



SOULBOUND™

ANVILGARD CITY GUIDE



A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO ANVILGARD, THE CITY OF SCALES

CREDITS

Writing: Michael J. Hollows, Elaine Lithgow

Editing: Christopher Walz

Producer: Emmet Byrne

Cartography: Jared Blando

Illustration: Mirko Failoni, Dániel Kovács, Clara-Marie Morin, JG O'Donohue, Rafael Teruel, Leon Tucker

Graphic Design and Layout: Rory McCormack

Proofreading: Lynne M. Meyer

Cubicle 7 Business Support: Anthony Burke, Elaine Connolly, Donna King, and Kieran Murphy

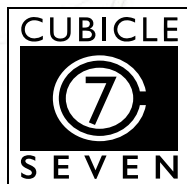
Cubicle 7 Creative Team: Emmet Byrne, Zak Dale-Clutterbuck, Dániel Kovács, TS Luikart, Rachael Macken, Rory McCormack, Dominic McDowall, Sam Manley, Pádraig Murphy, Ceíre O'Donoghue, JG O'Donoghue, Síne Quinn, Jacob Rodgers, and Christopher Walz

Publisher: Dominic McDowall

Warhammer Age of Sigmar: Soulbound Designed by Emmet Byrne and Dominic McDowall

Special thanks to Games Workshop

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ANVILGARD

‘Through the mist lies a city unlike any other in the Mortal Realms, where even the shadows have claws. The God-King himself cannot see the darkness that lies there.’

— A being known simply as ‘The Whisperer’

The city of Anvilgard is a frontier port in Aqshy, the Realm of Fire, nestled between a thick expanse of sweltering jungle and the Charrwind Coast. Not just a bustling city, it forms a strategic position for the forces of Order, standing watch over the surrounding area. Anvilgard sits at the northernmost end of the Flamescar Plateau, north of the Brutos Hills. The jungle surrounding Anvilgard is called the Crucible of Life, and it is filled with dangerous beasts, encroaching plant life, and giant lizard-like creatures. The aggressive plant growth is caused by the nearby active volcanoes, which regularly burn away the surrounding plantlife only to infuse the soil with Aqshian magic that causes rapid regrowth.

Anvilgard was founded by the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, one of Sigmar’s Stormhosts, at the end of the Age of Chaos. Anvilgard was the perfect location for both defence and trade, and the four realmgates hidden within the city made it an invaluable strategic location (see **The Black Nexus**, page 11).

The Stormhost heavily fortified the city, giving the folk of the Flamescar Plateau a home to defend from the force of Chaos and the wild nature of the land. The Stormcast Eternals built their Stormkeep, the Black Nexus, atop the recaptured realmgates and the city has spread out from there in concentric rings. The streets of Anvilgard are

forever wreathed in shadows, filled with a defoliant mist created to hold the rampant plant growth, which would otherwise overwhelm the city, in check.

Anvilgard is a city of darkened alleys and shadowy corners, but this fits the mood of its people, who have taken on much of the dour outlook of the Stormhost that founded the city. They are a hardy and stern lot, holding to strange, and frequently old, superstitions. Scholars across the Great Parch regularly note that Anvilgardians know some of the most fascinating ancient folklore, if you can get past their taciturn nature.

Despite the locals’ dour ways, Anvilgard has become a bustling port, filled with merchants seeking unusual goods and explorers come to plunder the ruins of the Charrwind Coast. The city’s prosperous trade has attracted folk from across the Mortal Realms, and many of them have settled in the city in an attempt to build their wealth and reputation. The city has a large Aelven population, and is also home to many Duardin Dispossessed, who make their home in the cacophonous district known as **Hammercroft** (see page 18).

All trade in Anvilgard is regulated by ruthless Aelven corsairs, in exchange for exclusive trapping rights, privateer permissions, and privileges. Indeed, many believe that it is not truly Anvilgard’s Grand Conclave that rules the city, but a sinister Aelven cabal known only as the Blackscale Coil. If such is the case, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer have not seen fit to interfere as yet, leading some to conclude that either a bargain has been made, or that the Blackscale Coil is subtle, indeed.

THE CITY OF SCALES

Anvilgard, known as the City of Scales to many, and the City of Mists to a few, has grown out in concentric circles from the Square of the First Rite at its centre, to Bleakscale Harbour by the Searing Sea, and to the inland fortifications keeping the jungle at bay. Having survived and rebuilt following the devastation of the Necroquake, in no small part thanks to the Order Serpentis and the appearance of an army of Seraphon that emerged from the surrounding jungle, the city now teems with life and trade. But all is not as it seems. Though the undead may have been pushed back and the city secured, the streets of Anvilgard are no less deadly.

The city is a hive of ever-changing loyalties. While it is officially led by the Grand Conclave, a council of loyal Sigmarites, a shadowy cabal of Aelves known as the Blackscale Coil hold more and more sway in the city. Made up of a sinister collection of Scourge Fleetmasters, Darkling Covens, and Order Serpentis Beastmasters, the Coil directs affairs in the city, using intimidation, blackmail, and assassinations to maintain control. Some refuse to believe such an organisation could exist in one of the great Cities of Sigmar, while others are certain the Coil is real — and can do nothing to stop them.

While not the largest, Anvilgard is amongst the most complex of the Cities of Sigmar in Aqshy. Founded by the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, control passed to the Grand Conclave on Sigmar's orders. High Matriarch Tarvilla Etain currently presides over the Grand Conclave, but even she is not sure who amongst her peers are loyal to the city or who may have been ensnared by the Blackscale Coil.

The Anvils of the Heldenhammer, led by Lord-Castellant Ephrem Vanhelm, still maintain a substantial presence in the city, while Freeguild soldiers, the Ironweld Arsenal, and the fearsome warriors of the Duardin Dispossessed make up its garrison.

Aelves from many factions call Anvilgard their home, such as the Aelven Corsairs who hunt great beasts on the Searing Sea, and the Daughters of Khaine who battle in the gladiatorial arena of **Hag's Sacrament** (see page 20). Many of these Aelves are part of the insidious Blackscale Coil, while others are unwitting pawns. Some, however, remain loyal to the city of Anvilgard and refuse to join the Coil — though these defiant few often have unfortunate accidents while walking through the mists.

THE ANVILS OF THE HELDENHAMMER

Clad in blackened armour, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer are one of Sigmar's largest Stormhosts. Unlike other Stormcast Eternals, who are reforged from recently killed mortals, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer were chosen from the souls of long-dead heroes residing in Shyish, the Realm of Death. This gives many of the Anvils a dour demeanour and cynical outlook, but they remain devout and capable warriors of the God-King. Despite the Stormcasts cold and imposing nature, the people of Anvilgard have a respect and loyalty to the Anvils, but remain wary of coming under their attention.

The forces garrisoned in Anvilgard are led by Lord-Castellant Ephrem Vanhelm, an expert strategist. Vanhelm and the Anvils are not only tasked with defending the city, but to stand sentinel over the four vital realmgates locked behind the obsidian walls of the Black Nexus. It is not common knowledge where these realmgates lead, though some claim one leads to the Stormrift Realmgate, giving access to both Hammerhal-Aqsha and Hammerhal-Ghyra. Others whisper that one of the gates leads to the Realm of Shadow, Ulgu, and claim this is why the Daughters of Khaine and Darkling Covens are so prevalent in Anvilgard. Regardless, the realmgates give the Sigmar's forces a crucial strategic advantage in the war against the armies of Chaos and the legions of Nagash.

The Black Nexus is also home to a number of mighty spellcasters of the Sacrosanct Chamber known as the Dolorites. Led by Lord-Arcanum Brena Vennerdreizh, the Dolorites specialise in the securing and destruction of deadly Chaos artefacts — a fact kept secret from all but Lord-Castellant Vanhelm and a select few others.

Lord-Castellant Vanhelm has been through countless battles but the Blackscale Coil are a different kind of enemy and he is at a loss. He seeks aid from Azyr, but does not know when it will come — or what form it will take.

THE GRAND CONCLAVE

Each of the Cities of Sigmar is governed by a Grand Conclave designed to emulate that which Sigmar created to rule over the heavenly city of Azyrheim. The council is elected from the various mortals within the city, drawn from each community to represent their people and chosen for their merit rather than by their political prowess. While not as large as the Grand Conclave in Azyrheim, which holds 244 seats, the Grand Conclave of Anvilgard has a substantial number of councillors with 166 seats.

The most senior councillor is High Matriarch Tarvilla Etain, a noble leader with a long history of loyalty and service to Anilgard. High Architect Irina Heiksdotr is responsible for the Ironweld watchtowers that protect the city, although there are rumours that some are unhappy with her tenure. The role of High Arbiter, the lawmaker of the city, is currently open after its last holder, Concelius Gour, was found murdered in his fortress-like mansion. Such an act would cause uproar in any city, but the fact that Gour was cracking down on Aelvan privateers (and therefore the Blackscale Coil) has seen terror and fear spread like wildfire amongst the populace.

With the Coil's power growing, suspicions and mistrust are rife within the Conclave — with good reason. A growing number of councillors and officials have been enchanted by the Coil's sorceresses and are unknowingly working for the organisation. One of the few remaining loyal councillors on the Conclave is Morgan Kassan, a traditionalist and one of the few who are seeking to stop the Coil. However, her superior Tibor Hallowgate's misgivings make it difficult for her to pursue the cabal.

THE BLACKSCALE COIL

Working in the mists of Anvilgard is a shadowy cabal of Aelven corsairs and renegades that call themselves the Blackscale Coil. The Coil has agents throughout the City of Scales, permeating all of Anvilgardian culture. The syndicate excel in anonymity, not knowing who their fellow agents are and keeping to the shadows of Anvilgard. While the city's large Aelven population works in the Coil's favour, they have agents and thralls of every Species and occupation. Each individual cell of the Blackscale Coil is referred to as a Coil, and each have their own missions and goals. No one Coil knows the details of another, secrecy being one of their most powerful tools.

The Blackscale Coil is led by the mysterious entity known simply as the Sovereign, or *Visharhein* in the Aelven tongue. Drusa Kraeth, a Darkling Sorceress, is the Sovereign's representative in the city but even this is known only to a few. Drusa has secretly controlled many of the city's endeavours for years and her Serpent's Blood coven now outnumbers the Anvilgard Freeguild.

The Blackscale Coil controls illicit trade along the Charrwind Coast, and works through each of Anvilgard's markets and trading centres to position themselves in control of the beating heart of the city. The Coil rarely, if ever, meets, conducting their business through mist

mirrors, magical devices that allow them to communicate over some distance, showing the viewer only a faint silhouette of their counterpart.

The Blackscale Coil manipulates the Grand Conclave through blackmail and magic, and have formed a 'Shadow Conclave' to shape Anvilgard how they see fit. But not every member of the Conclave has been compromised. There are those that resist, such as Morgan Kassan, but considering the fate of the recently deceased Cornelius Gour, Kassan may not be long for this world.

THE CULT OF NURGLE

While the Blackscale Coil manipulate the city from the shadows, there is another group that lurks in the city's festering underbelly, praying to the pustulent and grotesque god Nurgle. Perverted by their patron god's influence, this secret cult seeks to choke the life from the city. Calling themselves The Last Breath, this vile cult sees the defoliant gases as the noxious breath of Grandfather Nurgle and hopes to turn it on the citizens of Anvilgard.

The Last Breath seek to corrupt the defoliant towers that protect the city, altering the chemical makeup of the gases to spread disease and bolster sickly growth in all life in and around Anvilgard. The leader of the cult, Tibor Hallowgate, is a prominent member of the Grand Conclave and though the cult has yet to work its way into the Ironweld Arsenal, it is only a matter of time before they bring their influence to corrupt those that maintain the towers.

The cult prospers in the poorer circle of the city and near the city walls where some parts are still being rebuilt after the Necroquake, far away from the eyes of the Order of Azyr and the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. Despite disturbing reports of sickness and unusual plant growth, Tibor Hallowgate has redirected the Grand Conclave's attention, assuring his peers that all is well and they should concentrate their efforts on the Blackscale Coil.

The Last Breath's plans are coming to fruition, growing like a bloated boil, just waiting to be popped.



DARKLING COVENS

The Aelves of the Darkling Covens are matriarchal cults led by powerful sorceresses. They are masters of enchantment who use their powers to ensnare the minds of others. Having lost their empires of old, they reluctantly sought refuge in Azyr. Refusing to share their gifts with the Collegiate Arcane, they retreated into the shadows, gaining power through subtlety and manipulation. The Darkling Coven matriarchs crave power above all, and to that end they have spread a network of spies throughout the Cities of Sigmar.

While the Darkling Covens live amongst the other Anvilgardians, they trust no one — save those they have enslaved. Most are members of the Blackscale Coil, hoping to gain dominance over the city for their own ends, but few if any speak of their allegiance openly. Many pass amongst the rest of the Aelven population without giving their identity away.

One of coven's most prominent sorceresses is Lady Narathel, the so-called 'Mist Queen' of Anvilgard. She is on good terms with the Order Serpentis, finding the beastmasters perfect allies should she need a show of force. However, Narathel has not been seen for some time. Many believe that Drusa Kraeth did not take kindly to the self-styled Mist Queen and... 'encouraged' her to leave the city.

DAUGHTERS OF KHAINE

The Daughters of Khaine are the devoted followers of the Aelven God of Murder, Khaine. They dedicate their lives to serving their bloodthirsty deity, constantly practising with their weapons and mastering their skills as assassins. Although their ways are disturbingly bloodthirsty to some, their fanatical hatred of Chaos is undeniable. Most of the sisters inhabit temples to Khaine, forbidding structures where blood has seeped into the very stones, where their gladiatorial arenas in which they practice their craft lie. Priestesses of the Temple of Khelt Nar maintain the **Hag's Sacrament** gladiatorial arena (see page 20).

These assassins and bloodthirsty warrior-women may seem an ill fit for the Cities of Sigmar, but their martial prowess and abilities have proven useful as allies to the Sigmarites. None more so than those in Anvilgard where the Daughters thirst for murder has saved the city countless times. While Morathi, the High Oracle of Khaine, expects her Hag Queens to temper their impulses in the company of the Sigmarites, they are more at home in Anvilgard than anywhere else, where the shadows provide ample opportunity for their needs. Unsurprisingly, many are members of the Blackscale Coil, but as with the rest of their kind, trust is hard earned and easily lost.

DEVOTED OF SIGMAR

Whether in peace or war, there are those that follow Sigmar's teachings at all times. Even though Sigmarites inhabit Azyr, the return of Sigmar to the Mortal Realms brought a new wave of his followers, and many sought to bring his light to the City of Scales.

The devoted to Sigmar seek to encourage others to follow in the Sigmarite creed, either by peaceful teaching, or at the end of a sword. The flagellants of the **Chapel of the Sacred Flail** (see page 14) purify the lands and prosthetise the word of Sigmar, while the Order of Azyr seeks out corruption within the city. However, even the Order of Azyr, has been unable to find any outright proof of the Coil's existence in Anvilgard, nor have they, despite their not-inconsiderable efforts, been able to route out the shadowy cabal. Sigmar's witchfinders have not given up hope of unraveling the Coil, even without the help of the Grand Conclave. At times, perhaps unfortunately for those caught in their wake, the lack of evidence has not stopped the fanatics from pursuing their enemies, wherever they are thought to hide.



DISPOSSESSED

The Duardin known as the Dispossessed were forced to abandon their ancestral holds and homelands at the coming of the Age of Chaos, as the Mortal Realms were taken over by daemons. Forced to wander the realms, when Sigmar returned, many of them offered their aid in building his cities, and the Dispossessed once again found a place to call home. The Dispossessed are a common sight in Anvilgard, where they find work primarily as builders and artisans, and still practice their ancient culture. Though they can be found throughout Anvilgard, many Duardin choose to make their home in **Hammercroft** (see page 18).

The Dispossessed of Anvilgard are led by Warden King Matlo Loriksson, who leads an unusually large number of Duardin, including companies of Longbeards, Ironbreakers, and three gigantic Cogforts, the largest of these being **Old Firesnout** (see page 30). The city is also home to a number of Cogsmiths, including Uldur Flamebeard, who trains a cadre of Steamhand Acolytes under his command. Not just artisan engineers, they are also excellent warriors who defend Anvilgard's walls and fight back against any invasion that dare threaten the City of Scales.

FREEGUILD REGIMENTS

Anvilgard boasts a number of Freeguild Regiments made up from battle-scarred veterans, and green recruits pulled from the city's common folk. Given the other military presences in the Cities of Sigmar, the Freeguild Regiments serve as a de facto police force. The activities of the Blackscale Coil give the Freeguild many problems to solve, keeping even Anvilgard's numerous regiments busy, while the promise of wealth makes it too easy for some soldiers to turn a blind-eye to illicit dealings.

Each Freeguild regiment marches under Anvilgard's sigil, the Kraken's Head. While united under the kraken, each regiment has their own traditions and are each led by their own general. At times this can cause problems between the forces, but when they are called to defend their city, they do so with pride.

The Charrwind Rangers are the city's elite troops, and are led by Freeguild General Dignan 'Ironwhiskers' Crant. They are battle-hardened, veteran troops that suffer no disobedience and readily defend the walls. The Rumrunners, clad in red and black, are another well-known marine regiment. While their reputation is perhaps less glowing than the Charrwind Rangers, they are still a formidable force both on land and at sea.

IRONWELD ARSENAL

The Ironweld Arsenal is an unusual organisation, made up of both Human and Duardin engineers. Led by a Forge-Lord, they are masters of their craft, whether their task is manufacturing destructive blackpowder weapons or assembling strange cogwork machines of war. In Anvilgard they offered their services to help build the city and carve out a space amongst the Crucible of Life for folk to flourish. Without the Ironweld Arsenal watchtowers and the defoliant cannons, the surrounding jungle would grow and take back the city, absorbing it into the gestalt mass of jungle surrounding the city. The Ironweld regularly assist the Stormcast Eternals and Freeguild regiments in defence of the city using powerful artillery, and sometimes lend their weapons to the beastmasters of the Order Serpentis on a particularly difficult hunt.

The Ironweld are also responsible for building and maintaining the three gigantic mobile Cogforts that move around the city to protect its walls, with **Old Firesnout** (see page 30) being the greatest of these.

Irina Heiksdotr is currently serving as the city's High Architect and is responsible for maintaining Anvilgard's defences, not least of which are the defoliant cannons that control the aggressive plant growth outside the city. However, recent rumours and tension with her assistant Zadreh suggest that the Conclave may be unhappy with Irina's management.

ORDER SERPENTIS

It was the wild beasts and strange creatures that first drew the Order Serpentis to the jungles surrounding Anvilgard. The warlocks and lords of the Order Serpentis seek out the most vile and cruel beasts of the realms, using these savage creatures as mounts and weapons against their enemies. The Order are uneasy allies with the Sigmarites, but time after time they have proven useful as weapons of utter destruction. During the Necroquake, the Order Serpentis came to the aid of Anvilgard's Freeguild regiments in the battle with the undead hordes, cementing a working relationship and grudging respect between the two.

The Order has a large presence in Anvilgard, more so than any other city in Aqshy. Their hunters regularly venture into the Crucible of Life on their Drakespawn steeds to hunt the monstrous draconids and fire-spewing reptiles that roam there. Far from just hunters and warriors, the Order Serpentis provide meat, hides, and other trade goods for the bustling markets of Anvilgard, making sure they extort a heavy price for their efforts.

The beastmasters make excellent agents for the Blackscale Coil, their burning ambition driving them to seek power through any means necessary.

SCOURGE PRIVATEERS

The Grand Conclaves of port cities such as Anvilgard have made great use of the Scourge Privateers — Aelven corsairs that were once pirates and reavers. Such is the Aelves' skill on the seas that they now turn their talents to hunting the monstrous beasts that plague the Searing Sea, and defend Anvilgard from enemy fleets. The corsairs make their living by hunting and trapping the beasts that roam the Charrwind Coast, selling their meat and hides for profit, or using them as weapons against their enemies. They have a monopoly over trade in and out of the Bleakscale Harbour, which pits them against the Kharadron Overlords, who operate out of the Drydock.

Unlike the Darkling Covens, the Scourge Privateers crave profit over power, and because of this many Fleetmasters see loyalty to Sigmar as their surest way to power. Some privateers, however, ally with the Blackscale Coil, for membership of that shadowy cabal is a path to power — and even greater profit.

The Aelven corsairs are cunning, biding their time and playing their enemies against each other. Their ships fill **Bleakscale Harbour** (see page 13), and they have been known to hold meetings and auctions upon lashed-together ships that form their own city within a city (see **The Silent Auction**, page 24). A monstrous Black Ark known as the *Agoniser* has also been seen off the coast recently.

SYLVANETH

When a group of Sylvaneth arrived at the gates of Anvilgard, many in the city feared the worst. They had heard tales of the bitter battles between the city of Greywater Fastness in Ghyran and the local Sylvaneth, and many thought the arrival of Alarielle's children was a precursor to war. Instead, the mysterious group met with the Grand Conclave in secret and, after long discussions, the Sylvaneth entered the city.

As astonished citizens looked on, a circle of Branchwyches came together, drawing creeping vines up from the earth and creating a huge suspended nest between three of the city's tallest spires. Great beetles followed bearing soil from Ghyran, and in a short amount of time a huge earth mote hung above the city. The Anvilgardians named it

Spireroot (see page 24). From this lush garden embassy, the Sylvaneth have been watching and observing, though no one knows why.

While the defoliant mists were engineered to be non-hazardous, even to Sylvaneth, many still suffer unforeseen side effects. Their bark itches and foliage turns drab, wilting or even coming loose with extended exposure to the mists. The Sylvaneth view the defoliant with superstition and outright disdain, cursing it as an ugly weapon that could all too easily be turned against the Sylvaneth.

Despite Spireoot's prominence hanging above Anvilgard, the Sylvaneth are a rare and strange sight in the city. Every few days at nightfall, a lone Kurnoth Hunter descends from Spireoot and makes their way through the city and out the Burnished Gate into the jungles beyond, returning before sunrise. No one knows the Kurnoth's purpose, and those that have tried to follow have been met with hostility. This strange pattern leads to whispers and rumours of an assault from within, and some speak of removing the Sylvaneth from the city by force. For now at least, they remain, but most feel that the tenuous peace between Anvilgard and the Sylvaneth will be short-lived.

The tension between Anvilgard and the Sylvaneth is explored in the adventure *Petrified Wood*.



As the greatest port on the Charrwind Coast, Anvilgard has gained a reputation as a trader's paradise. The docks buzz with activity at all hours of the day and night, crawling with sweaty Humans, Duardin, and Aelves hefting all manner of exotic and mundane goods between the winding piers and the eternally hungry holds of the trading ships that dock there. For those who seek legitimate trade, the city offers a variety of well lit — and heavily policed — market squares and auction houses. And for those hunting the illegal or illegitimate, the countless mist-shrouded back alleys are perfect for clandestine deals and hidden black markets, where huddled merchants exchange whispered secrets and dangerous artefacts.

While the ubiquitous Aqua Ghyranis is the most common currency within most Cities of Sigmar, many traders that visit Anvilgard's mist-filled streets hail from far off or exotic lands and prefer to barter for their goods instead. A constant cacophony of verbal sparring echoes through the mist-thick air, as career hagglers beg, boast, and swindle in numerous languages, all to emerge on top of even the smallest deals.

Anvilgard's primary goods are foodstuffs. Kharadron aethercraft overflowing with grains and dark ales crowd the sky-piers, while vast Aelven ships deposit mountains of fresh fish and the carcasses of monstrous beasts into the ever-hungry markets. All of this is distributed, carved up, and picked dry by the Anvilgardians, or loaded up and preserved to be shipped to realms where fresh meat is harder to come by, such as Misthåvn in Ulgu, or Lethis in Shyish.

Monstrous creatures captured in the surrounding jungle are caged and stacked high, ready for eager pit-managers to snap them up for their gory spectacles, or to be traded to hooded spellcasters for arcane experimentation. Exotic hides and bones suffused with life energy are cleaned and worked into resilient clothing and exotic trinkets. Strange artefacts stolen from the mysterious ruins along the Charrwind coast are sold to scholars and superstitious fools alike — though traders in such goods have become more wary recently. The Dolorites of the Sacrosanct Chambers have begun to seek out these black markets dealers, putting a stop to their trade with brutal efficiency — and claiming the artefacts as their own and secreting them away behind the obsidian walls of the Black Nexus.

Anvilgard is a notoriously well fortified city, as can only be expected from a city that was carved from a stretch of land flanked by treacherous coast and deadly jungle. As the first fortifications were built, and the city began to expand, the fledgling Anvilgard suffered near-constant siege from an endless onslaught of bloodthirsty Chaos warbands, creeping plant life, and the ferocious beasts of the Crucible of Life.

Almost every wall and building in Anvilgard is fortified. Even residential and administrative buildings claim thick walls of volcanic stone, with crowns of sharp, teeth-like watchtowers. Doors are reinforced with tempered metals, their archways concealing heavy portcullises that slam shut at the pull of a lever. Windows are narrow and braced with metal shutters, and almost every street has at least one gatehouse.

But these fortifications are not just a lingering aesthetic from the city's generations under siege. Masons constantly check and maintain brick and mortar, and metal brackets are replaced and repaired at the first sign of weakness.

This perpetual readiness is overseen by Lord-Castellant Ephrem Vanhelm, an experienced siegebreaker tasked with the defence of Anvilgard. He manages the garrisons within the city and the eternal cycle of inspection and reinforcement throughout, making sure that Anvilgard is prepared for anything that may emerge from the mists. Vanhelm works closely alongside councillor Morgan Kassin of the Grand Conclave, who handles the more political side of Anvilgard's defences — which can be no less deadly.

Anvilgard is also protected by a number of mobile Cogforts — large Duardin-built war machines that act as mobile fortresses with devastating artillery placements. At the flash of a signal from the walls, these machines are directed to any weak point around the city's perimeter, or brought to bear against any massed forces that seek to breach its walls.

The waters around the city are patrolled by a mix of Freeguild ships and Aelven vessels — a motley collection of soldiers and handsomely paid mercenaries tasked with protecting the city from unusual angles of attack. Anvilgard is a hard-won fortress city, built by the blood and sweat of all who came before. Its people will fight to the end before sacrificing all that they have clawed from Aqshy's unforgiving landscape.

With the varied interests in the city, Anvilgard is a cornucopia of dark buildings and arcane architecture, each providing for the needs of the populace. From the imposing administration buildings to the lowliest dark and dingy taverns, Anvilgard has many locations to explore.

LANDMARKS

- ✧ **Bleakscale Harbour:** Anvilgard's extensive harbour and docks (page 13).
- ✧ **The Black Nexus:** The Anvils of Heldenhammer's Stormkeep (page 11).
- ✧ **The Burnished Gate:** The main entrance to Anvilgard (page 14).
- ✧ **Dauntless Hall:** Meeting place for Anvilgard's Grand Conclave (page 15).
- ✧ **Drydock:** The Kharadron aethership port for Anvilgard (page 16).
- ✧ **The First Circle:** Centre point of the city where the first walls were erected (page 16).
- ✧ **Firstwall-on-the-Line:** Residential area for the rich and noble of the city (page 17).
- ✧ **The Gullies:** The residential slums for the poor and downtrodden (page 17).
- ✧ **Hammercroft:** Duardin dominated residential area (page 18).
- ✧ **The Lanes:** The winding side streets and back-alleys of Anvilgard (page 21).
- ✧ **The Obsidian Catacombs:** Abandoned underground tunnels rife with danger (page 22).
- ✧ **Oculus Ignis:** A lighthouse on the Searing Sea (page 22).
- ✧ **The Shaded Quarry:** Vast underground cavern where illicit activities take place (page 23).
- ✧ **Square of the First Rite:** The heart of the city (page 24).

MARKETS

- ✧ **The Valiant Chambers:** The courthouses where criminals are tried and sentenced (page 25).
- ✧ **The Vaults:** Underground network of document storage beneath the Grand Conclave buildings (page 25).
- ✧ **Anvil's Hammer:** Smithy, trader of smithing tools, and rentable workshop space (page 12).
- ✧ **The Armoury:** A weapon and armoursmith frequented by mercenaries (page 12).
- ✧ **The Bellows:** Massive workshop producing defoliant cannon components and other machines (page 13).
- ✧ **Fine Outfitters:** The place to find expedition supplies (page 16).
- ✧ **Gileo's Maps and Cartography Supplies:** For maps of questionable quality (page 17).
- ✧ **Gurttok's Geegaws:** A workshop that repairs and sells vaults or safes (page 18).
- ✧ **Lady Vespril's Infirmary:** Largest medical facility in Anvilgard (page 21).
- ✧ **Last Stop:** Convenient and overpriced goods by the docks (page 21).
- ✧ **Naila's Smokehouse:** Best place to buy smoked meats in Anvilgard (page 22).
- ✧ **The Shifting Scales:** Currency exchange in the shape of giant weighing scales (page 23).
- ✧ **The Silent Auction:** Secretive auction barges selling lost artefacts and rare goods (page 24).
- ✧ **Storehouses:** The myriad storage facilities within the city (page 24).
- ✧ **The Waterway:** A general market run by the Black Ark Corsairs (page 25).

PLACES OF WORSHIP

- ✧ **Chapel of the Sacred Flail:** Place of worship and accommodation for Sigmar's most fanatical servants (page 14).
- ✧ **Hag's Sacrament:** Khainite house of worship and ritual combat (page 20).
- ✧ **The High Temple of Sigmar:** A grand temple dedicated to the God-King Sigmar (page 19).

TAVERNS AND INNS

- ✧ **The Beached Mermaid:** Combined inn and bakery with a comfortable atmosphere (page 12).
- ✧ **Bleakscale Harbour Tavern:** An ancient bar built at the end of a pier (page 13).
- ✧ **Crow's Nest:** A rowdy sailor's bar serving hard drinks to harder patrons (page 15).
- ✧ **Heartrock's Hearth:** Duardin-owned inn that also offers travelling supplies (page 18).
- ✧ **The Hookhouse:** A welcoming tavern offering various unique leisure activities (page 19).
- ✧ **The Kraken's Arms:** A bar popular with local soldiers and guards (page 20).
- ✧ **The Lacoï Kindra:** An Aelven taphouse that hides a secret Khainite fighting pit in the basement (page 20).
- ✧ **Light's Above:** Opulent restaurant serving delicacies to Stormcast Eternals and nobles alike (page 21).
- ✧ **The Mistings:** Shadowy tavern, gambling den, and meeting place for the Blackscale Coil (page 21).
- ✧ **Teeth and Bone:** A gambling den run by the infamous corsair Theriel Kaltis (page 20).

OTHER SIGHTS

- ✧ **Anchor Point:** Barracks for the Anvils of the Heldenhammer (page 12).
- ✧ **The Beasthive:** Storage space for the Scourge Privateers' monstrous hunting beasts (page 12).

- ✧ **The Cage:** A voyeuristic debtors prison (page 14).
- ✧ **City Archives Office:** A vital source of information in the city (page 14).
- ✧ **Court of Knaves:** A humble theatre with a highly skilled troupe (page 14).
- ✧ **Defoliant Production Facility:** Where the city's plantlife-destroying defoliant is made (page 15).
- ✧ **Dum Duraz:** Anvilgard's largest prison (page 16).
- ✧ **Eight Winds University:** A collection of Collegiate Arcane buildings dedicated to magical study (page 16).
- ✧ **The Fyrepits:** The only Fyreslayer lodge in Anvilgard (page 17).
- ✧ **The Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists:** Home and workplace of alchemists and thaumaturgists (page 17).
- ✧ **High Arbiter Concelius Gour's Estate:** Abandoned fort-like mansion in Firstwall-on-the-Line (page 18).
- ✧ **The House of Mirrors:** Mysterious mansion made of mirror-like material (page 19).
- ✧ **Ironweld Watchtowers:** Anvilgard's watchtowers that keep the forest at bay (page 19).
- ✧ **Mathlos Crematorium:** Largest crematorium in the city (page 21).
- ✧ **Office of Tithes and Duties:** Where tithes officers collect information on all fees owed within the city (page 23).
- ✧ **The Red Hand:** An amphitheater built atop a buried temple where violent plays are acted out (page 23).
- ✧ **Spireroot:** A Sylvaneth enclave suspended above the defoliant (page 24).



GUIDE TO ANVILGARD

The City of Scales spreads out along the Charrwind Coast from the Square of the First Rite at its heart in districts called circles. Each circle of Anvilgard shows a different aspect of the city, from the affluent First Circle, to the run-down and battle-torn circle at the edge of the city that some refer to as The Gullies.

Entrance to the city is either by the Bleaksale Harbour, gaining passage on a merchant ship or one of the Scourge Privateers' many vessels, or through one of the number of gates that form a threshold in the city's expansive defensive walls. Each of these ways is guarded by a host of Freeguild soldiers, who diligently stop newcomers to ask their business in the city.

It is not only the mists in Anvilgard that provide its darkness, but the buildings themselves. Curved and hooked architecture and tall spires provides many crevices for shadows to take form, while the black volcanic rock used in many of the buildings gives the structures a deathly, dark aspect; in cheaper buildings, dark ebony wood harvested from the jungle suffices. Crimson red and dark green tiled roofs give the appearance of scales. It is difficult to see a great distance in Anvilgard, given the defoliant mist, and travellers should be careful not to get lost in the city's winding lanes — a worse fate than losing their way awaits the careless.

THE BLACK NEXUS

At the heart of Anvilgard, standing proud in the Square of the First Rite, is the Black Nexus, Stormkeep of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. Its ornately sculpted walls, crafted from the volcanic rock prevalent on the Charrwind Coast, tower over nearby buildings. Its black spires, crowned with ballistae both arcane and mundane, reach up into the skies. The mists swirl around the fortress, casting it into a constant and forbidding shadow.

The Anvils guard their Stormkeep attentively, for the Black Nexus contains not one realmgate at its centre, but four, each concealed within the walls of the fortress. The Black Nexus is a strategic hub for the Stormhost, allowing them to travel swiftly to battlefields across the realms. Should they ever need reinforcements to protect Anvilgard, the realmgates can quickly transport Stormcast Eternals into the heart of the city.

Gaining entry to the Black Nexus is an almost insurmountable task as only the Stormcast Eternals are permitted to enter the Stormkeep. From its expansive gatehouse to the very depths of the fortress, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer protect the four realmgates with their lives, refusing any opportunity that would allow them to fall into enemy hands. Not even the Bleaksale Coil has managed to infiltrate the Black Nexus — at least not yet. Those that do find themselves within the dark stone walls of the Stormkeep are often criminals or heretics, and none ever walk out of the imposing obsidian fortress.

ANCHOR POINT

Anchor Point is built into the hills at the edge of Anvilgard, inside the city walls overlooking the Searing Sea. Cut from black stone, the building is an imposing edifice for those that enter the city. Not as large as the Black Nexus, Anchor Point is still a substantial fortress, matching the walls that surround the city and not lacking in their own defensive weaponry. Ostensibly a barracks for the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, Anchor Point also serves as a mustering ground for the Freeguild regiments of the city. If Anvilgard ever needs to call on the forces garrisoned in Anchor Point, the city is in dire need indeed.

ANVIL'S HAMMER

Anvil's Hammer is a smithy and trader situated in the Hammercroft district of Anvilgard. While the Ironweld Arsenal are the official architects and builders for the city, there are many independent Duardin willing to put their skills to the test for a competitive price. Cut into the base of the hill, Anvil's Hammer glows constantly with the embers of its forge, sparks spitting as hammers fly. The Duardin come and go as their whims take them, and the anvils are there for all to use — for a price of course. Barrun Godnisson is the proprietor of Anvil's Hammer, but the old artisan rarely works the forge anymore, making his money from renting the workshop to other Duardin; hiring Godnisson would cost what an entire engineering team might ask, for his skills as a smith are legendary.

Occasionally Human smiths try to ply their trade in Anvil's Hammer, but they are eyed warily by the Duardin. The cave networks connected to the Hammer house many stores and products available for purchase, but in typical Duardin fashion, none truly know how many treasures lie there, nor what they are.

THE ARMOURY

Anvilgard is home to many mercenaries, monster hunters, and treasure seekers, all needing a good weapon and well-made armour. Owned by the Dispossessed Duardin Grekki Gornisson, the Armoury sells all manner of weapons and hunting supplies. While some might think the name simplistic, none would ever dare say that to Grekki's face, for the Duardin is known to bear a deathly grudge, and Duardin favour simple names.

Located in the Duardin district of Hammercroft, a cannon sits atop the entrance but no one knows whether it is fully-functioning. When asked, Grekki growls 'You can stick yer head in and find out.'

THE BEACHED MERMAID

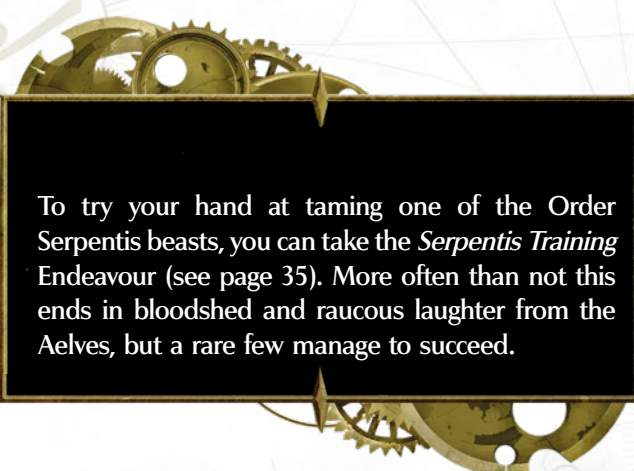
If your weary feet find their way to Bleakscale Harbour Road, it is inevitable they drag you towards the sound of riotous banter and the welcoming smell of fresh-baked bread on the wind, depositing you at the entrance to the *Beached Mermaid* tavern.

Run by Meli and Kala Newtorn, two middle-aged Humans, the *Mermaid* is one of the most popular taverns in Anvilgard. A veritable swarm of patrons descend upon the modest building each night, keen to wash away the day's hardships with easy company, baked goods hot from the oven, entertainment from all corners of the Mortal Realms, and an abundance of cheap drink.

Customers can rent compact but comfortable curtained-off side rooms for as little as a drop an hour, providing a private venue for merchants to hold intimate meetings or allowing up-market customers to separate themselves from the riff-raff.

THE BEASTHIVE

The beastmasters of the Scourge Privateers need somewhere to house and feed their beasts. The Grand Conclave insisted the creatures be kept in a single location as far away from the Square of First Rite and Firstwall-on-the-Line as possible, lest the beasts break free. The Beasthive is a squat stone structure, and the arches underneath are partitioned into cages of various sizes, with thick iron bars keeping the animals away from each other. It also houses stables for horses, but these are kept away from the other animals so as to not become a quick meal. The Scourge have offices upstairs, accessible by several sets of ladders, designed to be decoupled should the beasts ever get loose. Some Anvilgardians treat the Beasthive like a zoo, coming to gawk at the strange creatures. Never ones to turn down the chance for quick profit, the Privateers have taken to charging five drops a head for anyone who comes to gape at the beasts.



To try your hand at taming one of the Order Serpentis beasts, you can take the *Serpentis Training Endeavour* (see page 35). More often than not this ends in bloodshed and raucous laughter from the Aelves, but a rare few manage to succeed.

THE BELLOWS

Part weapon workshop, part Ironweld Arsenal headquarters, the Bellows is a vast warehouse infamous in the surrounding area for the constant head pounding din that reverberates from the building, through stone and steel, at all hours of the day. Overflowing with roaring forges, clashing workbenches, explosives testing courtyards, and even a warehouse filled with experimental vehicles, it is no wonder that most Duardin and Human workers in the Bellows are extremely hard of hearing.

The Bellow's primary output is a constant stream of replacement pipes, canisters, and cannons all required to keep Anvilgard's defoliant cannons functional. Some claim that this vital service is the only reason why the Grand Conclave has not caved to the endless noise complaints and shut the Bellows down. Enterprising pedlars have taken to selling thick ear plugs to folks on the streets and in the surrounding buildings.

BLEAKSCALE HARBOUR

The Bleakscale Harbour is built upon a wide, open lagoon in the Searing Sea to the north of Anvilgard. A number of docks and piers extend out into the water all along the coast, with dozens of boats and vessels moored alongside, such as corsair wolfship the *Blackfin*. The Bleakscale Harbour Road, a curving cobblestone path, extends along the length of docks, separating the harbour from the city proper. On the opposite side of the narrow road are warehouses, taverns, inns, and private houses, all towered over by the stone buttresses of the cannon towers below. Each of the weapon emplacements can shoot beyond the mouth of the lagoon and the semi-circular arrangement of the towers means that an invader finds themselves bombarded from all sides. The harbour is also guarded by the cannons of the Scourge Privateer ships that moor in the harbour, providing a formidable defence — assuming the privateers are willing to provide aid.

The harbour is relatively shallow, and while the lagoon is dredged regularly, the water is not too deep even at high tide. Most local privateers and merchants prefer smaller, quicker ships with shallower drafts than the big-bellied galleons used elsewhere, mooring these larger vessels further out of the harbour and sometimes using the smaller vessels to land. Of late, an enormous Black Ark Corsair known as the *Agoniser* has been seen moored further out in the harbour.

BLEAKSCALE HARBOUR TAVERN

The *Bleakscale Harbour Tavern* is one of the oldest drinking establishments in Anvilgard. It was built at the end of a pier, at the start of Bleakscale Harbour Road, when the city was newly founded. The sailors who flocked to the new City of Sigmar quickly demanded a place to spend their hard-earned pay, and this was Anvilgard's answer.

The sailors and dockhands who drink here like their privacy, and don't want looky-loos wandering in off the street. To get served here, you need to know someone who already drinks here. If not, you'll swiftly find yourself with a fist in the jaw — or a knife in the back if you're unlucky. Despite the supposed camaraderie between the sailors, brawls are common. The floor is covered in a thick morass of sand, ale, vomit, and blood, and a night never goes by without a fight. The owner, Nancie Bowisdottir, doesn't care though. She likes her bar how she likes it.

A bitter rivalry exists between the patrons of the *Bleakscale Harbour Tavern* and the *Crow's Nest* (see page 15), with each crowd claiming to be the toughest sailors in the harbour. Semi-regular raids surge out from the pubs, with mobs of drunken sailors clashing over some perceived slight against their preferred drinking hole.



THE BURNISHED GATE

There are many ways into the city of Anvilgard, whether from the Searing Sea or by land from the Charrwind Coast. A massive wall rings the land border of the city, designed not only to protect the inhabitants from the ever-encroaching jungle, but any would-be attacker. This wall houses a number of gates, each guarded by Freeguild soldiers or the various other military organisations in the city. Anvilgard's main gate, known to many as the Burnished Gate, is worthy of note. Larger than all the others, one of the Cogforts could easily pass under its lintel. A huge Kraken's Head bas relief covers the facing of the gate, sculpted by the Duardin builders who helped construct the walls. The Burnished Gate remained standing while the walls around it crumbled during the necroquake, holding up as a symbol of Anvilgard's steel.

THE CAGE

With the vast amount of wealth and goods changing hands in the city markets, legal and otherwise, it is only a matter of time before some hands come up short. Investments gone wrong, con artists caught in the act, or simple bad luck can leave a merchant penniless and chronically indebted to the very city that promised them wealth. The Cage is the inevitable destination for those who fail to cover their debts and aren't quick enough to flee.

Like its namesake, Anvilgard's largest debtor prison is a single grand cage, open to the elements and forged from rows of wrought iron bars, each engraved with words of law and prayers of penance in almost every mortal language.

To pay off their debt, prisoners are forced to spend their days working the great bellows that help pump defoliant gas around the city, or scrubbing the vats cleans in the **Defoliant Production Facility** (see page 15). While the Ironweld Arsenal maintain the gas and chemicals are harmless, it is easy to spot someone who has spent time in the Cage — they have a persistent wracking cough, red veins around their eyes, and their skin has become bleached and almost transparent in places.

CHAPEL OF THE SACRED FLAIL

The Chapel of the Sacred Flail is a simple structure, for the Devoted of Sigmar do not wish to waste expense to show their devotion to the God-King. Made from wood harvested from the Crucible of Life, the brown varnished walls of the chapel stand apart from the buildings around it, a beacon in the darkness. Stone was brought from Azyr to build an altar at one end of its open hall, and to make a statue of Sigmar that stands above all —

both metaphorically and physically. The chapel grounds also provide accommodation for Sigmar's fanatics and flagellants, as well as pilgrims that come to the city. The wide lodges are as simple in construction as the chapel itself; salty winds from the Searing Sea blow into the city, and through the cracks in the walls to remind the fanatics of their place in life.

Often the chapel sends groups of their most devoted followers across the city to the High Temple of Sigmar (see page 19). There, they flagellate themselves before the gathering crowds, spilling blood on the polished steps of the temple as a show of devotion to the God-King. Several priests at the High Temple are quietly disgusted by the displays but hide their feelings to not cause a rift among Sigmar's devout.

CITY ARCHIVES OFFICE

Located on the outskirts of the First Circle, the City Archives Office is a squat but wide building, adorned with elaborate carvings of piled scrolls, etched tomes, and noble Aelven scholars. Yet the true wealth of the Archives Office is hidden from view, in the extensive subterranean vaults that reach far below street level. It is said that every transaction, every crime, every birth and death in Anvilgard is documented and stored in the Archives Office. As such, the courts and the Grand Conclave rely upon the archives to produce vital information for administering the city.

However, accessing this fortune of information is no easy task. The maze-like archives are kept in a state of perpetual darkness, under the understanding that any form of persistent light or naked flame could damage valuable documents. Even with an archivist escort, the documents are stored in eccentric and ever-changing ways, as librarians take it upon themselves to organise the chaos to their liking, in long running, unspoken rivalries. Worse still, the Blackscale Coil has gradually infiltrated the Archives Office over recent generations. Now, almost every archivist that haunts the halls has ties to the organisation, either through coercion or their own greed. As such, the written truth of Anvilgard is increasingly obfuscated via subtle illusions, secret compartments, and countless indiscernible forgeries. By controlling the archives, the Blackscale Coil controls information in the city, concealing illicit activities and changing history itself with the stroke of a quill.

THE COURT OF KNAVES

One of the most famous theatres in Anvilgard, the Court of Knaves is a surprisingly modest affair at first glance — tiered rows of benches capable of seating upwards of 500 mortals around a wide but humble stage of treated wood.

Upon this stage innumerable performances are held: epic tales of the Age of Myth, elaborate shadow theatres originating from Ulgu, and comedies featuring popular caricatures and dramatised retellings of current affairs from around the Mortal Realms.

People do not flock to the Court of Knaves for the stage or the stories, but for the performers — a troupe of elite playwrights, tumblers, stage mages, and musicians that make up the veteran crew of the Court. Only the best of the best can hope to share the stage with the knaves, as the Court has a notoriously extensive and eccentric recruitment process. The exact details are closely guarded secrets, but the most commonly known trial requires a performer to stand atop a 20 foot tall pillar in the market square and heckle the crowd ferociously from sunrise to sunset. The trial is only complete when the performer can utilise such wit and charm that they last the full day of heckling without a single object being thrown — or can dodge those that are without tumbling to the cobbles below.

CROW'S NEST

Whenever salt-crustured sailors alight from their ships and turn their bow-legged gait back onto solid ground, there is a good chance that they will stumble right into the *Crow's Nest*. Squashed beneath the cannon bristling battlements at the end of the docks, the *Crow's Nest* is claustrophobic, crude and crammed with sailors, all racing to be first to get black-out drunk on the pub's cheap and plentiful house ale. Knife games are the recreation of choice in the *Crow's Nest*. Blades dance between fingers as sailors bet on who has the quickest hands (or who will lose a finger first), while others hurl wicked knives at a crude wood-cut of a huge five-headed sea beast (get all five heads and get a free drink).

With so many blades flying around, the *Crow's Nest* is the perfect place to settle scores. For a price the owner, Teegan Stonebrow, will ensure an 'accident' befalls an unsuspecting patron and sees that the body is disposed of. There are rumours that one of these 'accidents' is behind the bitter rivalry between the *Crow's Nest* and *Bleakscale Harbour Tavern*, but no-one knows for sure.

DAUNTLESS HALL

Dauntless Hall is the administrative centre of Anvilgard and the chambers of the Grand Conclave. The hall is an imposing building, towering over the First Circle, but not as large as the nearby Black Nexus. A fortified slab of volcanic rock, capped with parapets and watchtowers, it is more akin to a fortress than a council chamber. It is as harsh and forbidding as the city in which it sits, and,

as with the rest of Anvilgard, rumours abound of what goes on within its halls. Unusually for Aqshy, the square in front of Dauntless Hall has its own vigilantly tended garden, a display of the God-King's governance and that even the wild flora and fauna of the Crucible of Life can be tamed and ordered (in truth the garden must constantly be replanted as the shrubbery withers and dies due to the defoliant that floods the city).

Admittance to the hall is by invitation only, as the Grand Conclave are busy with their work. Large, volcanic stone steps lead up to its entranceway, past statues of the God-King Sigmar and Grungni the Maker. Freeguild soldiers guard the entranceway, inspecting all who seek entrance.

Once inside, Dauntless Hall has an expansive audience chamber, used by the councillors to meet representatives of other cities and local groups. Its walls are carved from porous volcanic stone, giving it the appearance of a lair of some magnificent, shadowy creature. The councillors of the Conclave each have their own spartan offices in the building's many halls and corridors.

DEFOLIANT PRODUCTION FACILITY

The Ironweld Arsenal are responsible for production and deployment of the defoliant gas that protects Anvilgard from the aggressive growth of the surrounding jungle. The stench of the defoliant — known as Asphyxica — grows heavier in the area around the production facility, so residents often wear heavy masks, and passersby hold scented cloths against their faces to ward off the stink. The surrounding streets are devoid of food stalls, butchers, bakers, or even taverns, as any food prepared near the production facility inevitably takes on a chemical taint that ruins even the strongest flavours. The alchemists of the Ironweld Arsenal claim the chemicals are harmless to people, so there are residential buildings nearby, but one need only look to those confined to the **Cage** (see page 14) to question just how harmless the defoliant really is.

The building itself is a tangled mess of hissing pipes and gurgling tanks. Inside are numerous great warehouses, each filled with staggeringly large vats of raw and mixing chemicals. Heavy pipes divert the defoliant along the walls to the cannons, while a constant surge of chemical waste runoff pours down into the sewers below.

If the supply of Asphyxica were to be interrupted, it would have devastating effects on Anvilgard. The events of *Rotten to the Core* explore what happens when the defoliant supply is compromised.

THE DRYDOCK

Peaking just above the green shroud of defoliant mist that smothers Anvilgard, the Drydock is one of the few places within the city where mortals can breathe untainted air and take in an unobstructed view of the Aqshyan sky, on good days when the mists are low.

Built in recent years atop a disused dry dock and offering berth to the Kharadron aethershops that visit the city, the spiral tower of brass and steel is constantly buzzing with a small fleet of airships. Crews of specially trained portworkers operate complex systems of pulleys and nets to handle the valuable cargo that passes through the Drydock. But on days when the mists rise higher than normal, the Drydock is engulfed, becoming one of the most dangerous sky-ports in Aqushy. On days like this, even with all their training and safety harnesses, accidents are wont to occur. Bolts, coins, and tools form a consistent rain of dropped objects, and all it takes is a rusted hinge, or frayed anchor to send a fortune's worth of cargo or unfortunate worker plummeting into the mists below.

But wherever there is tragedy, there is opportunity. Desperate scavengers crouched beneath reinforced umbrellas stalk the shadows at the base of the tower, scrabbling out of cover and fighting among each other to claim these cast off gifts from above.

DUM DURAZ

Dum Duraz started life as a penitentiary for the rare criminal Duardin. In typical Duardin fashion, the building's cells and halls were expansive, designed more to show their might than for any practical purpose. The prison is surrounded by a wide natural chasm created from ancient volcanic activity. Simply called 'Black Stone' in the Duardin language, the penitentiary is located in the industrial district of Anvilgard, owing to some complicated Dispossessed jurisdiction mandating that Duardin prisoners be kept in Duardin custody.

It has since become Anvilgard's main prison, incarcerating all those who break the Grand Conclave's laws. The internal politics of the prison are controlled by the Blackscale Coil, with several members operating from within, barely impeded by the prison walls.

EIGHT WINDS UNIVERSITY

The sorceresses of the Darkling Covens are the foremost magical experts in Anvilgard, and that is no accident. The Collegiate Arcane's presence in the city is small, as each time they try to gain a foothold a mysterious accident,

magical calamity, or disappearance stymies any progress. The Eight Winds University represents the Collegiate's meagre growth.

The university is a collection of 'colleges' spread across the city — though most are little more than cramped offices. Each of the orders of magic is represented in some way in the city, such as the Jade College, which is located close to the jungle's edge, and the Grey College that built its office in the shadows of the Obsidian Catacombs. Each college has room for only a handful of trainee mages and often hires out their arcane instructors as advisors to Anvilgard's many factions — though this endeavour has also been curtailed by the Coil through threats and subterfuge. Ostensibly an academic endeavour, the university also trains Battlemages who help defend the city's walls.

FINE OUTFITTERS

Only a fool would seek fame or fortune in the Crucible of Life with little more than a weapon in hand and a smile on their face. The wild jungle would swallow them up, bones and all. Lucky for the aspiring hunters and explorers in Anvilgard, the Fine Outfitters are there to help. What appears to be a simple warehouse on Bleakscale Harbour Road, is actually a vital stop for those planning on venturing beyond the walls of the city. Inside, customers find a small lobby, often filled with an eccentric assortment of hunters and travellers, gossiping and sharing tales from the wilds.

Once an attendant is free, they escort customers into the warehouse proper, a vast space divided neatly by sandstone columns. From simple oiled tents or beast-hide blankets, to exotic tack or enchanted navigational tools, almost everything a traveller could ever need to survive the wilderness can be found, neatly stacked, labeled, and ready for purchase in Fine Outfitters. Thanks to some 'encouragement' from the Blackscale Coil, Fine Outfitters does not sell weaponry. Customers are instead pointed towards the **Armoury** (see page 12).

THE FIRST CIRCLE

The First Circle was the founding point of Anvilgard, the first stretch of bloodsoaked land reclaimed by the Anvils of Heldenhammer at the dawn of the Age of Sigmar. What was once a corpse-strewn battlefield, where Stormcast Eternal held back the tide until the land could be purified, is now the beating heart of Anvilgard. With the **Square of the First Rite** (see page 24) at its centre, the First Circle is home to the city's upper echelons. Towering Stormcast Eternals cross paths with aloof nobles and shrewd

members of the Grand Conclave, all safe in the shadows of looming fortifications and buildings hewn from slabs of light absorbing volcanic rock.

Dauntless Hall (see page 15), **Valiant Chambers** (see page 25), and the **Black Nexus** (see page 11) all stand tall around the First Circle, their monolithic forms cutting out of the defoliant mist like mortal-made mountains.

FIRSTWALL-ON-THE-LINE

An urban district of opulent mansions and wide, private lawns, Firstwall-on-the-Line is where the wealthy and noble of Anvilgard choose to live. Each mansion is a bespoke work of art, built to fight in an unspoken architectural war to outshine and undermine its neighbours. Grandiose spires of exotic materials are constructed with the explicit goal of casting shadows across a rival's beloved courtyard. Snarling gateways of wrought iron serve to keep out intruders and intimidate any who dare approach uninvited.

Firstwall-on-the-Line is one of the few locations in Anvilgard where plantlife thrives, although only in an artificial and carefully curated manner. Every day, artisanal gardeners with armed escorts pour a fortune of Aqua Ghyranis upon the private flowerbeds and hedgerows of the indescribably wealthy, thereby forcing colour and life into the imported plants in spite of the inescapable defoliant mist that blankets the rich and poor alike. A few remarkably wealthy nobles hire Jade wizards from the **Eight Winds University** (see page 16) to tend their gardens, growing delicate flowers otherwise unseen in Aqshy.

THE FYREPITS

There are few Fyreslayers in Anvilgard, but those that do live in the City of Scales have made it as much their home as any other. The Duardin of the Vostarg lodge dug fire pits when they first came to Anvilgard. Eventually that land grew into what is now Hammercroft, but for a long time the fire pits gave the Fyreslayers a home away from home, fuel for their fiery hearts, and a way of being at one with their fallen warrior god Grimnir. At times a lone Battlesmith — or in even rarer times a small group or Fyreslayers — can be found by the Fyrepits, ready to tell the saga of their people and the Shattered God Grimnir.

GILEO'S MAPS AND CARTOGRAPHY SUPPLIES

Easy to miss, Gileo's Maps and Cartography Supplies is a run-down bolt-hole of a shop. So close are the walls that the old Human owner, Marto 'Gileo' Blando, grumbles if more than three try to squeeze inside at once. Aside from

the travel-ready inks, measuring tools, and parchment on offer for the aspiring cartographer, the walls are also covered with maps depicting the surrounding area. Unfortunately, most of these maps are cheap and wildly inaccurate, filled with creative flourishes, outdated references, or entirely fictitious details. The only maps of quality in the store are secreted away in a back room and begrudgingly copied only on request, by Marto's own hand and at great expense. Even a copy of a quality map will have at least one intentional flaw worked into it, a savvy method of preventing rival cartographers from copying his work.

THE GUILD OF CERTIFIED THAUMATURGISTS

The Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists has its home in the city of Hammerhal, but their influence extends out to all of the Cities of Sigmar. In Anvilgard, it is a smaller organisation to its sister guild in Hammerhal. A crooked spiral forms the centerpiece of the guildhouse, made from the same stone as many other buildings in Anvilgard. Entrance to the guild is by a simple wooden door, above which flies a brazier in the style of the twin-tailed comet of Sigmar. Next to the spiral is a great chimney that constantly gives out thick black and yellow smoke that blends in with the defoliant mists. Small windows give off flickering luminescence, and the buildings around the guildhall sit back as if giving it room for its strange activities. Most Anvilgardians give it a wide berth, but the thaumaturgists are useful in times of need.

Each member of the Certified Thaumaturgists was at one point a member of the illustrious Alchemists' Guild, but was cast out due to some form of dangerous or unethical experimentation. As such, the Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists has a reputation almost as dangerous as the potions, poisons, and powders that trickle out of the secretive society and into the hands of those willing to pay the right price.

THE GULLIES

The neighbourhood around the outer edge of Anvilgard and just inside the city walls is referred to as the Gullies, a tumbledown residential district which homes those that cannot afford to move into the city proper. Many of the buildings are small huts, with the more affluent buildings exchanging wooden construction for stone. The Gullies are littered with the carcasses of great beasts left abandoned, stripped of all meat and hides. Their only use is as climbing frames for the children who live in the Gullies, with no prospect of any other life.



GURNTOK'S GEEGAWS

Located on Bleakscale Harbour Road, the entrance to Gurntok's Geegaws is a very tall and surprisingly thick reclaimed vault door that only just fits in the space between the pavement and the fortifications above. Simply entering the store itself requires a small feat of strength, to haul the heavy door open, or face the embarrassment of ringing a small bell to summon aid — an act that the poor customer will be teased for excessively by the wide-grinned Duardin owner, Boldag Gurntok. Once past the vault door, the interior reveals itself to be a low-roofed workshop where Boldag undertakes the complex task of repairing safes and vaults. Most of his customers are the rich and wealthy of the city, those with expensive goods that require complex mechanisms to protect. But whispers claim that he also offers some discrete aid in safe cracking himself, though he would never directly undermine his own work by cracking his customers' safes, of course.

HAMMERCROFT

The Duardin of the Mortal Realms often keep to themselves, and those who call Anvilgard their home are no different. The Duardin of Anvilgard have made their homes and businesses across the city, but the majority of them have settled in the area now called Hammercroft.

The Dispossessed and Duardin of the Ironweld gravitated towards this area, favouring its more hilly aspect away from the flatter part of the city near the harbour. The buildings are a similar architecture to the rest of Anvilgard, but emblazoned with Duardin iconography, bas relief runes, filigree, and images of the Maker Grungni and his

brother Grimnir. Hammercroft takes its name from the constant noise of hammering and heat from the forges that are present everywhere in this district. No Duardin is ever far from a workshop, and almost every building in Hammercroft has its own accompanying forge.

HEARTROCK'S HEARTH

Named after the realm-famous explorer, Dawid Heartrock, *Heartrock's Hearth* is an inn for weary travellers and intrepid explorers alike. Its Duardin architecture is welcoming to all those who need a roof for the night. The *Hearth* also provides supplies and expedition equipment, tents, and anything else an explorer may need to venture into the jungles or mountains. Most of these items have been stripped from the corpses of dead adventurers and are resold as 'second hand', with the blood barely scraped off. The owner, Dawid, makes a point of asking any patrons where they are heading so that he can secretly send one of his crews out to strip their corpses later. He has even been known to offer bad tips to gullible explorers, directing them to their death so that he can claim their valuables. Dawid at least has the decency to add their names to the ever growing list etched on the wall commemorating those who have passed through the *Hearth* never to return.

HIGH ARBITER CONCELIUS GOUR'S ESTATE

Situated on the eastern side of Firstwall-on-the-Line, the fortress-like estate of High Arbiter Concelius Gour crouches silently among the mists. The High Arbiter always was a paranoid soul, and their estate is even more fortified and defended than the other private residences

in Anvilgard. Gour even had its own well and stockpile of rations installed to stave off a small siege. Unfortunately, all this preparation did little to protect the High Arbiter from an assassin's blade.

The murder is under investigation, but the exact reasons for the assassination are unclear. No other nobles will go near the place, physically or with an eye to claim a deed, for fear of seeming to profit from the High Arbiter's demise and thus cast suspicion upon themselves. In the meantime, the Gour estate lies empty, a personal fortress waiting for a new tenant.

HIGH TEMPLE OF SIGMAR

One of the most impressive buildings in Anvilgard is the High Temple of Sigmar. It is not like other buildings in Anvilgard; its walls are built from bright white stone imported from Azyr, opposed to the oppressive blackness of Anvilgard's favoured volcanic stones. It is a beacon of light in the darkness of the City of Scales, and great statues of the God-King stand proud outside the temple. As with many other Sigmarite buildings, the streets around the temple are crowded with worshippers, pilgrims, and penitents, all shepherded into place by Sigmar's fanatics. Carvings inside the temple depict the great battles of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer as they fought to reclaim the realms from the beasts of Chaos, and how they founded Anvilgard upon this sacred ground. Great stained glass windows refract the light, bathing the inner chamber in the glory of Azyr, tinted by yet more symbols of Sigmar's heroic deeds.

Behind the temple sits one of the city's many crematoriums, now more important than ever since the effects of the Necroquake. Black smoke belches into the air to join the mists, returning those that have died in Sigmar's name to the heavens.

THE HOOKHOUSE

So called for the large common room filled with plentiful rentable hammocks, the *Hookhouse* is a comfortable and welcoming inn. While the food and drink on offer is simple in nature, it comes in good quantities and at a very reasonable price that 'doesn't drain your phial'.

Outside of its unusual common room and varied accommodation options, the inn offers various unique leisure facilities, including game rooms, a steam sauna, and a prayer room for those who wish to pay their respects to the brothers Grimmir and Grungni. While the *Hookhouse*

may be the most frequented leisure spot in Anvilgard, it is often looked down upon by patrons of the rougher taverns, notably the *Crow's Nest* (see page 15) and the *Bleakscale Harbour Tavern* (see page 13) who view it as a 'fancy inn for fancy punters'.

THE HOUSE OF MIRRORS

The House of Mirrors is a local nickname for one of the gilded mansion houses in Firstwall-on-the-Line. It stands out from other mansions not just because it sits back further from the road, with a wild garden in front, but because its walls are coated in a shimmering substance that gives the appearance of a mirror. Rumours fly about that the Blackscale Coil use mist mirrors to communicate with each other, and that the House of Mirrors is some kind of nexus for these mirrors. The occupiers have never been seen outside, but the shadowy silhouettes in the windows give lie to any illusion that the building is abandoned. Perhaps too conveniently, Anvilgard's archivists claim no records exist regarding the mansion's deed, construction, or other details.

IRONWELD WATCHTOWERS

The walls of Anvilgard are substantial stone constructions, even after the Necroquake caused many of them to collapse. The wide battlements give plenty of room for defenders to fight back attackers, but the most prominent feature are the Ironweld watchtowers that stand above the wall periodically along its length. While these towers give the defenders an expansive view over the Crucible of Life and the foot of the Brutos Hills, they also disperse the defoliant that keeps the jungle at bay — a critical aspect to survival in Anvilgard.

As with many Ironweld constructions, parts of the watchtowers are built from various mixes of steel and brass. The defoliant exhausts take the form of great dragon's heads, spraying the thick gases from their open maws. These mist-shrouded dragons provide a terrifying aspect, emerging out of the fog like the wild beasts of the Crucible of Life. The watchtowers are accessible by a series of stone steps that wind up the inside of the walls, each landing providing a fighting point for each of the tower's many guards. Should the defoliant fail, or attackers conquer the towers, the city of Anvilgard is in grave danger.

Rumours have recently begun that there is a fault in the towers' construction and they will soon fail, but the Ironweld Arsenal vehemently deny them.

HAG'S SACRAMENT

The serrated blade-like walls of Hag's Sacrament are an imposing sight, jutting through the thick mist as a blade ruptures flesh. This gladiatorial arena is maintained by priestesses of the Khainite temple of Khelt Nar. Their high-pitched choir of Khainite prayer bounces around the jagged walls, punctuated by screams and the staccato sound of sharpened steel clashing in frenzied combat.

Hag's Sacrament is one of the most impressive gladiatorial arenas in the whole of Anvilgard. Unlike the dingy underground pits of the Waterway, Hag's Sacrament is a vast, well-kept arena of red sands and bladed walls, ringed by an overhanging observation deck where hundreds can watch the bloody skirmishes and acrobatic duels between sisters and mothers.

While any can enter the temple to observe the fights, openly bidding upon them is forbidden, the Daughters of Khaine only cross blades in worship of their bloody god, not for something as mundane as money or fame. This means that the crowd is mostly comprised of Khainite worshippers, sharp-eyed soldiers or aspiring duellists who can appreciate the technical prowess on display without a financial incentive.

If a character would like to join the fights in Hag's Sacrament, they can take the *Ritual Combat* Endeavour on page 34.

THE KRAKEN'S ARMS

Located near **Anchor Point** (see page 12) barracks, the *Kraken's Arms* has become a popular tavern for Anvilgard's soldiery — making it the only relatively safe tavern in Anvilgard. On most evenings, the premises are full with Freeguild soldiers, drinking a range of local brews or more expensive imported ales. Its musty interior, with torches lighting the narrow corridors, is a welcome escape from the fog that covers Anvilgard's walls and seeps into the soldier's lungs. The Freeguilders put their regimental rivalries aside while at the pub, squeezing onto the long wooden benches and exchanging stories and rumours. The senior officers turn a blind eye to the soldiers' drinking habits, glad that the easy camaraderie of the welcoming tavern encourages morale, but on occasion, when fights break out, the officers descend on the premises with the full force of the law, hammering on the kraken head designed doors as if they were assaulting a fortress.

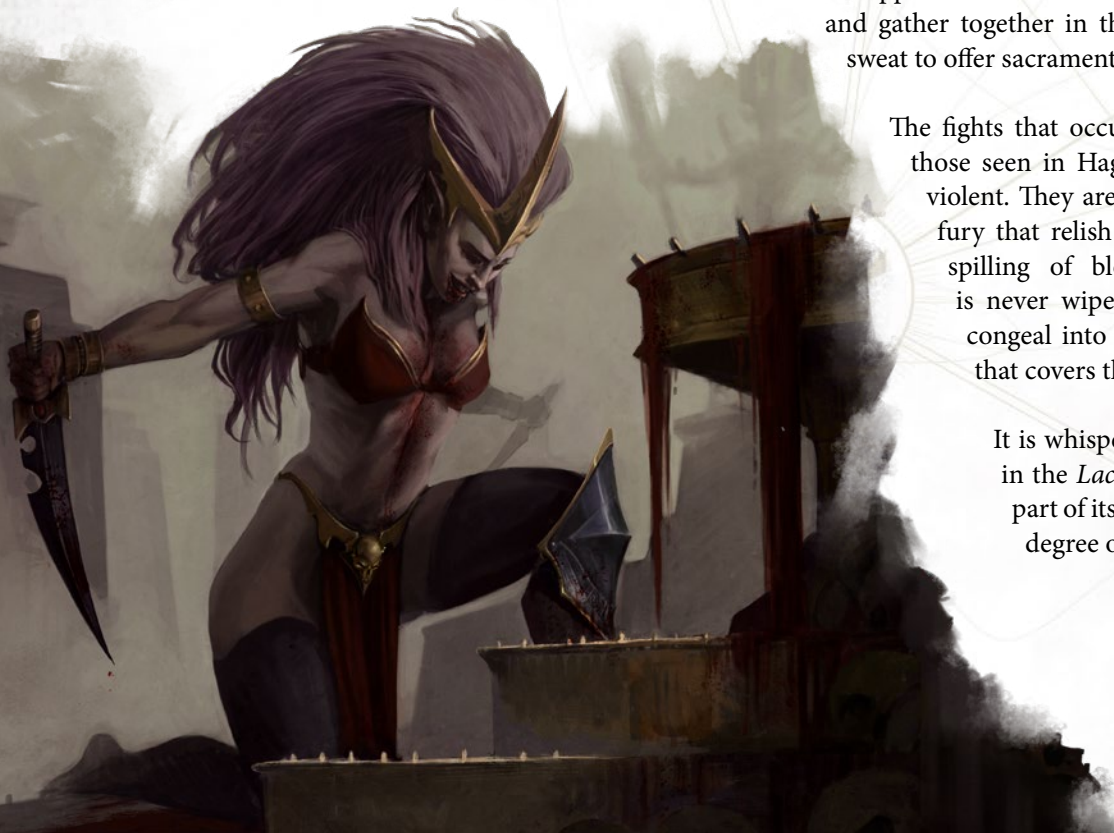
LACOI KINDRA

The *Lacoi Kindra* — 'The Might of Final Victory' in Aelven — is a well-appointed taphouse located not far from the jagged walls of the Hag's Sacrament. With tall ceilings of dark wood and polished metals, the building presents an elegant atmosphere, selling fine alcohols in slender glasses for its noticeably upmarket Aelven clientele.

But this elegant facade conceals a bloody secret. In a hidden basement, beneath the finery and witty banter of the taphouse, lies a shallow fighting pit of dark shadow and blood-encrusted stone. Every Starsday, Khainite worshippers make their way down the hidden staircase and gather together in the musky stink of blood and sweat to offer sacrament to their god.

The fights that occur here lack the ceremony of those seen in Hag's Sacrament but are no less violent. They are savage expressions of primal fury that relish in the cries of pain and the spilling of blood. This crimson offering is never wiped clean. Instead, it is left to congeal into a permanent scab-like carpet that covers the stone floors.

It is whispered that any who shed blood in the *Lacoi Kindra* fighting pit become part of its history and gain an unspoken degree of respect among its patrons



LADY VESPRIL'S INFIRMARY

One of the greatest healing houses in Anvilgard, Lady Vespril's Caligerus House of Healing, or 'Lady Vespril's' for short, is a grand facility where the sick and dying gain a second chance at life, provided they can pay the right price.

At its heart lies a resplendent garden that proudly displays a vast crystal tank at its centre filled to the brim with Aqua Ghyranis. Those who can't pay the price of admittance may be able to take on a loan from this tank, though the interest rates are notoriously steep. Security throughout the infirmary is incredibly tight, with a veritable legion of private guards patrolling the grounds at all times, and complex magical wards protecting the vast wealth held within. Some have been foolish enough to try to steal from Lady Vespril's, but they have met a swift and brutal end.

Lady Vespril's is explored in the events of *Aqua Nurglis*.

THE LANES

While Anvilgard's major roads are arranged in circles around the Square of the First Rite at its centre, many alleys and small avenues lead off from them, intertwining and intersecting their way through the city like snakes. Some of them descend into the catacombs under the city, winding down into the darkness, others seemingly cease in dead-ends, butting up against a structure carelessly built in its path. The locals refer to these paths simply as 'The Lanes', their very nature refusing any other distinction. No one has as yet managed to map every path around the city, the constantly changing cityscape rendering any such map immediately useless.

LAST STOP

Crushed beneath the cannons on the corner of Bleakscale Harbour Road, the Last Stop is a modest store that leverages its proximity to the ever-busy harbour to sell a wide variety of general goods to time-pressed sailors. Not an hour goes by without a panicked customer slamming open the door to the Last Stop and frantically searching for some last-minute item as their ship is boarding on the docks.

For what it's worth, the Human proprietor Dahla Rhostier prioritises these distressed souls above his time wealthy customers, but mostly so that he can add additional 'rush fees' onto their already overpriced goods — a tactic that has left him rich in Aqua Ghyranis and colourful insults from countless sailors over the years. There are plenty of people with a score to settle with Dahla, so he is always prompt with his protection payments to the corsairs that stalk the docks on behalf of the Blackscale Coil.

LIGHT'S ABOVE

Originally designed as an opulent restaurant for those Sigmarites that settled in Anvilgard, Light's Above is built to sit just above the line of defoliant mist pumped out from the watchtowers. The restaurant is located on a long terrace above a merchants' hall in Firstwall-on-the-Line, giving diners an expansive view over the mist-covered city, for those that can stomach the height. There are rumours that the restaurant has fallen under the control of the Blackscale Coil recently, leading many to believe that those who dine here are in league with the shadowy organisation. Whether that is true or not, a quick glance around the dining room reveals some of the most powerful and influential people in the city, laughing and joking as they indulge in the finest food and drink Anvilgard has to offer.

MATHLOS CREMATORIUM

Lurking by the mouth of the bay like a hungry predator, spewing ashen smoke across the water, the Mathlos Crematorium is a specialist facility for interring Aelves, of which Anvilgard has many. Its lofty halls are filled with shrines bearing flame-cleansed Aelven skeletons, surrounded by offerings of bitter and sour fruit to make them distasteful for Slaanesh.

The crematorium operates at odd hours and is active more frequently than there seem to be deaths in the city. This has led many to believe that those who have disappeared or abruptly left the city, have in truth ended up here.

THE MISTINGS

Some say that The *Mistings* sits at the point in Anvilgard where the defoliant fog is its thickest, but that is open to debate. Most Anvilgardians avoid the inn, considering the heaviness of the defoliant mist to be an ill omen, which ironically plays into the proprietor's hands. Little known to the common folk of Anvilgard, The *Mistings* is controlled by the Blackscale Coil, first of all as a quiet space for their agents to pass illicit goods and messages, but secondly as a gambling den.

Above ground the inn is of comparable size to others in the city. Comprising two storeys, the inn has public rooms with private quarters above. But underground the builders made use of the extensive catacombs, knocking down walls to build an impressive gambling hall. Entrance to the den is through a hidden wall in the inn, secreted behind a bookcase. The den benefits from a number of emergency exits through the catacombs should the Freeguild ever raid the premises. Visitors to the inn need never know of the activities happening just beneath their feet.



NAILA'S SMOKEHOUSE

With the seas in close proximity to Anvilgard, there is no shortage of sea creatures for the Anvilgardians to eat, as well as those meats brought in from the Crucible of Life. However, some of them are less palatable than others, and many are an acquired taste. Naila set up their smokehouse as a way of giving these delicacies some kind of flavour that at least makes them more edible.

Naila is an unassuming Aelf, serving their wares with little conversation, no more than asking for payment. Some say that Naila is a former Daughter of Khaine, for some reason dismissed from the temple and forced to find their way in life, or a former beastmaster, no longer willing to risk their life. Others say that Naila is a sorceress, using the smokehouse as a front to enthrall their customers. Whatever the truth, there is some unknown link between the smokehouse and the Blackscale Coil. Regardless of the rumours, Naila's Smokehouse is always packed full of Anvilgardians from all walks of life come dinner time.

THE OBSIDIAN CATACOMBS

The Obsidian Catacombs — also known as the undertunnels beneath Anvilgard — wind and twist like an errant serpent. No natural light sources exist down below the city, and heavy defoliant fog seeps through cracks in the volcanic stone, creating a grey-green swirl around the floor of the tunnels. Some tunnels were carved by the lost people who once lived in Anvilgard's bay during the Age of Myth. The catacombs, including the Grand Conclave's vaults, tunnel from the coast of the Searing Sea and out under the Crucible of Life, pitted volcanic walls navigating for kilometres in and around the city. They range in scale from narrow crevices just wide enough to squeeze through, to shadow-shrouded caves large enough to store an entire Cogfort.

The Duardin called them 'The Below' as they helped the settlers of Anvilgard expand and develop the maze-like tunnel network including the city's sewers. In the Duardin catacombs, folk can see far further than in the city proper, even in the darkness, as the defoliant mist is much less prevalent. Deeper below Anvilgard, the temperature rises to utmost unbearable levels, the volcanic activity heating up the tunnels as they threaten to erupt.

The tunnels beneath Anvilgard, like most things around the city, teem with unseen dangers, from mysterious beasts working their way in from the Crucible of Life to the Blackscale Coil operatives that have turned the catacombs over to their own uses. Some even claim to have spotted the servants of the Great Horned Rat in the deepest tunnels, but others suggest they are nothing more than common rats..

THE OCULUS IGNUS

The mysterious lighthouse of white marble and cracked glass known as the Oculus Ignus looms tall at the end of a twisting road to the east of the harbour. The lighthouse is a strange relic from a previous civilisation. Its fractured fireglass dome projects a beam of light across the roiling sea, despite the fact that none have set foot in the strange tower in living memory.

Its original purpose is a source of much debate among the sailors and dockworkers of Anvilgard, but all can agree that since the Necroquake shook the Mortal Realms, the lighthouse has changed. Its once-clear light has turned sickly, and an increasing number of strange sounds have been reported from the surrounding area.

The Oculus Ignis is explored in the *Cities of Flame* supplement, which comes with the *Soulbound Gamemaster's Screen*.

OFFICE OF TITHES AND DUTIES

A stuffy building filled with stuffy officials who oversee the endless and unrewarding task of collecting and recording tithes within the city. Any ship that docks must pay a berth fee, any crate that enters the city must pay import taxes, every trader's stall must pay a market dividend. All these tiny drops, pricked from the purses of countless sailors and traders, make their way into the city's treasury, helping fund the constant repairs and expansion of its fortifications.

Those that work for the Office of Tithes and Duties are almost unanimously strict and unwavering in their duties, unwilling to let even the slightest infringement pass without incurring fees. To this end, they are often called 'drop-suckers' or worse by those who suffer their constant nagging. The Scourge Privateers, being the God-King's foremost naval force, are exempt from these taxes — much to the resentment of Anvilgard's other traders.

The tithe officers are no fools — they are well aware of the countless illegal and back-alley deals that take place in locations such as the **Waterway** (see page 25) and **The Silent Auction** (see page 24). In fact, some officers are dedicated to complex sting operations to catch out tithe-dodging merchants and customers. Unfortunately said officers have a habit of disappearing, leaving very few willing to take on the role.

THE RED HAND

The tale of the Red Hand amphitheatre is a strange one. Once it was a reputable open-air, stone-stepped playhouse, where Anvilgardians could come to watch thrilling plays of all kinds for a drop a person. But over time, the Red Hand slowly developed a reputation for increasingly violent narrative arcs that spanned multiple plays. This proved surprisingly popular, as people flocked to watch the elaborately staged fight scenes and cheer for their outsized fan favourite characters, as they made bombastic challenges or declarations of bitter revenge.

Nobody is sure when it first happened, when the stage fights became real, when fistfulls of red cloth were replaced by blood seeping through fingers, or when well-acted cries of pain became pleas to end the bout. The bombastic characters and elaborate stories remain, but every time blades are drawn, the time for acting has passed.

Some folk claim the amphitheatre is actually the slanted roof of an ancient temple, lost to obscurity before the Age of Chaos, but few are brave enough to ask the increasingly bloodthirsty actors-come-fighters for confirmation.

THE SHADED QUARRY

During the early days of Anvilgard's construction, the dark stone used to build the massive walls and fortifications was pulled from the earth in great dark slabs. An army of Duardin engineers worked nonstop in a vast, open-air quarry on the outskirts of the city. Over the city's life the walls have slowly advanced as Anvilgard grew, eventually swallowing the quarry and making it part of Anvilgard. The gargantuan veins of dark stone ran dry, and the Duardin workers moved on to harvesting material from fresh quarries far outside the city.

Anvilgard's quarry left a gaping wound in the city, an empty pit that cut deep into the depths. Rather than leave this vast area unusable, ingenious builders slowly sealed the chasm by building a vast cover of supporting beams and stone, atop which the space-hungry citizens could continue to build their streets and homes. A casual observer would never know that just below the bandaged city streets, a puncture wound still festers.

Known now as the Shaded Quarry, this subterranean area is inhabited by desperate outcasts and frequented by those who seek to make unspeakable deals.

The reputation of this half-forgotten cavern is so sinister, even the notoriously drop-hungry tithe officers (see page 23) would not risk hunting tithe-dodgers down into the Shaded Quarry.

THE SHIFTING SCALES

While Aqua Ghyranis is the most common currency used throughout Aqshy, there are still plenty of establishments and traders who prefer to take payment in coins and precious stones. To this end, almost every City of Sigmar has at least one currency exchange.

The Shifting Scales is Anvilgard's largest exchange, built to resemble a vast set of weighing scales with a fixed central tower and a pair of hanging structures on either side. Inside the Shifting Scales, clerks hunch over marble desks affixed to the floor, working divination plates, magnifying glasses, and countless other methods of confirming the authenticity of the varied currency that passes their dexterous fingers and cunning eyes.

The two chambers move constantly, sliding up and down the tower as visitors come and go, like the scales they are designed after. Guests must grow accustomed to an unusual off-balance sensation, or risk being taken advantage of by shrewd clerks and impenetrable exchange rates.

THE SILENT AUCTION

Though a secret location to many Anvilgardians, there is rumour of an auction that is regularly held somewhere in the harbour. In truth, this auction house is a series of linked pleasure barges docked in a private port, under the distant shadow of a Black Ark ship.

The auction is operated by Fleetmaster Farix Sweetedge, and admittance is by invitation only, granted by a contact in the Blackscale Coil. A host of servants, some indentured and others bound by sorcery, wait on the guests. The rumours also suggest that some of the artefacts date back to the Age of Myth, or are even touched by Chaos. If a member of the Order or Azyr were to find someone with such an item, they would be for the gallows.

Despite attempts to conceal the operation, the **Office of Tithes and Duties** (see page 23) has become aware of the Auction Ship in recent years. They see it as a tax dodging nuisance and have begun an unspoken campaign to undermine them, confiscating goods that were purchased there and arresting merchants that partake in the auctions. There are even rumours of espionage attempts and mercenaries paid to start fires on the ship, though none have been successful as of yet.

SPIREROOT

Spireroot, a vast clod of vine-suspended earth that hangs high above the defoliant mist, serves as an embassy and haven for the few Sylvaneth that make their home in Anvilgard.

Gaining access to Spireroot is no simple task. A towering Kurnoth Hunter known as Redleaf guards the streets below, granting access only to those who have been invited or on business from the Grand Conclave. At Redleaf's call, living vines descend from above and wrap around any would-be guests, bearing them to the suspended mote of earth. Another option for reaching Spireroot is to climb the spiralling vine supports that hold it aloft, but any unwanted guests are likely to be hurled from the sanctuary to plummet into the mist below.

Once there, any visitors other than Sylvaneth must meet with the Branchwyches to gain access — Alarielle's children are notoriously unwilling to allow outsiders inside their safe haven. The surface of the Spireroot is densely packed with trees and small glades, while beneath the surface a carefully excavated network of tunnels and rooms weave through roots and rock, lit by glowing insects and inhabited by a small army of Dryads. Somewhere among this lie the soulpods of the Anvilgard Sylvaneth, though its exact location a closely guarded secret.

SQUARE OF THE FIRST RITE

Situated on the very point Sigmar's bolts of blessed lightning struck the earth, carrying the first of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, the Square of the First Rite is the oldest point in Anvilgard's history and the true centre of the city.

Watched over by the towering Black Nexus and vast blackened marble statues of the God-King himself, the Square of the First Rite is a sombre location. Between the mist, the vast buildings, and the fortifications, almost no natural light penetrates the square. Dark-armoured Stormcast walk beneath the wane light of hourglass-shaped lamps filled with ground celestium. This precious realmstone originates from Azyr, and serves to remind all who walk the Square of the First Rite of Anvilgard's connection to Sigmar's realm.

STOREHOUSES

Temporary holding places for goods in transit, the storehouses of Anvilgard are almost as numerous and varied as its residents. While the majority are situated near the docks and markets, it is not unheard of to find small, subterranean storehouses deep into residential districts, hidden stockpiles of food or supplies to be kept in case of emergency.

Some storehouses are simple buildings or low-roofed basements beneath the street, little more than a dry space to store bulk goods, but others claim unique features or technology that facilitates the storing of specific goods. Vast chambers chilled to freezing point by magic or ingenuity powerful enough to freeze meat for decades. Rows of watertight tanks where sea monsters can live and breed in the dark. Or even secret vaults, warded by magic and cogwork to protect powerful or priceless treasures.

TEETH AND BONE

Teeth and Bone is a seedy gambling den hidden in a rundown building in the **Gullies** (see page 17). It is owned by the infamous corsair Theriel Kaltis (see **Blood Tide**) and under the control of the Blackscale Coil. The walls are lined with heavy scaled hides and the mounted heads of a dozen huge lizards, and the shelves are decorated with stolen Seraphon artefacts.

The 'bone' part of the name likely refers to the high stakes dice games that are played here. One would assume the 'teeth' part refers to the decor, but in truth this is likely for the **Firespitter** (see page 37) housed in a circular pen on one of the upper floors. Here rowdy clients bet on how many eggs they can steal from the chained beast, with the person with the most eggs winning the pot. More often than not the angry lizard takes a hand (or more) for each egg that is snatched.

THE VALIANT CHAMBERS

Located in the shadow of the Black Nexus, the Valiant Chambers is the High Arbitrator's legal offices, where laws are written and trials conducted. Like those surrounding it, the Valiant Chambers are constructed of a light absorbing dark stone, rendered even darker in the perpetual twilight that blankets the Square of the First Rite. The majority of the building consists of floor after floor of holding cells, courtrooms, and libraries, all of varying size and quality dictated on the nature of the crimes and criminals in question.

Whether it is echoing halls of worn stone, where shambling gangs of petty criminals are judged en-mass by weary officers of the law, or baroque well-lit chambers, where fiery voiced lawyers deliver impactful speeches in defense of upper class citizens, the Valiant Chambers are the core of law and justice in Anvilgard.

THE VAULTS

Beneath the Square of the First Rite lie the Vaults of the Grand Conclave, shadowed tunnels that have served many purposes over the years. The Vaults are ancient, laid down when the first buildings were constructed in the Square of the First Right and initially utilised as a safe method of travel between the Conclave's campus. But as the ever expanding ringed walls made it safer for mortals to travel aboveground, they were repurposed to serve as storage for all manner of documents used in the day-to-day running of Anvilgard. Yet even this purpose was abandoned, as

the Blackscale Coil executed a prolonged campaign of fires, theft, and tunnel collapses to convince the Grand Conclave to transfer all their important documents to the **City Archives Office** (see page 14), and thus their control.

Now the Vaults are little more than a maze-like network of forgotten or crumbling tunnels that connect the conclave buildings, each so terribly maintained that defoliant mist regularly seeps down from the streets above.

This has granted the Vaults a dangerous and sinister atmosphere, one that certain Conclave members use to their advantage, holding secret meetings in long-lost tunnels that shape the future of the city.

THE WATERWAY

The Waterway is the largest market in Anvilgard, located in the district between the First Circle and the Bleakscale Harbour and so called for the vast quantities of Aqua Ghyranis that changed hands on a daily basis. The streets are tightly packed with stalls filled to the brim with goods, where merchants sell the variety of fresh fish from the Searing Sea, some of which take up entire stalls, and other food and drink. Weapons, trinkets, and other goods are also found in the Waterway, which is regulated by the Aelven Corsairs in exchange for trading rights and control over the goods sold there. This also means that stolen goods can be found on certain stalls, though none would dare claim the traders had stolen them without expecting revenge for their accusations.



THE ANVILGARD MARKETS

The multitudinous markets of Anvilgard, legal and otherwise, make acquiring goods and services an easy task for those willing to brave the mists and their shrewd merchants. It is assumed that any standard weapons, armour, or adventuring gear listed in **Chapter 5: Equipment of *Soulbound*** can be found somewhere in the city streets. This section also provides a number of items unique to Anvilgard that shoppers may purchase.

In addition, if players are seeking equipment with the Special Availability, they could try their luck by undertaking the *Search the Silent Auction* Endeavour (page 35) or if they desire an exotic mount or pet, they may wish to undertake the *Serpentis Training* Endeavour (page 35).

ANVILGARD MARKETS		
Alchemist's Folly (5 uses)	200D	Rare
Aquamask	125D	Common
Chanttoo	160D	Common
Heartwood Ward	180D	Exotic
Hydra Musk (5 uses)	295D	Exotic
Mistwalker Gas (1 use)	340D	Rare
Nightmare Rounds (10 rounds)	250D	Exotic
'Reliable' Map	95D	Common
Sailor's Saviour	185D	Rare
Watchman's Goggles	140D	Common

ALCHEMIST'S FOLLY

This sticky, amber-coloured gel is a byproduct of the **Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists** (page 17) attempts at creating alternative sources of power. When lit, it burns with a bright, hissing flame that is surprisingly smokeless and deals no damage to the surface it is smeared upon. Unfortunately, the substance proved too costly to mass-produce, so was largely abandoned.

Alchemist's Folly can be smeared across a solid surface and lit, at which point it burns as a *Minor Hazard* and illuminates the Zone in which it is lit for 10 minutes. If applied to a melee weapon, the weapon deals +1 Damage for the duration. If a weapon coated in Alchemist's Folly deals Damage, the target

is set on fire. They suffer 1 Damage at the start of their turn, which ignores Armour. The target remains on fire until they use an Action to extinguish the flames. Each pot contains enough Alchemist's Folly for five applications.

AQUAMASK

Also called 'Mono-Breathers' or 'Posh-Rags' these face masks are a common sight in Anvilgard. Crafted from absorbent fabrics of varying quality, the wearer can drop a tiny amount of Aqua Ghyranis or perfume upon them to avoid inhaling the chemical reek of the defoliant mist. Typically people apply a drop a day to their masks, but nobles may regularly reapply Aqua Ghyranis to their personally embroidered Aquamasks.

CHANTTOO

For a small price, a back-alley Chanttoo artist can mark flesh with a special shadowy ink originating from the Realm of Ulgu. These tattoos vary in size and complexity, depending on the artist's skills, but all rapidly vanish into the skin upon completion, resurfacing only when a specific keyword of choice is uttered. Chanttoos are popular among countless gangs, cults, and secret societies, a fact which leads many Chanttoo artists to conduct their art by touch alone, wearing thick blindfolds to protect the identities of their customers.

HEARTWOOD WARD

Imported from the troubled city of Greywater Fastness, where the local Sylvaneth are an ever-present threat, these small medallions come in various designs, but are all carved from harvested Sylvaneth Heartwood.

Anyone who openly wears one of these wards gains Advantage on Intimidation Tests when interacting with Sylvaneth, but also suffers Greater Disadvantage on Guile or Entertain Tests when interacting with Sylvaneth.

HYDRA MUSK

Harvested by the Order Serpentis from their towering beasts of war, Hydra Musk is a ferociously potent smelling oily substance used to ward off lesser predators when traversing the wilds.

Hydra Musk can be liberally applied to any Species. When applied, the wearer suffers Disadvantage on all Beast Handling Tests and any creature with the *Beast* type must make a **DN 4:2 Body (Athletics)** Test or become *Frightened* of the wearer. These effects last for one day, after which the musk must be applied again. Each phial contains enough Hydra Musk for five applications.

MISTWALKER GAS

Developed by the Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists (page 17), this faintly shimmering gaseous substance is sold in hand-sized, two-pronged canisters designed to be inserted into the imbiber's nostrils. When the seal is broken and the gas inhaled, the user enjoys a dizzying sensation as their body shifts and shimmers to match the consistency of the gas. In this state, a mortal can blend almost seamlessly into the mists and gains some degree of protection from physical harm, making it popular for high-class thieves and assassins. Unfortunately, the return to a physical form is an agonising and disorienting experience.

Each canister of Mistwalker contains one dose of the gas. When inhaled, the user takes half Damage from nonmagical attacks and gains Advantage on **Body (Stealth)** Tests. These effects last for one hour, after which the user returns to a physical form and must pass a **DN 5:2 Body (Fortitude)** Test or fall Unconscious for 2d6 minutes.

NIGHTMARE ROUNDS

Fashioned from grey chunks of stone pulled from the Death-saturated Golvarian Passage (page 29), these bullets emit terrifying shrieks when fired and cut through undead with shocking ease. Despite their effectiveness, they remain an unpopular choice of ammunition, as any who fire them suffer from terrifying nightmares of ghastly hands dragging them into the broken earth.

Nightmare Rounds are sold in small lead containers, and contain enough ammunition for 10 uses, or 5 from a weapon with the *Spread* Trait. When fired from a Pistol, Repeater Pistol, or Rifle, the weapon counts as *Magical* against any creatures with the *Undead* type. If one or more rounds are fired, the wielder suffers vivid nightmares for the following 1d6 nights.



'RELIABLE' MAP

This elaborate map of the wilderness surrounding Anvilgard comes from a reliable or otherwise trusted source, most often Gileo's Maps and Cartography Supplies (page 17). But no map of the Mortal Realms is ever entirely accurate. If the map is used during an expedition to discover a location listed in **Beyond the Walls** (page 28), roll 1d6 and apply the result below.

- ✱ **1: Wildly Inaccurate.** The expedition suffers Disadvantage on any Survival Tests to discover the location.
- ✱ **2-3: Incorrect Measurements.** It takes the expedition +1d6 days to reach the target location.
- ✱ **4-5: Highlighted Shortcuts.** It takes the expedition -1d6 days to reach the target location.
- ✱ **6: Perfectly Accurate.** The expedition gains Advantage on any Survival Tests to discover the location.

Take note of this result and apply it to the expedition should they use the map to navigate to the same location in the future.

SAILOR'S SAVIOUR

When worn around the neck, this small crystalline globe could easily be confused with a diminutive sphere of Aqua Ghyranis, but upon closer inspection, the pendant contains a barely perceptible collection of floating, wisp-like runes.

As an Action, the Sailor's Saviour can be thrown or smashed upon a solid surface within Close Range, exposing the runes within. If this happens, all the oxygen in the Zone is sucked into the runes in an instant before they vanish, dousing all flames within the target Zone. If for any reason oxygen cannot naturally return to the Zone, any characters in the Zone begin to Suffocate (see **Soulbound** page 152).

WATCHMAN'S GOGGLES

These heavy goggles are engraved with sight enhancing sigils specifically attuned to the heavy defoliant mist that blankets Anvilgard. When worn, they filter out the mist, allowing a surprisingly clear view of the city streets. This has the effect of removing any *Obscured* (both light and heavy) Environmental Traits produced by the defoliant mist of Anvilgard.



BEYOND THE WALLS

Setting foot outside the protection of Anvilgard's towering defences and defoliant shroud is an ill-advised endeavour. Most citizens would never consider such a feat, preferring imprisonment or lifelong servitude over banishment and the certain death sentence of the Chaos-infested wilds. Yet still there are some brave souls who venture forth into the untamed world beyond the walls. Those that return bring a fragmented understanding of the surrounding area, along with tales of wonder or horror in equal measure, the truths of which are regularly contested.

ANVALOR

A much maligned city of Order that sits atop priceless deep-water mineral wells, the tales of Anvalor's repeated falls are as numerous and varied as the storytellers who share them. Sigmar's forces have tried time and again to hold the city, but every time it looks as if the city might be reclaimed, another disaster befalls it. From Orruks marching in a Waaagh! and undermining Skaven, to the Ruinous Powers themselves, it seems as if every enemy of Order has set their sights on the city, leading many superstitious folk to claim it is somehow cursed. Still, the God-King insists on sending his forces to the city, only for them to be swallowed up, never to be seen again.

AQTHRACITE DELVES

Once a vital resource where the forces of Order pried ever-burning realmstone from the jealous earth, the Aqthracite Delves suffered a cataclysmic fall at the hands of Orruks long ago. Reports claim that during one of the Orruk's regular raids, unpredictable magics erupted from an

overstressed Weirdnob Shaman, shaking the mines and punching a deep channel down into the molten depths. Tunnels collapsed, chambers sunk into the depths, and all were flooded by liquid magma, rendering the mines and their Aqthracite — a local name for Aqshy's emberstone — bounty unattainable by mortal hands. Now the Aqthracite Delves are home to Firespitters and Magmadroths, the only creatures capable of enduring the intense heat. Some hopeful prospectors, descendants of surviving miners, live in the surrounding settlements, donning Firespitter skins and long-handled pans to sift through magma downstream in search of Aqthracite flakes washed up from the Delves. Reclaiming the Delves could be a boon to the entire region, supplying a surplus of emberstone.

CINDERBEAK'S LAIR

Tales of the great Flamespyre Phoenix known as Cinderbeak are a common occurrence in Anvilgard and its surrounding area. The majestic creature was once the loyal mount and treasured companion to a magnificent hero from the Age of Myth. Together, they cut through the sky on wings of flame, igniting clouds and bringing swift vengeance against the enemies of Order. While the nature and specifics of the tales differ widely depending on the teller, one point they can all agree on is the night the rider fell — slain in the heat of a devastating battle by a sorcerer of the Ruinous Powers. Cinderbeak enacted their terrifying revenge on the murderer, reducing their army to ash with such ferocity that the battlefield still burns to this day. But after the battle, the great phoenix fell into a state of mourning so all encompassing that not even the God-King himself could bring them back to the fold.

Innumerable years have passed since, but Cinderbeak still haunts the battlefield — a vast cliffside cavern that burns eternal — where the majestic phoenix sheds a steady stream of inconsolable flaming tears over the ashen remains of the only mortal they ever called friend.

CRUCIBLE OF LIFE

The Crucible of Life is the local name for the vast stretch of ever-expanding jungle that surrounds Anvilgard like the maw of a hungry beast, constantly trying to snap shut and swallow the city whole. Constant volcanic eruptions burn whole swathes of the jungle to cinders, but in doing so expose the flora to primal Aqshian magic, causing it to leap back to life and spread with an overwhelming speed. The Crucible of Life is an almost ironic title, as striking out into the jungle is a suicide mission for most mortals. If the oppressive heat or toxic fauna doesn't get you, there is a good chance that the gargantuan reptiles or the feral Chaos tribes like the Doom Lords of Ahramentia will.

THE CUPRICON RANGE

The Cupricon Range is a wide mountain range covered with dense, mist-thick vegetation. While there are fewer Human tribes inhabiting the Cupricon Range than there are in the Crucible of Life, there are far more giant predators. Order Serpentis monster hunters rarely venture into the mountains to seek prey, due to the difficulty of returning them to the Hunter's Keep. In addition, the terrain is noticeably harder to traverse, with steep inclines, sheer cliffs, and unpredictable wildfires all taking their toll on the would be traveller.

DAIMON'S CROSSING

Traversing the Koltan Lavaflow is no easy task, as the churning river of magma ignites all but the toughest bridges and ferries in short order. But there is one accursed crossing that has stood the test of time. Forged by a sorcerous warlord during the Age of Chaos, Daimon's Crossing is a porous web of ensorcelled bones that stretches across the magma. The glowing liquid is filtered through a mass of screaming skulls and burst rib cages, as blackened limbs link together to form a traversable surface.

Legends say that an exiled prince named Daimon craved the destruction of his father to such an extent that he raised a great horde of warriors and beasts from all across Aqshy to march upon the kingdom. When faced with the uncrossable river, the prince made a deal with the darkest powers to weave an insidious curse. One by one, the weak

and injured in his army were overcome with an irresistible urge to throw themselves into the magma and form the twisted crossing with their dying bodies.

Even now, eons since Daimon fell, his curse lingers. Those who brave the crossing can still hear Daimon's whispers, calling the weak and the dying to sacrifice their bones to maintain its nightmarish architecture.

FORT FOOTHOLD

Roughly hewn into the uncompromising volcanic rock at the foot of the Cupricon Range, Fort Foothold is one of the few locations outside of Anvilgard where mortals can shelter in relative safety. It guards a winding mountain pass that leads to both the **Silent City of Sensis** (see page 32) and across the mountain range, making it a popular staging or stopping point for all manner of expeditions.

Yet the conditions are far from pleasant, with incredibly limited facilities — every surface is uncomfortably warm to the touch or coated in thick layers of soot. Those traders, outcasts, and salvagers that visit the fort cram themselves shoulder to shoulder in the narrow tunnels and low ceilinged chambers. Sleeping nooks, little more than coffin-sized grooves in tunnel walls, can be rented for those looking to rest.

The fort is currently held by a Freeguild company of dubious reputation known as the 'Footmen', who wield extortion and exile as a blunt weapon against any who overstay their welcome, making long-term habitation unpleasant at best.

GOLVARIAN PASSAGE

The Golvarian Passage is the primary land route that cuts through the Crucible of Life to the neighbouring province of Golvaria. The route was cursed long ago by Golvarian necromancers, suffusing the passage with energy drawn from Shyish, the Realm of Death, to sap the life from any plants that try to clog the dusty grey bone-gravel road. This prevents even the magically enhanced plants from overtaking the passage, making it one of the few clear paths through the nightmarish jungle. But travelling this road comes at a price, as the ever-hungry road drains the life from those who walk it, turning them gaunt and hollow as time progresses. Some even claim that the road has a malice to it, and if you follow the path for too long, it will lead you into the Realm of Death and into the hands of the Great Necromancer.

HUNTER'S KEEP

This humble but well defended outpost functions as the staging ground for countless Order Serpents monster hunting expeditions. Scouts regularly travel around the outpost, spreading the scent of great carnivores to keep lesser beasts at bay. As a result, the Hunter's Keep is a relatively safe locale, provided you don't get too close to the house-sized cages that line the inner walls. While the feral inhabitants are often muzzled or drugged to prevent any escape attempts, not a week goes by without some curious or foolish mortal losing life or limb to the canny beasts, as even the most well-restrained monster can kill given the slightest opportunity.

HEINSTROM'S PASS

A great gash that scythes through the Brutos Hills, Heinstrom's Pass is one of the most well-travelled paths leading towards Anvilgard. The pass is a curving groove that cleanly bisects whole mountains and is coated with an unnaturally smooth, unbreakable crimson glass. Legends say that the pass marks where an ancient serpentine Godbeast was slain, but numerous gods' pilgrims walk the pass crying out conflicting tales, each arguing that their patron was the one to slay the beast. Aside from this, an unnatural silence hangs across the pass, as wild animals avoid it at all costs. Even winged beasts noticeably divert their flight paths to circumvent the unnatural landmark. Worse still, it is commonly known that if you steal more than a glimpse into the reflections of the crimson glass, a bellowing roar of furious agony rips through your senses, deafening the viewer for days, weeks, and even years with repeat observations. To this end, some deaf guides offer their services to lead blindfolded travellers atop blindfolded mounts through Heinstrom's Pass, though many are eventually driven to madness by the constant screams, and not all are trustworthy.

JADE TEMPLE

Home of the reclusive Seraphon Skink Starpriest Ze'Bul'Ka, the Jade Temple is a grandiose structure constructed of an unnatural emerald stone. The temple appeared seemingly from nowhere after the Seraphon were integral in defending Anvilgard during the resulting flood of undead raised by the Necroquake. Though the temple lies just outside the city, few venture out to meet the strange lizardfolk, but it is said that they will grant entrance and council to those who provide the proper offerings, though what exactly constitutes a 'proper offering' to a species of unknowable magical lizards has yet to be discovered.

KING'S CLAIM

Once the seat of power for a self-proclaimed king during the Age of Chaos, the King's Claim is little more than a shattered ruin of its former terrible majesty. Towers dedicated to each of the Ruinous Powers — built of rough hewn rock and mortared with alchemically reduced corpses — lie broken and half buried beneath gore-stained sands. The central keep, once an imposing fortress warded by dark spells and defended by an army of enthralled Chaos spawn, is now little more than a tumbledown pile of bricks, still engraved with fading blasphemous wards. Some of these broken stones are carved with the faces of tormented souls, screaming in blissful agony or gibbering in unknowable horror when touched.

Legends claim that the would-be king and his kingdom was struck down by a banished prince, but recent rumours claim that a strange court has taken up residence in the catacombs beneath the ruins, the leader of which claims to be the Unnamed King returned. Some even claim that ghoulish figures have been spotted slowly attempting to rebuild the King's Claim, stacking shrieking brick atop shrieking brick to some unknowable end.

OLD FIRESNOUT

Countless Cogforts have come and gone since the forces of Order began their war of reclamation, but Old Firesnout has outlasted almost all of them. The venerable Cogfort has a reputation almost as fearsome as its building-sized cannons and deafening engines. It has survived the most deadly and destructive battles against the most nightmarish enemies of Order. Yet somehow the mobile bastion emerges from the battlefield time and time again, its gargantuan flaming muzzle spewing torrents of ecstatic magma in victory or frothing with rage filled defiance in defeat. Many of the labourers who stoke the emberstone furnaces, living and working in the heart of the mechanical fortress, claim that the ancient Cogfort has developed a simmering personality of its own, branding their nightmares with scorching demands for battle.

THE PILLARS OF BETRAYAL

This pair of enormous carved pillars are a comforting landmark for travellers around Anvilgard. They stand sentinel over a seldom-used track, one sporting a glimmering hammer of Sigmar and the other a twin-tailed comet. The reason for the naming of the Pillars of Betrayal has been lost to time, but it is a ritual among certain people of Aqshy to 'swear on the pillars', whereby small groups of mortals stand between the pillars and swear undying loyalty to each other in the eyes of the God-King.

PORT PROSPER

Port Prosper was once a small but busy berth for countless ships skimming the Charrwind Coast on their way to Anvilgard. But all that changed without warning. Only one survivor was found among the scattered wreckage — buildings and ships cast across the land and sea like children's toys. The survivor's memories of what occurred are hazy, but they claim the Searing Sea itself rose up and assaulted the port. A night of horror followed, as silvery figures astride nightmarish seamonsters split hull and home apart, dragging all they found back into the murky depths. Since then, none but the most desperate or foolhardy of captains would choose to anchor at the shattered piers of Port Prosper.

ROT-TAIL MINES

The Rot-tail Mines are given a wide berth by anyone with half a brain and a working sense of smell. Consisting of a twisted network of half-collapsed mineshafts, each filled with a shrieking, chattering mass of Skaven labourers and mortal slaves, miners scrape at the mountain stone with naked claw and primitive tools to uncover the simmering realmstone of Aqshy. Also known as ragestone, the precious material intensifies the emotions of any mortals

within close proximity. In the case of the rat-men workers, this pushes their ubiquitous anxiety to an overwhelming degree, resulting in many perpetually gnawing on their fingers and tails until nothing but rotting stumps remain..

THE SEARING SEA

The roiling expanse of unnaturally warm water known as the Searing Sea is said to have claimed more mortal souls than any war fought on land or in the sky. Schools of lightning-wreathed Fangmora Eels, solitary blood-seeking Allopex Hunters, and ancient Leviadons that can split a ship in two are just some of the common horrors awaiting beneath the waves. In addition, fleets of sea-hardened pirates — both living and undead — crash through the waters seeking prey and offering no parlay in return. Even the sea itself is a hostile entity. Unpredictable currents of boiling water can flash-cook unprepared sailors, fire streaked stormfronts chase ships like hunting dogs, disgorging curtains of molten fire that ignites sails and blisters skin, while becalmed ships are exposed to unbearably scorching temperatures that can drive veteran crewmates to tear each other apart with frenzy driven heat-stroke.



- 1 Aqthracite Delves
- 2 Cinderbeak's Lair
- 3 Daimon's Crossing
- 4 Fort Foothold
- 5 Hunter's Keep
- 6 Heinstrom's Pass
- 7 Jade Temple
- 8 King's Claim
- 9 Pillars of Betrayal
- 10 Port Prosper
- 11 Rot-Tail Mines
- 12 Settlepier
- 13 The Silent City
- 14 The Solemn King
- 15 Sootstrider Encampment
- 16 The Steam Falls
- 17 Tower of Dead Men
- 18 Trail of the Torchbearers
- 19 Ven Arber Estates
- 20 Vostargi Waycamp
- 21 The Wailing Grove
- 22 Ziggurat of Ling

SETTLEPIER

The small village of Settlepier sits atop a wide region of solidified magma flow that reaches out into the Searing Sea like a grasping hand. The expanse of porous rock lies just at sea level, flooding and draining with the tides at an alarming rate every day. Those hunger-pinched mortals who live there reside on stilt-suspended homes or shallow water rafts, scavenging and trading in the regular influx of strange fish, lost cargo, and deepsea artefacts that wash up with every tide. It is often said that anything precious lost to the Searing Sea eventually resurfaces at Settlepier, even the unquiet souls of the damned.

SILENT CITY OF SENSIS

Hidden within a secluded valley in the mountains, the Silent City of Sensis is a crowded network of square-cut, low-rise buildings hewn from a pale, glittering marble. Once a secret retreat and training ground for great spellwrights in the Age of Myth, it now lies long abandoned, the only remaining residents a baleful parade of Living Spells. Trapped within the valley, they ripple and wash through the streets with unknowable intent, hunting treasure seekers that aim to plunder the city's vast arcane wealth.

The greatest of these Living Spells, known as 'The Hush', blankets the entire city, consuming all sound in its entirety. Audible speech is impossible and even the greatest of explosions are reduced to a muffled vibration. The Hush has forced competing gangs of guides and salvagers to develop complex sign languages, in addition to a paranoid demeanour, as they live in constant fear of assault by unheard foes.

THE SOLEM KING

A relic from the Age of Myth, this towering statue to a long-dead king stands tall above the surrounding mountains, a warning to any mortal who would claim a crown for themselves. All identifying features have been long erased, by fire, corrosion, and worse, but it is still seen as a useful landmark by many Aqshian travellers. Regular gatherings are held at the statue by various wild tribes, where brave or foolish mortals attempt to 'climb the king' using nothing but their bare hands. Those who manage to scale the crumbling monument are granted an unparalleled view of the surrounding landscape, and the respect of the many tribes that hold the feat in high regard..

SOOTSTRIDER ENCAMPMENT

Not far from the Bruntos Hills lies a wide stretch of land plagued by a strange phenomenon. Columns of snaking winds ripple overhead and reach far across the Aqshy

sky, sucking up volcanic ash from the air and scattering it in a constant downpour of ashen-flakes across the land. This ash-drowned desert is home to rolling dunes of treacherous, waist-deep soot that shifts and conceals all manner of dangers, living or otherwise. The Sootstrider Encampment is one of the few settlements in this dismal landscape where mortals still live. Its residents are a stubborn bunch. Masked and goggled, they lurch through the ash atop towering stilts or astride horses with ungainly long legs. Wielding long, hooked tools they trawl through the ash, searching for fallen travellers, lost treasures, and buried settlements.

THE STEAM FALLS

If you follow the coast from Anvilgard, it isn't long before you spot the towering column of voluminous clouds that mark the Steam Falls. The Koltan Lavaflow that snakes through the surrounding landscape terminates at these scorching cliffs. Constant rippling waves of slow moving magma slough over the cliff's edge and plummet into the Searing Sea below, kicking up the plumes of steam visible for miles around. As a result, many travellers use the Steam Falls as a reliable landmark, signalling that Anvilgard and its protective walls are close.

The Steam Falls are also home to a rare form of magma-resistant lizard, called a Firespitter, which thrives in the cliff's shifting waves of molten rock. Though a dangerous prey, often growing to the size of a large carriage and capable of spitting chunks of molten rock at attackers, these Firespitters are sometimes hunted for their scaly hides, which are used to make all manner of heat-resistant goods.

TOWER OF DEAD MEN

This cylindrical tower of shifting crimson stone is the proud centre of an ancient necropolis dating back to the Age of Myth. Consisting of hundreds of floors stacked one on top of the other, legends claim that they would preserve and store their dead in the tower, according to their position within the fallen Golvarian magocracy. Servants, slaves, and labourers were crammed into compressed containers to be stacked atop each other, creating maze-like chambers where every surface is a coffin. But the more powerful and influential the corpse, the higher and grander their resting place in the tower, with the highest floors boasting palatial tombs overflowing with necrotic luxury.

All agree that there are untold secrets and inconceivable artefacts to be found in the upper reaches of the tower, but the vertical mausoleum has been trapped and sealed with all manner of arcane sigils since the last Golvarian

soul was interred. Worst still, since the Necroquake shook the Mortal Realms, rumours have begun to surface about flickering lights in the upper floors and the incessant scrabbling of decaying flesh clawing through solid stone.

For more on Golvaria, see *Soulbound*, page 221.

TRAIL OF THE TORCHBEARERS

Whenever Duardin Fyreslayers originating from the **Vostargi Waycamp** (see page 33) come of age, or seek to challenge outsiders to prove their mettle, they set their smouldering gaze upon the Trail of the Torchbearers. Technically a termination point for a lengthy pilgrimage, the Trail of the Torchbearers requires pilgrims to safely transport a cumbersome emberstone torch on foot from the Vostargi Waycamp to the ritual site, a deep pool of bubbling magma said to mark the fistfall of Grimnir. If they survive the journey through scorching wastelands and wild jungle, only then can they hurl the torch into the pool and complete their quest.

VEN ARBER ESTATES

The Ven Arber Estates are a strange sight in the Aqshy wastes. Aside from a dusting of ash from the nearby ash-fall, they stand in pristine condition, an opulent collection of baroque buildings hailing from the Age of Myth. Powerful restorative enchantments were placed upon the abandoned estates by long-dead sorcerers and after all this time they still hold. Broken doors knit themselves back together overnight, torn canvases paint themselves onto walls, and blood or gore wicks through cracks in the flagstone. All attempts to raze the estates have failed spectacularly, as they simply pull themselves back upright in arcane defiance. For this reason, the Ven Arber Estates have become a regular battleground, as monstrous and chaotic warbands compete in bloody skirmishes night and day to claim their preferred manors or murder a troublesome neighbour. Several tribes of Greenskins in particular find the estates an entertaining, if frustrating, prize — *‘the home wot you can crump over and over again.’*

VOSTARGI WAYCAMP

The Vostargi Waycamp is a small but proud Fyreslayer lodge that currently squats atop a dormant volcano. Unlike most lodges, the Vostargi Waycamp is nomadic in nature, rarely putting down roots for longer than a few years. The Fyreslayers that live there pride themselves in their survival skills and stubborn refusal to let the blasted Aqshy wilderness end their line. They hold self sufficiency in incredibly high regard, often sending solitary warriors

or small groups on ritual laden walkabouts far across the area. The most notable of these terminates in the Trail of the Torchbearers.

THE WAILING GROVE

The Wailing Grove covers a wide swath of land high in the smoke-wreathed mountains, awaiting those who would seek to treat with the Sylvaneth of the Charrwind Coast. Rooted deep into fertile volcanic soil, the Wailing Grove is a dense jungle of dark wood trees with vibrant foliage that sways and ripples with a sinister life of its own. The smell of brimstone and plant life is almost overwhelming, punctuated only by sudden wafts of metallic blood and terrified screams. These originate from ‘Wailing Traps’, enormous carnivorous plants that slowly shuffle through the dark soil, mimicking the sounds and smells of injured mortals. Whenever scavengers or would-be saviours approach, the Wailing Traps open their pit-like maws and swallow them whole, assaulting their victims with a paralysing toxin and slowly digesting their newfound prey.

Certain Grot and Human tribes venture into the Wailing Grove to harvest this toxin for use in their own cruel traps, but few stay for long, lest they run afoul of the grove’s guardians. The Sylvaneth of the Wailing Grove are much the same as their beloved traps: a sinister and unpredictable group, happy to lure in travellers with wooden smiles upon their unmoving faces, but quick to turn on them should they be found wanting.

ZIGGURAT OF LING

This ancient jade pyramid sits half-buried and overgrown atop a plateau of sweltering jungle. Rumoured to have once housed a lounge of Seraphon, the Ziggurat of Ling now appears to lie silent and empty, crumbling further each year as the jungle seeks to reclaim it piece by piece. Yet, there is something strange about the ruin. Many treasure seekers have entered the decaying halls, delving deep into the underground structure in search of offcast secrets of the mysterious lizards, but not a single soul has emerged. Exactly six hours after any mortal crosses the threshold, a blinding light fills the structure, piercing through doorways and cracks, and lighting up the sky overhead, after which any who were inside vanish without a trace. Some scholars spout wild theories claiming that the ziggurat is actually a lost realmgate or arcane device that links to the stars themselves, while others believe that the ziggurat and its unusual light is simply a trap left by cruel Seraphon to punish those who seek to unravel their mysteries.

ANVILGARD

ENDEAVOURS

The misty streets of Anvilgard offer many unique opportunities for adventurous visitors to spend their downtime. Of course, given the dangerous nature of the city and its inhabitants, not all of these Endeavours are strictly safe.

The following Endeavours can be taken by any party members who spend their downtime in Anvilgard. These are in addition to and follow the same rules as the standard Endeavour options presented in the *Soulbound* rulebook (page 156), or any other applicable Endeavours the party may have access to.

EXPERIMENT IN THAUMATURGY

Requirements: Training (1) in Crafting, materials (see below), 100D in mentorship fees the first time you learn a formula.

You spend a week working with the secretive **Guild of Certified Thaumaturgists** (page 17) attempting to learn some of their most popular formulae. Learning a formula is an Extended Test (see *Soulbound* page 128) using **Mind (Crafting)**. Over the course of one week, you can make 3 Tests to learn the formula. The DN of the Test depends on the formula you are trying to learn.

- ✧ **DN 4:8:** A single Sailor's Saviour (see page 27). Requires 80D worth of materials.
- ✧ **DN 4:8:** 5 applications of Alchemist's Folly (see page 26). Requires 125D worth of materials.
- ✧ **DN 4:10:** 1 dose of Mistwalker Gas (see page 27). Requires 170D worth of materials.

If successful, you manage to craft the listed amount of the chosen formula. From then on, you can take an Endeavour to craft the learned formula, rolling the same Extended Test with Advantage. If you fail to learn the formula, your frustrated mentor gives up teaching you and you gain nothing.

You can take this Endeavour multiple times to try again at a failed formula or learn a different formula, but if you fail a Test to learn a formula by 3 or more successes, you cause a calamitous accident in the laboratory and are barred from the Guild for life.

GAMBLING

You chance your luck by spending the week visiting **Teeth and Bone** (page 24) or any of the numerous gambling dens in Anvilgard. To do so, you must decide if you are spending your time partaking in a 'Low Stakes' or 'High Stakes' game of chance.

For a Low Stakes game, set aside a pool of up to 100D and roll on the table below to see the result.

- ✧ **1–2: Terrible Luck!** You lose 50% of the funds you set aside, rounding up.
- ✧ **3–4: Win some, Lose some.** You walk away with the same amount of funds you set aside.
- ✧ **5–6: Winning Streak!** You gain 50% of the funds you set aside, rounding up.

You can roll on this table up to 3 times per week, applying any losses or gains after each roll and setting aside a fresh pool of currency each time.

If you decide to partake in a High Stakes game, set aside between 250D and 1,000D and roll on the same table, but if you roll more than one 'Winning Streak!' in the same week, your fortune has drawn the attention of the Blackscale Coil. If this happens, you must make a **DN 4:3 Mind (Guile)** Test. If you fail the Test, the funds you set aside for that game are stolen, forged, or otherwise lost.

RITUAL COMBAT

Requirements: Aelf (Daughters of Khaine) or Training (2) in Weapon Skill

You spend your week worshipping Khaine by partaking in a series of ritualised combats at either **Hag's Sacrament** (page 20) or **Lacoi Kindra** (page 20).

Joining the ritual combats is a DN 4:10 Extended Test (*Soulbound*, page 128) using **Body (Weapon Skill)**. Over the course of a week you can make 3 Tests to enter the combat. If successful, you make it through the various battles without any notable injuries. If unsuccessful, you suffer a **Lasting Wound** — this has the same effect as a Minor Wound but can not be healed until your next Endeavour.

Regardless of whether the Test succeeds or not, your worship gains you favour in the eyes of Khaine. Once before your next Endeavour period, you may cast the *Dance of Doom* Miracle (see *Soulbound* page 97), targeting yourself only.

SEARCH THE SILENT AUCTION

The Silent Auction (page 24) is a shadowy and secretive event, held at irregular intervals aboard Corsair ships in the Anvilgard harbour. You choose to spend your time attempting to gain access to these Silent Auctions, rubbing shoulders with a shifty collection of amoral traders and thieves in search of deals and equipment that cannot be found in the law abiding markets of Anvilgard.

To attend a Silent Auction, you must first name a piece of equipment (including any special equipment listed in **The Anvilgard Markets**, page 26) you are searching for and make a **Mind (Guile)** or **Body (Stealth)** Test to locate it at auction. The DN of this Test depends on the equipment's Availability.

- ✧ **DN 4:1:** Common
- ✧ **DN 4:2:** Rare
- ✧ **DN 4:3:** Exotic
- ✧ **DN 4:4:** Special

If you succeed in the Test, you locate the piece of equipment and enter into the bidding. Roll 2d6 and consult the list below to see the final bidding cost.

- ✧ **2:** The equipment is sold at twice its market price.
- ✧ **3–7:** The equipment costs an extra 25% over the market price, rounding up.
- ✧ **8–11:** The equipment costs 25% less than the market price, rounding up.
- ✧ **12:** The equipment costs half its market price.

If the equipment you seek does not have a listed price, like in the case of Special Availability equipment, it instead costs $2d6 \times 100D$. The Corsairs have been known to 'salvage' pieces of Kharadron and even Stormcast equipment, equipping the most wealthy of Anvilgard's morally bankrupt traders with powerful arms and armour.

If the party member is unable to pay the cost for their equipment, the GM may offer to reduce the cost or allow an alternative source of payment instead, though these shady deals are always tied to some form of illegal or morally grey activity.

You may make up to three separate attempts to locate equipment with each use of this Endeavour.

SERPENTIS TRAINING

By visiting the Order Serpentis at either the **Beasthive** (page 12) or **Hunter's Keep** (page 30), you may attempt to gain a valuable animal companion by breaking in one of their most ornery or troublesome beasts.

Taming the beast is an Extended Test (see **Soulbound**, page 128) using **Soul (Beast Handling)** to bond with the creature, or **Body (Beast Handling)** to break it. The DN of this Test depends on which type of beast you are trying to bring to heel.

- ✧ **DN 4:8:** A Firespitter (page 37)
- ✧ **DN 4:10:** A Drakespawn (page 37)

Over the course of one week, you can make 3 Tests to bond with the beast. If successful, you gain the *Loyal Companion* Talent specific to your chosen beast and the Order Serpentis allow you to adopt the beast without cost, impressed by your abilities. If unsuccessful, the beast rebels and rejects you as its owner. If you fail a Test to learn a formula by 3 or more successes, the beast escapes and wreaks havoc on the surrounding area, destroying property and maiming bystanders. The Order Serpentis demand 200D in compensation and refuse to let you anywhere near any of the animals in future.

You may make further attempts at the same or a different companion by spending another Endeavour, but can never have more than one *Loyal Companion*.

SPIREROOT ATTUNEMENT

Requirements: Sylvaneth or favourable reputation with the Spireroot Branchwyses (GM's decision).

You spend the week resting and recovering in the Sylvaneth haven of **Spireroot** (page 24) undergoing various rituals to cleanse and strengthen your spirit and body. You must be uninterrupted for the entire week as you embrace nature and Alarielle's wonder.

Provided you are undisturbed for the length of the Endeavour, your maximum Wounds increases by 1 until your next Endeavour period.



STUDY ANVILGARD

You dedicate your week to learning as much as you can about Anvilgard and its people by socialising in various leisure locations, or studying its history at the **City Archives Office** (page 14).

Studying Anvilgard is a DN 4:8 Extended Test (*Soulbound*, page 128) using **Mind (Intuition or Guile)** to socialise around the city, or **Mind (Lore)** to study in the City Archives Office.

Over the course of one week you can make 3 Tests to study the city. If successful, you learn much about the city's people or history, gaining Advantage on either Intuition or Lore Tests while within Anvilgard, depending on your chosen field of study. The GM might decide that this bonus does not apply to every aspect of the city, especially hidden or manipulated areas of its history.

If unsuccessful, you meet resistance in your study, from tight social circles or the frustrating nature of the City Archives Office, gaining no tangible reward. You can take this Endeavour multiple times to either study again in a failed area, or to study the other area of the city.

TAKE TO THE STAGE

You spend your week as a guest star at either the **Court of Knaves** (page 14) or the **Red Hand Theatre** (page 23), performing in various plays to enraptured audiences.

Performing is a DN 4:8 Extended Test (*Soulbound*, page 128) using **Mind (Entertain)** or **Soul (Entertain)** at the Court of Knaves, or **Body (Ballistic Skill or Weapon Skill)** at the Red Hand Theatre.

Over the course of one week you can make 3 Tests to perform. If successful, you wow the crowds with your skill and become a minor celebrity within the city, gaining Advantage on either Guile or Intimidation Tests while within Anvilgard, depending on your chosen stage.

If unsuccessful, your performance goes largely unnoticed, offering no tangible benefits aside from the odd recognition from particularly diligent theatre goers at the GM's discretion. You can take this Endeavour multiple times to either try again at the same stage, or to perform on the other stage for its bonus.



APPENDIX:

BEASTS AND MOUNTS

DRAKESPAWN

Swift and savage mounts of the Order Serpentis, Drakespawn are tall, bipedal reptiles protected by tough scales and a bad attitude. In the wild, Drakespawn hunt in agile packs, using bursts of staggering speed and fury to overcome their prey. The Order Serpentis hold Drakespawn in high regard, as they are some of the few mounts in the mortal realms that rarely balk at the monstrous prey that they trade in. But even Drakespawn that have been domesticated for generations demand a firm hand to control once the hunt begins and blood starts to flow.

Large Beast, Warrior			
⚔ Average	⚙ Poor	⚔ Average	
Armour	Toughness	Wounds	Mettle
2	5	–	–
Speed: Fast Initiative: 2 Natural Awareness: 1 Skills: Athletics (+1d6), Reflexes (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6)			
TRAITS			
Frenzy: If the Drakespawn suffers Damage, it flies into a frenzy. The Drakespawn's Defence decreases one step and its Melee increases one step. In this condition, the Drakespawn attacks the nearest creature in its Zone (including allies) until it or the target is slain. Alternatively, a creature known to the Drakespawn (such as through the <i>Loyal Companion</i> Talent) can use an Action to make a DN 4:2 Soul (Beast Handling) or Body (Beast Handling) Test to calm or control the Drakespawn. If the Drakespawn takes further Damage, it flies into a frenzy again.			
ATTACK			
Savage Teeth and Claws: Melee Attack (Average), 4d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Piercing, Rend.</i>			
BODY	MIND	SOUL	
3	1	1	

FIRESPIITTER

Firespitters are large reptilian beasts that thrive in and around the countless lava flows or volcanic caverns that dot the Aqhsy wilderness. Their unique scales dissipate even the most intense heat, allowing them to swim through lava as if it were water. Though placid in nature, when threatened, Firespitters spew a sticky stream of magma at attackers, or rip into them with their flaming maws. Despite this, Firespitter herders still make a living from the beasts, draped in layers of harvested Firespitter scales to ward off the infrequent moods of their herd.

Large Beast, Warrior			
⚔ Average	⚙ Average	⚔ Poor	
Armour	Toughness	Wounds	Mettle
1	4	–	–
Speed: Fast, Swim (Fast) Initiative: 4 Natural Awareness: 2 Skills: Awareness (+2d6), Ballistic Skill (+2d6), Fortitude (+1d6), Reflexes (+1d6), Weapon Skill (+1d6)			
TRAITS			
Born of Fire: The Firespitter is immune to Hazards and Damage from intense heat or flames.			
ATTACK			
Burning Jaws: Melee Attack (Average), 3d6, 1 + S Damage. <i>Piercing, Rend.</i> Stream of Fire: Ranged Attack (Average), 3d6, 2 + S Damage, Range (Medium). <i>Rend, Spread.</i>			
BODY	MIND	SOUL	
2	1	1	



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