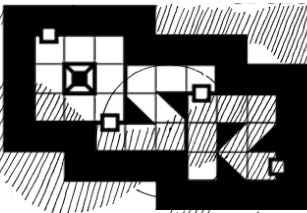
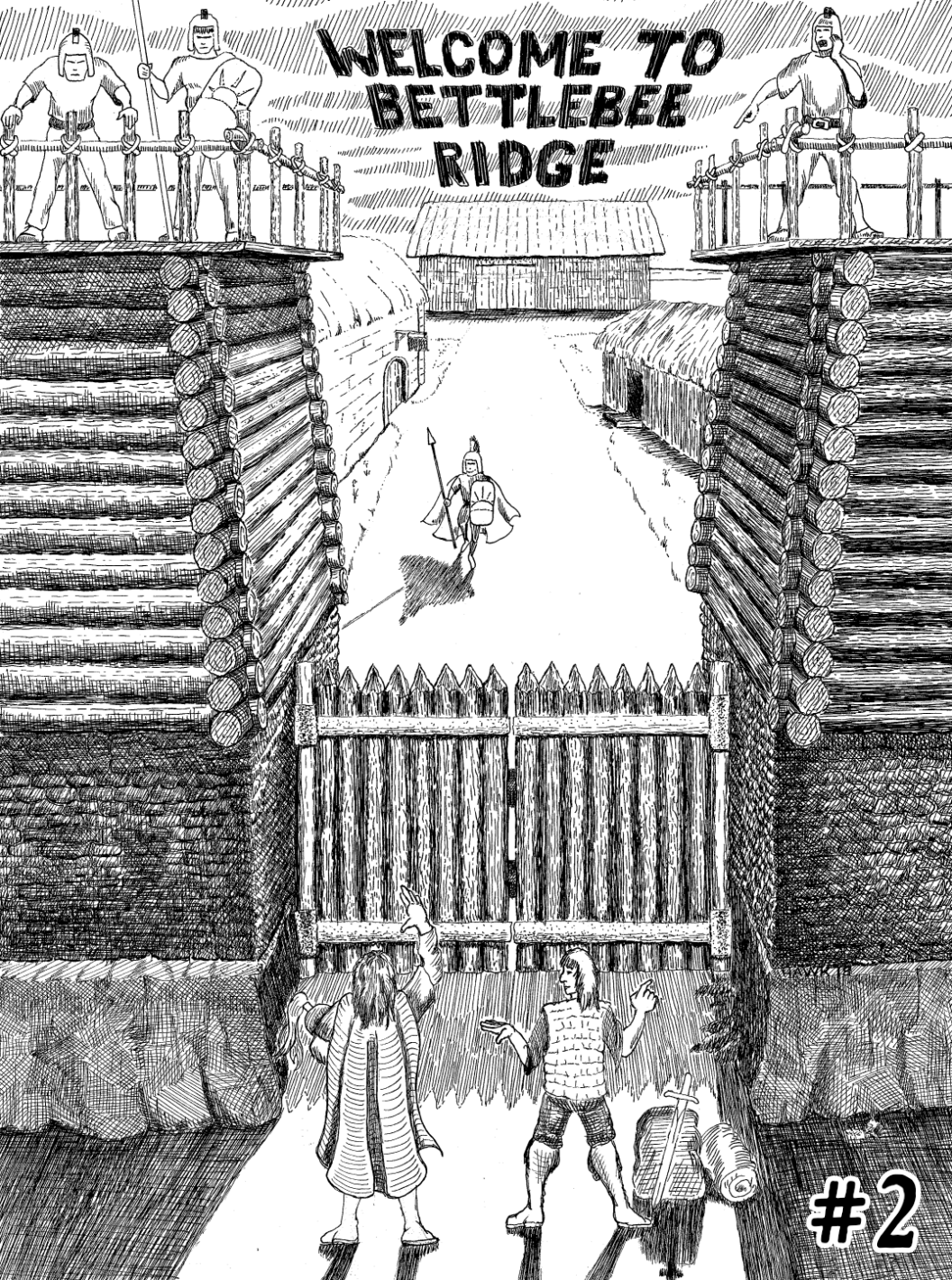


# Hobbs & Friends of the

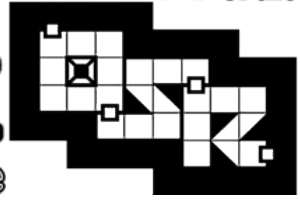


## WELCOME TO BETTLEBEE RIDGE



# #2

# Hobbs & Friends of the



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An OSR Zine

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## Contents

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Bettlebee Ridge

by Monty Hobbs & Jason Hobbs

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## Learning and Teamwork

Publishing content is a funny thing. We've had some growing pains here at Hobbs & Friends but we've learned some lessons. Teamwork is important and having the right team in place is extra important. When your team is on the same page it's even better. When everyone is moving in the same direction it's just an amazing thing.

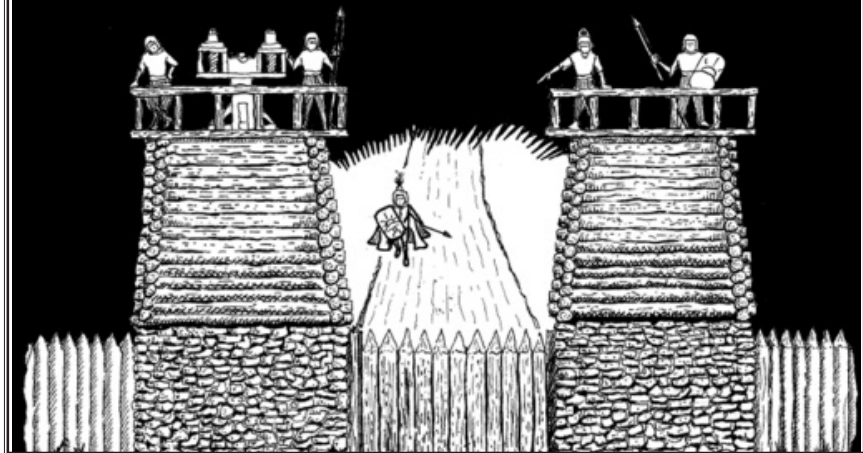
As you'll notice there's a new team in place for this issue of the Zine. Jason has gotten Rock River Games moving forward and he's taking over the editing duties for this issue. Monte Hobbs is on the keyboard pumping out the words. Hawk is still on pencils. I'm still working layout. Hailey is our proof reader. The team seems to be solidifying. We also had some extra help in the form of art assets from some wonderful friends of the OSR.

It's been an interesting ride getting to this point but the team is assembled. It's been a pleasure to work with these fine folks and now for issue #2 of Hobbs & Friends of the OSR. Enjoy and feel free to let us know how we can improve in the future.

Chris Sniezak



# BETTLEBEE RIDGE



*Located along Westway the Great Trade Road situated on a rocky escarpment of the lower Armsreach Hills, perched above the Mizzle Moor, is Beetlebee Ridge, one of the last Outposts of the Northern Marches. Feeling more fort than town, and often used and seen by the Rorn's as a bastion of defense, it keeps the fierce Krigan Raiders from striking into the heartland of Rorn.*

*Originally, the outer wall consisted only of an aged, earthen rampart. Within the last decade, ballista-topped guard towers and ramparts lining the battlements of a wooden palisade are all of Celdoran effectance. The Celdroan Legatus is like many of his kin; kind when it suits him, a tyrant when it doesn't.*

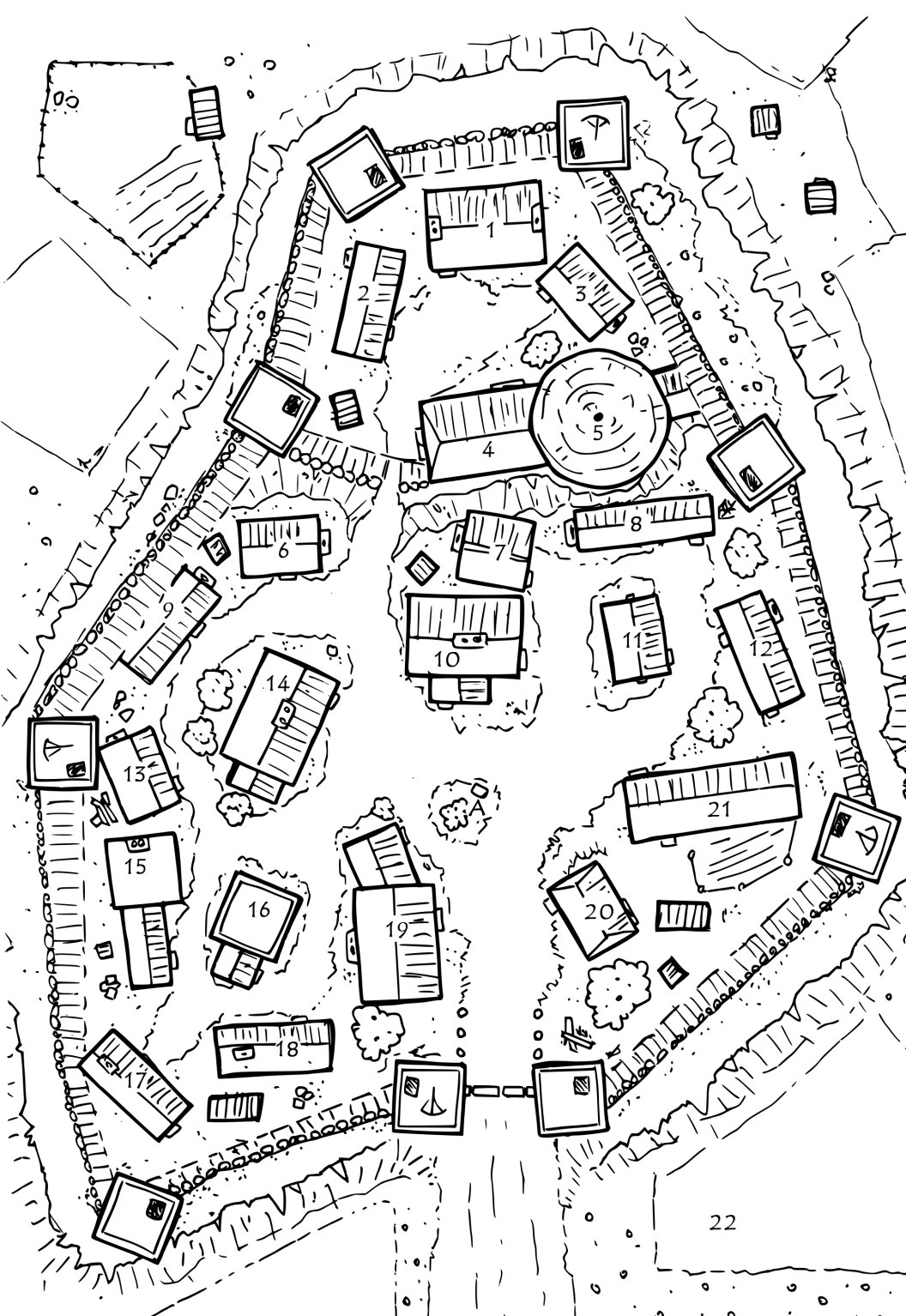
*The townsfolk, surrounding herders, farmers, and miners tithe like the rest of Rorn. Downtrodden and continuously subjugated, they murmur of an ancient legend, the return of the Horned King.*

*It is an old place; Krigan and Rorn, and threat of the barbaric beastmen, all overseen by a fickle Celdoran Legatus. Whispered prayers of an old religion and hymns of a new one are audible at one of the final bastions between civilization and savagery. You have reached the verge of the Northern March: a brutal miasma of caustic moor and dangerous hinterland hiding slaving beastmen and ravaging Nordborn raiders behind every stone and bole.*

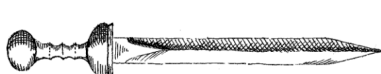
*Welcome to Beetlebee Ridge*







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# Dramatis Personae

## *Celdoran Legion within Bettlebee Ridge*

### **Legatus Matias Helividius Ravilla (Location1)**

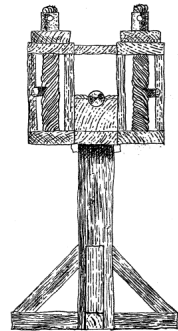
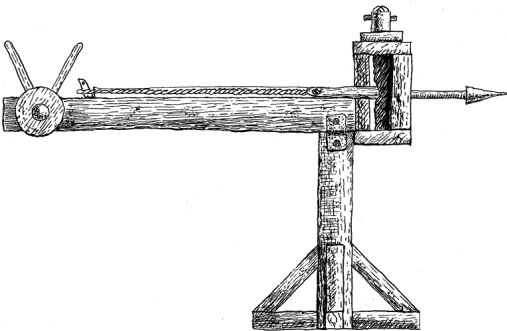
Legatus Ravilla is well educated and intelligent, generally pompous and fickle. As Legatus of Bettlebee Ridge is a political posting, not military one, Legatus Matias considers this assignment beneath him, perceived as a form of punishment, rather than a promotion. He spends his time annoyed by his duties and trying to find entertaining uses for his time in this backwater.

### **Auditor Gnaeus Piso (Assistant to the Legatus) (Location1)**

Auditor Piso is Legatus Ravilla's adjutant. He fawns over the Legatus while in his person and puffs himself with self-importance from his lofty position. Gnaeus is a psychopath, but a hidden one that fears the Legatus' knowledge of his eccentricities. Many of the local girls taken into the Legatus compound end up in Gnaeus's mainical hands, locked in a secret room behind the lower level, and used for his twisted pleasures.

### **Optio Caius Antonius Afar (Captain of the Guard) (Location 6)**

Optio Afar is a genuine veteran of countless engagements of the Legion. An honorable man with a cool head and calm demeanor. Optio Afar is a professional soldier by every definition of the word. He makes certain the officers and soldiers under his command are ever vigilant from without. Sometimes his perceptions of men within are a little dull, as he believes the best of men until proven otherwise, and in this hostile territory he is a bit myopic. (If he were to discover Auditor Gnaeus' compulsions he would surely string the man up by his heels.)



### **Decanus Vibius Glabrio (A Field Lieutenant)(Location Varies)**

He is leader of the Grey Talon pugnum (a legionary tent group of 8 men). Vibius is an Evocatus (a soldier who had served out his time and obtained his discharge, or missio, and then voluntarily enlisted again numerous times at the invitation of Optio Afar. Decanus Glabrio is fiercely loyal to Optio Afar and was given command of a semi specialized pugnum used to the harsh life of forward observers and scouts, and has steadfastly become the Optio's goto man in the field.

The name adopted by Vibius's Pugnum is the Grey Talon. They consist of an assortment of Celdorans, Rorns, half-breeds and outlanders. They are known as approachable, friendly, and fair to Rorn and Celdoran alike. Truth be known they deal with and gather intel from as many sources as possible. Vibius prefers to use coin and goods to secure information, rather than strongarm and blackmail techniques, though he is not above using the latter if the occasion warrants. The Talon is rarely in "uniform" but they are efficient, deadly and loyal, one and all to their leader, Vibius. The Decanus likely has some knowledge of many of the dealings above and below board in Bettlebee Ridge, in regards to the Legion, assuredly. What he may or may not know of the Rorns is anyone's guess.

### **Tessarius Sextus Metellus (Master (Drill) Sergeant) (Location 3)**

Tessarius Metellus is gruff, no-nonsense, scarred and grizzled. He is responsible for the motley assortment of men placed under his command by Celdoran rule. Men he is expected to whip into shape in one of the farthest reaching frontier locations of the Celdoran Empire in Rorn and make them into soldiers. Tessarius Sextus is responsible for the training, rotations and minutia of the Celdoran military presence in Bettlebee. These tasks run the man haggard and might forgive him his stoney attitude.

### **Lucius Labienus the Armicustos (Quartermaster) (Location 10)**

Though Lucius is a trained Legionary, he seems bookish and is a stickler for forms, paperwork, and inventories. He keeps meticulous track of all the supplies going in and out of the garrison, including hiding the very lucrative Forum Tenebris, or Black Market, consisting mostly of proscribed poisons and ritualistic materials gathered from the Mizzle Moor.





CRB<sup>18</sup>

## Others within Bettlebee Ridge

### Bedwyr Hywel (The Armourer) (Location 7)

Bedwyr is well spoken and has a generally easy going nature, quick to smile but not laugh. He does have a unique, almost infectious chuckle. Bedwyr is a barrel chested Rorn whose singed beard and hazel eyes sparkle with a zest for life, uncommon, living on the fringe of the world. Of course keeping the Legion's armour in repair takes up the majority of Bedwyr's time. When not at the forge Bedwyr can usually be found at the Spiral Lion (#19).



### **Kaeso Otho (The Raptors Beak)(Location 8)**

Kaeso Otho is the poster child of Celdoran lineage. Very handsome in a slightly effeminate way, pale skin, curly blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. Proud of his heritage, near to the point of prejudice. Often seen showing distrust and spite, bordering on hatred for the Rorns. Otho runs a tight pub and foodery. He caters to his lineage and attempts to get the best of Celdoran ingredients from distant Aemilius to the East. He's a purveyor of the Forum Tenebris.

The Raptor's Beak is the favored location of Legatus Ravilla, his assistant Piso, and whatever entourage that may accompany them. In actuality, though, his entire operation is a front. Kaseo is a Rornic sympathiser working closely, and in strictest secrecy, with the Dafis.

### **Smitty (Weaponsmith)(Location 9 )**

Smitty is a short and stocky man with heavily muscled arms and bowed legs like gnarled oak limbs. His slightly bulbous nose leads up to steely gray eyes peering intently from under bushy salt and pepper eyebrows. A man of few words, blunt, his timbre low and gravelly. Smitty's lineage is a mystery his bald head and leathery features enhancing the enigma.

Most weapons can be found at Smitty's shop, though he seems to specialize in Celdroan types, such as the hastae and gladius. His prices are fair and the workmanship serviceable, if without any flair. It has been said that he will bind a weapon to the owner for the fee of drawn blood and the open ended promise of a favor. The blood is folded into the flawless forgery of a service weapon, bound by blood together with the whispered anagogic rhymes of an ancient cabal. These weapons are 3x cost and enable critical hits or an extension of the normal critical tables for the system of your choice.

### **Ninib & Gibil Iddin (Iddin's Stone Works)(Location 11)**

Ninib and Gibil Iddin are identical twins of Kemish descent with a particularly annoying habit of finishing each other's sentences. For labor craftsmen, the twins are lighthearted and sort of whimsical. They are approachable and easy to talk with, both constantly smiling, joking, and laughing. Working stone has altered their forms compared to most Kemis. They are flush with muscle and mass. The influx of the Celdoran influence, and coin, in the Ridge has helped these two brothers to create a very lucrative business in the upgrading, retrofitting, and construction of stoneworks in Bettlebee.





### **“The Foreman” (The Hall)(Location 12)**

Thiodolf Hildirsson is a Nordborn known as a ‘Whiteface’. He came to the Ridge nearly a decade gone and he didn’t come alone. Whispers tell a tale of a Thegn of the the Nord having Bloodfeud with another Thegn and escaping the bloodshed. Others mention a curse by a Nordborn Witch. He was held under the highest suspicion for years, but allowed to run a business as a lumberman by word of the Optio himself. His hall has slowly grown by other ‘Whitefaces’ leaving their homeland to join Thidolf. Still, some of the Rorn despise the Nordborn and threaten action, but nothing has happened, yet. Thidolf and his band are responsible for felling trees and assisting in keeping the palisade and blackhouses in workable wood. Here are some possible names for the ‘Whitefaces’ living in Thidolf’s Hall. Erling, Sökkolf, Ornulf, Hallvard, Armod, Nasi, Bruni, Arnkel, Kadal.

### **Ifan Llewellyn (The Blacksmith)(Location 13)**

Ifan is of Rornic descent. He is well muscled from years of putting hammer to anvil. His face, arms, and hands are burnt and chapped from the fires of his forge. His skin seems perpetually stained by the soot from his blackhouse. Ifan can trace his line back several generations, all born and bread in the shadow of the Armsreach.

His shop is responsible for common blacksmithing, beating the dents from pots and pans, or working an edge on an aging plow.

### **Kreaesh Kalla (The Merchandiser)(Location 14)**

Kalla hails from Arog and somehow is able to remain impeccably clean despite the harshness of the surrounding environment. He bears the olive complexion and dark hair of his race, and often grooms his perfectly shaped, curled beard. He is a skilled opportunist, able to play all sides of this multi-headed coin, and even manages to come out ahead without offending anyone or taking a “stroll” to Rivalla’s Court (#A).

### **Aulus Opimius (Potter/Glassblower)(Location 15)**

Aulus is a Celdoran craftsman of no little celebrity. He, and his assistant and mate, Crassius, create everything from base pottery to colored glass and windows. It is a mystery to many why such a man would be so far from bustling society where his works would garner much more coin. Some believe he is beholden to one of the senior members of the Celdorian Legion bivouacked at the Ridge. A jilted lover perhaps, or the child of one?



### **Whatts (Bower/fletcher)(Location 16)**

Whatts is a tall, thin, and wiry Rorn whose lean form camouflages the strength with which he once effortlessly drew a long bow. The man is aged now, but was known to be able to arrow whiskers from a charging Moor Hound at a hundred paces. He was commissioned by the Legatus, or more specifically, the Armicustos to keep the Legion presence in Bettlebee stocked with bows, arrows and the massive bolts for the ballistae mounted on the towers surrounding the Ridge.

### **Eira Hywel (Herbalist/Apothecary)(Location 17)**

Eira is a stunning, auburn haired woman of mixed blood, whose lithe shape and bright green eyes garner much attention from the many men of Bettlebee. All of it loathed. She is brisk, clinical, professional and knowledgeable, a boon to Legion and townsman alike. The primary deterrent of the advances, always close by, is the massive, mute simpleton assistant she lovingly calls Mopp.

Mopp's size, strength, and protective nature of Eira is reminiscent of a mother bear standing on its hind legs protecting her cubs. He only lacks the fur. He bears an unruly and long crop of black hair that refuses all efforts to straighten. His size, strength and simplistic nature belays the deftness within his massive hands and fingers. He is able to perform the most intricate and delicate processes of his mistresses work with seeming ease.

Eira is a witch of Kathon, secretly worshipping her patron, a Demonlord of Raksha. She is a common consumer of the Forum Tenebris. Mopp is infused with the blood of the Demon and can shapechange into something truly formidable. It isn't always the threats without that may cause a person to go missing in Bettlebee Ridge.

Eira has discovered ancient tunnels, likely catacombs of a past civilization in the earthen rampart the Ridge is built on. Currently, she uses the illicit buried cuts and channels to escape and enter Bettlebee without anyone being the wiser. She disdains the rebellious undercurrent and the Celdoran overlords responsible for it, interested instead in her nefarious worship and unknown delights.





### **Eurwyn Williams (Carpenter)(Location 18)**

Eurwyn is of Rornic lineage, non-descript features and a sinewy form. He seems to have a knack for woodwork and his crafts have drawn a crown or two. Yet there is little call for such nicities on the Ridge and his work is mostly repairing swains and houses. In spite of his wife's efforts, bits of wood, splinters, and sawdust litter his hair and homespun clothing the ever present sign of his craft.





### **Rhys Dafis (Spiral Lion)(Location 19)**

Rhys is of Rornic ancestry, average height, and slightly portly. His features are a round face, brown hair, and quick smile. Rhys is a lifelong Innkeep, having taken on the position from three generations of Dafis. He is quick with a story, tale, mead or food. He works his way through busy tables like a swordmaster on a battlefield. With an infectious smile and easy demeanor he slays his clientele with undeniable efficiency. Though protective of his daughter, Delyth, he is fully aware and trusts in her ability to take care of herself.





Rhys is one of the leaders of Anselm's Adherents, a cult determined to bring about the return of The Horned King. The Adherents believe the time is ripe for his return and he will lead them from the insufferable occupation of the Celdorans. He never holds meetings in the Spiral Lion, instead leaving the Ridge on trips to Hornburg or other nearby villages under the pretense of supplies or family.

Delyth is cut from the same cloth as her father, Rhys. Same brown hair only much longer, same brown eyes. Her smile is not only quick but also captivating. Instead of portly, Delyth is shapely and slightly shorter than her father. All in all, a very handsome woman. She dilligently helps her father with the day to day operation of the Spiral Lion, even taking over a leadership role when he is on his 'country jaunts'.

If Rhys is a leader of Anselm's Adherents, then Delyth would be a General of the same organization. She is a sorceress of some prowess, if her position in the organization is any indication. She is shrewd and extremely intelligent, capable of anything that stands counter to the tenets of the cult.

### **Trystan Hughs (Thatcher)(Location 20)**

Trystan's wispy white hair and scraggly beard outline the weathered face of this frail looking old man. The perpetual stoop and bowed legs in no way slow him down, though. Everything this Rorn does is brisk and efficient from walking and taking to his work, which is an integral part of the Rornic blackhouse.

### **Hedge (Stabler)(Location 21)**

Hedge appears Rornic, though may be of mixed blood. He is spare and seasoned like most of his kin, enduring hardship with little complaint. Rorn, Celdoran, Merchant or Caravansery, Hedge seems to care little as he and Slim take meticulous care of the animals under their care. He is knowledgeable of equines and beasts of the hoof in general and has studied in Adalton as a veterinarian.

Slim is taller than Hedge by several inches and is built much more solidly. Slim seems content to handle the heavy work of the stable. Opposite in size, stature, and complexion, Hedge and Slim are actually brothers. Slim is the eldest but not by much. Their only resemblance is visible in the shape of their eyes.



## Bettlebee Ridge

Local legend of the Ridge tells of Rorn's ancient past in this area. The Bettle family once homesteaded this site. They hunted the Ridge, tilled the land, and were knowledgeable beekeepers. The family made arduous journeys to sell their honey of exceptional quality, earning them the moniker Bettle's bees.

The Bettle's carved out and defended this small piece of the world as their own. Building their homes and outbuilding upon the earthen works and rampart already there, having been crafted long before their arrival. Year after year, multiple generations living on the same patch of land finding husbands and wives in their travels and amongst the travellers staying at the small lodge where they would entertain guests and buyers.

A hale and hearty group one and all, staving off Beastmen and raiders emerging from the Armsreach until, inevitably, from the Armsreach came an all out assault. The raiders hungry for the plunder from such an isolated and well developed homestead.

The battle of Bettle's Ridge was a testament to their battle prowess, and out of pure desperation and tenacity, the Bettle's managed to hold off the horde for days. Just before help arrived they fell to the last, their homestead plundered and razed, the Bettle line forever sundered. (Or was it? See Brandyburgh Inn)

It is said that the Lord of these ancient lands, when he arrived with reinforcements, was wearing a massive horned greathelm and had declared the remnants Bettlebee Ridge to honor the fallen.

Bettlebee holds a number of permanent dwellings that double as both business and residence; Some have been "updated" during the Celdoran occupation with block, mortar, lumber, and some with bars and actual glass.

All of the buildings within the Legatus compound have undergone substantial renovations. Made of cut block and mortar and clay tile roofs to stave off the threat of potential fire. The central portion has recently been laid with cobblestone.

Within Bettlebee, the majority of the business and their owners, on the surface at least, manage to work in relative unison and in harmony, side by side, through barter or coin. Most often it is through contract or sub-contractual arrangements or commissions made





*A Rornic blackhouse- The 4 to 7 foot tall double-walls are made of dry-stone and packed with earth, clay, or sometimes a daub made with a mixture of clay, reed and animal dung. The reed and dung are used to keep the clay from cracking and falling away. The wooden rafters are covered with thatch or turf mixed with reed. The floors are usually made from packed earth, or flagstone if the owners have the wealth. More recent buildings have a stone hearth with a chimney, older ones have a central hearth, with the smoke eventually making its way through the roof. Due to the soot, these older buildings, have a blackening of the interior leading to the name blackhouse. Those that have windows can be shuttered and barred from the inside.*



through the Legatus' staff. The general atmosphere keeps to what is best for the Ridge, many of the residents' ancestral homeland. For such a remote hamlet, Bettlebee has a bustling trade and burgeoning economy within its fortified walls.

Even though the merchants and craftsmen make every effort to appease the fickle Legatus, they keep their children (especially their daughters) and wives away from the eyes of the Celdorans as much as possible. The Legatus has been known to "enlist" the daughters of the locals into his household. Most are seldom seen again outside the Legatus' compound.

Celdoran soldiers, archers, and legionaries, run drills, train, and practice constantly in the fields surrounding the ancient rampart. Under the watchful eye of the officers, soldiers work to keep vigil on the surrounding hills and moor by patrolling the wooden ramparts and towers above.

Much of the day to day business at the Ridge happens at the area known simply as The Market. It is located Southeast of town on a flat, well-maintained field with several semi-permanent stalls having been erected over the years. This is where non-Legion caravans, traveling merchants, tinkers, farmers, and tradesmen gather to hawk their wares.



# Locations

## Ravilla's Court (Location A)

Located in what is considered the town square is a hillock with an 8' x 8' raised wooden platform, with a pavilion erected next to a 10' tall rough hewn post, easily the size of a man's waist. Spikes have been driven into the post at various heights and then bent into hooks. Rule-breakers and law-offenders are brought here as prisoners, gagged and shackled, and led to the post. Their manacles are hung over the hooks at a height where the offender is standing on their tip toes or not touching the ground at all, cruel iron biting into their wrists and their shoulders bearing all weight. The Legatus then holds Open court. The crimes and offenses are weighed and judged, and punishment is meted out. Punishment can range from hanging on the shackles from hours to days, whippings, cane thrashings, racking, or death. The latter is done by slitting the throat of the offender. Any combination of justices are performed depending on the Legatus' whim. In hushed tones and in secret the Rorns call this place Murder Hill. To say so out loud could be called treason or sedition and they would then join those who have been judged before.



### ***The Draft***

*According to Celdoran Law, every child, male or female, regardless of nationality, is drafted into the Legion on their 16th name day for a term of not less than 4 years. Anyone of age without their service Token, proving the fact that they are serving, serving and on leave, or exempt, are held for the crime of desertion. The length and or efficiency of the investigation is usually up to the Optio, or ranking officer. Anyone of merit may challenge a person and perhaps report them to the authorities.*

*The punishment for desertion consists of a brand on the right side of the neck, the sentence is usually twice the number of months remaining on the term of service (ie if never served, 8 years) but never less than 1 year, of hard labor such as mines or quarry pits.*





- 1. Residence/Office of Legatus Matias Helividius Ravilla and his Adiutor Gnaeus Piso** - A multi level block mortar and tile building. The upper  $\frac{3}{4}$ 's floor are Matias's living quarters that open onto a  $\frac{1}{4}$  floor balcony overlooking the compound. The lower  $\frac{1}{2}$  is cut below ground level as a sort of walk in cellar.
- 2. Kitchen/Mess Hall** - A single story block mortar and tile building. The kitchen sits within the northernmost part of the building. Tables and benches line the remainder of the space, reminiscent of a cafeteria.
- 3. Quarters of Tesserarius Sextus Metellus** - A one story block mortar and tile building. The interior is neat, clean and spartanly furnished. A reflection of the man himself.
- 4. Barracks** - A two story mortar block and tile structure, the south facing side doubling as a windowless wall. The interior has an open floor plan lined with bunks, single beds, footlockers, and a few tables and chairs.
- 5. Granary, storage, warehouse** - Also a two story block and mortar building, with iron bound doors whose tiled roof has an 6 foot wide, very steep eave which also serves as a roof for the rampart.
- 6. Residence/Office Optio Caius Antonius Afer (Capt. of the Guard)** - A single story block mortar and tile building the standard of the legion affixed to the wall next to the door.
- 7. Armourer Bedwyr Hywel/Rornic** - This building is in the midst of renovation halfway between blackhouse and block and mortar. If the scaffold is any indication, it may be a bi-level. The lower for the shop and forge the upper for living quarters.
- 8. The Raptors Beake Celdoran Pub Kaeso Otho** - A bi-level block and mortar building with a wooden roof. The pub is located on ground level with living quarters for Otho and two rooms to rent to Celdoran travelers or merchants on the second floor
- 9. Weaponsmith Smitty** - A hodgepodge of block, stone, mortar, daub, thatch and wood mark this single story shop and residence as unique as Smitty himself.
- 10. Caravansery** - This two story block mortar and tiled building boasts barred windows and reinforced iron bound doors, with two men posted at all times at each door. At night, the perimeter is well lit by evenly spaced lanterns. This well fortified and heavily guarded building is the office and residence of Lucius Labienus the



Armicustos (Quartermaster), where inbound supplies are unloaded, catalogued, and dispersed amongst the garrison.

**11. Iddin's Stone Works Ninib and Gibil-iddin** - A single story, stone mortar and tile building of near flawless stonework and seams with glass windows.

**12. The Hall: Lumbermen "led" by the "Foreman"** - A single story dwelling built with a mixture of blackhouse and a sort of Krigan longhouse, this communal residence is home to a "family" of axemen, woodcutters, and forresters.

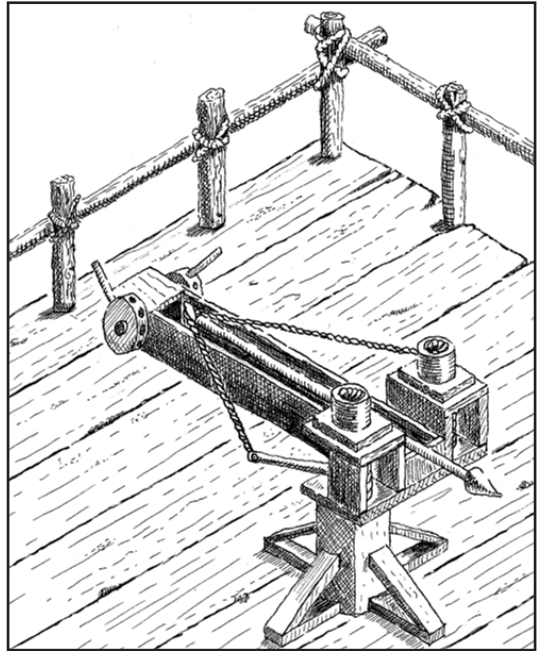
**13. Blacksmith: Ifan Llewellyn** - A single story blackhouse, shop and residence of the Rornic smith.

**14. Merchandiser: Kre-esh-Kalla/Argonot** - This two story block, mortar and tile building seems to be of relatively new construction and similar to the Caravansery.

**15. Potter/Glassblower Aulus Opimius/Celdoran** - Obviously one of the more recent buildings in Bettlebee. The northern end made of black mortar and tile. Wherein lies the workshop and the south block and mortar with a wooden roof as the residence.

**16. Bower/Fletcher Whatts/Rornic** - A smaller blackhouse serving as simple living quarters connects to an 8' stone wall, used as a stop for the arrows and bows he crafts. Man sized mannequins stuffed with straw line the northernmost part of the yard/shop.

**17. Herbalist/Apothecary Eira Hywel (f)/Rornic** - Another slightly modified blackhouse, though the double dry-stone walls remain the roof is raftered and tiled. The majority of the space is a shop with benches, tables, and shelves,



all holding jars, vials, alembics, beakers and other containers used in her trade. The rafters are filled with a variety of hanging herbs, sticks, flowers and the like. A small curtained room holding only a bed and small trunk for her massive assistant/bodyguard (Mopp). In the rear (south) of the home is a lovingly tended garden of herbs and vegetables.

**18. Wainwright/Carpenter Eurwyn Williams/Rornic** - This single story dwelling has the stone base of the traditional blackhouse, but with framed wood walls and roof, including glass windows with shutters. It doubles as both his workshop and residence.

**19. The Spiral Lion Rhys & Delyth Dafis/Rornic** - A newly painted sign of Lions Head with a spiral shaped (Pegasi) horn coming out of his head hangs over the door of this two story block, mortar, stone and tile building.

**20. Thatcher Trystan Hughs/Rornic** - A nondescript single story traditional blackhouse.

**21. Stabler. Hedge and Slim** - A two story building with a 3' blackhouse base, covered in daub with framed walls and roof. A large paddock to the rear (south). The eastern third of the loft has been turned into the living quarters for Hedge and slim.

**22. The Market** - This is a large area of hard-packed dirt at the foot of the earthen embankment the Beetlebee is built upon. It's often used as a staging area for caravans, and Ridgers have some permanent stands they can sell wares to the transient caravan traffic.

## Locations Outside of Beetlebee Ridge

### The Northerly Way

The Northerly Way is a ribbon of a trade road lying tattered and broken in some places as it winds its way across the Northernmost part of Rorn. From Aemilius to the east and Adalton to the west, its length takes nearly a month of hard travel. Its length edges the rolling hills of Clintis Swells that grow into Lower Armsreach and finally into the towering Armsreach Mountains home of the Nordborn to the North. The Swells and Lower Armsreach are populated by clans of Krigan, cousins to the Iddvin, bands of savage beastmen, as well as other beasts and creatures that thrive on the edge of this wilderness frontier. To the south lie the gently rippling sapphire hills of Rorn herself.



## **Fort Adz**

An ancient fortified keep now under Celdoran control. Standing at the edge of the Lower Armsreach, at the throat of Gonnar's Cut. One of the few accessible passes through the daunting Armsreach Mountains into the savage Norlands, and the home of the Nordborne. The Keep is pivotal in protecting Rorn and Celdora beyond.

## **Armsreach Mountains**

The Armsreach curve around the distant coast to the north like great arcing appendages, the rounded shoulders and back of some entombed, long-forgotten deity encircling the Norlands in an eternally protective embrace. The highest peak, Corymb's Summit or the God's Eye is perpetually enshrouded by thick banks of clouds lost to the periphery and perhaps even the comprehension of the beings living leagues below. The southern ranges extend to the south like the tips of clenched claws, the Lower Armsreach Mountains fill the gaps between these fingers like webbing and erode to the Clintis Swells at the southern-most parameters of the Mountain Range.

## **Lower Armsreach Mountains**

The Lower Armsreach Mountains, often called The Lowers, are a series of low mountain peaks and surrounding hills bordered to the North, East, and West by the fingers of the Greater Armsreach range. It is a rugged land of natural nooks and crannies populated by Beastmen and dangerous predators. The range gradually lowers to the softer Clintis Swells to the south.

## **Gonnar's Cut**

Gonnar's Cut is a pass leading out of the Greater Armsreach into the Lesser and the Swells beyond. It was historically used by rampaging Krigan bent on tearing a swath of destruction upon the lush lands of the Rorn. Gonnar was a thane of the Krigan that first preyed upon the Rorn and then joined them. Legend says he's the power behind the original construction of Fort Adz, saying, "My old kin only understand simple things, blood and violence. An adz is what we need to form them into the shape we prefer."





## **Clintis Swells**

A stretch of gentle hills of granite and occasional grassy gnolls falls from the rocky tract of the Lower Armsreach and heads kittywampus Southwest into the emerald swath of Upper Rorn. Much of the rock of the area has been carved from the Swells surrounding Bettlebee Ridge. It isn't as dangerous as the Lowers and more populated with shepherds, forrester, and quarryman alike.

## **Mizzle Moor**

The Mizzle Moor is an expanse of brackish water, pockets of rush and reed dot the landscape. From somewhere deep underground, a noxious gas makes its way to the surface, bubbling out like the rancid, fetid breath of some imprisoned evil beast. It hangs above the surface in a perpetual ochre fog that stinks of sulfur and brimstone. A nigh constant drizzle, perpetual and drifting amidst the titan fog, wets small islands of solid ground, sickly tufts of withered brown grass, and the occasional grove of blackwood trees standing in minor triumph albeit dark and twisted having evolved in this brutal landscape.

The Moor is full of unique and rare plants, indigenous only to the Mizzle; ripe for the picking for those brave, willing, and foolish enough to explore the deadly tract. The floras resilience is a warning to the adaptability of the other denizens of the Moor, such as howling packs of moor hounds, the unpredictable Journa Birds, the ghastly Withered, and other horrors.

## **The Bradyburgh Inn**

The "burgh" is a semi fortified waypoint, along the Northerly, owned by Went and Barta Brandyburgh. It is a days walk southwest of the Ridge. Behind its stone and wooden palisade stands a forge, stable, inn, brewery, and even an apiary. Went is patriarch to a family of expert beekeepers and brewers. They craft a high quality honey mead, popular for generations of Brandyburgh's. The Brandyburgh family maintains the entirety of the operation, though rumor speaks of three helpers bearing a Norlander brand. It is unknown if the children were found, freed, or sold to the Brandyburgh's. [The Brandyburgh's could be the last surviving in the line of the lost Bettle family the Ridge is named after, if you'd like adding that tidbit to your games.]



## Random Town Encounters Roll 2d20

2	One of the northern guard towers is on fire.
3	To arms! To Arms! The alarm bells are sounded as Krigan raiders attack.
4	A ballista in one of the guard towers is accidentally fired into the market.
5	Young lovers have taken the PCs' room as refuge to meet in. They are sought after by families that do not approve.
6	The wedding of 2 rural landholders is to be held at the Market.
7	A well guarded, though obviously battered supply caravan arrives bringing much needed supplies. (Roll Caravan Table)
8	Legatus Court- An accused thief hangs from the post awaiting the Legatus' whim.
9	A troupe of entertainers roll into the market in their brightly painted wagons. With much fanfare, music, juggling and tumblers. They are mostly Kem vagabonds.
10	While in the street, a group of locals looking for trouble start heckling the PCs. The guards have begun to take notice of the ruckus.
11	Reports of an unusual number of Withered are gathering on the fringe of the Moor.
12	A caravan arrives from the East. They seem highly standoffish, only a single person steps into the Ridge for supplies. None of the local merchants are allowed into their circle of wagons.
13	After a bout of heavy drinking (adventuring is stressful work) one of the local befriend the PCs and turns out to be the Armor Smith. (Location 7 Bedwyr Hywel) For a small discount, he might help the PCs out in his particular area of expertise.
14	A sickness sweeps into the Ridge at about the same time as the PCs enter the city.



15	A matronly woman and another female in relatively expensive gowns rushes into the main gate (or Inn) headed directly toward you.. They tell you their master’s caravan has been ambushed. Perhaps, they are actually trying to lure the PCs into an ambush.
16	Market is canceled, a relentless driving storm of sleet and freezing rain rampages out of the Armsreach Mountains, sweeping over the Ridge.
17	A hunter stumbles into the PC’s (in a bar or on the street by the gates) barely alive. He whispers something about an open barrow and restless dead before succumbing to his wounds at your feet. The guards are approaching to investigate.
18	A Noble entourage arrives. The covered and armored wagons are escorted by Legionaries, their formation, arms and armor impeccable.. One of the party members hears an excited female voice from inside say, “I hope Matias is holding court!”
19	A group of soldiers stop the party inquiring as to their business, the duration, and location of their stay and service tokens. Impolite or cheeky responses are not well received.
20	Changing of the guard. Celdoran regulars and Rornic recruits are in exceedingly good and generous moods as troops are arriving to relieve or replace existing soldiers.
21	While walking through the Market, or down the street, a decrepit old woman grabs one of the party members arm in a vice like grip. All that shows are the whites of her eyes as she gives the PC a foretelling.
22	One of the party members is mistaken by an elderly rural matron, she begins crying and calling you her son sent off to the Legion years ago. Now you’re home!!!!
23	The Legatus summons the PC’s to his compound, anyone without a service token is immediately arrested (see the Draft). The remainder, since he cannot send a detachment, are “asked” to check out reports of brigands on the road between here and the Brandyburgh Inn to the Southwest. They will be handsomely rewarded.



24	A man with a pinched face wearing a wide brimmed hat (Ille Sorren) is seated in the Spiral Lion, speaking in muted tones about the "Faith of the King".
25	A lone, mangy, hunting dog shadows the party. If befriended by a PC the dog becomes almost loyal to that PC. The PC now has guard dog. 8 hps 1D4 bite. If they are mean, the dog will track them and harry them, or attack them with a band of other mongrels (2d4) when they make camp and are sleeping.
26	A group wearing some sort of simple, brown woolen robes, reminiscent of monks or priests, on some sort of pilgrimage gather near the gates.
27	At a very inopportune moment, a chamber pot is emptied from the second story of a boarding house. One traveler must make a Dex check or be doused in offal.
28	Legatus Court- The Legatus is holding Court over an accused rebel.
29	A wandering historian of noble Celdoran birth arrives in the Ridge. If befriended, roll on the rumors table. (Martin L'Gentsia)
30	A very attractive local woman/man warms up to one of the PC's about the time her VERY jealous spouse bursts in.
31	A mysterious cloaked figure is seen slipping into town, or is seated in shadow with cowl drawn at the Raptors Beake or Spiral Lion.
32	A battered and bloody detachment of Legionnaires arrive. Only 10 left standing out of 80, stunned and lacking their Optio (commander)
33	A massive caravan rolls unexpectedly into the Market. Word is they may be looking for more guards and they are heavily laden with goods. (Random Caravan table)
34	A lone child staggers out of the Swells. Covered in blood, barefoot almost catatonic. (Does the child need help or is this something else?)
35	Two injured or crazed Journa Birds bolt into the town or very close to the front gate.
36	A thick fog rolls in off the moor. 50/50 chance it brings Journa Birds, Moor hounds and or Withered with it.



37	A report of a massive Journa Bird migration of some kind. Scores of the ferocious, cantankerous, carnivorous beasts are mucking about on the edge of the Moor
38	The Legatus is holding Court over an accused murderer.
39	A small caravan including the Glass merchants the Brothers Drury. One is sick seeking the aid of a herbalist and business with Master Glassblower, Opimius (Random Caravan Table)
40	The Beastmen and a pack of Moor Hounds Attack. A Beastman leader larger than the others and astride a massive moor hound.

## Rumors Roll 1d10

1	**The whispers of a cult named Anselms' Adherents.
2	Krol's waste is actually named for or created by a Demon Lord, Krol the Dessicated
3	There was a battle at the Weeping Man. A Celdoran Justicar was killed.
4	The Iddin's, the Kemish masons discovered some kind of barrow, tomb or vault while they were excavating stone at one of their quarries
5	Demons and undead assault the Brandyburgh Inn.
6	The lumbermen fended off some sort of attack while foresting.
7	The Mizzle Moor is changing due to someone or something called Bueldob the Cursed or the Curse of Bueldob.
8	A ½ Krigan, ½ Rornic healer/witch somewhere north of the Ridge.
9	Whispered VERY quietly, someone in town is able to craft perfect replicas of the Celdoran Service Tokens. I wonder what they cost? Whos doing it? I need to get me one of THOSE!
10	A mysterious man named Mallister or something similar is looking for people to go wandering through the Mizzle Moor searching for rare reagents.

\*\*Anselm refers to an the Ancient Rorn King Bagulf Anselm also called the Horned King





# Ethnic Peoples

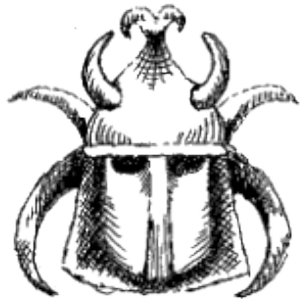
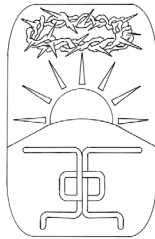
**Argonot:** Clean-cut, olive complected and dark haired with a shrewd business like society. The males of this culture often affect wavy, curled beards.

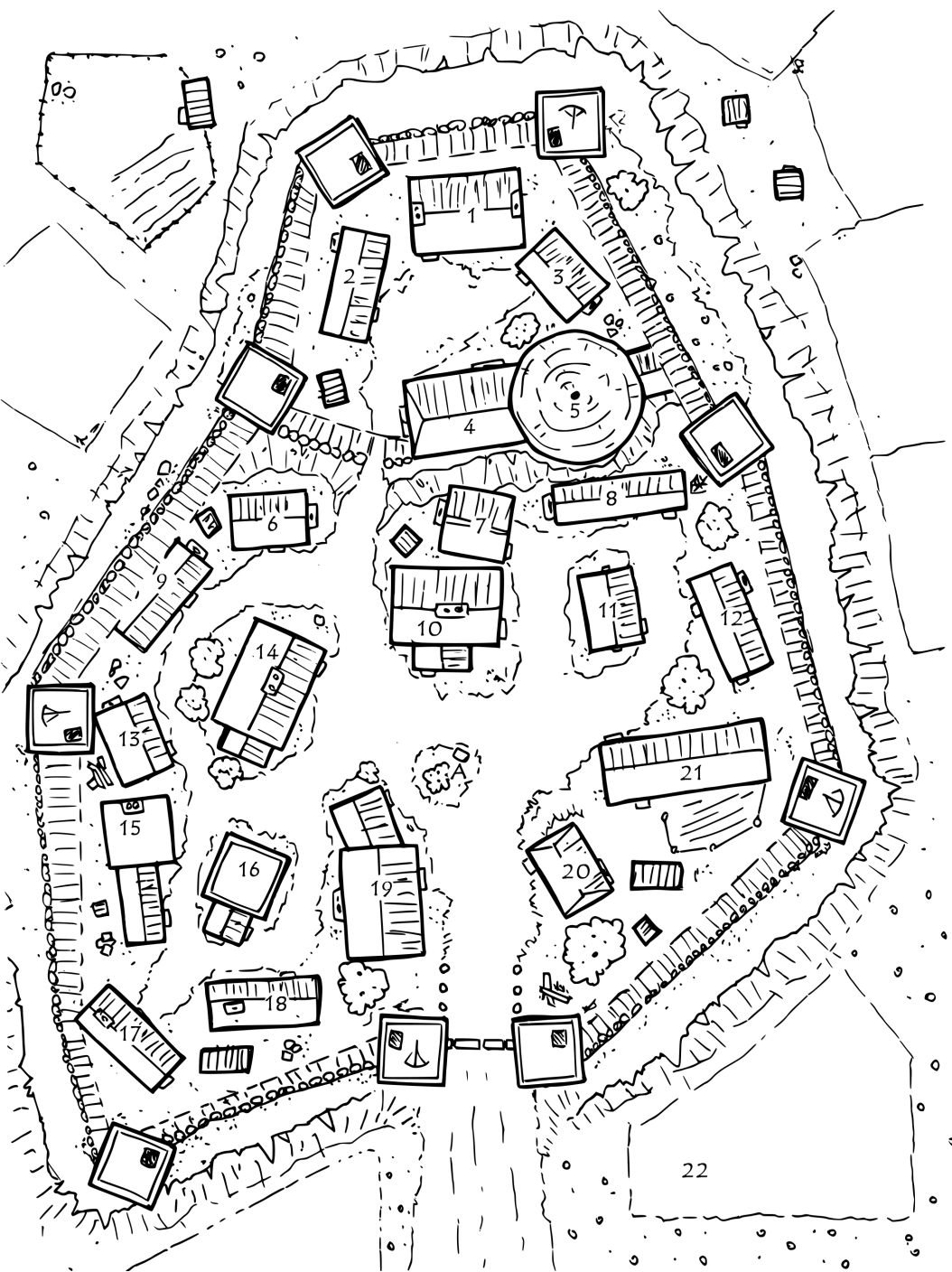
**Celdoran:** Effeminate, pale-skinned roman-esque society. Celdorans feel the submission and occupation of Rorn and its people is a gift or kindness and creates a workable buffer versus the reaving of their northern neighbors the Nordborn.

**Kemeshite:** The culture of the aqualine featured Kemish was ravaged ages past. The surviving Kem are wanderers of other lands. Isolationism cause many to look at the wandering Kemeshite with distrust.

**Krigan:** A clannish society of pale-skinned, light haired folk of the North. They often abuse the near cultures of the battered Rorn and Celdor. Iddvin: The Iddvin are a coastal culture inhabiting the cliffed coasts of Norland. Land and sea borne raiders, they are known for taking slaves and plunder then returning to their holds.

**Rornic:** This feudalistic society, after generation upon generation of infighting, ancient oppression, continuous skirmishes with the Norlanders and other savage folk and have been engulfed by the ruling Celdoran Empire since the Great War with the Mibishi. Their culture was subsumed but is slightly protected from overwhelming threats by the encompassing Celdorans.





# Hobbs and Friends of the OSR Zine

Editor Jason Hobbs

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*Beetlebee Ridge* by **Monty Hobbs & Jason Hobbs**

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## Illustrations

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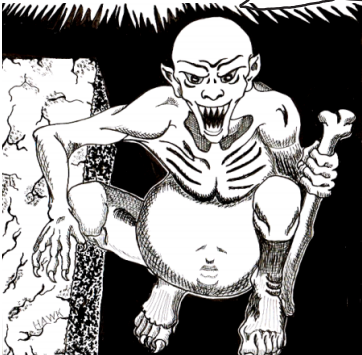
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Hobbs, I wasn't in the issue this time. Why do you gotta let Monty push me out like that?



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