Turn spent exploring, an animal or human trapped in their sack, screaming.

The bone-hoard is within a sack he carries. In addition to the thousands of bones (Monstrous II):

- 400sp in rough, local silver coins.
- 200sp in cowry shells.
- 240sp in wolf pelts, stained and degraded with rot.
- 360sp in golden thread.
- A rough map, pricked onto goatskin. It shows a street within Donenashoe. Beneath the flagstones is hidden treasure (Monstrous III):
 - 600sp in mixed coinage.
 - 150 *Silver Tetradrachms* (&T).
 - 300sp worth of ritual incenses.
 - A *Pearl Eye*. (&T)
 - A vial of *Inverse Varnish*. (&T)
 - *Nastroph*, in a small stone case. (&T)

04.07 Beached Whale

Upon the sands, a beached killer whale slowly dies. It snaps at those approaching like a feral dog. In it's stomach, 1d100 fish in various states of decomposition, a statue of an angry sea god and a clam with a pearl worth 100sp.

01.08 Runestones

A pair of stones, each with inscriptions. The first is in Norse, and reads "Hwrfulf threw this stone from the hill behind which the sun sets. Before that, he slew a barbarian chief."

The second is in Ghom, and reads "Let not this marker dub us property of the sea men but only act as a gravestone." The second runestone is noticeably bigger.

02.08 Stamullen

Hidden amongst the deeper trees, the village of Stamullen can be smelt before it is heard, and heard before it is seen. Honey bees fill the air - multiple large colonies swell amongst the proliferation of wildflowers. They seem docile and loathe to sting. 79 people live here, well fed and clothed with their honey-wealth.

They all owe this to Macullen, one of the newest Druids. Against the orders of the Druid-Cult, he has tamed the bees. He does not know they will destroy him and make his ribcage the foundation for a new nest. The village will die as the bees return to defending their nests. This will happen in 1d6 weeks - preceded by fen wolves raiding the nests. The Druid-Cult will only dispatch one member of their order to perform the killing. If Macullen survives, they will accept his judgement and leave the village bee.

20 skirmishers, 12 bee-swarms.

04.08 Culemwardern

Atop a hillock, a town of 600 squats behind a wooden palisade, spikes bristling against all comers. The wide, slow river flows past them and towards the sea. Their fishing vessels make the journey daily, although they watch the sky fearfully.

They are ruled by Cioran (4HD, Heavy Armour, Two-Handed Axe), who owes loyalty to no man nor god. His Rival, Forgall, claims his grandfather sailed from Albann. The people clamour for Cioran to slay the Griffon which attacks their fishing vessels. He does not want to leave Culemwardern - he fears death by the Griffon and Forgall securing the town against him. He offers 1200sp in jewellery and coins for the head of the Griffon.

Forgall believe the inhabitants of Cloyne are behind the Griffon attacks. He and Cioran agree that the influence of the Druids is to be opposed.

80 footmen, 100 skirmishers, two Karvi equivalent ships plus 8 fishing boats.

05.08 Cloyne

58 live within this loose accumulation of hovels. Cattle and swine are attended to by children whilst the parents fish upon the sea. They watch the North carefully - their waters have been appropriated by Culemwardern before. The Griffon does not attack their vessels - those of Culemwardern are closer and more laden with fish.

Nominally they are ruled by Beyf (2HD, Chain, Sword & Shield) but most affairs fall to the Druid in 06.09. Few of the villagers have seen them directly - the druid speaks in broken twigs, whorls of blood and burst earth. Those most able to interpret these signs are expected to be called to join that secretive order. The populace is fanatically loyal to the Druid-Cult - most (80%) would die willingly for them.

25 skirmishers, 5 fishing boats.

01.09 Manticore Cave

The cliffs above the stony beach are wounded by sea-caves, accessible on foot whilst the tide is out. Echoes of water move strangely in this chaotic geology. A Manticore stalks the caves, wearing a stolen face. It allows itself to be seen but does not engage in combat - it wants the Faceless Man to hire ever-more expensive mercenaries. Stealing his face was not enough - it wants to ruin his fortunes. It attempts to toy with intruders until the tide comes back in, drowning them.

There is a 50% chance it is in it's lair - otherwise returning on a 2-in-6 per Turn spent exploring.

The deeper, higher, dryer caves serve as a den - this is where it eats and dreams of revenge. It has destroyed a holy book in Latin, and uses the paper as bedding. Wealth has accumulated from the corpses eaten (Monstrous III):

- 500sp in contemporary coins.
- The heavy leather covers of a Latin holy text. Worth 50sp to a bookbinder.
- Several suits of fine silks and furs - worth 400sp if repairs and cleaned.
- *Fairypenny* (&T)
- A vial of lethal poison.
- *Library Flagstone* (&T)

03.09 Donenashoe

The forests in this hex have swathes of damage through them, forming bands of growth. Swollen herds of deer eat the many fresh shoots.

This crumbling ruined city is haunted by Llamon, a Juggernaut. She has four legs of ridged stone, and a body of thick, shaggy fur twined with a parasitic bramble. Small, weak eyes have a dull orange glow. If intruders are spotted entering Donenashoe, she will clumsily pursue, further devastating the ruins. She will pursue as far as adjacent hexes before slowly returning. If the belly of Llamon is split open, her guts tumble out and she dies.

The remaining buildings are made of stone, quarried in eastern Albann and carved to a style from over the seas. Within squat 198 Goblins. They covet man-made goods - wearing scraps of fabric as status symbols.

Each Turn, there is a 2-in-6 chance of encountering 4d6 Goblins. Roll reaction each time, unless Goblin corpses are present.

For each Turn spent searching, 3d6sp in coins and baubles can be found by searching the buildings.

The centre of the city is dominated by a Temple. Moving towards it, the streets begin to fill with perfect marble statues of Goblins. It takes 30 minutes to reach from the edge of the city. The Temple is structurally sound, but has been heavily defaced. Statues of human warriors cluster around it, faces full of fear. It contains a Medusa. The wealth inside is undisturbed (Monstrous III):

- 1000sp in mixed coins - many of heavy gold, stamped with centuries-dead emperors.
- 5 delicate bottles of pungent religious perfume, worth 500sp.
- A back-back full of religious icons in silver and gold - depicting eagles, bulls, wolves, cities built atop corpses, winged figures pulling up unfortunate sinners. Worth 600sp.
- A single draft of *The Sculptors Medium*. (&T)

05.09 Belcarra

Stilt-houses rise from the fog of the moor. Fires are scant amongst the 99 inhabitants. Their lives are spent in quiet service to the Druid-Cult. Ecstatic rituals can be heard at night, deadened by the fog. All are expected to fight if needed. Those who won't are used as practice for the rest - the Druids remember the previous occupation, and will never allow it to happen again.

A large, unlit pyre stands in the middle of the village. It would burn 30ft high, and be visible for miles.

All are painted in swirling patterns of blue. They will not speak to outsiders. They only point to the South if questioned. If pressed, they begin threatening with their weapons, and light the immense signal fire to warn the Druids.

80 fanatical footmen.

06.09 Bitter Druid

The sea wind bites with teeth here. It is desolate - few trees are to be seen, only the sharp undulation of the terrain and the rocks emerging like bones from wounds. Within such a crease, charms of bone may be found. These were taken from long-retreated conquerors, and mark the lair of a Druid.

They have abandoned language, and shepherd the people of Cloyne. They are centuries old - the same Druid who was cast out from Culemwardern when an Albann conqueror took it. Resentment burns within eyes more animal than man. They are clad only in discarded feathers and blood.

They know the spell *Invisibility* and may cast it once a day. This spell does not affect the sight of domesticated animals. They use this to harass and ambush intruders and threats. Those taking maximum damage (or Surprised) have a triple-gouge symbol clawed into their forehead - this marks them as an enemy of the Druid-Cult. This heals into an obvious scar.

There is a 30% chance they are here - otherwise returning on a 4-in-6 per Turn spent exploring.

Within their lair, buried beneath accumulated shit, is wealth from a previous life (Temple I):

- 400sp in golden coins, marked in Ghom.
- Sacrificial Knife of meteoric iron worth 150sp.
- *Falcon Hood.* (&T)

01.10 Dorbog

The boundless western sea pummels Dorbog, home to 800. It shows clear signs of Norse influence, long wooden houses jostling with Ruis drystone architecture. Above both towers a fortress built in a style imported from the south, long ago. The fingers of captive kings were crushed in it's construction.

From this fortress rules Donnagh (HD 5, Medium Armour, Shield, Mace), freshly ascended after his uncle died childless two years ago. A Druid, Mish (Cure Light, Moderate Wounds), is always by his side. Donnagh acts to force peace upon the isle - promising both Cioran and Glas to side against them if they seek war.

The people of Dorbog are diseased. None know it, but the river that runs through the town is polluted. Dead livestock and wildlife can be found all along it. Mish is willing to offer the healing arts of the Druid-Cult for one who resolved this issue. Those already marked for death by the cult could find forgiveness in such an act.

On the outskirts of Dorbog is a faceless man. His name has been forgotten. He has sold everything to pay for someone to recover his face from the dog that stole it and fled to the North. - a sign in Latin outside his house explains this, promising 1000sp. This bounty has long since been stolen. He is not aware.

100 footmen, 100 skirmishers, three Karvi plus eight fishing boats.

Most of the population speaks passable Norse.

03.10 Awoken King

Deep in the forested wetlands, the waters are not still. A Mummy - once a king, sent to beg aid - has arisen with a troop of twelve skeletons, all armed & armoured in bronze (Medium Armour, Swords). The Mummy wields *Eyebiter* (&T). The band slay animals and leave them in the spring that feeds the river - and so death creeps downstream to Dorbog. They have grave-goods (Tomb III):

- 6 *Doubleface Drachm.* (&T)
- Thirteen heavy bronze necklaces, studded with gems. Worth 1300sp.
- *Ivory Miniature* (&T)

05.10 Stone Circle

A huge stone circle crowns a hill, rising atop the crawling shrubs. Movement is constant - there are always 2d4 Druids in straw cloaks and fern coats here, maintaining and guarding. Birds, deer and disheveled humans often approach, bow, shit, and leave. One of the Druids eats this, and then whispers to the others.

On full moons and before major actions they conduct sacrifices - usually individuals kidnapped from Albann, but Ruislish opposed to their designs are favoured. These are conducted on the stone tables surrounded by the circles.

The hill is a barrow complex - the Druids study and sleep within it, nestled with the bones of their forebears. The tunnels are tight and claustrophobic.

If the Stone Circle is attacked, the Druids summon 2d20 wolves from the moor. Rats within the barrow pour forth as three independent 5HD swarms. An Ennt awakens in 1d6 Rounds and joins the fray, begrudgingly. This is the last favour it owe the Druids.

In times of war, the population of Belcarra camp here.

The Druids have the following spells - read down in order as far as is needed.

1. Fireball
2. Fear
3. Haste/Slow
4. Lightning Bolt
5. Transmute Mud to Rock
6. Weather Control
7. Web
8. Wall of Fire

Searching the barrow takes a full day, but reveals much treasure (Temple III) :

- 4000sp in lost coins.
- A 4000-coin *Coat of Coins* (&T), taken from an invading general celebrating their previous conquests. Has 5 different currencies used in it's construction.
- Three full bags of uncut gems, worth 1000sp.
- Two blocks of ivory, engraved with symbols of authority - worth 500sp.
- Three full baskets of shells, worth 450sp.
- A *Cloak of Hands*.(&T)
- A *Mummified Dog*.(&T)
- A *Faerie Boat*.(&T)
- A *Potion of Architecture Friendship*.(&T)
- *Red Pouch*.(&T)
- *Egron*, bound in vines coiled like chains.(&T)

06.10 Pirates

A Karvi is hidden in a deep, narrow cove. 30 Bandits (Light Armour, Swords, Javelins) cook fish over coals, careful to avoid too much smoke. Booty from Albann is heaped around. They are lead by Niamh (5HD, Medium Armour, Battle-Axe, Bow). She challenges superior foes to a duel - giving her crew a chance to escape aboard their ship. If she thinks her crew can win, they simply attack.

The crew hail from all the villages and towns of Ruislip, and speak passable Albann. 1d20 of them are drunk at any given point. Their unspent haul (Bandits II):

- 300sp in silver Albann coins
- A small bone case containing 10 doses of opium, worth 300sp. The case is decorated with a flowing, abstract motif.
- Six silver ingots, each stamped with the profile face of an Albann king. Worth 300sp.
- Four bags of ornamental flower seeds, worth 320sp.
- A *God Casket*.(&T)
- A pictorial map, marking a small cairn in the interior of an island. Those who have seen it would recognise this isle as Dunrick. At this location, a huge hoard is buried (Bandits III):
 - 1000sp in Albann and Ruislip coins
 - A large jar, full of black pepper corns. Worth 1000sp
 - A hundred swords. Worth 120sp.
 - Three vats of Greek Fire. Worth 2400sp.
 - Eight full kegs of pickled vegetables. Worth 500sp.
 - Twenty wrapped blocks of salt. Worth 2000sp.

02.11 Ogonnelloe

A ruined fort - nothing but an L of stacked stone - pierces the treeline and marks the location of Ogonnelloe, home to 80. They are trappers of game and hewers of wood.

The village was lead by Ailín until recently - he has been missing for three days. Before that, Caoimhe disappeared. All are set to fearfully clutching swords as the night creeps through the village.

For centuries, against the day they are needed again, a Werewolf has dwelt in the village, passing on the curse as they feel time settle against old bones. Before the newest apprentice - Clodagh - could complete her training, the previous Werewolf was killed by his wife - jealous of the time he spent with young Clodagh. As such, she does not know how to control the curse. She was told of others on Albann who share the curse, but no more than that.

The bodies have been devoured. The next attack may not be fatal, and propagate the curse. Both the Druid Cult and the Christians will begin to notice as the bodies stack.

50 skirmishers.

03.11 Orc Fort

Within the depths of the moor, a fort leans, the wet soil unable to support it. Water pools, rainbow shimmers playing across the surface. During the day, greasy black smoke emerges, coiling into the sky. The fort has a partially collapsed dry-stonewall surrounding it - there are 3 main sections which have collapsed.

The fort is narrow, and has three floors. 80 Orcs dwell within. During the day they forge their weapons and slugs of iron. At night they roam the surrounding hexes in bands of 16, looking for victims. 30 remain to guard the lumps of meat growing into more Orcs.

In case of an attack, they blow horns to summon back the war-bands, and use javelins and bows to keep intruders at bay, firing from the upper floors. All have axes, clubs or swords. 20 of them have javelins. A further 20 have bows. A pit for remains also acts as a store of treasure (Monstrous II twice):

- 600sp in mixed coinage - much of it silver and local.
- 5 Tin ingots, worth 225sp.
- 5 bundles of dried Liberty Caps, worth 250sp.
- A single block of pure ivory, worth 200sp.
- A vellum map with instructions in Latin. They describe an otherwise nondescript hill in 06.11. Buried half-way up is a metal box, heavily rusted. Within is (Magic User I):
 - 300sp in silver dhirrams.
 - A pouch of cinnamon bark, worth 100sp.
 - *The Running Net* (&T)

01.12 St Olham's Monastery

The only monastery on Ruislip, inhabited by 96 monks. The abbot, Sean, was raised in the Druid-Cult, and despises them with a passion. He is dedicated to rooting out their influence on the politics of Ruislip - to the point of betraying his Christian ideals. The other monks put their entire faith in him - such converts are vanishingly rare.

All of the monks at least passably speak Latin and Ruis - many of them can read. Sean is able to read Ghom. They have the most complete historical annals, although they are very one-sided - going so far as to praise the ancient invaders who first brought the faith to the island. Some of the more free-spirited monks also collate myths and stories.

Hospitality is offered to all who do not openly bear pagan symbols - if they are willing to listen to the sermons.

The monastery contains (Temple II):

- 2000sp in Ruis and Albann coins.
- Ten bottles of fine wine from Pyorra, worth 200sp.
- The complete skeleton of St Olham, worth 1500sp to jaded Christian collector or pagan warlord.

03.12 A Dog

A huge wolfhound bathes in the river. If offered food, it will become incredibly loyal although will cheekily steal food whenever inconvenient.

05.12 Blulach

A thousand souls dwell within the stone walls of Blulach, open only to the channel that separates Ruislip and Albann. Within the walls, stone streets and cramped wooden houses. Albann is as common and Ruis in the markets and alehouses. A church looms above most of the buildings, and shows signs of generations of devoted maintenance.

From a small fort on the docks, Glas (4HD, Medium Armour, Spear, Shield) rules with his loyal men, all clad in chain shirts. His Christian faith and Albann heritage is no secret - his family were imported here by the ancient invaders. They have formed a warrior aristocracy, and consider one-another cousins. Members of the Druid-Cult are burnt alive in the market square if discovered.

Glas offers a bounty of 750sp for the head of Niamh - she raids his fishing and trade vessels, ensuring that any of his family are killed.

The bishop, Guaire, will pay 1000sp for the removal of the Gargoyles in 04.13. You would not be the first to try.

A paddock of 30 riding horses, liable to snap, eyes rolling, is kept outside the wall.

20 armoured footmen, 80 footmen, 40 skirmishers, 30 horsemen, 2 Knarr plus 8 fishing boats.

06.12 Barrows

As the salt just begins to fade from the air, the Barrows dot the landscape. A ruined camp is nearby - weeks old. Supplies and digging tools have been left. Sustained inspection reveals an excavated entrance to a barrow-mound, covered with cunningly pinned turf.

In the darkness below, a Wraith lurks, accompanied by 4 Zombies - the thralls earned with the blood of grave-robbers. It will try to avoid combat during the day, unless the Zombies can be positioned to block the exit - then it strikes those bearing light first.

At night, it emerges and haunts the hex, drawing victims into ambushes with its Zombie thralls.

Within each barrow is a Tomb III hoard. Disturbing unopened mounds releases another Wraith. The already opened barrow contains (Tomb III):

- 300sp in old bronze coins.
- Several springs of still-pungent funeral herbs, worth 100sp.
- A *Ships Head*, taking the form of a spike painted with a hundred eyes. (&T)
- A tub containing a single dose of *The Wax of Refusal*. (&T)

02.13 Nameless Hamlet

Above a thin sandy beach, an empty hamlet. No food, no nets, no tools. Furs and clothes have been left to rot. Nothing has stirred here for years - thatched roofs have fallen in. Birds nest in ruins. Shells are abundant within the shells of buildings.

The sea seems gentle here. Foam forms castles which are dissolved beneath a lead sky.

At night, yellow-blue lights dance beneath the water, a half-mile off the coast. 2d6 Merfolk remember fishing there.

04.13 Gargoyles

By the river they cluster, as they have done for decades. 11 Gargoyles, coated in hard-baked mud. Despite new beliefs, people from Blulach still sneak out and throw the water over them. Less people die this way. When Glas has tried to deal with them, too many cousins have died - only two of the Gargoyles died.

They slowly, painfully pivot their heads to watch you. If you bear no buckets, they achingly move to defend themselves. Their pain fuels their violence.

04.14 Killucan

This sparse village of 43 is gathered around a tiny church. They are outnumbered 4-1 by their cattle, and distrust river fish. They are used only as bait for ocean fishing. They always have a bountiful harvest.

Ultán plans to join the Gargoyles, having announced this publicly a week ago. Everyone knows this is because Ciamhnait spurned his advances. None are motivated to stop him - even his parents do not care. He continues to mope and loudly plan his journey.

Unbeknownst the priest, Killucan was once much larger. Half the village took to the water. The remaining half still feel the call of the sea. Some develop scales and hide them.

They defer to Glas of Blulach in terms of governance.

20 skirmishers, 5 fishing boats.

Items

in order of Appearance.

The Water Bell

An immense gold torus - enough to burden an oxen. It is hollow. If struck normally, a simple resonant gong. If struck when full of water, it evokes primal fear in all humans and posthumans within earshot. Something in the mind remembers.

1d6	Reaction
1-2	Fall prostrate for 2d6 Rounds, muscles acting against your will - again?
3-4	Flee to the highest visible point for 2d6 Rounds, seeking safety from...?
5	A call to final battle and liberation or else death - +1 to hit and damage, exhausted afterwards.
6	Despite fear, something tells you this call is not for you.

Whale's Eye

Shrivelled and leather-brown, but once round and firm and plucked from the head of a whale set on ship-sinking. Mounted on a ship, it causes blindness in sea monsters. It could be thrown at a monster of the land to create the same effect. Doing so destroys the remains of the eye.

Armwolf

A 3' length of curved yellowed bone, tapering to a point. The inner edge is serrated with teeth of greened bronze. It looks as if the bone has grown around them. It is unwieldy on the swing - it wants to twist and present those teeth back towards the wielder.

Deals 1d6+2 damage. Damage may be rerolled, but if the new result is less than the previous, that damage is dealt to the wielder instead.

Those held in dominion to something of water and salt improved upon natural weapons. Another came and tore off this tusk. Above the waves, nothing else remains of the story. Beneath the waves, this trespass is remembered.

Oathchain

Halls gather shadows. They lurk and infiltrate, festering and destroying from within. Most have the wisdom to leave as the end encroaches, taking up the mantle of exile. Some do not, and are corrupted.

How many were abducted, dragged to up the hill to the hall? Mead flowed no longer. Only blood. By night the huscarls descended, tight-ringed mail silent, faces grim. None had the mettle to kill what once was their liege - now a blood-tyrant.

AC as Chain. -1 to Attack rolls vs the wearer. Makes no noise.

Their depredations ranged wide - many stories feature silent-armoured warriors seeking victims. Such figures are reviled and hated. Without their liege, violence is likely.

Silver Tetradrachm

Silver beaten to the thinnest possible edge whilst retaining any integrity - they can easily be folded into nuggets. Issued by an early merchant city to combat rampant clipping - any attempted modification utterly destroying the coinage. If suspended and struck, they chime like bells - a request, apocryphally, from the husband of a particularly successful merchant who insisted on counting their collection personally.

Razor-thin silver coins. Each worth 1sp, 10sp to a collector. Worthless to collectors if folded.
Found in stacks of 2d100 amongst hoards in historical trading zones.
Obverse & Reverse - no markings

Pearl Eye

An orb of pink-hued pearl, delicate imperfections of red tracing a vein-network just beneath the surface. Forced into an empty socket, it allows the host to scry an object or place three times a day. The object/place must be known in person or poetically.

This gives no indication of distance or relative location.
The orb rotates of it's own accord, seeing the unseen.

Inverse Varnish

Something like thinner quicksilver with a despicable yet vague odour. Poured over a figure, they are rendered invisible, along with their equipment. The stench remains. The effect lasts until the liquid is removed, whether through water, scraping or vigorous motion.

Nastroph

A band of black stone, unadorned bar a single rune - a deep-cut X. It is always cool to the touch. The wearer may not die. They are still injured. If the ring is removed, they perish instantly.

Fairypenny

An inflexible, leathery disk - one face with the distinctive gills of a mushroom. Pleasant to turn over and over in your fingers. Dirty like an old coin. Only found in old collections, in basements and tombs. The origin is lost - perhaps from over-harvesting.

Worth 50sp to a collector - 250sp in goods in rural communities.

A mark of good fortune, and a gentle warning - the bearer is not to be cheated nor wronged. The punishments vary from spoiled milk to stolen children.

Library Flagstone

A large stone, the top appearing slightly molten and very smooth. A flagstone from a library in a time and place where magic was learnt openly. Such a structure was inevitably burnt. The flagstone saw generations of learning - and some lessons well enough to repeat. Sleep upon it as a pillow, and resonate.

Difficulty 3, but does not require study.

Spells: *Anti-Magic Shield, Circle of Protection, Clairvoyance, Cloudkill, Comprehend Languages, Detect Invisibility, Detect Magic, Dispel Magic, Fly, Haste, Invisibility, Knock, Light, Locate Object, Phantasm, Sleep, True Seeing, Web, Witch-Lock.*

Magical grimoires reward repeated study. Each has a *difficulty* score. This is how many weeks of study it requires before a spell is wrested from the grimoire. If your game is slower, this is weeks of intensive study. Pulpier games may allow study at camp to count.

Falcon Hood

The Watchful bid to blind the hunting birds roosting in their temple - each hood a facsimile of one of the Hundred Faces Used to Watch. Each bird loses its name, becomes the current incarnation of the lineage. The birds originated many of the current hunting lines - the names of such ciphers for the names of each of the Hundred Faces Used to Watch.

Worth 350sp to a collector.

Doubleface Drachm

Silver coins marked by two oddities - the obverse always depicts a pair of faces, each facing outwards albeit tilted away. There seems to be endless variations - implying hand-made coins or a very long run. The second oddity is on the reverse - small lines and markings implying an order but without any obvious guide. The obverse and reverse are always paired. The originating city is unknown.

If 500 unique coins can be assembled (1% chance of any two given coins being the same) and arranged, the reverse is revealed to be a map. The centre depicts a city found on no other map. You would not be the first to try and assemble the map.

Heavy silver coins. Worth 15sp, 30sp to a casual collector, 100sp to someone assembling the map.

1d6 found in many hoards - as if a curio.

Obverse - A pair of faces.

Reverse - Disorganised lines (map sections to the initiated).

Ivory Miniature

Fits in the hand comfortably, the cream-yellow of the ivory drinking in light. The figure is squared, each face depicting a different figure. The first is a child, a tree leaning over them. The next is an adult, holding tools. The third clutches a child. The fourth face has been abraded smooth. Time has devoured the final face. Suggestions are all that remain - enough to justify any interpretation.

Worth 200sp to a collector.

Coat of Coins

Barbarian kings commissioned these mail-coin-coats as a sign of wealth and scorn for the unpractical wealth of civilised people. These coats are found near-exclusively as grave-goods of such kings - and many still honour them. Wearing such a coat is sure to alert those remaining faithful to your sacrilege.

The most successful kings had patterns formed of coins of many subjugated kingdoms - the complementary shapes increasing the protection afforded, as well as flaunting victory over more subject peoples.

Provides AC as Leather if a single coinage is used, AC as Chain if 2-3 coinages are used, and AC as Plate if 4+ coinages are used.

1d10*1000 Heterogeneous coins sewn to backing fabric. Random coins can be pulled off at 1sp each, or the coat sold for 1000sp to a collector.

Found as a singleton only.

Vanishingly rare. *Use other coins to determine obverse & reverse.*

Cloak of Hands

Named for the palm-shaped leaves used to construct it, these cloaks are prized for their low weight and waterproof nature. As long as they are kept watered and exposed to sunlight, the leaves are capable of surviving indefinitely. They also function as camouflage - something relied upon by bandits and resistance fighters. Soldiers of many nations have charged into the undergrowth to find nothing.

If the wearer is struck by a single slashing attack, the cloak is ruined.

Worth 25sp natively, 200sp beyond the borders.

Mummified Dog

The acid waters of the bog would have delivered this animal to eternity - but instead it has been vomited up, boneless-yet-rigid, tanned by slow liquid seep. It was promised an eternal hunting ground.

You could put it on a bookshelf.

Worth 150sp to a collector.

Faerie Boats

Tiny bronze boats, washed up on the riverbank. Before a maiden voyage, they are cast out into the waters - either to trick the river, satiate it or thank it, depending who is asked. Removing one from the river is said to doom the vessel.

During petty wars and raids, youths known for prodigious patience and lung capacity are set to find and steal such charms. Many have died in the river, pierced by guardians or dragged away elsewhere by the flow, bodies never found. The grimmest stories have them as crew to these tiny bronze boats.

Worth 150sp to collectors.

Potion of Architecture Friendship

Tastes like dust and chalk. Gritty, as you'd expect. The imbiber is treated as a friend to walls and doors. Such structural elements may be asked what they see. The walls will not lie - not to a friend. Lasts 1d6 Turns. For the duration, creatures of natural, elemental earth and stone will target you first.

Red-Pouch

A generous sling, made all of one continuous piece of oxblood leather. The cords whip the slinger upon release, always drawing blood and spraying it about.

Adds 2 to damage. Pursuers can always find your trail of blood.

When the ransom was not paid for the Red Bull, it's captors chose humiliation. They castrated the bull and made weapons of its scrotum. The river of blood from this castration led the rightful owners to the camp of the raiders.

Egron

Bleach-white driftwood wrapped in snakes of gold, converging on an orb of murky amber at the top. Figures shift and move within the orb. Egron speaks in dreams using the imagery of volcanoes and oceans, teeming ants nests and wolfpacks. It believes itself a natural outcropping of a magic process set against the natural. It wants, eventually, for all reality subjugated to magic. It despises gods.

Strikes as a normal staff. Beasts struck are subject to *Charm Person*.

1/Day: *Light, Hold Monster, Hold Person, Fear*.

Ego 2.

Each staff has an Ego score. If this is higher than a characters level, the staff requires bargaining with before allowing itself to be used. In the case of a major disagreement, the staff may try and dominate those with less HD than its ego - roll a number of Warding saves equal to the difference. Each Failure indicates 1 Turn the staff remains in control.

Each staff wants to ensure its creator stays dead, wants to destroy other staves and to minimise the spreading of magical knowledge.

God Casket

Iron-bands coil around a box, wood soaked in bitumen. It was not built to be opened, only closed. Within is the god of a city, long buried, the inhabitants moved on by time. When the first to ride carts for war came, they would conquer. As their gore-splattered vehicles moved through the streets, the royal guard would storm the temple and steal the city-god - the ultimate sign of defeat. Such prizes were sealed away in these boxes - to demoralise and control the now-captive populace. Even when their victory was revisited upon them, the gods were not liberated.

How they were scattered is not known.

Worth 350sp, or 5000sp to one seeking to reunite a people.

Running Net

A corded gut net, each corner weighted with the lead-filled skull of a ferret. Their claws and teeth are woven into the netting. If an attempt to throw it misses, it will scurry across the floor and seek the feet of the quarry, entangling them in 1d6-2 rounds.

Deals no damage. Subtracts 2 to hit.

*Scurry scurry
fear and flurry
ferrets four
divest'd of paw
bound up tight
hunt the night
watch your feet
or teeth they'll meet*

Ship's Head

A ship's spirit can be broken without sinking. Boarded, one who used to be a woodsman, far removed from home, moves to the prow of the vessel and strikes off her head. This prize is carried back, leaving the victim unfit for sea in the eyes of superstitious sailors. If the head is buried ashore, even worse - the ship is doomed to sink.

Worth 350sp to collector.

Wax of Refusal

Daubed across the skin, this pale yellow wax contains flakes of stone. They were chipped from the first tablet destroyed in anger. One covered in this wax may negate one attack, magical or otherwise.