

WARHAMMER
FANTASY ROLEPLAY

KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL



A GUIDE TO BRETONNIA





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KNIGHTS OF THE GRAIL

A GUIDE TO BRETONNIA

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Bretonnia, land of knights and chivalry, home of the servants of the Lady of the Lake. It's a land where the ideals of knightly heroism are still admired, if not upheld, and a land of perilous adventure.

This book contains all the information you need to set your *WFRP* campaign in Bretonnia, a land very different from the Empire, or to bring Imperial characters on a visit. It sets a new stage for your stories.

Just like *Sigmar's Heirs*, this book is a toolkit. Use what you like and ignore what you don't. All the sections have been written with an eye to material immediately useful in play, but nothing is set in stone for your campaign.

WHAT'S INSIDE?

The nine chapters following this introduction provide extensive information on Bretonnia, broken up by topic.

Chapter I: Land and People describes the general lay of the land of Bretonnia and the culture of its people.

Chapter II: History is an account of Bretonnia from before its founding to the present day. Most important are the battles of Gilles the Unifier, events that still resonate with Bretonnians today.

Chapter III: Politics covers the general structure of Bretonnian politics: the feudal system, merchant organisations, and the informal politics of peasant villages.

WOMEN IN BRETONNIA

Women in Bretonnia are second-class citizens, and many Careers are only open to them if they pretend to be men. This is not a feature of Bretonnian society of which the author or Games Workshop approves, but women pretending to be men make interesting characters in a roleplaying game. If the sexism of Bretonnia makes you or your players uncomfortable, feel free to ignore it.

The author and Black Industries also do not approve of the arbitrary execution of peasants, fighting local wars over an insult, or worshipping the Ruinous Powers, all activities depicted herein. Just so we're clear.

Chapter IV: Law and Justice explains the Bretonnian legal system, which is very different for nobles and peasants.

Chapter V: Religion and Custom is largely concerned with the cult of the Lady of the Lake—the state religion of Bretonnia—but also covers holidays and the worship of the standard Gods of the Old World.

Chapter VI: A Tour of Bretonnia is by far the longest chapter. Each of the fourteen dukedoms is described, with details of the land, people, notable sites, and current tensions and opportunities for adventure. Each section also considers reasons for an adventurer to leave that particular dukedom for the wider world.

Chapter VII: Characters and Careers covers the creation of Bretonnian characters. New Racial Characteristics are given, both for Bretonnian Humans in general and for people from each dukedom. There are also numerous new careers, from the Carcassonne Shepherd to the noble Grail Knight.

Chapter VIII: Knighthood sets out the ideals and powers of Bretonnian chivalry. The Blessings of the Lady, Virtues of Knighthood, and steeds of the Bretonnian knights are all covered.

Finally, **Chapter IX: Ill Tidings** is an adventure designed to introduce a group of adventurers to Bretonnia. There are two sets of statistics, one for novice Bretonnian adventurers and one for more experienced adventurers just arrived from elsewhere.

A TURN FOR THE BETTER

Sir Gilbert urged his weary mount into the dreary looking village. The roads here were terrible, and he had a hard time believing this was the route to the Chapel of Shields Burning. But the lord he had stayed with the previous night had been quite emphatic.

At last, he reached what looked like an inn. Crude emblems were painted on the door. Typical peasant superstition, thought Gilbert. The knight banged his gauntleted fist on the door, but no one answered. Gilbert kept pounding, but something about this was horribly familiar. He lowered his right hand to his sword and looked around cautiously.

At last, a voice came from inside. "Go away!"

"You will open this door this instant," the Bretonnian said, lacking any measure of optimism. "I am Sir Gilbert de Arnaud, Knight Errant..." He got no further, as the door flew open.

"My most humble apologies, lord knight. I had not realised." The innkeeper was literally grovelling in the mud. "The finest room is, of course, at your disposal."

Sir Gilbert sighed contentedly. It was good to be home.





THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE

"Bretonnia is fair and peaceful because everyone knows their place. Yours is with the truffle hounds."

- LORD THEDERIC OF MARONZ,
TO A CAPTURED OUTLAW.



Short-term visitors to Bretonnia see a land of fertile farms, rolling hills, starkly beautiful mountains, and airy forests. The population consists of noble and courteous knights, fair ladies, and contented and deferential peasants. Bretonnian chefs are famous for their culinary skill, and the wine produced in the vineyards of the country is renowned throughout the Old World. This is the image Bretonnians want to project, and it is not entirely false.

It does, however, conceal problems. The mountains are home to Greenskins, the forests to foul creatures. Many peasants are starving, and knights who use courtesy to cloak brutality are found throughout the land. Even the superb flavours of the food often mask rotten ingredients. The cynical say Bretonnia wears a fair mask over deep corruption; the more generous lament the gap often found between its ideals and reality. No one who knows the country at all can ignore the contrast, however.

— THE LAND —

Anyone travelling through Bretonnia, outside the blighted land of Mousillon, sees a country that looks fair and prosperous. The forbidding forests and frowning mountains of the Empire are nowhere to be seen. This does not mean Bretonnia is completely safe, however. Behind the facade, peril lurks.

Bretonnia's landscape can be divided into six main types: arable land, where crops are grown; pastoral land, where animals are grazed; forests; mountains; the coast; and the great rivers. This section discusses the types in general terms, as specific areas are covered in **Chapter V: A Tour of Bretonnia**. The exceptions are the great rivers, which form the borders between Duchies and thus are treated individually here.

The dominant arable crop in Bretonnia is wheat, though oats, barley, and green vegetables are also grown. Fields are very large and divided into strips. Peasant families are responsible for one strip each, and differences in treatment mean many fields look somewhat stripy. Fruit Orchards and vineyards are common in the hills, on land that is too steep for easy farming. Sheep are often grazed under fruit trees.

Peasants work the fields almost constantly. In fine weather, this adds to the charm of the scene, and most peasants seem cheerful. In bad weather, they hunch over against the wind and rain and can almost vanish as they are covered with mud, making them the same colour as the fields. At such times, there are few to see them.

Most of Bretonnia's hills are devoted to pastoral farming, whilst the plains and valleys are arable. The grazing animals keep the grass short, and the view of green hills dotted with white sheep or typically Bretonnian russet cattle is a common one. The flocks and herds are tended by shepherds and herdsmen. Shepherdesses are common in the south of Bretonnia, where it is the only occupation that allows women to travel by themselves. In the north, the idea of letting women go into the hills alone is frowned upon.

Flocks of sheep are attractive to predators, starting from wolves and climbing through Goblins, Orcs, Beastmen, and the like. As a result, the life of a shepherd is much more dangerous than it looks. Shepherdesses, in particular, have a reputation as tough and dangerous fighters and generally cannot find husbands. Most of them do not particularly care. Many

shepherds carry the Bretonnian Crook, a spear with a hook at the end of the handle, and are skilled in its use.

The outer edges of Bretonnia's forests are thoroughly exploited by the people. Pigs forage in the leaf litter, trees are felled for building, and others are coppiced or pollarded. These are techniques that ensure a tree produces a lot of long, thin branches, useful for wattle and daub or for firewood. It involves cutting the branches right back every year, almost to the ground in the case of a coppice, or further up the trunk for a pollard. In Bretonnia, pollards are more common, so that pigs and sheep cannot eat the shoots of new branches. As a result, the trees in these areas are spaced out for easy access, and there is little undergrowth.

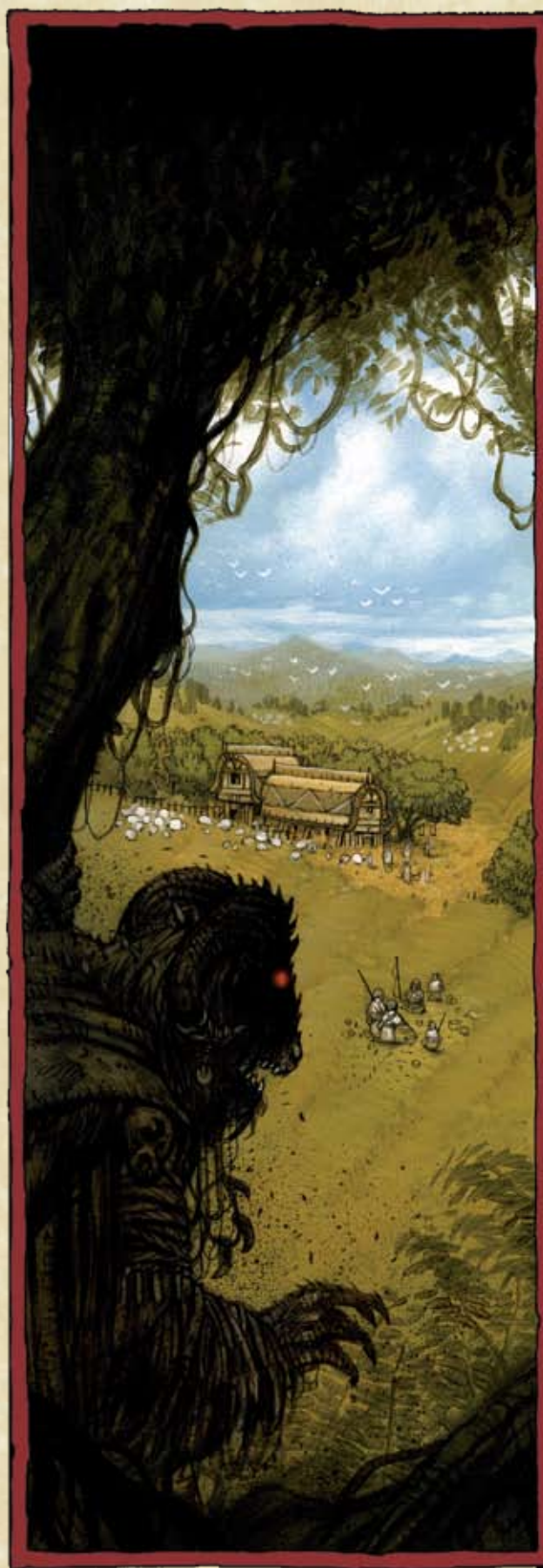
Further in, however, the forests become as dark and tangled as anything in the Empire. There are no Elves in the forests of Arden or Châlons (Athel-Loren is outside Bretonnia proper), and no Humans live beyond the tamed borders. As a result, they are a haven for Beastmen and similar foul creatures, or for cultists of the Ruinous Powers. Human outlaws often lair near the edge of forests, and provide an important defence for local communities, keeping worse creatures back in the depths of the woods. There are stories of whole cities of Beastmen in the depths of the Arden, and whilst there is no evidence for this implausible idea, it is not impossible; no one knows enough about the forest interior to say the cities are not there.

The mountains surrounding Bretonnia, and the Massif Orcal in its heart, are notable for their spectacular scenery. Soaring cliffs and thundering waterfalls mark the outer edges of mountain ranges, and on clear days, the peaks seem to shine from the snow on them. Farming and mining communities dot the edges of the mountain ranges, renowned for the extremely steep roofs of their houses, designed to shed snowfall quickly.

Some of these communities are cut off from the rest of Bretonnia for months at a time in winter and have developed their own customs, in some cases involving the worship of the Dark Ones. Further in, Orc and Goblin tribes make their homes. When the snows melt in spring, at least one mountain community is found reduced to charred rubble. It has, however, been many years since these Orcs dared to raid outside their mountain strongholds; some fear they have been building their strength.

Bretonnia's coasts are marked by many cliffs and broad beaches of golden sand at their base. Around the great river deltas, the approach is gentler, and there are a number of safe harbours. Small islands dot the waters off much of Bretonnia. A few of these are home to villages or even small towns. A number of coastal villages are built up the sides of cliffs and other rugged coastal areas, with staircases or even ladders connecting streets running parallel to the slope of the land. These villages typically rely on fishing for their official income.

However, the waters around Bretonnia are notoriously difficult to navigate. Currents, winds, and tides shift rapidly, and many sea monsters live in caves in the more rugged areas of the coast. As a result, there are many shipwrecks. This situation is exacerbated by the inhabitants of certain villages who lure ships onto rocks and then pillage the wreckage. The form of the land also makes





it all but impossible to moor a ship anywhere but a major port, and tolls and duties at those ports are very high. Smugglers are also found along most of the coast, avoiding the tolls at the major ports by carrying goods in small boats they know how and where to beach.

The River Sannez is the swiftest of Bretonnia's great rivers, narrow and deep for much of its length and renowned for the purity of its water. It flows through Couronne, the capital, to reach the coast at L'Anguille, the greatest port, and as a result sees a lot of trade. The fast current means upstream trading is much harder than down, and the traders on the river use "upstream" to refer to any difficult task, particularly if there is an easier way of doing something. In the latter sense, it has entered normal Bretonnian, so "That's a bit upstream" means "You're doing that the hard way."

The current of the Sannez makes it hard to control a boat and very difficult to swim to safety if you land in the water. Carnivorous fish take advantage of this, having learned that a Human in water is basically helpless. In many places, someone who falls into the Sannez is literally eaten alive. The carnivorous fish are very tasty, however, and some regular boatmen make a show of catching them by trailing a hand in the water and grabbing the fish that bites. Two-fingered Gothric (previously known as Three-fingered Gothric) is the acknowledged master of this lunatic fishing method.

The Grismerie is the largest of the rivers, broad and slow for much of its length. It begins near Parravon, where it is still a young and energetic stream, but by the time it reaches Montfort it has settled down. The Grismerie sees more traffic than any other river, and the riverside inns are famous throughout the country. They particularly compete on cuisine, and The Braided Fish, near Montfort, is famous for both the house speciality of grilled trout and the spectacular view of the mountains from the rooftop dining area. The Duke of Montfort has stayed there, and rumours suggest that the King is considering a visit.

— THE BRETONNIANS —

Unlike the Empire, Bretonnia is populated almost entirely by Humans. Dwarfs come from the mountains to trade, and the Sea Elves have an enclave at L'Anguille, but you can spend days travelling through the heart of Bretonnia without meeting either. Halflings are even rarer, and those that are there have come from the Empire.

Whilst Bretonnians, like all Humans, vary a great deal among themselves, there is one feature shared by so many that it is regarded as the national character. Bretonnians live for the moment and pride themselves on this fact.

This does not mean all Bretonnians are wild hedonists, partying constantly, though some members of the nobility do fit this image. Rather, it means that, for a Bretonnian, what matters is what you do now, not what you may or may not be able to do in the future. A dedicated Bretonnian craftsman might labour long into the night to make the shoes he is working on now as good as they possibly can be. Bretonnian knights choose their actions to ensure that they are always acting honourably.

The main fault of the Grismerie is that it reaches the sea in the swamps of Mousillon. The slow current means that it is easy for things to swim up the river, and attacks by waterlogged Undead are not unusual. All boats try to make an inn by nightfall, and the innkeepers hire guards to drive off any attacks that might come. This makes the river inns unusual in a second respect: they are more designed to drive off attacks from the river than from the land.

The Gilleau, which reaches the sea at Bordeleaux, is most famous as the site of the first of the Great Battles of Gilles the Unifier. Indeed, it takes its name from that event. It is famous for the Gillites—boatmen who live on their boats and refuse to set foot on land. Their boats are brightly painted, and they make excellent tradesmen, so they have a near-monopoly on river trade.

The river has its source in the Massif Orcal, a tributary from the heart of the Forest of Châlons, and flows along the borders of that forest for most of its length. As a result, it is plagued by Greenskins and Beastmen, and another reason for the monopoly of the Gillites is their skill in driving off such attacks. They also seem to be attacked less often than other users of the river, leading some to whisper that they are in league with the monsters.

The Brienne is the southernmost of the great rivers, and the fact that its source rises in the Forest of Loren leads many Bretonnians to regard it as sacred. The water is notable for a distinct blue tint, and for the fact that it can be safely drunk at any point along its length, even where it flows through the city of Brionne. Most Bretonnians attribute this to the influence of the Fay of Loren.

Traffic on the Brienne is lighter than might be expected, because boats sailing on it sometimes simply vanish without a trace. Neither the boats, the passengers, nor even splinters are ever seen again. This isn't an everyday occurrence, happening no more often than once per month, but it is far too common to be chance. These events have remained inexplicable.

A Bretonnian peasant concentrates on getting through today, rather than storing up worries about tomorrow.

Bretonnians do not worry about the consequences of their actions. When those consequences come, they deal with them in the same spirit; few Bretonnians waste time whining about the unfairness of life. Indeed, most Bretonnians look down on those who make provision for the future. No one knows what the future will bring, so failing to do the best you can now in order to have reserves for a future that might never come is little more than an excuse for shirking.

This does not mean that Bretonnians eat the entire harvest over the course of a month; they are neither suicidal nor idiots. On the other hand, they might eat well on a holiday and then poorly thereafter because the stocks have been reduced. Very few Bretonnians would reduce their intake before the holiday, so as to have enough in reserve for a feast.

More generally, Bretonnians tend not to invest for the future. Large buildings are constructed for immediate display, not



to increase the wealth of their owners. Similarly, programs of social reform are unpopular because their benefits are entirely in the future and distract from doing good now. A Bretonnian would rather feed the starving than campaign to remove the causes of starvation.

This attitude has been blamed, particularly by Imperial citizens, for Bretonnia's relative backwardness. Whilst the Imperial armies fight with musketeers and cannons, the Bretonnians still rely on mounted knights and trebuchets. Similarly, printing has taken the Empire by storm, but most books in Bretonnia are still written by hand. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the individual products of Bretonnian craftsmen tend to be superior to those produced in the Empire. A Bretonnian swordsmith lives to make the best swords he can, not to make as much money as possible. Adventurers are almost the epitome of the Bretonnian mindset, and Bretonnian adventurers are therefore much more common than one might expect.

There are exceptions, particularly among the merchants of Bretonnia. Indeed, many Bretonnians with an inclination to plan for the future find themselves drawn into trade almost against their will, as they find they have a surplus to sell at a time when other people are desperate. As a result, merchants in general are poorly regarded by most Bretonnians, but are far, far richer than their compatriots.

BRETONNIAN LANGUAGE

Though Breton is similar in some ways to Reikspiel, suggesting some common, albeit ancient, heritage, it is wholly a distinct language. Certainly, the Bretons have borrowed words

from their imperial neighbours and vice versa, but Breton has evolved in different fashion, making communication between these people challenging. This has led to bigotry, and exaggerated parodies of the Imperial speech are often used when being rude about merchants.

Whilst communication between speakers of Bretonnian and speakers of Reikspiel is generally possible, there are a number of potential pitfalls. Two in particular stand out.

First, the Bretonnian vocabulary for food and drink is much richer than in Reikspiel and different even when they overlap. There are a number of Bretonnian dishes that do not even have names in Reikspiel. This makes ordering a meal difficult and finding out what you have been served even harder. A number of Imperial travellers make it a rule not to eat anything that the chef cannot name in Reikspiel. (And sometimes not even then; see **Material Culture** on the following page.)

Second, in spoken Bretonnian there is a very strong tendency to use the future tense for talking about the past. This is rather casual and a bit lower class, but members of the nobility also do it among friends. Scholars tend to avoid it, and writing in this form is a sign of ignorance. Thus, a Bretonnian talking about an accident the previous day might say:

"Well, the ostler, right, he'll tell the horse to stop, but the horse, he won't listen, and he'll charge straight out of the gate. What do you think? The maid'll be just coming out of the door, and the horse will go and hit her. She'll break her arm in three places, and she won't be back at work for months. What'll I do?"

Of course, the last two occurrences of the future tense are actually future, but they don't sound any different. This habit often leaves foreigners utterly confused. (It is also fairly easy to roleplay.)

SOCIAL STRUCTURE

Bretonnian society is divided between nobles and peasants. The division is enshrined in law, and the laws governing the two classes are very different (see **Chapter IV: Law and Justice**). The notion that all people are basically equal seems laughable to most Bretonnians.

Every Bretonnian is born into one class or the other, and it is almost impossible to change. A noble is someone who can show that all his (or her) ancestors for five generations were nobles. As the names and pedigrees of all members of the nobility are recorded in the Registers of the Peerage, this is merely a matter of showing all your ancestors are in those registers. Everyone else is a peasant. Thus, in particular, the children of a noble and a peasant are peasants. Since a peasant cannot inherit a noble fief, landed nobles never marry peasants. There are two groups of exceptions. First, foreigners are not Bretonnian and are thus neither noble nor peasant. This also applies to the Dwarfs, Elves, and Halflings in the kingdom. Such characters are treated with the respect that seems to be due, which in practice means that they are treated according to their clothes. Second, the Grail Damsels (see **Chapter VI: Religion and Custom**) stand completely outside the system, being treated with respect by everyone.

The relations between nobles and peasants influence all aspects of Bretonnian society and so are treated repeatedly in this book. The basic relationship, however, is simple. Peasants live to serve their lords. The nobles, in return, should protect the peasants and provide justice. Lords do, however, have other duties than to their peasants, most notably to their own lords, and these other duties are generally regarded as more important.

Almost all nobles regard all peasants as their inferiors. Exceptions are incredibly rare; player characters are likely candidates, but otherwise a character might meet one in a lifetime. Even then, the noble is likely to recognise no more than a handful of peasants as equals. Many peasants regard the nobility as their superiors, but exceptions are much more common in this direction. Peasants who regard all nobles as useless parasites on society are found across the kingdom.

Nobles can be stripped of their title by order of the King or the Fay Enchantress. This equally affects all of their descendants, so this is not done lightly. The King and Fay Enchantress can also raise a peasant to the nobility, but in this case, they must both agree. In theory, the Lady of the Lake could raise anyone she wanted to any position she wanted, but she never has.

In the whole of Bretonnian history, only three peasants have been raised to the nobility. The children of an ennobled peasant are not themselves nobles, as their grandparents, on at least one side, are peasants. Thus, unless they were also ennobled, by the agreement of the King and Fay Enchantress, the noble

line would die out immediately. Such additional ennobling has never happened, and all of Bretonnia's noble lines can trace pedigrees back to the foundation of the kingdom. No records are kept from before the time of Gilles the Uniter.

All male nobles are expected to become knights, and the overwhelming majority do so. (Knighthood is treated in detail in **Chapter VIII: Knighthood**.) Female nobles are not allowed to become knights and are expected to keep house for their husbands, being a fine ornament to his household.

The divide between men and women is the second major divide in Bretonnian society, for the two sexes are far from equal. Men are required to be polite to women at all times. Insulting a woman is a terrible breach of etiquette, and men who violently attack women are punished particularly severely. Men should stand when a woman enters the room and should always let her go first, unless climbing stairs, in which case the man should go first. Women are served first at meals and given the more comfortable rooms in inns.

Of course, these requirements only apply within a class. Noble men are not required to show this level of courtesy to peasant women, though some do and are well regarded for it, as long as it doesn't get out of hand.

On the other hand, women are not allowed to own property, to travel without a male escort, or to undertake most trades and professions. Despite the trappings of courtesy, men are firmly in charge. The Grail Damsels are the most obvious exception to this.

Most women live with the constraints, and a significant number even believe that they are right. Some, however, decide they want to fight or own a shop. In order to do this, they must disguise themselves as men. No one knows how many disguised women there are in Bretonnia at any one time, but solely among the nobility, a Knight is found on his death in battle to be a woman at least once per year.

Female Bretonnian player characters must pretend to be men in order to start their careers. This pretence is automatically successful and requires no Tests of any sort. Unless the woman reveals her true sex, no one notices. Of course, if they leave Bretonnia, they can drop the disguise.

Female adventurers and merchants from foreign countries are likely to become impatient with their treatment. They benefit from the courtesy, but no one takes them seriously, assuming the men in the party must be in charge. Some women who visit Bretonnia frequently pretend to be men whilst they are there in order to avoid the hassle.

MATERIAL CULTURE

"Material culture" refers to the things that a people use in their daily life: food and drink, clothes, housing, and so on. It can be contrasted with "high culture," the stories and songs they listen to and the art they produce. Material culture is, in general, more important than people realise.

In Bretonnia, the most important element of material culture is wine. Uniquely, there are no laws governing who may drink

it, and “like a bottle of bad wine” is a Bretonnian saying meaning “extremely rare and unexpected (and somewhat unpleasant).” As a result, almost all Bretonnians drink wine with every meal and often between meals as well. It is normal to add quite a lot of water to wine before drinking it, partly to make it go further and partly to avoid going about your daily life permanently tipsy. Only nobles and drunkards drink wine straight.

Whilst bad wine is very hard to find, there are still clear distinctions between the merely good and the excellent. Carcassonne Special Reserve is the most famous wine in the country, and a single bottle costs over a hundred Gold Crowns. True connoisseurs tend to believe it is not actually the best, but they fail to agree as to what is. No one doubts that it is very good indeed.

Brandy, made by distilling wine, is more rarely drunk as it is far more expensive. Adding water to brandy is a sign that you are an uncultured nouveau-riche or a poverty-stricken provincial knight with no taste. Some snobbish merchants and nobles use this as a test. Almost everyone agrees that the finest brandy is Parravon Crown Reserve. Rumour has it that less than a dozen bottles reach the required standard in a year. It is certainly true that the whole extent of the feudal obligation of the Marrennes, the noble family who hold the fief where it is produced, is two bottles per year, given to the King. There is also a waiting list for those wishing to buy, and the price is rarely just cash.

Bretonnian beer, on the other hand, is a byword for undrinkable swill throughout the Old World. Asking an Imperial landlord if his brewer is Bretonnian is a good way to start a fight.

FOOD

The cuisine of Bretonnia is justly famous. The land produces a number of strongly flavoured herbs, which, used in moderation, produce delicious dishes. Used more liberally, they can even make rotten vegetables palatable, and many peasants use them for this purpose. Whilst a Bretonnian meal might give you food poisoning, it is unlikely to taste foul.

Diet does differ between the nobility and the peasants. Peasants eat very little meat, whilst a noble meal is almost always dominated by the meat course. Farmed meats, such as pork, beef, and mutton, can be eaten by peasants; game meats, most notably venison, are restricted to the nobility by law. A peasant who knowingly eats venison is liable to face severe punishment; in the darker fiefs, he is fed to the lord's hunting dogs. As a result, serving venison to noble guests is a sign of respect. Serving nothing but bread and vegetables is positively insulting.

Bretonnian bread comes in several varieties. The whiter and lighter it is, the more expensive and the more suitable to the nobility. The coarsest peasant fare is almost as hard a rock and often contains small stones. The finest noble fare is so light that you can cut it with your finger. A slightly cheaper and firmer bread, known as cake, is also popular with the nobility, though the finest product is known simply as bread. Many noble

women, on being told that the peasants have no bread, suggest that they should eat cake, instead.

The Bretonnians are also notorious for eating things other nations find repulsive. Truffles, large, smelly fungi with a very strong taste, are eaten raw as a fine delicacy. Frogs are boiled alive at the table, eviscerated, and eaten whole, bones and all. Snails are fried with garlic and eaten from the shell. Finally, the eyeballs of sheep or cattle are added to thick soups. The eyes tend to rise to the top and become visible once the soup is disturbed, often by the diner beginning to eat. Many Bretonnians take delight in serving these delicacies to their honoured foreign guests.

CLOTHING

Bretonnian costume is basically the same no matter what the social class, though the details vary widely, and some fabrics, colours, and styles of clothing are reserved to nobles by law (see **Chapter IV: Law and Justice**). Men wear shoes or boots, breeches (trousers), a tunic, and a cloak over the top.

The cloak is normally hooded, but the hood is only raised if the weather is inclement and is often used as a pocket otherwise. Knights wear a cloak over their armour, and this cloak gets damaged in the heat of battle. Wearing a battle-damaged cloak in normal circumstances is a claim to respect for your knightly prowess, and thus only those knights who think they deserve respect do so. It is currently fashionable for other nobles to wear cloaks with deliberately cut slits. These slits are often lined with fur or another material, to make it clear that they are deliberate; faking battle damage is frowned upon. The length of the cloak is variable, according to personal taste.

Peasants almost always wear long cloaks, and the cloak is typically the finest item of clothing they own. As it covers the poorer tunic and breeches, most Bretonnian peasants look better dressed than they are.

Tunics are normally long, and breeches slightly loose and ankle-length, like normal trousers. However, noble fashion includes very short tunics, reaching only to the waist, and skin-tight breeches called “hose.”

Women wear long dresses and no breeches, with a cloak over the top. The main difference between a dress and a tunic is that a long tunic is often slit to make walking easier, whilst a dress is not. Recent noble fashion is for a very short cloak, little more than a scarf, and for dresses that leave the shoulders and arms bare. Peasant women wear long cloaks, like the men.

Bretonnian women always cover their head hair and are deeply embarrassed if anyone sees it. This is so ingrained that a Bretonnian woman caught naked holding a towel would use it to cover her head. Most peasant women cut their hair short and cover it with a cloth hood of some sort, but noblewomen often use their hair as the foundation for elaborate, bejewelled headgear. Noblewomen also tend to pluck their eyebrows, as they are hair on the head, but peasants rarely bother. Grail Damsels often ignore this restriction, setting themselves apart from society.

THE BRETONNIAN TRUFFLE HOUND

Bretonnian truffles grow underground, on or near tree-roots, and leave no obvious sign at the surface. Finding them would be impossible, were it not for the uncanny senses of the male Bretonnian Truffle Hound. These dogs can smell a buried truffle from over a hundred feet away, and, if possible, they immediately rush to the spot, dig the fungus up, and devour it.

This is bad for two reasons. First, the dog has eaten the truffle. Second, a Truffle Hound who has eaten a truffle becomes extremely paranoid about possible male rivals for the affection of Truffle Hound females, disregarding species entirely, and takes direct action to deal with the most immediate threat. A number of truffle hunters can explain, in fine soprano voices, exactly what happens, though most other men would rather not listen.

To avoid such accidents, wealthy and experienced truffle hunters have two dogs, each on a sturdy chain with a barbed spike on the end. When the dogs scent a truffle, the hunter rams one spike into the ground to hold one dog in place, and then drags the other off to one side, before fixing it in place. Both dogs strain to reach the truffle, so the hunter knows to dig at the point where their lines of sight cross.

Poor or beginning truffle hunters have a single dog and wait until he has begun to dig. They then drag him back from the spot, spike the chain to the ground, and dig the truffle up. This puts the dog very close to the truffle, and accidents do happen. Such truffle hunters rely on strength, speed, prayers to the Lady, and a solid steel codpiece, preferably with spikes.

The truffle must be stored in alcohol, normally cheap brandy, so that the dogs can no longer smell it, and all the tools that touched it must be washed in the same liquid. If something smells of truffles, Truffle Hounds become *extremely* affectionate towards it and are very insistent in pressing their attentions. They don't become dangerously violent unless they actually eat the fungus, however.

Some lords like to smear criminals in truffle and throw them to the Truffle Hounds. There are two ways to do this. One involves simply rubbing the truffle lightly on the skin; the results of this are painful and deeply embarrassing but rarely fatal. The other involves actually crushing truffle onto the skin and is much more serious.

Truffle Hounds are notoriously ugly dogs with faces that look as though they have been dropped and put back together by a clumsy five-year-old. Only peasants with a license from a noble are allowed to own them, and they must be kept under close control at all times to stop them running into the forest and eating all the truffles.

Truffle Hounds use the statistics for War Dogs given on *WFRP* page 233. When they have eaten truffles, any Body Critical Effect of 7+ against a male character is a unique effect, not listed on the tables.

Adventure Event

An agent of dark powers throws truffles to the village's truffle hounds and then opens the door of the kennels. So, how many of the adventurers are only *pretending* to be men?



ARCHITECTURE

Buildings also clearly reflect the social divide. Only the nobility may use stone in their constructions, and very few nobles would condescend to live in a structure that wasn't at least mainly stone. Grail Chapels (see **Chapter V: Religion and Custom**) built by the nobility may use stone.

Peasant huts are made from wattle and daub. Wattle is a woven network of thin branches, neither strong nor waterproof.

Daub is a mixture of mud, straw, and animal dung, smoothed over the wattle to keep out wind and rain. The daub used in Bretonnia dries to a warm, rich orange, the colour of sandstone, so even peasant houses look solid, but it's an illusion.

Wealthy peasants have recently started to use brick extensively, as it is not stone and thus permitted. They also use fine woods, and the richest merchants gild the outside of their houses. The structures are legal but far gaudier than any noble residence.

HISTORY OF BRETONNIA

"All of Bretonnian history is prefigured and illuminated by the tales of the battles of Gilles the Unifier. What more need we know?"

- LAURENT DE PARRAVON,
HISTORY SCHOLAR



Bretonnia starts its calendar from the foundation of the nation by Gilles le Breton, the Unifier, in the year 979 of the Imperial Calendar, year one of the Bretonnian. In the following chapter, dates are given by the Bretonnian Calendar first, followed by the Imperial date in brackets. The current year is 1544 (2522 by the Imperial Calendar).

BEFORE THE KINGDOM

Bretonnia's story begins three and a half thousand years ago, when the Bretonni, brave and warlike horsemen, crossed the Grey Mountains and settled in the lands that would become Bretonnia. These tribes faced centuries of constant warfare with the Greenskins who overran the land, but the tribes slowly established themselves, driving the Orcs and Goblins back. Attempts to penetrate the Forest of Loren were less successful, leaving only a handful of survivors, all driven mad by the Fay magic of the place. Within a few hundred years, the Forest of Loren was believed to be a place of power outside the realm of men.

When Sigmar Heldenhammer was unifying the tribes of the Empire, he called upon the Bretonni to join his alliance. The leaders of the twenty tribes refused, however, disdaining to bow to a foreigner. Sigmar fought the Greenskins without the Bretonni and forged his Empire. The Bretonni were to remain feuding tribes for almost another thousand years.

The number of Bretonni tribes fell over time, as the stronger took over the lands of weaker, and isolated tribes fell to the predations of Orcs, Chaos, and Undead. In the year -208

(770), the lands of the Bretonni were divided into sixteen areas, each controlled by a major tribe, led by its Duke. These areas form the basis for the current Dukedoms, though two, Cuileux and Glanborielle, have been absorbed into other regions.

Cuileux was the first to fall, in -48 (930). A massive horde of Orcs, led by the warlord Gragabad, poured out of the Massif Orcal and overran their lands. The horsemen of Cuileux rode out in a last, desperate battle, and though the Greenskins fell like wheat before the scythe, there were too many, and the knights of Cuileux perished to the last man.

In the wake of this disaster, the armies of Quenelles and Brionne rode forth and routed the weakened Orcs. The two Bretonni armies faced each other but had no stomach for war over the lands of Cuileux. Instead, the two Dukes chose to duel, the winner taking Cuileux as part of his dukedom. The lord of Brionne was cut down, and Quenelles was expanded.

PRELUDE TO UNITY

The destruction of Cuileux marks the beginning of the wars that culminated in the unification of the kingdom. In -46 (932) Balduin, the young Duke of Brionne, led his armies to victory, defeating the hordes of Gragabad and slaying the warlord in single combat. In the battle, Gragabad's great axe became lodged fast in Balduin's shield, and the lord fought the entire battle with the axe in place. Afterwards, the axe was adopted as the symbol of Brionne in memory of this event.

This victory did not stop the Orcs, however, and around -30 (948) the northern lands were overrun by Greenskins,



Beastmen pouring from the Forest of Arden and Norse raiders striking from the sea. The northern tribes were driven back into their strongholds, reduced to defending their castles whilst enemies roamed across their lands at will.

In -26 (952) Gilles of Bastonne, heir of the Duke, slew the red wyrm Smearghus, deep in the forest of Châlons. Though sorely wounded, he managed to drag the beast's severed head back to Castle Bastonne, where it still hangs above Gilles Gate, named in his honour. Gilles took to wearing the dragon's skin as a cloak and adopted the beast as his personal heraldry.

In -4 (974) Orcs poured from the mountains and forests in numbers never seen before or since. The Bretonni were unable to come to each other's aid, and the Dukedom of Glanborielle was utterly destroyed, its lands later taken by Carcassonne. In the following year, the Duke of Bastonne was killed repelling the attack on his lands and was succeeded by Gilles le Breton, the Unifier.

UNIFICATION

Gilles gathered his armies and led them towards Bordeleaux, aiming to stop the hordes of Greenskins from joining up and forming a single army that could sweep Humankind into the ocean. Thierulf of Lyonesse, a friend since childhood, and Lord Landuin of Mousillon, the finest knight in history, joined him; their lands were also under intense pressure, and they hoped, at least, to die gloriously at Gilles's side.

The knights camped under the eaves of the Forest of Châlons, whilst before them the campfires of the Orc horde outnumbered the stars of the sky. Gilles and his companions

withdrew a little way into the woods, camping in the peace beside a small lake to plan their battle.

As they took counsel, the scene was suddenly bathed in a bright light, and the air filled with the scent of summer meadows. A beautiful maiden, clothed in shining white and bearing a golden cup from which light spilled like water, rose from the waters of the lake and walked across them to the knight, though the surface was not marred by a single ripple and the Lady's clothes were perfectly dry.

On reaching the shore, she stood before Gilles and his companions.

"Rise and drink, Gilles le Breton, first King of Bretonnia. Drink of honour and chivalry and of strength." Gilles stood and drank from the offered Grail. As the shining liquid touched his lips, weariness fell from his bones and his eyes began to glow with a faint light. The Lady spoke to him again.

"Go forth in my name, Gilles le Breton. Go forth and in this sign conquer." So saying, she touched his banner, and where before the image of Smearghus had writhed, now the Lady's fair likeness gazed forth. The Lady then turned to Gilles's companions.

"Rise and drink also, Landuin and Thierulf, Companions of the Grail. Drink that you may follow your lord." The knights drank also and light suffused their bodies, whilst their weapons seemed to burn with inner fire.

The three, the first Grail Knights, rode out of the forest to rally their troops to meet the dawn and the horde before them.

THE TWELVE GREAT BATTLES

Gilles le Breton and his companions fought Twelve Great Battles against the horde of enemies that threatened to destroy the Bretonni. The battles took place over the course of two years, -1 to 0 (977 to 978) and over the whole of Bretonnia. Each is the subject of more epic poems than a scholar could read in a Human lifetime.

THE FIRST BATTLE

The morning after his encounter with the Lady of the Lake, Gilles le Breton led his army against the Orcs besieging Bordeleaux. The three Grail Companions did as much slaughter as the rest of their army combined, and the Greenskins were driven into the ocean. Lord Marcus of Bordeleaux and Lord Fredemund of Aquitaine joined Gilles with their armies.

After the victory feast, the Lady of the Lake appeared in the private chamber where the lords were gathered, and Marcus and Fredemund both drank from the Grail. Marcus turned that chamber within his castle into the first Grail Chapel, a site still of unparalleled sanctity today.

THE SECOND BATTLE

As the Companions rode south to the relief of Brionne, they found their way blocked by the army of the bloated Orc warlord Brogtar. Lord Fredemund summoned a great flock of falcons, which struck the flying beasts of the Orcs from the sky, and the Companions fought their way to the heart of the army, where Landuin struck the warlord down.

THE THIRD BATTLE

The Companions came to Brionne to find the castle besieged, wrapped around with countless Greenskins. The knights drove through the besiegers from behind, scattering them like chaff, Lord Balduin of Brionne sallied forth with his knights, and they met Gilles in the midst of the Orc armies. As they clasped forearms as brothers, the Lady of the Lake was suddenly beside them, and Balduin drank from the Grail as Orcs screamed and died around them. Although the knights were outnumbered three hundred to one, the Orcs could not stand and were driven from the field.

THE FOURTH BATTLE

Urged on by visions of the Lady, the army crossed the River Brienne and rode east through Carcasonne, towards Quenelles. As they rode, Lord Lambard of Carcasonne rallied to their banner, but he was not yet a Grail Companion. As the army

TOMBS OF THE HORSELORDS

The primitive Bretonni buried their lords in underground chambers, accessed through a deep vertical shaft and marked with a few tall standing stones, placed close together. These lords were buried with some of their finest treasures, and the tombs defended with traps and magic. Over the millennia, most of their locations have been forgotten, but the tombs survive.

SCIONS OF CUILEUX

The knights of Cuileux all died in their last battle, but some had children at home, and the arrival of the armies of Brionne and Quenelles meant that the Orcs had no chance to wipe them out. Thus, descendants of the Cuileux army still live in Bretonnia. It is possible that a village has maintained a tradition of marrying only among the descendants of those knights, and since Bretonnian kings through the ages have paid tribute to the sacrifice of the noble knights of Cuileux, that means that those peasants are all, legally, nobles. A player character from the village might have an interest in proving this to the courts of Bretonnia.

THE HEAD OF THE WYRM

Residents of Bastonne start to dream that the head of Smearghus is talking to them, encouraging them to do terrible things. Some start to hear its voice even when they are awake, and a wave of dreadful crimes starts to sweep the town. The player characters are on the spot and called in to solve the problem. And then one of them starts to dream.

THE LAKE

The lake where Gilles and his companions met the Lady of the Lake would be the most sacred site in the whole of Bretonnia, if only people knew where it was. The legend is clear it is near the western end of the Forest of Châlons, and knights have scoured that area repeatedly over the last millennium and a half, without success. Most people believe the Lady hides the lake from those who are not worthy, and anyone allowed to find the lake would have a destiny on a par with that of Gilles himself.

The few people who think that the failure to find the lake proves that the legend is just that either keep their thoughts to themselves or leave Bretonnia.

THE PERILOUS DART

The bolt that struck Gilles down, and which he then used to kill the wyvern, is said to still exist. An item of great power, it drives events around its bearer to a crisis, where he can, by his own efforts, either gain a great victory or suffer a great loss. The bolt does not care about the goals of its holder, and those at a great disadvantage in a struggle for which they care deeply sometimes seek it out, trusting to the crisis to give them a victory otherwise unattainable.

THE BLOOD MARSHES

The mire formed by the blood of the Greenskins still exists in Couronne. In the recent past, it was quite small, but as the Storm of Chaos approached, it grew, year by year, swallowing a few small villages. Ghosts and similar Undead are common within its confines, but rumours speak of still darker things. All agree that there is no drinkable water to be found there. Now that the Storm of Chaos has been broken, some people are turning their thoughts to reversing the growth of the mire.

entered Quenelles, they saw that the borders of the Forest of Loren were aflame, assaulted by the Orcs. Some of the knights were afraid to venture there, wary of the wrath of the Fay, but Gilles urged them on, declaring that the Fay would look kindly on those coming to their aid.

His words seemed true, as weariness fell from the knights like a cloak, and in the heat of battle the very trees rose up to aid them, whilst the Fay themselves flitted in and out of the shadows, appearing briefly to strike down a hundred, nay, a thousand Orcs before vanishing once more.

Under the shadow of the trees, they met with the army of Rademund the Pure, Lord of Quenelles, and as the last Orcs fled, the Lady of the Lake granted all the defenders peaceful sleep. When they awoke, their wounds and fatigue were gone, and both Rademund and Lambard shone like the other Companions. The Lady, they said, had come to them in their dreams, and none could gainsay them.

THE FIFTH BATTLE

Riding north to Parravon, the Companions found the beautiful city in ruins, as Giants rained boulders on it from above. Lord Agilgar of Parravon, mounted upon Glorfinial, his faithful Pegasus, took to battle to the skies, whilst Goblins of the Severed Hand laid waste to the city streets. The charge of Gilles's army swept the Goblins before them, leaving the city clean and clear.

THE SIXTH BATTLE

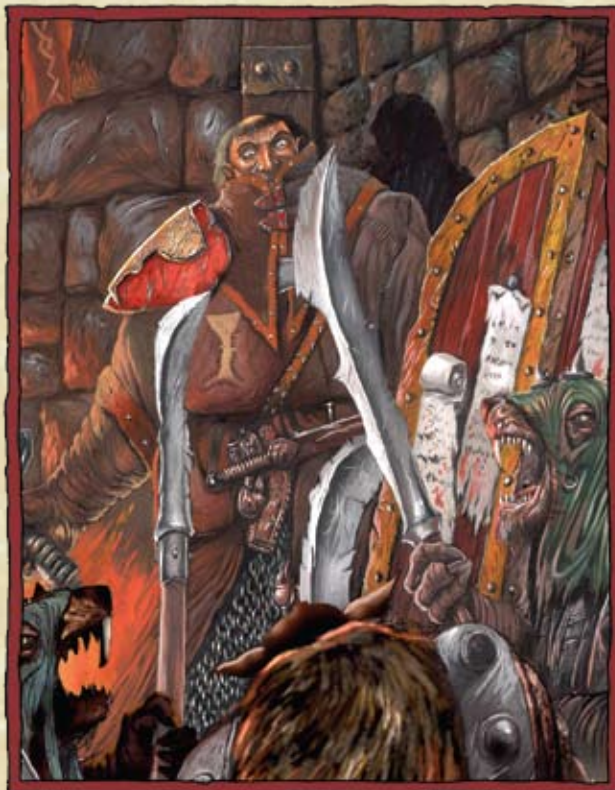
The Companions, now joined by Agilgar, rode north to Montfort, where they found that fortress besieged. Lord Martrud's army fought heroically, but they were greatly outnumbered. With a war cry that shook the very mountains, Gilles led his forces in a charge, but was struck down by a cowardly bolt through the chest, launched by one of the Goblins' dishonourable machines. His Companions rallied about him and fought their way through to Montfort, where they were welcomed by Martrud.

Gilles lay in a fever-dream, and the Companions feared for his life, taking turns to watch over him. At length, the privilege was granted to the Lords Agilgar and Martrud,

the newest of their number. Whilst they watched, a fair maiden appeared in the room and bathed Gilles's forehead with liquid taken from a Grail she bore. She then bade the attendant lords drink from the cup, and thus they became true Grail Knights.

When the lords returned their gaze to Gilles, his eyes were open, his breathing normal, and with a great roar he pulled the bolt from his own chest, sprang to his feet, and led his army back onto the field of battle. As soon as he passed the gates, he was assailed by three Wyverns, which he slew before taking another step, one dying with the fell bolt lodged in its eye. Taking heart from their leader, the besieged struck out once more, but such was the number of their foes that it still took a week to lift the siege and drive the Goblins back into the mountains.





THE SEVENTH BATTLE

Gilles was not content that his enemy should flee, and gathering his army, he took the battle to the lightless passages beneath the earth. Those foul caverns were illuminated by the light that shone from the Grail Knights, and the armies fought their way to the halls of the Goblin kings, slaying them and breaking the unity of the Goblin tribes for good. Turning about, they fought their way back to the surface, emerging covered in the black blood of their enemies.

THE EIGHTH BATTLE

Now with ten of the Bretonni lords following his banner, Gilles turned west to face the Greenskins despoiling Gisoreux. Joining forces with Beren, the lord of that land, Gilles faced a horde containing many of the Orcs' finest shamans, who turned their foul magic against the Bretonni. It was to no avail, as the power of the Lady protected her knights, and the Companions drove the enemy from the field with great slaughter.

THE BATTLES

The Great Battles form the material of the national epic of Bretonnia, and many knights try to visit each of the battlefields at least once during their period of errantry. Once a knight sets out on the quest for the Lady of the Lake, it is not unusual for him to find that the events of his quest somehow mirror the events of the Great Battles, his meeting with the Lady occurring on the eve of his last and greatest struggle.

THE NINTH BATTLE

The army continued west into the lands of Mousillon. Once the fairest of all, they became wasted and burning as bands of Greenskins roamed at will. Landuin's heart was deeply grieved, for his land and people had been brought to ruin, and at the city of Mousillon the army was met by Folgar of Artois, who brought news of an approaching horde of Beastmen and the walking dead. The defence of Mousillon was divided between the Companions, and all fought with surpassing valour.

Gilles himself hewed the head from a drake-beast, whilst Agilgar, mounted on Glorfinial, took the battle to the bat-winged beasts that filled the sky. Thierulf wrestled with and defeated a two-headed Giant. The battle ended when Landuin himself struck down the sorcerer who had raised the dead, and half of the opposing army fell to the earth. The Beastmen fled towards the forest, pursued by the Companions. Beren and Folgar returned, shining, and telling of meeting a maiden with a Grail just inside the forest's borders.

THE TENTH BATTLE

The victorious lords turned north, riding through the forest of Arden, where no foul creatures dared to trouble the mighty host, to the Elf-built port of L'Anguille. The great city was besieged by Norses, attacking from both land and sea. Lord Corduin of L'Anguille cut a path through the besiegers, joining forces with the Companions, but still the battle raged, as night followed day, with no sight of victory.

At length, Lord Marcus of Bordeleaux challenged the leader of the Northmen, Svengar of the Skaelings, to single combat, with the condition that the loser's forces would withdraw. Too proud to refuse, the giant warrior met Lord Marcus atop the great lighthouse, and they fought in view of all Bretonnia. Throughout the night, the elements seemed to aid Svengar's twin hammers, but as dawn broke, Lord Marcus found renewed strength and drove the Northman back. With a final blow, Marcus cut the Giant in two, and his body fell to the rocks below.

At the death of their leader, the Norses returned to their ships and sailed away.

THE ELEVENTH BATTLE

After but a single night's rest, the Companions rode eastward to Couronne, where Lord Caerleond joined the army. Together they fought an Orc horde at the River Sannez, and defeated them, the waters of the river running black with blood. Turning from the light surrounding the Grail Companions, the Greenskins were cut down in such numbers that the earth was turned to mire by their blood.

THE TWELFTH BATTLE

The Companions gathered at Couronne, where news came to them of a host of Beastmen, Trolls, and nameless creatures of Chaos pouring from the Forest of Arden. As they girded to meet this threat, another messenger brought word of tribe

upon tribe of Greenskins descending from the Pale Sisters. And as the army massed before the walls of Couronne, foul rats that walked as men erupted from within the city, stalking the streets and hemming the Bretonni in on all sides.

As the Lords took counsel before the fight, the Lady of the Lake joined their number. She had Lords Corduin and Caerleond drink from the Grail, and at last, the Grail Companions reached their full number of fourteen. Then she blessed the army and bade them fight in her name.

Emboldened, the knights took the field, sure that none could ultimately stand against them. The battle raged for week upon week, as foul creatures continued to pour from their lairs like a storm tide and break upon the armies of the Bretonni as against a cliff.

When at last the sounds of battle fell silent, the plains of Couronne were covered with the bodies of the slain to the height of a horse's shoulder. When the bodies of the enemy were burned, the smoke from the pyres darkened the day whilst the flames brightened the night, so that for months no one could tell the difference between the two.

Thus were the Bretonni united and the enemy driven from the lands. In presence of the whole army, the Lady of the Lake crowned Gilles as the first King of Bretonnia, and the acclamation shook the very mountains.

LOUIS THE RASH

In the year 17 (995) Gilles le Breton was struck down by a cowardly bolt hurled against him as he challenged the Orc warlords of the Grey Mountains, near the edge of the Forest of Loren. As he died, he had a vision and told his Companions to bear him to the shores of a nearby lake. There, a boat decked out for a funeral awaited him, and his knights placed their King on the bier and watched as the boat, apparently without crew, carried him into the mists and out of the world. It is believed that his lasts words were a promise:

"In the time of Bretonnia's greatest need, when it seems that all hope is gone, I shall return to aid you."

The death of Gilles left the country in need of a new king but without established rules for choosing one. Some favoured Louis, Gilles's only son, born under mysterious circumstances and whispered to be the son of the Lady herself. Others, however, argued that Louis was young, and that the crown should pass to one of the Grail Companions: Landuin, Thierulf, and Marcus were all mooted as candidates.

The Great Council agreed only one who had drunk from the Grail could become King of Bretonnia, which seemed to spell the end of Louis's hopes. Instead, he immediately rose up and declared he would seek the Grail and drink from it, to prove his right to be king. He asked the Lords Landuin, Thierulf, and Marcus to serve as regents until he returned, and when they agreed the Council was at an end.

Louis's bold declaration earned him the name Louis the Rash, and tales of his exploits came from all parts of the kingdom.

FINDING GILLES

A legend has circulated among Grail Knights for centuries, saying that Gilles is gathering an army to aid him when he returns. Only knights with a record of glorious deeds can join the army, but those who do are restored to their full vigour and then placed in a magical sleep until they are needed. Grail Knights feeling the effects of old age often set out on a quest to find their first King and join him, and many need protection, as their days of glory are in the past, and aged limbs can no longer wield a lance with vigour.

In 23 (1001), Louis returned to the court, riding a purebred charger and shining with light. None could deny he had drunk from the Grail, and he was welcomed as King.

Louis drew up the Decrees of Chivalry, formalising the code by which all the Companions had lived, and his own quest was the pattern for the Questing Knights of the future. Those who succeeded became Grail Knights, who, as the Grail Companions died one by one, became the elite of the country.

ERRANTRY WARS

Young Bretonnian knights spend a period as Knights Errant, seeking out dangers in which to prove themselves. Only those who succeed can become Knights of the Realm. The King of Bretonnia can channel this custom by declaring an Errantry War, a grand campaign that qualifies all knightly participants for the higher status.





The first such war was declared in 471 (1449), against the Arabyans who had invaded Estalia. The invaders were driven back, and a second army, which heard of the victory en route, turned aside to clear Greenskins from the lands that became the Border Princes. From the time of this war, relations between Bretonnia and the Dwarfs have been good, though not nearly as close as those between Dwarfs and the Empire.

The Errantry War declared in 1223 (2201) had the aim of driving all Orcs from Bretonnia. Whilst this goal was always impossible, such was the ardour of Bretonnia's knights that the borders of the Dukedoms grew to encompass many mountain ranges that had previously been the domain of the Greenskins.

In an attempt to emulate his predecessor, King Charlen declared an Errantry War in 1442 (2420) that aimed to rid the entire world of Greenskins. So many knights left on the war that Bretonnia itself was left vulnerable to Orc raids. In 1510 (2488), a mighty host of knights vanished in the

THE FALSE GRAIL

The cup borne by Maldred's consort was not the Grail, but it was an artefact of considerable power. It was lost when Maldred, his consort, and much of the population of Mousillon died in the Red Pox of 1322 (2300). If it were to fall into the hands of someone unscrupulous, such as the Black Knight currently claiming to be the rightful Duke of Mousillon, it would be very dangerous.

Death Pass, said to have been slain by the Black Orc warlord Morglum Necksnapper. The King then declared the Errantry Wars at an end.

THE FALL OF MOUSILLON

Landuin was the greatest and purest of the Companions, but his successors were not in the same mould, and Mousillon gained a reputation as a cursed land, plagued by the walking dead.

In 835 (1813) the Red Pox ravaged Bretonnia, and Skaven laid siege to Brionne and Quenelles. Duke Merovech of Mousillon and his knights were unaffected by the plague and rode forth to relieve the sieges and cast the Skaven back into the lairs. At the victory feast, hosted in Mousillon, the other lords were repulsed by the spitted and impaled criminals displayed within the hall itself, leading Merovech to claim his hospitality was being dishonoured. The King spoke out against the Duke's cruelty, and the Duke, in turn, accused the King of trying to unseat him, challenging him to single combat.

The King accepted, and Merovech defeated him, tearing out his throat with his bare hands, and then drinking the King's blood from a goblet. Horrified, the other lords raised their armies, and most of the lands of Mousillon were annexed by Lyonesse.

In 1319 (2297), Duke Maldred of Mousillon claimed to have taken the Lady of the Lake as his wife. He and his consort appeared with a shining cup, which they said was the grail, and many knights who felt unfairly treated flocked to their banner. As the Duke rode to Gisoreux to claim the crown, he was met by the army of the King. Maldred held aloft the grail, asking who dared to stand against its bearer.

Whilst the opposing army stood silent, the Green Knight emerged from the forest, and turned to challenge the Duke. At that moment, all saw the Lady of the Lake standing beside the King, the true Grail in her hand. The fake was revealed for the tawdry thing it was, and Maldred's followers deserted him en masse. The Duke fled back to his castle, but the King deprived him of both title and noble status. Since that time, there has been no Duke of Mousillon.

THE UNDEAD

Bretonnia has always been plagued by the Undead. Most recently, in 1513 (2491), the abbey of La Maisontaal was sacked by the Necromancer Heinrich Kemmler and his army, and the attackers were only repelled by the efforts of Tancred, Duke of Quenelles, and his knights. However, the walking dead are a constant threat.

The most notable Undead menace was the Red Duke. In 476 (1454), this creature terrorised Aquitaine before being slain by the King at the Battle of Ceren Field. In 954 (1932), it rose from its grave, slaying the Duke of Aquitaine in battle. The knights were victorious, but the Red Duke was not slain, merely driven into the Forest of Châlons, where he may exist to this day.

POLITICS & FOREIGN RELATIONS

“We have political systems like this in the Empire. We call them ‘protection rackets’.”

- MATTHIAS VON PFEILDORF, FORMER
IMPERIAL ENVOY TO COURONNE.



Mention Bretonnian politics to most Old Worlders and they think of knights swearing oaths of fealty, feuds between noble families stretching back generations, and the pomp and circumstance of the royal court. These are certainly important features of the realm, and it is true that peasants are excluded from all formal power.

However, that exclusion does not mean peasants actually stay completely out of politics—not by a long shot. The invisible politics of Bretonnia, the web of relations and responsibilities between Lord and peasant, are as important, tumultuous, and vicious as the showy relations between members of the nobility.

— THE FEUDAL SYSTEM —

Noble politics take place within the feudal system, an archaic political system that was found across the Old World several centuries ago. Now, Bretonnia is the only land where it remains. The feudal system is based on oaths of loyalty between individuals and has no abstract conception of the state. Whilst Bretonnians do think of themselves as a nation on a par with the Empire, there is no legal substance to “Bretonnia” beyond “all people who ultimately owe loyalty to the King of Bretonnia and the lands that they hold.”

Peasants form the foundation of the feudal system and are required to serve and obey the nobility. They do not swear oaths, as peasants are not thought to have the honour to keep them. Instead, they are told their duties and forced to fulfil them, by violence if necessary.

NOBILITY

The nobility are bound together by vows: the oaths

of fealty. A lesser noble makes a vow to a greater, promising military service in return for sustenance.

Nobles fall into five main classes, which are roughly equivalent to ranks. Many nobles fall into more than one of the classes; Louen Leoncoeur, for example, is both King of Bretonnia and Duke of Couronne, and his rank is determined by his higher title.

KING

At the top is the King. The King is sovereign, which means he is not bound by the law. He can make laws as he wishes, and anything he does is legal, because he does it. If the King were corrupt, Bretonnia would face serious problems. However, Louen is a shining example of chivalry, as were most of his predecessors, and so the King's power serves as a check on abuses by the lesser nobility, even when those abuses abide by the letter of the law.

THE KNIGHT'S VOW

I pledge my service and my loyalty, body and soul, to my Lord. When the clarion call is sounded, I will ride out and fight in the name of liege and Lady. Whilst I draw breath, the lands bequeathed unto me will remain untainted by evil. Honour is all. Chivalry is all. This I swear on my blood and my breath.



DUKES

Below the King are the Dukes. A Bretonnian Duke has royal power within his dukedom, but he is still subject to the King. That means a Duke acting within his own dukedom cannot break the law, unless he disobeys a direct order from the King himself. Unlike royal power, the power of the Dukes has been abused, most notably in Mousillon. There is no current Duke of Mousillon to avoid having someone hold such authority in such a corrupt area. All Dukes hold their land directly from the King. Louen also holds the Dukedom of Couronne from the King, and thus holds it from himself. Legally, he is two different people.

In theory, the King can create as many Dukes as he wants, though the title is meaningless without land. In practice, only the fourteen great fiefs descended from Gilles and his Companions are held to be worthy of this status.

BARONS

Barons are nobles who hold land directly from the King but are not Dukes. They are subject to royal law and royal command but not to the laws or commands of any other noble, including the Dukes. Thus, a barony is legally independent of the dukedom

in which it is found. There are not many barons in Bretonnia. (Note that nobles who hold land from Louen in his capacity as Duke of Couronne are not Barons; only those who hold land from him in his capacity of King of Bretonnia have that status.)

LORDS

Below the Barons are the lords, nobles who hold land from a lord other than the King. They are subject to royal law, the ducal law of the dukedom where they hold land, and the laws of their immediate lord. Even the vassals of Barons are subject to ducal law; the baronial immunity is not passed down. The lords form the overwhelming majority of the landed nobility of Bretonnia.

KNIGHTS

The bottom rank of the nobility are the knights. Knights hold no land and often serve nobles in return for food and lodging. It is important to note that all nobles are also knights; it is

only those knights who hold no other title who are at the bottom of the scale.

TITLES OF HONOUR

Titles of honour carry legal rights of less importance than those attaching to the titles of power.

THE PEASANT'S DUTY

Son of the soil, thou art born to labour and to serve, protected by thy betters. Thou shalt give unto thy glorious liege the taxes that he requires. Thou shalt labour all but feast days, and no more than a tenth-share shalt thou keep for kith and kin. Rejoice! For a knight of Bretonnia provides your shield.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

Two noble families who had feuded for decades arranged a marriage between the heirs of the two lines, hoping for peace. The marriage soon became famous for the tempestuous fights between the husband and wife, but it produced a son. The son is a truly noble knight, and when his parents die he will inherit both titles.

Someone, possibly the heir himself, who may even be a player character, discovers the feud has its origins in a supernatural curse. The two lords cannot live at peace with one another, which is why the marriage was so violent. If one person becomes the lord of both fiefs, he will surely be driven insane. Can the player characters lift the curse in time?

BARONIAL ADVENTURES

Barons who hold lands far from the King often become corrupt, as there is no one in the area with legal authority over them—just the sort of people for a brave group of adventurers to deal with.

On the other side of the coin, truly famous adventurers of noble birth might be made Barons of some particularly dangerous area. This allows player characters to join the nobility without having to give up much of their freedom of action. They do have a superior who can give them orders, but the King has too much to do to interfere with them much, if at all.

SUBINFEUDATION

One of the Dukes of Bretonnia holds a small fief from a minor noble, who in turn owes fealty to a Baron. As the liege lord of a Duke, that noble has a number of privileges at court, and the new noble has started throwing his weight around. The Duke (or one of his courtiers, if the Duke is above any corruption) tries to frame the noble for consorting with the Ruinous Powers, so he can legally deprive the lord of the fief, which would then revert to the Baron. The player characters come upon the evidence but realise that it is faked.

Clever player characters discover that the Baron is in service to Slaanesh and has been subtly pushing his vassal to cause trouble for the Duke.

Earl

Earls are rich and powerful nobles. This title grants no extra powers, but it is a sign of recognition by the King. Many earls are also Barons, but not all.

Marquis

A marquis is a noble responsible for a fief in an area subject to attack, often on the borders of the kingdom. A marquis is allowed to gather forces and build fortifications without seeking permission from his superiors.

Castellan

A castellan is a noble with responsibility for a major castle, which is usually held by his feudal superior. He has full authority over the castle and its lands unless his lord is present.

Justiciar

Justiciars are experts in the law. He has the power to enforce the laws of the noble who made him a justiciar; the King's justiciars travel the realm enforcing royal law.

Paladin

Paladins are renowned warriors and war-leaders. This title is a pure matter of honour, though many paladins are given dangerous lands and made marquises to put their talents to good use.

FAMILIES AND INHERITANCE

Family is very important to the nobility. First, unless all your ancestors are noble, you are not a noble. This means the nobility are careful about whom they marry. Second, fiefs are inherited. Most lords cannot simply deprive one of his vassals of his fief or refuse to accept a deceased vassal's son. The Dukes and King can do this, but very rarely do; it is one of the few things capable of uniting all a Duke's vassals against him.

A dead noble's property all goes to his eldest son. The noble cannot leave it to anyone else, and he cannot give away fiefs before he dies. As a result, the other children of the nobility must struggle to find their place in the world. Daughters try to marry heirs, whilst younger sons might try to carve out their own fiefs by strength of arms or even marry rich peasants, trading the nobility of their children for the comfort of riches. The younger children of the nobility thus make good player characters.

Noble women cannot become knights (unless they pretend to be men; see **Chapter I**). The eldest daughter of a noble with no sons does, however, inherit his fiefs. She is the lord of those fiefs, but she cannot enforce the lord's rights herself. Instead, her husband must do this on her behalf. When the lady dies, her titles pass to her eldest son, as do her husband's on his death. If the husband dies first, which is not uncommon, the eldest son takes on the husband's role as defender of his mother's rights, but he does not actually become the lord until his mother dies.

Heiresses are by far the most popular noble brides, as they substantially strengthen a family. They are also rare and sometimes have their own ideas about whom they would like to marry. Marriages to noble daughters with no inheritance are equally political, expressing alliances between two families. In those cases, the eldest daughter is most valuable: If her brothers die before her father, and her father dies before she does, she becomes the heir. Nobles who are relying on such an event may try to help it along.

Marriages normally take place between equals. However, nobles may also grant a part of their fiefs to other nobles, in return for those knights' services. This is subinfeudation, and it is central to the system; in theory, the King subinfeudates the whole country. A noble may also increase his power by petitioning a lord to grant him a fief. As a lord cannot simply claim a fief back once he has granted it, such grants are rare.

There is no law that says that a noble may only have one lord. Some have several. The extreme is Baron Marsaq, who holds land from the King, the Dukes of Aquitaine, Bastonne, Bordeleaux, and Quenelles, and three other lesser nobles. He is a greater noble than the final three, despite being their vassal for some lands. Such situations are difficult if conflicts arise between a noble's lords, and the Barons Marsaq have a reputation as diplomats that has been built up over several generations.

COURTS

A court centres around a noble lord. The aim of the courtiers is to convince the lord to favour them with wealth, power, or lands. A few courtiers have entirely altruistic aims, but those are rare exceptions. Most of the truly noble knights of Bretonnia stay out of court as much as they can, relying on their fiefs to support their acts of chivalry.

All members of a court are of lower rank than the central noble, which means courts are larger the more powerful the noble is himself. Anyone petitioning the lord for a favour becomes part of the court, so at lower levels the court includes peasants. However, peasants never become courtiers, individuals who spend their lives in the court, fighting for the lord's favour.

Courtiers fall into three main classes. First, there are the landed vassals of the lord in question. These nobles can often get away

with ignoring the court, as they are secure in their fiefs, but many still find it useful to be aware of their lord's plans and personality. Second, there are the household knights of the lord. The knights have a definite function, and if they are good at it, they are unlikely to be dismissed on the basis of rumour. On the other hand, their positions are not secure, and many of them spend a lot of time manoeuvring to be granted a fief.

Finally, there are the younger siblings of nobles associated with the court, generally its leader and his vassals. These courtiers have no position beyond the simple favour of the lord, and it is here that the politics get most vicious, extending as far as assassination. The courts of a corrupt lord are as dangerous as an Orc-hold, and even a paragon of virtue can find his court twisted by evil, but subtle, advisers. Adventurers can easily find themselves caught up in the schemes of such people.

THE ROYAL COURT

The court of King Louen Leoncoeur sits in Couronne in the winter months. In the summer, the nobles disperse to their fiefs or to wage war. By long custom, the King speaks only to nobles and rarely to nobles of less than baronial rank. All of the King's personal servants are Barons, powerful due to their constant access to the King. The only time the King speaks to a peasant is when raising one to the ranks of the nobility.

King Louen is devoted to his country, and has declared he is willing to hear of abuses and injustices committed by any of his subjects, no matter how powerful. Peasants who can find a noble, no matter how lowly, to plead their case can appeal directly to the King. Still, the King has limited time, and there are more abuses than he could hear, much less rectify. Convincing the courtiers that a particular petition should be heard would be a worthy adventure. Happily, if the King hears a case, he always judges justly. Some say the Lady of the Lake inspires him directly with wisdom.

ARMY

Bretonnia does not have an army. That is, there are no soldiers serving a career as paid warriors in the service of the state. Instead, it relies on the feudal service of its knights.

When a lord must take the field against an enemy, he summons his vassals to provide their military service. They, in turn, summon their vassals, and most lords bring peasant men-

FARABUS, FOOTMAN OF THE STOOL

The Footman of the Stool is responsible for attending the King whilst he answers the call of nature and emptying the chamber pot afterwards. As a result, this position is always held by a Baron the King trusts implicitly, and as it guarantees access to the King several times per day the Footman of the Stool is a powerful courtier.

Farabus was a brave Grail Knight, until his left leg was crushed by a Daemon that died under his sword. The King granted him his current position as compensation, and Farabus serves loyally. The Baron fully appreciates the importance of his job, but recently the jokes that always circulate around the court have begun to grate on him. He does not want to leave his job, but he does want to teach the jokers a lesson.

at-arms and bowmen to the fight. These armies do not train together and normally do not even have a central chain of command, but Bretonnian military tactics are sufficiently simple and uniform that they can work together well enough nevertheless.

The feudal levy's main weakness comes in long campaigns. Lords and knights must return to their fiefs to serve as rulers or to defend their own homes, and most lords can only hold the levy together for 40 days. Of course, things are different if it's the lord's own lands under attack in the first place.

When an important place, such as a mountain pass or the route to a Goblin stronghold, needs defending, the King or a Duke grants a fief in that place to a powerful warrior and makes him a Marquis. The lord is then responsible for constructing fortifications, raising troops, and dealing with the menace. This works well for the first generation, but the first Marquis's heir is not always up to the job. Some even resort to calling on base-born adventurers for help.

Finally, the King, and only the King, can declare an Errantry War, which summons most knights to fight and prove their virtue. Errantry Wars are dealt with at more length in **Chapter Eight: Knighthood**.

CIVIL STRIFE

Brettonia is not an entirely peaceful land, quite apart from the assaults launched by the Orcs of the mountains and the beasts of the forests. Battles between nobles also disturb the land.

Nobles who wish to do so may settle certain kinds of dispute by force of arms rather than in court of law. They may not resort to war against their feudal superiors or against anyone with legal authority over them, but such opponents are generally too strong to fight anyway.

There are three recognised justifications for war. The first is the recovery of lands stolen by the other noble. The second is the destruction of a notorious traitor; whilst the traitor's lord is expected to take action, any noble is allowed to do so. The final justification is an injury done to the honour of the noble's family.

Serving Chaos or allying with Greenskins is regarded as treason, and such accusations have served as an excuse for many assaults. Theft of land has no time limit attached, and if an attack is successful, the victim can always claim that the land taken was stolen, and counterattack after gathering allies. The final justification, injury to the family's honour, allows a noble to declare war over being seated in the wrong place at a feast, and this has actually happened. Sometimes such wars degenerate into feuds lasting generations, with the acts of each side providing the other with all the excuses it needs for war.

The best of Bretonnian nobles only use this right to move against lords who are clearly traitors, and gathering the evidence to convince them is often a job for adventurers. Less scrupulous lords can also create work for adventurers when an innocent noble needs help defending himself from an overbearing neighbour.



MERCHANTS AND TRADE

Merchants occupy an anomalous place in Bretonnian society. Almost all of them are peasants, as very few nobles deign to sully their hands with trade. Successful merchants are often far wealthier than the nobles they serve, however. Trade is vital to Brettonia, both moving goods around within the country and drawing in foreign goods, primarily in return for Bretonnian wine. So, concerted action by the merchant classes could cause serious problems for the nobility.

As peasants, merchants are bound by the same laws as other peasants. In theory, they would be forced to hand most of their income over to their lords. In practice, the way that Bretonnian law defines income was defined with agriculture in mind, and whilst it catches much of what craftsmen produce, almost all of a merchant's profits are invisible because a merchant does not actually make anything. Bretonnian conservatism and subtle, but intense, mercantile lobbying has kept things this way. Some of the cleverer nobles have worked out that they actually get more in bribes than they would from the taxes, as the taxes imposed on most peasants would destroy almost any trading venture.

All merchants recognise the need to keep the nobility sweet, leading to a constant stream of gifts. These gifts are presented as humble acknowledgements of the noble's great superiority and are always lavish, high-quality items, such as gold plates or fur-lined, embroidered robes. If the noble is poor and more in need of bread, meat, and firewood, the merchant arranges to buy the gift back for cash. This purchase, of course, takes place without any fanfare. A merchant living in the Dukedom



of Quenelles is reputed to have given the lord of his village the same golden chalice every festival for the last ten years, buying it back the following day and sustaining the lord despite the general poverty of the village in question. In return, the lord allows the merchant to operate as he wishes.

Most merchants rely entirely on gifts, but all but the poorest have to hire guards to protect their shipments and warehouses. The guards of the richest merchants form private armies, which can be turned against nobles who threaten them with violence. Of course, the merchants have to ensure other nobles stay out of the fight, as they could not win a battle against the whole of Bretonnia. Such conflicts are rare, but the combination of gifts and guns means that the wealthiest merchants are effectively above the law, so long as they do not threaten to upset the social order.

Most merchants respect those limits, knowing social anarchy would be bad for trade. Some do seek to better their position within society through closer alliances with the nobility. The younger children of poorer nobles are sometimes willing to marry into a wealthy merchant family, trading social position for wealth. The merchant family is then expected to support their noble relatives financially, whilst the nobles provide legal and political support for the merchants.

MERCHANT CLUBS

There are no formal merchant guilds in Bretonnia. The law does not recognise such gatherings of peasants as having any legal weight at all. The law does not, however, stop merchants getting together and attempting to organise trade to work in

their favour. Thus, there are many clubs of merchants, most functioning as guilds in all but name.

A typical club requires its members to trade with each other on favourable terms and with outsiders on terms that make it all but impossible for them to turn a profit. Many try to get a monopoly on trade within a town, city, or dukedom; others try to corner the market in a particular kind of goods. It's cutthroat trade practice in its purest form.

Because the guilds have no legal standing, they cannot use the law to make other merchants obey their rules. As a result, they use violence and intimidation. The nobility care very little, on the whole, about violence directed at peasants, as long as it does not get completely out of hand.

The distinction between these clubs and organised crime is often subtle, but it is there. The merchants are primarily concerned with legal trade and use thuggery to dissuade competitors, whilst criminals use thuggery to get money out of just about anyone. Still, groups can cross the line in both directions.

In addition, there is no law to say which club has jurisdiction in a particular area. This leads to battles for control, fought through intimidation, bribery of judges, sabotage, arson, and murder. The town of Dalron in Lyonesse was a thriving port until the trade war between the Golden Feathers and the Three Tuns reduced all important businesses to ash. Now, the population has turned to crime for a living, under the leadership of the Three Feathers syndicate.

Important merchant clubs include the following.

Brethren of the Lighthouse

One of the oldest clubs in the country, with over three centuries of verifiable history, this group has a monopoly on trade within the city of L'Anguille. Bretonnia's wealthiest merchant family, the Fitzgodrics, are members of this club, as are three of the next five wealthiest. The Brethren watched events in Marienburg with great interest and are looking for an opportunity to make a similar move.

The Rooster and Kettle

Originally a gathering of petty peddlers, this group organised trading rights for its members in most cities of the kingdom, in return for minor payments. Recently, the group has taken to importing firearms, primarily from the Empire but with some items of Dwarf-make. Its wealth and influence is growing, even though the nobility refuse to use firearms, branding them "unchivalrous." Members of the group are thus finding themselves with a near-monopoly on the use of firearms and have recently started trying to enforce that. Some nobles have noticed and are becoming worried.

Inequitable Life

Active in the western Duchies, particularly near the coast, this group traffics in illicit substances and slaves. Dark rumours circulate about the nature of its leadership, but those spreading such rumours tend to turn up dead. Those traders who work for it have front identities as pharmacists or as hiring agencies for temporary labour and do both jobs extremely well. That is fortunate, as their monopoly is brutally enforced.

Blue Bloods

In order to join this group, you must have at least one noble ancestor in the last two generations, and status is determined by a combination of wealth and how much noble blood you have. The Blue Bloods allow dual membership with other clubs, as the group's aim is simply to get merchants into the nobility. Many merchants believe that this is futile and thus stay away, even if they have the necessary ancestry.

PEASANT POLITICS

If merchants are officially excluded from politics, run-of-the-mill peasants are even more so. They cannot afford to offer expensive gifts to the nobility, nor do they have private armies. In most cases, a peasant's primary concern is growing enough food to feed his family.

This does not mean peasants have no involvement with politics at all. Peasants oppressed by their lord or his bailiff are not uncommon in Bretonnia, and they sometimes try to appeal for help in their plight. An individual peasant would never be heard by a nobleman, so these appeals are conducted as a group, ideally representing the whole village. Some lords treat these groups as attempted rebellion and hang the ringleaders. The peasants thus try to organise themselves to avoid picking anyone out as a ringleader. This might involve reciting their grievance in perfect unison (after hours of practice), slowly

MARRYING TRADE

A baronial family and a merchant family have been intermarrying for several generations, the baronial line drawing its noble consorts from among the Baron's vassals. The two inbred families now have absolute control of the barony, at all levels, and terrible rumours have started to circulate.

A very wealthy merchant family has married into many noble families over the last five generations. Indeed, the current head of the family only has five ancestors who are not noble, as each merchant in the male line married a noblewoman. Now he would like posthumous declarations of nobility for all of them, making him and all his descendants noble, and creating a noble merchant. Many nobles are opposed to such a change, but the merchant is prepared to use all his resources to achieve this.

The player characters get to know the wife of a minor noble. She is the daughter of a wealthy merchant house and badly treated by her husband, who is an arrogant snob. Whilst the noble had five elder brothers when he married, four of them have now died in battle, making him a possible heir. He cannot inherit whilst married to a peasant, as his children would not be noble, and he can only remarry if his wife dies. She begins to fear for her life.

walking in a ring in front of the noble, so that no one is at the front, or finding a naive outsider, such as a good-hearted adventurer, to serve as a lightning rod. The techniques are never completely effective, as a lord determined to hang someone to restore order can just choose at random.

As a result, peasants try to avoid involving the nobility in disputes as much as possible. This might seem difficult, but problems for peasants are only rarely caused by the lord personally coming to the village and beating people up. Most often, the problems result from conflicts with other villages, abuses by bailiffs, or excessive taxes being demanded on a poor harvest.

Conflicts between villages arise over many matters, but rights to use common resources, such as grazing land, rivers, or forests are by far the most common. Each village in the dispute chooses an ambassador who meets the ambassadors from the other side at a neutral location, often a deserted area half way between the villages, to work out a compromise. The ambassadors then have to convince their village to agree.

When the sides cannot agree, it is traditional to resolve matters with a formal combat. The two villages agree on what victory will mean for each side and then agree on a place and time for the combat. The number of combatants, weapons allowed, and the conditions for victory are also decided at this point. Fights to the death are rare, as the deaths might have to be explained to the lord. Most villages respect the results of such combats because the alternative is getting the nobility involved.

Corrupt bailiffs are more of a problem because only the lord can remove them. Villagers may negotiate directly with the



bailiff if that seems likely to succeed, but that is unusual. Normally, they try to make the bailiff seem corrupt. This involves hiding goods from him when he does the tax assessment and then planting the “excess tax” in the bailiff’s house. Particularly bold peasants may appear before their lord to thank him for the protection leading to the large harvest, which will make him wonder why the taxes are so low.

Of course, most bailiffs are aware of this strategy, so the manoeuvring between the bailiff and villagers can get very elaborate. Many bailiffs choose to reach an accommodation with the villagers, defrauding the lord and splitting the profits whilst presenting a united front. This can get very messy if the lord finds out.

Excessive taxes present the most problems. Even if the bailiff is on the side of the villagers, they simply cannot hand over that much without starving. If an appeal to the good nature of the lord is out of the question, the villagers resort to having the taxes “stolen by outlaws” as they make their way to the lord. Most lords pursue the outlaws, rather than demanding that the village make up the difference.

One result of these practices, and of the existence of village courts (see **Chapter IV**), is that many lords believe there are no problems among their peasants, and that they truly live idyllic lives, without the sorts of troubles that afflict the nobility. Thus, even those nobles who are inclined to help the peasants rarely feel that there is any need.

PEASANT UPRISINGS

From time to time, the peasants rise in revolt. These uprisings almost always surprise the nobility because the peasants have hidden the problems until they became unbearable. Thus, most nobles believe the revolts are inspired by greed or base ingratitude, and even the virtuous ones have no hesitation in using force to put them down. No peasant uprising has ever succeeded because all the nobles help to put it down. They cannot countenance such a threat to their authority.

By far the most common cause of an uprising is insupportable taxes. If the taxes demanded by a lord condemn the peasants to starvation, they have nothing to lose by rising in revolt. Indeed, given the Bretonnian attitude, dying in battle is better than dying of starvation, so even if they lose, their condition improves. These uprisings are brutally suppressed; many of the surviving peasants are executed. As a result, the food stores are often sufficient to support the survivors.

The next most common cause is manipulation by other nobles. Peasant revolts never succeed, but they do distract a noble and draw his forces away, making an attack by another noble more likely to succeed. Some nobles simply promise better conditions once they have taken over; a small number even keep that promise. Others rely on manipulating their enemy into demanding excessive taxes or sabotage the harvest to make normal taxes unbearable, so that the peasants rise on their own account.

Foreign agitators and revolutionary sentiment are often blamed for uprisings, but in truth, they are hardly ever responsible. Foreign powers that wish to weaken Bretonnia have more

effective means available than stirring up the peasantry, and political agitators are just rare.

By far the most dangerous uprisings are those inspired by the Ruinous Powers. Peasants with mutations—or worse, supported by Beastmen—can pose a serious threat even to the knights of Bretonnia. Such uprisings were briefly common during the Storm of Chaos, whilst much of the flower of Bretonnian chivalry was in the Empire fighting Archaon's

hordes. The returning knights have enthusiastically joined in stamping these out, and the few pockets of corruption that remain are small and isolated.

In normal times, the Ruinous Powers often find the subjects of brutal nobles to be the most receptive to the lures of Chaos. This can cause problems for adventurers who have taken up the cause of oppressed peasants, only to learn that they are allied with the forces of Chaos.

— BRETONNIANS ABROAD —

Bretonnia has borders with most nations of the Old World, meaning it must find some way to live with them.

BORDER PRINCES

My father's father's father was a Knight Errant of Bretonnia. Our family upholds the honour of true nobility, unlike some here.

—LORD BASTOND OF RUSHWATER, BORDER PRINCE

Many of the Border Princes are descended from Bretonnian knights who fought in King Charlen's Errantry War against the Greenskins, a war that lasted 68 years and ended only 34 years ago. These knights did not leave in disgrace, and some still owe fealty to nobles back in Bretonnia, though given the barrier of The Vaults, this is almost purely notional.

The Bretonnian Border Princes tend to see themselves as Bretonnian and as maintaining honour, as opposed to the opportunists who make up the other petty princedoms. This has made Bretonnians in general unpopular with all the other inhabitants of the region.

THE EMPIRE

They eat live frogs, make beer that tastes as if it's been drunk once already, and ponce about on horses rather than using guns. Still, the wine is good.

—THOMAS OF HELMGART, MERCENARY

Bretonnia's relations with the Empire are the most important and currently better than they have been for decades. King Louen Leoncoeur declared an Errantry War to assist the Empire against the hordes of Archaon, and the Emperor is still grateful.

However, the two nations have very different personalities, and the Empire's greater age leads it to look down on Bretonnia. In return, the Bretonnians can see little nobility in the Empire, even among those who claim to be noble.

ESTALIA

Look down on their lack of technique if you must, but a lance of Bretonnian knights is still a formidable force on the field of battle. Their matters of honour do get out of hand, though.

—DIEGO CORTEZ Y MARANDA, DIESTRO

Bretonnia's border with the Estalian kingdom of Bilbali is a mere river. The consequence is that there is almost as much traffic with Estalia as with the Empire, despite the Empire's far greater size. Relations with Bilbali are good, and Bretonnian nobles recognise Bilbalian nobles as peers. As a result, relations with Magritta are generally bad, and most Bretonnians regard the southern kingdom as composed entirely of peasants.

Bretonnian knights and Estalian duellists have very little understanding of one another's fighting styles, and this incomprehension is responsible for much of the tension between the nations.

TILEA

Puffed up snobs relying purely on the achievements of their fathers! What have they done? Nothing! And they call me a peasant!

—RICARDO OF TRANTIO, MERCHANT

The Tileans have remarkably few dealings with Bretonnia. Bretonnians never hire mercenaries (officially), and merchants have such low status in the country that Tileans prefer to trade with the Bretonnians who come to them. As a result, stereotypes and prejudice are rife. To the Tileans, Bretonnians are either stupid nobles who need to be told which end of their horse to face, or they're peasants so blighted as to be barely Human. To the Bretonnians, Tileans are all either thieves posing as merchants or murderers selling their services to the highest bidder whilst claiming to be warriors.

THE WASTELAND

Why swap an Emperor for a King?

—MARIENBURGER SAYING

The Bretonnians would like to incorporate The Wasteland into their kingdom, as long as they can do so without offending the Empire. The boundary between the Marches of Couronne and the Wasteland is ill defined, and Adalbert, Marquis of Couronne, would dearly like to add Marienburg to his realm and petition for the status of a Dukedom. Dukes Folcard of Montfort and Hagen of Gisoreux also cast acquisitive eyes northwards, though the Grey Mountains make any conquest harder for them.

The Marienburger are aware of these ambitions and normally play the Empire and Bretonnia against one another. The weakened state of the Empire has led them to strengthen their own forces, mainly by hiring Tilean mercenaries.

LAW AND JUSTICE

"There's one law for the nobles, another for the rich, and another for the poor. We don't bother learning the last because the poor cannot pay us."

- LOUIS CHAMIGNON (NEE LOUISE),
L'ANGUILLE LAWYER



Bretonnia is a land with many laws. The laws of chivalry bind the nobility whilst the laws of earth bind the peasants. The notion that all people should be equal before the law is as

alien to the Bretonnian mind as the notion that they should be equal in any other way. Laws, courts, and punishments all reflect these differences.

— LAWS OF CHIVALRY —

The nobles of Bretonnia are, for the most part, subject to the laws of chivalry—also known as “royal laws” because they are declared by the authority of the King. Peasants are not subject to these laws, and there are some activities forbidden to nobles that are permitted to peasants.

In most cases, an action is only an offence under the laws of chivalry if the victim is a noble or foreigner. Peasants are a different matter. A noble has a legal duty to protect, guide, and judge the peasants under his rule, but quite a lot is permitted under the guise of “instilling proper respect for the nobility,” and very few nobles bother to investigate reports of abuses. A noble who acts against another lord’s peasants is committing a crime against that noble but not against the peasants who are the actual victims.

The royal laws forbid all standard crimes, such as theft, assault, and murder. Violence within the context of a legitimate grievance is permitted, however. The laws also forbid actions unbecoming to a noble, such as engaging in a trade.

The courts of chivalry are elaborate events, closely defined by law. A court must be convened by the liege lord of the accused or by someone higher in the direct chain of fealty. The King, therefore, can convene a court to try any noble. The court must be publicly proclaimed three times on separate days, no more than two weeks before and no later than the day before. The

convening lord sits as a judge, and seven other nobles of rank at least equal to the accused sit as a jury.

The accused must appear before the court in person or provide a good excuse. The judge decides whether to admit an excuse; if he does, he dissolves the court and sets a date for it to reconvene. If he does not, the case proceeds without the accused. The accused makes arguments in his defence, and the accusers make their case. The judge then sleeps on the case, and the court gathers the next morning to hear the verdict. The judge decides on guilt or innocence and then passes sentencing to the jury. A jury that disagrees with a guilty verdict may impose a light sentence, but it has no authority to overturn an acquittal.

Most sentences are symbolic; nobles are never subjected to imprisonment or corporal punishment. Fines are possible, but very rare, and mostly take the form of compensation. A noble who killed five of another noble’s servants in a drunken rage might be required to pay the costs of training replacements, for example. Common sentences include public apologies, specific services to the victim, particular limits on behaviour, or imposed quests of valour. In extreme cases, a court may petition the King to strip the noble in question of his fiefs, or even of his nobility. Louen Leoncoeur insists on hearing such cases again in person, though earlier kings often imposed the punishment on the say-so of the lower courts.

It is clear that the system relies almost entirely on the integrity of the judge. A noble with a corrupt, or corruptible, lord can get away with almost any atrocity. Similarly, corrupt lords can use the courts to hound vassals who do not show proper respect. The jury does place some limits on this; lords who abuse the courts in this way find that the jury imposes penalties such as 'say sorry right now'.

On the other hand, juries can impose fantastically dangerous quests of valour with conditions attached that make it all but certain that the accused will die in the process. At a lesser level, quests to distant lands that will take years to fulfil are effectively sentences of exile.

A noble who refuses to honour the judgement of the court becomes an outlaw. He remains a noble, but he is not protected by the law, even against his own peasants. It is no crime to kill him. As he remains a noble, his children and descendants remain nobles; there are few noble families without an outlaw somewhere in their family tree.

Noble women are also subject to the courts of chivalry and may be assigned the same penalties as men. A quest of valour assigned to a woman is a death sentence; a few noble women have become outlaws as a result. Noble women caught pretending to be men are generally assigned a quest of valour. As these women have weapons and training, they occasionally succeed but face repeated court cases until they start behaving like proper women.

Sample Noble Sentences

"Appear before the Baron of Fellone wearing nothing but sackcloth, and apologise three times whilst lying face-down on the ground."

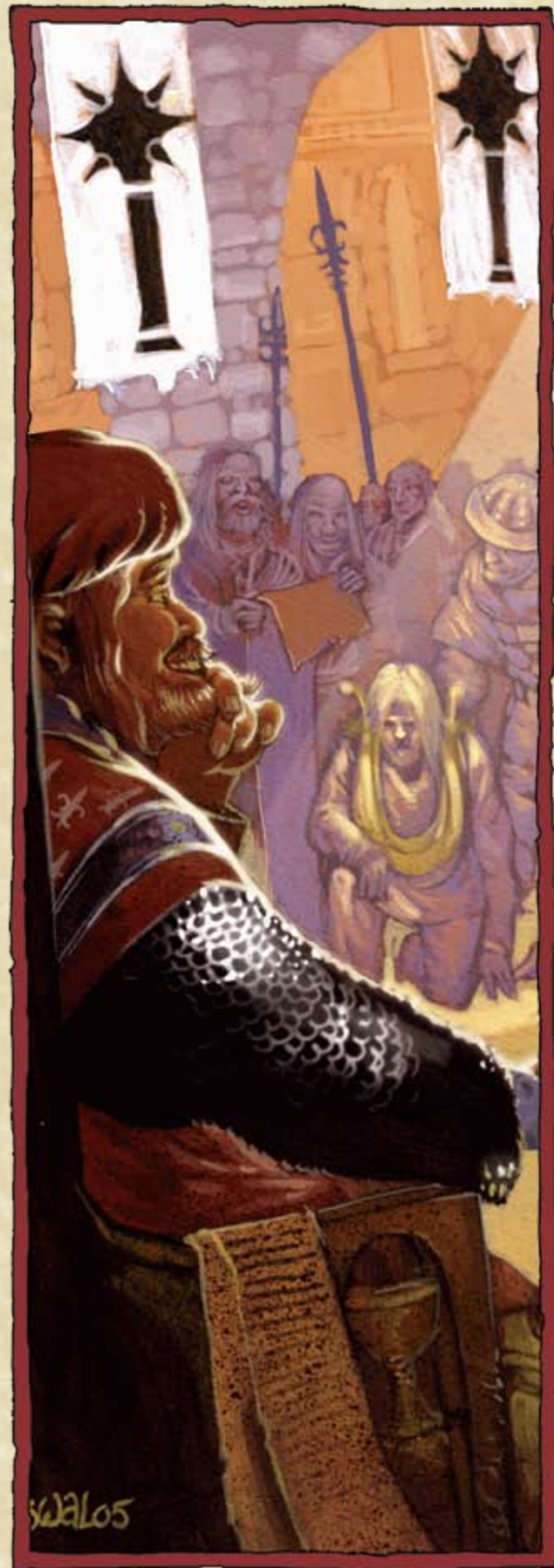
"Ride in a carriage when travelling for the next three months." (Riding in a carriage of some sort is a common penalty, so Bretonnian nobles never do so voluntarily.)

"Travel to the Vaults, and kill the Orc warlord Baldagran, wearing no armour and carrying no weapon but a fruit knife." (An effective death sentence.)

— PEASANT LAW —

Peasant law falls into two categories. First there are formal laws enacted by the nobility. These require peasants to obey the nobility, hand over large amounts of taxes, and refrain from behaviour that might damage the interests of the nobility. Theft from other peasants is not necessarily illegal nor is a certain amount of brawling.

Formal courts for peasants are very simple. The peasant is brought before his lord, who hears the circumstances of the case. He may allow the peasant to speak in his defence, or he may not. He then pronounces judgement and sentence. Sentences are normally corporal punishment of some sort: exposure in the stocks, flogging, torture, mutilation (the loss of a body part, such as an ear, eye, hand, or leg), or death. Imprisonment costs the lord money and thus is avoided, whilst most peasants have no money to pay fines. Lords may impose any penalty they choose for any crime. A lord might



decide on a light flogging for murdering another peasant whilst imposing torture and death by starvation in a gibbet for being insufficiently polite to a noble.

Obviously, formal justice for peasants is entirely dependent on the good will of the lord. In those fiefs where the lord is both wise and well intentioned, the system works well. In others, it is a mere instrument of oppression.

Because of these inadequacies, most peasants try to deal with crimes without involving their lords. The wealthy merchants, in particular, want to keep the nobility out of their dealings as far as possible. The merchants have convinced many nobles that any lord looking into mercantile dealings in any detail is clearly planning to become a merchant himself and thus in breach of the laws of chivalry. That propaganda, backed up by gifts that make the nobles happy with the current situation, has kept most nobles out of mercantile law.

The clubs of merchants (see **Chapter III**) make their own rules, often setting minimum standards for goods, the treatment of apprentices, and basic trade practice. They also have very strict laws against theft. Merchants who break these rules are fined or thrown out of the club. Other townsfolk are hunted down and then beaten up or killed in a "spontaneous brawl" of the sort that the nobility generally ignore. In a town, the nobility do not normally worry about the deaths of a few townsfolk as it is to be expected.

Merchant courts vary in their practices. Most provide a reasonable semblance of justice to discourage people from bringing things to the attention of the nobility. A few rely on the wisdom and justice of a particular merchant, which works better than doing the same with a noble because the merchant

can be replaced. Most have trained judges, normally working in panels of three or five for serious cases. Juries are rare, as that would make the courts look too much like a noble court.

People appearing before these courts generally hire lawyers to help them. The merchant courts are very attentive to the letter of the rules, so a skilled lawyer is a great help. In some towns, it is possible to hire the judges to serve as your lawyers, which is very expensive but almost always effective. This is not regarded as a corrupt practice, because the judge must still find a way to justify your behaviour under the law. Many lawyers are very inventive in this respect and become more inventive the more they are paid.

Sample Merchant Sentences

"Pay a fine of 100 gc, compensating the club for lost revenues due to your trading practices."

"Hand over your business to your accuser as compensation for running him out of business through unfair means."

"Close your shop every day one hour before sunset." (The competition gains an advantage, but not a decisive one.)

"Wear a large, fake green nose at all times." (This makes the merchant look ridiculous and will hinder his business.)

"Cease trading in this town, or you will suffer a serious accident."

In villages, things are more restrained. The lord is more likely to notice attempts to enforce laws without telling him, so things are kept quieter. In most cases, a small number of village elders, rarely more than three, have responsibility for all cases. They hear the two sides and then assign a penalty. The penalty generally provides some sort of compensation for the victim, as that is easier to hide from the lord than hurting the criminal. In serious cases, however, "accidents" are arranged to impose mutilation or the death penalty. Peasants who slip whilst carrying a scythe and accidentally stab themselves twelve times in the stomach have contributed to the nobility's belief that peasants are supernaturally clumsy and incompetent.

Sample Peasant Sentences

"Give your pig's next three litters to the person whose pig you stole."

"Never enter the house of Galbad again, on pain of having your feet cut off." (Sentences of this sort are often used on adulterers.)

"Give your next child to the family of Martan to be raised to replace the child who died." (In a case of accidental death.)

"Explain to the lord why he must reduce the taxes on the village." (Usually a death sentence, but if the peasant can succeed he will have almost any crime forgiven.)

Peasants can flee justice, becoming outlaws. Indeed, if your lord is after you, this is often the best choice. Nevertheless, few outlaws last more than a week or so in the wilderness. Some even return to have their hands cut off by the village court, rather than die in the forests.



— SUMPTUARY LAWS —

Bretonnia's sumptuary laws forbid the peasants from wearing certain things or using certain items. They are central to maintaining the difference between nobles and peasants, and few nobles would wear something that was permitted to peasants if they had the choice. In addition, women are forbidden to wear men's clothing. Men could wear dresses, but they do not.

Peasants are not permitted to wear armour at all, unless serving nobles in a feudal host. Heavy plate armour is forbidden to peasants under all circumstances, as are the weapons of chivalry: the lance and the sword. Gunpowder weapons are not covered by the sumptuary laws, as they are a recent invention.

As mentioned in **Chapter I**, stone, as a building material, is limited to the nobility. In addition, only the nobility may use eating utensils made of silver. Wealthy merchants thus use gold and glass, which are even more expensive but legal. Very few nobles eat off gold because it has become associated with mercantile activities.

The traditional Bretonnian floor was packed earth, covered by rushes and reeds of various kinds. A few centuries ago, the sumptuary laws fixed that the best reeds and herbs for this could only be used by the nobility. Since then, wealthier peasants have discovered floorboards and carpets, which are not covered, but most nobles still scatter the prescribed reeds and herbs. In many cases, this is now purely symbolic, a handful of leaves being scattered on top of a carpet.

The main target of the sumptuary laws is clothing. White, red, and blue cloth or thread are limited to the nobility, as are the fur of the fox, ermine, and squirrel. The foot of a peasant's shoe must be no more than twelve inches long (peasants with big feet must wear sandals), and his breeches must reach from waist to ankle, be of un-dyed cloth, and carry no embroidery. A peasant's tunic must reach his knees, be close about the neck, and the sleeves can be no more than six inches across. A

peasant woman's dress must run from her neck to her ankles and may not be gathered at the waist. Only nobles may wear slashed cloaks, as they are associated with knighthood (thus peasants have to be very careful about repairing their cloaks).

Many nobles choose to emphasise their status by wearing clothes that would be highly illegal for peasants. Possibly the most absurd manifestation of this are the popular shoes, with extended toes reaching several feet from the heel. These are often curved back and tied to the wearer's leg around the knee to keep them out of the way. Apart from this, embroidered breeches are very common, as are short tunics with enormous sleeves. All noble clothing includes some red, white, or blue, and much is trimmed with fox, ermine, or squirrel fur.

Noble women often wear low-cut dresses pulled very tight at the waist. Short skirts are unheard of, as anything worn under a skirt would count as breeches and, thus, men's clothing. Very long skirts which trail on the ground behind the lady are popular.

Lords may issue peasants under their authority with specific exemptions from the sumptuary laws. This may be as minor as allowing a woman to have a red ribbon at the neck of her dress or as major as exempting a merchant from all restrictions on tunics. By long-standing custom, however, the laws are most honoured in the breeches, and no exemptions to those rules are ever granted.

Wealthy peasants without exemptions often run as close to the rules as they can. Merchants, for example, wear boots that reach their knees, a tunic embroidered in yellow, green, and black that reaches the top of the boots, and lots of jewellery. If they have an exception, they take as much advantage of it as they can, which occasionally results in tasteless merchants dressing in solid crimson. Indeed, some nobles grant exemptions that they know will make someone embarrass himself.

— LOCAL LAWS —

All nobles have the power to make laws for their peasants as long as they do not conflict with royal law. Likewise, Dukes make laws that apply to all nobles, apart from Barons, in their dukedoms, again as long as they do not conflict with royal law.

Some of these laws are practical responses to local conditions. The Dukedom of Bordeleaux, for example, requires that the dead be cremated and the ashes scattered on water before the first nightfall after death. In an area plagued by the Undead, these are merely sensible precautions.

Others were practical once, but have long since lost their original point. In the city of Gisoreux, there must be a torch outside every house, to be lit when the Nightravens come. The Nightravens were monsters that attacked people in flocks, picking their bones clean, but they fled from light. However, the last flock was destroyed by Sir Thopas over five hundred years ago, so Gisoreux is full of torches that are never lit.

Finally, many local laws reflect the eccentricities of the lords. Lord Desisle, ruler of lands in Bastonne, requires all peasants to press their faces to the ground when he passes. Lord Laurent, in Artois, requires all newly married couples to spend their first night in his bedchamber. To the surprise of his peasants, the Lord himself always spends that night sleeping outside the door to the chamber, ensuring that the couple is not disturbed. The Duke of Lyonesse has, for many years, required all nobles in the Dukedom to provide a feast for twelve peasants once per year. Most nobles invite wealthy merchants and the like, though a few of the truly noble feed the utterly impoverished.

These local laws are under the control of the noble who declares them. However, if the law is particularly extreme, the King can pass a royal law that conflicts with it, making it illegal. It is believed that this is the origin of the royal law stating that all peasant boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age must stand

under the open sky and shout "Griffon claws!" once, on nights when Mannanslieb is full. At least, no one can think of any other reason for it, though most scholars are equally puzzled as to the nature of the law it was to over-rule. (This law is rarely enforced.)

Sample Local Laws

Peasants must remain indoors between sunset and sunrise.

All pigs must swear before a Grail Damsel that they are not servants of Chaos.

Peasants must wear hats, the height of the hat indicating the amount of taxes they paid last year.

All turnips must be carved with an Orc's face before being eaten, to express contempt for that pathetic race.

All houses must keep a bale of reeds for re-thatching the roof. (Most effective if enforced in a town where almost all houses are now tiled.)

Any boat landing in the port must pay a tax of its keel or its captain, unless a resident of the town owns it.

All men's clothing must expose the left-hand side of the chest at all times. (Instituted after trouble with a Chaos cult that branded its members there. Chaos cults are too stupid to think of moving the brand, after all.)

— OUTLAWS —

Bretonnia has a long tradition of outlaws. These are people who are outside the law; no matter what you do to them, it is not illegal. There are a number of ways to become an outlaw, and the different routes produce rather different people.

ON THE RUN

First, any peasant who flees his rightful lord automatically becomes an outlaw. These outlaws are simply trying to survive but don't feel that they owe anything to Bretonnian society. They hunt illegally and steal food from villages. They rarely steal money, as they have no opportunities to spend it, and on the whole, they try to avoid killing their victims. Foreigners often have quite a bit of sympathy for these outlaws, an attitude shared by Bretonnian townsfolk. Nobles regard them as despicable criminals for fleeing their rightful place, and because villagers suffer the effects of their thefts and may be punished for the outlaw's hunting, they also regard them as criminals.

On the other hand, no one particularly hates these kinds of outlaws, and most people overlook their dubious pasts if they perform some sort of great service, such as saving a village from a band of Beastmen.

CRIMINAL INTENT

The second group is made up of violent criminals who have fled justice. These outlaws do kill their victims and generally have the contacts necessary to fence stolen goods. Most of them target nobles and merchants because peasants have nothing to steal, but they have no desire to help peasants. The victims of these outlaws hire bounty hunters or dispatch troops to deal with them. Even ordinary peasants have no sympathy for them, though it is rare for a village to be roused to any sort of positive action.

The third group is the most loathed. Corrupt and powerful nobles or significant Chaos cults are declared outlawed when discovered, along with all their associates. This grants anyone permission to try to defeat them, and knights and peasants alike take advantage of it. An outlawed noble may be able to hold on to his castle for some time, but ultimately the rest of the Bretonnian nobility turns against him. Most such

outlaws flee into the wilderness where they can establish a secret stronghold and support themselves by preying on the surrounding country.

Such groups find themselves in violent competition with all other outlaws in the area, as defeating such a threat wins pardon for almost any crime. These outlaws are also the most depraved, killing people for the fun of it and targeting nobles and peasants indifferently.

HERRIMAULTS

The final group of outlaws is the Herrimaults.

Herrimaults are outside the law, but they fight for justice, robbing the rich to feed the poor and overthrowing oppressive nobles condoned by their peers. They are a popular subject of peasant tales, and over the years, these stories have come to be attributed to a single group, led by The Faceless, which acts all over Bretonnia. The Herrimault is a style of hooded cloak popular a few centuries ago, worn by the characters in these stories. The name has come to be applied to the men themselves, who are also called Hoods, Hoodies, Wood Hoods, Woodies, and Herrings. The Faceless prefer that but are also called Crownless Lords, Nameless Men, Him Out Back, and Cod. The fish names are not particularly respectful, but even so, using them distinguishes the Herrimaults from common outlaws, so almost no nobles do so.

Herrimaults have diverse backgrounds. Many are peasants who served in their lord's army and saw enough of the world to want to help the unfortunate. Other peasants started by trying to right a local injustice, were condemned to outlawry in the process, and joined the Herrimaults to continue their quest. Some groups form in response to a particularly evil noble, drawing mainly from his lands. Many women who are caught passing as men flee justice to become outlaws, and most of them join the Herrimaults. Ironically, they must still conceal their sex, even among outlaws, because the sexist attitudes of Bretonnia persist. Finally, some Herrimaults were noble-born but made outlaws because they tried to right an injustice committed by a more powerful noble who was able to turn the courts against them. These individuals expect to become leaders, and their military training means they are often suited to the role.

Herrimaunts live by a code of honour that is clearly set out in the tales of the Faceless (as described in the corresponding sidebar). The order of the injunctions is roughly their order of importance. Groups of outlaws who harm innocents (generally defined as women, children, and the aged) lose any claim to be Herrimaunts, even if the harm was caused in the pursuit of justice.

Loyalty to one another is, of course, vital among outlaws, as is the prohibition on asking about a member's past. Peasants and even nobles who wish to leave some traumatic event behind often join the Herrimaunts, concentrating on their new goals.

JOINING THE OUTLAWS

Becoming a Merry Man (a member of the Herrimaunts) is simple; become an outlaw, and declare yourself to be one. If you uphold the Code, others will recognise you as such, and you gain the benefits of their good reputation.

However, lone outlaws do not survive for very long, so most aspiring Herrimaunts look to join an established group. Traditionally, as described in the story cycle, applicants walk through the forest where the group hides, loudly declaring their intent to join. An applicant who survives doing this is clearly competent enough to join; the chances of avoiding being attacked by beasts, Beastmen, or Orcs are very slim.

The applicant is confronted by the Herrimaunts and required to swear to the Code. These probationary members are watched carefully for some time until The Faceless judges them to have proved their loyalty. Infiltration by spies is a constant problem for bands of Herrimaunts, so wise Herrimaunted Men organise their bands so that they can survive any single member turning out to be a spy. The normal method is to split the gang into groups with separate hideouts and never tell anyone in advance when they plan to gather the whole band.

Bands of outlaws that hold to the Code of the Herrimaunts are very popular among the peasants, who call on them to right perceived injustices. It is common for Herrimaunts to steal shipments of heavy taxes and return the food and goods to the peasants who paid them. Groups that have survived for some time know how to do this without arousing the suspicions of the lord. Herrimaunts also rescue peasants sentenced to hang,



protect villages from Beastmen and Greenskins, and attempt the overthrow of particularly oppressive nobles.

They are also very protective of their reputations. Anyone not a member of a band of Herrimaunts who claims to be risks being executed as a warning to others (such liars are not innocent). Similarly, bands of outlaws who claim the name but do not live up to the Code are the first targets of genuine Herrimaunts in the area.

Most nobles regard the Herrimaunts as criminals and revolutionaries, to be put down as quickly and brutally as possible. Many merchants share this opinion. The most just nobles, however, find that they have few problems with the Herrimaunts personally and generally admire their aims. Some even help them secretly without giving up their noble positions, and a few Faceless sleep in a castle most nights.

THE CODE OF THE HERRIMAUNTS

Do not harm the innocent. You cannot fight for justice by unjust means.

Uphold justice where law has failed.

Take the excess from the wealthy to feed the starving. It is no harm to lose money that you do not need.

Be true to your fellows. Betrayal is a foul deed, worthy of Greenskins and Beastmen.

Ask no questions of your fellows' pasts. Every Herrimaunt has his reasons for fighting and should be judged on his actions now.

Reject the Ruinous Powers, and fight against them even alongside tyrants.

RELIGION AND CUSTOM

"Favored by the Lady, I am. She took all my children, and now I'm too old to work. Spare a copper?"

- ANONYMOUS L'ANGUILLEN BEGGAR



Much as the Empire is shaped by the cult of Sigmar Heldenhammer, Bretonnia is shaped by the Cult of the Lady of the Lake, who is often simply called the Lady. Within Bretonnia, no one else could possibly be meant. There are, however, deep differences between the two Cults. Most notably, whilst the Cult of Sigmar claims the allegiance of all in the Empire, the Cult of the Lady is almost entirely restricted to the nobility. Further, the agents of the Lady take all children who show magical talent before they reach the age of three, and these thefts have left profound scars on the national psyche.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Goddess of Bretonnia

Revered throughout Bretonnia but barely known beyond, the Lady of the Lake is a truly regional goddess. She stands for purity, nobility, and courage in the face of danger. She is the ideal lady, everything a knight should love and strive to serve. In the minds of many knights, the Lady *is* Bretonnia, in a mystical sense.

Unlike virtually all other Gods of the Old World, the Lady is encountered by her mortal worshippers in this world. All Grail Knights met her at the climax of their quest, and the Grail Damsels are also said to be initiated by the Lady herself, though they speak very little of it. As a result, when the Lady is portrayed, she is portrayed consistently: a young woman of great and somewhat unworldly beauty, clothed in white, with a narrow golden fillet holding a white veil on her head. In one hand, she holds the Grail.

The most prominent difference between the Cult of the Lady and the other religious orders of the Old World is that the Lady has no Priests or Initiates. Instead, she is served by the Grail Knights—the flower of Bretonnian chivalry—and the Grail Damsels, women taken from their families as children and raised by the Fay Enchantress to serve the Lady with mysterious powers.

SYMBOL

The Lady has two symbols. The first is the Grail, the magical cup from which her Grail Knights drink and from which Grail Damsels and Prophetesses are believed to draw their power. It is depicted as a golden goblet with a wide base, narrow stem, and flaring cup.

The Grail is often shown decorated with the Lady's other symbol, the fleur-de-lis, though those who have seen it insist that it bears no ornament other than its superb shape. The fleur-de-lis, a stylised lily, primarily symbolises purity and only secondarily the Lady.

Finally, it is common for the Lady to be depicted directly—on banners, after the manner of the one she gave to Gilles le Breton, or in stained glass. Over time, stained glass depictions have become extremely popular, as the light shining through them recalls the light that is supposed to surround the Lady. Most Grail Chapels have such a window.

AREA OF WORSHIP

The Lady is worshipped within Bretonnia, primarily by the nobility. Both knights and their ladies worship her, and Bretonnians outside their own country normally maintain their

faith. Strong Bretonnian influence among the Border Princes means that there are a number of Grail Chapels to be found there, though the Grail Damsels normally seem to treat that area as outside their sphere of influence.

TEMPERAMENT

The Lady is concerned with protecting Bretonnia, working through its knights to do so. Their courage and martial skill protect the land from external foes, whilst their nobility and chivalry ensure that the land enjoys internal peace and justice. She seems not to concern herself directly with peasants in any way.

STRICTURES

The strictures of the Lady are the strictures of chivalry. As these apply to men, they are described in **Chapter Eight**, but the rules for women are different.

- Preserve your modesty and innocence.
- Serve and obey your father before marriage, your husband after.
- Succour those who are weak and helpless through no fault of their own.
- Show favour only to the bravest and most noble knights who seek your blessing.

GRAIL CHAPELS

The Lady's temples and shrines are called Grail Chapels and are only built on sites where the Lady herself has appeared to one of her worshippers. This is most often the site where a Questing Knight was allowed to drink from the Grail, becoming a Grail Knight.

As Grail Chapels are almost invariably built by the nobility, most are of stone and built in a soaring style dominated by pointed arches and large windows. Each Chapel is a single hall with a high ceiling, a door at one end, windows in the side walls, and a large window in the end opposite the door. Stained glass, depicting the Lady, her servants, and great deeds of chivalry, is the dominant form of decoration. All Grail Chapels face the Forest of Loren, home of the Fay Enchantress and the place where, most believe, the Grail Damsels are trained. In much of Bretonnia, then, they face southeast, which also means that a lot of sunlight falls on that side.

The main window is almost always a depiction of the Lady, but in particularly small or poor chapels it may depict the Grail or a fleur-de-lis. The windows are decorated in order, moving back along the Chapel from the main window. The window over the door is often in the shape of the fleur-de-lis and almost never glazed with stained glass.

Every Grail Chapel is supposed to be attended by a Grail Knight, who guards it, maintains it, and exemplifies the values of the Lady. In practice, many Grail Knights found Grail Chapels on the site where they themselves encounter the Lady, and thus there are far more Grail Chapels than Grail Knights. In addition, most Grail Knights spend their lives wandering



the land and fighting evil or serving their lords. Only a few, the Hermit Knights, choose to spend their lives watching over a Grail Chapel.

At an attended Chapel, the Grail Knight gives a short sermon every Ladyday (the name for Holiday in Bretonnia), and those who live nearby are expected to attend. Grail Knights are not selected for their oratorical abilities, but many feel that they ought to make an effort, and thus long, rambling, pointless sermons are extremely common. For the rest of the time, the Chapel is open to those who wish to pray or meditate, but the Knight prevents any lesser use of the building.

Some Chapels are attended by Grail and Battle Pilgrims (see pages 97 and 95 respectively), often venerating the reliquary of the Grail Knight who founded the Chapel. These operate in much the same way as those attended by Grail Knights, except that the sermons tend to be better; the leaders of Grail Pilgrims are chosen on the basis of oratorical ability.

A few Chapels are maintained by nobles who are not Grail Knights. These Chapels were generally founded by an ancestor of the nobles in question, and in some cases, the maintenance of a Chapel is one of the duties attached to a fief. A bare handful are attended by Grail Damsels and Prophetesses. These are the holiest of the Chapels and popular destinations for pilgrimage.

Many Grail Chapels, however, are unattended and uncared for. These buildings may fall into ruin or be used as storage areas by peasants. As stone buildings, they are normally the sturdiest structure in a village. Grail Knights frown on most such uses, with one exception. Peasants who take refuge from attackers in the Chapel are believed to be putting themselves under the protection of the Lady, an act of piety. It is rare for even these

Chapels to fall into ruin, as stone buildings are durable and normally only fall apart completely when building materials are stolen from them. In Bretonnia, only nobles are allowed to build in stone, and no nobles would risk getting caught stealing building material from a Grail Chapel.

The holiest Grail Chapel in Bretonnia is the First Chapel, in the castle of Bordeleaux. Founded by Marcus of Bordeleaux, one of the Grail Companions, in the great hall where he was visited by the Lady, it set the architectural pattern for all future Chapels, but is unusual in facing west; the hall already existed. This Chapel is attended by a Grail Prophetess, at least three Grail Damsels, and at least two Grail Knights at all times. All of the greatest nobles of Bretonnia pay towards its upkeep, but the Duke of Bordeleaux willingly pays the largest share.

PILGRIMAGES

Followers of the Lady are encouraged to make pilgrimages, journeys to distant sites of religious significance. The target of a pilgrimage is almost always a Grail Chapel and must be at some distance from the pilgrim's place of residence. The First Chapel in Bordeleaux is a very popular destination, but not for those who live in the city itself; for them, it is too close.

People, both noble and peasant, often go on pilgrimages to mark major life events. Marriages are solemnised at distant Chapels, whilst after a funeral, the bereaved family make a pilgrimage on behalf of the deceased soul. Illness and injury are also occasions for pilgrimage; it is common to promise to go on a pilgrimage if you recover. Some people also mark the anniversaries of major events with a pilgrimage.

This is not pure piety. Peasants need the permission of their lords to travel, and most lords are very reluctant to give this out. Even the meanest lord, however, can hardly refuse permission for a wedding pilgrimage. Thus, for many peasants, pilgrimages are basically holidays.

The destination of a pilgrimage is most often a Grail Chapel attended by a living Grail Knight, with the hope of gaining the Knight's blessing. Those few Chapels attended by Grail Damsels are popular with the nobility, but peasants tend to stay away. There are also a few Chapels that have become popular destinations and now provide many services for the pilgrims that flock there, including taverns, inns, theatres, and other entertainments. The Chapel of the Thrice-Sundered Lance, in the mountains near Parravon, is the most famous of such locations, drawing pilgrims from across Bretonnia.

GRAIL DAMSELS

Grail Damsels, also known as The Damsels of the Lady, are wrapped in mystery. Born in Bretonnia, they were taken by the Fay Enchantress as young girls and raised by her, some say in the Forest of Loren, others say in another world entirely. They wield supernatural power, generally over nature, and tell the Bretonnia's nobles of the Lady's will.

Grail Damsels are completely outside the laws of Bretonnia and equally outside its social customs. No one would dare to criticise one, even behind her back. They are all beautiful,



DAMSELS IN PLAY

Damsels and Prophetesses of the Lady are not suitable as player characters because they should always be surrounded by an air of mystery. Player characters cannot be mysterious to the players.

In game terms, treat their powers as those of Wizards, except that many of them can cast spells from more than one Lore. Damsels start with access to either Beasts or Life and then gain access to the other. Advancement to Prophetess is marked by gaining access to the Lore of the Heavens.

Damsels work best in three roles. First, as they operate completely outside the social structures of Bretonnia, they make good contacts for non-noble player characters. A knight fraternising with peasants would be looked at suspiciously, but no one would question a Damsel.

Second, they can be *dei ex machina*, appearing to save the player characters when all seems lost. You should avoid using them like this at the climax of an adventure, because characters should feel as though they have won or lost by their own efforts.

Third, they are good sources of adventures. A Damsel might carry a message from the Lady, or a Prophetess might have a vision that involves the player characters.

Damsels never apologise and never explain. They never seem surprised by the outcome of events, and they often know things it seems that they could not have learned by mundane means. Player characters should feel respect tinged with fear for these figures.

Genuine Damsels are never corrupt, but there are servants of the Dark Powers who pretend to be Damsels. Such figures make good antagonists.

appearing young for many years before suddenly withdrawing to the Forest of Loren, where most assume that they die. Many go about with their hair uncovered, and not a few are notorious for their promiscuity, though no tales of a Grail Damsel giving birth are known. Few claim to understand their behaviour, but the arcane support they give to Bretonnia's armies is much appreciated.

Experienced Grail Damsels are called Prophetesses of the Lady, or Grail Prophetesses. These Damsels have the power to foretell the future and provide counsel to the highest nobles. Some Prophetesses travel Bretonnia, giving counsel to many different people, as they see fit.

The highest of the Lady's servants is the Fay Enchantress. The Fay Enchantress spends much of her time in Bretonnia and can be found at the Royal Court for all major events. Her authority is greater even than the King's, for with a single word she could deprive any King of his crown. Her personal supernatural power is also immense, far greater than even the Grail Prophetesses'. The Fay Enchantress is apparently immortal, as the same person has apparently filled the role since the foundation of Bretonnia. Some believe she is actually an avatar of the Lady herself, but the Fay Enchantress has always denied this when asked.

GIFTS OF THE LADY

The Lady of the Lake grants benefits to those who truly serve her. She is most renowned for granting protection, but her powers are broader than that.

The Gifts of the Lady can only be received by characters with at least one Knightly Virtue Talent (see **Chapter Eight: Knighthood** for details). Before going into combat, the knight

takes a few minutes (at least 12 combat rounds) to pray to the Lady, asking for a boon. He then spends a Fortune Point and chooses the blessing he wants. Sometimes, the Lady grants a different blessing if it would benefit the knight. Thus, if the knight is facing non-magical opponents with poisoned weapons, she might grant protection from poison, even though the knight asked for protection from magic.

A knight can only benefit from one Gift at a time. The effect of the Gift lasts until a combat ends or until the knight runs away, whichever comes first. If the knight runs, gathers his courage, and returns, the effects of the Gift do not return; he has shamed his station and must pay the price.

Grail Draught

The knight gains a +20% bonus to all tests to resist poison.

Lady's Mantle

The knight gains +1 Armour Point on all locations. This adds to the value of any armour actually worn, to a maximum of 6 APs per location.

Might of Purity

The knight rolls two dice when dealing damage and chooses the better result.

Strout Heart

The knight gains a +20% bonus to all tests to resist fear, whether mundane or magical.

Ward of Light

The knight seems slightly brighter than his surroundings and gains a +10% bonus to all tests to resist harmful magic.

GRAIL PILGRIMS

Whilst worship of the Lady is centred on the nobility, the peasants do not ignore her. It is true that most peasants give their primary devotion to other deities, and these practices are discussed below. A few peasants, however, are as devoted to the Lady of the Lake as any Grail Knight.

As these peasants cannot become Grail Knights or Damsels themselves, they try to be as close as possible to those who have. Damsels of the Lady are more feared than loved by most peasants, and most would drive off any peasants who started following them around, so the vast majority of these peasants join the entourage of a Grail Knight. Such people are known as Grail Pilgrims.

A Grail Pilgrim, as long as he follows his Grail Knight, accepting the hardships of life on the road, is deemed to be on pilgrimage and thus cannot be seized by his lord. Few join purely for this independence, however, as Grail Knights seek out dangerous places, and the life expectancy of Grail Pilgrims is not long.

Most Grail Knights believe their Pilgrims are especially under their protection, but they do not speak to them, even to give orders. The Grail Knights are, after all, far above the Pilgrims in station. This does not bother the Pilgrims, who share the knight's opinion and are delighted to be allowed to stay close to him. Peasants who do not share this opinion do not become

Grail Pilgrims. Most try to be of service to their knight, whether cleaning his gear, preparing his food, or even serving as guards whilst he sleeps.

In return for this, the Pilgrims gather items that the knight casts off and wear them as relics of a living saint. Anything will do; a typical Grail Pilgrim wears a number of old buttons, socks, armour rivets, and pieces of leather strapping. The more fortunate might wear a broken campstool as a hat or have a strip of cloak wound over the heart. If the knight is killed in combat, most Grail Pilgrims immediately strip the corpse of suitable relics. If the Grail Knight hasn't quite died in combat, this treatment is often enough to finish him off.

Novice Grail Pilgrims run and hide when the knight goes into combat, but over time, they learn to provide some military support. The more experienced become Battle Pilgrims, as competent in a fight as any knight of the Realm. A Grail Knight with a group of Battle Pilgrims is a truly formidable enemy.

When a Grail Knight dies, his body is often made into a Reliquae by his Pilgrims, who then carry it into battle. The corpse is dressed in armour, placed on a skeletal horse, and carried on the shoulders of Grail Pilgrims. The Battle Pilgrims themselves draw strength from the presence of their saint. These groups can last for decades and tend to contain more Battle Pilgrims than most groups that follow a living knight. It is not uncommon for a lord to ask them to join his army.

— PEASANT RELIGION —

As noted, the Cult of the Lady is aimed mainly at the nobility. Most of the peasants give their primary reverence to the standard Gods of the Old World. Ulric has very few worshippers in Bretonnia and fewer shrines. Myrmidia is growing in popularity among the peasant bowmen and men-at-arms summoned in to the armies of the lords, but her perceived relationship with mercenaries reduces her appeal. Manann is worshipped by Bretonnian sailors just as he is anywhere else in the Old World, whilst Verena appeals to the few scholars in Bretonnian society, and many village elders also like to be seen to honour her. Verena is also the patron of a few Merry Men, those who are particularly interested in fighting for justice. Sigmar, of course, is not worshipped.

The recurrent problems with the restless dead have made the worship of Morr quite important, and Gardens of Morr are normally fortified with a wall that is able to defend against attacks from within the garden as well as from without. Even the nobility entrust their mortal remains to Morr's priests.

Ranald is also perennially popular, mostly in towns and cities. Merchants, in particular, tend to look to him as a patron. In Bretonnia, Ranald is more associated with merchants than with rogues, but then most Bretonnians see little difference between a merchant and a thief anyway.

Taal and Rhya are important to both farmers and hunters, and their stone circles stand in Bretonnia as well as in the Empire. Many outlaws also look to Taal as their patron, seeing

themselves as hunters rather than criminals. There are few villages without at least a shrine to these Gods.

However, by far the most important God for most peasants is Shallya. The life of a Bretonnian peasant is extremely hard, and the relief brought by Shallyans is very welcome. No village is more than a day's walk from a substantial temple, and Shallyan priests are as sacrosanct as Damsels of the Lady. No peasant family would choose to live more than a few minutes' walk from a Shallyan shrine, and one sits at the centre of most villages. The nobility have recently taken to endowing small shrines of Shallya near Grail Chapels, a custom that is rapidly growing in popularity.

The Old World's main temple of Shallya is in Couronne. Because of the presence of the Cult of the Lady, it has almost no political influence, which suits most Shallyans very well. Being apart from politics, they can concentrate on bringing healing and succour to the needy.

A common heresy among the peasants is the belief that the Lady of the Lake is a servant of Shallya, who guides the nobility to protect the peasantry. The indisputable fact that Grail Knights treat peasants better than almost any other noble lends some weight to this belief. The Grail Knights and Damsels, however, are ruthless in suppressing it whenever it rears its head. Vigorous investigation has failed to uncover a network of believers, despite the constant reappearance of the heresy; it appears to be a natural weakness of the common folk.

HOLIDAYS

The great holidays of Bretonnia all derive from the foundation legend of the country. The holy days of the Gods of the Old World are also celebrated in Bretonnia, but the holidays associated with the Lady are far more important.

Witching Night

Under the light of both full moons, Bretonnians celebrate the power of the Lady to defend against evil magic, as exemplified in the Eighth Battle of Gilles the Uniter, and her blessing of good magic, as wielded by the Damsels. For the day of the festival, women are in charge, in a sign of respect for the Damsels. Great bonfires are built, and effigies representing (male) Wizards set upon them to be burned. Some areas try to obtain a real Wizard instead, but this is difficult. The fires are always lit by women.

Lily Day

Lily Day celebrates purity and new growth. It is a very popular day for weddings, and the young brides are decked in white flowers. Most villages choose a Lady of Lilies, traditionally the most beautiful maiden, to preside over festivities.

Peace Tide

Gilles's final victory is celebrated with re-enacted battles, pledges of loyalty, and lots of eating and drinking. All quarrels within a community are supposed to be resolved by this day, though quarrels with other communities need not be. Some villages force people who are still quarrelling to accept some resolution before dawn of this day, even if that resolution is a fight to the death.

Day of Mystery

The Day of Mystery commemorates the Lady's first appearance to Gilles and is the holiest day of the year. The barriers between the normal world and the Lady's realm are thought to be thinner, and most people gather in Grail Chapels to contemplate the Lady's works.

Grail Day

In origin, this festival honoured the Grail. It is now an occasion for sampling as much wine as possible. Traditionally, wine is drunk undiluted on this day, which makes many celebrations extremely raucous.

King's Sleep

In the depths of winter, the people remember that Gilles le Breton, like the trees, is not dead, but merely sleeping. Plays depicting his departure and return are a common entertainment.

THE STOLEN CHILDREN

The Fay Enchantress takes all Bretonnian children with magical talent. The girls may return as Damsels of the Lady, but the boys are never seen again. This practice has a profound effect on Bretonnian society.

BRETONNIAN HOLIDAYS

Month	Day	Occasion
–	Witching Night	New Year
After-Witching		
Year-Turn		
–	Lily Day (Imperial Start Growth)	Spring Equinox
Plough-Tide		
Lady's Month (Imperial Sigmar-Tide)		
Summer-Tide		
–	Peace-Tide (Imperial Sun Still)	Summer Solstice
Fore-Mystery		
–	Day of Mystery	
After-Mystery		
Harvest-Tide		
–	Grail Day (Imperial Less Growth)	Autumn Equinox
Brew-Month		
Chill Month		
Gilles-Tide (Imperial Ulric-Tide)		
–	King's Sleep (Imperial World Still)	Winter Solstice
Fore-Witching		

Note: Sacred days with no Month entry do not fall in the months, but rather between them.

The children are normally taken as babies, before they have learned to talk. The Fay may strike at any time, but no one ever sees them come or go. Sometimes that child is taken from the bed she shares with her mother; other children vanish from the crib whilst the mother has her back turned. No matter how much they try to steel themselves, this is a devastating blow for the parents.

Children are not named until they can talk, to avoid naming someone who will be taken from them. In most areas, the parents wait until the child has named both of them (that is, said both "mama" and "papa"), but in some a child is not named before speaking a sentence. The first custom occasionally results

BRETONNIAN CHARACTERS AND MAGIC

Most Bretonnians with the potential to learn arcane magic (Hedge Magic and the Wizard careers) are taken by the Fay. Normal Bretonnian characters can never learn arcane magic. A character who was hidden and raised in the wilderness may, as may one who was raised abroad, or who had their doll stolen in their youth (see **Protecting Children**, below).

THE STOLEN DOLLS

In recent years, some children's dolls, have been taken (see **Protecting Children**, below). These thefts have occurred throughout Bretonnia. Despite thorough investigations, no mundane thieves have been discovered, so it is believed that the Fay took them. The biggest question is why? The first of the children are now reaching adulthood, and a remarkably large number of them are showing a desire for adventure.

in babies being taken after they are named, but most parents want to give their children a name by that point.

PROTECTING CHILDREN

Some parents, desperate to keep their children, try to hide them from the Fay. This is highly illegal. If the ruse is discovered, the child is presented to the Damsels. If it has power, it is taken. If it does not, it is executed before the eyes of its parents. Some of the crueller fiefs require the parents to do it themselves, on pain of dying after seeing their child die. The more practical lords have noticed that this results in a lot of dead peasants.

However, it works often enough that parents still try it. The Fay are not omniscient, and claiming the baby was taken, or still-born, followed by hiding it in the wilderness, has been known to work. Such children often become outlaws because they were not born into a Bretonnian community.

Wealthier parents, particularly merchants with connections in other countries, arrange to swap babies, often with relatively

poor families in the other country. The adoptive parents are paid to raise the child well, whilst the Bretonnians raise the borrowed baby as their own child. The true child is often taken on as an apprentice, mysteriously favoured, whilst the decoy child finds his parents strangely cold.

Centuries ago, some parents started making dolls to resemble their children, in the hope that the Fay would take the doll by mistake. The custom spread, and now every Bretonnian has a "Fay doll." These dolls range from simple rag dolls to elaborate constructions of painted wood that look a great deal like the baby. The families of stolen children often give the doll a seat at feasts and important gatherings and may buy it small birthday presents. People who were not taken keep their own Fay dolls, which are thought to bring good luck.

A darker custom is infanticide. Peasant families that cannot feed another mouth may take a new baby into the wilderness and abandon it, claiming that the child was taken by the Fay. Few parents can actually bring themselves to kill their own children, and some of these children are found and raised by groups of outlaws. Since there is no reason to suppose that the child was not taken by the Fay, these cases are almost never investigated.

Because there are no male Wizards in Bretonnia, any who visit the country are treated with great suspicion. Visiting around Witching Night is particularly dangerous, unless you want to play a central role in the celebrations. Most Bretonnians have too much common sense to risk angering a master of the mystic arts, but few will trust a Wizard, and he will be a prime suspect in any mysterious events that coincide with his visit. Even more so than in the Empire, Wizards should feel extremely unwelcome.

THE FAY

The Fay of Bretonnia are actually the Wood Elves of Athel Loren. Bretonnians do know about Elves; some Sea Elves trade with the country, particularly through L'Anguille where they have a substantial enclave. Wood Elves from the Empire also occasionally pass through. However, most people do not make any connection to the Fay of the forest, the servants of the Lady.

Non-Bretonnian characters who encounter the Fay are quite likely to realise they are Elves, and Bretonnian characters with substantial personal experience of Elves may also make the connection. However, most Bretonnians with personal experience of Elves live in L'Anguille, at the opposite end of the country from the Forest of Loren.

The Fay Enchantress is also an Elf, and characters have the same chance to notice. Elven characters, of course, realise automatically whenever they meet "the Fay."

Perceptive players might notice that the Fay and the Fay Enchantress are all Elves, that the Damsels of the Lady are Wizards, and that there are no Priests of the Lady. This might lead them to ask questions about the nature of the Lady of the Lake.

There are some questions, however, to which the answers should remain mysterious.



A TOUR OF BRETONNIA

"The character of every Dukedom is captured in its wines. I have laid in stock, and propose to tour the Kingdom this very night. Would you care to join me?"

- A MERCHANT OF BORDELAUX



Bretonnia is a land rich in tradition and scenic landscapes. From the emerald green fields to the imposing forests, it is a place of beauty and glory. But beneath the veneer of the splendour, Bretonnia, like the rest of the Old World hides its own corruption, its own dark secrets. This chapter provides all the details needed to explore this storied nation.

Before setting out to describe the various duchies, it's important to clarify how names work here. Place names and titles in Bretonnia are very simple. Consider, as an example, Couronne. The Dukedom of Couronne is ruled by the Duke of Couronne, who has his seat in Castle Couronne,

which is found in the city of Couronne. This applies at lower levels, too. The Lord of Temmerais, in Quenelles, rules the fief of Temmerais from Castle Temmerais, which overlooks the village of Temmerais. Empire folk suggest that this is because Bretonnians cannot remember more than one name. Bretonnians, on the other hand, insinuate that Imperial nobles like to have lots of titles because they have little power. Bretonnian nobles may, in fact, have multiple titles, but using more than one at once is frowned upon; they use whichever is most relevant. Dukes almost invariably use their ducal title, the main exception being the King.

— L'ANGUILLE —

Most of L'Anguille consists of arable land, though the Forest of Arden covers its southernmost reaches.

Despite the fame of the port at the city of L'Anguille, the coastline of the dukedom is actually rather short and famed for being particularly rugged. For most of its length, cliffs plunge straight into the sea, and rocks rise from the water off shore. The currents are even more treacherous than normal; even with a skilled pilot, tests to get a boat to a safe landing point are **Hard** (-20%). The sea monsters known as Theralind's Brood (see sidebar, page 44) that infest the area make things even more hazardous.

As a result, there are very few settlements along the coast of L'Anguille, with the notable exception of the city of L'Anguille itself. Those who do live there generally want to keep to themselves; hermits, smugglers, pirates, and cultists have all been found clinging to the coast.



Inland L'Anguille is almost entirely arable, dotted with the castles of the nobility. The soil is fertile and the weather normally mild as if the storms spend all their fury on the sea-cliffs, and few monsters lurk in the fields. The villages of L'Anguille maintain long, narrow strips of woodland, no more than a hundred feet across and often narrower. These bands separate the land of one village from the next, offer a source of timber, provide forage for pigs, and cannot hide bandits or monsters.

Apart from the great city of L'Anguille, there are no real towns in the dukedom. The cities of L'Anguille and Couronne are so positioned that no area of L'Anguille is very far from them, and they have proved impossible to compete with. On the other hand, it seems as though every village has a weekly market, as no peasant wants to go as far as the cities for daily necessities.

THERALIND'S BROOD

Theralind was the beloved of Corduin of L'Anguille, first Duke and Grail Companion. Legend has it she was transformed into a hideous sea-monster by a jealous hag, but her natural virtue triumphed and she now guards the port. The fierce, unpredictable storms that lash the coast are said to be the result of her grief, and it is true they almost never strike L'Anguille itself nor the shipping channel leading to the port.

The monsters referred to as Theralind's Brood are certainly hideous, but they seem to have no natural virtue. They are serpent-like, though their heads are best described as like scaly horses with fangs. They have two clawed arms but no apparent hind limbs. The brood seem to revel in the most dangerous currents and show no hesitation in attacking boats or even ships. They can leap from the water to reach the deck of a vessel (scholars report that they can survive for up to half an hour on land) and fight just as viciously there. Some think that they are the adult form of the carnivorous fish in the Sannez. At any rate, they have never been seen outside the Gulf of L'Anguille.

Theralind's Brood Statistics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	0%	43%	45%	50%	10%	32%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	22	4	4	3	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Perception +20%, Silent Move, Swim +20%

Talents: Frightening, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Scales (2)

Special Rules:

Aquatic: Those of Theralind's Brood can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 8 in water.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs (none)

Weapons: Claws and Fangs

The southern stretch of the dukedom is within the Forest of Arden, and Beastmen and fouler things often make their way out of the woods to raid the lands. For some reason, stag-headed Beastmen are particularly common in this dukedom.

PEOPLE

The people of L'Anguille fall into two groups: those from the city and those from the country. They differ radically, and rivalries between them are as strong as rivalries with other dukedoms.

Those from the city are sailors, fishermen, and traders. They live from the sea and are proud of it. True courage is to be found in the face of the elements, whilst life on land is an

opportunity to enjoy life as much as possible. They claim the country-folk spend so much time worrying about next year's crop that they forget to live. People leave the city to settle down (unlikely for player characters) or because they want to face challenges that can be defeated, rather than merely survived.

Those from the country are farmers. They are solid and reliable, and the main threats are from bandits and, especially, Beastmen. They claim the city folk are gamblers who cannot be trusted to do an honest day's work. People leave the country to see something more exciting than a turnip harvest or to take the fight to the Beastmen.

The tension between the two groups is the main factor in the internal politics of the dukedom. Duke Taubert's avoidance of the sea exacerbated this; not only does he never visit the city, but he also avoids thinking about it as much as possible. He has appointed several stewards, but previous ones all failed to impose order. The current steward, Godemar Fitzgodric, is the wealthiest merchant in Bretonnia, head of the Brethren of the Lighthouse, and fully effective in making sure that the city's taxes are paid on time.

Godemar and the Brethren, however, want independence and rulership. Godemar, as a peasant, is a very lowly servant of the Duke—a fact the Duke's court rubs his nose in every time he goes to pay the taxes. However, his position has allowed him to bring the city almost entirely under the control of the Brethren. The Council of the Brethren are currently debating their next move: should they seek independence from the dukedom of L'Anguille, or independence from Bretonnia with the lands of the dukedom dependent on them? Whilst this debate continues, they are interested mainly in political stability.

Duke Taubert's absence means he is unknown to most people in the city. There are some who are considering appealing to him about the abuses of the Brethren, and among them, he has an almost messianic reputation. Most citizens, particularly merchants, regard him as distant and ineffectual, and that's the way they like it.

Among the peasantry of the countryside, things are very different. To them, the Duke is a hero, riding personally against the Beastmen. He has set up a chain of signal towers along the edges of the forest which relay an alarm to Gragar Castle if raiding bands are sighted. Armed bands are sent out in response, often led by the Duke in person. More than a few villages have been saved from utter destruction by the timely arrival of the Duke's men, and there are some people who have had their lives saved by him personally; this often has a major impact on their opinions of their Duke.

The Beastmen have become more cunning over the years, and the more brutish have simply turned their attentions to Lyonesse, Artois, and Couronne. This is the cause of some tension with the neighbouring dukedoms, and some of the other nobles mutter that Duke Taubert should try to defeat the Beastmen properly rather than just driving them into other lords' lands. The fact remains, however, that Duke Taubert is acting more heroically than are most other lords in the area, and this keeps criticism muted whilst making it more likely

that he will be opposed on other issues.

DUKE TAUBERT OF L'ANGUILLE

Duke Taubert was a sailor in his youth, but has neither set foot on a ship nor lived within sight of the sea for over fifteen years, ever since returning from his last voyage. He has not spoken of his reasons to anyone.

Since his return, Duke Taubert based himself at Grasgar Castle on the edge of the Forest of Arden. The Dukes have used this castle as a hunting lodge for generations, but Duke Taubert has been expanding it and using it as a base for expeditions deep into the forest. He says his aim is to defeat the Beastmen, but many think he just wants to be as far from the sea as possible.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

L'Anguille

The city of L'Anguille is one of the wonders of the Old World. It was built by the Elves as a great trading port, and much of the original structure has survived the millennia. Most spectacular is the lighthouse, over three hundred feet tall and with walls so smooth that, at first glance, look like a single piece of stone. The walls of the city extend from the lighthouse, rise sixty feet above the streets, and are broad enough to ride ten abreast along the top. Elves on their first visit invariably climb to the top of the lighthouse, and none of the lighthouse keepers would dare to stop them.

The buildings within the walls, however, are all Human-made and much more recent. The oldest is the castle, built on an island in the middle of the harbour and commanding the whole channel with its siege engines. It is somewhat rundown, as the Duke has not visited in years, but the defences are kept up. However, the Brethren of the Lighthouse have taken advantage of the Duke's absence to build four of their own watchtowers. These watchtowers are small castles, armed with cannons, and designed to give the guns the best field of fire possible. The Brethren have also installed gunnery platforms on the ends of the walls. The

"The salt gets into your brain, you know. That's why the city folk think about nothing but money."

— L'ANGUILLE PEASANT

"If you see the same few people every day for years, you stop believing that anyone else exists, and you really think that the size of your cow is a measure of your importance."

— L'ANGUILLE BURGHER

"They want to be more Marienburg than we are. I hear that some of the merchants even want to dam the Sannez so they can have their own swamp."

— MARIENBURG SAILOR

SAYINGS OF L'ANGUILLE

"An arm and a leg": A very small amount of money. The gate tolls charge for each arm and each leg, so this is half a small amount of money.

"Lighthouse fuel": Large amounts of money. A reference both to the cost of keeping up the lighthouse and the money needed to join the Brethren.

"Night fishing": suicidally dangerous, with little chance for profit.

"Port and Pasture": two things that are very different and don't get along.

"There's no harbour in a cliff": Don't go looking for new things; be happy with what you have.

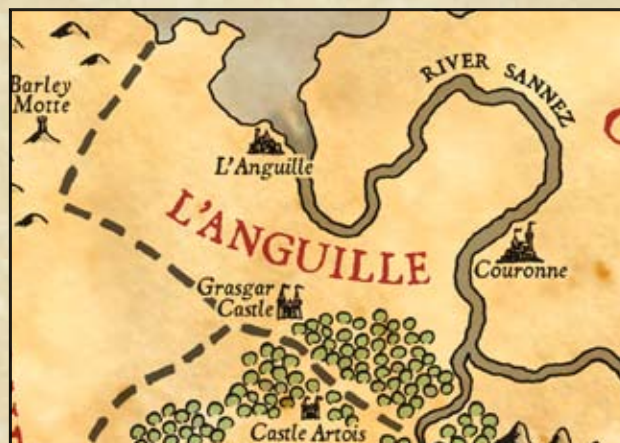
Castellan would complain to the Duke, but any response would come through the steward: Godemar Fitzgodric, head of the Brethren.

Grasgar Castle

Grasgar Castle is the current home of Duke Taubert and the newest large castle in Bretonnia. Fifteen years ago, it was a modest hunting lodge, defended by a moat and wooden palisade. Now there is a grand keep, over one hundred feet to the top of its towers, surrounded by a moat and curtain wall, and construction work continues on a second, even larger, curtain wall. This castle is being built as a secure base for an army.

Even now, there are typically fifty knights and several hundred men-at-arms present, but the barracks laid out, though not yet begun, could house twenty times that number. However, Duke Taubert does not have a thousand knights who owe him fealty and would have trouble raising ten thousand men-at-arms. The Duke refuses to talk about the purpose of the castle, but as he continues

his actions against the Beastmen, most people think that they can guess. King Louen Leoncoeur is keeping a close eye on developments, but has not yet felt the need to stop work on the fortress. Duke Taubert certainly shows no signs of disloyalty.





Marperic D'Abenne

Race: Human

Career: Merchant (ex-Tradesman)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29%	26%	27%	40%	36%	44%	44%	38%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip, Haggle +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Trade (Merchant, Vintner)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy

Special Rules:

Marperic gets a +10% on all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with his home dukedom of L'Anguille.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand weapon (short sword)

Trappings: Town House, Warehouse, 2,000 gc in trade goods, 500 gc in coin.

The Dragon's Maw

The Dragon's Maw is an area of the L'Anguille coast a day's travel from the border with Lyonesse. Dozens of sharp rocks rise from the water, and the tides and currents raise a constant spray from them, so that they look like teeth wreathed in smoke.

This is also the area most often hit by storms, with at least one major storm striking every week. Sailors believe entering the area is certain death, but they have no superstitions: the natural features are quite dangerous enough.

However, traders have noticed that people travelling by land within a few miles of the area also disappear. Indeed, no one reliable has seen the area at all for over three years, and those who have gone to look have not come back. The Duke will do nothing, as it is on the coast, and the local lord is (now) a ten-year-old boy. He will offer almost anything to adventurers who can bring his father back.

EXAMPLE L'ANGUILLEN

Marperic D'Abenne

Marperic D'Abenne is an up-and-coming merchant in the city of L'Anguille. Until very recently he kept a shop selling wine and brandy and oversaw the production of some wine himself. His shop sold only high-quality drinks for consumption in the homes of his customers, and Marperic is very insistent that he never ran a tavern.

Marperic's clients tended to be wealthy, and a few years ago, he started selling other goods he thought they might find

interesting. This side of his business did well, and he started to eye the wealth and privileges of the Brethren of the Lighthouse. Within the last month, he sold his shop and invested the proceeds in trade goods, which he hopes to sell at a substantial profit.

As he is barely started as a merchant, Marperic does not have many contacts yet and is looking to hire talented individuals to protect his goods, report on distant markets, and maybe find him rare items. At the moment, he has no interest in illegal goods, though that could change if business otherwise goes poorly.

At present, Marperic is something very rare: a potential patron for adventurers who is exactly what he seems. However, his ambition is likely to change that. He desperately wants to join the Brethren of the Lighthouse, and if this looks unlikely to happen legitimately, he would be willing to try anything. If his business continues to grow, he is invited to join in the normal way and becomes caught up in the push for L'Anguillian independence. If his business suffers setbacks, he gets caught up in the tentacles of a Chaos cult. The characters might have to help him get out, or they'll have to deal with learning that their patron has become a cultist whilst they weren't looking.

Marperic is in his late twenties and is thin for a merchant; he has been ploughing his profits back into the business. He dresses well and is quite good-looking, but walks with a slight limp as the result of a childhood accident. Whilst this

is noticeable it does not hinder him, and he normally forgets the fact.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

Free L'Anguille!

A group of agitators takes up the merchants' cause and starts rousing the people of both city and countryside with talk of a free nation where all honest men have a say in government. The nobility take a very dim view of this, hanging any agitators they catch. The merchants are no happier: they want a free country with them in charge, not a bunch of smelly peasants running the show. Are the agitators simply mad idealists, or are they the puppets of more sinister forces?

The Recruiters

The player characters do something that is not really legal. (Almost any adventure counts.) To their surprise, they find themselves surrounded by a dozen knights (backed up with twice as many Men-at-Arms) and marched to Grasgar Castle, where the Duke very publicly condemns them to hang. That night, in their cell, the Duke comes to visit them and offers them a deal. They will be allowed to "escape" into the forest with all their equipment if they agree to serve as scouts against the Beastmen. Otherwise, they hang.

Of course, the Duke could have got the characters' service by simply paying them. What is he really up to?

— AQUITAINE —

Aquitaine lies south of the Gilleau and the Forest of Châlons, and consists almost entirely of arable land. There are a few hills, but nothing so steep as to make pastoral farming the only option. The coastline is the gentlest in Bretonnia, with many beaches, few high cliffs, and numerous safe coves. However, there are no suitable locations for a major port, so the largest settlements are fishing (and smuggling) villages.

Inland, there are no major rivers, no obvious crossing points through the low hills, and no particularly defensible locations. As a result, no settlements have grown particularly large. Even the town of Aquitaine is no bigger than medium-size, and that is due entirely to the influence of the ducal court.

Indeed, noble influence is the main factor in town size throughout the dukedom. Noblemen encourage urban development around their castles so that they can tax the trade and become wealthier. So far, these developments have never taken root: when the noble loses interest, the towns shrink again. Thus, there are a lot of towns with abandoned areas as large as the inhabited. The hovels there quickly collapse, but the more substantial buildings slowly moulder away.

A similar effect can be seen in Aquitaine's castles. As there are no naturally defensible locations, the lords of Aquitaine rely on construction to protect their homes. A noble facing attack

or possessing extra money extends his castle, and his heirs abandon the parts that are no longer necessary to avoid the expense of upkeep.

These abandoned buildings are often taken over by Dereliches (see below), which discourages people from raiding them for building materials and from trying to live in a building surrounded by abandoned structures.



THE PEOPLE

The people of Aquitaine do not have to fight their land, so they fight each other. Aquitainians themselves prefer to say that they have honour and the courage of their convictions, but the result is the same. Aquitainians have a reputation for being stubborn and for resorting to violence to solve their problems. As a result, their knights are among the most renowned in Bretonnia, and the dukedom is constantly in the grip of several small wars, revolutions, and feuds.

People often leave Aquitaine as a result of a serious disagreement with someone more powerful than they are. Others, particularly nobles, leave to prove their mettle against monsters, of which Aquitaine has remarkably few. Some, of course, leave because they are sick of the constant feuding and want to live somewhere people just get along. These folk tend to keep moving.

DERELICH

Dereliches are evil beings that inhabit abandoned buildings or parts of buildings. They try to lure people into their clutches by making the building appear inhabited and welcoming and, once the poor victim is within their grasp, then kill them. Somehow the deaths of their victims provides sustenance to the Derelich.

There is never more than a single Derelich in a small building, though wings of a large building may accommodate one each. Even then, each Derelich keeps to its own area, and they seem to ignore one another. However, a Derelich can manifest in a large number of spirits, up to 24 in most cases, each of which can take the form of any living creature, playing a role in the charade of the building and playing a role in the attack. These fragments can leave the building, but they cannot go very far; no more than one yard from the edge of the building's plot for every Wound that they have.

The Derelich can also change the appearance of its building, inside and out, making it appear as it was at its height. This makes holes in floors invisible but doesn't actually repair dangerously damaged buildings.

Whilst Dereliches are spirits, they do not appear to be Undead nor do they seem to be Chaos Daemons. Their natures are something of a mystery, and in most of the Old World, they are hardly ever seen. They are, however, quite common in Aquitaine.

Derelich Statistics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	0%	30%	30%	40%	22%	20%	41%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1*	24*	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Charm +20%, Perception +20%, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Ethereal, M Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Special Rules:

Show of life: The Derelich can create illusions, making its home appear to be inhabited and actively cared for.

**We are legion:* A single Derelich can produce many "bodies," apparently separate spirits. Each spirit has some of the Derelich's Wounds, so that the total number of Wounds is split between all spirits. Each spirit has 1 Attack. All spirits are part of the same Derelich and thus can coordinate their attacks perfectly. Wounds lost by each spirit are lost by the whole Derelich.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Claws



The internal politics of Aquitaine are in constant flux as old feuds die down and new ones flare up. The new Duke has, if anything, made things even worse, despite his best intentions. Whenever he intervenes personally to suppress a revolt or force reconciliation in a feud, he succeeds. However, if he cannot intervene personally, he tends to do nothing, which means that many other feuds are allowed to develop.

There are a few famous, ancient feuds which Duke Armand has not been able to resolve (although in these cases, none of his predecessors could, either). The feud between the D'Elbiq and Du Maisne families has continued for several centuries. It was

started over the soiling of the daughter of one house by the son of the other, but no one now knows which was which (both houses claim that it was their daughter, of course). This feud has become so formalised that the locations of the battles are set in advance, and people come to watch. The feud is still real, though, so the battles are to the death, which attracts even more people.

A more recent feud is that between the Earls of Desroches, in the west of the dukedom, and Fluvia, in the north. The two men used to be inseparable friends, spending much time at the courts of the land. A little over ten years ago, something happened, and the two have been implacable foes ever since. Both are

intelligent, fine tacticians and strategists, and superb warriors in their own right. Most of the time they keep their feud low-key, but as no one knows the cause, no one knows what might cause it to flare up into full-blown war. Between them, the two lords command the fealty of over a third of the nobles of Aquitaine; war between them would devastate the dukedom.

Relations between Aquitaine and other dukedoms are generally neutral. Disputes within Aquitaine stay there, and other nobles have more sense than to get involved.

DUKE ARMAND OF AQUITAINE

Duke Armand was a younger brother of the last Duke of Aquitaine and never expected to inherit. As a Knight Errant, he was famed for both his recklessness and his luck, and he refused all offers of a fief until King Louen himself offered a place in the royal household. Again, Armand distinguished himself with feats of valour, most notably slaying the Bestigor Darmal the Crooked in single combat. Many expected him to be given a barony and probably appointed Marquis.

Instead, after only two years, he set off to seek the Grail.

He quested in disguise and has not spoken of his activities since his return. A few minstrels are trying to piece his movements together, but he is not the only Questing Knight to hide his identity. On his return as a Grail Knight, he was made the Standard Bearer of Bretonnia. The position suited him perfectly.

Three years ago, the Duke of Aquitaine died, and by royal command, Armand was declared heir to the position. He is still finding his feet as an administrator; he has a strong desire to solve problems personally and martially.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Aquitaine

The ducal castle is in the southeast of the dukedom, near the border with Quenelles. It is famous for the Lace Tower, a tall spire built with so many windows that it looks as though it is made from stone lace. Dwarfs who see it mutter darkly about

SAYINGS OF AQUITAINE

"The lights are on, but nobody's home": The situation is much more dangerous than it appears. A reference to a house occupied by a Derelich.

"Like a Beastman at court": Someone who is what he seems to be, surrounded by people just like him but pretending to be otherwise. Not used within hearing of the nobility.

"Off building castles": Doing something that's a complete waste of time, but that he thinks will be useful.

unsafe structures and future consequences, but the tower has stood for over a century. No one has been allowed to enter it for over fifty years, however, and leaning on it is punished with ten lashes, even if you are the Duke's daughter (much to her dismayed astonishment).

The town of Aquitaine is to the west of the castle and fairly small. It used to be entirely to the east, but over the years it drifted, and now the eastern side is entirely abandoned. The Duke sponsors expeditions to clear out unsavoury inhabitants and encourages burghers to settle there, but it isn't working.

Chateau D'Epee

"Fairest land in the world. The grain is plentiful, travelling is easy, and monsters are rare. Who would choose to live anywhere else?"

— AQUITAINE NOBLE

"Travel through Aquitaine is boring. Dull, dull, dull. Field of wheat, village, field of wheat, ridiculously over-built castle, orchard, small town. Best part of my job."

— ELDERGAR OF BUSREQ, COACHMAN

"Almost no monsters in Aquitaine. Even Beastmen from Châlons seem to stay out. Feuding nobles, gangsters, rebellious peasants, cultists, serial killers, and protagonists in abundance, though."

— MARIETTA, TILEAN MERCENARY

This castle is the epitome of Aquitanian fortification and is located almost exactly in the centre of the dukedom. The current Lord D'Epee's great-grandfather was a highly successful adventuring knight, involved in many feuds. He used his wealth to build a high-impregnable castle with several moats, curtain walls that formed a maze of killing grounds, mighty gatehouses, and three great keeps, each of which could hold out against a siege for months.

The current Lord D'Epee lives in the outermost gatehouse, along with his whole household.

No one has reached one of the great keeps and returned alive in ten years; it is fifteen years since anyone came back sane. That was the current Lord D'Epee, and he never speaks of what he saw.



Carmolax, the Faceless

Race: Human

Career: Faceless (ex-Veteran, ex-Herrimault)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
56%	67%	44%	53%	39%	41%	48%	73%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	16	4	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Charm +10%, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +20%), Concealment +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Follow Trail, Gamble, Gossip +20%, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival +10%, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger, Scout), Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, Marksman, Mighty Shot, Public Speaking, Rapid Reload, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling, Longbow), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sure Shot, Unsettling, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Special Rules:

Carmolax gets a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests related to Aquitaine.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Leather Armour and Mail Coif— under Mysterious Hood).

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Hand weapon (sword), Longsword, Net

Trappings: Band of Herrimaults, Free Peasant Republic (one village)

He does, however, hire adventurers, asking them to bring him a particular stuffed stag's head from the closest keep. He offers a significant amount of money and the right to keep any other treasure that they find, as long as they bring the head. Several groups have gone in, but none have yet returned.

Derrevin Libre

Derrevin Libre is a village in eastern Aquitaine where the peasants hold power. Their previous lord was truly repellent, and when the peasants rebelled, none of his neighbours cared to help him. As a result, for almost the first time, a peasant rebellion succeeded, exposing the lord as a servant of Nurgle and destroying him and his whole family.

Normally, the local lords would immediately have poured in to re-establish the rightful order of things. However, they were distracted by three separate feuds, and none of them dared to move. This gave the peasants time to consolidate, attract several bands of Herrimaults, and prepare for the inevitable counterattack. The loss of over a dozen knights after they charged straight into a pit trap is not spoken of among nobles by anyone who values his life.

The village has now been free for over six months, and the leaders—particularly Carlomax, the most experienced Faceless—are planning to attack other nobles and extend their power. They calculate that if they can take enough land, they will be able to hold off anything short of a counterattack by the King himself. At the same time, the surrounding nobility, particularly the young Lord Recherche, are planning a counterattack that would teach the uppity peasants a lesson. A cultist of Khorne was recently burned in the area; some fear that there may be more lurking.

EXAMPLE ACQUITANIAN

Carlomax, The Faceless

Carlomax was just another peasant until the day he saw his brother hanged for smiling at the lord's daughter and his mother beaten until she was crippled for crying at the execution. Two weeks later, more by luck than ability, Carlomax had kidnapped the lord's daughter and fled into the forests. His initial plan had been to do unspeakable things to her in revenge, but when it came to it, he found that he didn't have the heart to deliberately torture another Human.

He took her to the road, let her go, and disappeared back into the forest. There, he was approached by a Faceless and invited to join the Herrimaults; the Faceless said he had already proved he had the necessary skill and moral character. Carlomax eagerly agreed, as he had nowhere else to go.

Carlomax fit in perfectly and quickly proved to be a talented Herrimault. He rose through the ranks and became a Faceless himself. Oppressive nobles were his particular target, and so it was that he became involved in the uprising at Derrevin Libre. He hoped to be able to kill the nobleman and then escape before the counterattack. The delay in the counterattack caught him by surprise, and he formed a grand, wild plan: maybe he could liberate the whole of Bretonnia from oppression!

Carlomax is now a revolutionary idealist with enough experience of guerrilla warfare to be a real problem for the nobility. He is also only too aware that a concerted attack by the nobility would crush his fledgling republic, and he is keen to hire agents to keep the nobles distracted, ideally fighting each other.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Duke's Family

The old Duke of Aquitaine died in battle whilst intervening in one of the dukedom's interminable feuds. Four of his sons had died before him: one in battle like his father, one of plague, one of an overdose, and one from an apparent case of warpstone poisoning. His youngest son was feeble-minded and kept locked away. However, he also had two daughters, and normally they would have inherited. The King chose to pass over them and grant the dukedom to Armand, his standard-bearer and, significantly, a Grail Knight.

The significance of the deaths of the Duke's sons has not gone unnoticed, and some people think the King also suspected

the involvement of the Ruinous Powers. Unfortunately, whilst Duke Armand is above suspicion of personal corruption, he is utterly unsuited to making subtle enquiries. Some other, disposable, agents are needed. People like the adventurers.

Revolution Day

The player characters are staying in a village when the peasants decide to rise up and overthrow their lord. The

lord immediately decides that the player characters are the ringleaders and offers the peasants clemency if they turn them over. The peasants don't believe him and will not hand the characters over as long as the revolution is going well. If things turn against them, they will feel they have no choice.

Of course, the only competent leaders and warriors in the village are the adventurers. If they aren't to be handed over as ringleaders, they have to become the ringleaders.

— ARTOIS —

The land of Artois is dominated by the dense and mysterious Forest of Arden. Apart from a small strip of land in the western reaches, the whole of the dukedom lies within that dark woodland. The land outside the forest is predominantly arable, and is home to most of the dukedom's Human population.

The forest is not completely devoid of Human inhabitants, however. Apart from woodsmen and charcoal burners, the forest is also home to a number of village settlements. Each of these villages is surrounded by a ditch, bank, and wooden stockade. The stone keep of the noble lord granted the land typically also serves as the gate to the village. The villagers raise animals because, unlike crops, animals can be brought within the stockade when they are attacked.

Attacks are common. Wolves and bears are the least of the worries; groups of Beastmen are far from uncommon. Indeed, a village in the forest can expect to be attacked by Beastmen at least once a year. The Dukes of Artois have long made grants of land in the forest to brave younger sons of Bretonnian nobles because the ones who succeed establish vital outposts against dark forces. However, most fail, and destroyed villages dot the dukedom's eastern regions.

Beastmen are the most common monsters in the forest. For some reason, Artois sees particularly large numbers of Brays, which are generally used as cannon fodder by their Gor superiors. That is not to say that there are few Gors; there are just uncountable Brays.

Other creatures touched by Chaos are also common in Artois, and some lost villages appear to have been torn apart not by the outside depredations of Beastmen, but by Mutants arising within the population. Indeed, the level of mutation leads many to suspect that there is a potent source of Chaos somewhere within Artois; anyone who could find and destroy it would be a hero.

THE PEOPLE

The peasants and nobles of the western reaches of Artois are much like their neighbours in Lyonesse or L'Anguille. Indeed, many of them barely think of themselves as Artoin. They like to emphasise how much they are a part of the wider culture of Bretonnia and the Old World, and younger people are encouraged to travel.

The residents of the forest also barely think of themselves as Artoin. Indeed, many of them are only dimly aware the

dukedom exists. Those villages sited on a major road might see a traveller once per week, but those further into the depths of the woods might not see an outsider in a lifetime. Leaving the village

is regarded as suicidal folly. In most places, people hold funerals for those who leave and assume that those who return are Undead. The nobility travel to the ducal court at least once per year and so generally avoid truly extreme isolation. Residents of these villages, on the whole, know almost nothing of the outside world.

Adventurers from the west of Artois generally leave home because it is expected and encouraged. Indeed, western Artois produces more adventurers per head of population than anywhere else in

Bretonnia. Adventurers from eastern Artois usually leave because they can no longer stand living in the same place, hemmed in by the threatening woods.

Western Artois is all ruled by the Earl Larret, the cultured scion of a cultured dynasty. He is rumoured to have spent much of his time of errantry disguised as a minstrel, rather than fighting like a proper knight. He has never dignified the rumour with a response, and when he has taken the field, he has acquitted himself honourably. Whatever his background, he is a masterful politician and has made western Artois peaceful and loyal to him, rather than the Duke. He is thought to be planning to petition the King for baronial status.

Eastern Artois is made up of independent fiefs too concerned with surviving in a hostile forest to get involved with politics. The Duke is most active here, hunting down Beastmen and occasionally riding to the rescue of a besieged settlement. Even more occasionally, he arrives in time to do more than scare off carrion crows.

Slandorous rumours suggest there are Chaos cultists among the eastern nobility and even that there are villages where the inhabitants willingly consort with Beastmen. The knowledgeable dismiss the latter rumours and worry about the former.

The most widely known noble within the forest is Baron Chlodegar, a Grail Knight. He actually requested lands within the Forest of Arden, and he personally leads a group of his peasants on a trip to the city of L'Anguille every year. He is active in expanding his fief, which now consists of three settlements, and the visits to L'Anguille mean the peasants know far more of the world than most peasants anywhere in Bretonnia. Chlodegar has also overseen the construction of a Grail Chapel in each village, fortified and designed to provide a place to fall back to.



Each Chapel has a bell tower, but the bell is only rung to summon help in the case of attack.

Whilst Duke Chilfroy basically ignores his neighbours and rarely attends even the Royal Court unless summoned, Duke Adalhard of Lyonesse is trying to win the Earl Larret over to his fealty, thus expanding his dukedom and confining Artois entirely to the forest. The Earl is resisting, more out of desire for independence than any loyalty to Artois.

DUKE CHILFROY OF ARTOIS

Duke Chilfroy is a huge man, stronger and tougher than any of his knights or nobles. He is also famously grim: he has never been heard to laugh and reputedly only smiles when surveying the devastation he has wrought on his enemies. Whilst not a subtle man, he is a great war leader when strategies are simple and his followers need only be inspired.

The Duke spends most of his time hunting beasts, Beastmen, and other monsters in the depths of the Forest of Arden. The great hall of Castle Artois is decorated with the preserved heads and pelts of his greatest victories. He holds the ducal law court there and is notorious for dealing with cases quickly by declaring the higher-ranked party to be in the right, handing down brutal punishments to the loser. As a result,

SAYINGS OF ARTOIS

"Half-sister/half-brother": Sweetheart. Origins obscure; either an insult against the eastern folk or something that originated in earnest in a particularly inbred forest village. Now neutral in meaning, but very confusing for outsiders.

"He's turned forester": He won't leave the house or talk to anyone. Only used in the west.

"I'd rather climb a tree": I will absolutely not do that. Eastern origin but used everywhere. (If you are up a tree, it is hard to reach the village stockade ahead of attacking Beastmen.)

"There's fine timber to be had from the forest, but never go to get it yourself."

— L'ANGUILLIAN MERCHANT.

"I took the route through eastern Artois once. Quadruple pay, they offered. Never again. Although they're up to sextuple now, I hear."

— ELDERGAR OF BUSREQ, COACHMAN

"Don't eat the pork."

— ANONYMOUS LYONESSAN MOTHER

people do everything they can to avoid taking a case before the Duke, which is the way Chilfroy likes it.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Castle Artois

The seat of the Dukes of Artois is located within the Forest of Arden. As a result, it is the only ducal seat with no town outside the walls. The castle itself, however, has a substantial keep and a very

large courtyard surrounded by a stone curtain wall. There is a ditch beyond the wall, but it is filled with sharpened stakes rather than with water. Duke Chilfroy is always based here, but he spends about half his time riding out to hunt Beastmen.

The courtyard contains accommodation for many warriors. The Duke found the ability to retreat swiftly after a successful battle is vital in the forest, accounting for the high number of mounted yeomen here. The large number of horses means that the castle needs even more supplies than normal; the stream of wagons is almost constant.

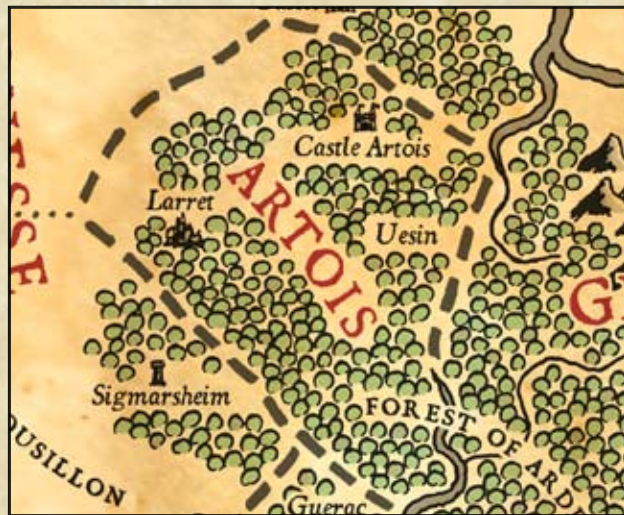
The Duke disdains using mercenaries in battle, but he does hire expendable outsiders

as scouts. Any characters with a reputation as opponents of Chaos can find work simply by turning up at the castle and asking.

Larret

Larret, the largest town in Artois, is almost a city. It is in the southwestern part of the dukedom, near the old border between Mousillon and Lyonesse. Whilst it is distant from any competing cities, it is too far from major trade routes to become a major settlement in its own right, something that the Earl Larret, the town's ruler, recognises.

Larret is a remarkably pleasant place to visit or to live. Many streets are paved, and almost all of the remainder are cobbled. Underground sewers take waste to a river, dumping it some distance from the walls. Most houses are well built and maintained, and the City Watch is active in preventing and investigating crime, no matter who the victim is. The town is also extremely friendly to entertainers and scholars. The Earl tolerates almost anything, and even those who cross the line (by actually inciting violence, for example) get a friendly warning the first time.



ARTOIS BOARS

Artois Boars are Wild Boars that have been touched by Chaos. Whilst they are found throughout the Forest of Arden, they have never been seen beyond it, and most are found within the dukedom of Artois. They are even more bad-tempered than normal Wild Boars and are entirely carnivorous, preferring to eat living prey. Prey that screams and curses whilst it is being eaten is particularly popular. Peasants say if you can stay still and quiet whilst the boar is eating you, it will lose interest. Peasants say a lot of stupid things.

Artois Boars are around five feet high at the shoulder, and normally appear fat. They are, however, extremely fast and strong. Many have mutations, but the race is stable overall.

Artois Boar Statistics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	0%	51%	54%	32%	10%	20%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	5	5	8	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Perception +10%, Silent Move

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Night Vision

Special Rules:

Mutation: An Artois Boar has a 40% chance of having a single Chaos Mutation. Use common sense when applying the mutations to a quadruped.

Thick Skin: Due to their unusually thick skin, Artois Boars reduce the Critical Values of Critical Hits against them by 1.

Tusks: When an Artois Boar makes a charge attack, its tusks count as having the Impact Quality.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Tusks



This status is maintained by a ruthless policy of deportation. The lazy, incompetent, and persistently criminal are simply removed from the town and told never to come back. When the population grows to the point that the town's economy cannot support everyone, the poorest people are rounded up and exiled in the same way. Any exile found within three hours' walk of Larret after sundown is subject to summary execution. Visitors do not know about this, and residents try not to think about it.

The City of Beastmen

Rumours of a city of Beastmen within the Forest of Arden have circulated for years, possibly centuries. Whilst they cannot be proved to be false, they are extremely unlikely; Beastmen do not have the right mentality to build cities.

Mutants, however, are a different matter. Many retain their Human psychology and, after being cast out of their homes, want to find a new community.

Five years ago, the fief of Uesin, in the depths of the forest, was attacked by Skaven. The Ratmen first poisoned the water with warpstone and then attacked as the mutations took hold. Unfortunately for them, the lord, Sir Madregang, was not about

to be distracted by small things like his skin turning blue and horns growing out of his head. He rallied the villagers and led a successful defence of their home.

Afterwards, he held a court at which those villagers too insane to live with others were tried and executed. He accepted the village was now completely cut off from Bretonnian society, though that made little practical difference, and decided to try to gather more Mutants. A few agents were sent out to spread rumours, and the best woodsmen scour the surroundings for abandoned children. The village has grown, and there are now about 300 Mutants living there. Residents have begun looking for a second site. It is not yet a city, but it has the potential to become one.

EXAMPLE ARTOIN

The Earl Larret

The Earl Larret is a very ambitious man. He has also advanced about as far as he can without forcing major political changes, which makes him very dangerous to people in his way, such as the Duke of Artois. Ideally, the Earl would like to see a scandal

The Earl Larret

Race: Human

Career: Politician (ex-Entertainer, ex-Minstrel, ex-Noble, ex-Rogue)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	41%	38%	41%	45%	63%	37%	64%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Law), Animal Care, Blather, Charm +20%, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +20%, Estalia, Tilea +10%), Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Haggle, Perception +10%, Performer (Actor, Musician +20%, Singer +10%), Read/Write +10%, Ride, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton +20%, Eltharin, Tilean)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Flee!, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Master Orator, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Sixth Sense, Streetwise, Strong-minded

Special Rules:

The Earl Larret gets a +10% to all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with Artois.

Armour: Light Armour (Best Craftsmanship Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Hand Weapon (sword)

bring down the house of Duke Chilfroy, opening the way for him to become Duke of Artois. From there, he would be in a position to see his son, Fredemund, become king.

The Earl is also a genuinely cultured individual. He does not consider satirical entertainers as part of a nefarious plot; he tolerates them because he finds them amusing and can't imagine killing a minstrel simply for offending him. The rumours, incidentally, are true; he did spend some time as a

minstrel, mainly in Tilea, during his period of errantry. His tolerance of scholars comes from a similar feeling, and whilst he has no tolerance for servants of the Ruinous Powers, he does give scholars the benefit of the doubt, which can be dangerous.

In person, the Earl, who is now in his late fifties, balding, and a little overweight, is very pleasant. He listens to what people say before making his decisions and takes no pleasure in other people's suffering. On the other hand, he is absolutely ruthless. He would never order someone tortured to death, but he has no qualms about ordering quick executions. Indeed, he prefers not to mutilate people and often executes them instead. Crippled criminals do not often make a useful contribution to society, after all.

He makes an excellent patron for player characters, as he has lots of schemes in which he can use them. There is a risk that he will fall to Chaos, but it is not large. His main weakness is for his son, Fredemund, whom he desperately wants to see become a Grail Knight. Characters might be asked to extract the heir to the earldom from all kinds of scrapes.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Fall of Duke Chilfroy

The Duke spends a lot of time riding into the depths of the forest. What if he is not fighting the Beastmen, but allying with them? Certainly, the penalties he hands down in court have become particularly bloody of late. The Earl Larret would love to have evidence that the Duke was in league with the Ruinous Powers. He won't even mind if the evidence has been, how to put it, improved slightly.

The Village

The isolated villages in the Forest of Arden are perfect sites for adventures. The player characters stop there, and the villagers beg them to help defend the village against a band of Beastmen. The adventurers lead a desperate defence and secure victory. Afterwards, the villagers stage a wild victory celebration and drag a statue of a hermaphroditic figure to the centre of the village, prostrating themselves before it.

— BASTONNE —

Bastonne contains a wide variety of landscapes. It is bounded on its northern and eastern sides by the River Grismerie and in the south by the Gilleau. The western part of the dukedom is mainly arable, whilst the eastern regions are pastoral. The mountains of the Massif Orcal spill over from Quenelles, and to their west, much of the Forest of Châlons lies within this dukedom.

The most notable geographic feature, however, is the Black Chasm. This rift in the earth runs along the northern edge of the Massif Orcal, becoming narrower and shallower to the east, and disappearing just before



the border with Quenelles. Where the Massif meets the Forest of Châlons, the Chasm is over two hundred yards wide and so deep it might be bottomless. The Chasm appears to run into the forest, but following it in is rendered impossible by undergrowth, and searching for it from within the forest is always unsuccessful.

Black fogs often arise from the Chasm, chilling those caught within them to the point of death, even at the height of summer. Fortunately, the fogs do not travel far from the Chasm, and even Bretonnian knights have more sense than to build villages right at the rim. The Chasm Spawn (see below) are

more of a problem, as they can travel further.

The Chasm is not entirely a bad thing, however, as it stops the Orcs of the Massif Orcal from raiding into the heart of the dukedom. It also serves to cut off the villages in the mountains. They are ruled by a Baron, Lothar the Ready, who is also a Marquis. He takes his responsibilities very seriously, but he does not really see himself as part of Bastonne.

The Forest of Châlons is almost completely uninhabited by Humans within Bastonne. There are a handful of logging villages along the edge, but they rarely last more than five years, and it is becoming almost impossible to find people willing to go. The Forest is the haunt of Undead, Beastmen, and Undead Beastmen, and they frequently raid to the north.

"The heirs of Gilles le Breton will always uphold the honour of Bretonnia, no matter how far others may fall."

— SIR DARREPIN THE FURIOUS

"Biggest pilgrim trap in the country. If Gilles the Unifier really slept in all those places, he wouldn't have had time to fight any battles."

— ELDEGAR OF BUSREQ, COACHMAN

"Yes, but who's the king now?"

— DOZENS OF EXASPERATED COURONNER NOBLES

THE PEOPLE

Bastonnians like to think of themselves as the heart of Bretonnia. They are the people of Gilles the Unifier, and the dukedom is roughly in the physical centre of the nation. They have more pride in their nation than do the people of any other dukedom, and the worship of the Lady of the Lake is popular with peasants as well as nobles. Bastonnians have a strong tendency to believe

that Bretonnians have certain virtues, particularly courage and honour, that set them apart from all other nations, and that Bastonnians display those virtues to the greatest extent. This often makes them rather pompous and chauvinistic.

It also provides the main motivation for Bastonian adventurers: they are travelling to prove that Bretonnians are superior to

CHASM SPAWN

Chasm Spawn crawl out of the Black Chasm and then wander Bastonne, attacking and trying to eat anything in their path, including Humans, horses, rocks, and trees. They seem to be almost mindless, but they are dangerous all the same.

They look rather like enormous frogs and can leap long distances, though they prefer not to. Each is about ten feet tall at the shoulder, larger than many peasant houses. Their skin is black and tough rather than slimy.

Young Chasm Spawn have never been observed, but the stability of their shape means that most scholars believe they have nothing to do with Chaos. A few scholars would love to sponsor an expedition to the depths of the Chasm to find out more, as long as they don't have to go along.

Chasm Spawn Statistics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	0%	60%	56%	23%	5%	28%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	32	6	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%

Talents: Natural Weapons, Scales (3)

Special Rules:

Leap: Once per combat the Chasm Spawn may leap up to 20 yards, passing over any obstacles in the way. They normally use this to escape.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Bite



everyone else. In the best cases, they strive to demonstrate their prowess. In the worst cases, they spend their time belittling the achievements of other nations, but do little themselves.

Bastonne's nobles contain an unusual number of Grail Knights, and corrupt nobles are far rarer here than in other dukedoms. However, competent nobles also seem to be rare; most Bastonnian nobles couldn't organise a fight in a Waaaugh!. And, whilst the knights are noble, their stewards, bailiffs, and justiciars seem to be at best venal, at worst servants of the Ruinous Powers. The dukedom is rife with injustice, most of which the nobility would quickly rectify, if only they knew.

Bastonne and Bordeleaux have good relations since the time of Gilles the Unifier, but relations with Gisoreux and, particularly, Montfort are strained. Both of the latter dukedoms are short on land that isn't either forest or mountains. Montfort, for example, has virtually no land outside the Grey Mountains. The border lords are constantly looking at the expanse of Bastonne and plotting ways to expand their holdings. Cross-border private wars are a constant feature of life, but so far the Dukes themselves have kept out of it.

DUKE BOHEMOND OF BASTONNE

Duke Bohemond of Bastonne is a Grail Knight, particularly renowned for fighting monsters, to the point that he is known as

SAYINGS OF BASTONNE

"He's listening to the dragon": He's a bit mad.

"... and Grand Admiral of the Bastonnian Navy.": Appended to someone's list of titles if the speaker feels that they are impressive sounding but meaningless.

"I'll do it right after I get back from the Black Chasm.": I'm not going to do it.

"Beastlayer." He is also famous for refusing to fight inferior opponents; even if they attack him, he merely stuns them so that he can turn his attention elsewhere. As his prowess has grown, the search for worthy foes has taken him to many places within Bretonnia and beyond. He was one of the few Dukes to ride personally to the aid of the Empire against the Storm of Chaos.

Whilst Bohemond is a lineal descendant of Gilles le Breton, he is absolutely loyal to King Louen and has no desire for the crown. Indeed, he delegates the whole business of administering his dukedom to his steward and justice to his justiciar. Alas, he is not a very good judge of character, and finds himself replacing these men with distressing frequency.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Castle Bastonne

Castle Bastonne is located almost exactly in the centre of the dukedom. The whole of it and the surrounding town are filled with antiquities made sacred by their association with Gilles the Unifier. Old buildings, statues, and bones, including the head of Smearghus stand testimony to Gilles's prowess. As well, a few ancient stone structures remain as well as a number of sections of the former castle are carefully preserved. Peasants and foreigners are forbidden to enter these places, and even nobles are expected to treat everything with respect. Things have happened over the past 1,500 years, and not everything lovingly preserved has any link to the Unifier. The largest revered structure is the Water Tower in Castle Bastonne. This was reputedly Gilles's personal residence. Most nobles are not allowed to go beyond the entrance lobby, and peasants can be whipped for looking at it too much. Every so often rumours surface about dark acts performed in secret within the tower, but they are quickly suppressed.

The town has the feel of somewhere preserved for the pilgrim trade, and indeed, it is a very popular destination. Peasant pilgrims are guided to the outside of a number of significant locations and to the inside of taverns that pay the guide a cut. Nobles can expect a personal tour, including opportunities to pray within most places. At a minimum, visiting nobles go to Gilles's personal Grail Chapel, and almost all Grail Knights have visited it at least once.

The Humble Chapel

The Humble Chapel has stood for over a thousand years, by far the oldest Grail Chapel established by and maintained by peasants. It is found a couple of days west of Castle Bastonne, just outside a village that caters almost entirely to visiting pilgrims.

Despite its name, the structure is spectacular. Built of decorated brick, carved wooden beams, brilliant stained glass windows, bronze, silver, and even gold statues, and roofed in glass, it looks





more splendid than almost any other Grail Chapel in the land. Over the centuries, almost all the gifts made by peasants to the Lady have come to this Chapel, and it shows.

Popular legend claims the Lady of the Lake appeared on this spot to a brave, loyal, and obedient peasant named Gademar. She praised his fine service to his lord and allowed him to touch the foot of the Grail with the very tips of his fingers. Most nobles reject this story as patent fabrication; the Lady would never deign to speak to a mere peasant, and she certainly would not let him so sully the Grail. Only a handful of Grail Knights have ever visited the Chapel, but from time to time Damsels and Prophetesses of the Lady come and speak at the services, and the contents of these speeches have great import.

EXAMPLE BASTONNIAN

Sir Darrepin the Furious

Sir Darrepin is a very young Knight Errant, barely started on his career, and he isn't furious at all; he just thinks the name makes him sound more impressive. He is the fourth son of a household knight at the court of a relatively small landholder in northern Bastonne, quite near the Mousillon border, and he has no hope of any inheritance beyond the knightly equipment he was given when he came of age.

Partly for that reason, and partly because he wants to show the world that the spirit of the Grail Companions is not dead, he set out into the world, determined to show his prowess. He is earnest, enthusiastic, energetic, and prone to getting in well over his head. He also seems possessed of uncanny luck that gets him out of trouble again.

Sir Darrepin takes a slightly condescending attitude to foreigners, being convinced that Bretonnians are superior. He is astonishingly good at rationalising away evidence to the contrary. However, he is not hostile and takes his duty to protect his inferiors as seriously as he takes everything else.

Sir Darrepin can be encountered absolutely anywhere, singing the praises of Bretonnia, particularly of Bastonne. He makes a good ally-cum-plot-hook-cum-comic-interlude, since he is about as stereotypical as a Bretonnian knight can be and gets himself into constant trouble whilst not being incompetent.

Sir Darrepin the Furious

Race: Human

Career: Knight Errant

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	29%	35%	28%	36%	24%	29%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	2	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Ride, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Luck, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

Sir Darrepin gets a +10% bonus to all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with the dukedom of Bastonne.

Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, Leather Jack, Helmet)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Lance, Hand Weapon (sword)

Trappings: Light Warhorse with Saddle and Harness, Small Icon of the Lady of the Lake, Boundless Confidence

Note: If you want to use Sir Darrepin repeatedly in your campaign, it is appropriate to give him two Fate Points.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Frogs of War

The Black Chasm suddenly starts producing more Chasm Spawn than anyone can remember. Whilst the knights of Bastonne easily defeat the creatures, there seems to be no end to them. The Duke needs some brave souls to enter the Black Chasm, find out what is happening, and stop it. All the knights of the dukedom are eager to go, but unfortunately, their duty to protect their fiefs means that they cannot enter the Chasm from which no one has ever returned. The adventurers don't have a fief, though, do they?

The Bailiff and the Faceless

The adventurers are hired by a noble's bailiff to bring a bandit chief back, dead or alive. As they investigate, they find the bandits are Herrimaunts and the bailiff is extorting excess money from the peasants. The Herrimaunts also seem very well informed, and when the adventurers ride out with the noble and his bailiff, the Faceless is not with the group that ambushes them. If the characters keep watch, they can see the noble slip away into the forest... to join a Chaos cult. Is the bailiff playing a double game? Is the noble spying on the cult? Are they both corrupt, and the Faceless a third party entirely?

— BORDELEAUX —

Bordeleaux is mostly arable land with some pastoral land near the coast. The cliffs of Bordeleaux are particularly high and spectacular, but whilst there are some offshore islands, there are very few of the concealed rocks and currents that make L'Anguille's coast so hazardous. Whilst the best port is at the city of Bordeleaux itself, there are over a dozen other substantial natural harbours and even more fishing villages, many cut into the towering cliffs.

The southeast corner of Bordeleaux is covered by the Forest of Châlons. The western end of the Forest is less dangerous than the portion within Bastonne, and a number of villages seem to be flourishing within it. Nevertheless, raid the villages fairly frequently and the inhabitants of the woods are particularly self-reliant.

In the north, Bordeleaux has a substantial border with the cursed land of Mousillon. At the mouth of the river, this is a high escarpment where the coastal hills of Bordeleaux abut the low-lying swamp that is Mousillon. As you turn upstream, however, the Bordeleaux side falls whilst the Mousillon side rises, so that for over half of the border's length the River Grismerie is the only barrier between the dukedoms. It is not very effective as such, and things frequently come across. Undead are the most common problem, but bandits, Beastmen, and Chaos Spawn are also frequent menaces. The river itself is largely abandoned for fear of the things that live in it.

THE PEOPLE

In stark contrast to their disciplined Duke, the people of Bordeleaux are renowned for spending their entire lives tipsy, if not completely rat-arsed. This is, of course, not universally true. Bordeleaux is home to many experienced sailors, and the perpetually drunk do not reach that status. It is true the wine produced along the Bordelen coast is particularly fine, normally abundant, and mostly consumed locally. Bordelens even drink unwatered wine with some frequency. Local wine, of any quality, is half the normal price in Bordeleaux; wine from other regions is triple the price of the local produce.

A fair number of Bordelen adventurers do so to get away from the constant drinking, brawling, puking, and passing out. Many are thus deeply disappointed in their comrades. Others left because they had the misfortune to be born near the border of Mousillon and thought that a life of adventure sounded like a safer option.

One notable feature of Bordelen life is the popularity of Manann along the coast. Whilst sailors everywhere

pay tribute to the sea God, the Bordelen are particularly fervent, and even the nobles pay more than lip service to him. Bordelen nobles tend to think that the domain of the Lady of the Lake ends where the water turns salt.

The maritime traditions of the dukedom have created a split between the nobles. Those living inland are much like nobles anywhere else in Bretonnia, primarily worshipping the Lady of the Lake and drawing their wealth from land. Those on the coast worship Manann before anyone else and hold little land, drawing their wealth from the sea, instead. These nobles are as likely to send their sons out on a ship as to send them on an errantry tour.

There is no real hostility between the two groups, but there is a profound lack of understanding.

Bordeleaux has good relations with Bastonne and Aquitaine, but its only relations with Mousillon are expressed in knights given fiefs along the river with the responsibility for keeping monsters where they belong. There is, however, a strong rivalry between Bordeleaux and L'Anguille, born from commercial competition. L'Anguille is easily the stronger trading port, so the rivalry is felt much more strongly in Bordeleaux.

DUKE ALBERIC OF BORDELEAUX

Duke Alberic is renowned for his personal courage and astounding self-discipline. He is also notorious for expecting all of his household knights to reach the same standard and for dismissing those who do not. As a result, he has the smallest household of any of the Dukes, but the knights there are some of the greatest in the realm.

The Duke has always wanted to go on the quest for the Grail, but his father died when he was still out on his errantry tour, and Alberic has never felt able to hand the responsibilities of the dukedom on to someone else. His eldest son, Frermund, would be a fine candidate, but he left on his own Grail Quest. This and the Duke's advancing age seem to have pushed him to do more than wish; solid rumour suggests that he is looking for a reliable steward to run the dukedom in his absence.

SAYINGS OF BORDELEAUX

"Completely wasted": Sober. The idea is that alcohol, or an opportunity, has been wasted.

"Drinks like the sea": Drinks a large amount of alcohol.

"He takes his wine salted": He is sober quite a lot of the time. A reference to sailors.

"Whirlpool in a wine-glass": An argument, feud, or war due entirely to drunkenness.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Bordeleaux

The city of Bordeleaux is an ancient foundation and a bustling port. Castle Bordeleaux, seat of the Duke, looks out over the whole city from a cliff rising over the harbour, and the siege engines on the wall can reach any point



DRACOLEECH

The Dracoleech is a horrible Undead monster found almost exclusively in the River Grismerie between Mousillon and Bordeleaux, though some have been known to swim further upstream. The creatures are serpentine in form, between twenty and thirty feet long and about four feet across. Their skin is rubbery, slimy, and rotten, and there are no bones within. For mouths, they have circles of teeth, constantly pulsing, that can swallow a child or Halfling in one gulp.

Their preferred mode of attack is to come up under a boat, tipping any passengers and crew into the water where they can be chewed at leisure. They can also jump onto a small boat, smashing it, but they cannot stay out of the water for long.

Dracoleech Statistics

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35%	0%	60%	38%	40%	10%	28%	5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	31	6	3	1	0	0	0

Skills: Dodge Blow +10%

Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Scales (2), Undead

Special Rules:

Capsize: Dracoleeches can capsize boats with a maximum capacity of six Humans or fewer. This takes an attack action and succeeds if the Dracoleech succeeds at a **Strength Test**. Dracoleeches can also crash onto larger boats. This requires a successful **Agility Test**, and if it hits it does SB+2 damage to the boat, and SB damage to the Dracoleech itself. Passengers on the boat can automatically get out of the way of the falling monster, unless they are paralysed with Fear.

Water Creature: A Dracoleech has a Movement of 8 in water.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 2, Body 2

Weapons: Bite



in the bay or the city itself. It is said the engineers are good enough to sink a moored rowboat without affecting the boats to either side.

The First Chapel, housed within Castle Bordeleaux, is the most sacred Grail Chapel in Bretonnia. The Dukes willingly pay a large share of its upkeep, because it brings them a lot of status, and most of the Dukes of Bordeleaux have been Grail Knights.

However, the most important temple is that of Manann, which is not exactly in the city. Rather, it is housed in an enormous ship, permanently moored near the entrance to the harbour. It is exposed to storms, but the priests say that Manann protects it, and

it has survived for many years. Worshippers travel out by boat, and if possible they are supposed to help row or sail across. Grail Knights and Damsels and Prophetesses of the Lady are forbidden to set foot on board. Duke Alberic is the first Duke of Bordeleaux in generations to visit the temple.

The Silent Isle

A couple of miles off the central coast of Bordeleaux there is an island. A century ago, it was the seat of a noble fief, and fishing and trading vessels departed from its harbour in large numbers.

And then, one day, there were none. Overnight, all of the boats and islanders vanished. What is more, it now seems to be impossible

"I spent three years in Duke Alberic's household. Hated every single second of it. But you know, no opponent scares me now."

— SIR THOPAS, WHILST FIGHTING A HORDE OF BEASTMEN

"I believe it is traditional for Bordelen men to sober up for their birthday, if their age ends in a zero and Mannslieb is full."

— GUSTAV VON MARKSHEIM, STUDENT AND IMPERIAL EXPATRIATE, TEN-YEAR RESIDENT OF BORDELEAUX

"You gets too sober, you sees them and goes mad. Poof!"

— EXTREMELY EARNEST BORDELEAUX BURGHER.

Lord Savaric

Race: Human

Career: Noble Lord (ex-Mate, ex-Sea Captain, ex-Seaman)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48%	59%	43%	56%	47%	50%	55%	58%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	18	2	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Common Knowledge (the Border Princes, Bretonnia, Dwarfs, Elves, the Empire, Estalia, Kislev, Norsca, Tilea, the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +20%, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Eltharin, Estalian, Kislevian, Norscan, Reikspiel, Tilean), Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Hardy, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Strike Might Blow, Swashbuckler

Special Rules:

Lord Savaric gets a +10% to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with Bordeaux.

Armour: Light Armour (Full Leather Armour)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 1

Weapons: Rapier, Shortbow.

to make any noise on the island. A few groups of adventurers have investigated and fell into two groups. Some were spooked by the silence within a few hours and came back with little information. Others never returned.

Since nothing has come off the island to bother the Bordelens, most are content to leave it to the peace and quiet it seems to desire.

Turris Vigilans

Turris Vigilans is a temple of Verena that stands on an isolated headland in the north of the dukedom. It serves as a lighthouse and has a reputation of one of the most reliable in the world. Its primary purpose, however, is to keep a watch on Mousillon. The priests of the temple are rumoured to use powerful magic, granted by their Goddess, to scry on the whole of the cursed dukedom. They refuse to say what they are looking for or what they will do if they find it. The priests are similarly insistent that they must not enter Mousillon personally.

Prophetesses of the Lady and the Fay Enchantress herself have

been known to visit Turris Vigilans, but the purpose of the visits remains a secret. It is widely known that the priests offer advice to those who seek their counsel, and that the advice is very good. Anyone purchasing one of their many books gets an automatic hearing; others put their names into a lottery, which the clergy draws from every day. The priests sometimes offer unsolicited advice, as well, particularly advice that recommends that adventurers should venture into Mousillon.

EXAMPLE BORDELEN

Lord Savaric

Lord Savaric is lord of a small fief on the coast of Bordeaux. He served his errantry on the waves and never spent a single night out of earshot of the ocean. He claims to have visited every port of the Old World, and whilst that is an exaggeration, he is extremely well travelled. He only settled down, he claims, because of old age.

He has not, in fact, slowed down at all by his advancing years, and this has started to worry him. He is past sixty and has the white hair and wrinkled features of an old man, but he still has all the vigour he had in his youth. Whilst many people would think this a blessing, Lord Savaric has seen too much to be so complacent: he is sure it is a curse. He was a pirate for some of his errantry years and committed deeds quite sufficient to deserve cursing.

He plans to go on a last quest, to find the source of the curse and undo it. If the clues he finds lead inland, he hires others to search for him.

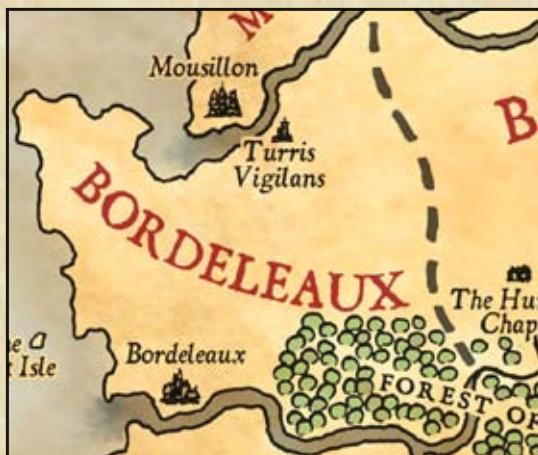
ADVENTURE HOOKS

Sail Away

The characters are all on board the temple of Manann at Bordeaux when the ship starts to move. The priests are in something of a panic; the temple isn't supposed to move, and isn't really designed to. It soon becomes clear it is sailing quite purposefully, which it certainly isn't equipped to manage. The priests soon conclude Manann wants those on board to be somewhere and start praying for guidance. Player characters may have other ideas.

Silenced

The characters wake up to find the village they were staying in unnaturally quiet. Indeed, they seem to be only living beings left and even they cannot make any noise until they leave the village. Where have the villagers gone, and why were the characters left behind? Some adventurers will immediately seek answers. Others will do nothing until it has happened three nights on the run.



LORD SAVARIC'S CURSE

The exact details of Lord Savaric's curse are not detailed in his description. This is on purpose. These are some possibilities, to spark your imagination.

- Lord Savaric was killed and reanimated whilst attacking a necromancer. He is Undead and has not realised it. (Add the Undead talent to his profile.)
- It is a blessing from Manann. Until he sleeps out of earshot of the sea, Lord Savaric will not suffer any substantial impairment from age.
- Lord Savaric was possessed by a Daemon on one of his exploits. For some reason, the Daemon proved unable to dominate the man's mind or to leave his body. It thus maintains his vigour, waiting for him to die, at which point it will take over the corpse.

— BRIONNE —

Brionne is the least threatened of the Bretonnian dukedoms. Carcassonne stands between it and the mountains, Quenelles between it and Athel Loren, and Aquitaine between it and the Forest of Châlons. Even the seas off the coast are forgiving.

Most of Brionne is arable land, with some pastoral land in the east and south. The coast is typical of Bretonnia's cliffs and beaches, and there is a major natural port at the mouth of the Brienne. The city of Brionne is built here, shining like a jewel set in silver, as entirely too many poets have said.

Like Brionne itself, the castles and towns of Brionne are built for beauty rather than practicality. Many nobles have built keeps so as to harmonise with the landscape, but in completely indefensible positions. Brionnian fortifications often have large windows and seats that are ideal for listening to lays but less useful for defence. Castle towers are often confections of white stone that are too small for a bowman, let alone a siege engine.

Villages are also designed to be picturesque. This is difficult, as peasants insist on living there and making the place dirty. It is not uncommon for Brionnian nobles to tear down all the houses in a village and have them rebuilt in accordance with some vision of what a happy village should look like. This rarely makes any concessions to practicality. Indeed, a few lords forbid their peasants from carrying out any activities that might dirty the village and require them to wash before entering. This makes life impossible, so a shantytown generally grows up behind the nearest hill, where the lord cannot see it when he comes to inspect his lands.

Plagues, rather than monsters, are the curse of Brionne. Nobody really understands the reasons, though ducal physicians have written

learned tomes on the subject. Every year or so, a new disease rips through some part of Brionne. It brings suffering and death to hundreds, nobles and peasants alike, and then it vanishes as suddenly as it appeared, never to be seen again. Occasionally cultists of Nurgle are found and held responsible, but sometimes no plausible cause is forthcoming.

THE PEOPLE

The Brionnians say everyone born in their dukedom is born a poet. Residents of other dukedoms say everyone in Brionne is born thinking he's a poet. Poetry and courtly love are as important to the Brionnian nobility as prowess in battle, and even many of the peasants catch the mood.

The classic form of courtly love is laid down in such poems as *Clovis and Ermengild* and *The Horn of Franez*. A young Knight Errant falls in love with the young and beautiful wife of an older noble. The lady at first refuses to acknowledge him, so the knight performs great feats of valour to draw her attention. At length they meet in a beautiful tower with a view over a garden, and the lady declares the knight has won her heart. The knight, however, declares he could not betray the noble lord, her husband, and leaves on a quest for the Grail. The lady pines, sustained only by the stories of her lover's prowess, until he returns, as a Grail Knight, shortly after the lady's husband dies. They marry in a glorious ending to the story.

Whilst some knights are content to just tell these stories, most want to live them. This is not popular with older husbands of young and beautiful wives, as these men are generally not interested in conveniently dying just before the climax of the story. Adultery is the least of the problems arising: feuds, attempted assassinations, and all-out war are common.



SAYINGS OF BRIONNE

"*He's singing under her window*": He's in love with her.

"*Writing with someone else's ink*": Having an affair.

Many Brionnian adventurers have left the dukedom because of problems arising from their pursuit of courtly love. Often, this means her husband found out, but since deeds of prowess are an important part of the process even successful lovers may set out. Others, of course, leave Brionne to get away from all that nonsense.

The internal politics of the dukedom are even more personal than elsewhere. There are numerous rivalries, feuds, and

alliances, but most are based on the repercussions of courtly love. Apart from the obvious feuds between husbands and lovers, there are feuds between rival lovers of the same lady, ladies who want the same knight, minstrel-knights jealous of each other's fame, and between completely untalented wannabe minstrel-knights and everyone with a touch of musical taste. Mundane issues like land and wealth are almost never an issue.

DUKE THEODORIC OF BRIONNE

Duke Theodoric almost seems to be two different people. In battle, he is a terror, wielding his great battleaxe to deadly effect. He has faced down terrifying enemies, leaving their corpses on the ground. He always leads from the front and rarely returns unwounded. Among his knights, it is whispered that some war spirit comes upon him, for he seems to take great delight in slaughter.

Away from battle, the Duke is a patron and connoisseur of music and song. He is the greatest patron of minstrels in the whole of Bretonnia and listens to their stories of love with great attention. He is something of a minstrel himself, and his compositions are competent enough. Indeed, almost all artists can stand to praise them to the skies without feeling they are utterly sacrificing their integrity.

The Duke is also rumoured to be an enthusiastic practitioner of the adulterous love praised in the songs of minstrelsy. It is said that the noblewomen of Brionne hope this rumour is true, and the noblemen fear that it is.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Brionne

Brionne is often called the Jewel of Bretonnia . . . by Brionnians. It genuinely is a remarkably beautiful city, set on a peninsula linked to the mainland by a narrow neck. The peninsula forms a hill, and the city winds up the side, built with the local white stone or, for peasant buildings, white plaster. The sand of the bay is extremely good for making glass, so virtually every window in the city is glazed, and they sparkle in the sunlight.

Castle Brionne is at the centre of the city and the peak of the island. It is what other Brionnian castles want to be: the perfect merging of fanciful form and flawless functionality. The many small turrets might appear to be haphazard, but they provide excellent fields of fire. Similarly, the tall, slender towers hold watchposts that can be defended by one man against an army and command much of the area around. The many courtyard gardens can be sealed and turned into killing rooms to dispose of invaders.

The Hall of Minstrels in Brionne is the most important centre for those entertainers in the world. It stands on a small prominence in the southern quarter of the city, and is surrounded by a garden. The building itself is circular, built of white stone, and home to an auditorium with flawless acoustics. Minstrels can be found performing there at any time of the day or night.

PLAGUES OF BRIONNE

The following examples could be used for new plagues or for past ones. Each is listed with a cure, the sort of thing that adventurers might be sent to get. Discovering the cure requires a character to examine several patients and make a successful Heal Test. This, of course, exposes the character to the disease and may well give him a strong interest in finding the cure.

Flaming Vomit

Description: The sufferers have a high fever and produce copious quantities of bright red vomit. It is a brighter red than blood, though doctors suspect that blood is a major constituent. After three days, the sufferers start to feel very cold, although they still have a fever and demand fires to keep them warm. These fires must be ever larger as the disease progresses.

Duration: 10 days

Effects: The character suffers a -20% penalty to all the Characteristics on his Main Profile. Every day he must make a **Toughness Test**, or spend most of the day vomiting helplessly, losing 5% from Toughness.

Cure: Ice from a mountain glacier. A lump the size of a crown must be placed in the victim's mouth in conjunction with a **Heal Test**.

Foot Warts

Description: Many warts rise on the soles of the victim's feet. After a day, they start to burst, leaking stinking brown fluid. Putting pressure on the warts is intensely painful, and the substance of the feet is gradually consumed in them. People without feet appear to be completely immune.

Duration: 8 days.

Effects: The character's Movement is reduced to 1 and all Characteristics on his Main Profile suffer a -30% penalty if he is standing. The victim must make a **Toughness Test** every day. This starts at **Very Easy (+30%)**, but worsens by one step every day thereafter. If any of the tests fail, the victim loses his feet to the disease.

Cure: The crushed bodies of twenty marsh millipedes, applied as a paste in conjunction with a **Challenging (-10%) Heal Test**. Cutting the victim's feet off also works.

Castle Gransette

A few decades ago, Castle Gransette was the setting for a tragedy worthy of any song (and now, of course, the subject of several). The lady Isolde had accepted the knight Sir Gaseric as her lover, but her husband, Lord Gransette, was not willing to take the role of the superfluous husband. He confined Isolde in the highest tower of his castle and challenged Sir Gaseric to a duel. Sir Gaseric agreed, on the condition that the duel took place in the courtyard of Castle Gransette, under the eye of Isolde.

The songs all tell different stories of what happened in the duel because no one knows. At sunset, a horde of zombies descended on the village of Gransette and was only defeated by the intervention of a group of adventurers. The zombies were soon identified as the castle staff, but there was no sign of the lord, lady, or knight. The adventurers resolved to enter the castle and destroy the source of the evil. They did not come out and neither did any of the groups who went to investigate afterwards.

The village and castle are being administered by the Duke until someone can determine what happened. The castle is still in remarkably good repair, but the village is inhabited only by a handful of hardy souls who refused to leave their ancestral home, even if it was cursed and haunted. There are stories of hauntings and other strange events, but investigators who stayed outside the castle have found nothing, whilst those who entered never had the chance to say what they found.

EXAMPLE BRIONNIAN

Thiemar le Bel

Thiemar is a minstrel of growing renown within Brionne. He travels from castle to castle and has so far refused any offers to



"Your eyes shine like the stars, and a word from your lips is as the singing of nightingales."

— GILLES D'AURAN, BRIONNIAN POET

"Why is it always stars? What's wrong with pools of limpid water? Or jewels? But no, always stars."

— MAURICIO CASALE Y GORTEZ, ESTALIAN POET

"Bunch of ineffectual fops? I've seen a group of Brionnian knights break off from singing songs about their ladies, slaughter a band of Beastmen, and then go back to the songs whilst cleaning their weapons. Odd, certainly, but not ineffectual."

— MARIETTA, TILEAN MERCENARY

join a household, claiming to still be in his period of errantry. The nobility look indulgently upon this claim. He is attractive, if a bit on the pretty side (but then, he's a minstrel), and his singing voice is a remarkable high tenor. More than a few ladies have lost their hearts to him, but rumour has it that all have been rebuffed. This endears him to lords and to other ladies who feel they might have a chance.

Thiemar is very guarded about his origins for two reasons.

First, his parents were simple peasants in a Brionnian village. Second, he's a woman. Fortunately, her voice is naturally very low, but non-Bretonnians realise the truth immediately if they succeed at an Average Perception Test. Bretonnians refuse to see it; a woman couldn't possibly do this.

When she left her village, Thiemar had vague plans to become a Herrimault and lead a revolution to overthrow the nobles. She thought of her work as an entertainer as a way of gathering information. However, she found that she really liked being a minstrel and even liked quite a few of the nobles she met. She has moved away from revolution but still feels that something must be done about the oppression of the peasants. She is dangerously open to suggestions as to what.

Thiemar le Bel

Race: Human

Career: Minstrel (ex-Entertainer)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	37%	30%	33%	36%	25%	32%	63%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +20%, the Wasteland), Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Perception, Performer (Musician +10%, Singer +20%), Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton +10%), Ventriloquism

Talents: Etiquette, Mimic, Public Speaking, Sturdy

Special Rules:

Thiemar le Bel gets a +10% bonus on all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerning Brionne.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (sword)

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Artistic Differences

The adventurers, with their usual luck, stumble across the corpse of a murdered minstrel. They are the prime suspects and are locked up to face justice. Whilst locked up, another minstrel is murdered in the same way. Even the Bretonnians can work out that they have the wrong people and ask the adventurers to help investigate. The murders continue, and all the dead minstrels were linked to one another. The adventurers discover the hand of a Chaos cult, but is the killer a member, or were the victims? Either way, things are serious; the victims had many connections with the nobility, and opportunities to spread corruption, whilst an active Chaos cult is always a problem.

The Kidnapped Lady

A noble lord hires the adventurers to rescue his wife, who has been kidnapped. He wants them to do it discreetly, but he doesn't care whether the kidnappers survive. It quickly becomes clear that the wife is young and beautiful.

The obvious conclusion is that she has run off with her lover. But maybe she has been kidnapped by someone who just wants to be her lover. Or by a band of Herrimaults opposing the lord's oppression. A knight offers his help; is he the lady's lover, or just another wannabe? Or a plant? And maybe the lady herself organised the kidnapping, before the side effects of her study of Necromancy became too obvious.

Or maybe she just ran off with her lover.

— CARCASSONNE —

Carcassonne is the southern border of Bretonnia, covering much of the Irrana Mountains and bordering Estalia in the west, Tilea in the south, and Athel Loren in the east. The land is split into four regions by the three great tributaries of the River Brienne, and the Brienne itself forms the northern border.

There are narrow bands of arable land along portions of the major rivers, but the overwhelming majority of Carcassonne is pastoral or mountains. Carcassonnian shepherdesses are particularly renowned in the rest of Bretonnia for strength, courage, and a complete lack of feminine charm.

The two eastern portions of Carcassonne were once the land of Glanborielle, but that dukedom was utterly swept away in the invasions of Orcs that led to the unification of Bretonnia. The area is now distinguished by the hill-forts that were the strongholds of the Glanborien nobility, now abandoned. Popular legend holds they are all haunted, and in at least some cases, the legends are known to be justified.

The main threat facing Carcassonne is the constant raiding of the Greenskins of the Irrana Mountains and the Vaults. In the east of the dukedom, they occasionally get some help from the Fay of Athel Loren, but the Carcassonnians have never had as good relations with the Fay as their neighbours to the north in Quenelles. For the most part, they stand alone, trusting to their military prowess, and for the most part, that trust is justified.

In recent years, Carcassonnian knights have begun talking of the Iron Orcs of the mountains, obvious servants of Chaos

who reinforce the normal Orc hordes and who are stronger even than the Black Orcs. So far, only natives of Carcassonne claim to have seen them. Even Tileans, with territory in the same mountains, have seen nothing. Many people think they are just a story to back up Carcassonnian demands for reduced taxes.



THE PEOPLE

Carcassonnians are a martial people, believing prowess at arms is their birthright and their duty. This mentality is reinforced by the constant Greenskin raids, which often reach quite a way into the dukedom before a sufficient force can be gathered to crush them. Almost all Carcassonnians have some military training—even the peasants.

However, they do not look down on those who are not warriors. This is seen best in their attitude to Brionne, a dukedom that spends its time on poetry. The Carcassonnians like to listen to Brionnian minstrels when they have time, and those who can travel visit Brionne to see the wonders of the city. The Carcassonnians are proud of these achievements because, they say, they fight to make such things possible. They fight so that they Brionnians do not have to, and they are proud of this.

Many Carcassonnian adventurers travel to employ their martial abilities against threats in other parts of the Old World. Others travel because their talents are not martial, and they find it very hard to receive the recognition they feel they deserve within Carcassonne. Brionnian minstrels are all very well, but a true son of Carcassonne should be a warrior.

"We keep the Orcs from the rest of Bretonnia. It is our duty, and we ask no reward but that we be allowed to do it. We are the men of Carcassonne, and we will fight!"

— DUKE HUEBALD (HIS LONGEST RECORDED SPEECH)

"Ah, Carcassonne. I came into Bretonnia over the mountains, and my first job was as a "shepherdess." Me and the rest of my company. We had a sheep to look after. We protected Bessy from half a dozen Orc warbands, and then the stupid animal fell down a cliff. I decided to move on."

— MARIETTA, TILEAN MERCENARY

IRON ORCS

Iron Orcs are real enough, though it is unclear why only Carcassonnian natives have so far encountered them. At first sight they look like Black Orcs in plate armour but without a helmet, but closer encounters reveal the armour is set into their skin. They are faster, stronger, and better armoured than Black Orcs, but Iron Orcs are less intelligent and more savage. They normally serve under Black Orc leaders, and some accounts suggest that their numbers are increasing.

This worries Duke Huebald a great deal.

Iron Orc Characteristics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	20%	51%	53%	34%	18%	32%	15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	5	5	5	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins), Dodge Blow +20%, Intimidate +20%, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue)

Talents: Frenzy, Menacing, Night Vision, Scales (5), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Sturdy

Special Rules:

Big Choppa: Even larger and more unwieldy than a Choppa, only Iron Orcs have been seen to use these weapons. On the first round of combat they do SB+2, and on later rounds SB+1 damage. In the hands of a non-Orc, they count as Great Weapons.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Big Choppa



Two Carcassonnian customs have achieved a degree of fame beyond the dukedom. The first is the Birth Sword. All male nobles are presented with a fine sword at their birth: it is supposed to be the first thing that they grasp. This sword is then hung above the boy's bed until he is old enough to train with it. From that point, it rests on a rack beside his bed whilst he sleeps. Most Carcassonnians refuse to fight with any other weapon and do indeed seem to do better whilst holding it.

The second custom is the Carcassonnian "shepherd." Peasants cannot, of course, be trusted to fight independently, and it would greatly shame Bretonnians to hire mercenaries. However, the flocks of sheep in the foothills of the mountains do need protecting, and so there is no shame in hiring shepherds who can defend themselves.

On the one hand, Carcassonnian shepherds and

shepherdesses are trained warriors, and they are also trained to operate alone, spying on and harassing Orc bands. On the other hand, Carcassonnian nobles sometimes hire foreign "shepherds," often in bands with a skilled leader, and give them a single sheep to look after. The pay is 50 Pennies per day, but those nobles are remarkably careless about dropping purses of gold in front of the head shepherd.

The mercenaries hired in this way find it amusing. Most manage to resist the temptation to eat their sheep for at least a week; some adopt it as a mascot.

SAYINGS OF CARCASSONNE

"Born with a sword in his hand": Very rich. Completely unconnected to military prowess.

"Carcasses": Insulting term for Carcassonnians. Only used within the dukedom by those with a death wish.

"He's looking for his sheep": He's after something he really cares about.

DUKE HUEBALD OF CARCASSONNE

Duke Huebald is a relatively small man, wiry and fast rather than powerful. He speaks only when absolutely necessary, and even then, he uses as few words as possible.

BIRTH SWORD (TALENT)

Description: You have a Birth Sword. Whilst wielding this weapon you get +5% to Weapon Skill and deal SB+1 damage. You do not gain these bonuses with any other weapon, nor does anyone else gain these bonuses from your Birth Sword. In addition, whilst you carry the sword, even if you are not using it, you gain a +10% bonus on Fear and Terror Tests.

You may normally only take this talent if you were born a male noble in Carcassonne. Female characters may take it if they were raised as boys from the moment of their birth, generally by parents desperate for a son. Characters not of noble background may not take it.

No one who knows him has ever seen him smile, much less heard him laugh. His wife, Schermilde, was a political match, and the fact that the couple have four children, all of whom take after the Duke, is a matter of some wonderment.

The Duke is, however, respected by all his men. He is the finest war-leader that the Carcassonnians have had in generations and a brave warrior in person. Unlike many Bretonnian knights, he is willing to use ambushes and feints to defeat monstrous opponents. He argues that the Orcs that pour out of the mountains to burn villages do not deserve to be fought with honour.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Castle Carcassonne

Castle Carcassonne stands on an island surrounded by the River Songez, the westernmost of the tributaries of the River Brienne that lie wholly within the dukedom. The attached town is small and exists to provide services to the large number of "shepherd" companies who come to the castle to take jobs with the Duke. As a result, it is a very rough place.

The castle itself is designed to be defensible but acts primarily as a base camp. The Duke would not fall back here to prepare for a siege; rather, he would harry invading armies whilst slowly

falling back to the Brienne. There is only a single curtain wall, which encloses a large mustering area, and the keep is very small. The Duke lives in a complex of buildings that are less defensible but much more comfortable.

Dragon Falls

This waterfall on the upper reaches of the Songez probably got its name from the rock formations and mist, which make it look rather like a dragon breathing smoke. Some people believe a dragon once lived here, and that its treasure remains.

It is currently of concern because it is roughly in the centre of an area where many Undead have been encountered. Local lords are worried that a Necromancer has taken up residence at the falls, and the first group of "shepherds" sent to investigate have not come back.

Summersfall Fort

Summersfall Fort is a medium-size hill fort in east of Carcassonne. It is famous for being definitely haunted. If a small group of people spends the night of the last day of summer within the walls of the fort, they encounter the Ghost of the Glanborien noble who once lived here. He asks them to perform a task, which always involves fighting against Orcs. If they refuse, his ghostly warriors rise up from the ground and attack them. If they accept, they are safe unless they give up, in which case the warriors attack them, wherever they are.

The noble's ghost seems to know a lot about where there are Orcs, and a few particularly brave "shepherds" have visited the Fort on more than one occasion. These hardy souls say that the tasks get steadily harder, as if the noble is testing the volunteers. They suspect that he has some great task in mind, but if he has, no one has yet completed enough tests to learn what it is.

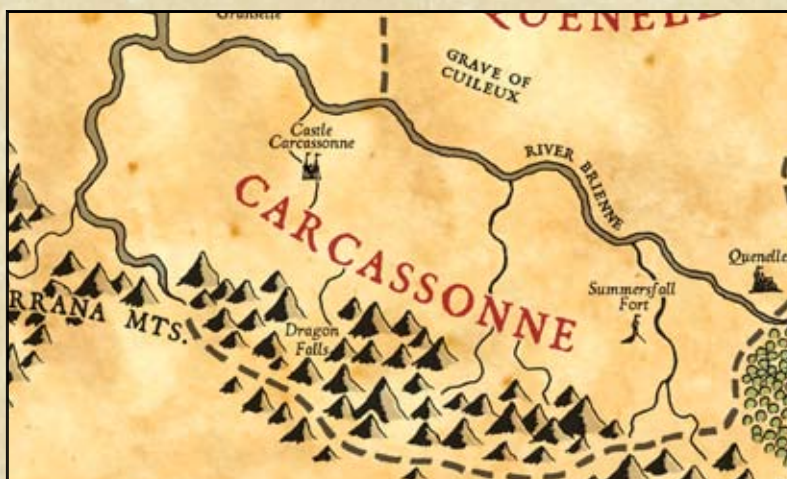
EXAMPLE CARCASSONIAN

Gertrude

Gertrude is an experienced shepherdess, active in the southwestern region of Carcassonne. She looks the part: a heavily built, grim woman with short hair and a long bow. In her time, she has led dozens of small Orc war bands into traps and guided parties of knights to larger groups.

She is starting to feel unappreciated. The pay of a shepherd is not great and their social status is not very high. In particular, Gertrude thinks she would like to get married, but no men seem interested. She is thus considering a number of ways to get more money and find a husband. She might ultimately turn to outlawry, but she isn't there yet.

In the meantime, she is willing to act as a guide for groups of adventurers seeking important sites in the mountains. She



demands money up front and a share of the treasure, and she does her job well as long as she thinks she will get paid. If there are any attractive men among the adventurers, they become the subject of her amorous attentions. She does not take insulting rejections well.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Army of Ghosts

Stories of hauntings at Glanborien hill forts become much more common and are soon confirmed by reliable witnesses. The Ghosts of the nobles and warriors seem to be gathering in their forts, taking counsel, and preparing their war gear. Peasants start fleeing the area in fear, and whilst most nobles are reluctant to run away, they want to know what is going on. One noble hires the adventurers to try talking to the Ghosts.

The Ghosts are willing to talk, eventually. They might be assembling to enact vengeance on the Orcs or have been compelled by a powerful Necromancer. They might even be planning to cast the Carcassonnian invaders out of their lands.

Border Problems

The Tileans have decided they want to claim more of the Irrana Mountains for their own. Raids against Bretonnian villages have started, with Tileans moving in quickly to settle afterwards. There is even some evidence that Orcs have been channelled towards Bretonnian settlements, and that some of the Tilean shepherds might be spies.

The lords of Carcassonne cannot afford to fire all the Tileans, nor do they want war with Tilea. On the other hand, they must take action whilst a foreign power controls their land. They turn to the adventurers to solve the problem quietly, without provoking a diplomatic incident.

Gertrude

Race: Human

Career: Scout (ex-Carcassonne Shepherd)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	54%	32%	24%	51%	46%	32%	32%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	3	2	5	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +10%, Greenskins), Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Navigation, Perception +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Scout), Set Trap, Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Flee!, Fleet-footed, Orientation, Rover, Sharpshooter, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Warrior Born

Special Rules:

Gertrude gets a +10% bonus to all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with the dukedom of Carcassonne.

Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (axe), Longbow with 20 Arrows.

Feed My Sheep

The adventurers are approached by a noble looking to hire some shepherds. When they talk to him, he makes it clear he really does want them to look after the sheep; they are a rare breed and extremely valuable. He fears some people will deliberately try to steal them. The adventurers find themselves dealing with Orcs, sheep rustlers, and idiotic sheep that have trouble noticing that they have wandered up a cliff.

— COURONNE —

Couronne is one of the larger dukedoms and unique in possessing a significant internal division. Couronne proper sits north of the Sannez, around a cape projecting into the Sea of Chaos. The Marches of Couronne extend to the east, reaching around the Grey Mountains until they end at the ill-defined border of the Wasteland.

Couronne proper is mostly arable land with pastoral land in the south and east where it approaches the Pale Sisters and the Grey Mountains. Its coast is rugged and ill suited to trade, and it's constantly lashed by storms coming in off the Sea of Chaos. It is also subject to frequent raids by Norscans, both servants of Chaos and simple bloodthirsty barbarians. Coastal villages are always protected by a stockade at the very least; those without even basic defences do not last a single raiding season.



The Marches of Couronne include the northernmost reaches of the Grey Mountains and wide expanses of plains that are too dry for most crops. As a result, the people of the Marches have become the greatest horse-breeders in Bretonnia, which is no mean feat given the quality achieved elsewhere.

The Marches are plagued by Greenskins from the Grey Mountains who also raid into the south-eastern portions of Couronne proper. These Orcs ride strange carnivorous horses which seem to be able to gallop up mountains as well as across plains. The Couronniers do not know where the creatures have come from, and all attempts to capture, break, and breed them have failed dismally.

THE PEOPLE

Despite rumours to the contrary, Couronnians are not born in the saddle. A few women have tried, but it is apparently physically impossible. They are, however, introduced to riding before they can walk and continue to practise their whole lives. Couronnians are without question the finest horsemen in Bretonnia.

What is more, almost all of them are deeply knowledgeable about and interested in equine creatures. For many Couronnians, their best friend is a horse. It is said a Brionnian would fight you to the death over his wife but cheerfully lend you his horse, whilst Couronnians are the other way around. (This is not true. Brionnian knights do not lend their horses to anyone.)

Couronnians hate to walk anywhere when they could ride. This even extends to peasants: horse breeding means most peasants have the use of a horse, even if they do not technically own it. Most Couronnians want the best horse possible, and it is not at all unusual to see a dainty noble lady riding a destrier. They claim being on such a big horse makes them feel safe, and they might occasionally need to ride on a battlefield. However, they normally just ride them to market and back, even when the market is at the castle gates. Some

"What is a knight without his steed? But what is the steed without the knight? Knight and steed, noble and peasant; on such relationships is Bretonnia built."

— KING LOUEN LEONCOEUR

"They can't bear the thought of something that looks even vaguely like a horse that they can't ride."

— MARIETTA, TILEAN MERCENARY

"Their horses are superb. But still not as good as they think; buy in L'Anguille, where they'll charge you a reasonable amount."

— WOLFGANG VON ILSBACH, IMPERIAL MERCHANT

Couronnians start to feel that using a horse simply to get between home and market is something of an insult, and thus leave to become adventurers. Knights Errant, of course, want to show off their horsemanship.

However, many Couronnian adventurers hate horses, or are even allergic to them. Completely unable to fit in at home, they head out to meet people who are not completely horse-mad.

The Couronnian obsession makes horse breeding and horse racing very important elements of their culture, and even their politics. Plots to undermine a rival's horses are commonplace and feuds arising from them a major feature. The summer cycle of major horseraces gives structure to the courtly calendar, and even the King attends most races. Unlike many Couronnians, however, King Louen feels that his duties as a ruler are more important than watching a dozen horses run very quickly.

Politics within Couronne are mostly concerned with petty feuding about horses. The main exception concerns the March of Couronne. Earl Adalbert, lord of the March, is a vassal of the Duke. He would much rather be a direct vassal of the King. As the two men are currently the same person, he feels that now is an excellent time to press his case. The King, however, is wary of giving such a powerful lord the independence of a Duke.

The Earl's political manoeuvrings are proceeding on two fronts. First, he tries to portray all the other non-ducual Barons of the realm in the best possible light. If they can be seen to be righting wrongs committed by a Duke, so much the better. Second, he aims to perform acts so glorious that the King will have little choice but to accept his fealty as the King. In the service of both goals, he has great need of adventurers who are willing to do a lot of work for none of the glory.

The Earl is also pressing for glorious military adventures against the Wasteland. If he could capture Marienburg, he is sure that he would be made a Baron. The Storm of Chaos has drawn a lot of Marienburg's guards to the north and east, so he has recently stepped up cross-border raiding. The Wastelanders have complained, but so far, their emissaries have been largely ignored.

LOUEN LEONCOEUR

King of Bretonnia and Duke of Couronne

The current King of Bretonnia, Louen Leoncoeur, is also the Duke of Couronne. He is a Grail Knight, as is required of all Kings of Bretonnia, and many are saying he is the greatest King the land has had in centuries; flatterers even say the greatest since Gilles le Breton himself.



HAGRANYMS

The Orcs of the Grey Mountains call their special mounts Hagranyms. The Hagranyms are not animals; many are more intelligent than the Orcs riding them. This is one reason why all attempts by Bretonnians to tame them have failed; the Hagranyms refuse to cooperate and are clever enough to cause all kinds of problems. The other reason is that all Hagranyms are bloodthirsty killers, delighting in slaughter for its own sake as well as for food.

They have chosen to ally with the Orcs because it increases their chances for slaughtering something other than Orcs. Most Orcs think that they have tamed the Hagranym by their superior strength. Only a few of the most intelligent trainers have found that the creatures choose to cooperate. The Orcs know that the Hagranym are individually stronger, and it is only their belief in their intellectual superiority that sustains the relationship. If the Orcs find out that they are being manipulated, it will be war.

—Hagranym Characteristics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
43%	0%	54%	52%	37%	30%	33%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	20	5	5	8	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Greenskins), Dodge Blow, Perception +20%, Scale Sheer Surface +20%

Talents: Acute Hearing, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow

Special Rules:

Natural Climbers: Despite having no hands, the Hagranyms can make full use of the Scale Sheer Surface skill.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Razor Hooves (SB+1), Fangs



King Louen frequently takes the field with his troops, and when he does so, he rides a hippogriff, striking fear into his enemies. His prowess in battle is such that even those who meet him dismounted are prone to running away, and the King's presence on the battlefield seems to grant Bretonnians greater courage.

Away from war, he is renowned as a just monarch. He will not allow the letter of the law to cloak abuses of its spirit, and even the lowliest noble can seek a personal audience. The King has issued a decree that none are to suffer for what they say during such an audience, and he enforces it. Whenever the King gets involved, justice is done.

The only regret most Bretonnians have is that their King is still only one man.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Couronne

Next to the Smooth Field is the Lion Ring, the largest and finest horseracing stadium in the Old World. It is a large oval built entirely in stone with ranked tiers of seating. There has been a

stadium here since before the unification of Bretonnia, and some say the foundations are Elven. (Some say the whole structure is Elven, but they're definitely wrong.) Until very recently it was clearly a more spectacular structure than Castle Couronne, and recent building work has only managed to make it debatable.

The other main feature of Couronne is the Temple of

SAYINGS OF COURONNE

"Like barding on a palfrey": Something valuable wasted on someone who can't use it. (A palfrey is a small riding horse, suitable for ladies.)

"Full tack and harness": Best outfit

"He can't tell an Orc from a horseshoe": He's very, very drunk or stupid (or both).



Shallya. This is the premier temple of Shallya in the Old World, seat of the matriarch and goal of pilgrimages from every nation. However, it has very little influence on local politics, as the Lady of the Lake is far more important to the nobility of Bretonnia. The supreme leaders of most religions would find this irksome, but it seems to suit the matriarch of Shallya perfectly.

Landrel Barrow

Landrel Barrow is a large earth mound the size of a small hill in the March of Couronne. It is artificial and has a large stone

gateway set in the side. Light never seems to penetrate far, and a chilling cold always radiates from it.

Every few years, though the precise time seems to be random, an army of skeletons and zombies marches out of the barrow. They follow the same route every time and completely ignore anyone who leaves them alone. As there are 4,373 of them (they ignored one scholar so much he was able to make an accurate count), most nobles are willing to ignore them. The few who are not meet bad ends, unless their friends can restrain them.

Many groups of adventurers have investigated the barrow. Most have come back, reporting finding nothing but a few cold and empty stone tunnels under the hill. One group found an undisturbed burial chamber, lost one man to the Wight lairing there, and emerged with some treasure. Some groups, however, have simply failed to emerge.

Tancred Castle

Tancred Castle is the current seat of Earl Adalbert. The Earl moves his seat every few years, leaving the previous castle in the hands of a trusted steward. His father did this before him, and father and son aim to build a network of strong points across their territory.

Tancred Castle, only recently completed, is a good example of this. It sits on a low but steep hill, and the outer wall is studded with towers. The high inner wall allows defenders to turn the region between the walls into a killing zone, whilst the final round keep also has a tall signal and watchtower. The castle has a good well and large stores of food. Fully manned, it could survive a siege for over three months. The surrounding land is not particularly fertile, and it is unlikely that a living army could last that long.

The Earl is thinking of moving on again and is looking for a reliable castellan. The castle still suffers from occasional Orc raids and is close enough to the border with the Wasteland to be the target of reprisals from them, as well.

EXAMPLE COURONNEAN

Ronsard

Ronsard is a Highwayman, and one of the most famous in Bretonnia. He has only been active for a few years, but tales of his exploits are popular throughout Couronne and are starting to spread beyond. He is famed for his unfailing courtesy, for taking only some of his victims' money and possessions, and for a few occasions in which he helped drive off attacking Orcs or bandits and then accepted a little money "for his trouble."

A few foolish people have even been known to deliberately take roads he has targeted, in the hopes of meeting him.

Ronsard was born an ordinary peasant who fled into outlawry after a disagreement over his taxes. His first years as an Outlaw involved simple robbery with violence; he had no pretensions to be a Herrimault. By pure chance, on one occasion he decided to mock a victim by being excessively

Ronsard

Race: Human

Career: Highwayman (ex-Outlaw)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42%	54%	33%	31%	67%	33%	26%	47%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +10%), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip +10%, Perception, Ride +20%, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton), Swim

Talents: Ambidextrous, Etiquette, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Rover, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing, Gunpowder), Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Swashbuckler, Trick Riding

Special Rules:

Ronsard gets a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests relating to the dukedom of Couronne.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Two Pistols, Rapier

polite. The next day, in the tavern, he heard the victim telling the tale of the gentlemanly robber. Ronsard enjoyed the experience and experimented with it again. It was a resounding success, and soon he found himself riding the path of the Highwayman.

Ronsard is utterly in love with his image. He still lives simply to avoid arousing suspicion, but he spends a lot of time thinking of new ways to augment the legend of Ronsard, Gentleman Highwayman. Anyone poaching on his territory would be severely dealt with.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Gift Horse

One of the Hagranyms decides a little spying is in order. He attacks an isolated rider, then strips the tack off his mount and hides its body. When the adventurers pass, they find a dead man with his wounded-but-living horse still standing by, protecting the body. If the adventurers don't take the Hagranym, it tags along.

The adventurers find that their trail is dogged by mysterious killings at the hand of some beast. They may wonder whether one of them is a lycanthrope of some sort. If they do not track things back to the Hagranym, it betrays them at an extremely inopportune moment, finally unable to endure not feasting on their flesh.

Of course, if any character looks in the creature's mouth, the game is up. But who would do that to a gift horse?

Simple Theft

Less honest characters are hired to steal a particular horse and bring it to a certain castle. The horse is well guarded, but the job is within their capabilities. When they get to the castle, no one knows anything about them, but the war party coming over the horizon is unlikely to believe that. The characters need to do a lot of fast-talking or fast running (probably both) to get out of their initial predicament.

And then there's the little matter of who hired them and why? What happens back at the victim's castle whilst he is out chasing his horse?

— GISOREUX —

The dukedom of Gisoreux is divided into four geographical areas. The first, the Plains of Gisoreux, is actually mostly pastoral country and very hilly. This area includes the city of Gisoreux itself and lies between the River Grismerie, the Forest of Arden, the Pale Sisters, and the Grey Mountains. Just over half of the population of the dukedom lives in this small area.

The second area is North Gisoreux. This land, between the Sannez and the Pale Sisters, is also mostly pastoral but has substantial arable portions along the course of the Sannez. The land here used to be part of the Forest of Arden but was cleared, over the course of a thousand years, by the family of the current ruler, Earl Baldhelm of Harran. The process continues in the southwest of the region. North Gisoreux is home to about a quarter of the population.

The third region is the Forest of Arden. The areas south and east of the river are relatively civilised. The roads between the villages are patrolled by the local nobility or at least by their men-at-arms, and travel on the roads is no more dangerous than travel on most other roads of the Old World. The villages do have stockades but, in a good year, suffer no attacks. On the other hand, no one leaves the cleared areas

of forest without a really good reason, and those who do rarely come back.



North of the river, where the forest runs up to the Pale Sisters, things are very different. No village founded here has ever survived more than a year. Recently, Bretonnian lords have even given up trying. The Human inhabitants are all nomadic, and there are no roads larger than a trail. The trees in this region are particularly old, large, and fine, which prompts nobles to send occasional logging forays. These sometimes succeed in bringing out a tree or two; more often, the loggers simply vanish.

The final region of the dukedom is covered by mountains, split between the Pale Sisters in the west and the Grey Mountains in the east. The two ranges are very distinct. The Pale Sisters are of white rock and tend to rounded peaks, steep cliffs, and lots of high valleys. Access to the valleys is limited, however, and often involves climbing a cliff. The Grey Mountains are of dark grey stone and are characterised by very sharp terrain. Their peaks and ridges are narrow, as are the are their many passes. As a result, more people live in the Pale Sisters than in the Grey Mountains.

"We all are Gisoren, and our very diversity grants us strength."

— DUKE HAGEN, IN A SPEECH TO THE NORTH GISOREN IN WHICH HE ENCOURAGED THEM TO ABANDON THE UNCIVILISED PRACTICE OF MOCK MARRIAGES ON LILY DAY.

"So many differences, so easy for Chaos to hide. These people have much to learn."

— ERMNEGARD OF KRUNGENHEIM, WITCH HUNTER

"Great place to work. The inns actually make you welcome, rather than treat you as a porter who just happened to bring customers. If most of the routes there didn't also go through the forest, I'd work there all the time."

— ELDEGAR OF BUSREQ, COACHMAN

THE PEOPLE

Just as the land of Gisoreux is divided, so are the people. The Plains of Gisoreux are the heart of the dukedom, and these are the people most outsiders think of when they think of Gisoreux. Gisorens are friendly people; they greet even complete strangers politely, and many people offer casual acquaintances a meal. There are, however, strict limits to this generosity.

After a single meal and one night's accommodation, visitors are expected to earn any further friendliness by reciprocating. Clever and mobile rogues manage to sponge off the Gisorens' largesse for years, but far more are recognised and find themselves shunned.

These customs even extend to the more civilised parts of the Forest of Arden, but there, new arrivals are expected to begin their visit with a bath, in which they are supervised constantly by armed villagers. The bath is, of course, a courtesy, and the guards are for the guests' protection, and the fact that it is impossible to hide most mutations whilst naked is pure coincidence. Attractive female visitors may find many, many men are eager to protect them. Women pretending to be men find that people in this region are generally good at overlooking such things.

SAYINGS OF GISOREUX

"He's crossed the river": He's made an irrevocable decision. Most of the rivers in Gisoreux form important borders.

"He's got a red horse and a black pig": He's dirt poor. This is from a folk tale that was very popular two centuries ago. These days, only scholars know the whole story.

"Winter visitor": A completely unexpected event, originally from the Pale Sisters.

The nomads of the forest make a living as hunters and trappers and trade regularly with the villages bordering on their areas. Most of them make a trip to the city of Gisoreux at least once every few years, since they have occasional contact with the isolated villages of Artois and do not want to become like them. They also keep an eye on the Beastmen and other monsters and send runners to warn villages at risk of attack. As a result, they are accepted

without prejudice by virtually all other Gisorens.

In the valleys of the Pale Sisters, the people cluster together in small communities. Given the labyrinthine quality of this region accompanied by terrible winters, few people have the means or the interest to leave their small stone homes. Few have little knowledge of others who dwell in and beyond these mountains. As a result of their isolation, each community has its own strange customs and habits, though the threat of Orcs and Chaos force all villages to concentrate on defence.

There are Human inhabitants of the Grey Mountains, but in Gisoreux this range is too rugged and plagued by monsters to support any real communities. Most of those who live here are nomadic loners, though there are some family groups. They live by hunting and by guiding travellers through the mountains. A few nobles have lands in the Plains of Gisoreux and strongholds in the mountains, with the responsibility of defending them against monsters. In many places they can do little more than keep their fortress secure and supplied, but the nobles along the Gisoreux Gap pride themselves on keeping it as safe for traffic as any road anywhere.

The internal politics of the dukedom have recently been upset. For centuries, North Gisoreux was basically cut off from the Duke in the south, allowing the Earls of Harran to go about things in their own way. They grew accustomed to this nominal independence, and it was a shock when Duke Hagen moved to Couronne for most of the time. Now, the Duke can easily deal with North Gisoreux, and it is in the Plains where he must rely on his steward. Duke Hagen's high standards of personal virtue do not help matters; he keeps coming across practices he deems unacceptable, but which the people of North Gisoreux have maintained for generations.

Gisoreux, in common with all the dukedoms bordering on that cursed place, would like to see Mousillon invaded and cleansed. However, relations with Bastonne are also strained. Nobles in the Plains of Gisoreux have repeatedly feuded with Bastonnian lords in an effort to extend their holdings across the river. Since Duke Hagen moved north, these lords have become more willing to swear fealty to the Duke of Bastonne for lands in the latter dukedom. As a result, there are now a number of Gisoren lords with some holdings in Bastonne



as well, which makes relations between the dukedoms even more complex.

DUKE HAGEN OF GISOREUX

Duke Hagen is a Grail Knight and a close companion of King Louen. The Duke is utterly committed to the ideals of knighthood, even more so than most Grail Knights, and the King knows that he can rely on him for advice on the chivalric thing to do. Duke Hagen's decisions are unclouded by concern for consequences, so the King does not always take his advice; King Louen is mindful that it is sometimes better to act unchivalrously and avoid throwing away hundreds of lives.

The Duke sometimes has trouble with these decisions. He is aware that the King has wider responsibilities and still trusts his friend's commitment to the ideals of chivalry. Still, every time King Louen compromises those principles for the greater good, the Duke worries about the possibility of corruption.

Duke Hagen hardly ever leaves the King's side. The King likes to have the Duke's advice readily available, and the Duke, though he would scarcely admit it even to himself, wants to keep an eye on the King.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Castle Desfleuve

Castle Desfleuve stands at the centre of the Gisoreux Gap. It is the seat of the Marquis Desfleuve, a young man charged with coordinating the defence of the whole pass. He is the only child of his parents: his mother died in childbirth and his father died less than a year ago. So far, Frederic, the current Marquis, is living up to his illustrious ancestors' deeds. A Knight of the Realm, he has already spoken about finding a reliable steward so that he can go on the Quest for the Grail.

Frederic Desfleuve has a secret problem: he's a woman. His father couldn't bear the thought of remarrying, so he raised his only child to be his heir. In all respects but one, this proved to be an excellent decision. The only other living person who knows the Marquis's secret is his (her?) old nurse, but Frederic is desperate to find someone to trust, who can help her with the problem of how on earth she is going to produce a true heir to the lordship.

Gisoreux

The city of Gisoreux is a busy place filled with traders and travellers stopping on their way along the Grismerie. There are more Imperial merchants in Gisoreux than in any other city in Bretonnia, and it may be the only place in the world where people do not immediately think of sailors when they think of Marienburg: a number of land traders come from the Wasteland through the Gisoreux Gap. The city has fine merchant houses pressed right up against decaying slums, many of which used to be fine merchant houses. For some reason, merchant families in Gisoreux rarely maintain their prosperity for more than one generation.



The city is dominated by Castle Gisoreux, an enormous, sprawling complex that runs along a ridge in the east of the city. There is only a single curtain wall, but it is over a mile long and encloses two large keeps as well as many other buildings. Since the Duke began spending most of his time in Couronne, most of Castle Gisoreux has been closed down. Lord Hincmar, the Duke's steward, lives in one of the keeps, but the other is now deserted.

The area of the city nearest the castle is reserved for the town houses of the nobility. There is quite a lot of empty space here, as the city has never attracted nobles in the numbers one would expect. Gisoren lords seem to prefer the countryside.

Valle Florida

Valle Florida is a large valley in the Pale Sisters. It is unusually inaccessible (even for the mountains) with high cliffs rising above it on three sides and a steep drop to the south. Entering or leaving the valley requires at least a day spent climbing mountains. Its orientation, however, makes its climate unusually warm: it traps sunlight. Snow only settles there in the depths of winter, and in summer it is filled with flowers. The vineyards, in particular, flourish.

Floridan wine is an acquired taste, but aficionados praise it above all others. Getting genuine Floridan wine is extremely difficult, and both wealthy individuals and wine dealers often hire adventurers to deliver it.

The people of the valley have developed something of a reputation, in no small part to a suspicious Witch Hunter who sought to expose the townspeople of being hidden cultists. He claimed that the locals placed Warpstone in their wine. But an investigation revealed he had tainted some wine himself. He was to be drowned in his own tainted barrel, but as he developed gills within moments of being ducked, the people had to settle for burning him instead. Ever since, the folk fawn on their guests but have little interest in accommodating those who desire an extended stay.

Rhodegang the Black

Race: Human

Career: Scout (ex-Hunter)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	62%	29%	36%	55%	52%	36%	32%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	17	2	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Beastmen, Bretonnia +10%), Concealment +10%, Follow Trail +10%, Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival +10%, Perception +10%, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger, Scout), Set Trap, Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Excellent Vision, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Marksman, Mighty Shot, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Rover, Sure Shot, Specialist Weapon (Longbow)

Special Rules:

Rhodegang gets a +10% to all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with Gisoreux.

Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Shield, Longbow and 20 Arrows.

in his ancestry, though living person has done so within Rhodegang's hearing.

Rhodegang's father raised him with an intense hatred of Beastmen. One of his earliest memories is of being taken to see what Beastmen had done to a village that wasn't warned in time, and the images still haunt him. Rhodegang started as a hunter, but dedication soon turned him into one of the nomads' foremost experts on the movements of Beastmen. As such information is vital both to the nomads and to settled villages, Rhodegang has earned a great deal of respect.

He is highly focused (the less charitable say obsessed), but he treats all non-mutated people politely. If they are interested in fighting against Beastmen, he becomes quite enthusiastic. Characters hunting Beastmen in the eastern Arden are very likely to be referred to Rhodegang if they look for a guide, and they will find him very useful in that role. In melee combat, however, he knows his limits and hangs back.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Frontier Life

The fourth son of a minor Gisoreux noble gets very lucky on an adventure and acquires a vast amount of money. He decides he will establish a settlement in the Forest of Arden beyond the river. Most people decide that he is a lunatic, but surely the adventurers would be interested in good pay to ensure the survival of the settlement?

The Beastmen don't want them there, the nomads really aren't sure, and the noble is remarkably cagey on the details of his lucky adventure. There's plenty for adventurers to do.

Snowbound

The characters are resting in one of the valleys of the Pale Sisters after an adventure when an unseasonable snowfall traps them there. The villagers assure them it will melt in a few days, but then villagers start to disappear. Search parties are sent out in groups of at least six, but no one blames the adventurers. Why not?

EXAMPLE GISOREN

Rhodegang the Black

Rhodegang was born and raised a nomad in the Forest of Arden. His nickname comes from his hair, which is jet black, thick, and all over his body. Even his beard grows quickly. A few people have speculated on the possibility of a Beastman

— LYONESSE —

Lyonesse is one of the largest Bretonnian dukedoms, sprawling along the north-western coast of the country. The coast is rugged and has many small islands. The offshore currents are tricky for newcomers but predictable enough for natives to handle easily, and the islands have better harbours than the mainland coast. As a result, most of the coastal villages of Lyonesse are actually offshore, scattered throughout the islands.

Inland, the dukedom splits in two, though both areas consist mainly of arable land. In the north are the original lands of Lyonesse, the domain of Thierulf, first of Gilles le Breton's Companions. In the south are lands that used to be part of Mousillon.

The northern area is dotted with the hills that locals call *mottes*. These landforms are roughly circular, normally less

than a hundred feet high, with almost level tops and very steep sides. Openings in the top lead into a complex of caves that invariably reaches a drinkable underground river. As many people have noted, they could have been designed as a place to put a castle, but they appear to be entirely natural. These days, every motte has a castle or the ruins of a castle on top of it.

The southern area largely lacks mottes, but the land is crossed by dozens of small rivers which frequently enlarge into small lakes. Many of these lakes have islands of a suitable size for building a castle. Most are now fortified, and the natural moat also provides drinking water. Towards the border with Mousillon, these lakes spread out even more, and the land becomes marshy in a few areas. However, the true



LAKEMEN

Lakemen are a variety of Beastmen found primarily in the Lyonen region of the Forest of Arden, though they swim out to plague the rest of southern Lyonesse with depressing frequency. They all have a vaguely amphibian appearance, often with faces resembling frogs, pincers in place of hands, and gills allowing them to breathe underwater. However, they are more variable than normal Beastmen, and all Lakemen have at least one other mutation.

Lakemen prefer to attack from the water, as this gives them the advantage of surprise in most cases, but they are no more adept in water than any other skilled swimmer. Whilst they are as violent and bloodthirsty as Beastmen, the two groups have never been observed to cooperate and have even been known to fight each other for no readily apparent reason.

Lakemen Characteristics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	15%	46%	42%	30%	27%	30%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +10%, Intimidation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Silent Move +10%, Speak Language (Dark Tongue), Swim +20%

Talents: Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Rover

Special Rules:

Chaos Mutations: Bestial Appearance, Gills, Pincer Hand (both). One additional mutation; roll on the table on page 79 of the *Old World Bestiary* if you have that book, otherwise use the table on page 229 of *WFRP*. There is a 50% chance of a further mutation. If another mutation is gained, there is a 50% chance of yet another mutation. Keep going until the creature gets no new mutation or becomes too ridiculous to live.

Like Flowing Water: Lakemen get +20% to Concealment and Silent Move Tests when in water.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Pincers (SB damage, Precise)



marshes are not reached until one is actually within the cursed dukedom.

A tongue of the Forest of Arden protrudes into the southern region of Lyonesse, but the rivers and lakes continue within. The islands in these lakes often hold small villages as Humans try to hold their own against the Beastmen.

THE PEOPLE

Lyonens are renowned for their feuds and schemes. People blame the unusual geography, particularly the prevalence of excellent sites for fortifications. It is very difficult to utterly defeat a Lyonen noble, so rivalries, once started, tend to continue for decades, if not centuries.

Whilst the complex tangle of Lyonen politics may have started with simple feuds between noble families, it has since become

much murkier. Nobles who couldn't hope to win militarily turned to political plots, hoping to isolate their rivals or stir up other enemies against them. Those who found themselves beset by these schemes turned to trade and economics, hoping to bolster themselves whilst starving their rivals of essential supplies. To respond to that, some lords even recruited peasants as agents in their schemes.

Things have now reached the point where virtually every Lyonen noble spends his entire life reacting to developments in various schemes established by his ancestors. Few fully understand the schemes they are involved in, and many are completely lost beyond day-to-day reactions to crises. Indeed, there is a (possibly fake) story of a lord who arranged his wife's assassination and then his own assassination in revenge, without realising.

About the only way to get out of the tangle is to simply leave Lyonesse, and a lot of adventurers have taken that option.

Others found that they had no choice but to leave, having been caught out when a scheme went badly wrong. Some, however, leave as part of their schemes, hoping to return in a far stronger position.

The only broad divide in Lyonen politics is that between the north and the south. Whilst the southern nobles were happy to be liberated from the rule of the mad and bloodthirsty Dukes of Mousillon, they were less happy when the liberators claimed many prime fiefs and proceeded to keep the "Old Mousillese" out of the corridors of power. Any attempts to work as a bloc are undermined by the feuds that exist between the Old Mousillese, but they do believe that they should work together to claim their rightful place.

DUKE ADALHARD OF LYONESSE

Duke Adalhard appears to be a simple man. He excels on the battlefield and, whilst off it, enjoys feasting, gambling, and the other entertainments of warriors. Some observers of his style have suggested that his true loyalty is to Ulric, not the Lady of the Lake, and blame it on the Norscan blood found in northern Lyonesse.

The Duke keeps himself aloof from the politics of his dukedom as far as possible. If a conflict spreads to the point that he can't ignore it, he typically takes his forces in, crushes all parties, seizes their lands, and declares a resolution. This has been effective every time he has done it, so the nobility now try to keep their scheming from drawing the attention of their lord.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Barley Motte

Barley Motte is in the north of Lyonesse, close to the border with L'Anguille. Two centuries ago it was the home of the D'ayvle lords, who cooperated with the Ruinous Powers and plotted to bring down the nation. They were defeated by a group of bold adventurers, one of whom was rewarded with the fief.

He was driven mad by the spirits of the D'ayvles, and another group of adventurers defeated the Undead. Once again, the Bretonnian knight among them was rewarded with the fief. A few years later, the knight was revealed to be trafficking with a Dark God,

"I defend my honour and patrimony against all-comers. That is the duty of a knight."

— SIR LEOBAS, LYONEN KNIGHT

"Always fighting each other, these Lyonens. Sometimes their schemes get so elaborate that they're actually fighting themselves. Plenty of work if you have wits and discretion."

— MARIETTA, TILEAN MERCENARY

"If their Duke cared to unify them, they would be unstoppable. I cannot decide whether that would be good or bad."

— SIR GASTON, ARTOIN LORD

butchering his peasants to keep the fiend happy. The neighbouring lords drove him out, and the Garlonds put a steward in place. The steward betrayed his lords to their deaths a few years later but was himself killed in the ensuing battles.

This time, no one wanted the place, so it was abandoned. Over the following years bandits, Necromancers, and Chaos cults have all taken up residence there. They have

been driven out, but anyone who takes possession of the place seems to fall to evil. Most people now believe it to be cursed.

Lyonesse

The ducal seat is on an island off the northwest coast of Lyonesse. The walls of the castle, built centuries ago, are washed by the sea at high tide, and small boats can sail right in to the outer courtyard. The inner courtyard is higher up and always completely dry, whilst the Great Keep stands on the very peak of the island, commanding a fine view of the bay. Duke Adalhard's feasts can be heard across the whole island.

When the tide falls, the top of the island can be seen to resemble a motte. What is more, a causeway leads down from the main gate, disappearing into the sea. Legend states Lyonesse was originally set on a hill in the middle of the finest city in the Old World, but the sins of the city's inhabitants drew the wrath of Mannan, and the whole area was sunk beneath the waves. Only the Duke's citadel was spared, because only the Duke had remained virtuous.

Some adventurers have worked out ways to explore the seabed and claim that there are ruins down there, but that they are protected by strange creatures. A few golden items have been brought back; not enough to make an expedition worthwhile, but enough to keep people trying.

Sigmarsheim

Sigmarsheim is a little outpost of the Empire in the Forest of Arden. Fifty years ago, a Bretonnian Knight Errant made many

friends in the Empire and brought them back with him when he returned to set up his fief. He claimed a site within the forest and settled his friends as peasants but with customs of freedom copied from the charters of various Imperial cities. The village is built around a temple of Sigmar, and the lord's keep stands watch at the edge of the island.

The young people of the village have a tradition

SAYINGS OF LYONESSE

"He knows what he's doing": He's quite exceptionally perceptive and well informed. Normally used of people who are some sort of threat to the speaker.

"My grandfather's business": Something I would rather not do, but about which I have no choice.

"Motte and donjon": Someone who has thoroughly capitalised on natural advantages to get a strong position.

of going to the Empire for a year or so when they reach adulthood and of bringing back a spouse. As a result, the language of the village is Reikspiel, and the whole place feels like it could have been picked up from the Great Forest and put down in Bretonnia. Indeed, gullible visitors are told exactly that.

EXAMPLE LYONEN

Liudver of Barfleur

Liudver is the Village Elder of Barfleur, a small settlement in northern Lyonesse. Whilst he appears old, white-haired, and frail, he is a lot tougher than he looks, a trait which becomes apparent when he hands down his decisions. Liudver's judgements are highly respected, and people from other villages bring particularly difficult cases to him. He is known for caring about right and wrong and for devising punishments that compensate the victim whilst making the criminal suffer.

Like almost everyone in Lyonesse, Liudver has schemes within schemes. In his past, he has been a Vampire Hunter, and he still maintains a lookout for any Undead in the area. Criminals may be required to clear out weaker specimens, whilst adventurers, brought before him on trumped-up charges, may be sent to deal with stronger infestations.

Liudver also aims to bring the neighbouring villages properly under his control. Having them bring difficult cases before him is merely the first step. Next, he wants to discredit their elders, so that he will be the only remaining option. Adventurers would be good for that, as well, especially ones who trust him after he advised them on the destruction of some Undead.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

A Lady from the Lake

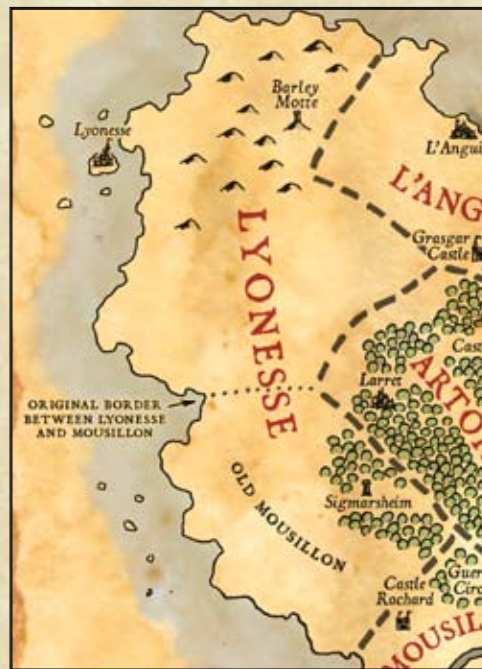
The adventurers are engaged in a hard battle by the side of one of the lakes in southern Lyonesse. A female Lakeman emerges from the water and makes short work of some of the characters' enemies, allowing them to win the battle. She then vanishes back into the water. The same thing happens again some days later and again after that.

The Lakewoman is clearly a creature of Chaos, so why is she helping the adventurers? How much trouble will the adventurers get into if someone sees them being helped?

House Divided

A Lyonen noble has just discovered that the people plotting to kidnap his sister were working for him, aiming to kidnap the mistress of a rival knight. However, the way he found out suggests to him that the spy he placed at that knight's court was, in fact, his sister. He is not at all happy at the implications of all this, and he would like the adventurers to disentangle all his plots.

However, he does not want them interrupted, nor does he want the plotters to find out that he is behind them. Thus, he wants the characters to do it very, very subtly.



Liudver of Barfleur

Race: Human

Career: Village Elder (ex-Mediator, ex-Herrimault, ex-Scout, ex-Vampire Hunter)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
53%	53%	36%	52%	45%	52%	51%	59%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	18	3	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Animal Care, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +20%, the Empire), Concealment +20%, Dodge Blow +20%, Evaluate, Follow Trail +10%, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Intimidate, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception +20%, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Classical, Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker, Marksman, Mighty Shot, Orientation, Public Speaking, Rapid Reload, Rover, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon (Crossbow), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strong-minded, Suave, Sure Shot, Tunnel Rat

Special Rules:

Liudver gets a +10% bonus on all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerning Lyonesse.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (stout walking stick)

— MONTFORT —

The dukedom of Montfort lies almost entirely within the Grey Mountains, running from just south of the Gisoreux Gap to just south of Axe Bite Pass. To the north and west of the Grey Mountains, the border of the dukedom and of Bretonnia runs along the edge of the mountain range, whilst within Bretonnia a narrow strip of pastoral land forms part of the dukedom.

There is little farmland within Montfort, and even that is not particularly fertile. The dukedom is barely self-sufficient in food in a good year and must import if there is any problem with the harvest. In a dukedom plagued by Goblins and Orcs, problems with the harvest are common.

Fortunately, the dukedom has two other source of income. The first is the tolls on Axe Bite Pass. This is the main trade route between the Empire and Bretonnia, as merchant caravans come over from the Reikland and then take ship on the River Grismerie to Gisoreux.

The pass lives up to its name. For most of its length, the road runs along the bottom of a steep, narrow V-shaped valley, with only a narrow strip of sky visible overhead. The road is wide enough for two merchant caravans to pass easily, but there is very little space off the road. It normally takes several days to pass through, so there are inns placed along the route where the lie of the land permits. This has created "Ludwig's Run" near the middle of the pass, where the gap between two inns is more than a day's travel. If a caravan really pushes hard, it can make it, and most try to. Almost unique among isolated inns, those two ("Ludwig's Nose" and "Ludwig's Toes") open the gates after dark if convinced that an arriving group is genuine.

The second is mining. The Grey Mountains in Montfort contain a number of rich veins of iron ore, as well as other metals. There is even a single gold mine, the location of which is kept secret.

The mountains in Montfort are as sharp as the Grey Mountains in Gisoreux, but whilst the Gisorens do not try to live in them, the Montfortians have no choice. Flat land is for crops and livestock, not houses, so all mountain homes, including castles, are built on steep, rocky slopes.

THE PEOPLE

Montfortians live in a hostile environment, and it shows. They live for the moment even more than most Bretonnians, working

extremely hard and playing even harder when they have the chance. They live in isolated communities, which has two possible results. Either the community becomes extremely close, or it disintegrates under the pressure of internal rivalries and hatreds. Obviously, the communities that are still there are mainly of the first type.

Few Montfortians are suspicious of Human-looking outsiders, however. Every community has been rescued by knights sent from one of the mountain castles, and every mountain community relies on food brought by outside traders. Non-Human outsiders, including Dwarfs, Elves, and Halflings, are likely to get a hostile reception, as the residents assume they are some kind of Orc.



Some Montfortians leave because they get tired of looking at the same rocks every day, others because they do not get on with their neighbours. A considerable number of adventurers leave because they are among the few survivors of an attack on their village.

Greenskin attacks are a fact of life in Montfort. Almost everyone has some experience of fighting the Orcs and Goblins, and villages are built to be able to withstand an assault long enough for help to arrive. Axe Bite Pass is the only route wide enough to allow an army to enter Bretonnia, and so it is heavily guarded. Montfort itself guards the Bretonnian end, whilst fiefs have been established along its length. Most of these nobles have encouraged inns in the protection of their castles and derive their income mainly from taxes and tolls. A few have built castles overlooking the main routes into the pass from the mountains. Each of these nobles normally controls a mine, which serves as the main source of income.

The nobles of the foothills are constantly seeking to expand their holdings, across the Grismerie and into Bastonne and

Quenelles. None are willing to foreswear their Duke, however, so those who succeed are eventually driven back. When challenged by the other Dukes, Duke Folcard promises to do something about it when the Greenskins give him some time. Of course, they never do.

Relations with the Empire are excellent. A large part of the Duke's income relies on traders using Axe Bite Pass, so he is ruthless with nobles who might think that taking land from the Empire is a good idea. Nobles do occasionally push

"Gilles the Unifier and his Companions may have fought here on horseback, but we cannot match their achievements. We must fight as we can, against the same foes, with the same courage."

— DUKE FOLCARD OF MONTFORT

"High tolls? Yes, I used to think so. Then half a dozen knights with men-at-arms came to rescue us from an Orc raiding party. Now I pay happily."

— SIEGFRIED OF BOGENHAFEN, IMPERIAL MERCHANT, AT LUDWIG'S NOSE

"There's more than one secret mine in Montfort. And most of them aren't digging for something as mundane as gold."

— COMMON RUMOUR IN TAVERNS IN PARRAVON, GISOREUX, AND MONTFORT ITSELF.

into the Wasteland, but the land there is not worth much, and Marienburg is more worried about Couronne. As long as Duke Folcard maintains official disapproval and does not allow it to get out of hand, the Marienburgers are willing to overlook small incursions.

DUKE FOLCARD OF MONTFORT

Duke Folcard is something of an anomaly among the Dukes of Bretonnia. He is a fearsome warrior, but he hardly ever fights on horseback. The mountains that cover his dukedom severely limit mounted combatants, and the Duke accepts no limits in his pursuit of the Greenskins that infest his lands.

Duke Folcard is possibly the Bretonnian Duke most loved by his people. He genuinely seems to care about peasant villages and tries to relieve them when they are attacked by Goblinoids. He has set up a network of signal beacons across the mountains—which means relief forces arrive more often than not—and the Duke goes in person if he can. Once he has relieved a village, he establishes an impromptu court to hear any complaints of unjust treatment and sets things to rights.

The Duke is a tall man with dark hair cropped very close and an intense, fierce glare. Many Montfortian peasant girls dream about their Duke, as do most of the noble women.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Garban Hold

Garban Hold is an Orc warren, and the Duke of Montfort would love to know exactly where it is. Captured Orcs and Goblins have mentioned it under torture, and recent raids do seem to have been more coordinated. It is probably somewhere in the centre of Montfort, and there is likely to be an Orc Warlord in control. Beyond that, the Duke knows nothing, and he has offered substantial rewards for anyone who can provide reliable information.

Montfort

The castle and town of Montfort sit at the Bretonnian end of Axe Bite Pass, an important line of defence against possible invasion by Greenskins or the Empire. The castle is the most impressive Human-built fortification in the Old World. The main body of the castle is on the north side of the pass, with walls rising over sixty feet from the rock in five tiers, each independently defensible. The lower three tiers stop against the rock of a cliff-face, but the top two tiers and the keep are on a smaller peak and



thus run all the way around. There is a well within the keep, which stories say is over a thousand feet deep. The water is certainly a long way down.

Double walls run from the lowest tier of the castle, closing the whole pass. They are anchored by a small castle at the far end and a large gatehouse in the centre. This is the only way to enter or leave the pass, and the place where tolls are charged.

As a result, the town of Montfort is split in two. The town within the pass buys iron from mining caravans and forges it into useful goods before shipping them on, as the tolls are then a lower portion of the price. The town outside the pass provides services to merchants and is generally a more pleasant place to stay. The craftsmen of Inner Montfort are the finest in Bretonnia, and their weapons and armour are highly respected. The inns of Outer Montfort are renowned for providing absolutely any sort of lodging you could desire, as long as you can find the right one. There is very little contact between the two towns, as even residents must pay to pass through the gate. It is said that a resident of Inner Montfort is more likely to have visited Altdorf than Outer Montfort; this may actually be true, as

SAYINGS OF MONTFORT

"Digging for Greenskins": Putting a lot of effort into something that will happen anyway.

"He's walking in Ludwig's shoes": He's riding in a cart. Normally critical, suggesting laziness.

"Sure as stone": Very reliable.

"When Ludwig burns his nose": It will never happen. Ludwig's Nose, in Axe Bite Pass, gets direct sunlight for no more than an hour a day, and it is normally cloudy anyway. Getting sunburn there is virtually impossible.

KNOCKERS

Knockers are the Undead revenants of miners killed in accidents, particularly accidents caused by carelessness or greed. They are all but mindless and utterly hostile to those who have survived where they perished. Usual Knocker tactics are to try to get between working miners and the surface, and then strike at the wooden supports to collapse the tunnel whilst driving back those miners who try to escape. Single Knockers are usually destroyed before they can collapse the tunnel, but large accidents produce groups.

Knockers look like rotting corpses that have been crushed under tons of rock and then got up again. They normally carry mining tools and wear badly damaged miners' overalls. It is sometimes possible to recognise them, but normally the body is too badly damaged.

Whilst Knockers seem to arise spontaneously, some people worry that there are Necromancers using them to disrupt mining and take the resources for themselves.

Knocker Characteristics

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
20%	0%	50%	35%	10%	10%	40%	5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	5	3	3	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20%, Silent Move +20%

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

Pit Breaker: A Knocker given three rounds to work uninterrupted can collapse any normal tunnel. Dwarf-work takes six rounds.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (pick or hammer)



Inner Montfort is home to one of Bretonnia's largest Imperial expatriate communities and the largest temple of Sigmar on Bretonnian soil.

Tharravil

Tharravil is a mountain village sitting on top of the richest goldmine in the world. The peasants' houses are roofed in gold, and all their domestic utensils are made of the metal. The village itself is built up the side of a shining white mountain, and a stream falls through the centre in a series of picturesque waterfalls. A series of ledges are covered with highly fertile soil, so the villagers rarely need to trade, and when they do send out a caravan of gold, they do so in great secrecy and hand it over directly to the Duke.

Or so the stories go. Most people don't believe Tharravil actually exists, but a few scouts and explorers swear that they have been there. One even had what appeared to be a solid gold roof-tile, but he was found dead with the tile missing a couple of days later.

EXAMPLE MONFORTIAN

Heinrich Jakersdorf

Heinrich was born in Inner Montfort, the son of two Imperial expatriates. However, he has never been to the Empire, and his Reikspiel is limited to swear words (although in that particular respect it seems to have very few limits). When he was fifteen, the Duke chose him to become a Man-at-Arms. At first Heinrich was surly because he had always planned to be a merchant with two large houses; one in Inner Montfort and one in Altdorf. This changed in his first battle.

There were dozens of Orcs, and they had finally broken through the village's stockade just before Heinrich arrived. The first thing he saw was the most beautiful girl he had ever laid eyes on. The next thing he saw was an Orc sticking a spear in her. He charged with the rest of the men and fought as fiercely and bravely as he knew how. The girl was still alive, barely, and Heinrich paid for her to be nursed back to health. They have been married for five years, remarkably happily.

Heinrich resolved to keep fighting to save others who would otherwise be killed by Greenskins, and he advanced rapidly. He has just been promoted to Sergeant, giving him command of one of the groups sent out to relieve villages under assault. Heinrich is very proud of his new role and resolved to do his best.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Inn of Death

The adventurers are travelling through Axe Bite Pass and arrive at an inn just as darkness falls. The place is very quiet, and the adventurers soon discover why: everyone within is dead, cut down. Whilst there is blood everywhere, there are few other signs of a struggle and no sign of whoever might be responsible. Leaving the inn at night is very dangerous, but is staying even more so? Then the characters notice that there are still signs of life (or movement, at least) in the lord's keep above the inn.

Lost Tunnels

A mine breaks into a series of tunnels. They are obviously artificial and very well made. The decorations on the walls are

Heinrich Jakersdorf

Race: Human

Career: Sergeant (ex-Man-at-Arms, ex-Yeoman)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
64%	48%	46%	45%	46%	39%	36%	27%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	19	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +10%), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Hardy, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow, Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Special Rules:

Heinrich Jakersdorf gets a +10% bonus to Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with Montfort.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Halberd, Hand Weapon (sword), Crossbow with 10 bolts, Shield.

not familiar to the miners, but then they wouldn't be even if they were standard Bretonnian. The miners who opened the tunnels up have all vanished, as have all miners who have gone into the tunnels for more than a couple of minutes.

The lord ordered the opening blocked; it was interfering with mining. The miners have made it look like the opening is sealed, but secretly they are trying to find adventurers who will investigate for them. They offer 10% of any treasure found but insist that the lord doesn't find out. Shortly afterwards, they are approached by the lord, with a similar offer.

— MOUSILLON —

Mousillon is the smallest, poorest, and most cursed of the dukedoms of Bretonnia. Much of its land was taken by Lyonesse in 836 (1814), after the corruption of Duke Merovech was revealed. The Duke of Mousillon slew the King of Bretonnia and drank his blood before the assembled nobles. War was the only solution.

The remaining land falls into two areas. In the west, the coastal areas are dominated by swamp with isolated areas of higher and firmer ground. In the north and east there are rugged hills and the edges



of the Forest of Arden. The whole of Mousillon is plagued by extreme weather. When the air is still, thick fogs gather. If there is wind, it is always strong and almost always accompanied by rain or hail. Thunderstorms are common, as are fires started by lightning strikes. Fortunately, these fires do not spread very far.

The hills are rocky and treacherous, and most vegetation consists of scrubby thorn bushes. The Mousillon Rose also grows in the hills. This bush has luxuriant evergreen leaves and vivid purple flowers

that bloom most of the year. It looks out of place in the hills, but it fits right in. The stems are coated with vicious, barbed thorns (contact inflicts 1 Wound unless the victim succeeds on a **Toughness Test**), and the pollen is a deadly poison. Anyone breathing the pollen must make a **Very Easy (+30%) Toughness Test** or lose 1 Wound for every degree of failure. This Test must be made every round that the character is within ten feet of a blooming Mousillon Rose. Eating the pollen makes the Test **Very Hard (-30%)**. What is more, it grows where a Human corpse has been left to rot. The sites of old battles turn into thickets of the deadly plant.

Mousillon's swamps are even more treacherous. The firm ground of a trail often sinks an inch or so beneath the level of the water. This poses no problem for those in stout boots or on horseback, apart from the existence of sucking mud and quicksand under the same water a yard or so to either side. To make matters worse, Swamp Mat creates false trails. Swamp Mat is a grassy plant that grows out from solid ground, over water, mud, and quicksand, forming a raft about six feet wide and up to hundreds of yards long. It traps mud in its leaves and draws much of the water from it, so that the top of the Swamp Mat is hard to distinguish visually from the trails it links to. A successful **Challenging (-10%) Perception** or **Outdoor Survival Test** reveals the trail isn't solid. Those stepping on it can easily tell the difference, however; Swamp Mat cannot support anything heavier than a small rodent.

The cursed dukedom is haunted by Undead, in far greater numbers than elsewhere in the kingdom. Indeed, the land positively encourages the Undead. Undead creatures summoned by necromantic spells do not revert to normal corpses if they become uncontrolled. Instead, they continue to obey their last order until destroyed in combat. Wandering Undead can sense the borders of Mousillon and turn back. If forced across, they become normal corpses unless they are still controlled. These energies seem to be appealing to other Undead, as well; there are many reports of Vampiric nobility, though not on the scale of Sylvania.

There are surprisingly few reports of Beastmen. Beastmen Zombies and Skeletons are common near

"Landuin was the purest and finest of the Grail Companions. He drew all the virtue of his land into his person and left the country the waste it is now."

— SIR EMMERIN, KNIGHT OF LYONESSE,
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS EXECUTION FOR HERESY.

"Never been there, never want to go. Do I look like an idiot?"

— ELDEGAR OF BUSREQ, COACHMAN

"If you don't behave, I'll send you to Mousillon."

— THREAT EMPLOYED BY EXASPERATED
MOTHERS ACROSS BRETONNIA

"If you don't behave, I'll lock you out when the monsters come."

— PUNISHMENT EMPLOYED BY EXASPERATED
MOTHERS IN MOUSILLON.

the Forest of Arden, but living Beastmen seem to avoid the area. The exception is tales of man-sized rats and Ratmen; such creatures are often encountered in the swamps.

THE PEOPLE

The people of Mousillon are generally Human, though you would not always know it to look at them. Most peasants are horribly deformed and suffer constantly from foul diseases. The residents of Mousillon are there because they cannot leave: many deformities that are normal in the dukedom

would get someone burned as a Mutant anywhere else. Indeed, there are a number of Mousillon peasants who are Mutants but who live in what passes for normal society because nobody has realised.

Some people do come to Mousillon from outside. These are the most depraved and evil bandits, cultists of the Ruinous Powers, and Necromancers. They believe, rightly, that few people will bother to pursue them once they enter the cursed dukedom. Many such immigrants find that the monsters waiting for them are more dangerous than any Bounty Hunter, but a few survive to add to the peril for the next set of arrivals.

Mousillon villages look poor and rundown. The peasant hovels are on the verge of collapsing, streets are little more than sewers, and there are as many dead animals to be seen as living ones. The inhabitants watch any visitors silently from their homes, cowering within and giving only occasional glimpses of their malformed bodies.

The castles of the nobility also appear to be decaying, but here the appearance is somewhat illusory. Ruined portions are not unusual, but the parts that are still inhabited are always well maintained but never beautiful. The decaying corpses of gibbeted criminals hang outside most castles, fat ravens

feeding on the remnants. The nobles all wear black armour with a helmet, and they never reveal their faces.

Some are actually Undead, Vampires, Wights, or Mummies, and the same lord has ruled for centuries. Others are Mutants, or servants of the Ruinous Powers bearing the marks of their lords. A few are simply Human and need to hide that fact lest their neighbours think them weak.

SAYINGS OF MOUSILLON

"He deserves to die": He's a remarkably good person. The point is that he deserves to die and stay dead, not be reanimated to plague the living.

"Life is a bed of roses": Things are hard, with no respite. The roses in question are Mousillon Roses.

"No point crying over spilt blood": There's nothing you can do to make things better.

Adventurers do not need a reason to leave Mousillon. They left because they were able to do so. Many lived near the borders in the first place and were lucky enough to be born undeformed. A few were simply born with more courage and drive than those around them, and for these adventurers, leaving Mousillon is merely the first step. Almost all lie about their origins: Mousillon's reputation for degenerate evil is not one most adventurers want to carry.

THE DUKE OF MOUSILLON

There is currently no recognised Duke of Mousillon. Duke Maldred was deprived of his title after the affair of the False Grail, and no one has been appointed to it since. However, there are stories of a mysterious knight raising an army in Mousillon and claiming to be the Duke. The King has not yet responded publicly, but it can only be a matter of time.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

Guerac Circle

Mousillon was not always a cursed land, though the blight does date back centuries. Guerac Circle is one of the few places remaining from before the horror. A stone circle sacred to Taal and Rhya, it stands in the hills of northern Mousillon, surrounded by an area of healthy vegetation and wholesome wildlife.

Maintaining this requires constant effort by the Priests of the nature Gods and their assistants. The Priests say the Gods provide for them, and certainly, the hunting in the area is very good. Nevertheless, the guardians are hard-pressed and readily welcome further aid.

The Circle is also renowned as the site of the Oak of Prophecy. This tree grows just outside the stone circle and bears acorns all year round. If you eat one of the acorns, you suffer terrible stomach cramps (treat as The Galloping Trots), but you also see a vision of the future. This vision is always easy to interpret in broad terms and reveals roughly what you must do to avert some disaster that would affect you personally. It doesn't give details. The guardians rely heavily on the Oak to warn them of attacks by the creatures of Mousillon.

Mousillon

The city of Mousillon stands near the mouth of the River Grismerie, surrounded by swamps. It seems to be slowly crumbling back into the swamp, but somehow it still survives. Few parts are actually maintained, the walls being one of the main exceptions. The repairs are not pretty, but they are effective—the residents of the city want to keep the inhabitants of the swamps out in the swamps.

The economy of the city is something of a mystery. There are taverns, brothels, drug dens, fighting pits, and places where even darker vices are indulged. There are shops selling forbidden books, the accoutrements of forbidden cults, and poisons and assassins' tools of every variety. There seem to be no basic food shops, or tailors, or any of the normal

MOUSILLON PEASANT DEFORMITIES

Players creating characters from Mousillon need not roll on this table; not all Mousillon peasants suffer this way. However, a player may choose to roll once, gaining an additional Fate Point for his character in return.

Roll	Deformity
1	Huge tumour on face. –10% to Fellowship Characteristic.
2	Shrunk head. –10% to Intelligence Characteristic.
3	Constant shaking. –10% to Agility Characteristic.
4	Wasted, stick-like limbs. –10% to Strength Characteristic.
5	One hand fused into a paddle. –20% penalty on Skill and Characteristic Tests that rely on the use of two hands, cannot wield two-handed weapons. A shield can be strapped to the arm, however.
6	Twisted leg. –1 to Movement Characteristic.
7	Warty growth of skin covering one eye. –20% to Ballistic Skill Characteristic, –20% penalty on all Skill and Characteristic Tests reliant on sight.
8	Twisted spine. –10% to Weapon Skill Characteristic.
9	Constant hacking cough, which brings up blood. –10% to Toughness Characteristic.
10	Roll twice, applying both deformities.





requirements of a city. Most of the residents seem to have some business outside the walls, and wagons and boats laden with basic necessities arrive every day. Most observers think that the Mousillonians barter among themselves for the basics.

Eustace Undead

Race: Human

Career: Racketeer (ex-Thug)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
52%	45%	53%	41%	38%	23%	51%	33%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	5	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +10%), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Lightning Reflexes, Menacing, Quick Draw, Resistance to Magic, Resistance to Poison, Street Fighting, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Wrestling

Special Rules:

Eustace gets a +10% to all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests related to the dukedom of Mousillon.

Eustace is immune to Fear or Terror caused by Skeletons and Zombies. He is affected by other Undead normally. Maybe there's something to that story about his parents.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Knuckledusters (SB-3 damage)

Rachard

Just across the border from Lyonesse stands Rachard, a castle from which the Lord Rachard rules over a handful of villages. These villages are remarkable for Mousillon. Most hovels have roofs that do not leak, and the inhabitants look Human, having nothing more serious than a few warts or straggly hair to mark them out. A lot of people put this down to the fief's location at the edge of the dukedom.

In fact, it is down to the deliberate planning of the lord. He has his men-at-arms scour surrounding villages, bring the least deformed peasants to live in his villages. Anyone born with a serious deformity is taken to the castle and never seen again. Dying peasants are also taken to the castle.

Under the castle, in an extensive series of caves, is Lord Rachard's secret. He is a Necromancer, and he has been building an army of Undead for years. Within Mousillon, the foul creatures simply wait for his commands, but he knows that he cannot use them outside the dukedom. He cannot control that many.

Lord Rachard's plan is to lure his neighbours in Lyonesse into attacking him, crush their armies with Undead, and then use his Human men-at-arms to conquer their lands. He is almost ready to start his campaign of provocation.

EXAMPLE MOUSILLONIAN

Eustace Undead

Eustace is a Mousillonian expatriate, who claims he got his surname because his parents were both killed and reanimated when he was a baby, so that he was raised by Zombies. The merchants and traders who share a city with him certainly feel that he is sufficiently unfeeling: Eustace runs a very effective protection racket.

Eustace is tall and solidly built, except that his head is hairless and the skin drawn so tight it almost looks like a skull. He never shouts, leaving many to suspect that a normal speaking voice is the loudest he can manage. His underlings have seen him gouge a man's eyes out with his bare hands for disobedience. He doesn't have many problems keeping order.

Back in Mousillon, Eustace was regarded as a kind-hearted soul, but his personality has not changed at all. He fled Mousillon because he could no longer stand the evil around him. Eustace's protection racket is honourable. If you pay his fees, not only will his goons not trash your shop, they will make sure no one else does, either. If people don't pay, he might burn their shop, or break their legs, or possibly have them tortured for an hour or two, but he doesn't kill them or target their families. Eustace still thinks of himself as kind and honourable and is sure that the people around him must be hiding truly vile crimes.

As a champion of virtue, Eustace would like to unmask those crimes. He knows most about the Undead, so he is looking out for evidence of Necromancy. If he finds it, he might need experienced help, the sort provided by adventurers. Even if those adventurers were initially hired by one of the victims in his protection racket.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

A Shopping Expedition

The adventurers are facing a clever opponent, well versed in Dark Arts. On their last adventure, they learned he was basically invulnerable. However, the Arts he uses are detailed in the *Librum Foetida*, a banned text. It also describes his weaknesses. The adventurers know this because the copy they stole from their enemy's lair has those pages ripped out.

The bookshops of Mousillon are the only place they are likely to find an intact copy of the text, and without the text they are helpless.

The Swamp is Coming!

A noble in southern Lyonesse asks the adventurers for help. The swampy land of Mousillon is expanding into his fief, bringing the curse of the dukedom with it. He has already had to fight marauding Zombies twice, but he wants the adventurers to find out what is causing the expansion and stop it.

— PARRAVON —

In some ways, Parravon is reminiscent of Gisoreux: most of the territory of the dukedom is covered by either mountains or forest. However, the forest in Parravon is the north-eastern portion of the Forest of Loren, a very different place from the Forest of Arden.

Most of the border between Parravon and the realm of the Fay runs along the River Grismerie. Where the river turns south, however, the border turns north to meet the mountains. The border is marked by a line of trees, guided over centuries into an elaborate network of interlocking branches. Even the most city-bred Dwarf can tell that they are not natural. The Fay stay out of Parravon and expect the Parravonese to return the favour. Deliberate trespassers are dealt with harshly.

The Bretonnians are very reluctant to log extensively within the Forest of Loren, even the part that the Fay have permitted them to claim. There is a sense that the whole forest is very closely connected to the Lady of the Lake and is therefore sacred. Wood from the forest is often used in the construction of Grail Chapels but, even then, the use is sparing. Those villages within the forest live by herding pigs, gathering from the forest, and minimal farming. Many are built around the trees rather than clearing them, and most have platforms in the branches to serve as refuges from attacking Orcs.

Much of the population of Parravon is found in Parravon Vale, a fertile valley cradled in the mountains. The land around the edge is pastoral, but the central portion, running down to the Grismerie, is arable. Villages here look much like typical Bretonnian settlements.

The Grey Mountains become less sharp and jagged as they pass through Parravon, so the number of people who can live and farm there increases. Villages clinging to cliff faces exist in the north, but south of the city of Parravon there is more flat and infertile land, so most houses are built on the level. No one in the mountains would build a

house on fertile land, however, so homes fixed to steep slopes can be seen in all regions.

The castles of Parravon are noted for their high towers. In the forest, this allows lookouts to see over the trees, although they can't really see anything approaching through the forest itself.

Elsewhere, it is an architectural preference more than anything else, though knights with Pegasus mounts do often stable them at the top of such towers. Most Pegasus appreciate being high up.

THE PEOPLE

The forest folk of Parravon stand somewhat apart from the rest of the population. Many ordinary Bretonnians think that they are part Fay (which is nonsense) and that they have some sort of extraordinary sense for the hazards of the world around them (which is true). The forest folk move through the world as if they could be punished with death for scraping against a tree. Even those who leave try to disturb nothing, including piles of rubbish. Many of those who leave do so because they are tired of feeling that they are constantly watched by forces only too willing to punish infractions.

The rest of the Parravonese travel a lot. For centuries, it has been the custom for children to leave home at adolescence and be raised by relatives in a different village. After that, they travel to yet another village to be properly trained. When they marry, they are expected to settle in still another place. This scatters families across the dukedom, but family members still gather for one of the annual holidays, almost always a summer one. Parravonese nobles have similar customs and so invariably grant permission to travel for these purposes.

On one hand, this means that Parravonese know that there is a world outside their village and are confident about travel. On the other, they tend to think they have seen everything already, and anything that is true all over Parravon is true



SAYINGS OF PARRAVON

"Duelling an avalanche": Utterly futile activity.

"If you always look back, you never get home": Most things cannot be done in the obvious way. Or, look to the future rather than the past.

"He's got holes in his ankles": He can drink an enormous amount without showing any ill effects. People showing such ill effects sometimes decide to check for the holes.



all over the world. The combination of these attitudes and the willingness of Parravonese nobles to permit travel have led to very large numbers of adventurers coming from this dukedom. Whilst many head home after their first adventure when the world proves a bit too different, others persevere.

The internal politics of the dukedom appear to be calm and harmonious. However, Duke Cassyon's neglect of the diplomatic functions of his office has led to growing resentments under the surface. Two lords in the north of the dukedom, Sir Liutpol and Sir Fredergar, have been disputing over the right to gather a toll at a particular point on the Grismerie for years. There is no sign of a ducal resolution, and a feud between them would have a serious effect on river trade and thus on the whole dukedom.

External relations are generally good, but that may not last. Sir Chloderic, in the extreme south, is eyeing the mountains to the south of his fief acquisitively. They are part of the Empire, but they do not seem to be firmly held, and he suspects that there may exploitable veins of metal. When he makes a move, he will technically be invading the Empire, and once the Empire notices, the repercussions will be profound.

DUKE CASSYON OF PARRAVON

Duke Cassyon is the youngest of the Dukes of Bretonnia, still in his early twenties. Nevertheless, he is a Grail Knight and rides a Royal Pegasus. His father died whilst Cassyon was questing for the Grail, and the young Duke knew nothing of his status until he returned to Parravon.

The Duke's counsellors find him very frustrating. He is an open and enthusiastic young man, bearing no malice towards anyone, which makes it almost impossible to dislike him. On the other hand, he believes he can fulfil his ducal duties simply by riding across the skies of the dukedom and striking down monsters. There is no doubt that he is good at that, but there are matters of taxation, justice, and administration that should also be seen to.

Duke Cassyon's prowess has not escaped the notice of the Parravonese, and the story that he is Duke Agilgar reborn has recently started to spread.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

The Glade of Children

Deep within the forests of Parravon is a glade of trees surrounding a deep, still pool of water. Dolls lie around the place in various stages of decay, and there are usually a handful of Bretonnian women here.

This is because the Fay sometimes return children in this glade. The Fay are not perfect, and sometimes they take a child with no magical talent. In such cases, they bring the child to this glade and, if there is a suitable woman present, leave the child with her as she sleeps. The woman then leaves the doll of her stolen child as a thank-offering.

The Fay only leave children if all the women in the glade are asleep. Sleeping in the middle of a forest with no guards is not

particularly safe, and there are no villages close to the glade. This makes the trip here very dangerous. What is more, most women do not receive a child, and it is almost unheard of for a woman to receive her own child.

Almost. It does happen occasionally, and that is enough for some mothers.

Parravon

Parravon is a starkly impressive city, carved directly from the rock of the mountains. It is part of an outcrop at the edge of a spur of the Grey Mountains, and the River Grismerie runs along its base. Over the millennia, the people of Parravon have cut homes, businesses, walls, Grail Chapels, and palaces from the stone.

Bretonnia's sumptuary laws state only nobles can use stone in building. However, the Dukes of Parravon have never wanted wooden buildings messing up their glorious city, so they have long maintained that a peasant living in a carved stone building is no different from a peasant living in a cave. Indeed, given the quality of many peasant homes in Parravon, the difference really is minimal. The wealthy merchants of Parravon naturally push this allowance to the limit.

Parravon is the only city in Bretonnia with a substantial population of Dwarfs. Most of them were originally Imperial expatriates, but some came directly from the Dwarfholds of the Vaults and World's Edge Mountains. There are now some Dwarf families who have lived there for generations, though they still keep themselves somewhat apart from the Human citizens.

Castle Parravon, seat of the Dukes, dominates the top of the outcrop with its soaring towers. Like the rest of the city, it is carved from living rock, and thus has not been significantly altered since it was first carved, two thousand years ago. The Dukes have needed more space, however, and have extended the castle down into an extensive series of tunnels.

Underground rooms are quite common in Parravon, as they are often less work to carve than an aboveground house. Tunnels linking those rooms are also common, and tunnels further back into the mountain provide more storage. It is said that you can go from any point in the city to any other without taking more than ten steps under the open sky. Parts of the tunnel network have been abandoned by Humans, and darker creatures now live there.

Sanglac Castle

Sanglac Castle is an abandoned castle in the heart of the Grey Mountains. A century ago, messengers found it full of the



corpses of the noble family living there, mixed with the Orcs they had slain. This is not too unusual, so another noble family was allowed to send a younger son to take over. Within ten years, his whole family was slaughtered in battle with Orcs. The next lord was a knight with years of experience of fighting the

Orcs of the mountains, but within fifteen years, he went the same way. At this point, people decided the Orcs could have the castle; it wasn't that valuable.

Orcs did move in, but scouts aiming to recover kidnap victims found the castle full of dead Orcs, as if they had died fighting amongst themselves. That, again, was not particularly unlikely, but it happened again, and recently even the Orcs have abandoned the place. It seems that there is a group of Orcs that really does not want anyone to live there; which raises the obvious question of "why?"

"The Fay have entrusted this part of the forest to us. If we betray that trust, the trees themselves will weep. And the Fay will come, disembowel us, and hang our entrails from the branches."

— OLD EURIC, VILLAGE ELDER

"We grant them that forest on sufferance. We watch them carefully, and if they become a threat to us or the forest, we will disembowel them and hang their entrails from the branches."

— LESSIANTAR, ELVEN WARBOARD LEADER

"All the nobles ride Pegasus and so forget that the rest of us need roads to get around. Double all travel time estimates if you want to be sure."

— ELDEGAR OF BUSREQ, COACHMAN

EXAMPLE PARRAVONESE

Estrebert

Estrebert is a Battle Pilgrim, and he followed his Grail Knight, Sir Letour, for over twenty years. He bears the scars of that time, and his cropped hair is going grey, but he is still a solidly built warrior. He is the unquestioned leader of the Grail Pilgrims around Sir Letour, as no one has more experience than he does. Still, Estrebert does not claim to lead, as he is just one more loyal follower of the Knight.

Estrebert

Race: Human

Career: Champion (ex-Battle Pilgrim, ex-Grail Pilgrim, ex-Veteran)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
77%	54%	61%	62%	66%	38%	47%	42%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	21	6	6	5	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +20%, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Etiquette, Flee!, Fleet Footed, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes, Mighty Shot, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow, Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Sturdy, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Special Rules:

Estrebert gets a +10% bonus to all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with Parravon.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Mail Armour, Helmet from a Grail Knight)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Halberd, Best Craftsmanship Crossbow and 20 Bolts

Estrebert was born in Parravon Vale and first saw a Grail Knight in action against Beastmen when he was nine. This set his course for life. At first, of course, he wanted to be a Grail Knight, but he soon realised his peasant blood rendered him unacceptable in the eyes of the Lady. He then formed a very

personal theory: if he died saving the life of a Grail Knight, he would be reborn as a noble, and thus would be able to seek the Grail. He believes this absolutely, even though his only reason for it is that he would very much like it to be true.

Estrebert came very close to fulfilling his dream a few years ago. Sir Letour was beset by dozens of Beastmen, and despite his valour, he was being worn down. Estrebert leapt into the fray, killing many of the creatures and taking many serious wounds. When the Pilgrim collapsed beside the knight and heard the sound of breathing, he thought he had won and could die in peace.

But he survived. Sir Letour had him nursed back to health, and as they were preparing to leave, the knight dropped his helmet at Estrebert's feet, leaving before the pilgrim had a chance to return it. The helmet is now Estrebert's most prized possession, and the experience has only hardened his resolve to die gloriously.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Git Orf Moi Larnd!

A Dwarf living in Parravon has discovered solid evidence that the city, particularly the castle, were originally carved by Dwarfs. This does not surprise the other Dwarfs in the slightest. However, further investigation suggests the Dwarfhold was sacked by the Bretonni, led by the ancestors of the Duke of Parravon. Such an attack would demand vengeance.

The adventurers have to stop the Dwarfs before they can carry out their vengeance. And maybe that evidence was planted by someone with an interest in instability.

Wherever You May Wander...

For the first time in over a decade, a Parravonese character returns to the village where he was born. His family is pleased to see him, and the adventurers are just in time for a traditional festival. But now, with wider experience, the native realises that there is something wrong about this festival, something that suggests a link to the Ruinous Powers. Can he save his birthplace without destroying it?

— QUENELLES —

Quenelles is the largest of the dukedoms of Bretonnia, stretching over most of the middle of the land. In the east, it has a long border with the Forest of Loren, and Quenellers have more direct dealings with the Fay than the inhabitants of any other dukedom. To the south, the dukedom faces Carcassonne across the River Brienne, and then, working clockwise, borders Brionne, Aquitaine, Bastonne, Montfort, and Parravon, divided from the last two by the River Grismerie.

Broadly speaking, northern Quenelles is pastoral whilst the south is arable. The north of the country is dominated by the Massif Orcal, a range of mountains rising up in the middle of the land and the source of the River Gilleau. The mountains of the Massif

are relatively low, rounded, and eroded into networks of caves. These caves are inhabited by large numbers of Greenskins who mount frequent raids on the surrounding settlements.

Few Humans choose to live in the Massif, but the Dukes encourage a Human settlement in the hope of weakening the Orcs. Most villages are sacked within a few years, so ruined villages and castles are a common sight. However, a few have survived, and these are now very well fortified.

The most notable is Viefin, which sits at the end of the road through Axe Bite Pass. Viefin is a small town, but the houses are dwarfed by the massive walls and watchtowers. All inhabitants of Viefin are trained to fight, and all but the very youngest or newest immigrants



have experience of fighting attacking Orcs.

Between the Massif Orcal and the River Gilleau is a part of the Forest of Châlons. This area seems almost completely free of monsters: one or two small groups of Beastmen or Orcs are seen in a year. Small groups of hunters, charcoal burners, or woodsmen can work in the forest unmolested. All attempts to establish villages have failed, ending in the complete destruction of the village. The village is replaced, overnight, by a bare depression in the soil, as if something had scooped up the entire settlement and taken it away. The Quenellers suspect something similar happens to large bands of Orcs or Beastmen. Nobody knows who or, more likely, what is responsible.

The southwest of Quenelles was once, before the founding of Bretonnia, the land of Cuileux. The knights of Cuileux were wiped out by Goblinoids and their lands absorbed by Quenelles. However, the courage of the last stand of the Cuilen has made them legendary. A large area is known as the Grave of Cuileux and is not farmed. Stories say that anyone who tries to do so is killed by the ghosts of the knights of Cuileux, who believe that only an Orc would disturb their rest. The occasional discovery of Orc and Human bones in the area tends to suggest that this really is the site of the last ride of the Cuilen.

THE PEOPLE

The people of Quenelles are most renowned for their unrelenting hatred of the Greenskins that constantly raid their lands. This is a little strange: it is certainly true the inhabitants of the Massif Orcal raid very frequently, but Greenskin raids have not had the same effect in other regions. Some people think that the dead of Cuileux have placed some sort of curse on the inheritors of their land, compelling them to continue the fight. Certainly, it is notable that every single Queneller festival involves burning a Goblin or Orc, in either effigy or a real one.

A lot of Queneller adventurers left to take the fight to the Greenskins. Such folk often head into the Massif Orcal, but there are Goblins and Orcs in all mountain ranges, so others go further afield. They often ally with the

"The enemy is in the heart of our lands, like a cancer. We will not let it grow, and, Lady willing, we shall cut it out once and for all."

— DUKE TANCRED II, RAISING ANOTHER FORCE TO ASSAULT THE MASSIF ORCAL

"They've got so much land. It's not like they'd really miss a bit."

— SIR RENART, A NOBLE OF MONTFORT

"I hear the Fay themselves walk the streets of Quenelles, working wonders. That would be something to see!"

— IGNORANT AND CREDULOUS L'ANGUILLE TAVERN KEEPER, TALKING TO A SEA ELF WIZARD.

Dwarfs, seeking to drive the Greenskins from the Dwarfholds.

The politics of the dukedom are dominated by the succession question, as Duke Tancred is not the only one to have noticed that he is getting old. If Einhard returns (see **Duke Tancred II of Quenelles**, below), he is the clear heir, but most Questing Knights who are going to return have done so within ten years. There are about half a dozen nobles with a realistic claim to the dukedom, but two stand out.

Earl Hincmar is the eldest son of the Duke's elder sister. He is also lord of a large fief around the Massif Orcal and known for his great courage in the face of Orc raids. He is feared even by his own vassals, as he is famous for the arbitrary cruelty of his "justice."

Lord Therevault is the grandson of the Duke's younger brother, and the next male in line if Einhard does not return. However, he is not yet twenty and became a Knight of the Realm prematurely on his father's death in a hunting accident. The accident was clearly genuine, but Therevault is not ready to rule. A number of wilier nobles are thus backing him, hoping to have a pliable puppet.

The final decision rests with the King, but Duke Tancred is not the only noble who really hopes that Einhard can be found. Earl Hincmar would really like Einhard to be found dead. Lord Therevault does not know what he thinks.

DUKE TANCRED II OF QUENELLES

Duke Tancred II has been a fine lord of Quenelles. His finest moment was the defeat of the Necromancer Heinrich Kemmler and the Chaos Champion Krell, who allied with the Skaven and attacked the abbey of La Maisontall. That was in 1513 (2491), and the Duke is now an old man, somewhat stooped and shrunken, but still showing his old vigour.

The Duke himself, however, now feels his mortality strongly and worries about the future of his dukedom. Duke Tancred had four sons. The eldest died defeating a Wight who had raised an army of Undead within Quenelles itself. The second died as a Knight Errant in the battle against Heinrich Kemmler. The third was a dissipated wastrel who drowned in a cask

SAYINGS OF QUENELLES

"He'd invest in the Loren Logging Company": He really is incredibly gullible.

"He's scented Orc blood": He thinks he has a chance to do well at something.

"Your mother was an Orc": An insult that can start generations-long blood feuds.

"Your mother was a Snotling": Joking insult, used a lot between friends.



of wine three years ago. The Duke's fourth son, Einhard, left on his Grail Quest some ten years ago and has not been heard of since.

Ten years is a long Grail Quest, but far from the longest on record. Tancred fears all his sons are dead, but he hopes the

fourth could be a worthy successor. Either way, he wants to know, as he feels he must make definite arrangements for the future of the dukedom.

The Duke of Quenelles is the only Duke to use a lesser title with any frequency. He is also Earl of Cuileux, and out of respect for the brave knights of that land, he issues charters and decisions affecting that region over that title.

SIGNIFICANT PLACES

The Barrows of Cuileux

The Barrows of Cuileux should not be confused with the Grave of Cuileux. The Grave is the site of the last battle between the Knights of Cuileux and the Greenskin horde. The Barrows of Cuileux are where the Cuilen buried their dead. The barrows are scattered over a wide area north of the Gilleau, some in the Forest of Châlons and some in the mountains of the Massif Orcal. A typical barrow has about twenty burial chambers linked by tunnels, but some are far, far larger. Adventurers claim to have seen a barrow the size of a town within the forest but said that they were driven off by the Undead guarding it.

Most of the barrows in the lowlands are now merely empty shells, long looted of grave goods by Orcs and Bretonnians alike. There are a few with Undead guardians, and these still survive intact.



The barrows in the mountains and forest are likely to still hold ancient treasures and ancient monsters.

Quenelles

The city of Quenelles sits right on the border of the Forest of Loren. Indeed, the walls do not guard the eastern edge of the city: instead, they run up to the trees and stop. A broad stone road runs along the border of the forest. This used to be the eastern wall, but it was cast down over a thousand years ago at the command of the Fay. Pilgrims come from all over Bretonnia to stand on the road and gaze into the forest, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Fay. Some are lucky enough to do so, as the Fay keep a constant watch on the city, but most see nothing that does not come from their own imagination.

As a result of the flux of pilgrims, the eastern end of the city is the entertainment district, with many inns, taverns, and houses of ill repute. Castle Quenelles stands to the north, a surprisingly modest structure given the power of the dukedom. Rumour has it that the Fay have forbidden any major expansion.

Just to the west of the eastern border road stands a Grail Chapel unique in Bretonnia. Called the Chapel of the Enchantress, its windows depict the Fay Enchantress rather than the Lady of the Lake. There are always at least two Grail Knights keeping the place, though few do the job for more than a year. Rumours speak of treasures under the chapel or claim the Fay Enchantress herself visits at least once per year.

EXAMPLE QUENELLER

Sir Notker

Sir Notker is a Grail Knight, still fresh from his vision of the Lady of the Lake. He was born in the city of Quenelles where his parents had a townhouse. Whilst his parents were both members of the nobility, their fief was small and most of the family's money actually came from a set of taverns and bawdy houses in the east of the city. When Notker learnt this, he was desperately ashamed and decided to become a Grail Knight to wipe the stain from his family's honour.

As a Questing Knight, he crossed the whole of Bretonnia and much of the Empire to fight the Greenskins. In the end, however, the Lady appeared to him in Quenelles, on the east road, within sight of the place that he was born. He took this as a sign that he should remain in Quenelles and has moved back into his parents' townhouse, though he spends most of his time at the various Grail Chapels in the city, praying for further guidance. His parents are terribly conflicted. On the one hand, they are inordinately proud of their son the Grail Knight. On the other hand, they are terribly ashamed of their commercial transactions, and well aware they cannot survive without them.

As Sir Notker still waits for a specific calling as a Grail Knight, he could easily become embroiled in an adventure involving the player characters.

Sir Notker

Race: Human

Career: Grail Knight (ex-Knight Errant, ex-Knight of the Realm, ex-Questing Knight)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
67%	25%	60%	59%	50%	42%	55%	55%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	17	6	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Religion, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +10%, the Empire), Dodge Blow +20%, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Grail Virtue of the Penitent, Grudge-born Fury, Luck, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of the Penitent, Warrior Born

Special Rules:

Sir Notker gets a +10% bonus on all Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests concerned with the dukedom of Quenelles.

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Lance, Great Weapon (two-handed sword)

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Heir of Cuileux

A peasant from Cuileux is circulating through the countryside, claiming to be the true heir of the last Duke of Cuileux. The nobility are treating him as a bandit and revolutionary, but he is acting more like a Faceless and winning the support of the peasantry. The adventurers have contacts in Quenelles and get caught up in the problem. The man may well be a fraud, and even if he is genuine, he might not have the best interests of the country at heart.

Respect for the Dead

Undead from one of the Barrows of Cuileux plague the local communities. Knights have been sent to deal with the situation, but there are too many to defeat and more seem to arise all the time. Investigation reveals the Undead are taking revenge because some particularly sacred grave goods were stolen. Further investigation reveals they were taken by Orcs. The adventurers need to bring them back.

CHARACTERS AND CAREERS



“Don’t argue with the Shepherdesses.”

- TILEAN MECHANT’S ADVICE TO HIS SON
BEFORE THE LATTER LEFT FOR BRETONNIA.

Shepherds tend their flocks in the rocky expanse of Carcassonne. Knights of the Realm defend the borders of Couronne from the depredations of the foul greenskins. The peasantry toil in the fields of their liege lords, exchanging their back-breaking labor for a humble hovel and protection in times

of war. Bretonnia is a very different land from the Empire, and its natives differ from Imperial citizens and pursue different careers. This chapter provides details on the starting skills and talents of Bretonnians, as well as details of several uniquely Bretonnian careers.

— BRETONNIAN RACIAL FEATURES —

The upbringing and life experience of the people of Bretonnia—whether noble or peasant—is notably quite different than that of a citizen of the Empire. Society functions in a very different manner, and this is reflected in the characteristics of Bretonnian characters. Human racial features given on page 19 of *WFRP* are, obviously, appropriate only for citizens of the Empire. For a basic Bretonnian character, replace those features with the following ones:

Bretonnian Racial Features

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Two random talents (roll twice on Table 2-4: Random Talents on page 19 of *WFRP* to generate).

Optional Rule: If the campaign takes place primarily in the Empire, you may replace one of your starting career skills with Speak Language (Reikspiel). You may buy the replaced skill through normal means with experience points earned through play, and you must do so to complete your starting career. Imperial characters joining a primarily Bretonnian campaign may use this rule to acquire Speak Language (Breton).

RACIAL FEATURES BY DUKEDOM (OPTIONAL)

The dukedoms of Bretonnia differ substantially from one another, as do their inhabitants. A character from the shadowy recesses of the Forest of Arden has a significantly different upbringing than one from the mountains of Carcassonne. Instead of using the basic Bretonnian features given above, you may choose to use the features appropriate to your dukedom, as given below. The sample characters in Chapter VI use the dukedom racial features.

L’Anguille

A L’Anguillian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate or Sail, Gossip or Haggle, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of L’Anguille.



Aquitaine

An Aquitainian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Coolheaded, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Aquitaine.

Artois

An Artoin gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) or Outdoor Survival, Gossip or Perception, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Two random talents

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Artois. If you do not start with the skill, this bonus applies once you gain it.

Note: If you choose not take Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) at character creation, your character is considered to be from an isolated village in the Forest of Arden. Remember that Common Knowledge is an Advanced Skill, so this means that, without it, your character does not even know the name of the King of Bretonnia, possibly not even that Bretonnia has a king. Indeed, it's an open question whether he has heard of Bretonnia at all.

Bastonne

A Bastonnian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Stout-hearted, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Bastonne.

Bordeaux

A Bordelen gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: One random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Bordeaux.

Brionne

A Brionnian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Performer (Musician) or Performer (Singer), Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: One random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Bordeaux.

Carcassonne

A Carcassonnian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Birth Sword (see page 66) (if male and noble) or Warrior Born, one random talent.

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Carcassonne.

Couronne

A Couronnian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Ride, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Trick Riding

Trappings: Ordinary riding horse with saddle and tack. If your career gives you a horse, use the better option. You do not get two horses.

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Couronne.

Gisoreux

A Gisoren gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Charm or Outdoor Survival, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: One random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Gisoreux.

Lyonesse

A Lyonen gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Schemer, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Lyonesse.

Montfort

A Montfortian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Hardy, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Montfort.

Mousillon

A Mousillonian gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Strong-minded, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Mousillon.

Parravon

A Parravonese gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Seasoned Traveller or Sixth Sense, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Parravon.

Quenelles

A Queneller gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Gossip, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Grudge-born Fury, one random talent

Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with your native dukedom of Quenelles.

TABLE 7-1:
BRETONNIAN NAMES

Roll	Female	Male
01-05	Armengild	Aiden
06-10	Bertha	Aigulf
11-15	Chrodegard	Bertelis
16-20	Dhuoda	Carloman
21-25	Eleanor	Chrodegang
26-30	Hrotswitha	Ferragus
31-35	Heloise	Hrodbert
36-40	Isabel	Jacen
41-45	Isolde	Louis
46-50	Lisseut	Merovech
51-55	Marie	Odo
56-60	Mathilde	Orderic
61-65	Nimugild	Panteleon
66-70	Perlesault	Piers
71-75	Rhadegund	Redemund
76-80	Rumengild	Roland
81-85	Sirisgard	Suidbert
86-90	Sonengund	Theudis
91-95	Vermengard	Waldon
96-00	Walswitha	Yonec

— BRETONNIAN CAREERS —

Most careers from the *WFRP* rulebook are suitable for use in Bretonnia. The main exceptions are the Wizard careers, that is, any career with “Wizard” as part of its name. In addition, some, such as Pistolier, are linked to specific Imperial organisations with no Bretonnian equivalent.

Other careers may need some modifications. The most common is to replace Common Knowledge (the Empire) and Speak Language (Reikspiel) with Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) and Speak Language (Breton), respectively. This simply represents the Bretonnian version of the career. Others are best replaced with the Bretonnian careers described below; these include Squire (replace with Knight Errant), Knight (replace with Knight of the Realm), and Soldier (replace with Man at Arms).

The following careers are rarely pursued outside Bretonnia, and even then they are normally followed by Bretonnia expatriates.

BATTLE PILGRIM

Description: Battle Pilgrims are Grail Pilgrims who have survived following their Grail Knight for some time. As a result, they have become competent fighters. In most cases, they have also become even more fervent admirers of their Grail Knight and worshippers of the Lady of the Lake, having seen what the flower of Bretonnian chivalry is truly capable of.



Battle Pilgrims are the effective leaders of groups of Grail Pilgrims, as the Grail Knight never condescends to give orders to peasant rabble. Some Grail Pilgrims resent taking orders from someone no better than they, so Battle Pilgrims often have to impose order by force. Wiser Grail Pilgrims note that their chances of survival are greatly increased by doing as the Battle Pilgrims say.

— Battle Pilgrim Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Haggle, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception

Talents: Flee!, Hardy, Public Speaking, Stout-hearted, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Trappings: Halberd, Bow and 20 Arrows, Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Career Entries: Grail Pilgrim

Career Exits: Faceless, Sergeant, Vagabond, Veteran

Note: Women may only become Battle Pilgrims if they are disguised as men, nobles only if they are disguised as peasants.

CARCASSONNE SHEPHERD

Description: The shepherds of Carcassonne are the dukedom's first line of defence against the Orc raiders who infest the mountains. They often work alone, though a new recruit may be paired with an older individual. Obviously, a single Human, no matter how well trained, cannot expect to take on an entire Orc war-band, so the Shepherds are trained to gather information, slow the band down, and report its location to the local nobility.

They also look after flocks of sheep. A shepherd who loses his sheep is mercilessly mocked by his fellows, which leads many of them to take absurd risks to recover even a single lost lamb.

Male and female characters may freely enter this career. Bretonnian nobles would have to conceal their noble background to do so, but that does happen.



— Carcassonne Shepherd Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	—	—	+10%	+5%	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Scout), Set Trap, Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Fleet-footed, Rover, Sharpshooter

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Shepherd's Crook (treat as Quarter staff), Herd of Sheep or Cute Little Lamb

Career Entries: Grail Pilgrim, Hunter, Outlaw, Outrider, Peasant, Woodsman, Vagabond

Career Exits: Grail Pilgrim, Herrimault, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond, Veteran

Note: This is a Basic Career, so any character can enter it at any time by paying 200 xp.

FACELESS

Description: All bands of Herrimaults have a leader; if a group gathers by chance, either a leader arises or the group fragments once more. Successful bands of Herrimaults are almost always led by a Faceless, an individual highly experienced in the pursuit of right and justice by unconventional means.

Faceless, unlike conventional Outlaw Chiefs, rarely have to worry about being stabbed in the back by their own followers. Similarly, most encourage potential Faceless in their band to develop and then establish their own group. Ethics have their advantages.

On the other hand, they have to keep their band fed, find shelter, and right wrongs, all without stepping over the ethical lines that they set for themselves. Eventually, some find the pressure too great.

Most Faceless cultivate an air of mystery, wearing a deep hood to hide their features. Some are rumoured to be powerful nobles, even Grail Knights, righting wrongs they cannot publicly acknowledge.



— Faceless Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+30%	+10%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+35%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Follow Trail, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger or Scout), Silent Move

Talents: Mighty Shot, Public Speaking, Rapid Reload, Sure Shot, Unsettling

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Medium Armour (Sleeved Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Band of Herrimaults, Deep Hood or Mask

Career Entries: Battle Pilgrim, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Knight of the Realm, Noble Lord, Outlaw Chief, Politician, Questing Knight, Steward, Veteran

Career Exits: Crime Lord, Demagogue, Explorer, Highwayman, Outlaw Chief

Note: Women can only become Faceless if disguised as men.

GRAIL KNIGHT

Description: Grail Knights are the flower of Bretonnian chivalry, the ideal to which all other knights aspire, at least in theory. The King of Bretonnia is always a Grail Knight, as are a number of the Dukes. There are also, however, many Grail Knights of lesser rank, including the hermit knights who spend their lives tending Grail Chapels.



Those who have drunk from the Grail are transformed. Their dedication to the ideals of chivalry becomes absolute, and most shine with a Fay light. This light fades over a few days after the knight drinks from the grail, but it may brighten once more when he is fighting particularly bravely for the Lady of the Lake.

It is not possible to enter this career unless the Lady of the Lake has appeared to you and offered you a sip from the Grail. The Lady only appears to true sons of Bretonnia whom she judges to be worthy, so foreigners, women, and peasants cannot enter this career.

— Grail Knight Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+40%	—	+30%	+30%	+25%	+10%	+25%	+25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+8	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) Academic Knowledge (Religion), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue)

Talents: Grail Virtue (the one that matches the character's Virtue of Knighthood), Luck, Public Speaking, Resistance to Chaos, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Warrior Born

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Shield, Icon of the Lady of the Lake, Destrier with Saddle and Harness, Sip from the Grail

Career Entries: Questing Knight

Career Exits: Captain, Courtier, Explorer, Faceless, Noble Lord, Politician

Note: Only male Bretonnian nobles can become Grail Knights. The Lady of the Lake is not fooled by disguises.

TABLE 7-2: BRETONNIAN STARTING CAREERS

Roll	Career	Roll	Career	Roll	Career	Roll	Career
01–02	Agitator	25	Ferryman	46–47	Messenger	73–75	Servant
03	Bailiff	26–27	Fisherman	48–49	Militiaman	76–77	Smuggler
04	Barber-Surgeon	28	Grave Robber	50–51	Miner	78–79	Student
05–06	Boatman	29	Grail Pilgrim	52–53	Noble	80–81	Thief
07–08	Body Guard	30	Herrimault	54–55	Outlaw	82–83	Thug
09–10	Bone Picker	31–32	Hunter	56–57	Outrider	84–85	Toll Keeper
11–12	Bounty Hunter	33–34	Initiate	58–61	Peasant	86–87	Tomb Robber
13–14	Burgher	35	Jailer	62	Pit Fighter	88–89	Tradesman
15–16	Camp Follower	36–37	Knight Errant	63–64	Protagonist	90–91	Vagabond
17–18	Carcassonne Shepherd	38–39	Man-at-Arms	65–66	Rat Catcher	92–94	Valet
19–20	Charcoal Burner	40–41	Marine	67–68	Rogue	95–96	Watchman
21–22	Coachman	42–43	Mediator	69–70	Scribe	97–98	Woodsman
23–24	Entertainer	44–45	Mercenary	71–72	Seaman	99–00	Zealot

GRAIL PILGRIM

Description: Grail Pilgrims are peasants devoted to the Lady of the Lake, as represented by her Grail Knights. They believe that Grail Knights are paragons of courage, justice, and courtesy, and that the best way they, as lowly peasants, can serve the Lady is to serve a Grail Knight.

To this end, they choose a Grail Knight and follow him around. If the knight drops anything (broken spoons, old buttons, and so on), they seize them and treasure them as relics, a means of contact with the holy. If the Grail Knight needs anything, they get it for him. And if the Grail Knight is in danger, they try to fight for him. Most Grail Pilgrims do not have long lives.

If a Grail Knight dies whilst questing, his Grail Pilgrims descend on the body, stripping it of relics. Many then turn the corpse into a Grail Reliquae, which they then carry around in place of the Knight himself.



— Grail Pilgrim Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	—	—	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception

Talents: Etiquette, Hardy or Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted or Strong-minded

Trappings: Halberd, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Bits That Fell Off the Back of A Grail Knight

Career Entries: Carcassonne Shepherd, Hunter, Herrimault, Outlaw, Peasant, Tradesman, Vagabond

Career Exits: Battle Pilgrim, Carcassonne Shepherd, Mercenary, Herrimault, Vagabond

Note: This is a Basic Career, so any character can enter it at any time by paying 200 xp. Women may only become Grail Pilgrims if they are pretending to be men, nobles may only do so if they are pretending to be peasants.

HERRIMAULT

Description: The harsh laws of Bretonnia turn many Peasants into Outlaws. The acts that many nobles commit with impunity turn many Outlaws into avengers. The Herrimaults hold themselves above both groups by keeping to a strict code of morality. Whilst they operate outside the laws of Bretonnia, they do so because the laws are unjust. A Herrimault always acts rightly.

Of course, most Bretonnian nobles see no difference, and so the Herrimaults are hunted as enthusiastically as other Outlaws. A Herrimault's ethical obligations do bring popularity among the peasants, and the



braver souls often seek to join up. Even a few nobles, shocked by abuses they are unable to legally prevent, have been known to take up the bow of the Herrimault.

— Herrimault Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	—	—	+10%	—	—	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care or Charm, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip or Secret Signs (Ranger), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Marksman or Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Rover, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows (Longbow if you have Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), otherwise a Bow), Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Shield

Career Entries: Agitator, Carcassonne Shepherd, Charlatan, Coachman, Grail Pilgrim, Hunter, Innkeeper, Knight Errant, Man-at-Arms, Noble, Peasant, Rogue, Woodsman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Grail Pilgrim, Scout, Thief, Vagabond, Veteran

Note: This is Basic Career, and thus any character may enter it at any time by paying 200 xp. Women can only become Herrimaults if disguised as men.

KNIGHT ERRANT

Description: Knights of the Empire start their careers following after some other knight, acting as nothing more than a servant. What else would you expect from a nation who has forgotten the true meaning of chivalry, the true meaning of honour, and the true meaning of courage?

In Bretonnia, knights start off riding their own trail, as they set off on their errantry tour. Bretonnian knights learn from the best school there is: genuine experience. At the start of their tour, they don't have any genuine experience, but most make up the deficit with their enthusiasm.

Knights Errant are expected to travel widely, often alone, seeking out perilous situations in which to prove their worth. As a result, they can be found anywhere in the Old World, sometimes to the regret of the natives.



— Knight Errant Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	—	+5%	+5%	+5%	—	+5%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Ride, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Etiquette, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, Leather Jack, Helmet), Lance, Shield, Light Warhorse with saddle and harness

Career Entries: Knight, Noble, Squire

Career Exits: Knight of the Realm

Note: This is a Basic Career, so any character can enter it at any time by paying 200xp. Characters who are not male Bretonnian nobles must pretend to be so in order to become Knights Errant.

KNIGHT OF THE REALM

Description: Knights of the Realm are the backbone of the Bretonnian army and the most common members of its ruling elite. They have distinguished themselves in errantry and received a fief or a position in some other noble's household. They are expected to honor and defend their lord, as well as the Realm. The knights described in **Chapter Eight** are primarily Knights of the Realm.



— Knight of the Realm Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	—	+15%	+15%	+15%	—	+10%	+15%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry or Religion), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Dodge Blow, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Knighthood (any one)

Trappings: Lance, Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Shield, icon of the Lady of the Lake, Destrier with Saddle and Harness, Household Position with a Bretonnian Noble or Bretonnian Fief

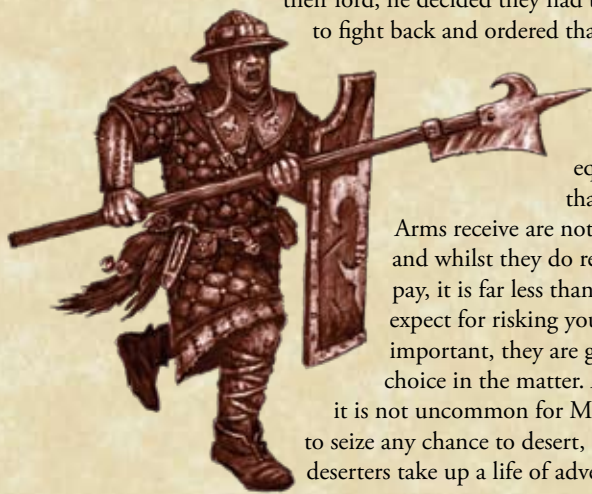
Career Entries: Knight Errant

Career Exits: Captain, Courtier, Explorer, Faceless, Noble Lord, Politician, Questing Knight

Note: Characters who are not male Bretonnian nobles must pretend to be so in order to become Knights of the Realm.

MAN-AT-ARMS

Description: Whilst knights are the backbone of Bretonnian armies, peasants form the bulk. Some receive no training at all and are simply rounded up and pointed at the enemy. Men-at-Arms are the lucky ones. When they were paraded before their lord, he decided they had the potential to fight back and ordered that they be trained.



Still, the training and equipment that Men-at-

Arms receive are not very good, and whilst they do receive some pay, it is far less than you might expect for risking your life. Most important, they are given no choice in the matter. As a result, it is not uncommon for Men-at-Arms to seize any chance to desert, and many deserters take up a life of adventure.

— Man-at-Arms Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	—	+5%	+10%	+10%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Halberd, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Uniform bearing Lord's Heraldry

Career Entries: Hunter, Peasant, Vagabond, Woodsman

Career Exits: Herrimault, Outlaw, Outrider, Veteran, Yeoman

Note: This is a Basic Career, so any character can enter it at any time by paying 200xp. Women can only enter this career if they are pretending to be men.

MEDIATOR

Description: The peasants of Bretonnia try to live their lives without noble interference. When the nobility get involved, people are beaten or hanged and food is taken, only making matters worse. However, the peasantry are far from living in a cooperative idyll, and disputes do arise between villages.

Mediators are the peasants chosen to resolve those disputes. They live in one village and deal with the representatives, normally other Mediators, of villages with which they have a dispute. Mediators do not normally have the authority to make decisions, so they must try for a solution they can sell to their neighbours.

Most Mediators are officially herders, as this gives them an excuse to be in odd places if the nobility find them. Whilst the overwhelming majority are men, a few female Mediators do exist.



— Mediator Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
—	—	—	—	—	+10%	+10%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller, Suave

Trappings: A Wandering Lamb or a Wilful Pig

Career Entries: Hunter, Man-at-Arms, Herrimault, Peasant, Rogue

Career Exits: Demagogue, Herrimault, Rogue, Village Elder

Note: This is Basic Career, and thus any character may enter it at any time by paying 200xp. Only peasants may enter this career.

QUESTING KNIGHT

Description: Questing Knights seek the Grail. Following in the footsteps of Louis the Rash, they cross Bretonnia and the rest of the world, seeking the blessing of the Lady of the Lake. Those knights who have succeeded in their quest have met the Lady in a variety of places, so the quest is not a search for a place. Rather, it is an effort to prove oneself worthy of the Grail.

Thus, Questing Knights strive to show themselves to be paragons of knighthood, seeking out dangerous situations in which to uphold the honour of Bretonnia and the Lady of the Lake.



Questing Knights renounce the use of the lance because it is the weapon of loyal service, and a Questing Knight stands apart from the feudal hierarchy until his quest is complete.

— Questing Knight Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+35%	—	+20%	+20%	+25%	+10%	+25%	+25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Religion), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (any two), Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Luck, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Virtue of the Quest, Warrior Born

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Shield, Icon of the Lady of the Lake, Destrier with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Knight of the Realm

Career Exits: Captain, Courtier, Explorer, Grail Knight, Faceless, Noble Lord, Politician

Note: Characters who are not male Bretonnian nobles must pretend to be so in order to become Questing Knights.

VILLAGE ELDER

Description: Bretonnian nobles are responsible for bringing justice to the peasants. If they hear of a crime, they make sure that someone is punished. As long as it's a peasant, they do not worry about which peasant. In some cases, the lord has hanged the victim.

Most peasants would prefer to avoid such "justice."

Instead, they turn to their Village Elders, respected residents of the village. These old men listen to the details of the case and

then hand out punishments. Often these involve paying reparations to the victim, normally in labour, but sometimes the Village Elders arrange "accidents" for the criminal.

The quality of this justice depends entirely on the quality of the Village Elder, as there are no checks on his decisions. A senile elder is still capable of handing down something less than justice. However, it is still almost invariably better than appealing to the local lord.



— Village Elder Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
—	—	—	—	—	+20%	+20%	+30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Torture

Talents: Master Orator, Menacing, Public Speaking, Suave

Trappings: Peasant Village

Career Entries: Faceless, Mediator, Yeoman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Faceless, Outlaw Chief, Politician, Steward

Note: Only peasants may become Village Elders. Women may only become Village Elders if disguised as men.

WALL WARDEN

Description: Wall Wardens are the peasant craftsmen who care for and design the fortifications of Bretonnian nobles, the massive castles that protect their power. They are also responsible for the construction and care of siege engines. Most nobles know nothing about building or engineering and thus need to place a great deal of trust in their Wall Wardens. As a result, a peasant is only given such a post after proving himself.

As Wall Wardens often have both the ear and the trust of their lords, such a post is often a stepping stone to a more important position in the lord's administration.



On the other hand, Wall Wardens are sometimes approached by outside forces to report on the state of the lord's defences. The loyal ones naturally refuse.

— Wall Warden Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
—	+10%	+10%	+10%	+25%	+20%	+10%	+10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Trade (Carpenter), Trade (Stoneworker)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer)

Trappings: Fortifications to look after, trade tools

Career Entries: Man-at-Arms, Peasant, Tradesman

Career Exits: Spy, Steward, Yeoman

Note: Only peasants may become Wall Wardens. Women may only become Wall Wardens if disguised as men.

YEOMAN

Description: Yeomen are the elite peasant warriors of Bretonnia. Many knights are dismissive of their achievements, arguing that “elite peasant warrior” has a similar meaning to “large mouse.” However, whilst it is true that the nobility are far better equipped, the Yeomen are as skilled as most Knights of the Realm, and they take justified pride in their martial abilities.

Indeed, the overwhelming majority of Yeomen are dedicated professionals because it is their dedication that has distinguished them from the mass of Men-at-Arms around them. Yeomen, in return, receive mounts and are used for

scouting missions that are unsuited to knights (too little glory, too much risk). Eventually, some Yeomen grow tired of making things easy for “social superiors” and strike out on their own.

Most lords allow their Yeomen to retire honourably after a few years of service or after a spectacular act on the battlefield. Others, however, simply desert, usually whilst on a scouting mission so that their lord assumes they were killed and doesn't go after them.



— Yeoman Advance Scheme —

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Silent Move

Talents: Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike to Stun, Very Resilient or Very Strong

Trappings: Halberd, any one weapon, Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Riding Horse with Tack and Harness.

Career Entries: Carcassonne Shepherd, Man-at-Arms, Mercenary, Wall Warden

Career Exits: Faceless, Mercenary, Outlaw Chief, Scout, Sergeant

Note: Women can only become Yeomen if disguised as men.



KNIGHTHOOD

For the Lady and the King!

- STANDARD BRETONNIAN
BATTLE-CRY.



Ask anyone to talk about Bretonnia, and, while they may natter on about the beautiful countryside, wonderful food, the wealth of the nobility and the stench of the peasantry, sooner or later, they'll mention the knights.

From the lowest Knight Errant to the King himself, the knights of Bretonnia rule and defend their country. Without their staunch defense of the Realm, Bretonnia would have succumbed to the forces that beset it long ago.

— CULTURAL BACKGROUND —

Not just anybody can become a Bretonnian knight. First, you must be male, or at least pretending to be so. As far as the Bretonnians are concerned, chivalry is a male pursuit. No exceptions to this rule have ever been made.

Second, you must be a Bretonnian noble. Three exceptions to this rule have been recorded in the last two thousand years.

Of course, absolutely everyone who meets those two requirements becomes a knight. The gap between what knights are supposed to be and what a particular knight actually is can be enormous. Some are barely competent with a sword, and others have knowledge of riding that gets as far as the idea that you face the part of the horse that sticks up and neighs. The "knights" who ignore the tenets of chivalry are beyond counting. Still, the ideal is there, and nobles who fall short are looked down upon by their peers. So, what is the ideal? It revolves around three ideas: Valour, Loyalty, and Courtesy.

VALOUR

A valorous knight is one who fights bravely, skilfully, and honourably. Bravery requires the knight to stand firm in the face of foes who are superior, even if to do so is clearly suicidal. Even Bretonnian knights have enough sense to ignore this virtue at times, particularly if no one is watching.

In addition, knights, as the premier warriors of the realm, are expected to actually be the premier warriors of the realm—better than peasants and certainly better than women. Bretonnian knights faced with extremely skilled female mercenaries tend to try to prove their superiority in various embarrassing ways.

Finally, knights must fight honourably, which means hand-to-hand. Missile weapons are cowardly, gunpowder weapons even more so. Bretonnian knights do not regard the magic of the Damsels of the Lady as dishonourable, but any other magic certainly is.

LOYALTY

Loyalty is slightly more complex than obedience. A knight is ultimately loyal to the King, so disobeying the orders of his immediate superior in the interests of the King is still loyal. The immediate superior in question, however, may choose to demonstrate his disagreement with this ethical interpretation at length, from the other side of a besieging army.

Worse, the Bretonnians love tragic stories of knights who were caught between their loyalties to two different lords, had no way to act correctly, and thus died tragically trying to do the impossible. Some knights even manoeuvre themselves into



starring roles in such stories. These knights sometimes turn to non-knightly help to extricate themselves from their self-imposed predicament.

COURTESY

A true knight behaves properly at all times, even on the battlefield. This means showing respect to other knights by allowing your feudal superiors the honour of engaging the most glorious foe. Indeed, the level of courtesy on display as a group of Bretonnian Knights humbly yield the privilege of fighting a Bloodletter of Khorne can truly bring tears to the eyes. Greenskins, of course, merit no special treatment and are simply slaughtered.

Outside battle, knights never insult one another. They may suggest that another knight has been bewitched as the only possible explanation for his opinion of a woman's beauty, but a direct insult is out of place. This rule is generally observed, and Bretonnian knights learn how to couch the deepest insult in terms of utmost politeness. Many knights are too stupid to realise that they have actually been insulted.

Finally, knights are always polite to women. Women are expected to enter rooms first, sit down first, eat first, and so on. They are also to be protected from all danger. Indeed, the importance of protecting the women in his castle from the possibility of attack has prevented more than one bold knight from riding out against raiders. The women, of course, get no say in this treatment: they will eat first and be honoured, whether they like it or not, and they most certainly will not be allowed to put themselves into danger.

THE KNIGHT'S PROGRESS

Imperial knights start their careers as squires to another knight. Bretonnian knights have a different path. Upon reaching adulthood, an age that varies slightly from family to family but is always in the late teens, a male noble is dubbed a Knight Errant and sent out into the world to prove himself.

Knights Errant are supposed to travel the country, eagerly seeking out perilous situations in which to prove their mettle. Those who actually do it enter the Knight Errant career (see **Chapter VII: Characters and Careers**). Some nobles, however, have other interests and thus enter other careers.

Social pressure to pursue the perils of errantry is very strong, and so most nobles at least make a show of it. As a result, at any time there are large numbers of young nobles travelling around the country, looking for trouble. Naturally, they find it. Often enough, it is of their own devising.

Travelling the roads of Bretonnia alone is perilous even for Grail Knights; for young Knights Errant, it is almost suicidal. Some knights travel alone for precisely that reason, hoping to meet with glorious adventure but often finding a cold and lonely death instead. Most knights, then, find travelling companions. Other Knights Errant are the most popular choice, as they are of the same social class and truly understand your concerns. However, this is a case of the blind leading the blind, so wiser or luckier knights find themselves joining up with adventurers from a variety of backgrounds and social classes. Knights expect to be the leaders of such groups, of course.

A knight cannot cease to be a Knight Errant until he receives a position from a Bretonnian noble. This can be a fief or a position as a household knight. Some lords give these positions out to their sons within a few weeks of the beginning of errantry, allowing the knight to return from the perils of the road. Knights with such a position become Knights of the Realm.

It is possible, and honourable, to refuse such a position on the grounds that you have not yet sufficiently proved yourself. The only exception is that if the King personally offers you a post, refusal is not an option. Some Knights Errant travel, proving themselves and waiting for the royal blessing. This only comes if they can really distinguish themselves from the masses, however.

In game terms, it is only possible to enter the Knight of the Realm career if you have been granted a chivalric position. A character that has completed the Knight Errant career may,

in the normal way, enter that career by paying 100 experience points at any point afterwards, even if he has entered another career in the meantime. A lot of adventuring Knights Errant do enter one or two other careers before becoming Knights of the Realm.

Not all nobles with the title of Knight of the Realm are in the Knight of the Realm career any more than all nobles in the Empire are in the Noble career. However, it is normal to offer a post to a Knight Errant at about the point where he has completed that career, and most knights do move into the Knight of the Realm career. Thus, it is by far the most common career for knights with that rank.

Knights of the Realm have responsibilities and thus cannot simply ride off in search of adventure. However, household knights are often sent to deal with threats or investigate rumours, and knights with their own fiefs find that plenty of adventures come to them.

— QUESTING FOR THE GRAIL —

Knights of the Realm may choose to go on a quest for the Grail, hoping to meet the Lady of the Lake in person and drink from the sacred chalice. Anyone may announce that he is embarking on such a quest, but in order to have any chance of success, he must enter the Questing Knight career, which means that he must have completed the Knight of the Realm career. The Lady has certain standards for her knights, and in game terms, these standards are represented by the career path.

A knight who takes the Questing Vow renounces his duties to mundane lords in favour of his duties to the Lady. To

symbolise this, he lays aside the lance, normally fighting instead with great, two-handed weapons. Household knights simply leave their lord's service. This is entirely honourable and indeed reflects well on the lord, so it is the best way to get out of a commitment to a lord you do not like. Knights with their own fiefs appoint a steward to care for the fief in their absence. There are a number of Bretonnian folk tales of the abuses perpetrated by such stewards and of the return of the new Grail Knight that sets everything right once more.

Questing Knights behave much like Knights Errant, except that they are looking for signs left by the Lady which might indicate their path. The Lady does take an interest in genuine Questing Knights, so the dangers they face build into a pattern. The final peril faced by a Questing Knight is the Green Knight, a servant of the Lady who challenges all such knights to prove their worth. Those who succeed here soon find themselves face-to-face with their Goddess.

GRAIL KNIGHTS

Grail Knights are the paragons of Bretonnian chivalry. They are rare, but as many tend to travel, most Bretonnians have seen one at least once. Many of the peasantry treat them as living saints, and the attitudes of most nobles are not far behind—Grail Knights are among the greatest warriors in the Old World. They are also, without exception, truly noble, upholding all the virtues of chivalry.

Grail Knights sometimes re-enter the feudal hierarchy. However, no Grail Knight would swear fealty to a lord who was not himself a Grail Knight, and the only lord they would serve as a simple household knight is the King himself. Since the King of Bretonnia is always a Grail Knight, most Grail Knights swear fealty directly to the King, thus avoiding the possibility of an awkward situation if the heir to a Grail Knight is not a Grail Knight himself.

Many Grail Knights, however, choose to live a little apart from normal society. Some base themselves at a Grail Chapel,



keeping the surrounding area safe. Others wander, much like Knights Errant, righting wrongs wherever they find them. These are the Grail Knights most likely to attract Grail Pilgrims.

In the end, no Bretonnian questions the decisions a Grail Knight makes. If he decides to fraternise with peasants and foreigners, there must be a good reason for it. Grail Knights can thus function as adventurers without restriction.

— NOBILITY —

Most knights dream of becoming landed nobles. Holding lands provides financial security, status, and independence. It also, in theory, brings responsibilities for your land and the people in it. Some knights are heirs to land, but most must work to fulfil their dream. Player characters may have the same dream.

Player characters should generally not be heirs, so that they have to work for their land. Heroic deeds worthy of a knight draw the attention of higher nobles and, happily, are just the sorts of things that adventurers do. Some knights engage in subtle politics for years in order to win a fief, but player characters in a grim world of perilous adventure are more likely to win one by spectacular acts of heroism.

If a player wants his character to become a landed noble, the game master should develop the campaign to make this possible. However, he should think about the way the campaign will go after the character gets his land. In some cases, this will be the end of the campaign: a rich fief in a safe area is a good device to provide an in-game explanation for why the character stops adventuring.

Otherwise, the character should be able to continue adventuring whilst looking after his fief. In addition, the other player characters should be able to keep adventuring with him. This generally means that a border fief under repeated attack from dark forces is a good idea.

Earlier adventures can be designed to lead up to this naturally. If the player characters fight against the Orcs of a certain area of the Massif Orcal, it is natural for the knight to be granted a fief there, continuing the battle. On the other hand, a knight who unmasks a lord in league with a Chaos cult might be granted his fief on condition that he roots out and destroy the cult infesting it.

Once a knight has a fief, the tone of the campaign should shift to emphasise that he now has a home to defend. There are two techniques that achieve this without sacrificing the excitement of adventure.

First, run short adventures, possibly even shorter than a single session, dealing with the mundane problems of ruling land in the Old World. These can range from accusations of witchcraft to deciding how to deal with a family with a Mutant child, or breaking up a major brawl over the issue of who has the better turnips. Some will be comic relief, others true tragedies, but all shed some light on the place the characters call home.

RUNNING THE QUEST

The Questing Knight's quest should be a defining feature of the character's career. It must provide enough experience to complete the Questing Knight career and enter the Grail Knight career, but little more, and the adventures should have more significance than the defeat of isolated bands of Greenskins.

Significance

There are two types of significance which suit different styles of play. In the first, the Questing Knight unearths and defeats a significant threat to the land of Bretonnia. This might be a Chaos cult, an Orc warlord, or a Bestigor gathering a war herd. In the second, the events of the quest force the Questing Knight to face his weaknesses or past mistakes. Thus, a knight who failed to defend a village against an Orc attack might find himself placed to defend a different village from a horde of Beastmen. On the other hand, a knight with a tendency to lose his temper might find himself forced to calmly negotiate peace between two nobles who hate each other and have nothing but contempt for the Questing Knight himself.

This takes a number of gaming sessions all focused on one character. Whilst other player characters may be involved, they are essentially following the knight around on his quest. If the Questing Knight is uncovering a major threat to the land, this is not much of a problem: it's the sort of thing adventurers do anyway. If he is facing his own flaws, the other characters may feel a bit left out. The best thing to do here is talk to the players and see what they would be happiest doing.

The Final Confrontation

The final part of the quest, the confrontation with the Green Knight and the meeting with the Lady, is for the Questing Knight alone. This is best played in an extra one-on-one session. The combat with the Green Knight may be purely symbolic if the Questing Knight has saved Bretonnia from a major threat, or it could be a test of whether the knight has overcome his weaknesses. At this point, however, player characters should not fail.

The Stuff of Legends

Play the meeting with the Lady for as much drama as you can manage. Lights shine from nowhere, the Lady, dazzlingly beautiful, walks across water as smooth as mirrored glass, and as the character drinks from the Grail he sees the whole world in its proper order.

This can be hard to pull off and it helps if you build expectations. The Questing Knight hears stories of the encounters between the greatest heroes, including the Grail Companions, and the Green Knight and the Lady. His encounter then includes elements from those stories, making it clear that he is part of the same tradition.

Second, adventures should take place in the area around the fief, and the main threats should be threats to the fief and its inhabitants. This actually opens up some possibilities: the characters cannot simply ignore a threat and must also deal with the aftermath of their actions. For example, there are good reasons for them to deal with the Orcs who fled when their base was sacked, rather than simply moving on to the next adventure.

After a whilst, the players may want to move on. The knight can simply declare himself on the quest for the Grail, appoint a steward, and return to a life of travel and adventure. If the knight is already a Grail Knight, there is even less problem: he merely needs to decide that it is time for him to wander in search of wrongs to right. Never forget that this is a game, and the responsibilities of player characters only apply as long as it is fun for the players.

— THE KNIGHT'S STEED —

Bretonnian knights are mounted warriors and very few would deign to fight on foot. Thus, a knight's steed is very important to him. Many knights seem to care more about their steeds than about their wives, a topic for many (highly illegal) tavern songs in Bretonnia. There is good reason for this: a knight's life depends on his steed every time he fights, and a steed that hates or fears his master is worse than useless in battle. Thus, most knights make sure that their steed is fed, housed, and cared for before bothering about such details for themselves. Some have grooms or squires help with part of the work, but all do a substantial part personally to increase the bond with the mount.

This bond allows the knight to push his mount to superior deeds. This has two game effects. First, a knight may use Fate or Fortune Points to benefit his mount rather than himself. Second, a knight may spend experience points to buy advances for his mount. The allowable careers are noted in the descriptions of particular kinds of mounts given below. Obviously, common sense is still useful: horses can make little use of a score in BS.

BRETONNIAN WARHORSES

Bretonnian warhorses are fine destriers (see *WFRP*, page 232). They cover the full range of equine colours, but all are tall at the shoulder and have naturally long tails and manes. As lots of loose hair gets in the way in battle, most knights plait their horse's hair, often winding ribbons and charms in among it.

Destriers serving a Bretonnian knight may enter the Brute career.

PEGASI

Pegasi are described in detail in the *Old World Bestiary*, pages 55 and 105. They are elegant and noble creatures, favoured by knights who prefer skill and strategy in battle to wild slaughter. They are prouder and more intelligent than horses but still tolerant of Humans and each other. Some lords have even formed whole units of pegasus-riding knights.

Most knights who want to ride a pegasus raise it personally from a foal. It takes around a year before the pegasus is ready to accept a rider. However, it is not a full-time activity, as there is no problem with having other people help. Thus, a knight raising a pegasus can go on adventures. Most pegasus foals are bought at a cost of around 1,000 *gc*. A knight that wishes, however, can go on an adventure into the mountains to find his own.

Pegasi may enter the Chief career, and those pegasi with ten or more advances are referred to as Royal Pegasi. Those who do not ride the creatures often think that Royal Pegasi are a separate species, but this is not the case.

HIPPOGRIFFS

Hippogriffs are also described in the *Old World Bestiary*, pages 56 and 99. Hippogriffs are terrifying and violent creatures, ridden as mounts by very few knights, most notably King Louen Leoncoeur himself. They do not tolerate people, horses, other hippogriffs, or, indeed, anything they could possibly eat. As a result, there are no units of hippogriff-riding knights.

A hippogriff must be raised from a chick by the knight himself. He can accept no help, or the hippogriff will never accept him as a rider. Even a young hippogriff is capable of defending itself, which makes taking the beast along on adventures more practical. In addition, the rearing process gives rise to adventures itself. Once per month, the knight makes an **Animal Training Test**. On a failure, his dealings with the hippogriff lead to an adventure of some sort.



Raising a hippogriff takes about a year and is possible for an adventuring player character. The presence of the hippogriff causes complications and occasional full-blown adventures, but if it must fade into the background to allow an adventure

to proceed, it does so. The knight must struggle to master his mount, but this should be fun for the player.

Fully trained Hippogriffs may enter the Chief career.

— VIRTUES OF KNIGHTHOOD —

The knights of Bretonnia aspire to a set of virtues, each exemplified by one of the original Companions of the Grail. In game terms, each Virtue is represented by a Talents. All Knights Errant take the same Talent: The Virtue of Chivalry. Knights of the Realm must choose which of the fourteen Virtues they exemplify and select that Talent to complete the career. Questing Knights take the Virtue of the Quest, but Grail Knights must take the Grail Virtue corresponding to the Virtue they chose as Knights of the Realm.

Virtue of Chivalry

Description: You may call upon the Lady of the Lake and gain her blessings, as described in **The Gifts of the Lady** on page 39. Only Bretonnian knights may take this talent, which is only useful to characters with Fortune Points.

In order for a character to select other Virtues of Knighthood, he must first take the Virtue of Chivalry Talent.

Virtue of Audacity

Agilgar of Parravon was a master of turning a foe's strength back on him.

Description: If an opponent's Strength Bonus is higher than yours, use its value in place of your own for the purpose of dealing Damage.

Virtue of Confidence

Carleond of Couronne would challenge any foe to single combat, such was his confidence in his prowess.

Description: Whilst engaged in combat, you may take a Full Action to issue a Challenge to a single opponent. Most targets of the Challenge are not obligated to accept the Challenge (though many do); Knights with the Virtue of Chivalry Talent must accept. For the duration of the combat, you gain a +1 bonus on damage rolls in melee combat. Whilst engaged in a Challenge, you may not Challenge a new opponent in that combat until the first is defeated or has fled the battle.

Virtue of Discipline

Marcus of Bordeleaux took the field against any odds, ever undaunted.

Description: It is no easier to attack you when you are outnumbered. With this Talent, you negate any bonuses to your opponents' Weapon Skill that are gained as a result of superior numbers. (Ordinarily, multiple attackers against the same target reduce the difficulty of the attack, as described on **Table 6-2: Combat Difficulty** in *WFRP*.) This Talent does not negate any other circumstantial bonuses.

Virtue of Duty

Thierulf of Lyonesse was the most loyal of the Companions, always fighting at the side of his liege.

Description: You may pledge loyalty to up to three other characters. When you fight alongside those characters, they each gain a +5% bonus to their Weapon Skill characteristics. If any of them are not present in a battle, you take a -10% penalty to your Weapon Skill characteristic.

Virtue of Empathy

Martrud of Montfort always championed the peasants and was loved by them in return.

Description: You gain +10% bonus to Fellowship Tests when dealing with Bretonnian peasants. Other knights do not think less of you for talking with your social inferiors. (They may think less of you for choosing this path in the first place, however.)

Virtue of Heroism

Gilles of Bastonne was known as the slayer of monsters, renowned for killing creatures of great size.

Description: You excel at hand-to-hand combat and your hits can prove deadly. Whenever you roll an unmodified 10 on your damage die, you may choose to forgo the additional damage to automatically inflict a Critical Hit instead, even if the target has not been reduced to 0 Wounds. The Critical Value is equal to your Strength Bonus. When using the Virtue of Heroism in conjunction with an Impact Weapon, the Impact Quality does not apply as normal, but rather increases the Critical Value by +1. You may not use Virtue of Heroism when wielding a magic weapon or a ranged weapon.

Virtue of the Ideal

Landuin of Mousillon was the peerless knight, pure in heart, skilled in arm, and wise in mind. Alas, Mousillon has fallen far.

Description: You gain a +1 bonus to your Attacks characteristic when outnumbered in melee combat.

Virtue of the Impetuous Knight

Balduin of Brionne was always in the forefront of battle, first to engage with his enemies.

Description: Charge Attack is only a half action for you. In addition to the normal +10% Weapon Skill bonus of this action, you also gain a +1 bonus on the damage roll of your attack. All normal conditions on a Charge Attack apply.

Virtue of the Joust

Folgar of Artois was unmatched in his skill with the lance.

Description: You gain +10% to WS when using a lance.

Virtue of Knightly Temper

Beren of Gisoreux was ever swift to deal death to his foes, striking twice before they could respond.

Description: If you successfully wound an opponent at the end of a Charge Attack, you may immediately make another free attack against the same opponent. This attack costs no actions but is otherwise the same as a Standard Attack. You are not required to make this attack (for example, if the opponent is already dead). The +10% bonus to Weapon Skill bonus from the Charge does not apply to this additional attack.

Virtue of Noble Disdain

Fredemund of Aquitaine never lost his contempt for those who used cowardly weapons rather than fighting face-to-face.

Description: You gain a +10% bonus to your Weapon Skill when fighting characters who have used a missile weapon against you or your allies. You take a permanent -10% penalty to your Ballistic Skill characteristic due to your loathing for such cowardly means. Modify your starting profile to reflect this penalty.

Virtue of the Penitent

Corduin of L'Anguille ever mourned the loss of his beloved to the curse of a hag, yet he fought bravely when summoned.



Description: You may not use magic items or ride steeds other than a horse. Any weapon you wield counts as magical, and the Critical Value of any Critical Hit made against you is reduced by one. A Critical Hit with a value of 0 has no effect.

Virtue of Purity

Rademund of Quenelles was the most virtuous champion of the Lady, upholding her honour in every battle.

Description: You may invoke the Gifts of the Lady without taking time to pray. In addition, you gain one bonus Fortune Point every day.

Virtue of Stoicism

Lambard of Carcassonne stood firm in the face of fear, and his bravery steeled those around him.

Description: You may re-roll any failed Fear or Terror Test, or any failed Test to resist Intimidation. If the re-roll succeeds, ignore the first failure.

Virtue of the Quest

This Talent has a number of effects, but they only apply whilst the character is in the career of the Questing Knight. If he completes the career and moves on or abandons it to take up a different basic career, the effects of the Talent lapse. If the character completes the career and becomes a Grail Knight, the Talent is lost altogether, though the experience points spent to buy it are not regained. If he simply abandoned the career, he retains the Talent, and if he re-enters the Questing Knight career its effects apply once more.

Description: You take a -50% penalty to your Weapon Skill characteristic if you use a lance. Questing Knights renounce the use of that weapon, and those with the Virtue of the Quest find it hard to break that pledge.

You receive visions that direct your quest. These visions lead you to the places where you should be, which normally means that they lead you into danger.

At any time, you may call upon your strength of purpose to give you succour. As a half action, you may spend a Fortune Point to heal 1d10 of your own Wounds. This cannot take you above your normal maximum.

THE GRAIL VIRTUES

The Grail Virtues are only available to Grail Knights. They are noticeably stronger than the Virtues of Knighthood and are an important part of the reason why Grail Knights are so respected in Bretonnia. The effects of the Virtue of Knighthood still apply, and a Grail Knight can only take the Grail Virtue corresponding to his Virtue of Knighthood.

Grail Virtue of Audacity

Description: Whenever you are engaged in melee with one or more opponents, you increase your Toughness Bonus Characteristic by +4. The bonus applies to melee attacks made by opponents engaged with you. This bonus lasts until you successfully test Weapon Skill and inflict at least 1 Wound against any

adjacent foe or if, at any time, you choose not to make a melee attack while so engaged. After the bonus is expended, you cannot use the Grail Virtue of Audacity for the duration of the encounter.

Grail Virtue of Confidence

Description: Whilst you are involved in a Challenge, all other opponents must succeed on **Very Hard (-30%) Weapon Skill Tests** to hit you. You take this penalty to any attacks you make against opponents other than the one you challenged, so long as that opponent still stands. Also, you gain a +10% bonus to your Toughness characteristic against any attack that hits you.

Grail Virtue of Discipline

Description: When you make a Swift Attack whilst outnumbered at least 2 to 1, your Attacks characteristic increases by +1.

Grail Virtue of Duty

Description: If you fight with those to whom you are pledged, they gain +1 bonus to their Attacks characteristics and +10% bonus to their Strength characteristics during the Battle. If any of those to whom you are pledged are absent, you take a -10% penalty to your Strength and Toughness characteristics.

Grail Virtue of Empathy

Description: When you lead Bretonnian peasants, you make any Fear or Terror tests first. If you succeed, the peasants do not need to check. If you fail, the peasants must make their own tests, as normal. In addition, you may spend two Fortune Points when seeking the Gifts of the Lady in order to extend the Gift to the peasants under your command. You may command a number of peasants equal to your Will Power characteristic.

Grail Virtue of Heroism

Description: If you inflict damage on an opponent, you do an additional number of Wounds equal to the opponent's Armour Points on that location. That is, if the opponent's Toughness Bonus and Armour are enough to reduce the damage you do to zero, you do no damage, but if you do any damage at all, armour has no effect.

Grail Virtue of the Ideal

Description: You gain a permanent +5% bonus to your Weapon Skill and Strength characteristics. Update your starting profile to reflect these changes.

Grail Virtue of the Impetuous Knight

Description: You may take two Charge Attack actions in a single round. This over-rides the normal limit on only being able to take a single attack action in one round. The normal limits on Charge Attacks still apply.

Grail Virtue of the Joust

Description: In your hands, all lances count as magic weapons and do SB+2 damage. They also lose the Tiring quality. If you



wield a magical lance, its damage is increased by +1, and it loses the Tiring quality if it has it.

Grail Virtue of Knightly Temper

Description: When you make a Charge Attack, the attack at the end is a Swift Attack, rather than a Standard Attack. All attacks made in the Charge Attack benefit from the +10% bonus to Weapon Skill. The Virtue of Knightly Temper applies to all of these attacks.

Grail Virtue of Noble Disdain

Description: Double the Critical Value of any Critical Hit you score against an opponent who has used missile weapons against you or your allies.

Grail Virtue of the Penitent

Description: You may reverse the dice of a Critical Hit made against you. Thus, if your opponent, with a Critical Value of +5, rolls 58, giving a result of 8, a severe maiming, you may swap the dice to give 85, resulting in a 6, which is less serious.

Grail Virtue of Purity

Description: You do not need to spend Fortune Points to invoke the Gifts of the Lady and may do so automatically before every combat.

Grail Virtue of Stoicism

Description: You are immune to Fear and Terror and cannot be Intimidated. You gain +20% bonus to all Tests made to resist magic that affects your mind.

Ill Tidings

"Why didn't they just drown, like normal people?"

- SIR ENGUERRAND



This adventure is designed to introduce players and characters to Bretonnia. There are, therefore, two main types of adventuring group that might want to play through it. The first is a group of novice adventurers, primarily from Bretonnia. In this case, the introduction is more for the benefit of the players. The second is a group of more experienced adventurers, probably from the Empire, who have just arrived in Bretonnia. In either case, L'Anguille is a sensible place to start, being a major city and major port of entry for foreigners. Two sets of game statistics are provided: "Novice" and "Veteran." Novices are assumed to be at the start of their first careers, whilst veterans are in their third careers.

The structure of the adventure is the same for both types of group, but the threats they face are more deadly in one case than the other.

The adventurers have come to L'Anguille, where their discussions in a tavern are interrupted by the arrival of the sea—inside the tavern! Such high tides are an occasional nuisance in L'Anguille, and the characters are roped into getting things and people to safety. In the process, they find the body of a Mutant. Then they find four more. Investigations lead to a hidden chapel of Nurgle, where half a dozen peasant prisoners have survived. The peasants all come from the same village.

Pursuing one of several courses of action, the adventurers arrive in the village, discover that the lord is a tyrant opposed by a band of Herrimaults, and find the base of the Nurgle cult. In the final battle, they overthrow the corrupt lord with the help of a truly noble Bretonnian knight.

— THE TIDE COMES IN —

The player characters start the adventure at the Shattered Compass, an inn near the waterfront in L'Anguille. In most ways, it is an average tavern. However, Gaston d'Aberre, the innkeeper, is famous for his tolerance of people from anywhere in the Old World, making even Norscans and Arabyans feel welcome. As a result, motley groups of arrivals get pointed here. Adventurers are almost invariably motley.

They are all in the inn's common room, though they may or may not already know each other. If they do not, lack of space has meant they have been forced to share a table. If you are playing with new characters, this is a good opportunity for players to introduce their characters.

Have everyone make a **Perception Test**. Those who succeed notice a change in the quality of the noise from outside, an increased urgency. Those who fail notice nothing. Characters who investigate must make an **Intelligence Test**. For characters with a nautical career (anything from Boatman to Smuggler) this is **Very Easy (+30%)**, whilst for landlubbers it is **Challenging (-10%)**. Those who succeed realise an unusually high tide is coming in and that people are hurriedly moving things to higher ground.

If the adventurers fail these tests, they can make an **Easy (+20%) Perception Test** a few minutes later as water comes into the inn and starts lapping around their shoes. Characters



who fail that test don't notice the rising tide until the inn's other patrons point it out to them (probably with some derisive sarcasm), and the characters probably feel rather daft at that point.

If the characters notice the tide at the first opportunity, they have time to make their own belongings secure before the various emergencies start to happen. If they only notice when the water is in the inn, they must choose what they will take with them.

VARYING THE DIFFICULTY

For Novices, all the tests described in this section are **Easy** (+20%). For Veterans, they are **Challenging** (–10%). You should describe the situation in more challenging terms for veterans, as well.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

As the tide rises, it causes a variety of problems. These events happen around the adventurers. The first two (**Commands from on High** and **Knight with Dirty Hands**) are essential to the scenario; the others are optional and should be used as appropriate for your group.

Remember this is a rising tide, not a tidal wave. The water generally moves fairly slowly, except when it breaks through a barrier and can pour into a lower area. Adults are at almost no risk of personal injury, but water can still do plenty of damage to property.

COMMANDS FROM ON HIGH

As the characters splash through the water, they are hailed in Breton from a balcony overlooking the street.

"You there! Pull that cart out of the alley! It's blocking things!"

The person shouting orders is dressed in a short blue tunic, red breeches, and a slashed white cloak. He looks to be in his mid-thirties and has the solid build of a warrior. It is immediately obvious to anyone with Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) he is a noble, as the sumptuary laws would not let any commoner dress like that.

Moving the cart requires a **Strength Test**, with a +10% bonus for every additional character helping, up to a maximum of +30%. Moving it does allow people to move goods out of the alley more quickly, but the characters notice the noble remains standing on the balcony, shouting orders to other people.

THAT'S NO WAY TO BUILD A CITY!

Awkward players may wonder why so much of L'Anguille is vulnerable to flooding from the tide. Tides this high only happen once every ten years or so, and the flooded area is not terribly wealthy. The residents simply deal with the floods when they come. Most of the city is built high enough to remain unaffected.



At this point, the adventurers should spot some other crisis to discourage them from trying to talk to the noble.

KNIGHT WITH DIRTY HANDS

This encounter is best used when the adventurers fail a test. However, if they are being unhelpfully successful, have something happen next to them whilst their hands are full. For example, a large barrel might come floating down the street towards them.

At the relevant point, a wet, mud-spattered, but smiling man splashes through the water to help. He succeeds in whatever test he needs to make and makes sure that whatever it is, is safe. He then says something along the lines of "Right, plenty more to do. Keep it up!" before heading off through the water.

A **Perception Test** reveals his tunic was originally white with red and blue embroidery, and his breeches are deep blue. Again, this marks him as obviously a noble. Although he does not introduce himself at this point (there are more urgent matters at hand), this is Sir Laustic, and he is fully detailed on page 117.

OPTIONAL ENCOUNTERS

At least some of these encounters should happen, though you need not use them all.

- A small child is standing on a barrel, crying for his mother. The water is too deep for him to walk to safety, but picking him up and carrying him is quite easy. An **Agility Test** is needed not to slip and fall whilst carrying him, as the ground is invisible under the water, and a **Gossip Test** is needed to find his mother. Characters who do not speak Breton take a -20% penalty to the test.
- The water gets deep enough to lift a wagon off its wheels, and the impromptu boat begins floating down the street. It is large enough to do a lot of damage if it crashes into a poor house, like the one it is heading towards. A **Strength Test** is needed to direct the wagon and bring it safely to a halt.
- The proprietor of a bookshop is desperately trying to get his stock to safety on the upper floor. Success on an **Intelligence Test** allows characters to work out an efficient method, giving a +30% bonus to **Agility Tests** to move the books.
- The water breaks through a barrier somewhere beyond the adventurers and suddenly starts flowing swiftly. **Strength Tests** are required to stay standing, and someone helpless (small child, cute puppy) is swept towards the characters. On a successful **Weapon Skill Test**, the adventurers can catch whatever it is, otherwise it gets swept to deeper water and a **Swim Test** is necessary to rescue her, him, or it.
- A couple of robbers use the distraction caused by the water to go to work on a merchant. Use the statistics for **Footpads** on page 234 of *WFRP*. For novices, there is only one, whilst veterans face three. The thieves try to flee once they realise that the characters are competent.

The merchant is grateful, but has no particular relevance to this adventure. Use Marperic d'Abenne (see page 46) if the characters want to talk to him.

SOMETHING IN THE WATER

Whilst the characters are helping with flood recovery, there is a sudden rush of water past them as the tide finds an entrance to some low place. These happen occasionally as cellar doors and the like break. In the aftermath, objects such as apples or stored cloth often float out. This time, a body floats past the adventurers, face down in the water.

They should be encouraged to stop it and turn it over to see whether it is dead; if they don't, someone very close to them does. The body is a corpse. It is also a Mutant, with a third eye set in its forehead. This causes brief panic, but then a second corpse is spotted. This one has tentacles in place of legs. At this point, most people flee the area. The adventurers should not: dead Mutants are not an immediate threat, but there may be something that is.

Characters who succeed at **Intelligence Tests** realise the Mutants are likely to have come from wherever it was the water was flowing to before and that following the flow back would be a good idea. As they do so, they find three more Mutant bodies. One has a beak instead of a nose, another is covered in green fur, and the last is obscenely obese and covered in weeping sores. The last one is lodged in a small window leading to an underground cellar. The building in question is abandoned but on slightly higher ground; whilst the cellar is obviously flooded, the ground floor is barely damp.

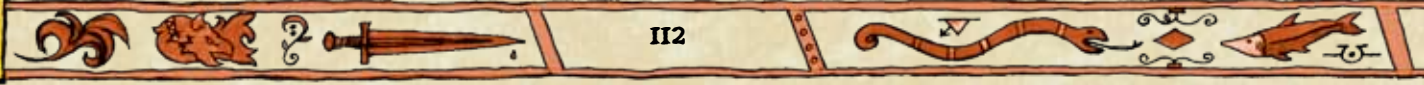
THE FOUL TEMPLE

The tide goes down in about an hour. An **Average (+0%) Sail Test** lets a character work this out for himself, and any native of L'Anguille knows this. It is basically impossible to investigate the cellar whilst the floodwaters are up, but characters that come up with a truly brilliant plan should be allowed to try. Modify the descriptions a bit to account for the fact that everywhere is full of water.

ABOVE GROUND

The ground floor of the building is empty but looks like it was occupied within the last month or so. The first floor reinforces that impression, and a couple of pieces of cheap furniture remain. If the characters ask the neighbours, a **Routine (+10%) Gossip Test** reveals the house was rented out to a large family from Bastonne, but they fell ill and decided to go back home. The landlord is apparently looking for new tenants.

There is no obvious sign of an entrance to the cellar, and indeed, there is no entrance within the building. A **Very Easy (+30%) Search Test** in the alley behind the house reveals a trapdoor in the ground. Normally, it would have been concealed, but as the cellar filled, water forced it open and it is now quite obvious. If the characters do not Search until the tide has gone down, the **Search Test** is only **Routine (+10%)**, as the trapdoor has settled back to some extent.



CLEANSED TEMPLE

The temple to the Ruinous Powers is small and simple. A steep flight of stairs leads down from the trapdoor into a square room, which used to be the temple proper. A barred door to the left leads to the cell, whilst a simple wooden door to the right leads to the room where the Mutants lived.

1. The Temple

The first thing the characters notice on entering the temple is the cell because Odo immediately calls out to get their attention. See **Location 2**.

The temple itself is a mess, as one would expect. An altar still stands opposite the door, but the rest of the trappings are strewn about the floor. These items are foul and blasphemous, but characters with Academic Knowledge (Daemonology, History, Magic, Necromancy, or Theology) can automatically identify the symbols as those of Nurgle. Other characters may make a **Very Hard (-30%) Intelligence Test** to make the same connection.

None of the items have any intrinsic value, and upstanding characters who do not want to be burned as heretics should destroy them as soon as possible.

2. The Cell

The cell holds five cold, frightened, and deeply traumatised peasants. Their clothes are soiled, and they are huddled together for warmth. The only one still coherent is Odo, a middle-aged man. When the water started pouring into the room, Odo grabbed a brass tube that the cultists used in their rituals and poked it through the tiny breathing vent in the cell. He then made sure everyone in the cell got their turn at breathing through the tube.

As a result, they are all still alive, but it will be some time before they can forget being trapped in cold, dark water for over an hour, only able to breathe for a few seconds before it was someone else's turn.

The door of the cell is made of iron bars; Odo explains one of the cultists watched them with a loaded crossbow at all times, threatening to shoot if they made any noise. It is locked, but the key is among the junk of the temple and can be found without too much trouble.

Whilst all the peasants are grateful for the rescue, Odo is the only one coherent enough to talk to the player characters (see **Odo's Story**).

3. The Barracks

The door to this room has swollen and jammed shut. Characters can break it down with weapons (such as axes), in which case it has Toughness 6 and opens after taking 20 Wounds. They can also attempt to force it open, which requires a **Hard (-20%) Strength Test**. The Strength Test can be retried, at the same difficulty, as many times as desired.

This room was still under construction, and the end furthest from the door has collapsed completely as a result of the flood.



WHO IS ODO?

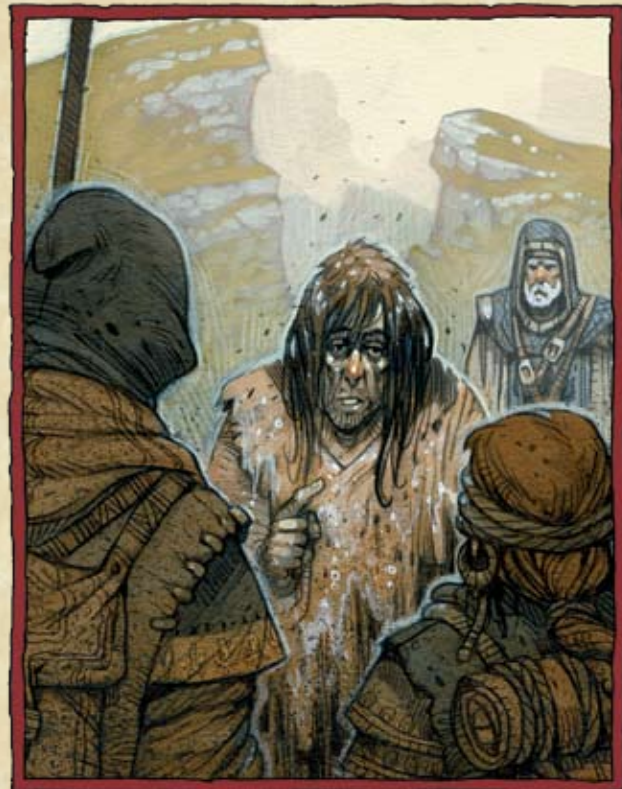
Odo is obviously more than a normal peasant. For a start, in game terms he spent a Fate Point after being captured, and the player characters are the rescue. In this adventure, he plays no role beyond that of the prisoner, and within the span of this adventure, he is too shaken to do anything else. Game masters may want to use him in future adventures, however.

(If the characters think to wonder about what is above it, the family living across the road from the abandoned house will be very grateful for the warning. Without it, their house collapses in the night.)

There are three bunk beds still largely intact and many personal possessions scattered around. These possessions can provide clues as to where to go next (see **Tracing the Mutants**).

ODO'S STORY

Odo is willing to tell the characters everything he knows about the temple and the Mutants. Odo and the other prisoners are all from Serrac, a small village a couple of days' travel west of L'Anguille. They were all kidnapped from their beds, knocked unconscious in their sleep (Odo thinks with drugs) and then brought here. They woke up in the cell, so they do not know where they are. Odo is very relieved to find he is still in Bretonnia, especially if his rescuers are from the Empire. Note that Odo speaks a language in common with the adventurers, probably Reikspiel if they are not Bretonnian.



The Mutants worshipped a Chaos deity who seemed to have something to do with diseases and decay. Odo tried not to listen to the services, particularly as the Mutants would sometimes sacrifice a prisoner. Three were killed after Odo arrived and, from talking to the other peasants, Odo thinks at least one was killed before that. He also thinks that the temple is quite new, as the Mutants were not all here when he arrived and the new arrivals brought more blasphemous trappings with them.

Food and drink were brought to the Mutants by someone who never spoke and always wore a long cloak with a deep hood. The Mutants once mocked him (Odo is fairly sure the person was male), and he simply pointed at the prisoners. The Mutants assured him they couldn't escape, but he wouldn't budge. Wisely, as it turned out.

New prisoners arrived from Serrac about once a week to begin with, but there have been none for two weeks now. Odo doesn't know whether this is because they now had enough victims.

Odo has observed the Mutants carefully for several weeks, so can answer most questions. Unfortunately, nothing else of what he knows is directly relevant to the adventure.

The peasants all want to go home, and Odo would be very grateful if the player characters would escort them. There wouldn't be much in the way of monetary reward, but Odo also suggests Serrac would be the ideal place to continue investigating this cult if the player characters are interested in wiping it out.

TRACING THE MUTANTS

The characters may prefer to try tracing the Mutants directly, rather than relying on the peasants, or they may want to look for evidence to back Odo's story up. The material in the temple itself provides ample evidence that the Mutants were part of a Chaos cult but nothing more specific. The remains in the barracks are more informative.

First, a successful **Evaluate Test** reveals many of the normal items, such as blankets, clothes, and the like, are of Good Quality, but there are others that are distinctly Average. Players might suspect the good stuff belonged to the leader, but a little thought (automatic if they consider the possibility) shows the distribution is wrong; there are five almost identical Good cloaks, for example. The best hypothesis is that each Mutant owned a mix. A **Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Test** reveals the higher quality items are all from the area west of the city of L'Anguille, the area containing the village of Serrac. Odo can also identify the source of the better goods, if asked.

Second, the three-eyed Mutant kept his Fay doll (see **Religion and Custom**, page 42), drawing a third eye on the forehead. The regional styles for these are distinctive, and a **Hard (-20%) Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Test** reveals this style is characteristic of a group of four villages to the west, very close to Serrac. Again, Odo recognises it automatically if asked.

Finally, a small chest contains over a dozen cheap tankards. Each tankard has the mark of an inn on it, and it looks like they were collected as souvenirs. Four are from inns in L'Anguille itself, and unless the characters are literally just off the boat, they recognise them. A fifth is from an inn on the

road leading west from the city, about a day's travel away. (If the characters have travelled to L'Anguille, one stopped at the inn on the way. If this is impossible, they saw an advertisement for the inn in the Shattered Compass.) The others can only be identified with the help of a **Very Hard (-30%) Common Knowledge Bretonnia Test**, one for each tankard. One is from the inn in Serrac (Odo can identify this automatically), another two from inns between Serrac and the city of Couronne, and four more from inns in Couronne itself. These tankards were collected by the three-eyed Mutant, who used to hide his third eye under a hat so he could move about in normal society.

Searching the room also turns up 4 *gc* and 10 *s* in small change.

WE IGNORE THE PLOT!

Some players may decide the Mutants are uninteresting and decline to investigate further. Often, simply saying this is the plot will get things back on track. Otherwise, you could point out the higher quality items suggest there is significant money behind the cult, so there might be treasure involved. If the characters are motivated neither by money nor by the prospect of fighting Chaos, they are going to have little to do in the Old World.

— CLUES TIED TOGETHER —

The clues the characters have all point to the area west of L'Anguille, around the village of Serrac, as the origin of the Mutants. The characters have two main options over what to do next.

ESCORTING THE PEASANTS

The characters could agree to escort the peasants back to Serrac. The journey is not dangerous, but it does provide a good opportunity to describe the scenery of Bretonnia. Most of the peasants still say nothing, though Odo is willing to talk. The peasants also have no money, and at least one overnight stop is necessary. They are expecting to sleep under a hedge and will be incredibly grateful if the characters pay for space in the common room of an inn. Paying for private rooms, even one for all the peasants, will be met with some suspicion: why are the characters spending so much?

Once the characters reach Serrac, the events described below can happen, but the peasants of Serrac start off well disposed to the adventurers, who rescued several of the friends and family.

INVESTIGATING ALONE

If the characters leave the peasants to make their own way home, the main difference is they arrive in Serrac before the peasants do and they are not so well received. Whilst they did rescue the villagers, they don't show any signs of having done so deliberately, and leaving them to travel the dangerous roads alone loses the adventurers a lot of credit.

The adventurers learn nothing useful at the inn between Serrac and L'Anguille. The innkeeper vehemently denies the suggestion that Mutants have ever stayed at his inn and throws the characters out if they persist. More subtle enquiries turn up nothing; a lot of people pass through the inn, and the Mutant did his best not to stand out.

RETURN OF THE NATIVES

The adventurers should be in Serrac when the peasants arrive back. If the adventurers escorted them, that is no problem; otherwise, pick a suitable arrival time for the rescued captives.

When they arrive, they are noticed by another peasant, who says "Good day, Odo," and then takes another step before spinning round to stare at him, incredulous, and shouts "Odo?!" The shout quickly brings other peasants out, and there are many happy reunions. Three families must mourn the sacrificial victims, but on the whole, the mood is one of rejoicing that so many of the vanished villagers have returned. If the characters were escorting the villagers, they are the target of many effusive expressions of gratitude from smelly peasants.

In the middle of this celebration, the lord of the manor, Sir Enguerrand, arrives. Silence falls. The lord is mounted on his destrier and surrounded by half a dozen men-at-arms. He looks at the scene.

SERRAC

Serrac is a typical Bretonnian village. Its precise layout is unimportant, so there is no detailed map, but the general shape of the village does matter.

Serrac is home to about three hundred peasants who live in a few dozen hovels gathered around a rather muddy village green. The peasant houses are visibly in a bad way, having holes in the walls and serious damage to roofs. The peasants themselves are dirty, poorly clothed, and underfed. The characters should realise the prisoners were treated almost as well.

On a hill to the north of the village stands Castle Serrac. This is far more splendid than one would expect from the size of the village, which might explain the village's poverty. The castle consists of a large triangular stone keep with a round tower at each corner. A wooden palisade surrounds the base of the hill and a lower courtyard, and a large stone gatehouse guards the only entrance. A short section of wall to either side of the gatehouse has also been rebuilt in stone.

The village's fields are mainly to the south, and to the east and west forest comes quite close. These woods are used as sources of fuel and forage for pigs and are not particularly plagued by Beastmen, though a band of Herrimaults has recently taken up residence.



“So, the runaways have been caught. The penalty for runaway peasants is death by hanging.” He turns to the men-at-arms. “See to it.”

The adventurers are likely to intervene at this point. If they do not, Sir Enguerrand notices them and says *“And hang those bandits, too”*.

A **Very Easy (+30%) Common Knowledge (Bretonnia)** Test reveals the lord is entirely within his legal rights. However, a slightly longer trial would be more normal. Thus, the characters could try speaking out in defence of the victims.

Sir Enguerrand is the mastermind behind the Cult of the Pustulent Lord, and he wants the rescued peasants dead, lest they reveal something that could unmask him. However, most of his men-at-arms are not part of the cult, and he is reluctant to raise too much suspicion in front of them. Thus, a good speech, backed up with a successful **Charm Test**, convinces him he had better not hang the peasants out of hand. Instead, he decides, as they have returned voluntarily, they deserve mercy, and he imposes a flogging. If the characters continue to speak, he orders them confined for contempt of court, saying he will deal with them the next day. Unless the characters fight, they are stripped of their weapons and guarded in one of the peasant huts; the family is simply thrown out.

Alternatively, the adventurers might simply attack. Sir Enguerrand rides back to the castle for reinforcements, and the villagers are no help. Some even support the men-at-arms, as they do not want to be tarred with the brush of rebellion. The fight is very likely to go against the characters (see **Rescue!**).

MEN-AT-ARMS (6)

There are six men-at-arms, though their abilities depend on the player characters' experience.

Novices

Race: Human

Career: Man-at-Arms

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34%	32%	31%	33%	30%	29%	28%	30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap)

Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapon: Halberd

Veterans

Race: Human

Career: Yeoman (ex-Man-at-Arms)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
54%	32%	41%	43%	40%	29%	38%	30%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Halberd

RESCUE!

The rescue finally comes when the characters need it most. If they are fighting Sir Enguerrand's men-at-arms, it comes then. If they allow themselves to be imprisoned by the knight, it comes during the night. Either way, the rescue quickly comes to involve combat.

Sir Enguerrand's cruelty has drawn the attention of a group of Herrimaults, who have been interfering with his activities for some weeks. They are led by a Faceless, but none of them

know his true identity. He is Sir Laustic, a local nobleman and a knight whom the adventurers have already met in L'Anguille.

The rescue needs to work, so you should not worry about combat statistics. Enough Herrimaults arrive to overwhelm the guards or distract them enough for player characters to win in their current combat. The characters are then herded into the forest near the village, where they are taken to a council with the Faceless. The Herrimaults do not say much, preferring to leave that to the Faceless. They do welcome the characters' help in their struggle against Sir Enguerrand, however, and do allow the characters to keep their weapons. The characters should feel like rescued guests, not prisoners.

The Herrimaults take the adventurers to a clearing where yet more Herrimaults sit around a fire. Beyond the fire stands a figure in a deep hood, his face invisible in the shadows. This is the Faceless. He welcomes the characters, has food and drink brought, and then speaks to them.

"Welcome to my humble lodgings. I am sorry that you have seen the honour of Bretonnia so sullied by that cur Enguerrand. You seem to be bold folk—what has brought you to this place?"

The Faceless does not know about the Chaos temple in L'Anguille and will be shocked when he learns the truth, partly because it fits with something his Herrimaults have found. A few hours' walk to the east there is an old barrow which recently has been the site of some activity. A few of his men think they have seen Mutants and Beastmen in the area, but so far there has been no firm evidence. Now that it seems there is a Chaos Cult active in the area, the Faceless is inclined to think the sightings are genuine. He suggests the characters help him to deal with the site.

Assuming the characters agree (see the sidebar for what happens if they do not), he starts planning a major assault. However, before anyone can act, one of the scouts arrives to report that Sir Enguerrand is leading his troops on a sweep of the forests. The Faceless sends the characters to deal with the barrow whilst he and his band distract and divert the lord's troops. He won't listen to suggestions that it be done the other way around: his band knows the woods and the characters do not. He also does not think twice about issuing orders to the player characters.

SIR LAUSTIC, THE FACELESS

Sir Laustic has the same statistics whatever the level of the adventurers because he is not intended as an opponent. The characters will have no chance to attack Sir Laustic at a point when he is not backed up by at least a dozen Herrimaults, and no particular reason to attack him at any point.

The knight would prefer that the adventurers did not learn his identity, although he does recognise them from L'Anguille. If the characters have a chance to see his face, they remember him on a successful **Average Intelligence Test**.

BUT WE DIDN'T COME TO FIGHT CHAOS...

If the adventurers do not agree to help the fight, the Faceless tries to persuade them, but ultimately he cannot force them. If they will not go along, he is regretful but says that they must stay in the camp whilst the rest of his men go, just in case they are spies.

In this case, Sir Enguerrand's troops are spotted after the Faceless has left for the barrow. The guards left with the characters insist that they come along when they leave to warn the Faceless. This leaves the characters near the barrow when the Herrimaults turn to deal with the troops, and they are attacked by the Beastmen.

Sir Laustic is a true believer in the duties of knighthood but also in the basic superiority of the nobility. He sees evil nobles such as Sir Enguerrand as a blemish on Bretonnian knighthood rather than as a threat to the peasants. Whilst he is happy to work with peasants, he would never accept a peasant as a leader. He should come across as proud, certain that he is the leader in any situation, but willing to listen to advice and change his plans. However, he always believes he gets to make the final decisions.

Sir Laustic

Race: Human

Career: Faceless (ex-Knight Errant, ex-Knight of the Realm)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
59%	57%	46%	48%	42%	29%	43%	57%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	17	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics +10%), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia +20%), Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Ride +10%, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel—or another language spoken by the adventurers)

Talents: Etiquette, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Unsettling, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of Empathy

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Axe), Shield, Bow with 12 Arrows

Trappings: Band of men, Mysterious Hood. (Also the trappings of a Knight of the Realm with a fief, but he does not bring those along in his role as an outlaw.)

— AT THE BARROW —

The barrow is now the site of a temple of Nurgle, the location of some final clues pointing to Lord Enguerrand as the sponsor of the evil.

I. OUTSIDE THE BARROW

The barrow stands in a clearing in the woods, dominating the open space. It rises over fifteen feet from the ground in the centre and is about 60 feet wide and 90 feet long. The plants growing in the area are sickly and deformed.

The outside of the barrow is guarded by two Beastmen from a concealed guard post in the woods. Characters need to succeed at a **Hard (-20%) Perception Test** to spot it; if they do not, they are surprised by the attack. The Beastmen first fire arrows, hoping to take advantage of surprise, then burst from concealment to attack the characters. One charges straight in, but the other blows a horn before closing. The horn is to alert the cultists inside the barrow to come to help. The flaw in this plan is that people inside the barrow cannot actually hear the horn.

The Beastmen notice the lack of reinforcements on the third round of combat, and one tries to break off to run inside. If the characters prevent this, the cultists are still ignorant of the adventurers' presence. If the sentry gets away, the cultists are warned and take up defensive positions, as described below.

The entrance to the barrow is obvious: a stone doorway in one end of the mound.

BEASTMEN GUARDS (2)

Both Beastmen have numerous weeping sores and cough constantly during the battle. Whilst the adventurers may be worried about infection, there is no risk.

Novices

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	21%	31%	35%	30%	24%	24%	20%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Rover

Special Rules:

Chaos Mutations: Animalistic Legs and Bestial Appearance. They do not have horns.

Silent as the Beasts of the Woods: +20% to Silent Move Tests and +10% to Concealment Tests.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Shield, Spear, Bow with 12 Arrows

Veterans

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	25%	35%	44%	35%	26%	25%	25%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	5	0	0	0

BE VERY QUIET

If the adventurers manage to enter the barrow without raising the alarm, they may want to try to keep it that way. The barrow is very solid, with thick walls, so sound does not travel easily within it. If the characters are in the main chamber (**Location 3**), they must make **Routine (+10%) Move Silently Tests** to keep quiet enough not to be heard. In the side rooms, including the entrance passage (**Location 2**) and temple (**Location 8**), these tests are **Very Easy (+30%)**. You should call for a test for every action the adventurers try, but no one investigates until the adventurers have failed three tests in different rounds.

Combat is always noisy, but if it is over in under three rounds the characters who hear it decide that it was nothing important. If Cultists in the side chambers try to raise the alarm by shouting, they must spend two half actions doing so. These actions need not be in the same round but may be. Cultists in the main chamber can raise the alarm automatically without needing to spend an action.

If the alarm is raised, the Cultists grab their weapons and go to investigate. There isn't much strategy involved, but the adventurers have to fight everyone at once.

MAGIC IN THE BARROW

The barrow has been saturated in Chaos energy for years now, and this affects magic use within. All spellcasters roll one extra die, and discard the lowest when calculating their casting total. However, all dice count for the Curse of Tzeentch or The Wrath of the Gods.



Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Dark Tongue)

Talents: Keen Senses, Menacing, Rover

Special Rules:

Chaos Mutations: Animalistic Legs, Bestial Appearance, and Horns.

Silent as the Beasts of the Woods: +20% to Silent Move Tests and +10% to Concealment Tests.

Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Shield, Spear, Horns (SB-1), Bow with 12 Arrows

2. THE ENTRANCE PASSAGE

This stone passage is 2 yards (1 square) wide and 6 yards (3 squares) long, with a ceiling high enough for any character to stand upright. There is no door at the outer end, but a simple wooden door blocks the inner. The inner door is not locked.

If the Beastmen did not manage to raise the alarm, the passage is unguarded. Even if they did, it is probably empty. Only if there are more than six adventurers is one of the Cultists posted here to guard the entrance whilst the others devise a better plan.

As soon as the characters enter the barrow, their senses are assailed by a foul stench. The odour smells like a mixture of warm sewage, rotten flesh, rotten vegetation, and the foul pus that oozes from infected wounds. All characters must make a **Toughness Test** or immediately spend two rounds vomiting. Even after that, they are at -10% to all Tests due to nausea for

the remainder of their time in the barrow. Resistance to Disease grants a +10% bonus to this test, as does a current or former career that involves working in sewers or with rotten bodies, such as Grave Robber or Rat Catcher.

3. THE MAIN CHAMBER

The main chamber of the barrow is vaulted in stone and is six yards (three squares) wide by ten yards (five squares) long. There are six archways leading off to the sides, three on each side, whilst a seventh archway stands at the far end of the room. The doors to each side chamber are described on the following pages.

There is a makeshift kitchen in the centre of the chamber, with a central fire and tables arranged around it. Most of the smoke escapes through cracks in the roof, but the room is still rather smoky. If there has been no alarm raised, a single cultist is in this chamber, fixing himself something to eat. When the characters enter, he is surprised for a round, and if the characters can dispose of him in that time, no one else notices. The Cultist grabs a kitchen knife (treat as dagger) to defend himself.

If the Cultists were warned, two of them stand, wearing leather jacks, armed, and ready for battle, at the far end of the chamber. They shout insults at the characters, trying to goad them into attacking. If the adventurers do rush into the chamber, the other Cultists burst out of the side-chambers nearest the entrance to attack the characters from behind. It isn't a great strategy, but it's the best they could come up with in the time they had.

CHAOS CULTISTS (6)

The Cultists of Nurgle have all suffered mutations that make them appear diseased. Indeed, they may all have some sort of Chaos Disease. It is not, however, something that they can pass on to the player characters.

Novices

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	25%	25%	25%	25%	25%	25%	3%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	2	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Dark Tongue)

Talents: Flee!

Special Rules:

Chaos Mutations: Running Sores and Foul Stench. All characters with a sense of smell take a -5% penalty to WS when within 2 yards. Penalties to Fellowship are already included in the statistics above.

Armour: None (if not warned) or Light Armour (Leather Jack) (if warned)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0 or 1, Body 0 or 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (swords or axes)

Veteran

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	38%	31%	31%	36%	31%	31%	8%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Dark Tongue)

Talents: Flee!, Strike to Injure

Special Rules:

Chaos Mutations: Running Sores and Foul Stench. All characters with a sense of smell take a -5% penalty to WS when within 2 yards. Penalties to Fellowship are already included in the statistics above.

Armour: None (if not warned) or Light Armour (Leather Jack) (if warned)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0 or 1, Body 0 or 1, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (swords or axes)

4. LIVING QUARTERS

Each of these three burial chambers has been converted into living quarters for two Cultists. If there has been no warning, the two nearest the door each hold two Cultists, whilst the central

one holds one (the other resident is getting some food). The rooms contain a bunk bed, table, chairs, and stinking bucket.

Cultists who are surprised are not wearing armour and need a full action to get hold of a Hand Weapon. Cultists given any warning grab a Hand Weapon, and if warned by one of the sentries, they pull on a leather jack as well.

The doors to these rooms are wooden, heavy, and fit the frames well. They are not, however, locked in any way, and open easily. Unless the adventurers have roused the Cultists' suspicions with earlier noise, the Cultists are surprised when the door opens.

5. THE WIGHT ROOM

The door to this room is ironbound wood with two heavy wooden bars and four iron bolts on the outside. There is no window in the door, and characters may assume that it is a prison. Success on a **Very Hard (-30%) Perception Test** if the characters do nothing particular (or Average if they state that they are examining the door) reveals the door hasn't been opened for weeks. Any living prisoners would be long dead.

Unfortunately, the prisoner isn't living. This room holds the Wight who haunts this barrow. Lord Enguerrand thought the creature might prove useful, so he imprisoned it rather than destroying it. The Wight is not happy.

If the characters open the door, the Wight rushes out immediately, ignoring the adventurers unless they try to stop it. The Undead monster then hunts down the Chaos Cultists, killing all of them. It does not attack the adventurers if it has the chance to attack and kill the Cultists, even if the adventurers attack it.

Once the Cultists have been dealt with, it turns on the adventurers. It is most angry with those who have been defiling its tomb for years, but any intruders must be driven out.

Even if all the Cultists are dead when the characters open the door, the Wight searches the barrow to make sure. If the characters leave whilst the Wight is searching, it does not pursue them. Indeed, if the characters have killed all the Cultists, the Wight realises what happened and goes to the entrance of the barrow to salute the characters, acknowledging their deeds. This should be very creepy, especially as the Wight is still Frightening. It then returns to the darkness of the barrow.

THE WIGHT

The wound score in brackets is the number of Wounds the Wight has remaining after killing all the Chaos Cultists, if any are alive when it is released.

Novices

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40%	35%	45%	45%	30%	25%	35%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15(10)	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

Wight Blade: The Wight wields a sword which counts as magical and inflicts SB+2 damage. In addition, when a Wight causes a Critical Hit, it makes two rolls on the table and inflicts the deadlier result. In the hands of anyone else, a Wight Blade counts as a hand weapon.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Wight Blade and Shield

Veterans

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
60%	35%	51%	51%	30%	25%	35%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15 (12)	5	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Perception, Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Special Rules:

Wight Blade: The Wight wields a sword which counts as magical and inflicts SB+2 damage. In addition, when a Wight causes a Critical Hit, it makes two rolls on the table and inflicts the deadlier result. In the hands of anyone else, a Wight Blade counts as a hand weapon.

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Wight Blade and Shield

6. LORD ENGUERRAND'S ROOM

This is where Lord Enguerrand stays when he must remain at the barrow. The door is locked with an Average lock and can be broken down with a successful **Challenging (-10%) Strength Test**. If it takes more than one attempt to break the door down, however, all remaining Cultists are alerted to the characters' presence.

The room is comfortably, but repulsively, furnished. There is a single bed, an upholstered chair, and a table. All fabrics are in sickly greens and browns, as is the rug on the floor. A tapestry hanging over the table depicts people of all ranks of society succumbing to foul diseases whilst a bloated, decaying creature looks on and laughs. Two gold candlesticks stand on the table, in the form of a naked man and woman with their flesh disfigured by sores, tumours, and other diseases. To the right purchaser, the tapestry is worth 200 *gc*, and each candlestick is worth 50 *gc*, or 150 *gc* for the pair. The "right purchaser," however, is a worshipper of Nurgle. To the right witch hunter, the tapestry and candlesticks are both evidence of Chaos worship and worth a fiery death.

7. THE PRISON

The door to this room is bolted from the outside but contains a small barred window. The Cultists used it to house future

sacrifices, and it currently holds Yonec, an old Peasant who was due to be offered up next time. Yonec is very hungry, but he does not yet have any diseases; it would spoil the sacrifice were he infected in advance.

The characters can easily release Yonec, as he is not chained. If he sees the characters, and the Cultists are still around, he tries to get their attention by waving through the window, and if they come, he warns them to be quiet. He tells them how many Cultists there are, and warns them that something very dangerous is trapped in the Wight Room, though he does not know exactly what (and thus does not call it the Wight Room). He also warns them that entering the temple itself is extremely dangerous for those who do not worship the Plague Lord.

Yonec has a final piece of very valuable information. He was already here when the last sacrifice happened, and he knows that Lord Enguerrand came to oversee it. Yonec is extremely keen to tell the characters this, as he lives on one of Lord Enguerrand's manors and does not want a Chaos Cultist for a lord.

8. THE TEMPLE OF PESTILENCE

This chamber, in the shape of an eight-pointed star, was excavated by the cultists, and the stonework is noticeably newer than that in the rest of the barrow. The double doors are wooden, barred from the outside, and carved with a single, rotting rat on each leaf.

In the centre of the temple is a rotting heap of Human bodies, forming an obscene altar, and hovering over it in the air is a constantly writhing shape that looks a lot like a torch flame made of vomit. Maggots writhe in the altar, but all the corpses are truly dead.



KILL THE PRISONERS!

Some player characters might decide to kill Yonec. He can't stop them; he's too weak. If they do, they find he wrote, in the dirt of the floor of the cell, "The master of the Cultists is Lord Enguerrand! If I cannot tell anyone, you must!". If the adventurers are sensible and do not slaughter a helpless old man, Yonec is illiterate, like most peasants.

Anyone entering the temple must make a **Toughness Test** or contract The Bloody Flux. Anyone touching the altar must

make a **Challenging (-10%) Toughness Test** or contract The Green Pox. Anyone stupid enough to touch the vomit flame must make a **Very Hard (-30%) Toughness Test** or contract Neiglish Rot.

There is nothing of value in the temple, but adventurers are likely to want to destroy it. By far the best way is by fire, and there is a store of firewood in the main chamber, near the kitchen. Furniture also burns. Throwing wood into the temple from outside does not expose characters to disease, nor does lighting a torch or something and throwing that in. Once the fire has caught, however, it would be advisable to leave very quickly.

— ILL-MET AT EVENTIDE —

The adventurers now have excellent reason to believe Lord Enguerrand is behind the Chaos cult. All that is left is the task of confronting the mastermind. The adventurers should remember the Faceless was off distracting Lord Enguerrand's forces and thus should know where the lord is. If they forget, the Herrimaunts who were watching the clearing remind them. At this point, the Herrimaunts trust the adventurers and guide them straight to the Faceless.

He listens and agrees the evidence is convincing. He knows Lord Enguerrand headed for the Grail Chapel just outside his castle and suggests the adventurers pursue him there whilst he and his men keep the lord's men-at-arms occupied. Behind this is yet more calculation. The Faceless knows that Lord Enguerrand is a menace but would rather not have local people directly involved in killing a noble until the evidence of Chaos worship is utterly undeniable. The adventurers are a useful tool.

THE CHAPEL

With the guidance of a Herrimaunt, the characters quickly make their way to the Grail Chapel. The Herrimaunt points it out and the characters can see flickering light coming from inside, illuminating the twilight. There is no sign of any other guards, and indeed Lord Enguerrand is alone.

The Grail Chapel is a rectangular stone building, 8 yards by 12 yards. It has a vaulted roof, a fleur-de-lis window of clear glass over the door, and a stained glass window depicting the Lady of the Lake bearing the grail in the far end. The windows along the side are not of stained glass. When the characters enter, Lord Enguerrand is standing in front of the altar, reading from a heavy book. There is something deeply wrong about his words, and characters who know Arcane Language (Daemonic) know he is speaking that foul tongue.

As the characters take in the situation, a weeping sore appears on the face of the Lady of the Lake in the window.

If the characters let Lord Enguerrand continue chanting, the image in the window continues to mutate and decay, becoming a Daemon of Chaos. When the transformation is complete, it steps from the window to attack the adventurers. If you

have the *Old World Bestiary*, use statistics for a Plaguebearer of Nurgle. Otherwise, you can use the statistics for a Lesser Daemon as described in *WFRP* on page 229.

Most player characters, seeing a Chaos Cultist carrying out a dark ritual, attack him to stop it. This is the right thing to do. When Lord Enguerrand realises he is under attack, he breaks off from reading and turns to fight the adventurers.

LORD ENGUERRAND

Lord Enguerrand is tall and solidly built, looking every inch the knight. Any visible skin is disfigured by the marks of the Green Pox, and some of the scars weep a stinking black fluid.

Lord Enguerrand's Virtue of Discipline means the characters gain no bonus to attack rolls because they outnumber him.

Novices

Race: Human

Career: Knight of the Realm (ex-Knight Errant)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
58%	31%	44%	50%	38%	29%	39%	49%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	16	4	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Dark Tongue)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Etiquette, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of Discipline

Armour: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour)

Armour Points: Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

Weapons: Great weapon (sword)

Veterans

Race: Human

Career: Captain (ex-Knight Errant, ex-Knight of the Realm)

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
63%	31%	44%	50%	43%	29%	39%	49%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	19	4	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Dodge Blow +20%, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Evaluate, Gossip, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Dark Tongue)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Etiquette, Lightning Parry, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry, Virtue of Discipline

Armour: Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour)

Armour Points: Head 5, Arms 5, Body 5, Legs 5

Weapons: Great weapon (two-handed sword)

When the adventurers finally cut Lord Enguerrand down, he coughs up blood and seems to be trying to laugh. *"My master will still have you... You... are... hisssssss..."* As he breathes his last, his body begins to jerk about, as if in a fit. His skin boils, and the characters have a round to back away. Maggots erupt from Lord Enguerrand's body, writhing up to form into a blasphemous form. At the same moment, the stained glass window explodes



inwards, and a young woman mounted on a white horse leaps through. She raises her hand, and a bolt of lightning strikes the Chaos Monster down. The Prophetess of the Lady regards the adventurers gravely from horseback and then nods to them, before riding her horse through the Chapel and out of the main door. As she leaves, she passes the Faceless, who had come to see what had happened.

— AFTERMATH —

The villagers are all very grateful to the characters and offer them accommodation for the night. The remains in the Chapel make it quite clear that Lord Enguerrand was a servant of Chaos, and on the following day, Lord Laustic arrives from the neighbouring fief to render judgement. He keeps up the pretence of knowing nothing and listens to the adventurers' story.

Whilst everyone accepts the adventurers defeated a servant of Chaos, no one wants them to stay permanently: they are far too dangerous. Still, the characters have made a few useful contacts in Bretonnia.

Experience Points

The PCs receive 125 exp. for surviving the adventure. You can also hand out 5-30 exp. to each character for good roleplaying.



• JACEN, HUMAN VAGABOND •

Career: Vagabond
Race: Human (Mousillon)

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
30%	31%	31%	32%	29%	29%	28%	40%
Advance							
+5%	+10%	—	—	+10%	+5%	—	+5%
Current							
30%	31%	31%	32%	29%	34%	28%	45%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	12	3	3	3	0	0	3
Advance							
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	12	3	3	3	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Estalia), Gossip, Haggle, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton)
Talents: Marksman, Orientation, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Strong-minded

Special Rules: Jacen gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with his native dukedom of Mousillon. Jacen also has a twisted leg, reducing his Movement Characteristic by -1 (already reflected in his starting profile).

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Club), Dagger

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Tent, Water Skin, 1 Week of Rations, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothing, Cloak, 11 gc

Background

Jacen had the unfortunate luck to be born in Mousillon. The seventh child of seven children, he was resigned to his fate as a mud farmer, or if lucky, he might join the other hunters and search the swamps for delicious snails and the sacred frogs. But, it would not be, for a blight struck the swamp killing all the food to be found. Not even painting glue on the stunted trees to snare birds worked. It seemed the village was doomed. Jacen's mother, a bent woman of 24 years bade her son to go and seek his fortune in the world. And so, armed with a backpack and a stout wooden club, he braved the treacherous lands and finally slipped out of his cursed land and into the wonderful world that was the rest of Bretonnia. In the years since, Jacen has survived by telling stories and wandering from village to village, stealing what he can to get by. He has a thing for the ladies, since all are beautiful when compared to the hideous hags of his homeland, and he's had much success in wooing Peasants all over the land.

• SUIDBERT, HUMAN ROGUE •

Career: Rogue
Race: Human (Brionne)

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
28%	29%	36%	28%	34%	41%	38%	28%
Advance							
+5%	+5%	—	—	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Current							
33%	29%	36%	28%	34%	41%	38%	33%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	11	3	2	4	0	0	3
Advance							
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	11	3	2	4	0	0	3

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor), Performer (Singer), Search, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Public Speaking, Savvy, Sixth Sense, Streetwise

Special Rules: Suidbert gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with his native dukedom of Bordeleaux.

Armour: None

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothes, Deck of Cards, Cloak, 16 gc

Background

Some people are just born lazy, and Suidbert of Brionne is one of them. Suidbert has never worked a day in his life, and he has no plans to start now. Ever the layabout, he gets by in life on his natural talents, singing and performing on stage. He's also a consummate gambler, knowing just how to play the odds...and how far to push his luck. For now, he's content to stay with his new companions, so long as it earns him money and he doesn't have to break a sweat.

• REDEMUND (MATHILDE), KNIGHT ERRANT •

Career: Knight Errant
Race: Human (Lyonesse)

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
30%	31%	37%	37%	31%	32%	31%	30%
Advance							
+15%	—	+5%	+5%	+5%	—	+5%	+5%
Current							
35%	31%	37%	37%	31%	32%	36%	30%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	2
Advance							
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Ride, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Luck, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow, Virtue of Chivalry

Special Rules: Mathilde gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with her native dukedom of Lyonesse.

Armour: Medium Armour (Helmet, Mail Coif, Mail Shirt, Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 4, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Lance, Shield, Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothing, Cloak, Light Warhorse with Saddle and Harness, 11 gc

Background

When Mathilde was a girl, she watch the Knights with fascination. She memorised every story, every tale, all in the hopes that one day she could join them. But as she grew older, the sad truth about attitudes towards women was clear—Knight were male. Despite the gender barriers, Mathilde harboured her hopes, knowing somehow she would succeed. And then the Storm of Chaos began. When the King called for an Errantry War, she slipped out of her home, stole her fathers armour and joined the host, proving she was as capable of a warrior as any other Bretonnian. She has since returned, but knows she can't return home because of her theft. So she's resolved to fight against the hated Greenskins and anyone or anything else that threatens her land.

• THEUDIS, HUMAN PROTAGONIST •

Career: Protagonist
Race: Human (Couronne)

MAIN PROFILE							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting							
35%	29%	31%	32%	36%	28%	34%	27%
Advance							
+10%	—	+10%	—	+10%	—	+10%	—
Current							
40%	29%	31%	32%	36%	28%	34%	27%
SECONDARY PROFILE							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting							
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	3
Advance							
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Current							
2	11	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Ride, Speak Language (Breton)

Talents: Disarm, Menacing, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Trick Riding

Special Rules: Theudis gains a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) Tests that deal with his native dukedom of Couronne.

Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword), Dagger, Shield

Trappings: Backpack, Blanket, Wooden Tankard, Wooden Cutlery Set, Common Clothing, Cloak, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness, 11 gc

Background

A bully and a thug, Theudis is quiet simply raw muscle for hire. Ever since he could stand on his own, he's always had a penchant for knocking skulls and beating up those who cross him. And now that he's all grown up, he sees little reason to change. Though a brute and a knave, he has a good sword arm—even if his technique is a bit spotty—and is firm in a fight. These are all traits that endear him to his companions, despite his coarse and brutal nature.

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