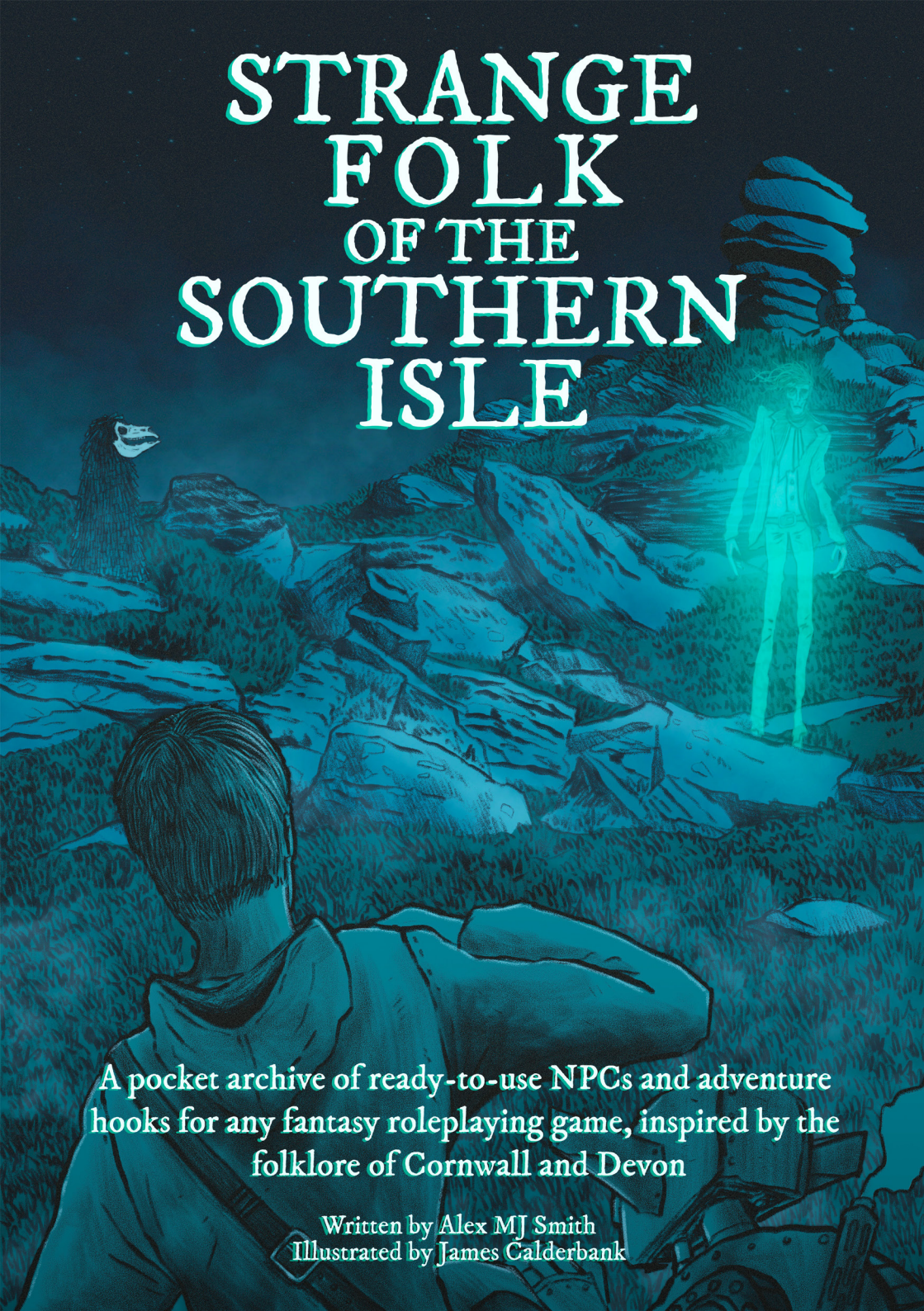
STRANGE FOLK OF THE SOUTHERN ISLE



A pocket archive of ready-to-use NPCs and adventure hooks for any fantasy roleplaying game, inspired by the folklore of Cornwall and Devon

Written by Alex MJ Smith
Illustrated by James Calderbank

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Published in Cornwall, UK

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SORRY... WHAT IS THIS? HOW? AND ALSO, WHY?

Strange Folk of the Southern Isle is a compact collection of five system agnostic non-player characters for tabletop roleplaying games. 'System agnostic' means they're not rules-locked to any specific game — they can be slotted into whichever roleplaying system you're running.

Each NPC profile includes details of their appearance and personality, example dialogue, motivations, secrets, associated items and locations, and adventure hooks. So whenever you need a quirky oddball to dish out a side quest, to help or hinder your players, or set them off on their next grand adventure, grab one from here.

Use one, use them all, take elements from a few and smush 'em together like a human turducken. As written, they'll fit easily into fiction-first systems like *Forged in the Dark*, as well as the world's most popular dragon-bothering game.

If you really need a statblock (because of the system you're playing, or because you have the kind of players who view everyone they meet as a potential future murder victim), you'll need to build or borrow one. Allow the Combat section of each profile to guide your decisions.

There's also a randomised table of rumours and such. Use these in isolation, or combine them with the NPCs for on-the-fly dialogue, intel to reward your players, or even more adventure hooks and complications. Or just whisper them to strangers in the supermarket. You do you.

By the way, although the Southern Isle sounds like a place (perhaps even a lovely holiday destination, as long as you avoid the carnivorous merfolk), it isn't technically a game setting...

It's a handy moniker to help me categorise these Strange Folk together, and a nod to the project's origins. Everything that follows is inspired — almost always *very loosely* — by the folklore of my favourite real-life lands of myth and magic, Cornwall and Devon.

I hope folklorists and historians will forgive the large degree of liberty, unrelated influence and pure invention that I have applied to any folk story you may recognise herein. The characters as they are presented here, and even their associated locations, don't exist in reality — nor do they exist in a fictionalised version of Cornwall or Devon. They reside in whichever fantasy or supernatural setting you need them to. I hope they serve you and your gaming table well.

Psst! The Southern Isle isn't a game setting, yet. This is the first edition of my first original TTRPG book. Who knows what the future of this project holds? If you figure it out before I do, please get in touch.

Doctor T. Bowden

Folklore archivist and scholar of the strange

Appearance:

A slight woman with close-cropped dark grey hair and a piercing, inquisitive gaze, undimmed behind her reading glasses. Her fingers and sleeves are inkstained, and she is rarely seen without at least one book under her arm. Her satchel overflows with scrawled journals, newspaper clippings, and arcane tomes. Her attire is scholarly and practical. In the field she dons sturdy boots and a worn duffel coat, embellished with a hagstone brooch for protection.

Personality:

Startlingly intelligent, and tirelessly committed to her research into all things strange and supernatural, Dr. Bowden speaks fervently and urgently. She doesn't suffer fools, and her off-kilter sense of humour is often weaponised to cut down those who can't keep up — which is pretty much everyone. She is ably assisted by a whirring, child-sized automaton built from brass and tin, which she calls "Spriggan". As this contraption scurries up the library ladders and porters Bowden's heavy stacks of books, it's unclear whether Spriggan is entirely mechanical, or something more arcane. After all, you've never heard a *clock* giggle behind your back.

"To live in ignorance of that which cannot easily be explained in this world is a lamentable error. I'm afraid I shall be too busy to attend your funeral."

Background:

Dr. Bowden is a solitary soul — in part due to preference, in part due to her often abrasive nature. She grew up in an orphanage, where she became fascinated by the ghosts that wandered the halls, and even more fascinated that the other children claimed not to see them. She was married once, decades ago, but one night her wife vanished in the mists of the moor, never to return. An index card she carries at all times bears her missing love's name, but no findings.

Motivation:

Bowden keeps obsessive record of supernatural and otherworldly occurrences in the area, both present and past. This is part of her tenure at Karesk University, and locals are grateful for her expertise, which has saved many lives. But Bowden's true goal is to solve the mystery of her wife's disappearance. As she grows old, her search has become more desperate, and more secretive. She now seeks to consort directly with a demonic entity — Old Crockern, the ancient warden of the moor — and is studying a forbidden ritual to raise him. In the safest possible way, of course...

Combat:

As an intellectual, Bowden strives to resolve conflict with words over violence. However, if attacked, she is nimble and willing to use the snub revolver she keeps stashed in a secret compartment of her satchel. Spriggan is fiercely loyal, and will defend Bowden with an array of needle-like and sawtoothed retractable blades, hidden within its diminutive frame. If Bowden has formed an alliance with Old Crockern or another demon, displeasing her is strongly discouraged. Of course, by the time you find out, it's probably too late.

Inventory:

- Hagstone brooch (small pebble with naturally occurring hole, worn to heal ailments and ward off evil)
- Boxes of typewritten index cards detailing her research (includes 'Black Dogs', 'Suspected Vampyres', and one that simply reads 'Martha' with no other text)
- Skull of an oversized wild cat, etched with esoteric symbols

Haunts:

Karesk University Archives:

Here Bowden and Spriggan work between the vertiginous and overladen stacks, poring over tomes nobody else has read for centuries. Leave your weapons at the door, along with any liquids and pens.

Fogou (*pronounced 'foo-goo'*):

An ancient underground tunnel complex of mysterious origin, accessed via an easy-to-miss scar in the moor. Bowden may be found meticulously cataloguing the stones that line the fogou, testing the air with esoteric instruments, or constructing arcane offerings on the central altarstone.

The Wrestler's Arms:

Bowden can often be spotted at the inn's corner table with a pint of ale, a stack of books, and Spriggan ensuring nobody feels comfortable sitting too close. For an academic who perhaps ought to know better, she is surprisingly passionate about placing bets on wrestling matches.

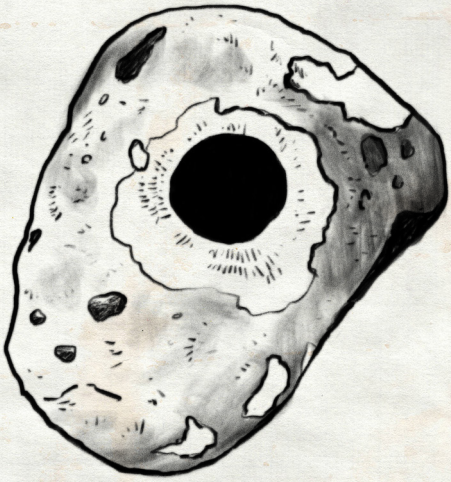
Adventure Hooks:

An Academic Affliction:

Bowden suspects one of her fellow university professors has been possessed by a malicious demon called the Tantrobus, and bids you to help her investigate. However, when confronted, the suspect claims it's Bowden herself who is possessed...

The Spirit of Bloodycorner:

After yet another mutilated body is discovered on the aptly nicknamed "Bloodycorner", Bowden posits her theory — the culprit is the ancient ghost of the barbarian invader Bjorn Hammerheft, and she urges you to help her expel his vengeful spirit for good.



Jan Tregeagle (Mortal Form)

Greedy and scheming magistrate

"How do you plead, before I find 'ee guilty and send 'ee to the gallows?"

Appearance:

A round and ruddy man in the prime of a life luxuriously lived. His fine clothes are an ostentatious show of wealth, crowned with a coiffured mop of golden curls that cascade onto his shoulders, where he habitually twirls them around his pudgy finger. Up close, the unmistakable smell of horse gives his hair away as a wig — a symbol of judicial authority or vulgar pride, depending on who you ask.

Personality:

Tregeagle is a magistrate who knows the law inside and out, and constantly exploits this mastery for personal gain. Manipulative, cunning and self-serving, he's a sadist with a cruel sense of humour, who will gladly send an accused to the gallows, guilty or not — especially if he stands to profit. He has few if any true friends, but he's happy to line the pockets and plump the egos of anyone he deems useful, for so long as they serve a purpose. As such, he's often surrounded by a coterie of dignitaries and fawning lackeys.

Background:

Raised in poverty and unsatisfied with the modest life of a farmer, Tregeagle set about climbing the ladder of authority through blackmail, backstabbing, and exploiting loopholes in the law, accumulating vast wealth along the way. Dark rumours are whispered — only after checking that the vengeful magistrate isn't within earshot — that his uncanny grasp of the law and subsequent ascension were the result of an unholy pact with the devil. With any luck, that devil may one day return to claim whatever remains of his soul.

Motivation:

Tregeagle believes there's nothing in this world he shouldn't have, if he desires it. He gets off on the accumulation of wealth, and delights in overindulging in fine foods and wines, which taste all the better if somebody else has paid for them — with their coin, or their blood. Anybody who angers or so much as inconveniences Tregeagle may as well consider themselves dead already.

Combat:

Tregeagle's weapons are his cruelty, his judicial power, and his ability to manipulate. He is a coward. In public, he's often surrounded by the Swords of the Court — elite guards sworn to defend him, whether they like it or not (spoiler: they don't). In their absence, Tregeagle will bribe or threaten someone to fight for him. If cornered in private, he will attempt threats, then bribes, then begging, before finally trying to waddle away. He is easily caught, and even easier to overpower.

Inventory:

- Elaborate horsehair wig
- Fur-trimmed robe with brocade lining
- Silk handkerchief (embroidered with the name 'Lilith')
- Confiscated crystal decanter (half-full of smuggled brandy)
- Fat pouch of coins (one has been cursed by Pellar Flint, causing him painful constipation)

Haunts:

Tregeagle Manor:

A grand house on a sprawling coastal estate. Formerly known as Pentannon, before Tregeagle produced deeds that seemed to prove his rightful ownership and had the former residents executed. The Swords of the Court patrol the grounds.

Courthouse:

Here Tregeagle presides over civil and criminal cases, interspersed with extended breaks in the adjoining private banquet hall.

Asylum Hill:

Crowds of thousands gather here to witness the executions carried out on the walls of Ironclaw Prison opposite. Tregeagle maintains a well-stocked hospitality box with the best view of proceedings, for himself and honoured guests.

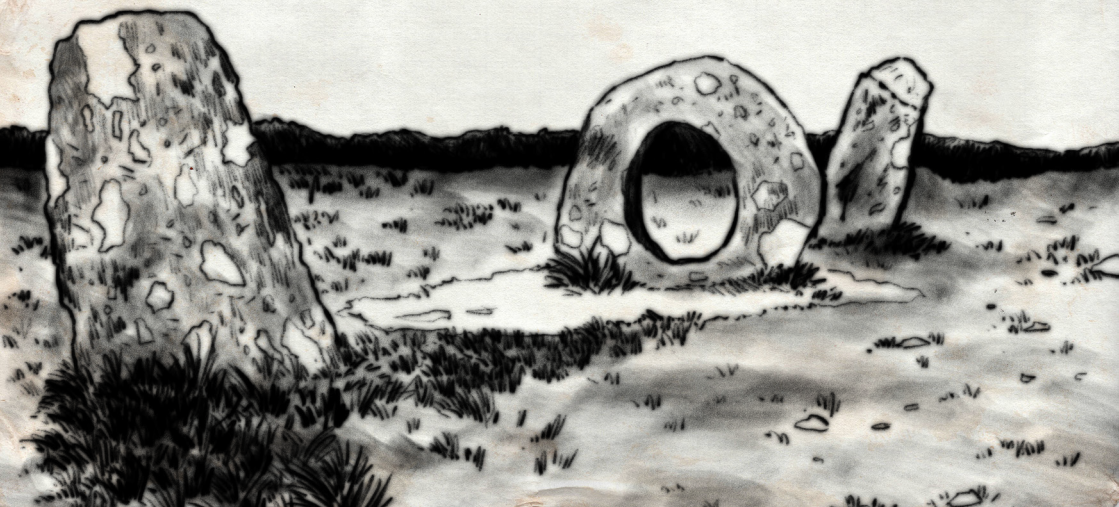
Adventure Hooks:

Bring Down the Tyrant:

You are tipped off that the deeds to Tregeagle Manor are forgeries! If you can obtain them from the safe within the house — which is guarded by magical wards as well as, you know, guards — you may be able to prove Tregeagle stole the property, and bring this unjust steward down for good.

An Extrajudicial Assignment:

Some enemies are too powerful for Tregeagle to drag into his court. Lady Justice Rowe has ordered an investigation into magistrate corruption — laughable given that she herself invites "donations to the court" before her gavel comes down. Tregeagle fears she'll unseat him from his hard-won position, and he'll pay you handsomely to make the problem go away.



Jan Tregeagle (Spirit Form)

Ghost condemned to endless toil

Appearance:

The towering ghost of an elderly man, clothed in sodden rags. He stands twice as tall as he did in life, even with his back permanently hunched, his spectral frame gnarled, knotted and sinewy from endless labour. The flamboyant wig that once marked him as wealthy now hangs rotten and ragged, his once ruddy features now gaunt. However, looking into his beady, scheming eyes, this is still unmistakably the soul of the self-serving corrupt magistrate, Jan Tregeagle.

Personality:

Tregeagle's ghost is bitter and self-pitying, with no hint of remorse for a lifetime spent abusing his judicial power. In fact, he still cracks a dark smile when recalling some poor soul he sent to the executioner on a whim. Far from acknowledging that purgatory as a ghost is a better fate than he deserves, he bemoans his misfortune, loudly and constantly. His tortured wails are often mistaken for the wind whipping up the coast or across the moor, demanding the mercy that he never showed to others when he was alive.

"Who deserves this woeful fate, I wonder? Surely not noble Tregeagle, who was only ever a good and fair servant of the people?"

Background:

As a corrupt magistrate, Tregeagle was hated by many. But he is perhaps even more reviled in death, having once again twisted justice to his own gain. Each night, Tregeagle toils ceaselessly at impossible tasks assigned to him by the hermit monk Wendron. The only purpose of this work is to satisfy the bargain Tregeagle struck with the devil at the moment of his death — his soul can't be taken to hell until his work in the mortal realm is complete.

Motivation:

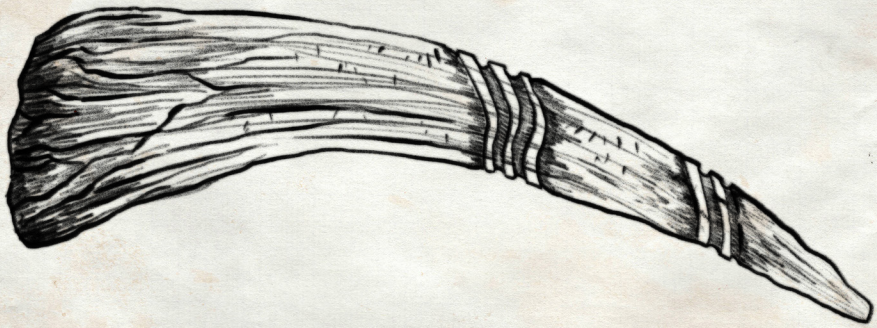
Tregeagle knows the fate that awaits him in hell, and he'll do anything to avoid it. For now, that means labouring tirelessly each night at whatever futile task Wendron binds him to, even as the devil's hellhounds leap and gnaw at his limbs, goading him to falter for even a second so their master may claim him. But if Tregeagle sees an opportunity to strike a better deal, or even dupe another poor soul into switching fates, he'll seize it. As in life, so in death.

Combat:

Tregeagle cannot cease his labours during the night, even if attacked, so he will try to defend himself while continuing his task, for example by hurling boulders, sand or water. He can also unleash a terrible and debilitating polyphonous screech. When approached, the hellhounds may turn their gnashing fangs temporarily to you. If Tregeagle is successfully prevented from working, the devil will arrive on horseback to drag him to hell — but during the day, Tregeagle knows he's safe from this and is therefore more proactively aggressive.

Inventory:

- The broken fang of a hellhound (direct contact with mortal flesh triggers an intense, burning pain and maddening visions of hell's torments)
- Leaky limpet shell (intentionally useless)
- Sand-spun rope (can be captured in a vial; when thrown it unfurls into a rope or net)



Haunts:

Dozmary Pool:

A lake on the desolate moor where Tregeagle wades knee-deep, tasked with trying to empty the pool with a leaky limpet shell. Locals claim that the hellhounds aren't the only terror drawn to his cries, as they ripple across the murky water...

The Screaming Sands:

Whenever the nightly chorus of Tregeagle's anguish becomes unbearable for those living nearby, Wendron binds him to a new location and labour. Along the shoreline, such as at Dragdown Cove, Tregeagle spins ropes from sand until the tide inevitably washes them away.

Hermit's Rock:

A modest stone chapel that looks as if it grew from the boulder-strewn hilltop upon which it stands. By day, Tregeagle can be found begging the hermit monk for some less arduous arrangement to keep him out of hell. By night, he may be bound to the task of neatly stacking boulders, only for the wind to knock them back down.

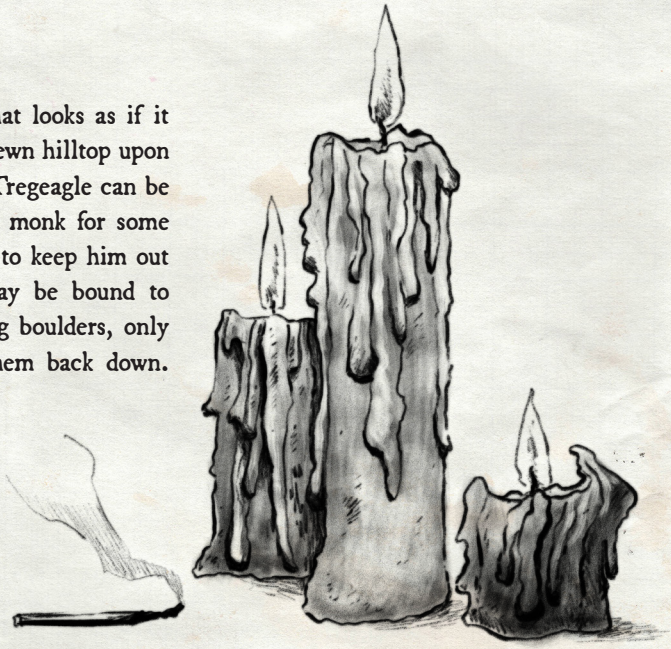
Adventure Hooks:

Justice for the Barrows:

Bryher Barrow's mother is distraught. Her hard-headed teen daughter is missing, having vowed to send Tregeagle's ghost to hell — justice for her father's death in Ironclaw Prison ten years ago. As night closes in, the storm carries the distant baying of hellhounds...

A Lawman's Word:

Tregeagle begs you to release him from his labours, perhaps by influencing Wendron or by driving the devil and his hounds away for good. In return, he promises you the vast, ill-gotten riches he hid away before his death.



Pellar Flint

Entrepreneurial healer and white witch

Appearance:

A young woman with a tangle of red hair that tumbles out from beneath her bonnet. She wears a shawl and frock, cinched with a leather belt that's replete with pouches, vials, and botanist's tools. Sparkling gemstones are woven into her hair, and she's bedecked with so many amulets, bangles and bracelets, they create a kind of tinkling music as she walks. It seems likely that this jewellery is linked to her powers in some way.

Personality:

Flint is charming, friendly and helpful, as you'd expect from a community healer. But she's also forthright and commercially minded. First and foremost, Flint is a businesswoman — she knows the value of her services, and charges accordingly. Her mood can turn sour in an instant if she senses you might not pay, and she is ruthless when it comes to protecting her patch from rivals. As a witch, there's an otherworldly air about Flint. It can sometimes appear like her body is in this realm but her mind is in another, only snapping back to the present when her work elsewhere is done.

"Step aboard! I've a cure for any and all in need. Well, any who can afford it, and all who qualify for one of my 'ighly competitive repayment plans…"

Background:

Born Eseld Flint, she is now almost unanimously known as Pellar, meaning cunning woman or healer — a job title she takes great pride in having cornered the market on locally. Her expertise extends far beyond botanical remedies. She has genuine magical powers, able to charm, cast and curse, as well as cure — skills cultivated in secret since childhood. Flint's mother always claimed her father was "*of the fae folk*", making Eseld half-fairy, which would account for her abilities.

Motivation:

Flint understands that, in this realm at least, money is power. And she's seen what happens to magically gifted women who don't have that kind of power — a witch is only one misstep or one influential enemy away from persecution. By turning her abilities to profit, Flint seeks to shield herself from that fate. Last year, a cunning man whose services were substantially cheaper than Flint's was found burned to death at the centre of a stone circle. Some suspect Pellar's involvement, but of course none would dare accuse her...

Combat:

Flint is a powerful witch with a particular talent for forest magic, able to influence trees, plants and sometimes even wooden objects to her bidding. To encounter her in the woods (or a furniture shop) is dangerous indeed. But she prefers to hurt her enemies subtly, over time, with a curse or poison. If you wrong Flint, you may not realise your mistake until you've suffered weeks of bad luck, mysterious illness, fatigue, delirium, or pain. Flint guards herself from other magic users with enchanted jewellery and she can transform into various birds, including an owl and a gull.

Inventory:

- A wax-sealed witchbottle (can protect against curses, or cast one)
- Dowsing rods made from bone (they detect guilt, not water)
- Bundle of wild arum leaves (known as "snake's meat", fatally poisonous)
- A doll of a baby made from moss, twigs and sun-baked estuary mud

Haunts:

Barge on the River Ryn:

Flint lives and works on a houseboat, which she sails up and down the River Ryn like a travelling clinic. A gnarled elder tree grows from the stern and, with Flint's continued financial success, she has commissioned an eclectic conglomeration of extensions, upgrades and refurbishments; what was once a humble abode now resembles a waterborne castle. Regardless of size, the interior is always cluttered with the ephemera of her practice.

Black Luck Woods:

Widespread rumours of malicious fae folk have scared locals away from these woods. This suits Flint, as it's where she forages most of her ingredients.

Adventure Hooks:

Ruffled Feathers:

While flying over the bay in her gull form, Flint was harried by a sea eagle and barely escaped with her life. She's convinced the assailant was another witch, but she has no idea who. She'll take the unprecedented step of waiving her fee if you can identify this rival magic user and help her eliminate them.

Betty Stogs' Baby:

A baby boy has vanished and the community is up in arms, claiming he was taken by fae folk. Some consider Pellar Flint guilty by association. You'll be hailed as heroes if you can return the infant and, ideally, bring back a dead fairy or two to show justice is served — but any violence against the fae will swiftly make an enemy of Flint.

Jago Polkinhorn

Champion wrestler and innkeeper

Appearance:

A mountain of a man, with a gregarious grin and mutton-chop sideburns. When wrestling, he wears a white jacket of toughened cloth, fastened with rope, and short trousers. Elsewhere, he wears a woollen shirt, threadbare waistcoat, and boisterously colourful striped pantaloons. A champion wrestler who some might say (quietly and from a great distance) is now past his athletic prime, Jago's hulking physique is forged by rigorous training and copious helpings of steak and ale pie.

Personality:

Polkinhorn is not a quiet man; his voice and personality are as large as his shoulders. He loves to inhabit the epicentre of community life, whether that's taking on allcomers for an adoring home crowd in the wrestling ring, holding court after too many ales at his own inn, or dressing up as the "Obby Oss" to lead the procession at various season's end festivals. He's sociable, trusting and generous, and well-liked in return. He's endlessly committed to his wife Demelza and their three daughters.

"Welcome to The Wrestler's Arms. What'll it be? Ale with a tear-brain chaser? Flagon o' muscle mead? Or a quick bout with the champ?"

Background:

The reigning local champion in the popular sport of wrestling, Polkinhorn hasn't lost a match in a decade. This reputation brings opponents and spectators from far and wide. He sank his early winnings into his second love — heavy drinking — turning professional when he bought an inn, now called The Wrestler's Arms. He often claims, with his characteristic booming laugh, that he's descended from the giant Gogmagog. But that can't be true... can it?

Motivation:

Polkinhorn thrives on attention. Recently, there are whispers that he refuses to wrestle anyone who might knock him off the top spot, bribing them to keep quiet. In reality, it's his wife Demelza doing this without his knowledge. Jago keenly feels his age and fears what it will mean to one day no longer be a champion, and Demelza is just trying to protect the man she loves. Meanwhile, Jago is secretly searching for a way to preserve what remains of his youth and ability — by whatever means necessary.

Combat:

Even if Polkinhorn weren't a champion wrestler, his sheer size makes him a daunting opponent. He favours grappling and throwing, the undisputed master of an elaborate and brutal throw called the Flying Mare. He has a vice-like grip, capable of crushing bones. He's surprisingly agile for his size and can throw a swift punch, but he refuses to kick, on principle, as he considers it a cowardly approach to the sport. Outside of the ring, this could be exploited as a weakness. He also lacks experience with weapons (other than a tankard) or magic.

Inventory:

- Set of skillibegs (toughened leather shinguards, a trophy from a defeated rival)
- Bottle o' tear-brain (an acerbic and grievously potent liquor)
- Flagon o' muscle mead (lumpy and smells like a slaughterhouse, but it works)
- Obby Oss costume (free-standing black cloak, crowned with an articulated horse skull)

Haunts:

The Wrestler's Arms:

A popular, spit-and-sawdust drinking establishment, owned by Polkinhorn. He and his wife Demelza are often found behind the bar, serving drinks with a smile, but always ready to forcibly eject anyone causing the wrong type of trouble.

Wrestling Ring:

Little more than a glorified patch of dirt behind the inn, made sacred by the sport's fierce local fanbase. On match days, a huge scoreboard, benches and tables are dragged outside. Viewing spots in the upper windows of the surrounding houses attract a premium when Jago himself is competing. Otherwise, this is his private gym where he trains for hours each day, lifting ale kegs overhead and practising his moves on his wrestling apprentices — or anyone with an overdue bar tab.

Adventure Hooks:

The Wrestler's Bodyguard:

Polkinhorn has invited Prince Ibraneth (himself a prodigious wrestler) to appear in a special showcase tournament. But the royal's extravagant convoy has been repeatedly ambushed en route, and they've turned back. Polkinhorn hires you to catch up with them, persuade the Prince to persist, and ensure he arrives in one piece.

Mission Im'Ossible:

Someone ransacked the tear-brain distillery, stealing priceless apparatus and halting production of the region's favourite illegal drink. The guard claims the last thing he saw before everything went black was the Obby Oss looming over him. If questioned, Polkinhorn claims his Oss costume was recently stolen. But will his alibi check out?

Lore of the Southern Isle

A D20 randomised table of rumours, superstitions and whispers. Use these as adventure hooks, or simply to add flavour to your world.

1	"They opened the family crypt, and there's old Ellicombe's coffin. Moved himself to the top of the steps, as if he's trying to leave! Now nobody in the family dares go down there..."
2	"You want to be careful hunting hares around here. One in every dozen is a witch, and they don't take kindly to folk shooting at 'em."
3	"Many a drunken tinner 'ave lost their way stumbling home by Kenidjack, that stack o' rocks that hoots like an owl in the night. Curious thing though... the bodies are never found. Just the boots."
4	"Yesterday the neighbour's boy came running home saying he'd seen a mermaid. Ridiculous, I know! My grandfather hunted the last of 'em himself."
5	"*River of Dart, River of Dart, Every year thou claimest a heart...* It's been about a year since the last drowning, wouldn't 'ee say?"
6	"Knockers, spriggans and piskies... None'll bother 'ee, so long as 'ee leave 'em a smidgen of food. But don't be greedy and hold your offerings like Tommy Trevorrow, or you'll never have a stroke of luck again."
7	"Only way to deal with a vampyre is to throw mould from the churchyard in its face. That'll transfigure the fiend into a black dog. 'Course, then you've got a black dog to deal with..."
8	"It's a good week for burnings! The Trevisard girl claims innocence, of course. Says it's a stitch-up while the real witch walks among us. But who'd believe her?"
9	"Whatever you do, don't dance on a sacred day. Why? Go ask the Merry Maidens! They weren't always standing stones, y'know."
10	"They say when the fire dies all of a sudden at the Windwhistle Inn, that's the devil trapped in the fireplace tryin' to get free. Well, last night it surely died, and nobody could get it lit again..."

11	"Poor Mercy Gunwalloe found a witchbottle hidden under the floorboards of her bedroom. Two days later she's on her death bed, coughing up an ichor that's black as a mine shaft, with not a cure to be found."
12	"The mount in the bay was built by giants, so the legend goes. But that's a mistranslation, see! It says here it's built *from* giants."
13	"The fool claims t'was a couple of hairy hands appeared out of thin air, grabbed the reins and drove 'im right off the bridge. Hairy hands, my arse! Too many swigs of the tear-brain, more like."
14	"Saw the ghost ship off Curno Head again last night. It's getting closer."
15	"You heard about Demelza's new lodger? Never speaks, never looks anyone in the eye. Just leaves sopping wet footprints, even when it ain't raining."
16	"Two brothers hanged for one murder, each swearing till the end t'was the other what did it. Now they roam the halls at Ironclaw, night after night, still squabbling over who's to blame."
17	"Go see Tammy the Ink, and tell her I sent you. A tattoo's more than just a pretty picture on yer arm, when it's one of Tammy's."
18	"We found the altarpiece that were stolen from the chapel last week, half-buried in the mud in Black Luck Woods. Wassat mean, d'you s'pose?"
19	"There's a fellow over in Chagfield making pendants meant to ward off love potions. Perhaps I'll buy one, just to be safe..."
20	"Three bodies washed up on the shore. Nothin' unusual there. Except by the time the boys got down to clear 'em, t'was only one-and-a-half bodies. I never seen anything that could take a bite out of a torso like that..."

Acknowledgements

There are many people without whom this modest tome would not exist. So if you don't like it, you know who to blame. Names are included below.

This project was funded by the Ronald Duncan Stipend for Southwest Writing, of which I was honoured to be a 2025 recipient. I am enormously grateful to the Ronald Duncan Literary Foundation, University of Exeter Special Collections, and the individuals on the awards panel, for creating the rare opportunity for me to engage in a creative experiment like this, without commercial pressure. Thank you for your trust. Thank you especially to Caroline Walter for your expertise, encouragement, support and patience.

Thank you to the Archives & Special Collections Service team in Penryn — Carole Green, Rowena Hubbman and Billy Warren — for introducing me to archival research, and for intuiting what I'd want to look at far better than I could! This project has opened my eyes to the treasure trove of inspiration to be found therein, and I will soon return. Key sources of inspiration were the work of Roger Venables, S. Baring-Gould, Theo Brown, and Kneehigh Theatre.

Thank you to James Calderbank — for your illustrations that bring the Strange Folk to life, and for helping me wrangle it all into a shape that's worthy of print.

Finally, thanks to the following readers of early drafts, fellow TTRPG players, and suppliers of sage wisdom and side quests along the way: Ian Bromwell, Amy Cutler, Aaron Dee, Sam Godfrey, Sama Hussein, Julie Jensen, Max Kreisky, Karina Moreton, Dan Moss, Ry Newman, Dave Philpott (GM without equal!), Alfie Pound, Marcus Quijas, Chris Smith, Rosie Smith, and Fiona Williams.

About the Writer

Alex MJ Smith is screenwriter, comedy writer and fledgling TTRPG designer who has penned adventures for *Warhammer 40,000: Wrath & Glory*, among others. He lives in darkest Cornwall.

Loved this? Hated it? Want to know what else Spriggan is hiding in that little tin butt? Send me a raven at: amjsmith@hotmail.co.uk

About the Illustrator

James Calderbank is an artist, folklorist and Arthurian studies researcher. Founder of Excalibur magazine and the comic collective Taproom Tapestries. He also lives in darkest Cornwall.

Contact James at: jcalderbank.illustration@gmail.com

Strange Folk of the Southern Isle is a pocket archive of resources to help you imbue the flavour of Cornwall and Devon folklore into your roleplaying games — or save your arse when you need to come up with a unique, detailed and 100% lifelike NPC *right this very second.*

There are five detailed character profiles — from the tormented spectre Jan Tregeagle, to a librarian with an automaton sidekick and a dark hobby, to a fresh take on the ubiquitous innkeeper NPC. Each comes with a trove of personality quirks, secrets, associated items and locations, adventure hooks, and an illustration. There's also a D20 table of folklore-themed rumours, superstitions and whispers, because who doesn't love a bit of supernaturally speculative gossip?

Everything within these pages is system-agnostic, so you can use it in any game you like. Except Monopoly. Your family will be confused if you use it in Monopoly.