

Wolfsbane Moor is a lonely wilderness area of fens, tall grasses, and expansive fields of heather. Streams trickle through the fields and around the rocky outcroppings and hills, collecting into ponds and larger brooks. Ancient barrows, a henge, cairns and a weathered and pitted obelisk dot the landscape and act as reminders of its ancient mysteries and folklore. A single, thatched cottage, its roof raised to a high peak and walls at odd angles, sits in the swampy fen, its inhabitant whispered of in Moorsedge and Heatherfield, the only villages on the moor. Both are small collections of thatched cottages supported by farming and hunting and gathering of local flora and fauna. The folk of Moorsedge and Heatherfield are deeply superstitious, and mystic symbols hang over most doorways -- protection, they'll tell strangers, from werewolves, apparitions, witches and worse things which prowl the moors.