WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

CAREER COMPENDIUM™



THE ULTIMATE CAREER REFERENCE

Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
Career Compendium

A Collection of Character Careers & Advances

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Introduction

Welcome to the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Career Compendium*. This book presents a huge collection of careers from a wide range of *WFRP* products, organising and centralising information that was previously spread out among a dozen or more books into one convenient resource. We also introduce several new careers to help flesh out your campaigns and add more realism and depth to the Old World. Inside the pages of the *Career Compendium* you will find more than 220 careers, each career featuring new information and ideas for both players and GMs. The book also provides literally hundreds of adventure seeds and plot hooks to create engaging, memorable encounters and stories involving these careers.

The Career System

Why a *Career Compendium*? Perhaps more than any other game element, the system of careers is a signature part of *WFRP*. The careers provide flavour and identity to player characters as well as NPCs. There's a sense of realism the career system generates for the setting, filling the Old World with people from all walks of life, from the lowly Rat Catchers and Bone Pickers to Noble Lords and Warrior Priests.

It also provides a great tool to GMs to help create non-player characters for their campaigns. You don't have to decide how to shoehorn the leader of a village into a broad, generic class like "Fighter." Instead, you can find relevant careers that help create a fully fleshed out character concept and can populate your world with people that make sense.



Careers also help tell a story. As a character advances over the course of a *WFRP* campaign, the careers he adopts become a sort of journal of his life. The story behind the Rat Catcher who seizes an opportunity to strike it rich by becoming a Thief could be wholly different from the Rat Catcher who takes up arms and chooses to become a Shieldbreaker. Or the Apprentice Wizard who eschews the other wizardly careers to instead focus on acadaemia and becomes a Scholar. The countless other career combinations also have their own unique stories to tell.

The career system provides a more fluid, natural progression than many other advancement systems. Characters tend to advance more gradually over time, improving here by a bit, getting slightly better at that – as opposed to the jarring, sudden surges in ability by having everything change at once. This gradual process makes progression easier to integrate into the story, and makes it easier for a GM to find opportunities within a campaign to justify advancement.

Based on the career system's importance to the *WFRP* experience, and seeing how much depth, flavour, and realism it adds to the setting, it is easy to see how valuable a sourcebook like the *Career Compendium* will be to your game.

Using This Book

The focus of this book is an alphabetical listing of careers. Each career has its own full-page listing, making it easier to skim through the book and find the career you're looking for, while also allowing us to devote more attention to the many different types of careers available in *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. There are no separate chapters or sections, until you reach the Appendices.

If you are a player, you can use this book to quickly explore the advancement options available to your character. Rather than shuffling back and forth through several books, you can easily compare and evaluate your options right here.

As a GM, the *Career Compendium* will quickly become one of your most valuable tools. The book is filled with hundreds of ideas and a wealth of new information about the Old World and its people. And if your players go off in a direction you weren't anticipating during a session (as they are wont to do), you can quickly generate NPCs by finding appropriate careers.

Updates & Errata

Where possible, the careers found in the *Career Compendium* have been updated to reflect the most current errata and corrections. Changes to the advance schemes, talents, skills, and trappings have been flagged in **special text** to make identifying these updates easy.

Further, the career entries and exits have been updated and adjusted, allowing more fluid mobility between several careers. Previously, new careers found in other *WFRP* sourcebooks generally only provided career mobility between other careers from the same sourcebook or the *WFRP Core Rulebook*. The *Career Compendium* allows some of these careers to connect where there is a natural, logical relationship.

Useful Tools & Tidbits

At the end of this book are several Appendices filled with a series of charts and tables organising the careers in a variety of different ways. New master Character Creation charts allow players to generate characters using the entire broad spectrum of careers available.

Further, the charts are broken down into several categories, including charts using the popular career archetype structure presented in *The Thousand Thrones* campaign sourcebook. There are even tables with entries tailored to very specific needs – such as careers broken down by specific regions or environments.

New Careers and Illustrations

In addition to hundreds of careers from other sourcebooks, the *Career Compendium* introduces a number of new careers and illustrations. New artwork was commissioned for existing careers that did not have illustrations, such as the Chimneysweep from *Forges of Nuln* or the iconic Warrior Priest from *Tome of Salvation*.

The new careers offer a variety of interesting options for players and GMs alike. Here is a brief look at the eight new careers you will find in the *Career Compendium*:

Animal Trainer (Advanced): Animal trainers breed and train animals for transport, hunting, or entertainment. Their most common job is breeding riding horses and destriers for the horse markets, but animal trainers are also skilled dog and bird handlers that accompany nobles' hunting parties.

Cartographer (Basic): Cartographers chart the lay of the land for rich patrons, hardy explorers, and collectors. They accompany expeditions into the wild but also transpose the shoddy work of others into a more readable form.

Dilettante (Basic): Dilettantes like to think of themselves as scholars, and, indeed, they may pass as scholars among most folk; they read and write, for a start. However, dilettantes often lack the discipline or passion that leads true scholars to focus on one task and become truly skilled at that.

Ex-Convict (Basic): The prisons of the Old World are brutal sub-realms unto themselves where only the strong and ruthless survive. Of the few convicts who do live through their sentences, most return to society as harder criminals than before they entered prison.

Farmer (Basic): The old feudal order of the Empire is no longer what it once was, and a new enterprising class is bridging the gap between peasant and noble, working to keep the people of the Empire well fed.

Lay Priest (Advanced): Priests who serve their god's will through worldly deeds are known as lay priests. Unlike their magic-wielding counterparts, lay priests do not labour day and night studying esoteric scriptures to achieve communion with the divine.



Prelate (Advanced): A prelate's ability to deliver sermons and debating legal statutes with equal proficiency makes him highly respected in both civic and religious circles. Prelates may also be known as vicars, curates. or arch-lectors, depending upon the cult.

Rapscallion (Advanced): Some young men have a certain charm to them. They aren't necessarily wealthy but they know how to wear clothes well, to make themselves look good in a dashing and slightly unconventional way. They're clever and quick and a little bit dangerous.

Sourcebook References

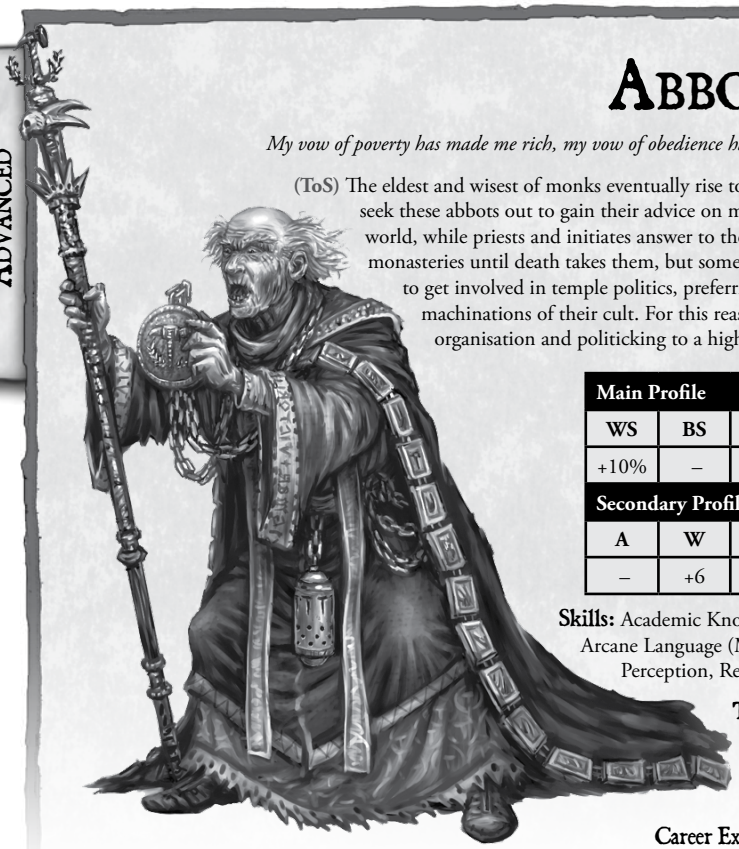
Many of the careers presented here in the *Career Compendium* originally appeared in other *WFRP* sourcebooks. A small abbreviation appears with each career to indicate which book the career first appeared in, making it easier for players and GMs to do further research or reading, if they choose. Here are the abbreviations used to identify the sourcebooks:

AoM	*Ashes of Middenheim*	RoS	*Realms of Sorcery*
BotD	*Barony of the Damned*	RC	*Renegade Crowns*
CotHR	*Children of the Horned Rat*	SoE	*Shades of Empire*
Core	*WFRP Core Rulebook*	SH	*Sigmar's Heirs*
FoN	*Forges of Nuln*	SoA	*Spires of Altdorf*
KotG	*Knights of the Grail*	TiT	*Terror in Talabheim*
New	*New Career*	ToC	*Tome of Corruption*
NDM	*Night's Dark Masters*	ToS	*Tome of Salvation*
RotIQ	*Realm of the Ice Queen*	WC	*Warhammer Companion*

ADVANCED

ABBOT

My vow of poverty has made me rich, my vow of obedience has made me a lord. My vow of chastity? Ah...



(ToS) The eldest and wisest of monks eventually rise to become the leaders of their monasteries. Worshippers sometimes seek these abbots out to gain their advice on matters of faith or to gain greater understanding about the religious world, while priests and initiates answer to them in all things. Most abbots choose to remain secluded in their monasteries until death takes them, but some venture out into the wider world once again. Few abbots deign to get involved in temple politics, preferring the solitude of their own world or their journeys to the machinations of their cult. For this reason an abbot is rarely the head of a mendicant order, leaving the organisation and politicking to a high priest.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	+10%	+10%	+30%	+25%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care, Arcane Language (Magick), Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any two), Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Master Orator, Savvy, Strong-Minded

Trappings: Prayer Book, Religious Relic, Robes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, High Priest, Monk, Scholar

Career Exits: High Priest, Scholar

Little Known Facts

Technically, abbots are legally answerable only to the head of their order, the head of their cult, and the Emperor himself. This legal privilege dates back centuries, and although most abbots know about it, very few take advantage of it on a day-to-day basis. Still, an abbot can legally tell an Elector Count to mind his own business, and one with the full backing of his cult might even get away with it.

There are two kinds of abbots: those promoted from within the abbey through a closely guarded internal process, and those appointed by high priests or prelates from the outside. Insiders are often more popular with the monks, but outsiders are normally more enthusiastic about reforms. Sometimes the monks are so split that an outsider is the only way to avoid the fragmentation of the abbey, and sometimes the abbey is so remote that only an insider would take the post.

A handful of remote fortresses in the Empire are garrisoned by orders of warrior priests or monks, most often Sigmarites. These fortresses come under frequent attack, and the abbots are often men with military experience. Since religious experience is also necessary, most of them are promoted internally. In recognition of their dual role, they are known formally as castellans.

Revered Father Steffron Kurdtz

Steffron Kurdtz is the abbot of a Sigmarite monastery in the Imperial heartlands. He is respected and loved by the monks, and his reputation for wisdom has spread as far as Altdorf and Middenheim. He has been abbot for many years, but is still vigorous despite his age. He talks of retiring, but none of the monks will hear of it.

Steffron took a circuitous route to his current station of abbot. In fact, a life of faith and service was the furthest thing from his mind as a youth ranging through the forests of Talabecland. Steffron earned his living as a hunter and guide, and paid more heed to Taal and Rhya than the patron god of the Empire. One day, he guided a pilgrimage of Sigmarites to a holy site deep within the forests. They were attacked by beastmen, and Steffron was inspired by the Sigmarite's unflappable faith and resolve in the face of danger.

After fending off the beastmen, Steffron joined the pilgrimage, learning about the faith from those whom he had fought with side-by-side. After completing the journey, Steffron officially joined the Cult of Sigmar as an initiate and worked tirelessly to test his faith, uncover truths and challenge unbelievers. Over the decades, he has shared his personal story of struggle and deliverance countless times, converting many people to the faith.

Adventure Seeds

Troubling News: A new monk joins the monastery, and he is clearly deeply troubled by something. At length he tells the story to the abbot, who is shocked. The terrible experience is connected to an abandoned shrine the abbot had visited before he entered the monastery, a shrine corrupted by Nurgle cultists. The monk asserts the shrine has reverted to its corrupt status, and needs to be cleansed.

A Golden Secret: The ancient abbey was very wealthy in the past. Recently it has fallen on harder times, and many buildings are scarcely used. The new abbot is more energetic than his predecessors, and sends the monks to repair and clean the old buildings. One comes to him secretly, showing him a symbol of Chaos he found in one of the buildings. It is made of gold, and they cannot detrmine how long it has been there. The abbot must avoid scandal, while making sure that the Dark Gods do not have a foothold in his abbey.

Admiral



I don't care about the shoals. If Bruckmeier and Lowenstein haven't tacked two leagues east-southeast of their position by fourteen-hundred hours, we'll be eating catapult shot for dinner. And then those Orc pirates will be eating us.

(SoE) Commanding a fleet of ships, Admirals are the true lords of the sea. While most are employed by one of the navies of the Old World, some Admirals are pirates commanding a flotilla of bloodthirsty marauders. Many Sea Captains envy their position, so Admirals must be quick-witted and charismatic to see off attacks; after all, once at sea, almost anything can happen, and only the survivors can tell the tale. Because of this, many Admirals are paranoid individuals who are jealous of their power, and most are quick to end any imagined mutiny with their loyal Marines or Pirates.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+25%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+15%	+30%	+30%	+35%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Charm *or* Dodge Blow, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Sail, Speak Language (any three), Swim

Talents: Etiquette *or* Seasonsed Traveller, Linguistics, Master Orater, Public Speaking *or* Savvy

Trappings: Admiral's Whistle, Bicorn *or* Tricorn, Squadron of ships, Telescope

Career Entries: Noble Lord, Sea Captain

Career Exits: Ambassador, Explorer, Guild Master

Baarten's Privateers

Admiral Baarten was the captain of a Marienburg merchant fleet that traded with the Border Princes, until one fateful day when it ran afoul of Sartosan pirates. Three trading cogs carrying ivory and Cathayan silk were captured by the pirates, and two were sunk. Baarten's damaged command frigate fled into a coral reef. The captain barely escaped with his life. Returning to Marienburg responsible for a two million Guilder loss, Baarten drank away the next four years on the Suiddock pier.

Marienburg's press gangs recruited Admiral Baarten into service on three occasions. Granted, Baarten had been an able seaman before gaining captaincy so he knew how to tie a knot, but the wages were terrible and his fellow sailors treated him with disrespect now that he was their equal.

Baarten's fortunes turned when a wealthy benefactor bought the ships of a bankrupt merchant and offered Baarten a job as admiral of a small privateer fleet. Baarten has achieved resounding success hunting pirates with a 54-gun war galley and two old trading carracks refitted to carry 18 guns apiece. His marine force now exceeds 200 men.

Flagships

The admiral's flagship is the largest in the fleet. In battle, the admiral supervises operations from the elevated fore or aft deck of his flagship. Orders are conveyed to the captains of other ships by a signalman, using patterned flags. Signal flags are hoisted up the flagship's mast when the fleet is operating in loose formation, such as during a naval blockade, or when communicating with approaching fleets. In conditions of poor visibility, the signalman uses a hooded lantern or carrier pigeons.

Enemy flagships are often targeted in battle with the purpose of disrupting fleet command. For this reason, the flagship usually sails at the center of the formation. The admiral of a sunken flagship, if not rescued quickly by another ship in his fleet, might be captured by the enemy and held for ransom – or worse.

Flagships belong to the mighty Man O' War class. The Empire Greatship is perhaps the most famous Man O' War, with bow and stern gun decks supplementing its broadside array. The Bretonnian Galleon is faster than the Greatship and carries a more powerful broadside, but lacks fore and aft guns. Dwarven Men O' War are called Ironclads; steam-powered paddle ships covered in metal plates and armed with turret-mounted cannons. Elven flagships are catamarans called Dragonships that have fearsome Dragonblade rams attached to each of their twin prows and bolt throwers for ranged engagement.

Many fleets employ a powerful battle wizard aboard the admiral's flagship to provide magical support.

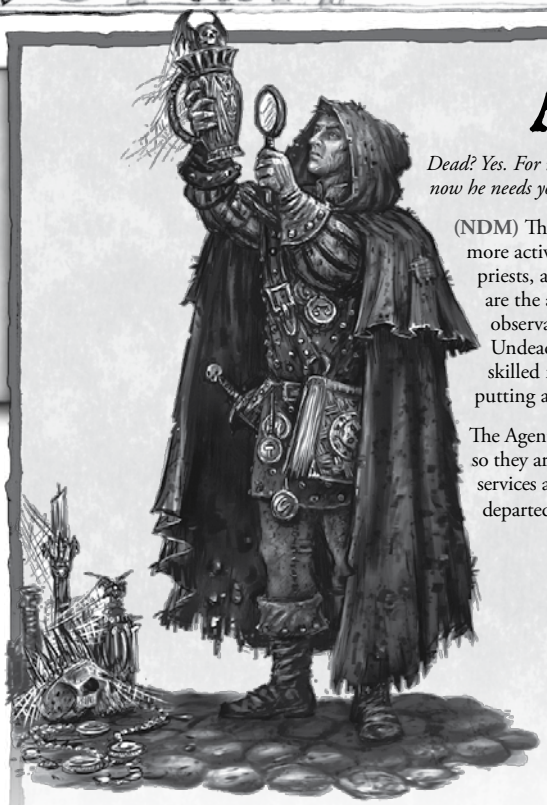
Adventure Seeds

Insubordination: One of the captains of an Imperial fleet frequently challenges the admiral's orders, and this is beginning to have an impact on the fleet's morale and performance. The insubordinate captain also happens to be the ambitious son of a powerful duke, and things must be handled delicately – so the admiral has asked others to intervene on his behalf for the sake of the fleet..

The Stormy Sea: While an Imperial fleet is patrolling the Sea of Claws, its admiral spots an unnatural-looking cyclone through his telescope. Daemons swirl within the funnel, which veers towards the ship. If the cyclone overtakes the admiral's fleet, it will transport the ships to a strange sea in the Realms of Chaos.

ADVANCED

Agent of the Shroud



Dead? Yes. For now. But notice the bite marks. Can there be any doubt? I know he was your brother, but now he needs you one last time… He needs you to bring him eternal peace.

(NDM) The splinter order of Morrites, known as the Fellowship of the Shroud, takes a much more active view of their duties to Morr than the mainstream cult. Its members include warriors, priests, and Vampire hunters, but in many situations, a far subtler hand is needed, and such are the abilities of the Agents of the Shroud. These scholarly types are trained in careful observation, medical examination, and logical deduction, so they may identify Vampire or Undead activity without being detected. Some of them turn their results over to more martially skilled members of their cult, but they are quite capable of enacting their own justice and putting an end to those the Fellowship call "the Enemies of Life."

The Agents of the Shroud investigate any suspicious death for signs of necromancy or dark magic, so they are often involved in murder mysteries that turn out to contain no mystical elements. Their services are appreciated by the victim's family regardless, and the Agents are happy to help any departed spirits rest.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+30%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy, Theology, plus any one), Charm, Common Knowledge (The Empire, Tilea), Concealment, Disguise, Follow Trail, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Silent Move, Shadowing, Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Stout-Hearted, Keen Senses *or* Sixth Sense, Savvy *or* Suave, Schemer

Trappings: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Mail Shirt), Best Hand Weapon, 4 Stakes, a braided rope of Garlic, Religious Symbol

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Fieldwarden, Initiate (Morr), Scholar, Student, Tomb Robber, Vampire Hunter

Career Exits: Killer of the Dead, Priest (Morr only), Scholar, Spy, Vampire Hunter, Witch Hunter

Doctor Hertwig Teichmann

A medical scholar and physician who has turned his expertise to the detection of the vampire, Doctor Teichmann's reasons for combating the undead are quite personal. During his younger days, he was a respected doctor who practiced his beneficent arts in Nuln. he saved countless lives, and his reputation grew daily. He was destined, it seemed, to live a peaceful and prosperous life aiding his fellow man. This was not to be.

A corpse was found in an alleyway behind a seedy bar and through its heart was a stake. The watch brought the corpse to Teichmann, wondering if he could shed any light on this bizarre murder. Doctor Teichmann unwisely removed the stake to examine it for evidence.

That night the vampire returned to life. Doctor Teichmann found the creature with its fangs in the neck of his beloved fiancée, Katharina. In a rage, the doctor seized the stake and plunged it back into the breast of the vile monster, but for Katharina is was too late.

She died, and to prevent her from rising from the dead, Doctor Teichmann himself drove hawthorn through her heart and removed her head. That night, the doctor sought out the Fellowship, and since then has dedicated himself to seeing that his own tragedy is never repeated.

A Day in the Life

The Agents of the Shroud are first and foremost investigators. They visit morgues frequently looking for evidence of their prey, and make contacts among the local watch, hoping for a tip about anything unusual. They are as likely to scan the news-sheets as they are to peruse musty tomes of forbidden lore. An effective Agent is one who is well connected and able to sift out facts from folklore and fantasy.

As a matter of survival, agents usually have another profession. Few cities have such a large population of vampires that professional vampire hunters and their assistants are always kept busy. Instead, an Agent of the Shroud is likely to be a professional in another career, who has joined the Fellowship and aids them whenever trouble presents itself.

A small handful of Agents travel from city to city, always looking for the next nest of vampires, making this career their full time obsession. Only the bravest of these dare patrol graveyards and dark alleyways, hoping to stop an attack as it happens.

Adventure Seeds

Undeath Becomes Thee: Doctor Teichmann has reason to believe that one of the most influential local noble houses is hiding a terrible secret – a vampire amongst their kin. He dares not take action himself, but needs aid from adventurers bold enough to raid the family mausoleum and destroy the creature that hides therein.

Deadly Seduction: An Agent of the Shroud has betrayed the Fellowship. Enthralled by a Lahmian vampiress of great beauty, he is passing secrets to her. Most of the local Fellowship brethren have already been slain and the rest have fled or are in hiding. If this infestation and betrayal is to be answered, the Fellowship must turn to outsiders for help.

Initiation Rights: A splinter sect of Morrites seeks to start their own cabal of investigators mirrored after the Agents of the Shroud, but focused more closely on uncovering and thwarting practitioners of Necromancy. During one of their first missions, one of the new agents is captured by the person they were sent to investigate. Can his fellow investigators rescue him before he becomes the Necromancer's next unwilling subject?

Agitator

Friend –step closer! I would like to make you aware of a dire situation... an atrocity you may not be aware of. There's trouble my friend, trouble right here Altdorf.



(Core) For the most part, the people of the Empire have little say in politics. The Emperor and the Elector Counts make and enforce the laws, with the support of the various churches (Sigmar and Ulric most conspicuously). Nonetheless, ardent political activists are a common sight in the cities of the Empire. These Agitators organize on behalf of various causes, handing out leaflets, giving rousing speeches, and stirring up the populace. The lunatic fringe is simply ignored, but successful Agitators – those who can tap into the wellspring of Peasant and Burgher resentment – are usually viewed as a threat to the state. They are hounded by local watchman, accused of heresy by church officials, or forced to submit to the tender mercies of the Witch Hunters. Agitators continue on despite the risks. Some truly believe in their cause, but others are cynical power seekers as corrupt as those they rail against.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+10%	–	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History) or Gossip, Academic Knowledge (Law) or Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Charm, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton or Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded or Street Fighting, Flee!, Public Speaking

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), One set of Good Craftsmenship Clothes, 2d10 leaflets for various causes

Career Entries: Burgher, Captain, Herald, Highwayman, Scribe, Servant, Student, Zealot

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, **Ex-Convict**, Outlaw, Politician, Rogue, Zealot

No Rest for the Rhetorician

The agitator stands on a crowded street corner or market square, calling out controversial slogans in the hopes of generating interest amongst the bystanders. The agitator always keeps an eye out for the authorities – who will likely take a dim view of his activities. If watchmen appear he runs , unless he feels he has crowd on his side.

Once he gathers a crowd, the agitator launches into a more detailed critique of society, and outlines his vision for the future. He pushes his pamphlets on his audience, promising that they contain further information and points out that they are as cheap as he can possibly make them, that he is just hoping to cover his costs.

In the evening the agitator heads to a local tavern. His bar-stool philosophical discussions make him popular with those he drinks with. The agitator has a professional incentive for being there, however, and has an ear out for any embittered anecdotes or conspiracy theories he could use to reinforce his political agenda.

Late at night, the agitator pays a visit to a local printer's workshop. Most printers are too wary of the law to openly help such a notorious individual, but they may have rebellious young apprentices or run an illicit business at night. An agitator has to be careful in finding a willing producer of seditious pamphlets, and works hard to establish and maintain the necessary degree of trust.

Affiliations

An agitator is best advised to get to know the local watchmen and to make contacts in the underworld. In the case of the watch it is simply a case of knowing who to bribe or flee from. An agitator has a more complex relationship with organised crime. On one hand underworld contacts can offer the agitator just the sort of information he needs to better attack his targets, and a place to hide if things get hot. On the other hand, they have a nasty habit of calling in favours. Many agitators wish to be perceived as idealistic and anti-materialistic, and do not like to be seen associating with criminals.

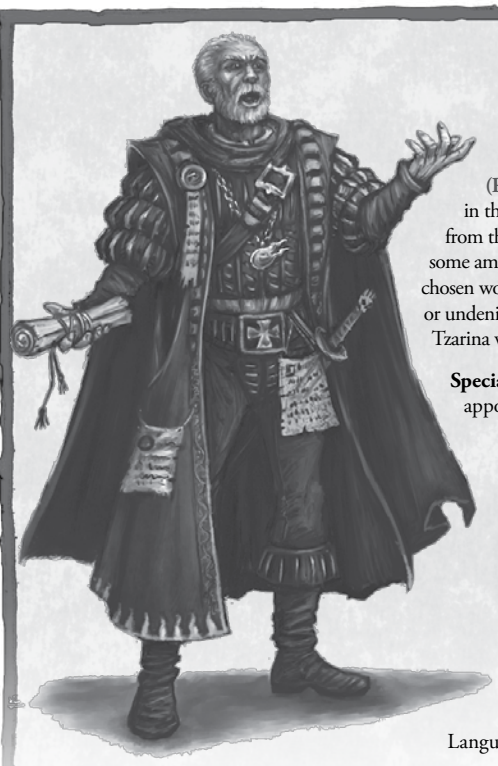
In the Land of Illiteracy, the Spoken Word is King

Many question how agitators can gain such large followings, or have such a strong influence over local politics and affairs. The role of the spoken word cannot be underestimated in a land where far more people are illiterate than literate. The illiterate are forced to rely on others for news and information, since they cannot read the newssheets themselves – an opportunity the savvy agitator is more than happy to seize.

Adventure Seeds

Are You Safe From the Ratmen? Sections of society seem reluctant to admit the danger posed by skaven, going so far as to deny their existence. An agitator makes it his mission to inform the masses of the reality of the situation and wants to interview people who have encountered skaven – such as parties of adventurers. However there are those who would like to silence the agitator and any allies he makes. Certain Imperial authorities are desperate not to see widespread panic resulting from 'irresponsible rumours.'

The Real Truth: Many agitators flocked to Wurtbad to support a charismatic demagogue there, but they found themselves leaderless when he died during a tavern brawl. Without a leader, the agitators formed various factions, each interpreting his vision for society in a different manner. An ideological turf war threatens to erupt unless the situation settles down. PCs may become embroiled if they sympathise with one of the agitator groups, or the authorities might approach them to help police the increasing violence.



Ambassador

To fight for one's lands is a privilege. To speak for one's lands is an honor.

(RotIQ) Granted the right to speak on behalf of their sovereign, ambassadors can wield much power in the various national and provincial capitals of the Old World. In Kislev, ambassadors work tirelessly from their well-guarded embassies, keen to do whatever is necessary to catch the Ice Queen's eye. While some ambassadors are chosen for their exquisite tastes and ability to spoil rivals and allies alike with carefully chosen words and gifts, others may be selected for their sharp minds, understanding of intelligence networks, or undeniable charisma. Whatever their individual strengths, all ambassadors are of noble birth, for the Tzarina would never deign to meet a foreign peasant.

Special Requirements: You must be of noble birth (*i.e.* complete the Noble Career) and be appointed by a government.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+30%	+30%	+40%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry ***or*** History) (Int), Blather (Fel) ***or*** Charm (Fel), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (any two) (Int), Gossip (Fel), Haggle (Fel), Perception (Int), Performer (Actor) (Fel), Read/Write (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (any three) (Int)

Talents: Dealmaker ***or*** Schemer, Etiquette, Linguistics ***or*** Suave, Master Orator ***or*** Savvy, Public Speaking

Trappings: Ambassadors are representatives of their governments, empowered to deal on behalf of their lands.As such, they must look the part. Ambassadors must have several sets of superior noble's garb, and many also have valuable jewellery to enhance their ensemble. An ambassador should keep a contingent of guards (no fewer than six). Finally, ambassadors are often quite wealthy and must have coin, jewellery, art objects, property, and so on worth no less than 1,000 gc.

Career Entries: Captain, High Priest, Ice Witch, Noble Lord, Wizard Lord

Career Exits: Captain, Merchant, Noble Lord, Politician

A Defensible Home Away

Any ambassador will say, in their own native tongues, "Putting your life in the hands of foreigners with whom you deal puts your head in the axe-man's basket." Thus, any building designated as an embassy must be entirely secure for those dignitaries living in it. No matter where in the Old World it lies, there are a number of factors that go into designating a building an "embassy:"

- It is one of the highest-quality buildings in its settlement.
- It is secure, with guards at every visible egress and an external defence (such as a curtain wall or portcullis).
- There is more than one entry/exit, though only the primary needs to be undisguised.
- There are at least eight embassy guards for each ambassador, beyond his personal guards.
- It is large enough to comfortably accomodate several ambassadors and their retinues without needing to overcrowd them.
- The kitchens and servants quarters are routinely examined, and cooking is done under the watchful eye of guards, to discourage any attempts at poisoning.

Hedeon Dyakanov

Born during the great blizzards of 2468 at the Dyakanov estate on the River Urskoy, Hedeon's ice-silver eyes deemed him "Ulric-marked" from birth. In time, his tongue proved equally silver as he charmed many far beyond the means of his nigh-insolvent noble house. Brought to the Kislevite court at a young age, Hedeon fled after incurring the vengeful jealousy of certain noble courtiers. His time in exile in the Bretonnian courts and the southern Empire taught him a greater command of politics, both provincial and personal. It also helped him build an unmatched personal network of contacts and allies among many countries.

Since the Ice Queen's rise, Lord Dyakanov has served the Tzarina faithfully and earned his ambassadorial title. He has spoken her will among the courts of Bretonnia, Estalia, and the Empire and she has rewarded his family with riches for his service. As one of her covert foreign spymasters, he receives intelligence from many sources within Reikland and Wissenland. Hedeon has also used his position to wreak secret vengeance upon the families who forced his exile decades ago. Now, if any dare speak against him, they do so quietly, for his retribution has a leagues-long reach.

Adventure Seeds

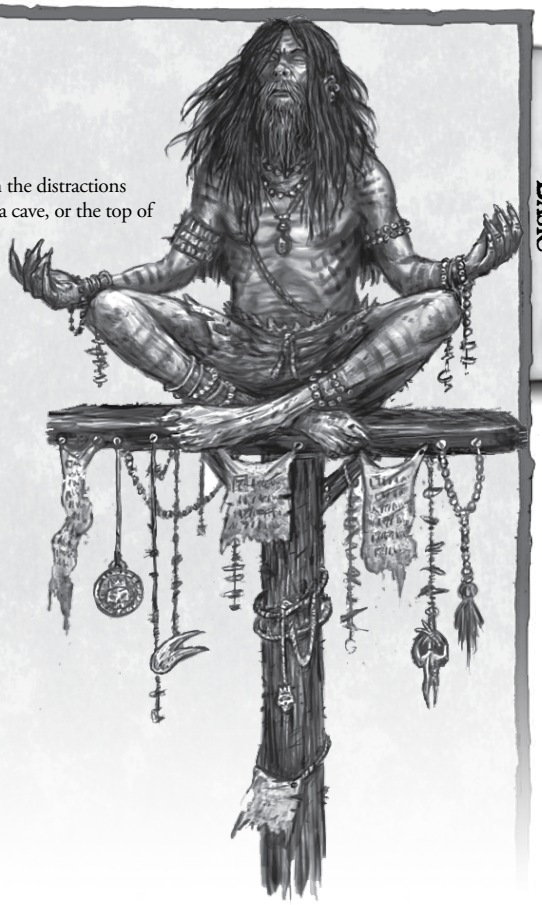
The Delicate Art of Diplomacy: The party serves an ambassador of a foreign country, and they may act as personal guards (or thugs), investigators (or spies), and scouts (or explorers and mappers) at various times. The ambassador's title and position protects them from all but the most egregious abuses of power in the execution of the ambassador's orders. Their first task is to escort the ambassador's daughter safely from Nuln to Marienburg.

Treating with Tilea: As a newly-titled ambassador (or a group of ambassadors), the party is charged with negotiating and establishing trade consortia between their country's lands and as many of the Tilean city-states as they can. The party must also make steps to guarantee the safety of goods and peoples from their lands to Tilea and back.

Anchorite

Pain? What pain? There is no pain. Only penance.

(RC) Some people feel that they can only follow their own mystical leanings alone, away from the distractions of civilisation, conversation, and soap. These individuals become Anchorites, staking claim to a cave, or the top of a pillar of rock, somewhere in the Borderlands. They have few or no possessions, so bandits rarely bother them. Greenskins and other monsters are still likely to kill them if they can catch them, so Anchorites learn how to hide and run away.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Hardy, Resistance to Poison, Rover, Stout-hearted

Trappings: None

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Badlander, Mystic, Outlaw, Swamp Skimmer, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

An anchorite's life is one of contemplation and meditation brought into focus by solitude and self-deprivation. Typically he finds a cave, hole, or boulder to shelter under, things the badlands of the Border Princes have in abundance. From this modest dwelling, he then begins his journey into enlightenment. He spends days, weeks and months in filth and hunger watching the movement of the sun, stars and moons while contemplating his insignificance. Occasionally, when hunger or thirst gets the better of him, he ventures out into the wastes to dig insects from the ground and lick the dew from rocks. Even when foraging, the anchorite is careful not to spend too long sating his feeble bodily needs, lest he waste precious moments of contemplation and endanger his chance at true awakening. The only other things that might disturb this cycle of meagre subsistence and endless meditation are the other inhabitants of the wastes, be they predatory wolves or big cats, or bloodthirsty orcs. When such an encounter occurs, the anchorite attempts to hide, or if this is impossible, flee, though the more devout (or crazed) remain within their retreat, convinced that their unwelcome visitor is sent to test their faith. Fortunately for most anchorites however, the stink and scrawniness of their bodies make them an unappetising meal, and all but the most desperate predators leave them alone.

The Path to Enlightenment

An anchorite's path to enlightenment is not an easy one. They must be willing to sacrifice all that they are to become more than they were. While each anchorite's journey is different, those that would tread this path must follow three simple rules.

Look within and ignore without – Meditation and contemplation become an anchorite's only priority, as he believes it is only through a lifetime of introspection that he can achieve enlightenment. To this end, an anchorite pays no heed to the feeble shadows of the world, ignoring what he considers the illusion of matter to better focus on the workings of the mind.

Break the shackles of the flesh – because an anchorite sees his body as a weak fleshy anchor pinning him to this plane of existence, he considers its needs and ills as insignificant. Hunger, disease and injury are all minor concerns and he will allow his body to be ravaged by boils, lice and lesions while devoting his life to meditation.

Cast off the burdens of society – The path of the anchorite is a lonely one. Society is a poison to the seeker of self-realisation, its rigid norms, expectations and its empty distractions a trap to lure away the weak of mind.

Adventure Seeds

Disposable Wealth: Rumour has it that somewhere in the Borderlands there is an anchorite who has stumbled upon the location of an ancient Dwarf treasure vault. If he could be found, he might be willing to impart this information (having no interest in material wealth himself) to a suitably enlightened soul.

Picking Up the Pieces: The Baron of Deepvale was deposed many years ago, his realm broken up and claimed by other border princes. Now, however, some of his loyal followers seek to restore the baron to power. Unfortunately for them, the baron has become an anchorite and is living somewhere in the wastes, so they must find him and somehow convince him to reclaim his barony.

ADVANCED



Animal Trainer

Behold, gentlemen! This beast is less ferocious than an old crone. Watch as I insert my entire foot into the dancing bear's mouth...wait...no Vinny! Stop...urk!

(New) Animal trainers breed and train animals for transport, hunting or entertainment. Their most common job is breeding riding horses and destriers for the horse markets, but animal trainers are also skilled dog and bird handlers that accompany nobles' hunting parties. Carnivals employ animal trainers as ringmasters to delight the masses with dancing bears and prancing ponies. Animal trainers can also serve the role of beast handlers in pit fighting arenas, though little effort is expended training the ornery fighting animals that were originally captured in the wild. Though Kislevite bear tamers are famous for their ability to train wild bears, most trained animals are born in captivity.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm Animal, Command, Common Knowledge (any one), Drive or Swim, Perception, Ride, Speak Language (any one), Trade (any two: Aviarist, Horse trader, Kennel master or Stableman)

Talents: Etiquette or Wrestling, Specialist Weapon (Entangling), Strike to Stun

Trappings: Collar with 10 Feet of Rope or Chain, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Net, Thick Gloves, Whip

Career Entries: Bear Tamer, Entertainer, Farmer, Hunter, Muleskinner, Peasant, Rat Catcher

Career Exits: Bear Tamer, Entertainer, Hunter

Reward and Coercion

Animal training is done in three stages: breaking, domination and training. The basic techniques for mentally breaking an animal rely on either reward or coercion. Reward-based breaking exploits the animal's instinctive need for food or shelter to establish programmed responses. Coercion involves breaking the animal's will with the lash of a whip until it responds predictably to the slightest flick. Most trainers use a combination of reward and coercion. Domination means convincing the animal to accept physical restraint by the use of hood, cage or harness.

Breaking and domination must be finished before actual training can begin. Occasionally animals are discovered to be untrainable during this early period; even those raised from birth.

Training Animals

Once breaking and domination are complete, the trainer can begin teaching specific tricks. The number of successful skill tests required to teach each trick is determined by its Trick Difficulty (for the Animal Training skill, see *WFRP* pg. 91). Animals captured in the wild are limited in their ability to override instincts, and therefore cannot learn more tricks than the number indicated below. Animals trained from birth can learn any number of tricks.

Dog or Bear: Simple tricks include Sit, Stay and Come. Moderate tricks are Attack, Fetch and Restrain. Teaching dogs and bears to perform carnival tricks is a Difficult task. Feral dogs and bears are limited to 3 tricks.

Riding Horse or Destrier: All horses can be taught to Gallop or Stop as Simple tricks. Jumping and Cantering are Moderate tricks, and destriers can also be trained to Charge as a Moderate trick. Special riding stunts count as Difficult tricks for riding horses, and synchronized marching is a Difficult trick for destriers. Wild horses are limited to 3 tricks.

Hawk , Falcon or Owl: Hunting birds are difficult to train, so there are no Simple tricks. They can be trained to Attack, Fetch or Follow as Moderate tricks, or deliver messages up to 10 miles as a Difficult trick. Captured birds of prey can only be taught 1 trick.

Pigeon: Delivering messages up to 1o miles is a Simple trick. Delivering 11-100 miles is a Moderate trick and destinations 101-500 miles away count as Difficult tricks. Each individual destination is taught as a separate trick and wild pigeons can only learn 1 destination.

Ferret or Cat: Basic tricks like Sit, Stay and Come are considered Moderate for these ornery animals. Attack and Fetch count as Difficult tricks. Feral cats and ferrets may only learn 2 tricks.

Adventure Seeds

A Feral Moon: A noble went hunting on a cold night when Morrsleib was full in the dark sky. Soon, the noble's pack of trained hunting hounds was consumed by a strange green mist. Frightened, the noble fled. The following day, he glimpsed the dogs on the fringe of the forest, growling and feral. He's in need of an animal trainer to help him recover his precious hounds and re-assert control over the suddenly feral creatures.

A Tiger's Tale: The operator of a fighting pit in a seedy part of Marienburg owns a fierce tiger that kills dogs for the audience's amusement between bouts. The tiger is held sacred by a group of monks who've received visions leading them to this animal. The monks arrive in town and appeal to the animal trainer to help negotiate for the tiger's release, and safely secure the creature so it can be transported and released back into the wild.

Anointed Priest

Reveal to me the deeper mysteries of my faith, oh wise Verena, that I may serve you better.

(Core) A priest who has consistently upheld the tenets of his church is chosen by his God to take on greater power and responsibility. Anointed Priests are gifted with the Divine Lore of the deity they serve and consequently, they're expected to take on challenges suitable to their new blessings. They often have all the attributes that their God admires, acting as beacons of faith to others in the Old World. Anointed Priests are greatly trusted by the common folk, who will often listen to them over both Nobles and Politicians, granting them a great deal of temporal power to complement the spiritual.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+25%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+5	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Ride ***or*** Swim, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement ***or*** Meditation, Armoured Casting ***or*** Fast Hands, Divine Lore (any one), Lesser Magic (any two), Seasoned Traveller ***or*** Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Noble's Garb

Career Entries: Priest

Career Exits: Demagogue, Flagellant, High Priest, Scholar, Witch Hunter



Little Known Facts

Though anointed priests usually rise from within the church, this is not always the case. The gods choose their representatives based on faith and obedience rather than prior service. In certain notable cases, a devout follower has been chosen as an anointed priest without any previous experience serving in the church. The churches frown upon such incidents but cannot gainsay their gods, and in many cases those anointed priests have gone on to become figures of legend.

Most anointed priests take on as many of their god's characteristics and habits as possible – they begin to dress as the god dresses, wield the god's preferred weapons, eat the god's favourite dishes, etc. Some claim this is merely an affectation. Others say it is a direct result of the god's hand on the anointed priest, and is not a matter of choice.

Anointed priests often find themselves unable to ignore an affront to their god, whether it is a direct insult or a slight toward something the god holds dear. In the same way, anointed priests cannot resist aiding and protecting those the god values, and demeaning those the god hates.

Notable Figures

Rolf Waterbreather is one of those rare cases, an anointed priest with no prior church training. A sailor by occupation, Rolf was well-known among mariners for his skill and his stamina. More than once, he was the only man left standing when a storm struck the ship and tossed the crew about, and more than once his steady hand on the wheel was all that kept the ship safe.

His peers considered him touched by Manann, and the Sea God evidentially agreed. He came to Rolf in a dream, praising him and offering him a role as Manann's earthly representative. Awed, Rolf agreed. The next morning he awoke to find a black iron circlet on his head and a heavy trident at his side, the symbols of his new calling.

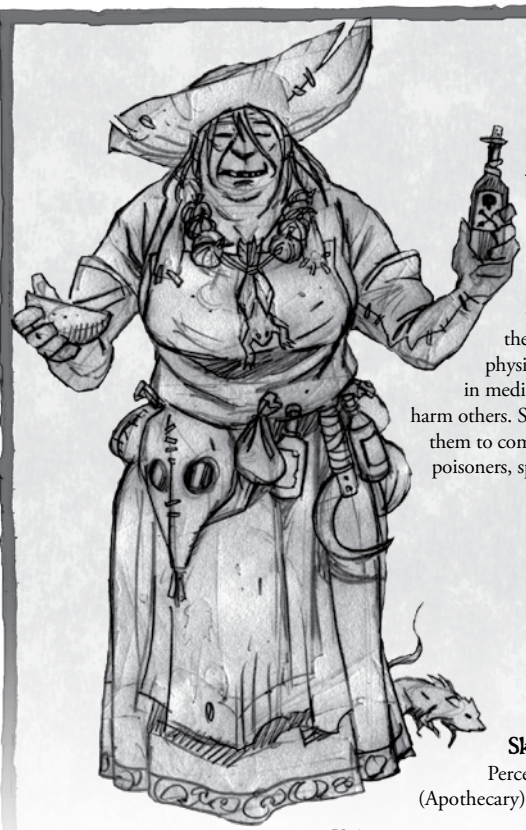
From that point on Rolf roamed the seas, moving from ship to ship and port to port, protecting the ships and their crews from storms, raiders, and monsters. He was last seen battling a tentacled behemoth that had devoured an entire war galley. Man and monster sank beneath the waves together, Rolf wrapped in its tentacles and his trident imbedded in the beast's massive eye.

Many sailors believe Rolf survived and will return to once more take up the duties of his god.

Adventure Seeds

An Unsavory Suitor: The anointed priest spies a young woman bearing the sign of his god. She appears to be in distress, and when approached admits that she is being pursued by a man intent upon marrying or despoiling her. The anointed priest cannot refuse aid to a follower of his god, though this involves him in a dispute far more complicated than it first appeared.

Against His Will: The task the party has been called upon or hired to undertake involves elements repugnant to on the party member's god. The character cannot participate in those elements, and must do his best to dissuade the others from them as well, suggesting alternate plans and using every means necessary to block those activities.



Apothecary

Two parts alcohol, one part powdered bear tooth and one part pasty phlegmberry. Infuse the solids until bubbles appear, then boil off the alcohol. It'll put extra power in your arms for a good hour, if you can take the cramps.

(SH) While physicians prescribe cures for their patients' various ills, it is the apothecary who actually makes the medicine. Specialists in minerals, chemicals, and salts derived from organic matter, the apothecary mixes powders to be taken with wine, unguents to apply to infected areas, and medicinal incenses to drive away unhealthy vapours. Guild law allows them to prescribe for minor ailments, such as a cold or stomach-ache, but few do since many physicians are resentful of the competition. While some apothecaries move on to higher careers in medicine or academia, others turn their knowledge to personal greed or succumb to a desire to harm others. Some apothecaries have been known to feed their clients drugs disguised as medicine, forcing them to come back and pay higher prices to feed their addiction, while others sell their services as poisoners, splitting the profits with an aggrieved widow or heir.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Gossip, Haggle, Heal or Prepare Poison, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Etiquette or Resistance to Poison, Suave or Very Resilient

Trappings: Healing Draught, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Trade Tools (Apothecary's Kit)

Career Entries: Apprentice Wizard, Barber-Surgeon, Hedge Wizard, Student

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Artisan, Barber-Surgeon, **Embalmer**, Grave Robber, Merchant, Physician, Scholar

Affiliations

The Apothecary's Guild is one of the weaker guilds in the Old World, under constant pressure by the more powerful Physician's Guild. For fees much lower than a surgeon charges, apothecaries will attempt to cure their patients by manipulating the body's four vital humours with chemical compounds. The Physician's Guild counters the competitive edge of the apothecaries by forcing them to sell their wares to physicians at a significant discount. The order of Gold Wizards also watches apothecaries' shops to ensure they aren't dabbling in higher alchemy.

Consequentially, some apothecaries supplement their meagre income by selling illegal drugs and poisons. An apothecary caught doing this faces expulsion from the guild in addition to criminal charges. However, many wealthy and influential customers use these black market products, and a threat or bribe from one of them can convince the Apothecary's Guild to overlook legal transgressions by its members.

Apothecaries are respected by the priesthood of Shallya, who support affordable medicine for all. Unfortunately, this goodwill rarely translates into political influence because the cult of Shallya is disinclined to challenge the Physician's Guild. Needless to say, many apothecaries pursue higher academic studies in their spare time, hoping to eventually obtain membership in both guilds.

Preparation Techniques

The apothecary trade is filled with all manner of unusual means to prepare components for their tinctures and potions. Apothecaries have their own terms to explain the complex processes they undertake in their craft.

Concoction: Mixture is heated or cooked at moderate heat for an extended period.

Desiccation: Substance is dried or heated to remove all moisture.

Elixiration: Mixture is converted into a potion or draught.

Imbibition: A procedure is extended by the gradual and continuous addition of a substance.

Luting: A flask or jar is sealed airtight using a waxy paste.

Putrefaction: Ingredient is rotted under gradual, moist heat.

Sublimation: Solid ingredient is heated, producing a vapour that condenses on the inside of a flask.

Trituration: Ingredient is reduced to powder by applying heat.

Adventure Seeds

Ancient Elixirs: While researching Arabyan herbs, the apothecary stumbles upon a historical reference hinting at the location of a Nehekharan prince's tomb. Even more interesting than the potential loot is the suggestion that the prince's court alchemist had discovered an elixir of transmutation. Perhaps the elixir's formula was buried with the prince, or the tomb contains a clue about its location.

Toxic Trade: The Apothecary's Guild holds more influence than usual due to the shortage of licensed physicians in town. Now, the apothecaries are making great profits selling addictive remedies to the townsfolk. But a conspiracy among the guild's inner council pushes the game too far, when toxic agents are added to the formula to perpetuate the customers' maladies. Will anyone squeal?

Apprentice Runesmith

In another fifty years, perhaps I will have perfected this simple rune so I can learn deeper mysteries.



(RoS) The Runesmiths are effectively a clan containing a few ancient families who have passed down the knowledge and skills of Runesmithing over the generations. Each Master Runesmith teaches the fundamentals of fire and forge to young members of his family, selecting the most talented to become Apprentice Runesmiths. While selection is a great honour, it means long years of study and service to his master in the creation of more complicated runes. Runesmiths rarely write down the secrets of their craft and even when they do, the knowledge is buried beneath riddles and puzzles. Apprentices must be patient, clever, and perceptive to rise in status. During this time Apprentice Runesmiths often leave the service of their mentor to gather ingredients, tools, and supplies for the forging of new runes.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career. If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Apprentice Runesmith for Scribe with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	–	–	+10%	+15%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Runes), Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Trade (Smith), Trade (Armourer *or* Weaponsmith)

Talents: Rune (any two with an Inscription Number of 10 or less)

Trappings: Medium Armour (Leather Jack, Mail Shirt), Trade Tools (Runesmith)

Career Entries: Artisan, Runebearer, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Journeyman Runesmith, Runebearer, Scholar, Scribe, Shieldbreaker

A Day in the Life

While the life of a runesmith is not an easy one, apprentices in this ancient craft have it slightly better than many other young trainees – they are carrying on a great family tradition and have been chosen due to merit.

They must perform the same scut work as any apprentice, but all of it serves a purpose besides the master vicariously paying back his own hard student years. Everything is a lesson, and if the apprentice doesn't see the lesson at once, he must puzzle it out, and as he does so, he learns more and more. The seemingly menial task of kneading dough might temper the wrists for carving steel.

The laborious copying of dull books of mining records teaches the way to precisely and perfectly form characters. The repairing of a broken clockwork device shows how parts relate to a whole, how to bring magic into what is otherwise a simple symbol. Without the proper training and understanding, a rune is worthless; a human smith could copy a rune exactly and it would perform no magic at all, because he doesn't understand it the way a dwarf does. The map is the territory; the rune is the power it symbolises.

Little Known Facts

The greatest day in an apprentice's life is when he is trusted with his First Carving, when he is given the tools and the blade and told to inscribe a rune upon it "for real", not for practise or training. The blade he makes will be given to a member of his own family for use in battle, and how that battle fares is considered to be an omen.

If the wielder of the First Carving triumphs, or even dies while helping the dwarfs to victory, it is considered a positive sign; if an enemy captures the blade, it is a sign of ill omen.

At times, runesmith bloodlines grow thin, especially after a major invasion by orcs. During these rare events – perhaps once a century –runesmith families will seek to adopt dwarfs from other clans. There are many competitions of lore, skill and courage, but a handful will be chosen, and will abandon all claim on their own heritage and be fully accepted as part of the rune workers' family.

Adventure Seeds

The Riddle Of The Rune: An apprentice runesmith, on a voyage to a nearby human village, hears a minstrel singing a song which happens to contain, amongst the seemingly nonsensical lyrics, some of the coded symbolic knowledge of the runesmiths. It is not a dwarf song that the bard has learned, but one of seeming human origin. How did he come to learn it? The runesmith is concerned that dwarf lore is somehow spreading among humans, and if so, this must be stopped.

Under A New Master: During what should be a routine journey, orcs set upon an apprentice runesmith and his master. The master dies while giving his apprentice a chance to flee, but not before he tells him to journey to a far-off dwarf hold where a new teacher awaits. This is a great way for a PC apprentice runesmith to begin adventuring. Alternatively, the characters could be hired to guide or guard the apprentice on his journey.



Apprentice Witch

The winter's chill is my teacher. And it can be a cruel master.

(RotIQ) Every year, ice witches emerge from the frozen oblast to assess shivering Gospodar girls. The rare girl demonstrating magical talent is taken away and is unlikely to see her family again. Barely old enough to be called women, these apprentices-to-be are led into the depths of Kislev's cruel winter, and there, they are taught the ways of the Khan-Queens of old. Those who survive (and many do not) are forever changed: they are cold, aloof, mature well beyond their years, and very aware of their insignificance beside the might of the Ancient Widow's glacial heart. Eventually, these successful apprentices will be released from their mistresses and allowed to venture forth as "maidens of the ice."

Special Requirements: You must be female to enter this career.

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	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic) (Int) ***or*** Intimidate (S), Channelling (WP), Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int), Magical Sense (WP), Navigation (Int) ***or*** Perception (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int), Speak Arcane Language (Magick) (Int), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement ***or*** Lesser Magic (any one), Hardy ***or*** Very Resilient, Petty Magic (Ice)

Trappings: Given the harsh conditions of their training, apprentice witches need survival gear, generally consisting of a sturdy suit of winter clothing, a pack or sling bag, a flask of kvas to warm their bones, and a few days of rations.

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Ice Maiden, Initiate of Ulric, Witch

A Day in the Life

In the months that follow, these young girls are trained in the ways of Ice Magic just as the Khan Queens have been for countless generations. They are taught to survive the cold winters in the Oblast while they mature and grow cold themselves.

Much of their daily routine involves tasks geared towards survival, like gathering firewood and setting snares to capture wild game, with the rest of their waking hours devoted to the practice and study of Ice Magic. Many do not survive this training under such harsh conditions, but those who do become protectors of the land and its people, and a force to be reckoned with.

Some apprentices find the challenges inherent in being an Ice Maiden too daunting and too lonely. Many of these use their knowledge to help others without embracing the solitary path of a Maiden of the Ice.

For those who remain steadfast and determined in the face of the countless challenges, however, the rewards can be significant. The prospect of unlocking further mysteries is certainly apparent, but not to be overlooked is the surge of self-confidence and growing awareness and acceptance of one's abilities and personal limitations.

Little Known Facts

Upon completing their initial training and earning their release from their mistresses, the former Apprentice's eyes turn an icy shade of blue, -- almost overnight. No matter their former complexion, upon completion of their apprenticeship, the soon-to-be ice maiden's skin adopts an almost translucent paleness, and is slightly chilled to the touch.

It is rumoured that an apprentice witch, on the first anniversary of her selection for her apprenticeship, must break a hole in the ice of a frozen lake without the aid of tools and plunge in. The apprentice must then survive the night out of doors, still wet, with only a thin blanket as a shield against the elements. Since neither apprentices, ice maidens nor ice witches will discuss about this ritual except amongst themselves, its veracity has never been confirmed.

Adventure Seeds

A Cold Calling: The party is sent by one of the Electors on a mission within Kislev. The guide provided for them is a teenage girl dressed in furs and skins, cold, aloof, and not very talkative. The party is unlikely to think much of her until trouble finds them, and she demonstrates her Ice Magic to get them out of a tight spot.

A Threat to All: An apprentice witch, bedraggled and half-alive, appears on the doorstep where the party is staying. She seeks help from any and all who are willing. A wizard loyal to the dark lord Tzeentch is attempting to capture ice witches and turn them to the worship of Tzeentch to corrupt Ice Magic forever. She was sent to warn the Empire and to seek aid from outside, for none within the realm of Kislev would dare raise a hand against an ice witch, even if she had become a follower of one of the proscribed cults.

Which Witch? Two young girls have shown promise in the frigid arts of the Ice Witches. However, the village seer is convinced one is a fraud – in fact, a meddlesome spirit seeking to sow discord and mistrust amongst the villagers. Can the characters determine which young girl is destined to become an Ice Maiden, and rid the village of the pesky spirit?

Apprentice Wizard

My exam is coming up soon. If I can light the candle from ten paces without setting my hair on fire, I'm sure I'll pass this time.



(Core) Humans born with magical talent are dangerous and feared individuals. Daemons and disaster gather about an untrained Wizard. To deal with this threat the Empire sends such people away to join one of the eight Orders of Wizardry. During their apprenticeship young Wizards learn how to practice magic safely, and contemplate which Order they will eventually join. Some apprentices will be bound to serve the Wizard who uncovered their talents, whilst others adventure to garner enough money to pay for their tutelage at the Colleges of Magic. Elves are naturally magical, and do not need to attend these Human institutions, learning from their own lore masters instead. See **Chapter 7: Magic** of the Core Rulebook for more details on the Orders of Magic.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+15%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Channelling, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement or Fast Hands, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy or Very Resilient

Trappings: Quarter Staff, Backpack, Printed Book

Career Entries: **Dilettante,** Hedge Wizard, Scholar, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Journeyman Wizard, Scholar, Scribe

Note: If you want to be able to cast spells right away, you should increase your Magic Characteristic with your free advance during character creation. Halflings and Dwarfs may not enter this career. Magic users are feared and sometimes hated. Think carefully before choosing this career.

A Day in the Life

It isn't easy mastering magic – of those few with even a hint of the gift, fewer still manage to tame it and control it before it consumes them (or just gets them burned by an angry mob). Apprenticeship is often gruelling, demeaning work, with the master handing out only the smallest nuggets of real knowledge in payment for hours of tedious labour. However, it's the only even half-safe way to become a true wizard.

An apprentice's day begins early. There are candles to light, potions to tend to, runes to scribe, and meals to prepare. Even if the master could chop wood or skin chickens by magic, he prefers to let the apprentice do it – both to keep him busy and to teach him not to call on magic for trivial acts. Power must be respected! Over the course of the day, the apprentice will help his master with his many tasks, sometimes accompanying him as he meets other wizards or offers counsel to nobles and merchants. At times, if the master is pleased, there will be formal training in the art of magic, some genuine wisdom that makes the tiring labour of the day seem almost worth it.

Some apprentices leave before their training is complete – their master perished in some disaster and they barely escaped, or there was just one beating too many. Such individuals, with only the barest grasp on their gifts, can parley their limited powers into enough coin to pay for further training, or just learn as they travel, which can be dangerous to both themselves and their companions.

Affiliations

Apprentices have only the most limited status in guilds or academies, but wherever many wizards gather together, their apprentices will likewise gather. They form loose-knit gangs, part study circle, part drinking club, part collection of backstabbing betrayers. The path from apprentice to full wizard is not easy, and while it's good to have the help of one's fellows, they also represent competition.

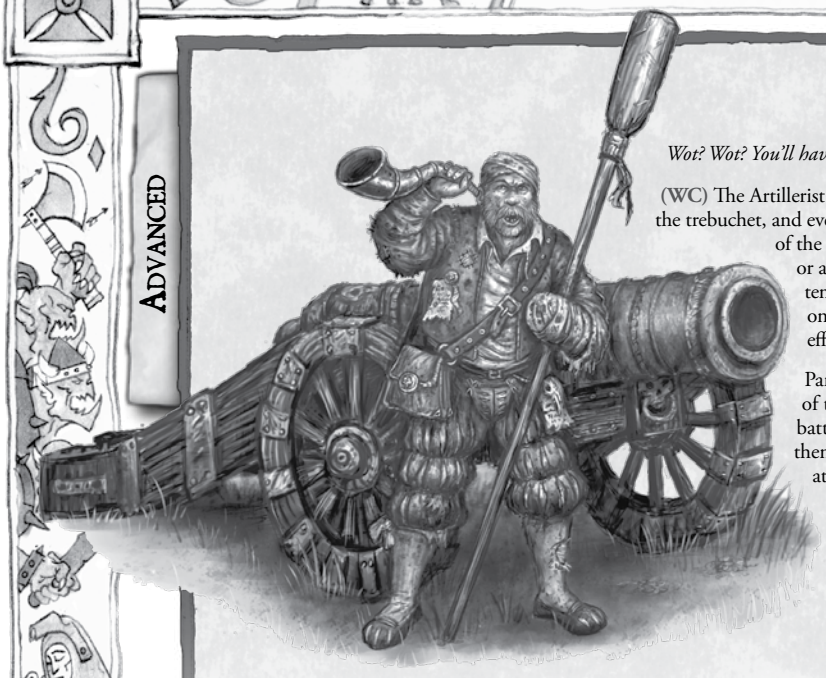
Such gangs rarely last long, but they can provide good contacts or connections once Apprenticeship is past. A typical conversation among former apprentices can often go something like this:

"Remember how you and me and Darryl used to all drink together at the Butchered Sow? Whatever happened to old Darryl, anyway? Eaten by a deamon? Damn, that's too bad. Anyway, I've got a favour to ask..."

Adventure Seeds

Return Of The Master: An apprentice wizard (a member or friend of the party) who has claimed to be a freelancer, is surprised to find his master – the one he said died in a mysterious fire – alive, well, and angrily looking for his former student. Was the 'death' story all a lie to cover up an apprentice running away? Is this an imposter, hunting the student for unknown reasons? Or did he survive the flames and now believes the student was responsible for his near death? The wizard doesn't seem too inclined to sit down for an explaination.

The Final Lesson: An arrogant but talented young apprentice has nearly completed his studies and has been sent on a complex errand that requires him to test his skills to the utmost. Or so he has been told. In reality, it's a complex prank by his master to teach him humility. Unfortunately, something has gone horribly wrong. The embarrassing curse of boils and flatulence the ritual was supposed to create has instead summoned a foul-smelling daemon, covered in boils and rupturing pustules. The master was overwhelmed by the daemon, which now waits for the apprentice...and anyone who might be travelling with him.



ADVANCED

ARTILLERIST

Wot? Wot? You'll have to speak louder, lad? The cannons are barkin' fierce today.

(WC) The Artillerist is skilled at operating all manner of siege weapons, from the ballista to the trebuchet, and even gunpowder devices like the cannon, mortar and Hellblaster Volley Gun of the Imperial arsenal. Field repairs are often necessary when a wheel breaks or a gun carriage cracks, and a smart Artillerist quickly learns how to make temporary repairs to ensure minimal interruption in firing rate. Artillerists rely on teamwork and command groups of Engineers to operate their weapons effectively. They are rarely found outside of a large army.

Part engineer, part soldier, and all target, Artillerists must learn to take care of themselves on the battlefield. Generally they are far enough behind the battle lines to be out of danger, but the effectiveness of their weaponry makes them favourite targets for enemy missile fire, flying creatures, and magical attacks. Also, moving the various engines around is hard work under the best of conditions; over muddy, rutted, rock-strewn battlefields it can be an endurance test with lives hanging in the balance. The career of an Artillerist is not all glory, as is frequently supposed.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+25%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+30%	+15%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Science), Command, Drive, Perception, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Trade (Gunsmith)

Talents: Coolheaded, Marksman, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineering or Gunpowder), Sure Shot

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Firearm with ammunition and powder for 10 shots, Engineer's Kit, Telescope

Career Entries: Engineer, Sergeant

Career Exits: Artisan, Captain, Guild Master, Mercenary, Veteran

Trust in Sigmar but Keep Your Powder Dry

An artillerist lives and dies on the battlefield by his skill in operating and maintaining his gun. Because of this, an artillerist is taught to put nothing above the care of his gun. He obsessively cleans and maintains it, practices often and polishes it until it shines. Some artillerists go so far as to give their guns female names and talk or even sing to them. This has led to most state troop regiments regarding artillerists as more than a little strange. Of course, as long as the big guns keep firing, they are not going to complain.

Imperial Artillery

The Empire is well known throughout the Old World for using black-powder artillery in its armies. Here is a look at two iconic field pieces in the Empire's arsenal – the Imperial Great Cannon and the fearsome, experimental Helblaster Volley Gun.

Imperial Great Cannon

Any artillerist worth his powder will proudly claim tht the Imperial great cannons are easily the largest and most powerful artillery in the Old World, outclassing even the cannons of the Dwarfs. While not the most reliable or accurate weapon, a direct hit from a great cannon will blow most things into tiny pieces.

Helblaster Volley Gun

A relatively new innovation, the volley gun can lay down a withering hail of shot in a very short time. Though slow to reload and cumbersome to move, these factors are a minor inconvenience compared to the bloody carnage the gun can cause.

Special: When firing the Helblaster Volley Gun, roll 1d10. This is the number of shots fired this turn. Roll to hit for each shot individually. Shots can be divided among multiple targets as long as all targets are within 6 yards of each other. The gun needs to be reloaded after it has fired nine times.

Adventure Seeds

Fire in the Hole: A new weapon turned out by the Imperial Engineers' School, Fredric's Flame-Projector of Fearsome Fiery Death, needs a brave artillerist to test its capabilities. If it works, it is sure to attract other interested parties.

Bell Ringer: While resting at camp, the artillerists of Baron Hessal's Nordland border regiment have decided to alleviate their boredom by engaging in a little competition. They wager which of them can hit the temple bell of a nearby town with their cannons. Unfortunately as the temple is actually across the border in Middenland, such action could carry more serious consequences than a damaged belfry!

Table 2-1: Imperial Artillery Weapons

Name	Cost	Crew	Group	Damage	Range	Reload	Qualities	Availability
Imperial Great Cannon	1500gc	4–5	Engineer	20	400/800	12	Impact, Unreliable	Very Rare
Hellblast Volley Gun	5000gc	6	Engineer	10	150/300	20	Experimental, Special	Very Rare

Artisan

The key to fine craftsmanship is simple. Remove everything that keeps your work from being perfect.

(Core) Artisans are skilled craftsmen and masters of their trades. Most commonly found in towns and cities, Artisans are organized into a bewildering variety of guilds. The best craftsmen are attracted to the largest cities, such as Altdorf, Marienburg and Nuln. There they can command high prices from the richest clientele, or work with Merchants who can sell their goods in more distant locales. Some Artisans are so famous that even Nobles must put their names on waiting lists, for to have the work of a renowned master is sign of status. The masterwork of an Artisan is truly something to behold.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	+10%	+10%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Khazalid, Breton, *or* Tilean), Trade (any three)

Talents: Artistic *or* Etiquette

Trappings: Trade Tools (according to Trade), 15 *gc*

Career Entries: **Cartographer**, Engineer, Militiaman, Navigator, Tradesman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Engineer, Guild Master, Merchant, Militiaman



The Artisans' Guild

The Empire's reputation for "superior Imperial craftsmanship" is largely borne on the shoulders of the Artisans' Guild. The Artisans' Guild is an exclusive body of elite artisans who establish and maintain the standards of mastery in a given craft or trade. Long gone are the days of the lone craftsman, toiling over a single job from start to finish. The modern Imperial workshop features a revised distribution of labour, where the crafting process is divided among teams of subordinate tradesmen working under the supervision of a guild artisan.

Guild artisans see themselves as an elite class rather than mere producers of trade and craft. Guild members gain access to patronage from a higher rank of nobility than unguilded artisans, first rights to the most visible and lucrative contracts, and set important trends that will be followed by many. Surprisingly, admittance to the guild is a rather uncomplicated two-stage affair. However, the application process can be slow without the necessary resources or political connections.

The prospective artisan must first secure the sponsorship of three active guild members in good standing. Guild members are only permitted to sponsor one applicant per year, so this results in an elaborate courting process in which the prospective artisan is expected to bestow lavish gifts and favours upon his potential sponsors. Of course, most sponsors are well aware of the lucrative benefits of guild membership, and seek to extort the same pay-offs they paid as prospects themselves.

The second and more difficult requirement for membership is the presentation and judgment of a masterwork representing the artisan's ability. The masterwork is judged by an assembly of artisans who are experts in the applicant's specific craft or trade. If the masterwork is found wanting, the prospective tradesman may only reapply after two years and must completely repeat the sponsorship process. If the assembly accept the masterwork, they present the applicant with his guild ring and welcome him as a new brother.

It's important to note that the Artisans' Guild is not a trade guild in the traditional sense, and has no financial stake or authority over any other trade or craft guild. The Artisans' Guild is a place where the accomplished masters of craft meet to work, play and debate the important topics of the day. The only commodity traded at the Artisans' Guild is influence.

The Masterwork (Special Rule)

The masterwork is a crafting project that demonstrates the Artisan's "mastery" of the fabrication process and history of his trade or craft. The masterwork is physical proof of the artisan's successful quest for knowledge in his chosen discipline, be it painting, sword-crafting or brewing.

An artisan wishing to craft his own masterwork can attempt to do so by succeeding at a **Hard (-20) Trade Test**. The masterwork must be crafted in full view of the judges, although the artisan does all the work and research himself. Quality components are an asset, and a character may add 5% to his Trade Test for each 250 gold he invests in the work.

Adventure Seeds

The Eye of the Beholder: A well-monied noble is commissioning a portrait for his new bride and paying handsomely for the work. In truth, the noble is a volatile knight and his blushing bride is hideous to behold – can an artisan satisfy the knight yet remain true to his craft?

ADVANCED



ASSASSIN

You have but to whisper the name and pay the gold. He will be dead by week's end.

(Core) Killing for money is not unusual in the Old World. Soldiers and Mercenaries do it every day. Few sell swords achieve the Assassin's level of lethality, however. These hired killers are expertly trained and deadly with a variety of weapons. Many also master the poisoner's art. The best Assassins can dispatch their targets in a matter of seconds, leaving behind no evidence of their presence. Their services are much sought after by political and even religious bodies. Few Assassins care where the commissions come from. They only want a challenging mission and a fat purse for their fee. While most Assassins are loners, a rare few have organized into guilds.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+25%	+25%	+10%	+10%	+30%	+20%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Disguise, Gossip, Perception, Prepare Poison, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing, Silent Move

Talents: Quick Draw, Lightning Parry, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Swashbuckler

Trappings: Net, 4 Throwing Knives, Grappling Hook, 10 yards of Rope, 1 dose of Poison (any)

Career Entries: Champion, Duellist, Judicial Champion, Outlaw Chief, Spy, Targeteer

Career Exits: Champion, Outlaw Chief, Rogue, Sergeant, Witch Hunter

A Day in the Life

The first thing an assassin does once he accepts a job is study the target. He wakes early and sets himself in a vantage point near the target's home, finding a place where he can watch without drawing attention to himself. Many assassins have enough skills in a craft, so they can pretend to be cobblers, tinkers, or street-sweepers and work at such tasks as a cover. The assassin watches everything as he works, taking note of the people passing by, the entrances and exits from the target's residence, and possible weak points in the target's potential defense.

Once the target emerges, the assassin shadows him, staying close enough to watch but far enough away that he won't be noticed. He watches the target throughout the day, noting everywhere he goes and everyone he meets. Every activity is evaluated with an eye toward the job. Does the target lunch at a particular pub where his food could be poisoned? Does he take a shortcut through a dark alley where he could be stabbed unnoticed? Is he fond of touring the docks or the warehouses, where a carefully engineered "accident" might cause his demise?

Whenever the target settles into a location, the assassin takes the opportunity to widen his scrutiny, examining every detail of the locale. He works out strategies to approach and exit each place unseen and unobstructed. A good assassin will study a subject for days, possibly weeks, before finally making his move.

Affiliations

Most assassins prefer to work alone – it is easier to kill alone than coordinate with others, and a solo assassin does not have to split his fee. That does not mean assassins work completely independently, however. In fact, most successful assassins have a wide support network.

First, and most important, are their contacts. A good assassin is one whose true name and face are never known by the client, or by people in general. Assassins often create colourful working names to disguise their true identity, but someone still has to know who they really are (or at least how to reach them). A good, reliable contact can make an assassin's life far easier, making first contact with potential clients and possibly handling the meetings altogether. Contacts get a share of each commission, so it is in their own best interest to get the assassin frequent work and substantial payments.

Assassins rely heavily on their equipment, and for many that means they need someone to create or care for such tools. Since different assassins prefer different methods, this can mean an apothecary for poisons, a blacksmith for bladed weapons, a gunsmith for blackpowder weapons, or several other skilled craftsmen. The ideal equipper is not only talented but discreet.

Some assassins work in a guild, though this is usually only in the largest cities. The guild's three principle functions are as a contact point, an equipping station, and a staging area. The third is crucial – assassins report each job they accept and a guild officer makes sure there are no overlaps or complications. This allows the assassin to work more freely, knowing he will not have direct competition once a job has been assigned. He also knows he has a place he can go to if he needs additional resources, more information, or a safe place to hide.

Adventure Seeds

Spilling His Guts: The city guards arrested someone the assassin has worked with before, and the person in question gave up the assassin's identity in exchange for his own freedom. Now the guards are after the assassin, intent upon punishing him for his previous jobs.

Astrologer



The star sign of Dragomas the Drake aligns with Mammit the Wise. Mannslieb is ascendant and fully revealed. Such portents are auspicious indeed, my lord. Now, concerning the matter of my payment…

(SH) The future is a frightening thing for many people: war, the threat of chaos, disease, financial ruin, and betrayal – there is so much to worry about. People have many questions about the future, and the astrologer is there to supply the answers, whether or not she knows what she is talking about. Surrounded by star charts and arcane equipment, the astrologer seeks answers by charting the motions and relative positions of the planets in the heavens. Some are genuinely talented and try to do their best, while others are little better than fakers who tell their clients whatever they want to hear. Nobles and other powerful people are suspicious of those who can tell their future and zealously guard the time of their births. To cast the horoscope of a ruler without permission is considered treason, and many an astrologer has had to make a hasty exit after just trying to satisfy their curiosity.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+25%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Academic Knowledge (Science), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Estalia, Kislev, or Tilea), Gossip, Navigation, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Read/Write, Secret Signs (Astrologer), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Kislevian, or Tilean)

Talents: Etiquette or Flee!, Luck or Super Numerate

Trappings: Book of Star Charts, Telescope, Trade Tools (Astrologer's Kit), Writing Kit

Career Entries: Apothecary, Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, **Dilettante**, Journeyman Wizard, Master Wizard, Navigator, Noble, Physician, Scholar, Student

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Explorer, Navigator, Scholar

The Order of Acilius Stargazer

This bizarre little brotherhood is a collection of astrologers, priests, scholars and wizards who believe that the ancient scholar, Acilius Geminus, is the greatest prophet of this age. Acilius wrote a book entitled "Via Astra" – literally "By Way of the Stars". Within this lurid little tome, Acilius laid out detailed charts and timelines using his theories of stellar motion and astrological omens. He was not content to simply predict the recent future. Instead his timeline stretches several thousand years forward. Each year has a corresponding cryptic quatrain. The Order is convinced that these are the key to understanding the future. This year's quatrain (translated from Classical) reads thusly:

First the ice falls and then the snow
In hallowed halls, a prince laid low
Cloth'd in shadow, the betrayer reigns
A city of sorrow, the lion is slain

Whether there is any truth to these predictions is an open question. Most are vague and easily applied to a myriad of circumstances, but the Order is convinced and has managed to sway some bored nobility to their beliefs.

Adventure Seeds

Daemonic Destiny? A rather unstable astrologer and member of the Order of Acilius Stargazer decides that this year's quatrain reveals that a particular noble has been replaced by a daemon. He discovers that the noble has a regular clandestine meeting with a mistress, and hires a group of adventurers to serve as his assassins, claiming that the noble has been possessed. Of course, if the adventures actually carry out the astrologer's scheme, they are going to be in a lot of trouble.

The Importance of Star Signs

A character may visit an astrologer to have his fortune read. Be warned – knowing one's future rarely brings happiness. Once the astrologer's palm has been crossed with silver, he will consult his star charts. An astrologer will need to know the character's star sign before a reading can begin (see WFRP page 25). If the astrologer makes a successful Academic Knowledge (Astronomy) test, he correctly foretells the future. The GM rolls 1d10 on the table below. If the astrologer fails the test, he simply bluffs an answer.

1: I Foresee Tragedy! One future die roll (at the GM's discretion) will automatically fail (or result in the worst possible result). This cannot be re-rolled using Fortune Points.

2-4: Dark Omens. The PC receives a –10% penalty for 1d10 days to a statistic or Skill relating to his star sign (GM's choice).

5-6: The Signs are Obscured. There is no effect.

7-9: Glad Tidings. The PC receives a +10% bonus for 1d10 days to a statistic or Skill relating to his star sign (GM's choice).

10: Now is Your Time! The character gains 3 Fortune Points for the next 24 hours. If not used, these Fortune Points are lost.

A character can only benefit or suffer from one result at a time. A character can only roll on this table once per month. If a character tries to have his fortune read before the month is out, he will "offend the stars" and suffers the I Foresee Tragedy! result as a consequence.



Ataman

Let us gather as a community and celebrate the ties that bind us together.

(RotIQ) Most oblast communities are led by atamans (female: atamankas). Gospodar atamans are normally druzhina whose families have ruled locally for generations. By comparison, most Ungols elect their atamans or select them according to obscure (often martial) traditions, for most of their noble bloodlines were wiped out by the Gospodars long ago. Atamans bear great responsibilities, for all important local matters are decided by them, especially those concerning security and law. Further, if there are no local priests, atamans also take on the responsibility for the spiritual wellbeing of their people, leading religious rites and ceremonies.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+15%	+5%	+30%	+20%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History ***or*** Law, Strategy Tactics ***or*** Theology) (Int), Charm (Fel) ***or*** Intimidate (S), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country) (Int), Gossip (Fel) ***or*** Outdoor Survival (Int), Haggle (Fel), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded ***or*** Suave, Public Speaking

Trappings: An ataman must be a distinguished member of a Kislevite community. To stand out from the rest of their people, atamans wield a ***bulava***, a ceremonial mace (Superior Hand Weapon) recognised as a symbol of authority throughout Kislev.

Career Entries: Captain, Horse Master, Noble, Veteran

Career Exits: Politician, Priest, Noble Lord

Notable Figures

Bianca Ostovich is well known throughout the northern oblast as the fearsome atamankas of Petrev. A huge woman she towers over many men, especially when wrapped in her ceremonial furs, great silver bulava gripped in one hand.

Descended from the wild horsemen of the north she is one of the few female Ungol atamans, a testament to her resilience and strength. Scornful of weak southerners, Empire folk and Gospodars alike, she has little time for outsiders. Within Petrev and its surrounds she rules with an iron fist, often helping out the atamans of nearby villages should they be in need. As a result many of the Ungol tribes are in Bianca's debt.

As tough as any man, and a measure tougher than many, it is said she can trace her linage back to the Great War against Chaos when her ancestors fought to free the north of the taint of corruption. As proof of this her great hall is adorned with the weathered skulls of strange and twisted creatures, purportedly beasts slain by her ancestors. Bianca however tends to favour more simple trophies for herself and carries a bag of teeth at her belt, donated from unruly villages and enemies alike. If someone looks like they are getting out of line she rattles her tooth-bag in warning, which is usually enough to make them behave.

Responsibilities

An ataman is responsible for more than just the safety and well being of their village. They must also preside over many of the daily activities of their people. It is said on the oblast that if it is important to the village then it is important to the ataman.

Judgment: Frequently an ataman must act as judge and jury for his people. Determining guilt and dishing out punishment. This is where a good knowledge of his people is vital, so that he might weight the person's worth against the crime. This is why it is always a good idea to stay on the ataman's good side.

Ceremonies: An ataman is always present and sometimes involved in all naming days, marriages and funerals within his village. Though if there is a priest on hand they will usually perform the ceremony it is up to the ataman to make sure it all runs smoothly. Such is an ataman's influence that few within his village will consider a marriage without his blessing.

The Hunt – At the start of each year it is considered a mark of great fortune for the ataman to lead the village's hunters. The honour of the first years kill then falls to him and many within the village believe that the animal brought back by the ataman says much about what the new year has in store.

Adventure Seeds

Dark Leadership: Koris, the ataman of the village of Slavich, has been revealed as a worshipper of dark powers. Even with this terrible revelation none within the village dare move against him as he is still their ataman. Secretly they are trying to contact some outsiders to deal with the evil ataman for them.

United Cause: News is spreading of a great horde of Chaos poised to rampage across the northern oblast. The Ice Queen knows however that the Ungol atamans of that region are fiercely divided. She is looking for someone to travel to the north and try and unite the atamans before it is too late.

Badlander

Life's tough here, so we're tougher. The only hope here is the dream of leaving these rocks behind.

(RC) Badlanders, as the name suggests, live in the badlands of the Border Princes. These areas are often mazes of broken rock, containing little water and less life, and what life is present is unpalatable at best and hostile at worst. They have to travel constantly around the area to find food and water, which also makes it relatively easy for them to hide. A surprisingly high proportion of Badlanders have previous careers from which they are hiding; those who don't tend to dream of doing something worth hiding from.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Orientation, Sixth Sense

Trappings: Climbing Equipment

Career Entries: Anchorite, Peasant, Vagabond

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Vagabond

Finding Forgiveness in the Badlands

The Badlands hold a life of unbelievable hardship compared to life in the Empire. Living on the move in such harsh terrain forces the natives to be hunters and gatherers of any potential food and water sources. Where vagabonds might scavenge easily in a forest, badlanders must scour rugged rock and sparse ravines for the well-hidden edible plants or sheltered sources of water.

Because of these hardships, enduring the Badlands is a suitable punishment for those incurring a god's wrath. The length of one's sentence when exiled to the Badlands depends on his or her transgression, though a typical sentence is "his years in days and one, to prove his piety outweighs his maturity." Many penitents die in the Badlands before completing their contrition due to their inability to find easy food, water, or shelter (or because they fall afoul of the native Badlanders).

Beatrix "Crow's Daughter"

While many people with questionable natures flee to the Badlands to hide from the consequences of previous actions, some are born into the rough life "between the mountains." Beatrix knows little more than the struggles for life among the stone labyrinths.

Raised by Bretonnian and Averlander deserters, Beatrix has lived among the Badlands her entire life. The only evidence of her parentage is her much-pitted Bretonnian dagger, with a crow's head and wings for its quillons. She remembers only that her father was a strong, fierce fighter whenever outsiders entered "his" claimed territory, and her mother could make the worst stews palatable with her knowledge of herbs.

Now, as an adult, Beatrix wonders what life is like beyond the stone canyons and desolation of her youth. She plans on finding out, once she secures a bit more coin and a reliable map of the Empire.

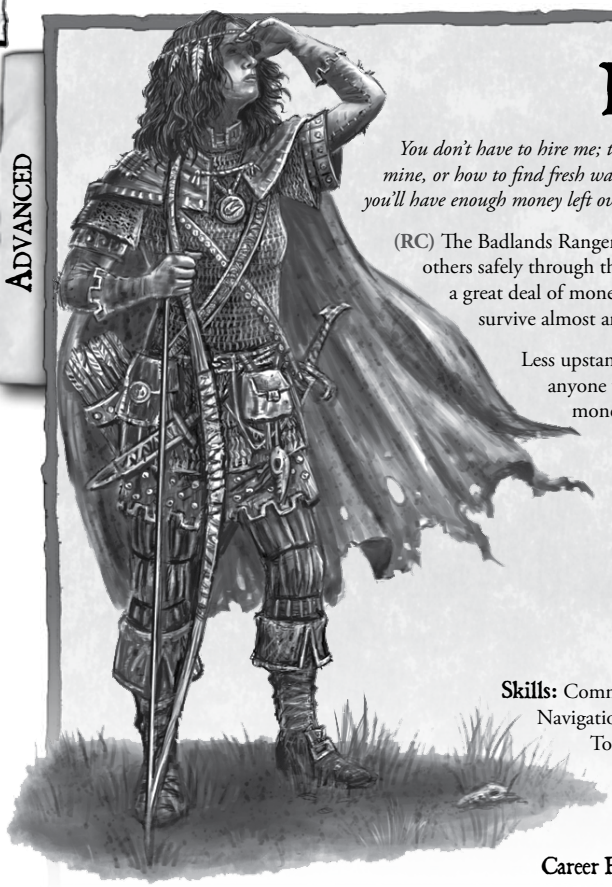
Adventure Seeds

Cat and Mouse: A great deal of money can be made by pursuing deserters and criminals into the Badlands and bringing them back to civilization and justice. However, many bounty hunters bring half of their fees with them into the Badlands, where they become victims of those they hunt. The party can come in on either side of this, seeking either to hide among the Badlands or root out those who do so.

Threats from the North: Badlanders don't band together often except to drive out those who menace all of them. Such are the threats out of the World's Edge mountains – ghouls, goblins, orcs, beastmen, or the Chaos cults of the southern Empire. All prey on Badlanders for food, as they are easier and more succulent prey than the usual rock lizards and goats. The party can easily win favor within the Empire by hunting down these Chaos threats, beyond the usual reach of Imperial law.

A Rugged Proposition: A former criminal approaches the party with a proposition. On his most recent prison stay, the man had the good fortune to share a cell with a badlander who described an ancient crypt hidden deep within the rugged borderlands. All he asks in exchange for the information is an armed escort willing to brave the dangers of the Border Princes and help him locate and explore the ruins.

ADVANCED



Badlands Ranger

You don't have to hire me; there are lots of guides willing to take you into the badlands. Very few know about the lost mine, or how to find fresh water in the Scorched Valley. By all means, find someone who'll guide you cheaply; maybe you'll have enough money left over to pay for your funeral.

(RC) The Badlands Ranger is an experienced individual familiar with the hazards of the area and able to lead others safely through them. A trustworthy Badlands Ranger is worth a great deal of money, and they charge a great deal of money to those who want their services. Threatening them rarely works because they can survive almost any situation in the region. They will simply leave their obnoxious employers to die.

Less upstanding Badlands Rangers do the same with wealthy employers – wealthy meaning anyone who can afford to hire them in the first place. They come back later to pick up the money.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+10%	+20%	+25%	+20%	+20%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+7	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout), Set Trap, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Flee!, Orientation, Rover, Sixth Sense, Very Resilient

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), 10 yards of Rope

Career Entries: Explorer, Outlaw Chief, Scout

Career Exits: Captain, Explorer, Outlaw Chief

A Day in the Life

When not acting as scouts or guides for others, badlands rangers spend their days surviving. Gathering scarce food resources in the Border Princes is hard enough; avoiding marauding packs of orcs, beastmen, brigands or the armed forces of one of the many petty rulers of this land tests them to the limit. Badlands rangers are tough, but have enough common sense not to start a fight unless they know they'll win it.

The Badlands are a wild and dangerous part of the Border Princes; having a local guide familiar with its perils is essential for survival. A badlands ranger can be of limitless value when trying to move into or through the Border Princes without attracting undue attention.

The fees they charge for their services are steep, but there are few who can guide a party safely through this inhospitable terrain. Woe to anyone who resorts to threats to force a badlands ranger to perform a task he does not wish to undertake; he will simply slip away quietly in the middle of the night, leaving his employers to their justly deserved fate.

Affiliations

Badlands rangers tend to attract the company of those wanting to avoid the eye of the law: smugglers, crime lords, hedge wizards and people on the run from authority are likely to associate with badlands rangers as a means to their goals.

Given a choice, rangers would prefer to associate with those who can help them find paying work: innkeepers, border courtiers, bounty hunters, messengers, scouts and smugglers all can provide regular work or can act as a reference for the skills and abilities of a badlands ranger. Naturally each such contact expects a generous finder's fee to direct such business to the ranger.

Perhaps one of the most intriguing jobs a badlands ranger is employed to undertake is "smuggling" people into and out of the Border Princes. With the constant intrigues and political upheavals, many a noble, dignitary or diplomat will suddenly find himself displaced, and in need of a quick departure.

Likewise, an enterprising rival may try to seize such an opportunity, and look to employ someone who can help him insinuate himself into the right place at the right time.

Adventure Seeds

A Lead on the Loot: The adventurers hear of rumours of a great treasure hidden among ancient ruins deep in the badlands of the Border Princes. The only man who claims to know its location is One-eyed Franz, a badlands ranger. When the adventurers find him, he is eager to join them for a share of the loot. Can he be trusted to keep them safe, or will he try to rob them in their sleep, and slip away, leaving them at the mercy of the wilds?

The Hidden Shrine: A dangerous and well-connected border courtier has only three warm bodies between himself and the throne he desires. The courtier seeks damning evidence against his rivals which will remove them from the picture. He is convinced the three belong to a secret cult that meets in an accursed shrine deep in the wastes, and will pay good coin if someone can locate the shrine and bring him the evidence he seeks.

Bailiff

Open up, Johann. I know you're in there. You always seem to be indisposed when it's time to collect the rent.

(Core) Bailiffs are manorial officials in the service of Noble Lords. While many of their duties involve the upkeep of the lands and resources of the manor proper, they are notorious amongst the peasantry for something else entirely. Bailiffs are collectors of rents and taxes from the villages surrounding their manors, and enforcers of the Peasants' labour obligations to their lords. These duties make them deeply unpopular with the villagers, particularly during the lean times. As the hated face of lordly imposition, Bailiffs are the first to die when the Peasants get angry and revolt.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Animal Care or Gossip, Charm, Command or Navigation, Intimidate or Common Knowledge (the Empire), Perception, Read/Write, Ride

Talents: Etiquette or Super Numerate, Public Speaking

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness, One Set of Good Craftsmenship Clothing

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Jailer

Career Exits: Militiaman, Politician, Protagonist, Racketeer, Smuggler, Toll Keeper

A Day in the Life

Being a bailiff is not an easy task. No one looks forward to seeing the bailiff on any occassion - especially when taxes or rent are due. During tax season, the bailiff can expect to work long, thankless days at his lord's many tasks. Rising early, a bailiff travels to the furthest outskirts to collect tithes and taxes from the farmers working his lord's lands.

As the day wears on, he winds his way back toward the manorhouse, collecting his due from local merchants, shopkeepers or proprieters renting space from the lord. His daily routine ends with him bringing the collected monies to his lord or the lord's steward to be applied to the many expenses associated with managing the land.

While the bailiff may not be popular, the rents and taxes he collects do not just sit idly to line his lord's coffers; the lord's buildings and domain must be maintained, and his advisors, soldiers and retinue must be compensated. And in times of need, it is often the lord's coin that replaces the village's broken mill wheel or pays to dig a new well in the village green for all to use.

But the bailiff earns no affection for his task. His is the face of avarice, detached indifference and all such things the commoners despise about their lord. Because of this, the bailiff may find himself subject to the curses, tirades and challenges a commoner would not dare levy against the lord.

After suffering from the spite of those he visits throughout the day, the bailiff finds it difficult to relax. His occupation puts him in an unenviable social position - the bailiff is generally reviled by the working folk and will find himself unwelcome in the taverns and inns frequented by the locals, yet he has no claim to nobility or the luxuries of life, so often finds himself without peers with which to socialise.

Bailiffs in the City

While bailiffs may be most commonly found in the employ of a noble lord or the burgher of a small community, it is not without precedent to see bailiffs in service in larger cities such as Nuln or Altdorf. In these cases, the bailiff often fufills a slightly different role.

Large cities are comprised of myriad organisations, guilds and unions, each of which functions as a smaller community within the whole. It is within these sub-divisions and specialised communities where a bailiff finds his place in city life.

For example, a bailiff may be on the payroll of a local guild to make regular rounds throughout the city proper and collect fees and dues from its members, collect payments from organisations that rely on the guild's services, parcel out expenditures on behalf of the guild's leadership or all manner of similar tasks and responsibilities.

Adventure Seeds

An Unwelcome Task: The bailiff's employer is having difficulty covering unforseen expenses stemming from an especially harsh winter. He decides to impose a new tax on the local farmers, assessing them two brass pennies per acre for any fallow or untilled fields, and the bailiff has the honour of both informing the farmers of the new tax, as well as collecting it immediately.

Local Unrest: The local populace chooses to express its outrage at the high cost of rent in their district by threatening to abandon the lord's domain and moving to a neighbouring rival's lands. The lord is furious and sends the bailiff to substantiate these threats, as well as identify the people behind this little insurrection and "deal with them."



Barber-Surgeon

This won't hurt a bit. Before I start, though, you may want to bite down on this leather strop.

(Core) Barber-Surgeons provide painful but effective healing to the common folk of the Empire. They are not as learned as Physicians, which is why Physicians maintain a separate guild, but they know quite a lot about anatomy. While they do cut hair and shave, they are more noted for their bleedings, surgeries, and amputations. Barber-Surgeons carry a variety of razor-sharp blades, from small scalpels to enormous bone saws. They have even more sinister looking tools for the most hated of their avocations: dentistry. Many large ships have a dedicated Barber-Surgeon as part of the crew; they are also common in towns and cities.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Drive or Swim, Haggle, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel, or Tilean), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Resistance to Disease or Savvy, Suave or Very Resilient, Surgery

Trappings: Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon)

Career Entries: Dilettante, Initiate, Student

Career Exits: Interrogator, Grave Robber, Physician, Tradesman, Vagabond

Affiliations

Barber-surgeons are closely regulated by their guilds, that are, in turn, regulated by the local authorities. When you consider that barber-surgeons hold razors to the throats of honest citizens on a daily basis, this is easy to understand. In many places, practising as a barber-surgeon without guild authorisation counts as assault with a weapon, a crime that often carries the death penalty. This makes expulsion from the surgeons guild a very serious threatfor its members.

In most areas, the surgeon's guild is tightly controlled by a small group of families who carefully control admission into their circle. Some are primarily interested in keeping competition down, and thus admit very few new members. Others require ordinary members to pay a very large portion of their income to the guild, and ultimately to the controlling masters. Still others require members to pass on information they hear while shaving, or the details of the injuries they are asked to treat. Guilds that gather information may pass it on to the authorities, organised crime, chaos cults, or all of the above.

The guild conditions mean that there is almost always demand for the services of unguilded barber-surgeons. They might be cheaper, or better able to keep a secret. Guilds are active in hunting down these blacklegs and turning them over to the authorities for punishment. However, in some cases they might offer to allow them to continue operating, in return for information.

Barber-surgeons must either deal with the guilds' unreasonable demands, or make sure that the guilds never discover them.

Little Known Facts

According to an Imperial decree of the time of Magnus the Pious, any alleged physical mutation should be examined by an accredited barber-surgeon or physician, to confirm that it is not natural, before the mutant is executed. The decree has never been repealed, but it is almost always ignored, as the unnatural nature of most mutations is obvious. Executing a mutant without an inspection is, however, still technically illegal.

Most barber-surgeons refuse to work when Morrslieb is full, saying that the razor slips far too often when the Chaos Moon looks down.

Adventure Seeds

Never Mind How It Happened: The barber-surgeon is asked to treat a strange wound by someone who is evasive about where and how he acquired it. A few days later, a different person asks for treatment for an identical wound, and is just as vague about the cause. By the sixth person with the same wound, even the most obtuse barber-surgeon would surely be getting a little curious.

Fatal Flamboyance: A local nobleman is renowned for his elaborate hairstyles and, among barber-surgeons, for the absurdly high fees he pays his favoured barber. That fortunate individual dies in an accident, and the nobleman announces a competition to find a successor. The competition is supposed to be in hairstyling, but a surprising number of the city's barber-surgeons suffer from accidents, some fatal. The fees are reputed to be good, but really not good enough to kill for. What is going on?

Battle Pilgrim



ADVANCED

Milord bequeathed unto me this relic for my honored service. Failure to serve me, and through me his Holiness, shall reveal what holy powers this gauntlet shall visit upon thy sorry skull.

(KotG) 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.

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.

Tasks of Peace

In the simplest sense, battle pilgrims leads pilgrims into battle alongside their Grail Knight, emboldening their brothers-in-arms. However, a battle pilgrim must also protect his Grail Knight from the zealous predations of his own followers. Grail pilgrims claim anything from a discarded clout to bedstraw left after breaking camp. True battle pilgrims keep such craven behaviour out of their lordship's sight (and punish those who usurp their rightful first refusal of such holy relics).

Battle pilgrims also have a host of mundane roles in their Grail Knight's service, such as ordering the breaking or making of camp, acting as a knight's aide or squire as needed, assigning followers to work as grooms for any horses in the retinue and the like. One of the more bizarre roles, however, is the privilege to bear the company's reliquae – the corpse of a Grail knight who fell in battle during his quest, carried along in a decorated waincart. This is a fiercely contested honour, as the reliquae is oft considered the ultimate symbol of their devotion and fidelity to the Lady of the Lake.

Johann Novastus (Ulrike Stavonnus)

Born Ulrike Stavonnus in a tiny Carcassonne village, the daughter of the village blacksmith was always a bit of a tomboy. Ulrike's world changed forever when a stranger stopped by her father's forge. She fell in love with Sir Paris de Marbleau at first sight. Sir Paris was a Grail Knight, who needed his armour repaired. While her father was busy repairing the knight's breastplate, Sir Paris questioned him about local pools, streams, and isolated glades in search of the Lady of the Lake.

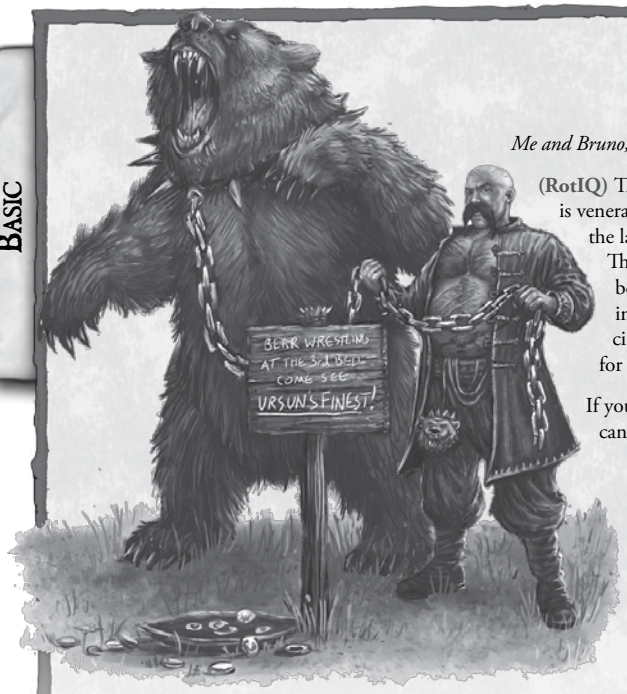
Lovestruck, Ulrike made a hasty decision. She would follow Sir Paris on his noble quest, and earn his love. Leaving behind the life of a blacksmith's daughter was easy. All it required was a hastily self-inflicted haircut, a spear and a suit of slightly overlarge chainmail from her father's smithy. Soon the willowy Ulrike became the slender "Johann Novastus," grail pilgrim called to the quest. As Johann, she hurried after her Sir Paris, following him on his quest. After realising he would never be rid of the persistent lad, Sir Paris finally accepted Johann into his service as squire and companion.

Johann's utter devotion for his master convinced many of the knight's holy cause. By the end of their first year together, three other stalwart followers joined their camp. Over the next four years, Johann saved Sir Paris from two outlaw assassinations and numerous orc and goblin ambushes as their Grail quest took them among the Vaults. His lord gifted Johann his own personal chainmail after the duke of Artois gave Paris a new suit of plate mail. Johann's other secret treasure is a broken knife he wears around his neck – it was abandoned by Sir Paris when it broke against an orc's breastbone.

Now a veteran battle pilgrim, Johann leads a motley group of other devoted followers. Now in their third tour around Bretonnia, Johann assures her fellow followers that Sir Paris shall see the Grail long before they reach the northern Grey Mountains.

Adventure Seeds

Mysterious Ways: The characters hear rumours of a one-eyed Battle Pilgrim who followed on the heels of three different deceased Grail Knights. In a cave within the Vaults, the characters discover that the battle pilgrim preserved the heads and hands of each Grail Knight as part of his holy reliquae. The Battle Pilgrim now seeks two more Grail Knights to complete his reliquae, after which he believes the Lady of the Lake shall grant him a vision and lead him to the Grail.



Bear Tamer

Me and Bruno, we like brothers… share same food, share same bed… what so funny, eh, Empire-man?

(RotIQ) The bear is sacred in Kislev. It features in the myths and legends of both tribes and is venerated by the powerful Cult of Ursun. Bears are perceived as living embodiments of the land's enduring might and strength, and the struggles all Kislevites must endure. Therefore, boyars often recruit bear tamers to support their armed forces, keeping bears as inspiring mascots and sometimes for use in war. As Kislevites gather in great numbers to see bears, bear trainers are also common in Kislev's famous circuses and on the streets during festival time, where they dance or show-wrestle for coin.

If you are rolling randomly for your starting career and are not rolling a Kislevite, you can substitute bear tamer for entertainer with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+10%	+5%	+5%	–	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel), Charm Animal (Fel), Consume Alcohol (T) ***or*** Gossip (Fel), Perception (Int) ***or*** Performer (any one) (Fel), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded ***or*** Very Strong, Lightning Reflexes ***or*** Public Speaking, Very Resilient ***or*** Wrestling

Trappings: Bear tamers find that a bit of armour goes a long way towards deflecting the claws of an unruly or grouchy bear and so most wear at least leather jacks. As well, every bear tamer needs a collar and chain for his beast, and a whip or goad can't hurt. A starting bear tamer must also have a bear, which he can train over the course of his career.

Career Entries: Entertainer, Initiate of Ursun, Priest of Ursun

Career Exits: **Animal Trainer**, Entertainer, Initiate of Ursun, Pit Fighter, Soldier

Taming Ursun's Children

As a mark of respect to Ursun, Kislevite bear tamers prefer their bears companions to retain a spark of wildness, so they use bears captured in the wild rather than those bred in captivity.

The hunt for young bears begins in spring, when the cubs born at the end of winter emerge from their dens. The bear tamer joins the hunt, along with a priest of Ursun to bless the hunters. A mother bear is highly protective of her young, but killing her is prohibited, so cunning is employed to snatch a cub. Dozens of hunters perish each year, although there are many volunteers; it is a great honour to join a successful hunt.

While the hunters stalk their prey, the priest leaves offerings of food at the den to recompense the mother for her loss. In his prayers, he promises that her cub will be treated as a prince in its new life among humans.

A bear tamer regards a captured cub as his child. It undergoes a naming ceremony at a temple of Ursun, and will feed from the family table. When the bear grows to maturity, it is housed in a cage outside, decorated with household trappings to make it feel at home.

The bear will be taught to dance or play-wrestle, skills that will attract crowds at fairs and festivals. Popular bears can become celebrities, and can earn their tamers a small fortune.

Although the bond between a tamer and his bear is strong, many a tamer has been killed by an over-exuberant display of affection. A killer bear is held in awe, its aggression seen as a gift from Ursun, and it is transferred to the bear-pit of the god's temple.

When a bear becomes too old to perform, its sorrowful trainer takes it to a priest of Ursun for slaughter. The bear's flesh is consumed at a farewell meal, and its skin used for the family's clothing. What cannot be eaten is burnt at Ursun's altar, so that the bear's spirit can rejoin its father.

Warbears of Kislev

Many bear tamers are associated with a temple of Ursun, where they look after those bears consigned to the temple bear-pits on account of their size and ferocity.

The bears' aggressiveness is encouraged, although priests of Ursun and bear-tamers can walk among them unharmed. To give them a taste for human blood, criminals are sentenced to be dropped into the bear-pits, and the ensuing carnage draws large crowds.

In times of war, to demonstrate that Ursun protects Kislev, the priests drive the bears to the battlefield, and set them loose against the enemy ranks, where they cause mayhem. Bears that die in the service of Kislev are given solemn military funerals.

Sometimes high-ranking Boyars commission bear tamers to train bears as battle-mounts, the ultimate symbol of power. These tamers are among the most well-paid and well-respected.

Adventure Seeds

Bear Hunt: A bear tamer is embarking on an expedition to trap a cub, financed by a wealthy Boyar. The adventurers would win great respect from their Kislevite hosts should they take part, and a successful mission promises a great reward.

Black Guard

You may not pass. Unless it is through Morr's Gates you wish to travel.



(NDM) Whilst the cult of Morr has few, if any, official templars, they do have the Black Guard. These universally dour and serious warriors have an even more serious responsibility: to guard both the living and the dead from the endless malice of the Undead and those who would raise them. For the most part, they are a defensive order, protecting the great temples and graveyards of the Empire and the dignitaries of the cult, only riding to war in exceptional circumstances, such as during a crusade against the Vampire counts. Unlike most knights, they are trained in the use of ranged weapons to prevent their enemies from bringing their strength to bear in close quarters. This, along with their foreboding black obsidian armour and their strict vow of silence when on duty, means they are shunned by most other knightly orders, but such is the price of duty.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	+15%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+5%	+20%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy, Theology), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Menacing, Mighty Shot ***or*** Strike Mighty Blow, Sharpshooter ***or*** Sure Shot, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Crossbow ***or*** Longbow, Two-handed), Stout-Hearted

Trappings: Blessed Water, Crossbow ***or*** Longbow, Lance, Destrier with Saddle and Harness, Heavy Armour (Full Plate), Medallion of the Raven

Career Entries: Knight, Priest (Morr only), Sergeant, Squire, Vampire Hunter, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Priest (Morr only), Knight of the Inner Circle, Knight of the Raven, Vampire Hunter

The Life of a Black Guard

Black Guards appear to watch the open portals of Morr's temples night and day, without rest. In truth, guard posts are split into three shifts. However, each Black Guard is barely distinguishable from his replacement, and guard changes are conducted so discreetly that even someone standing nearby could miss it. When not on duty, Black Guards conduct martial training exercises and attend lessons under priests of Morr, who instruct them on theology and the undead.

When Morrian priests are required to travel long distances for funeral services, a Black Guard often accompanies them. Black Guards have also been known to escort priests of other gods, particularly Myrmidia and Verena, when they visit a Morrian abbey. The Order sometimes assigns Black Guards as chaperones under the false pretence of escort duty.

In towns where the Order of Morr houses the Fellowship of the Shroud, Black Guards are prone to being caught up in cult politics. Although a Black Guard's responsibility is to the priests, many Black Guards aspire to join the Knights of the Raven. They often assist the order's Shroud agents, hoping to make a favourable impression. If the assistance involves destroying undead, Black Guards who abandon their posts can later claim that they were simply obeying the strictures of Morr.

Black Guards are otherwise incorruptible. Only the most dedicated of Morr's followers could endure standing all day in full plate armour, silent and expressionless. Only with express permission of the Order do Black Guards leave their temples for long periods, typically for family duties or religious pilgrimages.

Vows and Strictures

Black Guards observe all the regular strictures of Morr (see *WFRP*, page 176). In addition, they observe the following vows:

Vow of Stoicism: The service of Morr is to be taken seriously. Black Guards may not laugh or make jokes, whether on duty or not. Their stoicism is sometimes unintentionally humourous, but this does not constitute a breach of their vow.

Vow of Silence: Black Guards may not participate in conversations while on duty. If asked questions by superiors of the Order, Black Guards may answer, but only with the minimal number of words. The vow of silence does not apply to combat situations, when Black Guards communicate in Battle Tongue.

Vow of Sacrifice: When faced with undead attackers, Black Guards must defend Morr's temples to the last drop of blood. Against living opponents, or when facing the undead on neutral ground, Black Guards are permitted to conduct a strategic retreat if the situation warrants.

Adventure Seeds

Gathering Evidence: The Fellowship of the Shroud suspects a respected physician of practicing necromancy. One of the Shroud agents is a junior priest of Morr, who wants to ban the physician from the temple. The senior priest opposes him on lack of evidence, so the Shroud agent privately appeals for the Black Guard's help to find evidence.

Grave Robbers: The graveyard of a neighbouring village has been despoiled by grave robbers. The Black Guard is given leave from temple duties to inspect the crime scene and bring the culprits to justice if possible.



Boatman

Are you looking for a ride up the river, sir? We – my captain and me, that is – can help you out with that -- for a small fee, of course.

(Core) The rivers of the Empire are vital arteries of communication and commerce. They provide speedy transportation and link most of the major cities of the realm. Boatmen ply these busy waterways, taking passengers and goods throughout the Empire and even into Kislev. Although the rivers are safer than the dark forest roads, they are not without danger. Many routes pass through wild country untouched by civilisation. Boatmen must be ready to protect their cargoes and fares from raiders and bandits. Experienced Boatmen are tough and resourceful, equally adept at boat handling, navigation, and combat.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire or Kislev), Consume Alcohol or Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row, Sail, Secret Language (Ranger) or Speak Language (Kislevian), Swim

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat

Career Entries: Ferryman, Smuggler

Career Exits: Fisherman, Marine, Navigator, Seaman, Smuggler

A Day in the Life

Boatmen typically spend long days steering their boats downstream or rowing them upriver against the current. At journey's end, the faster the cargo is unloaded, the quicker a boatman gets paid and the sooner he can toddle off to the nearest tavern while the captain arranges cargo and passengers for the return trip.

Any downtime on board is spent mending, repairing and maintaining the vessel and equipment. The work is backbreaking and tedious, with occasional, long periods of boredom for good measure. Boatmen rarely spend much time in one place, so it's an ideal avocation both for passable mutants and for serial criminals.

Boatmen act not only as crew to load, unload and handle the river craft en route, but also as guardians against the many threats that seek to prey on river traffic. River pirates are not unknown, and the occasional clever bandits will create traps or logjams along the rivers to hinder or halt traffic altogether, making them easy pickings for resourceful thieves.

A successful boatman must proficient in weaponry as well as the art of ship handling. Some skill in carpentry is useful as well, for submerged rocks and hidden snags can often damage a river craft; timely repairs can prevent the loss of not only the vessel and cargo, but the crew as well.

Affiliations

The career of a Boatman tends to be an unfulfilling one. Boatmen who are smart will save their money to either buy their own boat or buy a piece of land and take to farming. Many boatmen become pirates or smugglers, as the pay is better and the hours much shorter.

Still, boatmen tend to know members of the Dockers Guild -- responsible for loading and unloading ships in the larger cities – as well as both merchant and military sailors. Connections such as these can help provide career exit paths as well as information and the occasional assist in not-strictly-legal acts.

It's not unknown for a boatman particularly shrewd in handling money to become a smuggler or merchant as soon as he has a few coins to rub together, and with the connections on the docks and knowing which palms to grease, such savvy individuals might make a nice living for themselves.

Adventure Seeds

Dangerous Transport: The party is recruited for a mission to rescue hostages captured by pirates or bandits upriver. The boatmen charged with getting the party close to their quarry could be helpful, or they may be in league with the kidnappers.

Smuggling Smugglers: The party is recruited to steal something from a docked ship. The cargo is small and light, but valuable and sure to be guarded. The players must rely on boatmen to get them close to the ship without being seen, then get them away from the ship and into the safety of a nearby marsh or the mouth of a river to avoid capture by the authorities and the owners of the stolen goods. When the party hands over the cargo, they may find they their payment is more than they bargained for.

Bodyguard

Back off! Nobody touches Mister Garibaldi!

(Core) Old Worlders claim Altdorf merchants are so dishonest they can't even trust themselves with their own lives – thus they pay Bodyguards to look after their assets. The Old World is, of course, a dangerous place and its cities are no exception. It's all too easy to end up with a knife in the back on the crowded streets of a major metropolis like Nuln or Middenheim. The rich and powerful use Bodyguards to protect themselves from thieves and common riffraff. While many look like the thugs they are, others are gussied up in the livery of the Noble or Merchant House they serve. Some of the groups are so big that they are practically private armies.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Heal, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Disarm or Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting, Strike to Stun, Very Strong or Very Resilient

Trappings: Buckler, Knuckle-dusters, A Pair of Throwing Axes or Throwing Knives, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Estalian Diestro, Jailer, Mercenary, Thug

Career Exits: Bailiff, Bounty Hunter, Interrogator, Jailer, Mercenary, Protagonist, Racketeer

The House of Haessler

Perhaps the most famous bodyguards in the Empire are the black and grey-clad House of Haessler. Colonel Reinhald Haessler of Altdorf started this company after mustering out of the Imperial army. Badly disfigured and sporting a hook in place of his left hand, Herr Haessler decided that regardless of injury, retirement was not for him.

He recruited thugs and mercenaries, dangerous men who knew their way around a fight, and otherwise might have turned to knee-breaking or banditry. He equipped them and taught them military discipline. His contacts within the army attracted his first clients and word of mouth and his ruthless efficiency did the rest.

The House of Haessler has been in existence now for almost two decades and has known nothing but success. Colonel Haessler has built himself a private army and companies of the House are found in almost every major city of the Empire. Key to his success is his 'no questions' policy.

If a recruit obeys his rules and perform well in front of clients, the Colonel doesn't care where they come from. It is this very policy that has created controversy and suspicion. Some claim that some of the Empire's most wanted criminals are among the ranks of the House of Haessler, who have been given a reprieve from justice with the Colonel's help.

Luther Gorgen

Luther is a mountain of a man and among the most famous independent bodyguards in the Empire. His reputation began when he stopped an assassination attempt against a noble and his niece. An assassin struck at the family, feathering Gorgen and three other bodyguards, with poisoned darts. The other bodyguards died instantly, victims of the assassin's poison. Luther not only survived, he went on to tackle the assassin and quickly subdued him while the noble's family escaped to safety.

An imposing figure at almost seven feet tall, some mutter that Luther Gorgen must have ogre blood somewhere in his family line. Entirely mercenary, Luther will work for anyone who can afford his salary, which is extremely costly. But which former clients swear is well justified.

What his employers often don't know is that the silent and stoic Luther has leveraged his reputation to become a very successful information broker. The quiet Luther hears much whispered by his employers in their rarefied halls of power.

Adventure Seeds

Escort and Explore: Colonel Haessler has received an unusual request from a client too valued to simply refuse. His bodyguards are poorly suited for this errand (though one of his men does still accompany the party). The client, a young noble ill-suited for dungeon exploration, wishes to go to an elvish ruin to retrieve a present for his elf-obsessed fiancée. The noble has promised a bonus for any particularly impressive items that will dazzle his beloved.

The Business of Life and Death: One of the bodyguards of a Merchant House is found dead in an alleyway, stripped of his livery. Rumours on the street say that the famed assassin and master of disguise, Alizandre, is in the city. Can the assassin be stopped in time?



Bondsman

The Jarl says you die. Slowly. And I am nothing if not loyal to the Jarl.

(ToC) The Bondsman is a warrior in service to a particular Jarl. He is expected to live in the Jarl's Hall, share the Jarl's food, and be steadfastly loyal. In exchange for his pledge of loyalty, the Jarl rewards service with gifts, such as weapons and armour, and to the very best, land and title. The worth of the gift is never measured in actual value, but rather the prestige it bestows on the Bondsman. It's important to remember such gifts do not make the Bondsman a mercenary; rather, it is a reward for constant and loyal service.

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**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Savvy, Menacing, Quick Draw *or* Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Hand Weapon and Shield *or* Great Weapon, Medium Armour (Full Leather and Mail Shirt), Skin of Ale, three Gifts (each worth 1d10/2 *gc*)

Career Entries: Berserker, Mercenary, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Berserker, Bodyguard, Freeholder, Marauder, Mercenary, Reaver, Skald, Veteran, Warleader

Affiliations

Two relationships are of significant importance to bondsmen: their loyalty to their jarl, and their relationship with their jarl's other bondsmen.

Loyalty is everything to a bondsman, because it is only through his loyalty that he can advance. Jarls value insight, endurance and, especially, martial prowess, but consider loyalty more important than any of them. A bondsman with little talent beyond loyalty can advance to die a freeholder, while a superb warrior whose loyalty is suspect will find only an early death. A bondsman who betrays or fails his jarl risks losing everything, so bondsmen obey their jarl's orders without question.

Relationships between bondsmen in the same clan are far more complex. On the one hand, they must rely on each other during times of war, and all are loyal to the their jarl, making them natural allies. On the other, they are in competition for the jarl's favour; a jarl has a limited number of gifts to distribute between his bondsmen.

The Norse are a quarrelsome breed, but a jarl keeps order by punishing infighting between his bondsmen with death. If a bondsman wants to advance at the expense of a rival, he must be subtle. A jarl may reward a bondsman who exposes disloyalty in another. There are always casualties in battle, and sometimes a bondsman might engineer an "accident" to befall a rival. However, anyone caught doing so may face a life of slavery or a swift death.

Bondsmen are interested in their jarl's success, because it directly increases their prosperity. This self-interest reinforces the oath of loyalty, and has made the system very resilient.

Little Known Facts

In some remote holds, where there is little wealth, few resources or no tactical defences, there may not even be a true jarl. Instead, the bondsmen swear loyalty to each other, and the fruits of plunder are distributed by the vote of all the warriors. The warriors must be devoted to a single ruinous power or to none, as mixed loyalties would soon tear the group apart.

Bondsmen swear loyalty to their jarl over a weapon, called an oath weapon, and traditionally use that weapon in their jarl's service. However, tradition holds that anyone who loses their oath weapon will be cursed with ill fortune. When a bondsman is not wielding his oath weapon in anger, he keeps it close, even taking it to bed with him at night.

Adventure Seeds

A New Life: A bondsman is instructed by his jarl to travel south, to the soft Empire, and gather information about possible targets for raiding. When he returns, he will lead the raiders, and the jarl promises land if he succeeds. Once the bondsman reaches the Empire, he has second thoughts, and wishes to leave the employ of his jarl and start a new life in the Empire. Can he be trusted, or is this all a ruse to learn valuable information he will take back to his jarl?

Ruinous Rivals: A bondsman suspects that one of his fellow bondsmen has made a secret pact with one of the Ruinous Powers. Before he informs the jarl, he needs to catch his rival in some nefarious act, and asks the characters to uncover – or contrive – whatever evidence is necessary to implicate his rival.

Bonepicker

There's a lovely bit of rubbish over here...

(Core) Bone Pickers are scavengers, scraping a living together off the refuse of others. They lead their carts through villages and towns, collecting old bones, rags, and other junk and disposing of it in return for a few pennies or a small item in trade. Sometimes known as rag and bone men or rag pickers, they are a common sight in the Empire's cities, which generate large amounts of waste. Since many goods pass through their hands, Bone Pickers are also petty traders. What is trash to a wealthy Burgher is treasure to a poor Peasant.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Charm or Gossip, Drive, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Haggle, Perception, Search

Talents: Coolheaded or Streetwise, Hardy or Resistance to Disease

Trappings: Cart, 3 Sacks

Career Entries: Peasant, Rat Catcher, Vagabond

Career Exits: Camp Follower, Cat Burglar, Fence, Grave Robber, Smuggler

Little Known Facts

Bonepickers are an excellent source of news and rumours. Going through people's trash daily as they do, they often have surprisingly thorough knowledge regarding the goings on of people in their community. Bonepickers can often be found waiting nearby for the result of a battle, as such conflicts hold relatively fine pickings, and the dead certainly have no need of their finery any longer.

There's always a market for used weapons and armour, and what's a little bloodstain if the price is right? There is a short window of opportunity for such gain, however, as the local constabulary or the surviving troops drive them away from such finds with vicious efficiency.

A bonepicker's life is filled with long toil for little gain, and rag and bone men – as they sometimes call themselves – typically scratch a living (as well as more than a few meals – bonepickers cannot afford the luxury of discerning tastes) from other people's trash.

Clever bonepickers know to offer the occasional small bribe to members of the City Watch, as they can often provide information as to the location of tasty pickings. For these reasons most citizens of the Old World view bonepickers with no small amount of suspicion. They are considered to be no better than vultures, feasting off the dead and the refuse of their betters with equal relish. In the social hierarchy, there are very few people a bonepicker can look down upon.

Affiliations

Savvy bonepickers will develop relationships with anyone and everyone, and will keep a mental list of things to look for that someone wants.

Bonepickers tend to carry their finds with them wherever they go, in large sacks or leather satchels strapped about their person; a truly successful bonepicker will own a cart and some unfortunate animal to pull it along, such as a donkey or a goat.

Extremely fortunate bonepickers may become modest merchants of the lowest class. Eventually, through patience, hard work, and a great deal of luck, they may even be able to build the sort of relationships necessary to leave behind the life of a bonepicker and move into a more traditional – and cleaner – line of work.

In fact, several successful merchants started out as bonepickers, though having grown used to the comforts their new lifestyles allow them, few would ever admit it.

Adventure Seeds

The Scroungers Will Know: The party is hired to help find a missing item – a piece of jewellery or some such trinket has gone missing. Theft is not immediately suspected, so the party turns first to bonepickers to see if they've found the item in the trash or in the streets. Perhaps they have and the item can be bought back from them. Perhaps they also have information that their new employer is not entirely what he or she seems to be.

Dark Discovery: A bonepicker approaches the party, hoping to hire them as bodyguards. It would seem that this particular bonepicker found something of unusual interest amongst the daily pickings, and that something could cause a great deal of trouble for an important person. Perhaps it's a hint of a dark past, or it may even amount to evidence of membership in a Chaos cult.

ADVANCED



Border Courtier

Life in the borderlands is indeed rough. Good thing I'm here to look out for your interests.

(RC) Life in the courts of the Border Princes tends to be a bit more literal than in more civilised lands. Smearing an opponent involves physical mud, backstabbing involves a knife, and the losers in political contests really are gutted. Courtiers in the area thus tend to be a bit more physical than those in other regions.

The Border Courtier haunts the home of a Border Prince, hoping to survive long enough to take that position himself. Scheming, murder, and betrayal are his normal modes of operation. Paranoia is an occupational hazard, and hypocrisy is a qualification for the job.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+5%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+20%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Prepare Poison, Search, Speak Language (Any)

Talents: Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Street Fighting, Strike to Injure, Suave, Very Resilient

Trappings: Medium Armour (Chain Shirt and Leather Jack), two Sets of Noble's Garb, one Dose of Poison (any type)

Career Entries: Captain, Courtier, Noble, Outlaw Chief, Politician, Sergeant

Career Exits: Assassin, Captain, Courtier, Noble Lord, Spy

Imaschiavelli Venedetto

Over the course of his thirty year imprisonment in the Border Principality of Matorea, the Tilean philosopher, Imaschiavelli Venedetto penned his infamous treatise "The Border Prince." Venedetto's manuscript functions as a kind of guidebook for young border courtiers to the proper application of power (and guile) over a Border Principality. Venedetto concisely laid out the steps for seizing a Border Principality, and then how a prince should go about maintaining that power once it is seized.

Unlike the many existing treatises on statecraft, Venedetto rejected the Imperial inclination to decide patronage and succession through the bartering of influence and flattery. Smooth talk and deep pockets might well succeed in the perfumed courts of the Empire, but the acquisition of land and title in the volatile Border Kingdoms would require sterner methods.

Assassination, treachery and any kind of scheme to damage the reputation of one's competitors were all permissible and indeed recommended if they advanced the border courtier's agenda. Venedetto went on to write that the primary concern of every border courtier should be the preparation for war—war against his competitors, and war against those in his way. Even though an aggressive courtier is likely to gain many enemies on his ruthless ascent, Venedetto argued that it is better to be feared than loved…

The first printing of "The Border Prince" was an immediate sell-out in Remas, where the merchant and patrician classes have always shared an insatiable appetite for any salacious material concerning their spirited eastern neighbours. Before long, subsequent printings of "The Border Prince" were translated and distributed throughout the Old World.

Predictably, the ideas contained within Vendetto's manual were shocking to the cultivated Imperial reader, and "The Border Prince" was quickly banned across the Empire.

The List

Whether it is kept as names on parchment, or notches on a dagger hilt, every border courtier has his own version of "the list". The list is an inventory of the future victims who stand between the courtier and the position he covets. As new competitors emerge and old enemies are wiped away, the list expands and narrows until there is but one name standing between the courtier and his goal. Of course, the larger and more established Border Principalities tend to have longer lines of succession and more pretenders to the throne to deal with.

As a result of this deadly gamesmanship, one of the favoured pastimes throughout the Border Kingdoms is to make wagers on the survivability of an ascending prince's projected targets. Bettors can increase their payout significantly by correctly predicting the method of assassination, as well as the order of victim removal. Death by poisoning generally pays even money since anyone can taint a bowl of soup. The highest payouts are reserved for the more baroque methods of execution, such as death by the hand of a family member. Nothing pleases the crowd more than to count the heads rolling as a newly emerging Border Prince carves a bloody path to the throne.

Adventure Seeds

The Prince Borders: Two warring princes divide control over a town situated on their mutual borders. The war is becoming very costly in both gold and manpower, and both princes seek a decisive advantage to settle the conflict one way or another.

Bounty Hunter

I'm bringing you back. Live, dead. Don't matter to me. Worth more live, but you seem to be the sort that won't come quietly. Dead it is, then.



(Core) Bounty Hunters live by tracking down wanted criminals, bandits, and fugitives and bringing them to justice. The lone Bounty Hunter can go places that ungainly military units cannot, which makes such men a useful adjunct to the watch and militia. Local rulers, guilds, and councils pay the bounties. They may find Bounty Hunters distasteful, but they are an effective counter to brigands, Goblin bands, and the like.

Bounty Hunters are professional killers who place little value on sanctity of life. They are utterly ruthless, using their formidable skills to track and eliminate their quarries. The poor view them with fear, since more than one Peasant has been murdered and passed off as the real culprit. The authorities view them as a necessary evil, but never a welcome one.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+10%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move

Talents: Marksman or Strike to Stun, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Sharpshooter or Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Net, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin and Leather Skullcap), Manacles, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Fieldwarden, Hunter, Kislevite Kossar, Mercenary, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Mercenary, Protagonist, Scout, Targeteer, Vampire Hunter

Affiliations

While the watch, Imperial army, and the like tend to look down on bounty hunters, they are wise enough to see their uses and maintain ties with them. In fact many bounty hunters were once watchmen or militia members before circumstance or the promise of gold lured them away.

Successful bounty hunters use these ties to get their job done and a wise hunter keeps on good terms with the local watch. Within their own ranks, however, bounty hunters are usually far less cordial. After all, another hunter is someone who is after your bounty.

However, over the years and probably as a result of some unpleasant encounters between bounty hunters, an unwritten code has arisen. Known as "the bounty hunter's code" or just "the code," it prohibits a hunter from taking another's bounty once that bounty is caught. Of course, most hunters will say it is really just a set of guidelines...

On the rare occasions when a large or particularly dangerous bounty is on offer, hunters will team up to get the job done. These bounty hunter gangs are known as "hounds," and have a reputation for brutal efficiency in the pursuit of their quarry. A hound, however, is usually an uneasy alliance between dangerous men, and lasts only until they complete their task. Then, all bets are off.

Notable Figures

Bounty hunters have always had a reputation as a dangerous breed among the citizens of the Empire, and a rightly deserved one at that. However, even within the ranks of their nefarious profession, few can live up to the legend of the man known as Siegfried Schols.

Though not much to look at, this small and dishevelled old man is a ruthless and dogged adversary who will tirelessly pursue his prey to the end of the Old World and beyond.

In one famous case Schols tracked the infamous murder known as the Nightmare of Nordland across four provinces for more than a year, before finally catching him in a Carroburg gambling den.

It is rumoured that he hid for three day in the den's privy, knowing that his prey would eventually arrive, before leaping out and slapping him in manacles. Regardless of the rumour's truth, more than one wanted criminal keeps a keen lookout while visiting the privy.

Adventure Seeds

Too Good to Pass Up: It seems that the niece of the Earl of Sunderburg has been murdered, and the uncle is offering 200 gold crowns and a promise of land to the man that can bring the culprit to justice. Such a high bounty has attracted scores of interested parties, some of questionable motives, to Sunderburg. As more and more would-be bounty hunters arrive, the Earl is beginning to doubt the wisdom of his offer.

No Greater Prey: Word has come from the town of Gerzen in the province of Hochland that a bounty hunter by the name of Deitmarr Haus has been accused of a heinous crime and has fled into the Tangled Hills. Catching him is a challenge many bounty hunters will leap at, as they expect to find a worthy adversary in one of their own.



Burgher

Hmm? What did you need? Can't you see I'm terribly busy right now? This town doesn't run itself, you know.

(Core) As cities have become more and more important to the Empire, a new class of citizen has emerged: the Burgher. Burghers – or their ancestors – clawed their way up from the peasantry and made new lives for themselves in the cities. Now they are the glue that holds urban society together. Burghers are shop owners, petty merchants, excisemen, traders, and local officials. They are neither as despised as the peasantry nor as exalted as the nobility. While they suffer the most from plague, living in tightly packed neighbourhoods as they do, they would not leave the city for a life of hard toil in the country. In their minds, cities breed opportunity, not just disease.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) or Consume Alcohol, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip or Read/Write, Haggle, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, or Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy or Suave

Trappings: Abacus, Lantern, One Set of Good Clothing

Career Entries: Innkeeper, Servant

Career Exits: Agitator, Fence, Innkeeper, Merchant, Militiaman, Tradesman, Valet

A Day in the Life

A burgher's life begins with the dawn. No matter his job, he must wake early to prepare for it. A shopkeeper will rouse apprentices, a clerk will begin to warm his small office and sort through the paperwork from yesterday, a state official will take a quick breakfast and begin his long trek to work.

The day will usually pass as the day before, and the day after. The burgher must constantly work to please others. There are impatient customers, angry nobles demanding answers to their questions, and irate merchants wondering when their forms will be completed. Daily life is a constant game of inflicting indignities on those whom it is safe to harass, while humbly accepting them from those who must be heeded. On rare occasion, there are moments of unexpected pleasure – a wealthy man is pleased with his work and promises to recommend the burgher, or he has a chance to humiliate and crush a rival without fear of retribution.

At the end of the day, the burgher counts his coin, and compares it to his expenses. If there's even a small bit left over, he can store it, in the hopes he, or his children, may someday rise in station. On occasion, he dreams of adventure, of great risks and great windfalls, of the unexpected and the unplanned crashing in on his ordered, plodding life. For some this is a dream; for others, a nightmare.

Affiliations

A man alone is a man brought down! No matter a burgher's trade, he does it with the aid and consent of some sort of guild or brotherhood. The guild serves two functions – to protect its members from the outside, and to police its members so as to avoid trouble. The guild will set weights, measures, standards, and pay scales. It will regulate the total number of professionals in a town, and certify any newcomers as fit to practice their trade.

It will serve to provide support in times of crisis, a pension for widows, and so on. It will also demand obedience. Guildmasters can end a man's career with a word, and a craftsman blackballed from a guild may never work again.

Anyone who deals with him will face the wrath of all the guilds, not just his own. Guilds veer between honest and corrupt, and the forces of Chaos find them excellent targets. Control a few key men, and you control all the professionals in a large city.

Adventure Seeds

Blood Is Thicker Than Water: A relative of the party, who is a powerful burgher in a large city, calls for his (son, niece, cousin) to come and help him. He claims that there are sinister forces afoot, and only someone skilled in arms (or perhaps magic) can stop them and keep the city safe. He might be right. On the other hand, he might be using his family as a tool to dispose of some rivals.

Adventure! A burgher with few, if any, useful combat abilities has decided he has had enough of the plodding city life and seeks to boldly strike out on an adventure! He will offer to use his not-inconsiderable fortune to fund any expedition or plot of the party...but he has to be an active part of their escapades. Will he learn to become a skilled adventurer, die or run from his first real fight, or simply get in the way?

Cadet

Sir! Yes, sir! Right away, sir!

(SoE) Cadets are officers-in-training. They may attend formal schools like the Aquila Academies or they may receive direct tutelage from officers in the field. Although cadets do learn to fight, the focus of their training is leadership. Some come from noble families, but this is by no means a given. Those who earned a place with battlefield exploits are more respected because they have lived war, not just read about it in books.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Cadet for Soldier or Student with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, *or* Tilea), Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel, *or* Tilean)

Talents: Disarm, Savvy *or* Warrior Born, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing)

Trappings: Foil *or* Rapier, Light Armour (Full Leather Armour), Shield, Uniform (Cadet)

Career Entries: Estalian Diestro, Mercenary, Militiaman, Noble, Roadwarden, Soldier, Squire, Student

Career Exits: Herald, Mercenary, Pistolier, Sergeant, Squire, Student



Cadet Training

Early each morning a bugle summons the cadets from their barracks for a bout of vigorous exercise around the parade ground. They must then don their uniform and rank up for inspection before they are allowed breakfast. The rest of the morning is occupied by classes, where topics such as the history of warfare, battle tactics and the theory of command are studied, usually taught by officers retired due to injury. The head tutor, known as the Commandent, is often a high-ranking officer, the veteran of many battles.

Another formation drill precedes lunch, and the afternoon involves more classes to sharpen the mind, followed by rigorous athletic activity and weapon practice to strengthen the body. The cadets are inspected a final time before supper, and evening is reserved for personal study, until lights out at midnight. During important festivals, such as Year Blessing, the evenings involve a formal meal in full dress uniform.

The cadets' lives are strictly regulated, and discipline is severe, instilling in them a healthy respect for order. Even on Festag, the week's holiday, the college's priest of Sigmar or Myrmidia lectures the cadets on moral fibre.

A cadet spends three years at college. During the summer month of Nachgeheim, cadets are attached to a regiment. If a cadet is lucky, the regiment will be at war, but experiencing army life firsthand in peacetime is also invaluable to his military education. Many officers find cadets a nuisance and give them ridiculous orders to keep them out of the way, or otherwise amuse themselves playing cruel pranks on them.

During their final year at college, cadets must study hard to pass their exams. Those that make the grade are commissioned as an officer of the Imperial army and leave the school to join a regiment, an occasion marked with riotous celebrations.

Cadet Schools

One of the most renowned cadet schools in Reiksland is the Diesdorf Military College, founded by Emperor Wilhelm III in 2440. The Imperial treasury funds the school, so entry is not reserved for the wealthy. The college attracts men already serving in the military whose talents for leadership have not gone unnoticed. Entry requires only a recommendation from a superior.

The yearly intake of 180 cadets is divided into companies of 60, commanded by a major, each further divided into platoons of 20, commanded by a captain. Platoons are named after a famous battle: Black Fire Pass, Blood Gorge, Hel Fenn, Nebelheim, Swartzhafen, Maustadt, Wolfenberg, Howling Hills and Grim Moor.

The college's Commandent is Captain Theocritus von Hayek, an old soldier retired from the army of Nordland after he lost his right arm to a Norscan's axe. He runs the place with the same fierce discipline with which he commanded his troops, and expects his students to graduate as the epitome of the officer class: loyal, selfless and bound by honour. His school has certainly been successful in this regard; among its alumni are many highly decorated Imperial officers.

Adventure Seeds

Missing in Action: A cadet from a wealthy noble family is missing, presumed dead, after a battle. His distraught relatives offer a reward for anyone who brings his body back for burial.

Desperate Measures: Casimir Faulheit's father has threatened to disown him if he does not pass his final year at cadet school. Terrified of failing, he hires the adventurers to break into his cadet school and steal a copy of the exam answers from the Commandent's office.



Basic

Camp Follower

You must get awfully cold and lonely on the march. I can help with both.

(Core) In the Empire, armies are always on the move. Forces range from local militia units scouring the forest for bandits to the full armed might of the Emperor taking the field against greenskins or the forces of Chaos. No army travels alone. A caravan of Camp Followers always trails behind. They include petty traders looking to make extra money, war widows trying to make a wage cooking or sewing, and corpse looters hoping to scavenge battlefields. While scorned by the Noble leaders of many armies, Camp Followers provide key support for troops in the field.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care or Drive, Charm or Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Search, Any one of: Trade (Armourer, Bowyer, Cartographer, Cook, Gunsmith, Herbalist, Merchant, Smith, Tailor, or Weaponsmith), Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, or Tilean), Sleight of Hand

Talents: Dealmaker or Street Fighter, Flee!, Hardy or Suave, Resistance to Disease or Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Lucky Charm or Trade Tools, Pouch, Tent

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Servant

Career Exits: Charcoal-Burner, Charlatan, Servant, Smuggler, Spy, Tradesman, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

Most people think camp followers are lazy, slovenly folk, who do nothing but trail behind armies and scavenge from their debris and the carnage after each battle. They're only partially wrong. Most camp followers are scavengers who survive by picking over campsites and battlegrounds, and most care little for appearance or cleanliness, but they are far from lazy.

Camp followers get up early each morning. Many camp followers earn small coin by fetching and doing other errands for soldiers, particularly minor officers. They move through the camp offering to mend clothes, carry messages, trim hair, and perform other minor tasks. Female camp followers may also offer companionship to lonely soldiers. More attractive women hope to become the personal companion of an officer (or two), who can keep them in better style.

Acquiring food is also a daily chore. Camp followers hoard any food they can find, from fresh produce swiped from local farms to scraps from the soldiers' meals of the night before. They eat quickly, wasting nothing, and then make sure their food supplies are secure before continuing their day.

Camp followers spend the day moving around the camp and any associated battlegrounds. They snatch anything of value that has been dropped, check any corpses for usable items and money, perform any needed tasks, and generally keep their eyes open, their backs ready, and their mouths shut. They eat after the soldiers, since mealtimes are the most common time for a soldier to send someone to fetch him more food or fresh water, and don't sleep until after the soldiers are all abed and the camp has been scoured one last time.

Little Known Facts

There is a pecking order among camp followers. Newcomers are not allowed to approach soldiers directly or to enter a battlefield. They have to take orders from more experienced followers, and get paid a share of any coin offered. Once the newcomer has proven himself, he is allowed to move through the camp and speak to lesser soldiers, though a more experienced follower keeps tabs on him. Only camp followers who have proven themselves are allowed to scavenge the battlefields.

Included in the pecking order is a sense of solidarity. Though camp followers compete to be assigned tasks, especially easy chores among the officers, they know that working together makes life easier for everyone. If a camp follower is too busy to take on an additional task, he will suggest another follower for it. If a follower sees something to scavenge and lacks the time or strength to get it, he will tell another about it.

Camp followers also protect each other. There is a certain amount of leeway allowed for soldiers and even more for officers; camp followers are used to occasional beatings, but excessive mistreatment will cause retaliation from the entire follower community, and they can destroy an army in a thousand little ways.

Adventure Seeds

Twist of Fortune: A young woman finds herself married to a soldier and follows him, only to discover the marriage is a sham. She has left her old life behind, however, and is forced to become a true camp follower in order to survive. This opens a whole new world to her, a dirty place, but full of strange new opportunities.

Cantor

I raise my voice in song to raise the spirits of our faithful and the energy of our god.

(ToS) Cantors are talented singers who have devoted themselves to performing in temple choirs and during rituals. Cantors are responsible for leading choirs during services as well as for instructing individual choristers. Some cantors are also skilled musicians and write new hymns in praise of their Gods. As well as singing hymns, many cantors are skilled at performing incantations and rhythmic chanting that aids priests in performing divine rituals, and for the most potent of rituals a high priest may request the presence of many cantors. The common symbol of office for a cantor is a short staff used to strike the ground (or out of tune choristers, if necessary) to keep tune with the music when leading a choir. A skilful cantor can easily enhance the reputation of a temple and its priests.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	–	–	+15%	+10%	+15%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (any one), Perception, Performer (Musician), Performer (Singer), Read/Write, Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Incantation (see sidebar)

Trappings: Chorister's Robe, Hymn Book, Staff

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, Entertainer, High Priest, Initiate, Minstrel, Monk, Priest

Career Exits: Catechist, Entertainer, Initiate, Priest, Minstrel, Zealot



In Memoria

Geheimnisnacht is upon us, glory be it to Morr, the Great Raven.

Eckhardt von Rach raised grey eyes to the night sky, thankful for the full moons that graced the Night of Mystery. This, his first holy night as cantor for the Shrouded Garden of Morr, would be the first time his newest hymn, "Raven's Ode," would be performed.

May the Lord of Dreams and Portents accept this meager offering of words and song to herald the coming of a great soul to his keeping as God of the Dead. On this night, we bury Lord Varrakhen, and this ode is in his honor and yours, milord.

His heavy chorister's robes staved off the autumn chill, though his thrown-back hood could not protect his tonsured head from it. Eckhardt felt the breeze swirl about him as he stood on the last step of the dais, looking up at the choir he'd assembled from the surrounding villages.

A motley bunch at best, and young, but their voices suit my needs. They need not fully understand the glory of Morr – they need only carry a tune and let it travel to him. My faith and my piety shall be enough for all of us.

The seven priests behind him entered Morr's Litany, the final funerary prayer intoned among the high priest and the six priests bearing the coffin. The funeral attendants were properly silent, in respect for the dead man in front of them and the ruler of the underworld around them, his garden of tombs nestled within this forest clearing.

Eckhardt listened closely, remembering the long-ago studies that burned the Walk of the Dead and its cadences into his head. He remembered its path from services he performed, always treading exactly 116 steps from the start of the litany to the dead man's final rest.

As the four priests lowered the coffin into its tomb, the high priest finished Morr's Litany. Eckhardt raised his hands and as Accolo closed his prayer book, soprano voices filled the air around them, followed by the altos and basses with each their canons in turn.

The power our voices can summon, may it be put to grander purpose than merely a noble's requiem. May this hymn grant holy power to a Dream, not just a Death.

Eckhardt let his own baritone voice join the chorus, his cantor's staff ringing off the grey marble to punctuate his hymn's refrains. In honor of the deceased and his dreams.

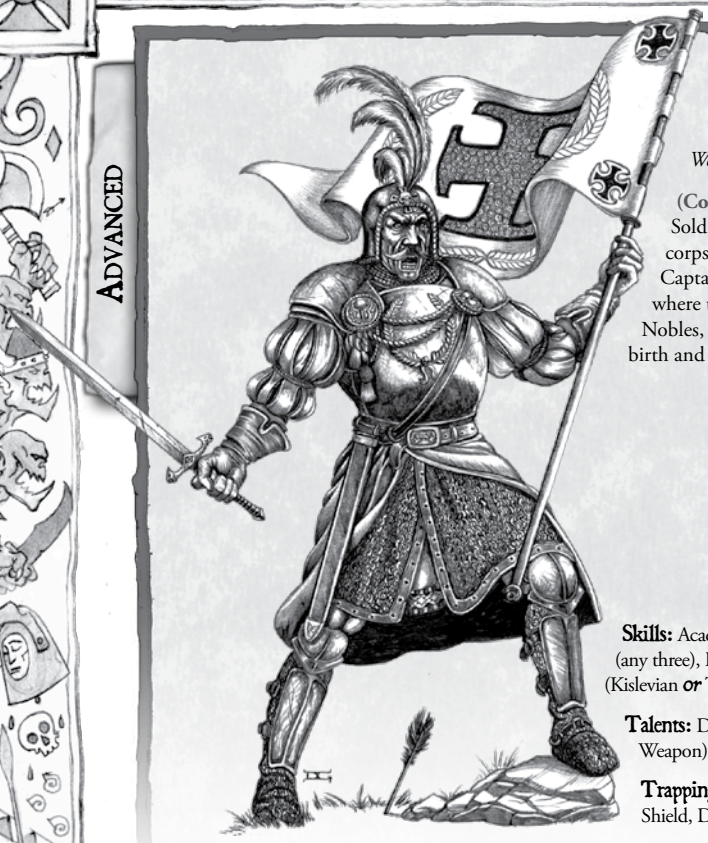
Adventure Seed

Our Lady's Brightest Song: A famous cantor of Verena's church was expected days ago for a chorale, but she and half her choir have gone missing on the road from Nuln. Coachmen found the male choristers, all badly injured, but the women are missing. Local Verenan priests hire the party to either recover or avenge "our Lady's brightest song."

New Talent: Incantation

Description: Your hymn singing and chanting helps to focus divine energies, aiding in magical rituals. You can assist a divine spellcaster perform ritual magic, and if you pass a Performer (Singer) Test and remain singing throughout the ritual, one spellcaster gains a +1 bonus to his Casting Roll. A number of people with this talent may assist in this manner equal to the number of spellcasters participating in the ritual.

ADVANCED



Captain

We're looking for a few good men to lead a suicide raid against the Orc army. Volunteers?

(Core) Captains are the war leaders of the strife-wracked Old World. They command Soldiers, Militiamen, Mercenaries and even Roadwardens, on bloody battlefields and corpse-strewn streets in the endless military campaigns of the Empire and beyond. Most Captains are tough professional Soldiers who have survived dozens of fierce battles to get where they are. It's no surprise then that they resent having to serve under inexperienced Nobles, an all too common occurrence. Captains tend to respect experience and ability over birth and social position. They know what counts on the battlefield.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+30%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+7	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Kislevian ***or*** Tilean)

Talents: Disarm ***or*** Quick Draw, Lightning Parry, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry ***or*** Two-handed Weapon), Specialist Weapon Group (Flail ***or*** Parrying)

Trappings: Flail ***or*** Sword-breaker, Lance ***or*** Great Weapon, Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Shield, Destrier with Saddle and Harness, Unit of Troops

Career Entries: Explorer, Ghost Strider, Knight, Knight of the Inner Circle, Noble Lord, Outlaw Chief, Sergeant, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Agitator, Explorer, Merchant, Outlaw Chief, Politician

Affiliations

Because of their elevated rank and military standing, captains tend to associate with other officers and with city officials and burghers. Captains tend to be paid well for their services, so persons of many different occupations try to make themselves useful to a captain in the hope of earning some of his coin.

A well-connected mercenary leader will keep himself informed of the various commanders in the city; one never knows when one will need to look for a new employer, and with the frequent incursions of Chaos, orcs and less mentionable things, armies are almost always hiring. A captain looking to get promoted would do well to cultivate friendships with Artillerists, members of the various Knightly Orders, and even priests and leaders of the many wholesome cults within the Old World.

A word in the right ear at the right time can get a captain noticed by his superiors and promoted to a better (and possibly safer) position. Likewise, an ill word in the right ear at the wrong time can have a captain assigned to the next expedition to the Chaos Wastes.

Notable Figure

Captains are sometimes assigned lands and granted a writ of nobility after a particularly successful campaign or for performing remarkable and noteworthy deeds.

A classic example of this is Otto Trondheim, a former captain of the guard of the Elector of Stirland, who was raised to the rank of noble by the Elector after single-handedly defeating eight black orcs in personal combat, and leading his men in the rout of an invading army of the greenskins.

Sadly, when the entire population of the town he governed was killed and raised as zombies by one of the Vampire Counts of nearby Sylvania, he was forced to abandon his castle and flee; he was never seen or heard from again.

Adventure Seeds

You're in the Army Now: Captains frequently need trained soldiers on short notice to bolster the ranks for an expected clash. At times like these, it doesn't pay to be too picky, and so the party is hired on as support troops for the army. They will most likely be used as scouts to find the enemy or, failing that, a promising campsite for the night. Scouts, if they are not careful and not very good at what they do, can find themselves surrounded by the enemy in a flash and taken prisoner, killed, or worse.

Too Much of a Good Thing: The party must obtain a particular item from a military storehouse run by a captain who is rumoured to be a wee bit corrupt. If they present their case to him openly, the Captain proves to be more than willing to give them the item, if, in exchange, they will help him off-load some additional items that risk drawing too much attention to his little operation.

Out of Retirement: Goblin raiders are ravaging nearby villages. The local militia struggles to keep the roads safe and refugee peasants stretch the town's resources to its limits. A retired army captain lives a quiet, hermetic life on the outskirts of the area, and the town leaders are desperate to put his military know-how to use, helping train and organise the milita.

Carcassonne Shepherd



Shush, my little lambs. No man nor beast shall bother you while I'm here.

(KotG) 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.

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, **Bretonnian Blue Sheepdog (optional)**, 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

A Day in the Life

A shepherd's life on the high plains of Carcassonne is a life of duty, sacrifice, and isolation. As Bretonnia's first line of defence against the greenskins to the south, it falls upon the Carcassonne shepherd to patrol the lonely northern foothills of the Iranna Mountain range and the vulnerable pastures beyond.

The shepherd's day begins at the crack of dawn, or earlier if the moons were particularly bright and the flock was restless. Once the shepherd has gathered his flock, it's time to move on to greener pastures—literally. The shepherd's primary responsibility is to move his sheep from one grazing ground to the next in a constant progression towards fresh grasses. Because it takes time for grazing land to replenish, and certain areas are lusher in different seasons, most shepherds develop their own grazing routes over the years, which they follow habitually.

Before darkness falls, the shepherd and flock must locate their bedding ground for the night. This is a place with some kind of natural protection from the elements, such as a box ravine, a stand of trees or even the lee of a rock bluff. Most shepherds have their favourite bedding grounds dotted around his grazing route. Some areas have communal bedding grounds which can accommodate multiple shepherds and their flocks.

The shepherd community is small, but closely knit. When a group of shepherds converge at a bedding ground, it's not long before someone brings out a jug of wine and the campfire tales begin. A shepherd can travel for days in the desolate foothills without seeing another soul, so an evening spent among colleagues is a cherished occasion. These spontaneous meetings can also be an important opportunity for the shepherd to exchange news and reports of enemy movement.

The Bretonnian Blue Sheepdog

Often, a shepherd's only companion throughout his long patrols in the high country is his trusty sheepdog. The Bretonnian Blue Sheepdog has a long history of use among the shepherds of Carcassonne. No one knows for sure where the animals originated, although local legend has it that the intelligent creatures house the reborn spirits of dead fay.

The Bretonnian Blue plays an integral role in the shepherd's day to day control of his flock, as well as a vital security function. Bretonnian Blues have extremely keen hearing and eyesight, making it almost impossible for an enemy to approach undetected. Many older shepherds also believe that Blues can detect ghosts, but this is unsubstantiated. Bretonnian Blues are extremely loyal to their masters, and will defend them to the death.

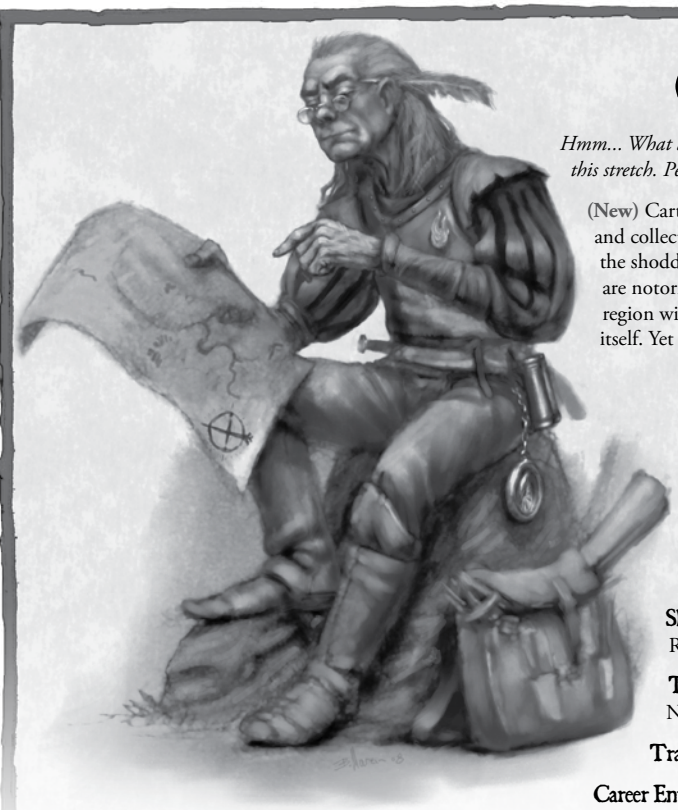
Bretonnian Blue Sheepdogs use the statistics given for Dogs (see *WFRP* page 232), with the addition of Acute Hearing and Excellent Vision.

Adventure Seeds

A Wayward Flock: The intermittent sound of war-drums can be heard echoing from the mountains above. When a flock of untended sheep is discovered, the shepherds of Carcassone call in all favours to locate their missing comrade.

Buying Time: On the heels of a massive blizzard, a large host of greenskins has been sighted in a nearby mountain pass. The aftermath of the storm will prevent the lords of Carcassonne from responding before the orcs have long since razed the countryside. That is if the stupid greenskins don't cause an avalanche first… The task of delaying the horde to allow the muster of reinforcements falls to the shepherds, and they will be glad to receive any help they can get.

Basic



Cartographer

Hmm... What an interesting anomoly. The details of the coastline suggest an inlet along this stretch. Perhaps we could land there and I could map out the interior?

(New) Cartographers chart the lay of the land for rich patrons, hardy explorers, and collectors. They accompany expeditions into the wild but also transpose the shoddy work of others into a more readable form. Maps in the Old World are notoriously unreliable – whether they are surveys of local trails, ambitious region wide guides, or the mainly fictional representations of the Old World itself. Yet the services of Cartographers are still in great demand.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (geography), Navigation, Outdoor Survival or Ride, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any 2), Trade (cartography)

Talents: Excellent Vision, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller or Super Numerate

Trappings: Writing Kit, Pony with saddle & harness, 1d10 map cases

Career Entries: Coachman, Messenger, Navigator, Scout, Scribe, Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Explorer, Forger, Navigator, Scholar, Scribe, Vagabond

Lost

The man bundled down the dune, kicking up sand in an effort to re-find his footing, but failing. He rolled again and again, his pack coming loose and spilling its contents onto the burning sand. Finally he came to rest at the foot of the dune and settled in a heap. After a few moments, he stirred.

The traveller's lips were thin and his features gaunt from lack of water. His face was burned red and blistered from the sun. He did not remember losing his wide-brimmed hat; it must have gone some time earlier that day. He reached for his water skin and held it to his lips. Only a few meagre drops found its way into his parched mouth.

In the glaring light, the man scrambled back up the yielding sand, towards his pack. Digging around he found what he was looking for. He unrolled the large scroll of parchment and inspected it. He did not understand. His navigation should have been flawless. It was clearly marked on his map, the river valley that led across the great desert, with its oases and glades, its villages and roads, and its elephants. They were all clearly marked, but he had found no sign of them.

The man noted the map-makers name in a legend at the corner of the map; Kurt Brombeer, Bergsburg, Hochland, it stated. If that was as accurate as the rest of the map, then it was hardly likely this man even existed, but still he cursed that name with his dying breath.

Here be Dragons

Alois Krause's motto is 'Give them what they want.' If they are looking for treasure, he can come up with a treasure map; if they want a short cut through the mountains, he will deliver. He is a talented cartogrpaher with an artistic flourish, but he has never been known to let the truth get in the way of a good map. Surprisingly, he finds that the more outlandish his maps, the more fanciful the details, the more willing some gullible fool will be to pay for it.

And so he makes his living doing what he enjoys without having to go to the trouble of tedious groundwork like research or surveying. But he is modest, too. He never takes the credit for his works of art, preferring to sign them on behalf of more credible and reputed cartographers from around the Empire and beyond.

Adventure Seeds

Clerical Errors: The local noble calls on a well known cartographer for an audience. He is certain that the official maps in the provincial land registry are inaccurate. Because of this, several villages that should belong to his estate are in fact paying their dues to a rival baron. The noble needs a cartographer to travel into that barony and map it accurately from top to bottom. The only catch: the baron already suspects this may be happening, and has agents everywhere. And so the cartographer must do the entire project without anyone at all getting wind of it.

An Offer He Can't Refuse: One of the characters is awoken in the middle of the night and 'invited' to talk to an infamous crime lord. The crime lord informs the unfortunate soul that he will be required to accompany his men to a 'dig' and to make an accurate map of the site. Then he wants three identical copies of the map made. He witnesses the criminals, in the middle of nowhere, burying a heavy chest. It becomes obvious to him that once he has finished his maps, the mob will do him in. He needs to think fast.

Cat Burglar

The secret to getting in is choosing the right window. The secret to getting out is choosing the right door.



(Core) Cat Burglars see themselves as a cut above the common thieves and footpads. They leave the slitting of both purses and throats to the gutter scum, preferring to steal with more finesse. The Cat Burglar's art requires observation, planning, and impeccable timing. A well-executed theft may not even be detected for months, by which time the Cat Burglar is far away. Most Cat Burglars are members of a Thieves' Guild, though some defy the odds and go it alone. Such lone wolves must elude both the law and the guild; a dangerous game to be sure.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+25%	+10%	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Pick Lock, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Alley Cat, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Trapfinder

Trappings: Grappling Hook, Lock Picks, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Charlatan, **Chimneysweep**, **Ex-Convict**, Grave Robber, Rat Catcher, Thief

Career Exits: Crime Lord, Fence, Master Thief, Racketeer, Vagabond

Little Known Facts

Cat burglars get their name from Ranald's totemic animal, for their methods epitomise the trickster god's night prowler aspect. Cat burglars usually pray at one of Ranald's secret shrines before each mission, and several unlucky burglars have been caught this way.

However, the cult of Ranald receives generous donations following successful burglaries, so it takes a powerful enemy (or an irresistible bounty) to make Ranald's brethren betray a cat burglar. Retired cat burglars often become lay priests of Ranald, serving their god in spirit when the body is no longer able.

The close connection between the cult of Ranald and the thieves' guilds makes it dangerous for cat burglars to anger either group. Cat burglars who dare to operate outside the Thieves' Guild are usually specialists in rare artwork, jewellery, or relics. Those few conventional cat burglars who remain independent of a thieves' guild – and manage to evade its thugs – are highly favoured by Ranald.

Most priests of Ranald face a difficult choice at least once during their careers: betray a maverick cat burglar who's blessed by Ranald, or lose favour with the thieves' guild.

Tools of the Trade

A cat burglar relies on a variety of interesting tools and implements to help him with his burglaries. Following are a few examples.

Climbing Claws: These small, metal claws are strapped to the hands, providing a +5% bonus to Scale Sheer Surface Tests. (2 gc. very rare, 2 enc)

Glass Cutter: When lockpicks fail, this wheel-shaped blade can be used to enter through windows. An average window requires 10 minutes to score and remove. On a successful Ag Test, the window is removed with only moderate noise. PCs with the Trade (Glass Blower) skill succeed automatically. Multi-faceted windows require a small hacksaw to cut through the joints. (8 gc, very rare, 2 enc)

Harpoon Grapple: This modified crossbow fires a grappling hook distances that a thrown hook can't reach. The hook is fitted with a barbed tip for anchoring into wood. (35 gc, very rare, 150 enc)

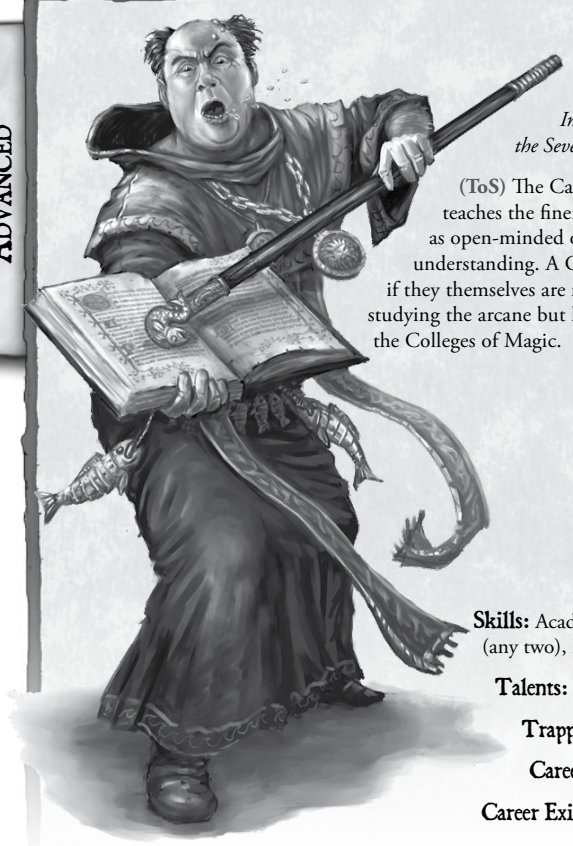
Padded Shoes: These shoes offer poor traction, but improve Silent Move tests by +5%. If a quick exit becomes necessary, padded shoes can be discarded using a Half Action. (1 gc, rare, 6 enc)

Adventure Seeds

Territory Rights: When a young cat burglar arrives in town, he's challenged to a "duel" by the local veteran. His rules are simple: the thief with the most marks after one night's work wins. The loser leaves town. Marks are scored by leaving a "calling card" at the crime scenes and having the burglaries reported on the town's news bulletin.

A Very Big Score: An initiate of Ranald tells the cat burglar about a priceless gemstone. In truth, the initiate is a Chaos spy, planted to help his cult leader obtain a power stone. After stealing the gem, the cat burglar finds himself hunted by Chaos cultists, the gem's owner, and possibly the thieves' guild.

ADVANCED



CATECHIST

Initiate Borgas, if you're so eager to talk during lessons, perhaps you'd care to stand and recite the Seventeen Virtues of Shallya to the rest of the class?

(ToS) The Catechist is a religious teacher versed in the study of holy scripture and stricture who teaches the finer points of both to any who wish to listen (or are forced to listen). They are rarely as open-minded or clever as scholars, favouring tradition over progress and learning by rote over true understanding. A Catechist is usually responsible for the religious education of a temple's initiates, even if they themselves are merely lay members. Not all Catechists are religious in nature – some concentrate on studying the arcane but lack the talents to become a wizard, instead teaching theory to apprentices at one of the Colleges of Magic.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+20%	+15%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Common Knowledge (any two), Read/Write, Speak Language (any one), Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Public Speaking

Trappings: Prayer Book, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, **Dilettante**, Friar, Priest, Scholar, Scribe, Student, Zealot

Career Exits: Demagogue, Friar, Initiate, Scholar, Zealot

A Day in the Life

Catechists are lay brothers, members of a religious order but not ordained priests, and most take their religious devotions very seriously. Because of this, their days are divided into religious observances and classes.

Most catechists rise at dawn, wash quickly, and dress for morning prayers. After this they break their fasts with the other priests and lay priests. Then they teach their first class.

This is usually the most introductory of their lessons, aimed at new acolytes and novices and providing a general overview of the god and his or her demands on worshippers. This is the class most likely to be attended by worshippers who do not intend a career in the priesthood, but simply wish to learn more about their god.

After the first lesson come a simple lunch and a short afternoon prayer before the afternoon lessons. These tend to be general education, reading, writing, and basic numbers. A catechist might also teach history, herbalism, and languages.

Next come the evening prayer and meal. After these, the catechist teaches the more advanced classes, which are only open to priests. These lessons focus on specific religious practices, dogma, and privileged information about the god. After these final lessons is the nighttime prayer before bed. Catechists, like priests, rarely stay up late, though some read and prepare for lessons before snuffing their candle and lying down.

Notable Figures

Hradgar Nalufson is a catechist and lay brother of the Church of Ulric. A short, stout man with a round head and very little hair, Hradgar appears almost ludicrous waddling about in his ceremonial furs and armour. His comical appearance hides a first-rate mind, however. Those who study under Hradgar come away not only extremely knowledgeable in the ways of Ulric but also deeply impressed with the stocky catechist. Because Hradgar serves at the temple in Middenheim, he has in fact trained many of the major priests of Ulric, including the current High Priest, and is often consulted on matters of importance. This makes Hradgar extremely powerful, especially since he is only a lay brother and thus not bound by as many strictures and oaths as his priestly brethren.

Adventure Seeds

A Special Student: The catechist is summoned by his temple's head priest and given an unusual assignment – he is told to educate a young noble's son in general skills and in the ways of their god. This provides the catechist with access to a different world, but also requires him to revise his teaching methods and perhaps his thinking as well.

Brother Against Brother: A priest has been murdered, and all signs suggest a fellow priest could be responsible! No one knows why, but since the victim had no enemies it may not have been personal. The catechist and his brethren are asked to consider the matter and discover any knowledge that could have gotten the priest killed. But if finding that knowledge got the priest killed, what will it do to the catechist who discovers it?

Cenobite



Suffering? Yes, it is the sweetest lesson that can be learned. And I have learned it well.

(RC) Cenobites live in communities, generally called monasteries, and follow the advice of a leader. The leader is often charismatic but often equally insane. At the very least, they are fanatical followers of a very personal vision of the truth (the con-artists do not set up in the Borderlands). Most Cenobites are Human; members of other races rarely show much interest, though most monasteries would admit them if they asked. Unwanted children are sometimes left on the doorsteps of monasteries. These children are taken in; those who do not run away are accepted as Cenobites. Most run away.

Option: It is possible for those who seek to purify mind and body to volunteer to become cenobites, even though most are raised in the role. With GM approval, the cenobite career may be entered from apprentice wizard, initiate, grave robber, or zealot.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Heal, Perception, Torture

Talents: Hardy, Resistance to Poison, Stout-hearted, Strong-minded

Trappings: Filthy Loincloth and Tunic

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Mystic, Outlaw, Servant, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

Born in pain. That is what it means to be a cenobite. While each monastery differs, all share in common the belief that only through purification of the flesh can the mind and the soul be liberated. Some choose specific rituals and limitations – eating only the sparsest of food, for example, or wearing clothes lined with thorns and briars which constantly tear at the skin. The reward is purity of mind – freedom from the temptations of Chaos.

Each day is one of routine, discipline, and study. Cenobites often go among the townsfolk, asking for alms or propounding their particular philosophy. Those who do not perform gruelling labour using primitive tools at the monastery. Only the most enlightened receive instruction in the higher mysteries, the secrets that the pain are meant to unlock.

The highlight of each day is the Evening Recital, where all members of the monastery will pronounce some revelation or insight their day of suffering has brought to them. This is where the oldest and wisest cenobites will cull the truly worthy from the weak, determining who is learning from their pain and who is merely being hurt.

A Cenobite Monastery

Every monastery has a different philosophy and a different focus. Some claim to teach meditation techniques that grant complete immunity to the powers of Chaos, others claim to unlock the completely safe magical power hidden inside every Human being, and others claim to impart ancient secrets of combat that go far beyond those known today. Evidence suggests that all of the monasteries are wrong, and the vast majority of Cenobites believe that the Cenobites at other monasteries are deluded fools Almost all monasteries inflict great pain and deprivation on their inhabitants, ostensibly as part of the path to enlightenment. It could be argued that, as many Cenobites flee their monasteries, this process actually works.

The buildings of a monastery tend to be simple, austere, and well-fortified. They have a single gate, representing the single-mindedness required to learn their secrets (and making it easy to defend), and at least one tall tower, representing the heights to which they can lead a person (and providing advance warning of any attacks). Beyond that, they are suited to the location and available resources. The members of a community are almost invariably of a single gender, though both male and female monasteries are known.

Adventure Seeds

Brothers at Arms: Exiled from their old home, a band of wandering Cenobites finds an abandoned ruin and begins to fortify it, planning to create a new monastery. Unfortunately, it's very close to an existing monastery, and the two factions have begun to fight in the streets. At first, it's just shouting matches, but lately, there have been some grisly murders. Each group blames the other and claims to be innocent, but more than just the Cenobites are starting to turn up dead...

Recover the Heir: Brother David has long since accepted the vows of the Blackriver Order and serves dutifully, but without distinction. Then, a group of powerful nobles arrive – they have proof David is the bastard of a nearby baron, who has died without any other heirs. David must leave the monastery and his life of deprivation and pain, and take up the mantle of a noble of the Empire. He doesn't want to go, but the baronial leaders risk a violent power struggle if no heir can be found. A direct assault on the monastery wouble be difficult, but if someone could manage to kidnap Brother David, this could all be resolved...



Champion

By my honour, I will not yield!

(Core) Champions are warriors who dedicate their lives to martial combat, excelling as no others on the field of battle. They are not leaders of men, but as individual combatants they are peerless. They live for the moments when their skills are tested to the utmost, for only then do they truly know just how good they are. Many Champions serve in armies, warbands, and martial orders, though others wander the Empire, selling their formidable skills to the highest bidder. Their weapons are inevitably among the finest to be had in the Old World.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+40%	+40%	+25%	+25%	+30%	–	+20%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Fleet Footed or Lightning Reflexes, Lightning Parry, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon Group (any three), Wrestling

Trappings: Any Six Weapons (all of Best Craftsmanship), Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Assassin, Duellist, Judicial Champion, Knight of the Inner Circle, Targeteer, Veteran, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Assassin, Scout, Sergeant, Witch Hunter

The Search for Glory

In the long months of winter when armies must be barracked, or during the rare times when the Empire's borders enjoy peace, it is common for the champion of a regiment to request leave to wander the lands in search of opportunities to test his mettle. Each day spent enduring the monotony of camp or meaningless drills is a day where his prowess is wasted. The champion's commander usually grants this request, knowing that the champion will return to duty when needed. A wise leader knows it is better for a champion to put his fighting abilities to the test elsewhere than turn them against his fellow soldiers in frustration.

A wandering champion will seize any chance to increase his renown, whether it is dispatching a marauding goblin warband or slaying a terrorising minotaur in its forest lair. Accruing money is secondary to attaining glory, and a champion will often lend his sword-arm to a worthy cause for no reward. For him, it is enough that his deeds will be immortalised in story and song. The dream of the champion is to not die old and rich, but fall with his bloodied sword in hand, dead enemies at his feet, and his deeds crowned with honour.

Death Before Dishonour

The Storm of Chaos gave many ambitious champions the opportunity to prove their worth. Among them was Dagmar Nachgeben, champion of the Middenheim Greatswords, who held Middenheim's southern gatehouse alone against Archaon's wild hordes after the rest of his regiment was slaughtered defending it. He plugged the breach in the gates with muscle and iron will, the honour of his regiment at stake.

Countless marauders and mutants fell before Nachgeben's blade, and he fought standing on a mound of their corpses. He claimed the heads of three Champions of Chaos, though each towered above him, furious with the wrath of their twisted gods. Finally, his vitality leaching from a score of wounds, his face a mask of blood, he crossed his greatsword with the fiery scimitar of the Chaos Lord Bellarus Deviltongue. Deviltongue's blood-hungry weapon clove through Nachgeben's blade and into his ribs, but summoning his last reserves of strength, Nachgeben grappled his adversary. Together they toppled to their deaths at the distant foot of the Ulricsberg.

Nachgeben halted the besiegers long enough for reinforcements to secure the breach, his small victory one of the many that ultimately saved Middenheim. A statue of Nachgeben has been erected at the scene of his heroics. He fulfiled every champion's ambition: His feats will outlive him, commemorated in stone.

Adventure Seeds

An Old Rival: A champion encounters an old competitor from his army days, perhaps the champion of a rival regiment, against whom he holds a bitter grudge. This rival has left his regiment, and is employed as a bodyguard by the enemy of the champion's adventuring party. The champion has the opportunity to settle an old score, but doing so will jeopardise his party's mission.

An Unsavoury Master: A champion's services are sought by a powerful noble, who approaches the champion with generous promises of gold and status. However, once in his employment, the champion discovers that his new master is a tyrant, and he is expected to enact his new master's oppressive cruelties against innocent folk. Will the champion risk all to turn against the noble to defend his victims?

Charcoal Burner

Don't mind the smoke, lad. You eventually get (hack, cough) used to it. (cough)

(Core) Charcoal-Burners can be found in every village in the Empire. They burn wood to create charcoal, an important fuel for the winter months. Since their work is both dirty and potentially dangerous, they work outside their villages. The outskirts of the forest are best, as wood is easily accessible. This proximity to the forest also makes charcoal-burning dangerous work, since isolated parties of such men are easy prey for the malign creatures of the wood. A Charcoal-Burner camp always has weapons handy, even if they are nothing more than clubs cut from the nearby trees.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) or Concealment, Drive or Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger)

Talents: Flee!, Savvy or Very Strong

Trappings: 3 Torches, Tinderbox, Hand Weapon (Hatchet)

Career Entries: Camp Follower, Hunter, Miner, Peasant

Career Exits: Hunter, Miner, Scout, Vagabond, Woodsman

A Day in the Life

Being a charcoal-burner means days or even weeks living on the fringes of civilisation and spending long hours tending to the great turf kilns where they create their precious fuel. At the start of an expedition, a charcoal-burner rises early and treks into the woods, usually in the company of a group of his fellows. Once they have reached their chosen site, often picked for them by their employer, they begin felling trees. This is long and hard work, and while some cut the wood, others carefully watch the forest's edge for signs of trouble.

Once enough wood is downed, the real work of the charcoal-burner begins. They pile the wood in a great mound and cover it with turf and clods of earth, leaving holes around the base and at the top to let out the smoke. Then the mound is lit and the burners settle in to wait and tend the fires, a process that can take hours or sometimes days. After this comes the dirty task of digging out the charcoal and hauling it back to town, before heading back into the forest to do it all again.

The Secrets of Charcoal

While few citizens of the Empire would take the time to think about it, charcoal is a vital ingredient fueling their nation's industrial might and domination of the Old World. A prized fuel for cooking and heating, charcoal is far more valuable to weapon makers and gunsmiths. It keeps their forges hot and makes their steel hard.

Nuln, in particular, is home to a legion of charcoal-burners who work tirelessly to fuel its furnaces. Evidence of their presence is apparent for miles around the city – great plumes of smoke and acres of tree stumps. Though he will suffer long hours of work for little pay, most charcoal-burners know there is always work in Nuln.

Many people do not realise there are many different types of charcoal. These range from brown crumbling lumps to hard black rocks, and the harder and darker the charcoal, the better it will burn.

The best kind of charcoal comes from the hard wood of deciduous trees like the oak and elm, creating charcoal that burns hotter and longer. Old oak trees are especially prized, and charcoal-burners will sometimes spend days searching a forest for such a tree, then days more cutting it down and burning it. Such an effort is almost always worth the trouble , as the best weaponsmiths will pay handsomely for such fuel.

Adventure Seeds

The Secret Ingredient: To forge a very special sword, the wizard-smith Feldrek is looking for a very special charcoal made from the wood of the Emperor Oak. The Emperor Oak is the rarest of trees, said only to grow in the deepest parts of the Darkwald. Feldrek is looking for some experienced folk to help him find it.

A Beast of a Problem: A group of charcoal-burners are attacked by beastmen on the edge of the Forest of Shadows near the town Gugen. With only a handful of their number left they would abandon their work, if only winter was not so close and the fuel so desperately needed. With the beastmen sure to return, they need to find someone to watch their backs until the fires have done their work.

Up in Smoke: A roadside temple to Taal was burned to the ground, and the local priest of Taal suspects arson. Without the funds or clout to request an official investigation, he secures the assistance of several charcoal burners, well versed with fire and their results, to help uncover what took place.

ADVANCED



Charlatan

I'm out to steal every last moment's peace out of my mark, not just his coin. Naught but doubts nor despair shall fill the purses of my victims.

(Core) Charlatans are tricksters extraordinaire, cunning liars who can convince people of almost anything. With their glib tongues and ready wits they bilk the gullible out of their fortunes and escape with both the money and their lives. For a Charlatan, lying is like breathing. Common Charlatans are content to sell worthless miracle cures and trinkets that will supposedly ward off black magic whereas more skilled ones fake being other professions to collect consultation fees and sell off property that they don't own. Legendary Charlatans run con schemes that try to take Nobles and rich Merchants for all they're worth.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+15%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia *or* Tilea), Disguise, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton *or* Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Flee!, Mimic, Public Speaking, Schemer *or* Streetwise, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: 6 sets of Common Clothes, 4 sets of Best Craftsmenship Clothes, Forged Document, 4 bottles of variously coloured water, 4 bottles of variously coloured powder

Career Entries: Agitator, Camp Follower, Courtier, **Dilettante**, Entertainer, Envoy, **Ex-Convict**, Fence, Hedge Wizard, Journeyman Wizard, Minstrel, **Rapscallion**, Rogue, Smuggler, Thief

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Demagogue, Outlaw, Politician, Spy

Thief of Hearts

"What's the difference? Sir, you wound me, comparing me to a common thief or burglar. It's truly an insult, it is. It's all about where the focus lies. Thieves, burglars, and cutpurses only look for the pocket, the jewel. I aim for the heart first and foremost. I want to steal someone's trust and love, not just their fence-able goods. I'll steal dignity before diamonds…but I won't forget the diamonds. You want someone embarrassed and impoverished, I'm the one to do it."

Synnaela Maruvaal

The young elf Maruviel Naesyllna grew bored with life as an envoy in Nuln, brokering trade deals among the witless and the greedy. Excitement rarely entered her negotiation-laden world, until she interrupted a dwarf thief at a noble's manse as she sought refuge from an overly amorous trade partner. Seizing the opportunity, Maruviel offered an alliance with the thief in exchange for escape from the drudgery of her life.

Since that night three years ago, the two women mutually conspire to maintain their mutual thrills and profits. The dwarf became Karin Dellardar while they traveled from Nuln to Marienburg, and they established a false trading house through which both of them operate scams. Maruviel adopted the role of Synnaela Maruvaal, a temptress whose victims are too proud to admit they'd been swindled.

Synnaela's richest mark was a Kislevite noble whom she fleeced of a magical dagger of unmelting ice (and most of his jewelry) in exchange for forged "letters of introduction" that led to exile rather than allowing him an extended audience with Emperor Karl Franz.

Adventure Seeds

Jarla's Escape: The local villages and surrounding forest is plagued by a large number of thugs and ruffians. They hunt a woman named Jarla Pelgrann, claiming the local lord demands her presence, and they inflict a fair amount of damage to people and property. The party is in an inn when an equal amount of thugs enter, pointing at a woman at a table behind them, and charge. She smiles and tosses a small bottle on the table in front of her. Smoke engulfs the taproom, "Jarla" escapes, and thugs attack the party in the confusion!

A Bold Plan: Traveling to a remote settlement, the party poses as rich merchants or foreign nobles seeking investors for their trade consortium. They spur interest among the local nobility, resulting in a celebration thrown in their honor and to discuss trade. How much can the charlatans gull from the nobles and how far from them can the party get before the lie is exposed?

Cloth of Gold: A textile merchant, new to town, is concerned about a business deal he has recently become involved in. He sold his previous business in Nuln to relocate to the area, on the promise that his textiles would be in great demand in this region. However, the business partner he dealt with has suddenly disappeared – along with several hundred gold crowns worth of silks and satins.

Chekist



Does that hurt, comrade? I'm sorry; Sasha doesn't know his own strength sometimes. Please believe that I will learn what you're hiding from me; when I do, our next meeting will not be so pleasant.

(RotIQ) The principal goal of the chekist – the Ice Queen's secret police – is to ensure the personal and political security of the Tzarina and her family. This task is performed by any means possible, regardless of local laws; after all, in Kislev, what the chekist deems as law, *is* law. Their techniques employed to investigate the various Chaos cults, revolutionaries, criminals, hostile organisations, spies, and manifold other "threats" are often brutal, leaving the chekist with an ugly reputation. Their headquarters squat in Kislev city, but rumours suggest they have offices throughout the Ancient Widow's land, all siphoning information back to the capital. Some suggest the chekist even have agents in the Empire and beyond, each monitoring the activities of foreign threats to the Ice Queen and her rule; but this, of course, is denied.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law ***or*** Intimidate) (Int), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int), Dodge Blow (Ag) ***or*** Shadowing (Ag), Follow Trail (Int), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Search (Int)

Talents: Disarm ***or*** Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Menacing, Strike Mighty Blow ***or*** Strike to Stun

Trappings: Chekist are all identifiable by their black uniforms. Most wear leather jacks and leggings, and they all have distinctive helmets. Chekist are armed with bronze-tipped cudgels (Hand Weapon) and ride black Kislevite horses equipped with saddle, harness, and saddlebags.

Career Entries: Kossar, Protagonist, Streltsi, Thug, Watchman

Career Exits: Jailer, Interrogator, Mercenary, Racketeer, Sergeant, Soldier, Spy, Veteran, Watchman

Affiliations

Checkists have no official, structured organisations to speak of, save in their devotion and duty to the Tzarina herself. They rule through fear and intimidation – not qualities one seeks in a friend or drinking companion.

Very few men can take the strain of such constant vigilance; many chekist agents retire from the ranks after only a few years of active service. The ruthlessness necessary to do their job doesn't come naturally for everyone, and only a few individuals truly have the utter lack of compassion and unthinking dedication to their Queen that allows them to forget the pain and suffering they inflict on individuals – some of them innocent of any crime – for the good of the State.

Because of their connections to the chekist organisation, as well as the many skills they honed while in the Tzarina's service, retired chekists are highly sought-after by all of the crowned heads of the Old World. For the same reasons they are also prized by the criminal underworld, and can command fat salaries if their reputation is fearsome enough.

Little Known Facts

Chekists are well known by reputation, but few claim to know anyone actually belonging to the ranks of the Tzarina's secret police force. In the icy, wind-swept lands of Kislev, chekists are never spoken of openly, especially in public.

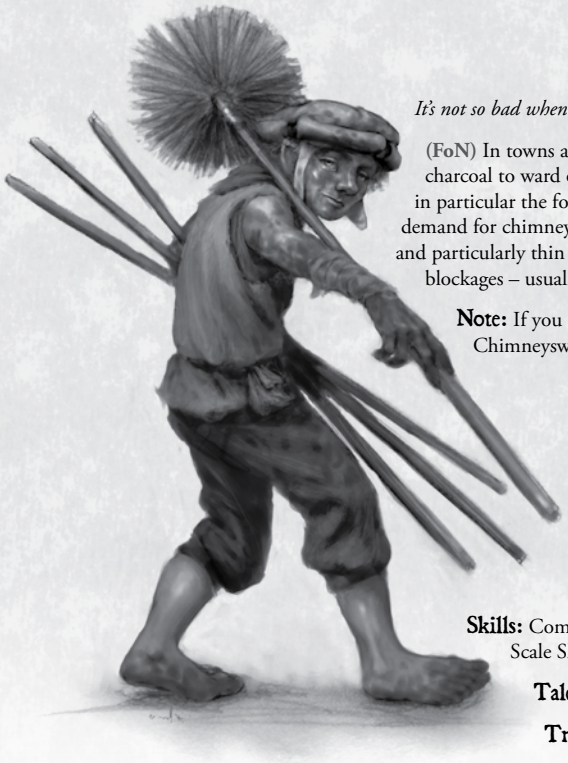
Each chekist has a network of informers that they cultivate wherever they go. These more frequently provide information for a little coin, but some do so for the good of the homeland and the Queen. Chekist's informers provide regular reports, just as the chekists themselves must account for their own actions ona daily or weekly basis if at home, or weekly to monthly while in the field. Chekists have no desire to be needlessly cruel, and those within their ranks who are will ultimately find themselves suffering the same fate as those they tormented – at the hands of the checkist.

Adventure Seeds

We've Got Company: The party, on an assignment in Kislev, is met by a lone horseman all in black. The natives openly fear this man, and his line of questioning of the party suggests he suspects them of being spies. If they are not able to convince him of their innocence, he may have them arrested, or he may follow them, hoping to catch them committing crimes against the state of Kislev. He will follow the party like a curse, appearing at the most inopportune times unless they can demonstrate a lawful reason for entering the realm.

Did You See That?: While travelling within the Empire, the party meets up with a merchant from Kislev. His warmth and gregarious nature belie his true nature, though he is a competent merchant and his wares – from his native land – are of top quality. However, a chance encounter allows one or more of the party to witness him handing a packet of papers off to a surly-looking Ungol, who mysteriously spirits them away. The party may be witnessing the acts of a spy in their very midst.

Watchful Eyes: A tradesman is growing increasingly distressed. His business is under constant scrutiny by a particular chekist. The tradesman's business is legitimate, and he fears the unwanted attention is due to the fact that the tradesman has fallen in love with a woman the chekist himself fancies.



Chimneysweep

It's not so bad when yer climbing up. It's the getting stuck bit I don't much like.

(FoN) In towns and cities throughout the Empire, households that can afford to do so burn charcoal to ward off the chill of winter. Many industries also make extensive use of charcoal, in particular the forges of Nuln. Heavy use clogs chimneys with soot, resulting in an increased demand for chimney sweeps. A good many of these workers are children, but many are halflings and particularly thin men. Working on the rooftops, they scrub out the chimneys to clear blockages – usually soot, but sometimes, far stranger things.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Chimneysweep for Charcoal Burner with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Contortionist *or* Very Strong, Streetwise

Trappings: Brush, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Charcoal Burner, Miner, Peasant, Rogue, Thief

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Mercenary, Militiaman, Protagonist, Rat Catcher

A Sweep's Life

Chimneysweeps, or sweeps as they call themselves, often work in pairs; one feeding the brush into the chimney from the hearth, while his partner shimmies up the chimney cleaning out soot deposits. Human sweeps employ a child apprentice, normally taken from an orphanage at the age of five. Halfling sweeps take it in turns to do the dirty work. Their agility means they can do the job in a far shorter time than a human child, and so are often preferred.

The work is gruelling, with countless hours spent wriggling in sooty darkness. Sweeps often suffer from skin and breathing ailments, and frequently burn themselves while climbing still-hot chimneys. Child apprentices suffer the worst. Their masters takes the lion's share of the earnings, paying the apprentice with a few scraps of food, small compensation for the risks they face. When an apprentice gets too big to climb up inside the chimneys, he is quickly replaced by a younger boy and left to fend for himself.

Most sweeps travel from town to town looking for work, especially in the summer months, when work may be meagre and a master may force his apprentice to go begging. Some unscrupulous masters encourage their apprentices to sneak into rooms through the fireplace and pilfer objects from the homes they service. If the boy is caught, the master sweep can lay all the blame on him – it is easy enough to replace an arrested apprentice.

Lucky Omens

Among urban folk throughout the Empire, it is generally considered a good omen to meet a sweep first thing in the morning, as ancient superstitions ties soot and ash to rebirth and fertility. This has led to the bizarre ritual of some sweeps hiring themselves out to attend weddings early in the morning to bring good fortune to the union. At the marriage of a poor couple, a sweep can expect a free meal, but at the extravagant weddings of the nobility, he can earn the equivalent of a week's wages. Sweeps often come to blows to be the first to present themselves to the bride's father before the wedding starts.

Adventure Seeds

Old Bones: A sweep is employed by a merchant to clean the long-unused chimneys of a mansion he has bought. One of the chimneys is blocked… by a mouldering skeleton. How did the corpse get there, and what is the strange amulet gripped in its bony hand?

A Thief in the Chimney: A rake has gambled away his wife's jeweller, losing it to another nobleman. He hires a chimney sweep to enter the man's house on the pretext of cleaning his chimneys, and promises to pay him well if he steals the jeweller back.

Cloaked Brother



Really? There is a rumour going 'round that poor Bertram is caught up in a cult? Tell me more, good brother...

(ToC) Cloaked Brothers are hidden agents loosely affiliated with Sigmar's Witch Hunters. Though not a true branch of the Templars, they often have cause to join forces with their, sometimes overzealous, brethren. However, they are just as likely to double cross them as they are with any organisation they deal with. Cloaked Brothers are masters of information. They infiltrate organisations to learn what they can, reporting their findings to their superiors – though who exactly "they" are is unknown. This organisation draws from a vast array of talent, from ex-Witch Hunters to Mutants.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+25%	+30%	+25%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Disguise, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (any two), Secret Signs (any two), Silent Move, Speak Language (any four), Trade (any one)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Alley Cat, Coolheaded, Linguistics *or* Mimic, Savvy *or* Suave, Schemer, Streetwise

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Hand Weapon, Garrotte*, Cloak, Good Craftsmanship Disguise Kit, three sets of Good Clothing, one Dose of Poison

*See *Old World Armoury* page 31 for details.

Career Entries: Assassin, Courtier, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Friar, Master Thief, Politician, Scout, Spy, Veteran, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Assassin, Charlatan, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Master Thief, Politician, Scout, Spy, Veteran, Witch Hunter

Recruitment

The Cloaked Brothers do not exist, and that's just the way the Cloaked Brothers like it. The vast majority of the Empire has never heard of the Brothers, and the tiny portion that has believes they exist only in beer-fuelled tavern tales. While their structure remains entirely concealed to outsiders, the Cloaked Brothers are in fact a highly ordered fraternity. The organisation only consider candidates for recruitment from among long-standing friends and proven associates who possess knowledge or skills that it values. Cloaked Brothers come from all walks of life, and from both sides of the law. There are only two non-negotiable directives that govern recruitment: The candidate must have experienced first-hand contact or exposure to the ruinous powers, and the candidate must be of temperate nature and evidence a personal history that demonstrates caution over zeal, patience over urgency and restraint over indulgence.

Recruits are always selected in groups of five to form the standard Cloaked Brother cell. The Cloaked Brother who recruits a new cell becomes its leader. This way, veteran cells that gain too much attention or notoriety can be "retired" from active duty, yet still put their members' experience to use. The five members of a Cloaked Brother cell will never meet face-to-face. Cell members know the name and occupation of their cell-leader as well as the other members in their cell, but no one else. In theory, this modular command structure should ensure that individual cells are insulated from one another should a breach in security occur.

Many Cloaked Brothers are trained in cryptography, and communications with their cell-leader and fellow cell-members are handled through an elaborate code scheme utilising a series of cipher discs. A major limitation to early cryptography was that codes had to be simple enough for recipients to decode without the help of advanced academic knowledge. Famed Tilean scholar, Cosimo Baldacci, offered an innovative solution in 1204, with his invention of the cipher disc. The cipher disc is a device used for encoding and decoding messages through the use of concentric wheels imprinted with alphabetic and numeric characters. The Tilean City States make extensive use of cipher discs to maintain the security of their diplomatic missives; however their use is still limited in other regions.

A Cloaked Brother will hide his cipher disc in many places, including inside rings, belt buckles, dagger hilts and even coat buttons. Cipher discs are typically crafted from gold or other soft metals so they can be quickly melted, trampled or otherwise defaced in the event of capture.

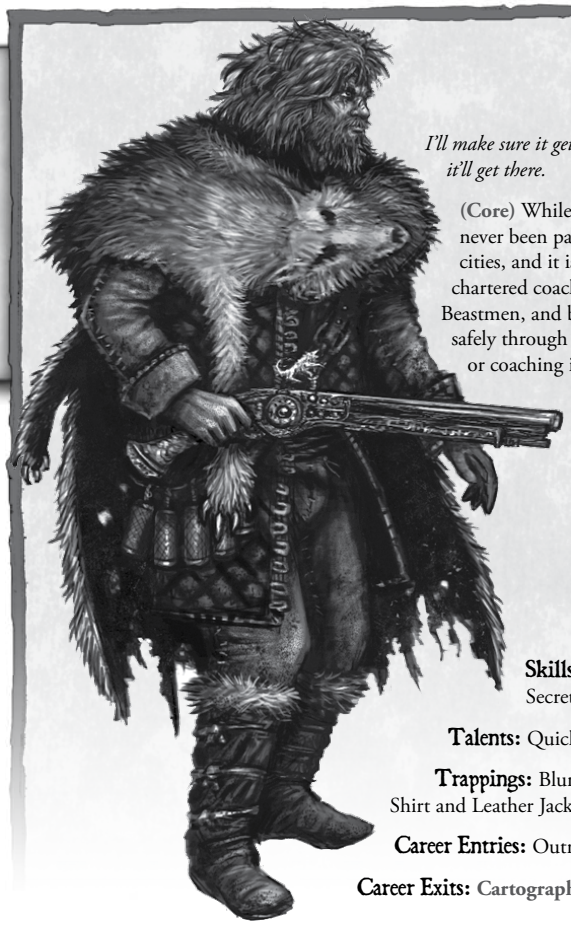
New Skill: Academic Knowledge (Cryptography)

Description: Cryptography is the art of disguising or "encoding" information within a seemingly unrelated sequence of letters and numbers known as a code. In theory, the intended recipient can only read an encoded message through the use of a code key. However, experienced cryptographers are often able to decipher or "decode" a message through meticulous research and toil.

Related Talent: Super Numerate (+10% on Academic Knowledge (Cryptography) Skill Tests)

Adventure Seeds

Rescue Mission: The witch hunters have disrupted a local Chaos cult, and are holding the cultists for summary execution. Unfortunately, a pair of Cloaked Brother infiltrators has been caught up in the raid, and they desperately need rescuing.



Coachman

I'll make sure it gets there safe and sound. If I have to shoot every beastman and goblin from here to Nuln, it'll get there.

(Core) While the Empire is a mighty nation, its lands are far from safe. Large stretches of it have never been pacified or cultivated. A precarious system of roads connects the villages, towns, and cities, and it is here that the Coachmen earn their pay, working for one of the many Imperially chartered coaching companies. The roads are frequently in ill repair or plagued by Goblins, Beastmen, and brigands. Nonetheless, the Coachmen risk life and limb to bring passengers and cargo safely through the hazards of the Imperial roadways. Each day is a race to reach the next settlement or coaching inn before sunset. No one wants to be on the road in the dark of the night, especially when the Chaos moon is in the sky.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Drive, Gossip or Haggle, Heal or Ride, Navigation, Perception, Secret Signs (Ranger), Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, or Tilean)

Talents: Quick Draw or Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder)

Trappings: Blunderbuss with powder/ammunition enough for 10 shots, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Instrument (Coach Horn)

Career Entries: Outrider, Messenger

Career Exits: **Cartographer,** Ferryman, Highwayman, Outlaw, Roadwarden, Scout, Smuggler, Toll Keeper

A Day in the Life

A coachman starts his journey is one of the great cities of the Empire. With his partner (coachmen typically work in pairs) , the coachman prepares the coach for the journey, tend to the needs of the horses, and help the passengers load their luggage and settle comfortably. Good coachmen engage their passengers in witty repartee, inform them about the journey ahead, and perhaps entertain them with a jolly tune on the coach horn.

The coachmen have one task that they must achieve above all others, to reach the next stage of their journey before night falls. After dark the forests of the Empire come alive with the howls of wild animals, beastmen, goblins, or worse. A lone coach makes an easy target for a raiding party bent on destruction or loot.

Even during the daytime a coach is far from safe. Gangs of outlaws or highwaymen sometimes block the roads, waiting for a coach to stop so they can rob the passengers. To this end each coachman is ever vigilant with his blunderbuss. After all, with such an intimidating weapon, only the most desperate brigand would press his attack.

Affiliations

Most coachmen in the Empire are members of one of the great coaching houses, such as Imperial Expressways of Nuln (a lavish and stately service), Tunnelway Coaches of Talabheim (a rather limited local run), or Ratchett Lines of Altdorf (a dilapidated shadow of its former self).

To be a member of a coaching house is to be a member of a guild in all but name. They provide coaches, equipment, training, and wages to the coachmen, and expect loyal service in return. The Houses also patronise a number of coaching inns, fortified taverns that line the major coach routes and provide stopping points for the night.

The most successful coaching house is Four Seasons Coaches, operating out of Altdorf. From humble beginnings this company has become the foremost coaching house in the Empire. Even the name "Four Seasons" is something of a manifesto, as other houses run a limited service in the harsh winter months. The company even sponsors its own chain of coaching inns, making life for competitors even harder.

Adventure Seeds

A Little Dishonest Business: The travellers on a Ratchett Lines coach from Altdorf to Delberz are in for a nasty shock. One of the coachmen has decided to supplement his meagre income by coming to an agreement with a gang of outlaws. Two days into the journey the bandits descend on the coach. The coachman discharges his blunderbuss harmlessly over their heads, leaving the outlaws free to take what they wish from the passengers.

You Need to Get There Fast, Right? Cannon Ball Express coachmen have come up with a way to add a little spice to a routine run. When they leave Nuln they pick up a stamped card marked with the time of departure that they later hand to a man at the Broken Lance, a coaching inn on the outskirts of Kemperbad. Every four months the team who made the run in the shortest time are awarded a crate of Bugman's Ale at a secret party in Nuln. The contest is just seen as a bit of fun, but thrown horseshoes and damaged coaches can result if coaches pushed too fast. It's only a matter of time before a serious accident occurs, leaving the coachmen and their passengers stranded in the wilderness, far from the nearest coaching inn.

Courtier

Have you heard about the viscount? The wags in court all believe he's taken another lover and this time – she's married. Heads will roll, Stephan. Heads will roll. What business is that of mine? Why Stephan, you should know by now that I find my own business quite dreary. I much prefer other people's.



(Core) Courtiers surround the nobility at court, fawning over lieges and ladies in the hopes of getting ahead. They range from sycophants who desperately wish to please, to cunning schemers who seek the keys to wealth and prestige. Courtiers are frequently well-read and skilled public speakers, as they are often called upon to offer erudite opinions on a variety of subjects to their Noble patrons. No Courtier, no matter how clever, is ever fully secure in his position, as there is always another who desperately wants it and is willing to do nearly anything to get it. Female Courtiers are usually known as ladies-in-waiting.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
++5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+20%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (the Arts ***or*** History) ***or*** Gamble, Blather, Charm, Command ***or*** Performer (any one), Common Knowledge (Bretonnia ***or*** Tilea), Evaluate, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Breton ***or*** Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker ***or*** Etiquette, Public Speaking, Savvy ***or*** Suave, Schemer ***or*** Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing)

Trappings: 4 Sets of Noble's Garb, 100 gc, Valet

Career Entries: **Dilettante**, Noble, Herald, Pistolier, Politician

Career Exits: Charlatan, Duellist, Noble Lord, Politician, Steward, Spy

The Valicinian Circle

This unmarked gated building in the most elite section of Altdorf is often mistaken for a private residence. It is, in fact, a very exclusive private club and gathering place for countless Courtiers. Named for an ancient warrior-poet, the club is dominated by classical themes almost designed to make the lower classes feel uncomfortable.

On the face of it, this is a harmless if extravagant organisation mostly concerned with sipping fine Bretonnian brandy and discussing the vagaries of the market. But many major decisions regarding business and government are decided in these marble halls and so it should be no surprise that villains of many varieties may be found here. A Lamhian vampiress (see NDM for details) and courtier using the name of Baroness Clarissa von Rosen is a prominent member who has slowly been gaining noble and courtier thralls among the membership. It is only a matter of time before the Circle is transformed into her personal coven.

Venezia Falconieri

Venezia was born to the life of a courtier. The daughter of a family that boasted seven generations of courtesans, the courtly life was simply in her blood. Further Venezia is a classic beauty, dark-haired, emerald-eyed and fair-skinned. She is undoubtedly one of the most physically attractive women in the Old World today. Venezia leveraged her beauty and wits and arose within the society of the Tilean city-state of Verezzo like a force of nature.

She cut a magnificent swath through the nobility and upper society, soon being able to claim that she was perhaps the most influential woman in Verezzo save the Duchess. Perhaps, she rose a bit too spectacularly. Powerful enemies decided she needed to be dealt with and trumped up charges of witchcraft. Venezia barely managed to escape the pyres of the witch hunters and was forced to forever flee the city of her birth.

Thus did Venezia come to Altdorf. She resides there to this day, and her company and talents are much sought after. It is said that if one must negotiate the subtleties of the court of Karl Franz, there is no better guide. Alas, one must be careful when dealing with the Lady Falconieri. Any question reveals interest and that can be valuable information in its own right.

Venezia has dozens of clients always ready to pay handsomely for secrets. And what of the whispers of witchcraft? Could it be that the trumped charges that caused to her flee Verezzo were not so imaginary after all? What other explanation could there be for her sending her personal valet to purchase strange herbs from the more discrete markets of the city?

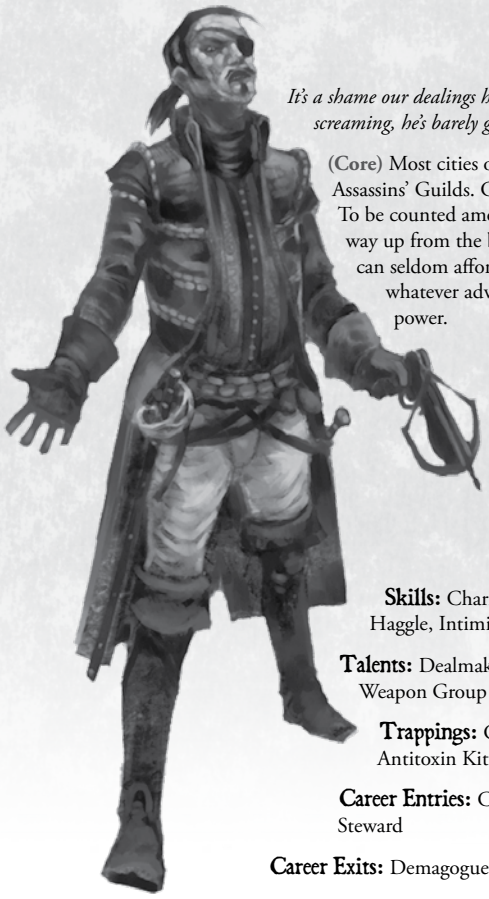
Adventure Seeds

The Wrong Side of the Insult: One of the characters has insulted a courtier of no small renown. The insult could be something real – a lost duel, a murdered relative, a stolen heirloom – or it could be a subtle or even imagined slight. Regardless, the courtier uses his influence to make the party miserable. They must either flee in disgrace or brave the treacheries of high society and the local count's court if they are deal with this threat.

Urgent Retrieval: A courtier is desperate – his private journals have been stolen. He is sure the theft was engineered by his rival to disgrace him. He needs that journal (which is full of scandals and gossip) back immediately.

ADVANCED

Crime Lord



It's a shame our dealings had to end this way. We could have worked together so well, if only you had...oh, do stop screaming, he's barely got half your fingers off yet.

(Core) Most cities of the Old World have one or more organized criminal organisations, such as Thieves' or Assassins' Guilds. Crime Lords are the leaders of these groups and they are powerful and dangerous folk. To be counted among their ranks one must be clever, ambitious and completely ruthless. Most claw their way up from the bottom, learning every dirty trick in the book as they ascend to power. Crime Lords can seldom afford the luxury of trust. They are experts at evaluating both people and situations to seek whatever advantage they can. Many Crime Lords become involved in local politics to further their power.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+25%	+20%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Torture

Talents: Dealmaker ***or*** Schemer, Menacing, Public Speaking, Resistance to Poison, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow ***or*** Parrying), Streetwise

Trappings: Crossbow pistol with 10 bolts ***or*** Sword-breaker, One set of Best Craftsmenship Clothing, Antitoxin Kit, 100 ***gc***, Criminal Organisation

Career Entries: Cat Burglar, Demagogue, Fence, Guild Master, Master Thief, Outlaw Chief, Politician, Steward

Career Exits: Demagogue, Master Thief, Outlaw Chief, Politician

Affiliations

A crime lord without a guild to command is no crime lord, but just a thug with pretensions. Of course, the fact that all but the dimmest of those he commands seeks his job is always on the crime lord's mind. On the other hand, he needs to surround himself with the most competent rogues, scoundrels, and thugs he can find, or his guild will fall to some other, rival, guild. The constant tension between needing to have powerful subordinates – while making sure they are not too powerful – defines the crime lord's life, and only those who can master the balance remain in this career for long.

In all but the smallest cities there are multiple guilds – and while criminal organizations are, by nature, untrustworthy, naked self interest helps prevent all-out wars. Each guild, band, or gang will try to define its own territory or area of operation. The pickpockets of Old Bend District can co-exist with the burglars there, and both will work together against a new gang muscling in on their territory. At times, particularly cunning and powerful crime lords build vast underworld empires.

Every gang in the city swears fealty to them, often paying a "tax" from their earning. The tax sometimes goes to keep the guards and bailiffs well-bribed, but often it vanishes into the crime lord's pockets. Such webs of control are short lived, unless there are more powerful forces behind the "boss" – agents of Chaos, renegade wizards, and the like may be the power behind the shadowy throne.

Little Known Facts

Crime lords often operate under many names and many aliases. A criminal who has lost his gang in one city may start up a new one a few leagues down the river, slightly disguised and possessing a new identity. The most cunning crime lords will sometimes take on two identities in the same city, using the second to find out who seeks to betray the first by posing as his own "rival."

Often, crime lords and agents of the law, such as bailiffs, end up working together. Crime is unavoidable, but if the victims of crimes are primarily those who are enemies of the city's rulers, the law can easily look the other way.

Adventure Seeds

Cleaning Up: A seemingly incorruptible politician has seized power, and he is ordering crackdowns on all the local gangs – even those who have long had "cozy" relations with the law. Corrupt officers are being stripped of their rank and hidden allies among the burghers are being outed! Is this new leader truly what he seems, or is he just sweeping out all remnants of the old criminal order so that he can establish his own gang?

The Game: The old capo is retiring while he's still alive, a rare thing. He doesn't want to see the great criminal empire he's built crumble into warring gangs, so he decides to appoint a successor – someone who has the cunning and daring needed to inspire and lead. A powerful Ostermark noble and her retinue, will be paying a visit soon – whoever manages to steal the most from them will be the designated "heir." Of course, the local law has been made aware of the "contest" – but they must not allow the noblewoman to know it is going on. The game is afoot...

Crusader

Shall mankind's lot be to sit idle and let the darkness take him? No, I say thee! We must strike back against the shadows!



(ToS) It is perhaps the greatest deed a templar can perform to go to war in the name of the Gods. In ages past, especially during the crusades against Araby, it was unusual for a knight to not go on crusade with his order. But in more recent times crusades are far less common, especially on such a scale.

Crusaders are those knights who are veterans of crusades, who have earned great glory for their order and faith through their deeds in foreign lands against the enemies of the cult. They are world-wise men, skilled at fighting in all manner of conditions and against all manner of enemies, and many knights who return from crusade find their deeds forever etched in the legends of their order.

Not all crusaders hail from the nobility or from a knightly order, although it is certainly true that most do. Some are pious men who are mere soldiers, fighting alongside the armies of templars and knights, and their deeds are no less noble despite their lesser status.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+30%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+25%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Common Knowledge (any three), Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Arabyan, Breton, Estalian, *or* Tilean).

Talents: Orientation *or* Linguistics, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Heavy Armour (Best Craftsmanship Full Plate Armour), Maps (depicting the route of either a pilgrimage or crusade), Religious Symbol

Career Entries: Knight, Noble Lord, Sergeant, Veteran

Career Exits: Captain, Judicial Champion, Explorer, Initiate, Knight of the Inner Circle, Noble Lord, Veteran

Crusader Patrons and the Economics of Faith

Although crusades are usually declared by a religious order, many of the knights who join them are driven by worldly motives like revenge or the pursuit of glory. Crusaders from the Empire typically belong to Sigmarite or Ulrican orders such as the Knights Panther or Knights of the White Wolf.

Crusaders from the southern lands of Estalia and Tilea are almost entirely from the Myrmidian Order of the Righteous Spear. Bretonnian crusaders fight on behalf of their liege lords and the Lady of the Lake, rather than belonging to organised knightly orders. The lands north of Kislev have become a popular destination for crusaders from across the Old World since the Storm of Chaos.

Crusades are costly endeavours, often requiring significant investment from nobles and merchants. Religious orders lacking the resources to supply ships and baggage trains themselves must guarantee treasure or parcels of land to potential financiers. Wealthy benefactors who wish to have their interests properly represented provide soldiers led by knights from their own armies, or even accompany the crusade in person. The cult of Sigmar is the only religious order with sufficient wealth to launch a crusade without the backing of others, although the temples' coffers would be depleted by such an endeavour, so the patronage of nobles is generally solicited.

Echoes of Araby

Every crusader knows of the crusades against Araby nearly 1,000 years ago which were launched in retaliation for Sultan Jaffar's invasion of Estalia. Few realise the extent to which those crusades still influence the customs of knightly orders today. The Knights Panthers' symbolic cat pelts are intended to commemorate their crusader forebears, but the order also practises ritualistic hand gestures before meals to bless their food and drink. In modern times, these gestures are accompanied by prayers to Taal and Rhya, but originally they were used in spells by the crusaders' hedge sorcerers to appease desert spirits. Present day crusaders of the Knights Panther wear grilled visors on their helms as a matter of tradition, but during the Arabyan crusades this was merely a precaution against heat stroke.

When the Arabyan port city of Copher was ransacked during the original crusades, both civilians and wounded soldiers were slain without quarter. The grandmasters of the Righteous Spear agreed at the time that the killings at Copher constituted murder, not war, and warned their knights against the temptations of the dread god Khaine. The Order of the Righteous Spear has a longstanding policy amongst its crusaders to always accept a human enemy's surrender.

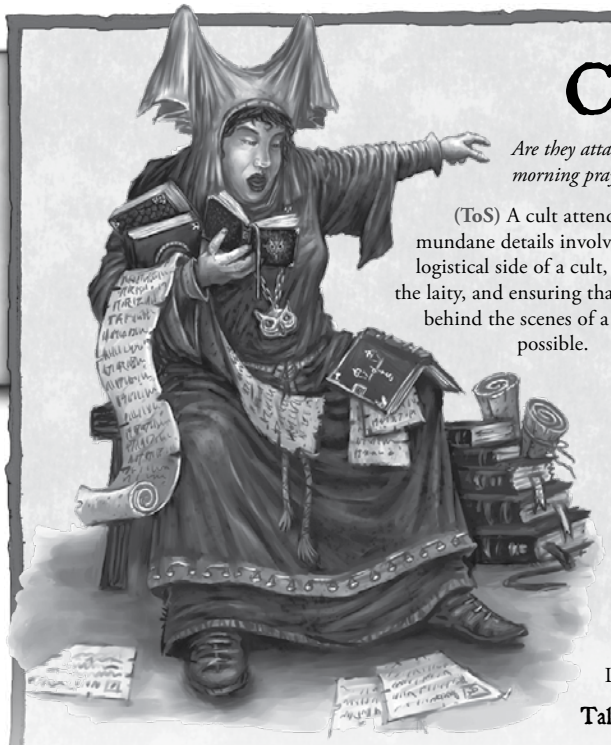
Adventure Seeds

Greenskins: A Waaagh! led by orc warboss Grimgor Ironhide left a wake of ruined villages across the Empire. A place sacred to the crusader's god was despoiled by the orc marauders, and its priests are now organising a crusade to exact revenge. The cult's templars argue that precious resources must not be squandered as long as remnants of Archaon's Chaos horde remain in the Empire's forests.

Handrich's First Crusade: A cabal of Marienburg merchants is funding a crusade to secure the Ivory Road to Ind. This is the first crusade to be launched in the name of Handrich, whose cult does not have any templar orders of its own. The merchants are therefore recruiting independent knights to lead the crusade.

ADVANCED

Cult Attendant



Are they attacking now? No? Then you can tell the high priest about the rampaging mutants after morning prayers.

(ToS) A cult attendant is an assistant to a cult's priests, entrusted with organising all of the mundane details involved in the running of a temple. Cult attendants are concerned with the logistical side of a cult, organising orders of service, coordinating the activities of the clergy and the laity, and ensuring that rituals and prayers proceed as smoothly as possible. A cult attendant rules behind the scenes of a temple, and many pride themselves on remaining as inconspicuous as possible.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	–	+20%	+15%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (any one), Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any one), Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking

Trappings: Robes

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, Courtier, Initiate, Messenger, Priest, Valet

Career Exits: Politician, Priest, Squire, Steward

A Day in the Life

On an ideal day, the cult attendant attends to the many chores required to ensure the smooth running of his temple, such as the mundane tasks of keeping the temple clean and in good repair. But the attendant must also be prepared to serve the spiritual needs of the temple's visitors.

Ideal days are rare, however. It is not uncommon for a priest to fail to show up for a service they should be conducting. This occurs most often with militant priests, who are devoted to both their faith and the battlefield. Sometimes finding a replacement is just a matter of finding a priest in the temple and pointing him in the direction of the congregation, but sometimes messengers must be sent out to find a priest, any priest, and bring him in. Even a wandering priest of the god might be drafted in to fill a gap.

Theft is another concern. While perhaps not as rampant as some may make it out to be, theft from temples and the faithful does occur. This presents two problems for the cult attendant. The most urgent is replacing the missing supplies, because the theft may not even be discovered until someone tries to use the item stolen. Finding the thief is also important, in an effort to both recover losses as well as put an end to the thefts.

Little Known Facts

Particularly skilled or efficient cult attendants may find themselves courted by larger, wealthier temples. It's not at all unheard of for an attendant to leave one church altogether in favor of another that pays better, as the Church of Ulric is learning to its dismay in Middenheim.

A cult attendant need not be officially ordained in the cult he serves. In fact, many cult attendants started as members of the congregation who took a special interest in the affairs of the temple.

The cult attendant is under an enormous amount of stress, trying to balance expenses, keep the temple provisioned and maintained, while catering to the egos of priests, friars and prelates all making demands on the attendant's time and resources.

Even faithful cult attendants may succumb to the ennui of their role within a given order. They feel a burning need to make a difference for their faith, and more than one cult attendant has shirked that role to take up arms, filled with a righteous zeal. Lacking the military training of their brethren, these former cult attendants often end up as martyrs for their faith.

Adventure Seeds

Convictions: The cult attendant notices a drop in offerings on certain days, and quickly realises that the fall coincides with two particular people being on duty. One is a respected priest, the other a newly-recruited initiate with a shady past. The attendant suspects one of them may be stealing from the offertory, but cannot be certain without proof. The cult attendant wants to "hire" some new members of the congregation to help get to the bottom of things.

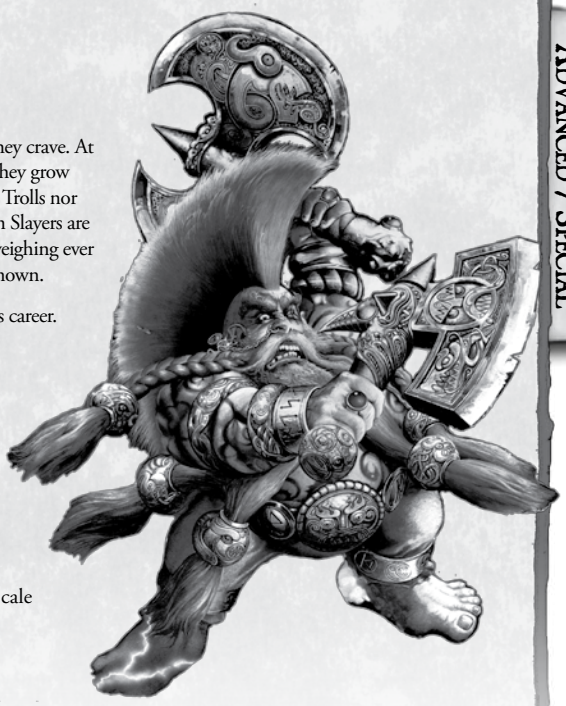
An Unsettling Discovery: A cult attendant is cataloguing the contents of a recent delivery. Among the mundane foodstuffs and supplies is a box of votive candles. Upon opening the box, the cult attendant discovers that the candles are formed of a sickly sweet violet wax and bear the sigil of Slaanesh! How did these candles get mixed in with the temple's supplies? Did someone deliberately acquire them, looking to subvert members of the faith?

Daemon Slayer

Phaw. That weren't so tough. Wake me when we find something worthy of my axe.

(Core) In every generation there are one or two Slayers who cannot seem to find the death they crave. At every turn, destiny cheats them or perhaps, drives them forward, and as the long years pass, they grow more and more fierce, determined to find the mighty doom that awaits them. When neither Trolls nor Giants can fell a Slayer, he takes on the mightiest foes of all: the Daemons of Chaos. Daemon Slayers are frightening individuals. They are barely sane at best, the shame of their continuing survival weighing ever on their thoughts, yet they're also among the greatest warriors that the Old World has ever known.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career. You must have slain a Daemon of note to enter this career.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+40%	–	+30%	+30%	+20%	–	+30%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (any two), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Scale Sheer Surface

Talents: Lightning Parry, Unsettling

Trappings: Great Weapon

Career Entries: Giant Slayer

Career Exits: Glorious death

A Slayer Finally Meets his Doom

When a daemon slayer finally meets his doom, his surviving companions should decide how to honour him. It would certainly be remiss of them not to contact the dwarf's family and old associates to tell them of the manner of his passing.

Such a journey could be perilous in itself, as the dwarf holds lie in remote mountainsides. The reception may not be a warm one either, and if the news is not good (for example the slayer may have died in a dishonourable manner – by accident or in combat with an unworthy foe) the dwarfs might hold it against the messenger.

Notable Figure: Falki Ringulsson

Falki Ringulsson was a young apprentice stonemason of Karak Hirn. His master, Gotri, allowed Falki to oversee the completion of a joist they erected in a feasting hall. Five months later, during raucous celebrations, part of the roof gave way and crushed the revellers underneath.

It seemed his joist had proved the weak point and Falki blamed himself. Gotri tried to console his apprentice, explaining that accidents happen, but Falki fell into a deep depression and took no solace from anyone's sympathy. After months of his apprentice's moping Gotri suggested making atonement might ease his apprentice's conscience. He didn't mention any particular penance, but everyone knew what was implied. Falki shaved the sides of his head, dyed his hair a bright orange, and swore the slayer oath. He travelled to exotic locales, met wondrous beasts, and slew them.

Seventeen years later, few dwarfs from Karak Hirn would recognise the now mighty Falki Ringulsson. He has faced down some of the most dreadful opponents the Old World has to offer and has earned the title of daemon slayer. However, a secret bitterness lurks in Falkri's heart. No longer a callow youth, he now considers Gotri responsible for the accident that led to his shame, reasoning that the master mason convinced him to take the oath to focus blame on Falki. If the mason had taken his responsibilities seriously he would have checked that his apprentice's work was sound. Falki wants one last meeting with Gottri before meeting his doom.

Adventure Seeds

Suffer No Guilt: A party of dwarfs cross the path of the daemon slayer, and to his horror, he recognises that one of them knows of the great shame that led him to taking the Slayer oath. The dwarfs reassure the daemon slayer they are not angry. They have sought him out and they wish to talk. They explain that there were mistakes made in the past and the daemon slayer's name has been cleared – he was not responsible for the dishonour he feels he must atone for. The dwarfs are not so naïve as to believe any slayer would ever turn his back on his oath, but they want him to know he can go to his doom with a clear conscience.

A Scholarly Approach: A daemon slayer increasingly worries about what tales he leaves to prosperity, and seeks out ever-rarer opponents in order to find his doom at the hands of a truly remarkable foe. Daemon slayers have even been observed taking an interest in the subject of Beastaria, poring over illustrated tomes of fabulous beasts in the library of the Altdorf University. Such individuals may even chase rumours of beasts that University professors claim are extinct or never even existed, such as the fabled Jabberwock or the half-daemonic Fen Cyclops.



Deepwatcher

To see the sun again after a long Deepwatch. Was ne'er a shinier gold crown, nor richer reward.

(WC) The Deepwatch is made up of those too caught-up in the tales of adventure and glory to pay heed to the inherent dangers, or those too desperate to care. The Deepwatch are in essence a guild of professional adventurers, with groups dispatched into the tunnels beneath the city to keep them clear from monsters and stop any creatures from reaching the city. It's a dangerous job, all right, but somebody has to do it.

With your GM's permission, you can substitute Deepwatcher for Militiaman as your starting career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Evaluate, Orientation, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Lantern, Lamp Oil, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Soldier, Tomb Raider, Watchman

Career Exits: Engineer, Explorer, Mercenary, Sergeant, Smuggler, Veteran

A Day in the Life

Life beneath Tobaro resembles the worst any settlement has to offer, with all the added dangers of cavern exploration and the regulation of military service. Life in the Deepwatch is hardly the adventure some paint it to be. True, one can reap the rewards of undiscovered treasures or long-buried secrets, but just as easily gained are deaths from collapses, monsters, or explosions of pent-up gasses.

The day begins at shiftstart – shifts start at dawn, mid-day, sunset, or midnight – and ends two shiftstarts later. At any time of day, there are more than a score of groups patrolling the undercaverns beneath Tobaro and twice as many resting or in reserve.

Deepwatchers assemble in the guild hall or in a location beneath it determined by their squad's leaders – rare veterans who survive more than six months in this career. Squads consist of four to a dozen folk. One member maps out the squad's route, another sketches details and findings, and all others keep weapons and ropes at the ready for anything.

One-third of the squads are on the "shortshift" of single-night patrols. They tour familiar points beneath the city that are known areas of activity for thieves or other threats to the city above. They also guard the wells to prevent anyone from poisoning the populace. These shifts are considered "reward posts" in that the areas traveled are shallow, well-known, and unlikely to collapse or present major problems. Therefor, these shifts often precede a longer posting.

The other two-thirds of the squads are on "longshifts." These involve a shift's travel (or more) to and from Deepwatch camps (used for resting without returning to the city). There are between nine and a dozen "shift-holds," depending on whether or not they are overrun by monsters or abandoned for other reasons. While there are often supplies and weapons in each shift-hold, squads carry in food and fuel for themselves, leaving behind only obvious surpluses.

One-third the longshifts guard the shift-holds and immediate tunnels around them. The remaining active squads delve into unexplored places. Those squads root out any monsters or collapsed tunnels too dangerous to defend or clear. They also look for new threats to report to the guild hall far above. A typical longshift is no less than two shifts beyond the time it takes to reach their shift-hold. Deepwatchers collect their paychecks after each longshift.

Affiliations

The official chain-of-command for the Deepwatch only mentions the Commander and three sub-Commanders as responsible for assigning squads to the undercity. Unofficially, veteran Deepwatchers become informal officers over habitual parties. It's understood who works regularly with whom and said groups adopt names such as Dhorrin's Delvers, Guild Havenrold's Deepers, the Ratbanes, or Contano's Band.

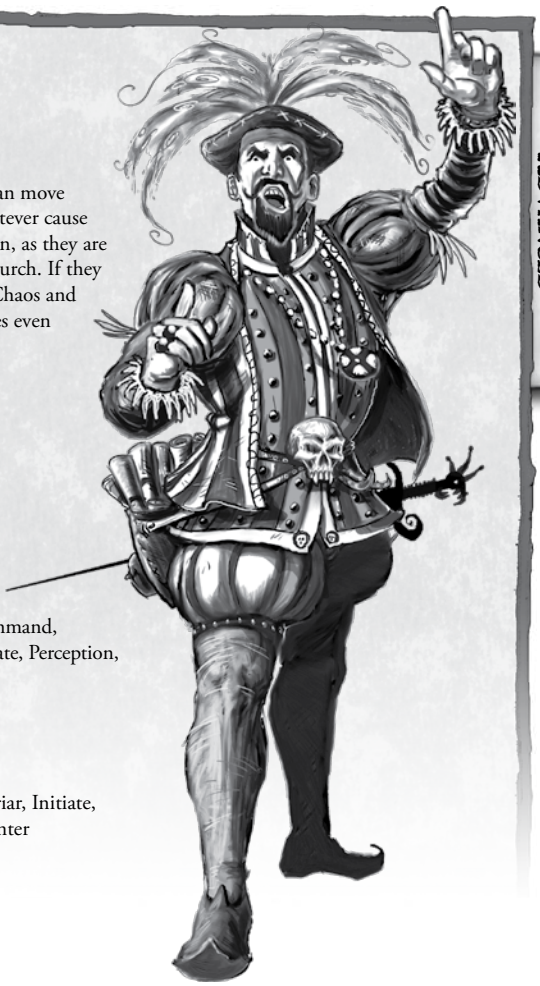
Adventure Seeds

House Checcin's Rise: Numerous gem merchants and whitesmiths have disappeared in recent months. Rumors fly that House Checcin has been consolidating its power over the jewelry trade in Tobaro by assassinating its rivals and disposing of the bodies beneath the city. Whether Deepwatchers or others are complicit in these assassinations, the increase in traffic beneath Tobaro also increases the dangers for any moving beneath the city.

Demagogue

Surely, good people, you will not tolerate this injustice in our town?

(Core) Demagogues are the most popular Agitators, public speakers so gifted that they can move countries with their persuasive words. They are always counted among the leaders of whatever cause they choose to champion. Those in power view Demagogues with a great deal of suspicion, as they are far too capable of stirring up dissent or sowing mistrust against the government or the church. If they can be properly directed however, they're also very useful for rallying the people against Chaos and other threats. Thus the authorities treat popular Demagogues with caution and sometimes even favour.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	–	+10%	+15%	+20%	+15%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette *or* Streetwise, Master Orator, Public Speaking, Street Fighting

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap)

Career Entries: Agitator, Anointed Priest, Artisan, Charlatan, Crime Lord, Flagellant, Friar, Initiate, Minstrel, Outlaw, Outlaw Chief, Politician, **Prelate**, Rogue, Vampire Hunter, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Crime Lord, Friar, Mercenary, Outlaw Chief, Politician

Little Known Facts

As supremely convincing public speakers, demagogues can inspire rage or grief, create an angry mob or turn an enraged crowd to tears of shame. Magistrates are well aware of prevailing public opinion, and are sometimes swayed in their decisions when a demagogue has riled up the public against the likely judgment of the courts. Wise rulers will ensure that particularly effective demogogues are in his employ and well satisfied.

Anyone with an axe to grind can hire a demagogue to speak to the crowds on their behalf. Not all demagogues are so mercenary, however; some are true believers in their cause be it the plight of the peasants, the abuses of the wealthy or support for the monarchy. These men and women will work tirelessly for their cause, and will suffer hardships and privation in the hope of making the world a better place.

Such crusaders can be dangerous to the status quo, especially if their interests are counter to those of the people in power. Demagogues can expect to spend at least part of their lives in prison, and would do well to have few possessions to facilitate leaving town at a moment's notice and ahead of the city watch. Rivalries often occur between demagogues supporting opposing factions in a dispute, as each tries to raise the crowd in anger against the other.

A Day in the Life

Demagogues not in the direct employ of the wealthy or influential usually live a hand-to-mouth existence, often taking goods or services in barter for their efforts on behalf of another rather than actual money. Demagogues employed by nobles, churches and the well-to-do typically leads lives of relative leisure, but are expected to be ready to orate at a moment's notice when called upon. They are not exactly welcome at court, though putting in the occasional appearance, flirting and making chit-chat at less prestigious parties and holidays, can help bolster the standing of their master with his peers.

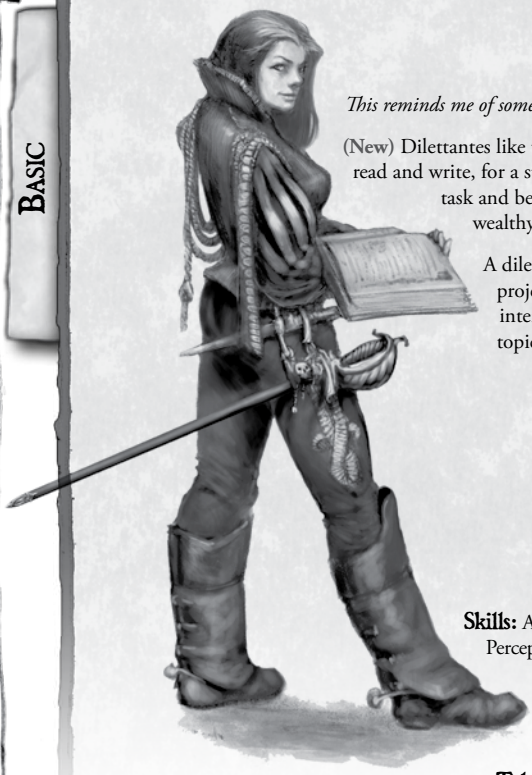
In many cases the noble in question may wish to keep his patronage of the demagogue secret. This serves to maintain the illusion that the demagogue is impartial, allowing him to seem sincere in supporting his "dear friend's" wishes on the matter.

Adventure Seeds

Troublesome Talk: A skilled orator is stirring up resentment against the Emperor, the Electors, and the local magistrates. The party is hired to follow this person and learn more about him. His true patron, a difficult matter to discover, is secretly a high priest of one of the proscribed cults, and the demagogue himself may even have a mutation or two to hide.

The Plague: A dreadful plague has broken out in Altdorf, and a talented, charming demagogue is encouraging townspeople to do things that will help the disease to spread, such as travelling to other towns and ignoring strict sanitation rules. The demagogue is being blackmailed by the skaven, who hold something so damning over his head that he cannot refuse their orders. The party must stop him or convince him to turn things around before the city is filled only with the dead, and the new masters of Altdorf are the villainous rat-men!

Dilettante



This reminds me of something interesting that von Halmith wrote, and... Oh! Is that Griffon's Bane?

(New) Dilettantes like to think of themselves as scholars, and, indeed, they may pass as scholars among most folk; they read and write, for a start. However, they often lack the discipline or passion that leads true scholars to focus on one task and become truly skilled at that, rather spreading their efforts across many. Most dilettantes are from wealthy backgrounds; the poor find that imminent starvation focuses the mind wonderfully.

A dilettante prides himself on knowing a little bit about almost everything, starting a variety of projects, pursuing a dozen interests at the same time. A dilettante is a professional amateur – interested in the arts, the burgeoning field of science, literature, religion, and virtually any other topic. At least, until another subject matter comes along and grabs their attention.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any 1), Blather, Common Knowledge (any 2), Evaluate *or* Gossip, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (any one) *or* Secret Signs (any one), Speak Language (any 2), Trade (Artist *or* Calligrapher *or* Cartographer) (See special rule, below)

Special: A Dilettante may not, in this career, buy a skill he already possesses, and thus may not gain any Skill Mastery bonuses. He does not lose any he already has.

Talents: Etiquette

Trappings: 3 books, craft tools, writing kit

Career Entries: Any Career that includes Read/Write as a Skill.

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Astrologer, Barber-Surgeon, Catechist, Charlatan, Courtier, Initiate, Navigator, Raconteur, Student, Tomb Robber, Tradesman, Verenean Investigator

Affiliations

Dilettantes love to mingle with professionals involved to their current pursuits. In particular, they love being members of associations, guilds or clubs that afford a measure of prestige and help justify their interests. Unfortunately for them, most of the prestigious guilds or colleges look down upon dilettantes, who they regard as having none of the discipline and application needed to truly master a subject. Although dilettantes resent this, the charge is normally true.

As a result, many found their own groups, with impressive sounding titles, such as "The Bernloch Academy of Art, Science and Engineering". A person with the right background, connections and scholarly pretensions can join one of these groups by paying the often exorbitant entry fee.

Occasionally, someone genuinely talented in some field of study applies to join, and is accepted in order to boost the reputation of the group. The entry fee might even be waived for such a candidate.

The associations are effectively social clubs, although they make a show of having their members present their "research" to the meetings. Scholars who can tolerate poseurs find these associations a relaxing place where scholarship is respected, and just occasionally they hear something very interesting from the other members.

Hieronymus von Bernloch

The founder of the recently established Bernloch Academy of Art, Science and Engineering, Hieronymus is a large man in his middle years. He inherited a great deal of money from his father, who was the head of a moderately successful merchant company. A soft upbringing allowed Hieronymus to pursue his many different interests, and over the years he has dabbled in almost every field of study there is.

Unlike many dilettantes, Hieronymus is at least self-aware enough to know that he lacks the application to become an expert on anything. However, he enjoys knowing a bit about everything, from astrology to obscure merchant guild bylaws, and likes being able to talk intelligently with experts on almost any subject. If true experts apply to join his academy, he eagerly supports them, even those expelled from officially sanctioned guilds. His willingness to turn a blind eye to someone's past has brought some interesting people into the Bernloch Academy. It's rumoured that there is even a necromancer and an Elven poisoner within its members.

Adventure Seeds

A Dark Past: A dilettante decides to write a book on the local history of his town. He begins research, but before he has written anything down he endures a remarkable run of bad luck, getting caught up in accidents that threaten his health or even his life. He is convinced someone is organising the accidents. It seems there is something in the town's history that someone wants kept quiet. These events have turned the man craven, and he seeks help to conduct research on his behalf and unearth the dark past he's sure exists.

Hidden Talents: A dilettante turns her hand to painting. Her first work is mediocre, at best. The second painting is brilliant. She sees the difference herself, but cannot understand it. The same is true of the third painting, although there are disturbing undertones to the image. The trend continues, and people start whispering about pacts with dark powers. The dilettante gets nervous; she doesn't remember making any pacts with dark powers, but what's going on with the painting?

Drover

Wait a second... Weren't there sixty head counted this morning?



(RotIQ) Great herds of domesticated animals endlessly cross the wind-swept oblast, escorted from pasture to market, from market to customer. The tireless drovers overseeing these transfers can travel many hundred of miles with their herds, and some even visit distant markets in Ostermark or Ostland. Most drovers employ vicious dogs to help direct and guard the herds, and the distinctive barks and whistles used to control these hounds are a familiar sound on the oblast. In the civilised south there are regular competitions between drovers to see who can best herd animals with their dogs, and the winner is guaranteed the most lucrative contracts.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel) ***or*** Charm Animal (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country) (Int), Follow Trail (Int), Navigation (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (Kislevarin ***or*** Ungol) (Int)

Talents: Orientation, Rover ***or*** Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling)

Trappings: Drovers all have at least one herd dog and a Kislevite horse equipped with a saddle and harness. They use a lasso to round up errant herd animals. For personal equipment, drovers always have several days of rations and a couple of skins for water or kvas, as well as a yurta for shelter. The often dangerous environment necessitates some armour, usually a leather jack and leggings.

Career Entries: Coachman, Messenger, Outrider, Steppes Nomad

Career Exits: Highwayman, Horse Coper, Horse Master, Messenger, Outlaw, Outrider, Roadwarden, Scout

A Day in the Life

A drover spends much of his time in the saddle, the pitiless oblast stretching out around him, his eyes constantly searching the horizon for danger. He leads his herd in search of food, scratching what sustenance he can from the barren oblast, protecting his animals against extremes of weather and predatory wildlife until it is time to take the livestock on their long journey to market.

It is a never-ending cycle and one that hones a drover's knowledge of the tundra and steppes to a razor's edge. Herdsmen of the Empire would quail at some of the challenges the drover must face during his day. A drover is sometimes forced to push his herd for days at a time before finding a suitable place for his animals to graze.

When drovers meet in the vast lonely stretches of the oblast, it is an occasion for much rejoicing. Often they will have an impromptu feast and spend hours challenging each other to feats of skill with horse and herd. Such meetings last only for a single night, however. Once dawn breaks, the drovers must press on, finding new pastures to graze their herds and new markets in which to sell them.

A Drover and His Herd

Most drovers tend to favour one kind of animal above all others, whether they are sheep, long-haired cows, goats or another of the many kinds of herd animals common to Kislev. With his animals, horse and dog, a drover forms a tightly knit unit.

A drover and his dog, especially, form an inseparable bond, and through the course of a drover's life, though he may own several dogs, typically they will all be littered from his first one. A drover comes to trust his dog with his life and his herd, and the faithful dog becomes an extension of his mastery over animals and his skill at controlling them. A drover knows that his herd is his life. It feeds him, gives him coin and provides him at least some small company on the oblast. In the deep of the night, it also keeps him warm; drovers quickly become indifferent to the stink of the herd when it means not freezing to death.

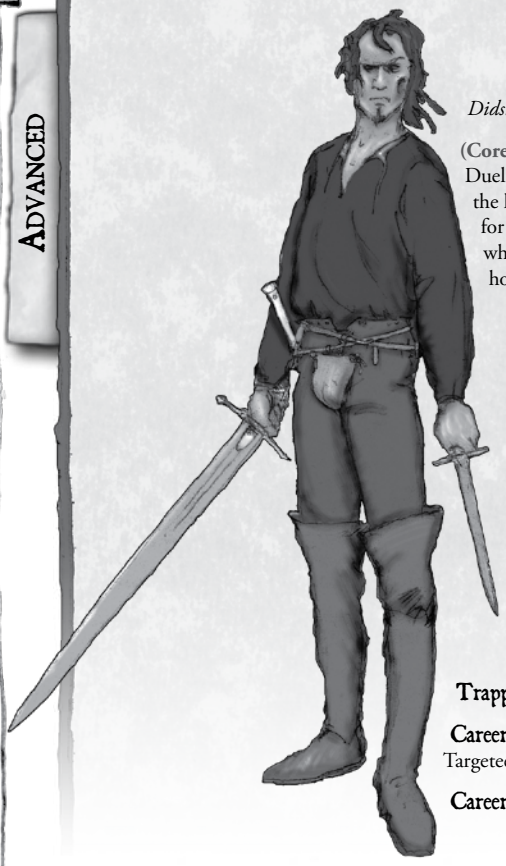
When faced with peril, most drovers run their herds and tackle the danger themselves if they can. However, some especially skilled and daring drovers attempt to use their herds as weapons. With a few well-placed yells and whistles, a drover and his faithful dog can turn a mob of terrified animals into an unstoppable tide of snouts, horns and hoofs. This can be particularly daunting for the hapless bandit or predator that suddenly finds themselves facing a wall of fear-maddened herd animals

Adventure Seeds

Disappearing Drovers: A commonly used passage across the oblast has suddenly become dangerous and several drovers and their herds have been lost. If someone can locate the problem and re-open the passage, the local atamans are sure to make it worth their while.

The Amazing Graze: With the turning of the seasons comes a great migration of herds from the southern pastures to the great grasslands of the northern oblast. Though there are countless places to graze, only a few areas are prized for their safety, shelter and ample vegetation. Getting to these first can be an adventure in itself as drovers push their herds hard through the thawing landscape.

ADVANCED



DUELLIST

Didst thou besmirch my good name with your ill-timed jest? I surely hope so...

(Core) A complex legal system of formal duels was established throughout the Empire ages ago. Duellists are specialists in the lethal application of sword and pistol, hiring themselves out to safeguard the honour of others, though many of their kind come from the ranks of younger Nobles who duel for their own purposes. Duellists come in two varieties: happy-go-lucky devil-may-care swashbucklers who regard their exploits as a continuous adventure, and deadly serious fighters who wear their honour on their sleeves and are very quick to take offence at slights, imagined or otherwise.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+20%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Sleight of Hand

Talents: Ambidextrous ***or*** Disarm, Etiquette, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Swashbuckler

Trappings: Main Gauche, Pistol with Powder and Ammunition for 10 Shots, Rapier

Career Entries: Courtier, Estalian Diestro, Highwayman, Pistolier, Protagonist, **Rapscallion**, Sergeant, Targeteer

Career Exits: Assassin, Champion, Highwayman, Rogue, Sergeant

Affiliations

Formal duelling has a very specific structure and complex set of rules governing its performance. Duellists must follow all these rules if they hope to avoid being branded common murderers, which means they must know the rules thoroughly. Because of this, the single most important organisation for any duellist is a proper duelling school. Only a handful of such schools exist, each fully certified and approved by the local Elector-Count, and in some cases by the Emperor himself.

All duellists belong to a duelling school, where they learn the rules and also practice their skills. Each duelling school has its own preferred fighting style and methods, and a good duellist can tell an opponent's school by watching him duel or even practice. Duelling schools also provide a place where nobles and merchants can go to hire duellists – the school takes a small commission for arranging the meeting and for guaranteeing the duellist is a professional and will behave accordingly. They do not guarantee victory, of course.

Many duellists also belong to duelling associations. These are less formal organizations, simply collections of duellists who share common interests and like to gather to compare stories, techniques, and tips. Most duelling associations only admit duellists from a single duelling school, and often rivalries spring up between different associations. The associations also provide opportunities to spar with other duellists, and some nobles prefer to hire through these organizations rather than going to the schools.

Notable Figures

Perhaps the two most famous living duellists are Fieran of the Flashing Eye and Danigan Darkmane. Fieran is the idol of most swashbuckler-style duellists. He is handsome and flamboyant, with red-gold hair, a neat beard, and flashing blue eyes. He always dresses in the latest style and the finest clothes, and when he is not duelling he is drinking and carousing, usually with young noblemen (and noblewomen). In battle, Fieran fights with a sword and main gauche and he is certainly skilled . However, he also likes to show off, going for more elaborate manoeuvres than necessary and seeking to entertain rather than finish a bout quickly.

Danigan Darkmane is Fieran's antithesis in many ways. A tall, powerfully built man with craggy features and a hundred scars, Danigan dresses in dark leathers to match his thick, shaggy black hair. He is a serious duellist, not given to frivolity at all, and in battle he attacks at once, going for the kill as quickly as possible. Even when he is not duelling Danigan is quick to battle, taking offense easily and violently. He has few friends, though many admire his combat skills – preferably from a distance.

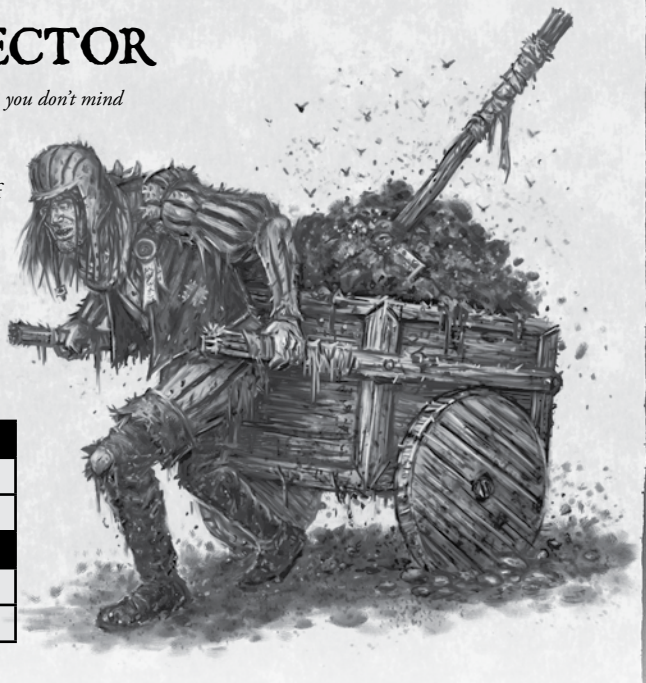
Adventure Seeds

A Death Out of Context: The duellist is hired for a formal duel – but his intended opponent is found dead the morning before the face-off! Now the duellist is suspected of murder, even though he would have fought the man legally a few hours later. Can he prove his innocence?

Vengeance for the Masters: Someone has destroyed the duellist's duelling school, killing the instructors and administrators and burning the buildings to the ground. Now the duellist and all his surviving schoolmates want revenge. But who is responsible? And can a group of duellists work together without killing each other?

Dung Collector

Take yer horse or cow dung. Good fertiliser and it burns well when dried, if'n you don't mind the stink. Pig slop, on the other hand...



(FoN) Ensuring the streets are clean, these brave workers walk the alleys and thoroughfares with shovel and sturdy fortitude, pushing the worst of the offal out of the way to allow people to walk. Some are enterprising businessmen working the districts who can afford them, whilst others work for the city, patrolling the districts of those who pay them. While certainly not glorious, dung collectors often make do by selling dried dung as cheap fuel through the winters.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Dung Collector for Bone Picker with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Empire), Consume Alcohol, Drive, Haggle, Perception, Search

Talents: Coolheaded, Fearless *or* Resistance to Disease

Trappings: Cart, Shovel, Bag of Maggots, Dung

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Peasant, Rat Catcher, Vagabond

Career Exits: Bone Picker, Grave Robber, Rat Catcher, Sewer Jack, Thug

Affiliations

Due to the aromatic nature of their work, dung collectors find that they have few friends. However, bonepickers sifting through the rubbish and midden heaps tend to have similar habits and frequent some of the same areas, so the two groups tend to keep each other informed of things that may prove of interest to the other.

Dung collectors may have a similar working arrangement with rat catchers, especially those that frequent the same sewer systems. Though even a rat catcher rarely spares the time to swap gossip with the likes of a dung collector.

Even amongst the poorest of the poor, there is a pecking order. Despised and reviled for their stench and disgusting career, cities are far more relient on the lowly dung collector than officials would care to admit. Without their dirty work, insect and rat populations would explode into even greater numbers, bringing all manner of disease and filth.

A Day in the Life

Dung collectors make their modest living by clearing the streets of such organic matter, and carting it outside the city walls where it can be dumped unceremoniously, far enough away that the smell only drifts back in when the wind is right. Clever dung collectors will sell their dung to farmers who fertilize their fields with it, and many also dry the larger bits and sell them to the poor as cheap winter fuel.

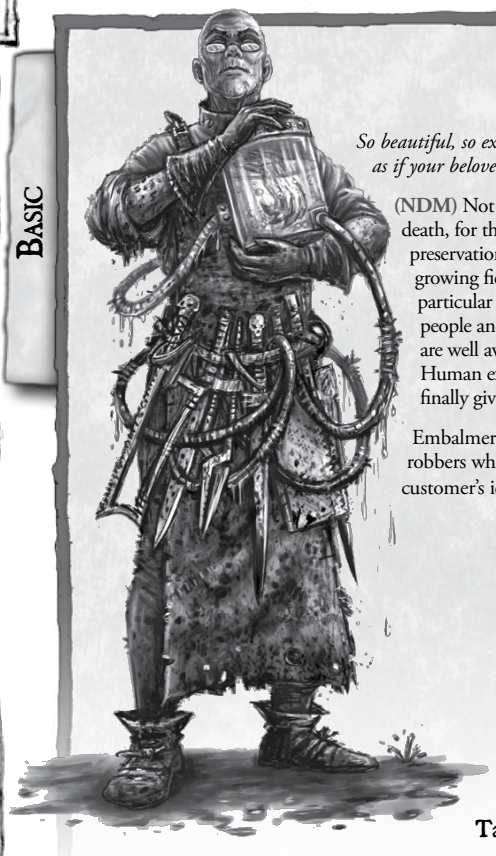
Dung collectors spend their days pushing their collection cart from street to street, scooping up one steaming pile and moving on to the next. On parade or feast days, dung collectors watch the route of the parade carefully, and make sure that anything dropped in their district is collected quickly so as not to offend the eye of someone important.

There is never nothing at all for a dung collector to do, though some days the workload is lighter than others. Dung collectors tend to live far outside of the city walls, closer to the dung disposal area than to anything else. There they can track the progress of their drying dung, and keep an eye open in the unlikely event that someone tries to steal some.

Adventure Seeds

A Blind Eye: Leaflets are going up all over the city accusing the city watch of protecting a murderer from justice because he happens to be a noble. The accusations – whether true or false – are stirring up anger in the general populace, and rioting is soon to follow unless this is nipped in the bud before it explodes into full-blown anarchy. The party poses as dung collectors, whom no one pays any attention to so their actions – even obviously watching someone – are likely to go unnoticed. If they can catch this anonymous leafleteer and turn him over to the watch, there will be a substantial cash reward.

Foul Plans: Dung collectors live their lives surrounded by filth. It may come as no surprise then, that they might turn to the Lord of Decay and Corruption, Nurgle, in time of need. Someone is "sowing" Nurglings all over the city, and their foul antics are helping to spread pestilence and disease to every corner of the town. The party must find the dung collector responsible for bringing Nurglings into the city and turn him over to the authorities, before a full-blown plague wipes out half the population.



BASIC

Embalmer

So beautiful, so exquisite… Notice the skin. It retains all the warmth, all the pliability she possessed in life. Why it's almost as if your beloved were alive again, my lord.

(NDM) Not everyone wishes to be interred in Morr's Gardens. Some prefer a more preserving process after their death, for themselves or their animal companions, and they turn to the embalmers. These masters of pickling, preservation, and taxidermy are not just a fad of the wealthy. The individuals increasingly have a hand in the growing field of medicine, and money can be made hand over fist in selling their curios to customers with a particular purpose in mind. Many priests of Morr (and much of the general population) consider cutting bits off people and putting them in jars to be an assault on both the body and spirit of the deceased, and Witch Hunters are well aware of how easily such merchants turn to the dark arts. As such, many embalmers choose to hide their Human exhibits behind their animal displays or their surgery services until the day scientists of their calibre are finally given the respect and recognition they deserve.

Embalmers don't usually encounter the Undead, but they work hand-in-glove with grave robbers and tomb robbers who often do. They also tend to know a lot of necromancers – but not that they would ever reveal their customer's identity, of course.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	+5%	+5%	–	+15%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy, Science), Evaluate, Haggle, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Classical), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Streetwise, Resistance to Disease, Surgery

Trappings: Abacus, Ether-Soaked Apron, Spare Hand, Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon), Writing Kit

Career Entries: **Apothecary**, Barber-Surgeon, Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Burgher, Grave Robber, Physician, Scholar

Note: *With your GM's permission, you may substitute Embalmer for Barber-surgeon when rolling for your Starting Career.*

Ruprecht Klotten

This weasely little man is easy enough to ignore. Always dressed in black, pale-skinned and scowling, it is easy to mistake Ruprecht as a villain or at least someone to be avoided. This would be a mistake, for Herr Klotten is an incredibly useful man to know. Ruprecht is a barber-surgeon who turned to embalming after he discovered that he preferred his patients dead and quiet.

This does not change the fact that he is an expert healer, doctor and surgeon. His rates are reasonable and he doesn't ask questions, making him far superior to the reputable (and often less skilled) physicians who are likely to report sword wounds and gun shot injuries to the watch.

Ruprecht Klotten has an Intelligence of 55%, has taken Skill Mastery in Heal and has the Surgery talent. He charges half the rate of a normal physician (see WFRP page 121) and is very discrete. His only downsides are his unpleasant bedside manner and that he does his work right next to his corpses. His morgue is spotlessly clean but can be unnerving to the uninitiated. Stories that he sells the corpses of those he could not save to necromancers must surely be only stories.

The Resurrection Men

If there are to be any advances in anatomy and modern medicine, physicians need corpses to study. But the process of acquiring cadavers is not a pleasant one for these highly educated gentlemen of science. So to whom do they turn? The Resurrection Men are one part grave robbers and one part criminal syndicate.

There is almost no way in the Empire today to legally acquire a corpse for medical study; a few condemned prisoners are turned over, but the demand for these is high and inevitably these corpses end up in the hands of only the well-connected. Anyone else must confine their researches purely to the theoretical or turn to the Resurrection Men.

Embalmers play a key role in this organisation, for it is they who know what corpses can be stolen with little fuss. They also prepare the corpses, ensuring that putrefaction does not spoil its value. Rarely are they the actual thieves – they leave that grisly task to the grave robbers. There is no doubt that there is real money to be made, as a properly prepared corpse sold to a rich physician is worth ten gold crowns at least. Of course, the Resurrection Men are despised as ghouls and vandals, but as long as there is money in dead flesh, you can be assured that this trade will continue.

Adventure Seeds

Dealing with the Dead: The characters seek the aid of a Priest of Morr or Amethyst Wizard to help explain the purpose of a bizarre artefact they have recovered from a lost crypt. Alas, no such people are easily available to them, but it is rumoured that the city's embalmers have dealings with people of that "sort" and may be able to help. It won't be easy to convince an embalmer to give up his clientele, but perhaps one of them needs a favour.

Beyond Blackmail: An embalmer and Resurrection Man has taken to blackmailing some of his clientele, no longer happy with merely the money for the corpses themselves. The physicians need someone to silence their blackmailer. They've learned their lesson though, and they plan to do away with whoever deals with the embalmer. It is best to leave no loose ends.

Enforcer



I don't care what Prince Olbert says about the border. This here's part of the free lands of Southwick, and yer tresspassing. That's a hefty fine or seven lashes. I'll let you choose.

(RC) Enforcers wander the Border Princes, providing justice or, failing that, vengeance. Or sometimes they just provide random violence, because anyone can make a mistake. On the whole, however, Enforcers have a code of right and wrong that they uphold. They pay no attention to the legal authority of princes or, indeed, to law, relying entirely on their own sense of ethics and ability to uncover true villains. Most Enforcers regard rogue Enforcers as the blackest of villains because their actions mean that any Enforcer is at risk of being run out of an area.

Enforcers are almost never found outside the Border Princes because the authorities elsewhere take a very dim view of people taking the law into their own hands. The authorities in the Border Princes do, too, but they generally can't do anything about it.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Concealment, Disguise, Follow Trail, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Shadowing, Torture

Talents: Menacing, Quick Draw, Schemer, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Street Fighting

Trappings: Medium Armour (Chain Shirt and Leather Jack), Net

Career Entries: Bounty Hunter, Hunter, Road Warden, Watchman

Career Exits: Spy, Witch Hunter

A Day in the Life

The enforcer patrols the settlement where he resides, alert for any criminal activity. The enforcer is an intimidating figure, but he may win the affection of the populace through his vigilante work. They may extend him favours, feed him, and buy him drinks. Just as likely they could fear him, seeing him as a petty tyrant on the make who resorts to violence to ensure compliance.

Should the enforcer spot any malcontents, he takes action. He may administer an immediate punitive beating, or trail the perpetrator and attack at a convenient moment. The Enforcer may help himself to his victims' belongings and purse when he finishes, justifying the theft as covering the expenses of his lifestyle.

In some cases enforcers band together, forming a vigilante posse that travels around a group of settlements, dispensing their own brand of justice when and where it suits them.

The enforcer walks a very fine line, seeing himself as a watchman keeping the law in a lawless land. More often he is little better than a common thug, justifying acts of violence with flimsy pretences.

Notable Figure: Marco di Tantivelli

Generations ago, the di Tantivellis' were a powerful noble family in the Tilean republic, but their influence has long since diminished. Progressives within Reman society have labelled the nobility as potentially violent elements, and even seek to have them banned.

Tiring of the attacks on his family, Marco di Tantivelli decided to relocate to the Border Princes, hoping to carve out a little kingdom for himself so that he could live as a Reman noble of old.

For the first few years Marco's burgeoning community flourished, but then the greenskins came. A horde of ravaging Orcs carved a bloody swathe through the nascent realm, despoiling Marco's estate and carrying off his wife and children into the wilderness. Marco attempted to start over, but a neighbouring prince assembled a small army and conquered what remained of his lands, justifying the act as "essential for the security of the borders."

Left penniless, friendless, and not a little mad, Marco developed a bitter sense of justice, seeing the world in black and white terms of right and wrong. Now he wanders the Borderlands as a ragged avenger, looking to dispense punishment on those he views as guilty .

Adventure Seeds

More Than He Bargained For: An enforcer arrives to a tavern to confront a violent thug demanding money and menacing the customers. The enforcer dispenses a punitive beating but learns the man is just a scout, and a group of bandits are due to arrive in town, very soon. The enforcer will have to think fast if he is not to find himself pitted against an angry group of outlaws.

Your Kind Isn't Welcome Here: A posse of enforcers may arrive at a settlement that is currently hosting an adventuring party. The enforcers could react violently if any of the party are criminals, or if any of them are rich. If the party has attempted to right any wrongs in the settlement, the enforcers may react out of a sense of professional jealousy, or they may just fancy trying their luck if any of the party look like they can put up a good fight.



Engineer

Now, if I simply adjust the targeting ratchet by one degree… oops! Thank Sigmar they were only mercenaries!

(Core) It was the Dwarfs who first introduced the science of engineering to the Old World. Among them, the Engineers' Guild is deeply respected and its works are held in high esteem, so long as it upholds traditional methods and values. Humanity took what the Dwarfs had to offer and ran with it, especially in regards to gunpowder and other devices suitable for use as weapons. The Imperial School of Engineers in Altdorf is famed for its bizarre inventions, which can be most useful if they manage to function correctly. Outside the Empire, Tileans are particularly famed for their bold engineering ideas.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+15%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+20%	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Science), Common Knowledge (Dwarfs ***or*** Tilea), Drive ***or*** Ride, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Khazalid ***or*** Tilean), Trade (Gunsmith)

Talents: Master Gunner, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer ***or*** Gunpowder)

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Engineer's Kit, 6 Spikes

Career Entries: Artisan, Miner, Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Explorer, Guild Master, Pistolier, Smuggler

The Imperial School of Engineers

The Imperial School of Engineers, founded more than five hundred years ago, attracts a strange breed. They are at ease only when tinkering with hissing pistons and clanking gears within the diagram scrawled walls of their workshops. Inventors and enthusiasts flock to the college's illustrious halls, but entry is admitted only to those who display the required talent and verve. Usually, only Imperial citizens are admitted. However, in honour of the genius Leonardo di Miragliano, who helped found the college, the School of Engineers welcomes many of his countrymen (Tileans have a reputation for being progressive free-thinkers – a dangerous trait in the minds of most Imperial folk). The school also welcomes dwarf engineers shunned by their own kind for meddling with traditional dwarf workmanship.

The School's accomplishments include the Helblaster Volley Gun and the Helstorm Rocket Battery. Any machine that fires with a deafening report and results in explosive carnage is considered a success, but it is a brave man who volunteers to crew one of these erratic contraptions.

Engineers toil sleeplessly in their workshops to develop deadlier weapons, or to improve existing ones. The greatest puzzle is the construction of the steam tanks, clanking iron behemoths which spit cannonballs and crush the Emperor's enemies beneath their wheels. The secret of their manufacture died with their creator, Leonardo, and of his original twelve tanks, only eight remain.

Such disorganisation is endemic among engineers. Suspicious of plagiarism, they scribble notes in indecipherable code. Blueprints are often lost in the explosions that frequently gut their workshops, or are discarded when a new idea obsesses them. The pursuit to rediscover lost inventions can be as much of a drive as the creation of new ones.

Recent Controversy

In his youth, Professor Rastus Mickelbach won esteem for inventions such as Mickelbach's Marvellous Flesh Masticator, and the Ludicrously Lethal Lacerating Liquidator. In later life, Mickelbach has devoted himself to the classroom. His lectures in the School of Engineering attract packed audiences. However, many of his peers believe he's approaching dotage on account of his recent views.

In his treatise, *A Machine For All Seasons*, Mickelbach argues that the School of Engineers should not just focus on military applications, as has traditionally been the case, but on inventions of a civic value. He proposes the development of machines such as the self-propelled scythe-cart, the clockwork scarecrow, and the steam-powered handloom, which he believes will revolutionise the Empire's economy. The School's officials have suppressed the treatise, fearing it will provoke riots against the college among workers enraged they might be replaced by automata.

There are rumours of college authorities planning to enforce retirement on the professor. However, his reputation and substantial following of idealistic students makes this difficult without causing a public rift.

Adventure Seeds

Out of Funds: An engineer is at the brink of revolutionising the understanding of rotary projectile dynamics, but after the last setback, his sponsor refuses to set him up with a new workshop. The engineer's old adventuring days proved lucrative…perhaps he can hook up with his old friends and persuade them to join him on another treasure hunt?

Sabotage: An engineer requires guards for his workshop. Items are going missing, impeding his work. Is the thief merely a jealous rival, or is something more sinister involved?

Entertainer

Allow me to regale you with my enchanting rendition of The Seven Dancing Dwarfs.

(Core) From acrobats to strongmen, from knife throwers to hypnotists, from dancers to ventriloquists, the Empire is full of Entertainers. Some do it for the roar of the crowd and others for the money. Many become Entertainers just to escape the hard life of the Imperial villager. Entertainers travel frequently, sometimes alone but more often in troupes that perform in villages, towns, and cities. Lucky troupes get continuous bookings, sometimes spending months in the same city. The less fortunate scrape by as they can, always looking for a more appreciative crowd (or a less suspicious watch) over the next hill. The very best Entertainers gain Noble sponsorship and earn undreamed of sums of money performing for the upper crust.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	–	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care or Swim, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate or Gossip, Perception, Performer (any two), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Any one of: Animal Training, Blather, Charm Animal, Hypnotism, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Sleight of Hand, Ventriloquism

Talents: Any two of: Lightning Reflexes, Mimic, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Trick Riding, Very Strong, Wrestling

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Any one of: Instrument (any one), Trade Tools (Performer), 3 Throwing Knives, 2 Throwing Axes, Any one of: Costume, One Set of Good Craftsmenship Clothes

Career Entries: **Animal Trainer,** Herald, Rogue, Thief, Vagabond

Career Exits: **Animal Trainer,** Charlatan, Minstrel, Rogue, Thief, Vagabond

The Imperial Circuit

The Empire is divided into a patchwork of regional entertainment circuits. Each circuit is a well-travelled network of cabarets, taverns and inns, in which the travelling entertainer and troupe can ply their trade. In the more remote regions of the Empire, entertainment circuits tend to mirror existing trade since that's where the population lies. Urban centres such as Marianburg and Nuln are large enough to support their own internal circuits.

The great entertainers know that the backwoods circuits are where the novice performer perfects his craft. While the bright lights of Altdorf may beckon, only the most experienced entertainers have the chops to satisfy a sophisticated and demanding urban audience that has "seen it all."

Following are a few examples of regional entertainment circuits within the Empire. Entries include a description of the major settlements, preferred Performer skill and the predominating method of travel (river or road).

North-East Passage: The circuit following the north-east passage trade traces the River Talebec between Wolfenburg and Bechafen, with stops in Wurzen and Talebheim. The taciturn inhabitants of the bleak northern lands respond favourably to Performer (Comedian), and sideshow entertainment such as Performer (Acrobat) and Performer (Juggler).

The Old Forest Road: Turning south from Talebheim, the Old Forest Road is one of the most travelled entertainment circuits in the Empire. The sturdy and solemn folk of the Talebecland interior respond favourably to Performer (Actor) and Performer (Singer), especially if their act features woodland themes or Taal and Rhya.

Averland: The Averland circuit continues south along the Old Dwarf Road from Wurtbad to Averheim, and on to Grenzstadt. The earthy folk of the rolling Averland plains are famous for their love of tall of tales, and respond favourably to Performer (Storyteller), and musical entertainment such as Performer (Dancer), Performer (Musician) and Performer (Singer).

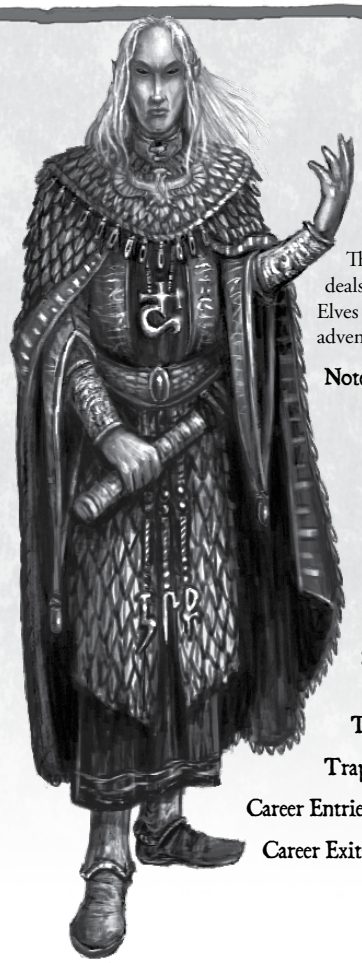
Nuln: A short jog west along the River Aver leads to the City-State of Nuln, the cultural centre of the Empire. All performance skills are welcome in Nuln, although the wealthier and more urbane audiences gravitate to the civilised entertainments such as Performer (Actor),and Performer (Poet).

Adventure Seeds

An Entertaining End: Entertainers are being called to work at a large festival in a remote town. In truth, the entertainers are being used as bait to lure victims to a secret Chaos ritual requiring the mass harvesting of souls.

Pressed into Service: A local witch hunter is planning to infiltrate the court of a suspect noble in the guise of an entertainer. The witch hunter needs training and a partner who can actually entertain.

A Blasphemous Ballad: A mysterious patron has secretly commissioned prominent singers in the region to draft a few verses to what promises to be an epic ballad of betrayal. The singers are unaware of each other's involvement or what the final ballad will be about, but rumours have been circulating that once completed, the ballad will actually perform a blasphemous ritual if all the verses are sung in the correct order.



Envoy

Your ways are strange to me, human. But I believe we can arrive at a mutually beneficial arrangement.

(Core) The elder members of the great Elven mercantile families are far removed from the everyday life of the Empire. To them, Humans live and die so quickly that it's hard to keep up with current trends and politics in the Old World. When they need such knowledge, they turn to their Envoys. These young Elves are the public face of the Merchant Houses. They negotiate the contracts, make the deals, and keep the peace with the Humans of trading hubs such as Altdorf, Nuln, and Marienburg. Even Elves have a limit to their patience, so it is unsurprising that many Envoys take leave of their families for the adventurer's life.

Note: Only Elves can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire or the Wasteland), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Swim, Trade (Merchant)

Talents: Dealmaker or Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), 2 sets of Good Craftsmenship Clothes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Charlatan, Merchant, Rogue, Seaman, Student, Vagabond

A Day in the Life

Envoys spend their day dealing with humans, particularly merchants. Each morning an envoy wakes and meditates on the coming day before washing and dressing. He rarely breakfasts alone, instead eating with one or more business associates and learning about new events and problems over the food. Once the meal is done, the envoy begins the first of his morning meetings, discussing deals in progress or arranging new ones. The entire morning is spent in such meetings, making arrangements for various goods to be bought and sold.

Lunch is also a time for work, and the envoy handles business while eating and also charming his dining companions. After lunch most envoys tour their family's holdings, examining each warehouse and its contents to make sure everything is in order. This is also when they make shipping and storage arrangements, organizing schedules and payments with the warehouse owners, dockmasters, and labourers.

Dinner is a more social meal than breakfast or lunch, though there is still work to be done. The envoy usually dines at the home of a business partner or prospective partner, and must be the charming elvish guest, delighting his hosts in order to facilitate good work relations later. Deals are often made after dinner, in the host's study, but rarely over the table itself.

After dinner and negotiations, the envoy can retire to his family's home and his own private chambers. This is the only real peace the envoy gets, and he uses the time to consider the day's events and organize his thoughts about how business went and what must be done tomorrow. Many envoys also take this time for hobbies like music, painting, or woodcarving, activities that occupy their hands but leave their minds free to consider their day.

Affiliations

An envoy's strongest affiliation is to his family. Each envoy is a member of his trading house by blood. This ensures the envoy will keep his employer's interests as his first priority, since that employer is his own family.

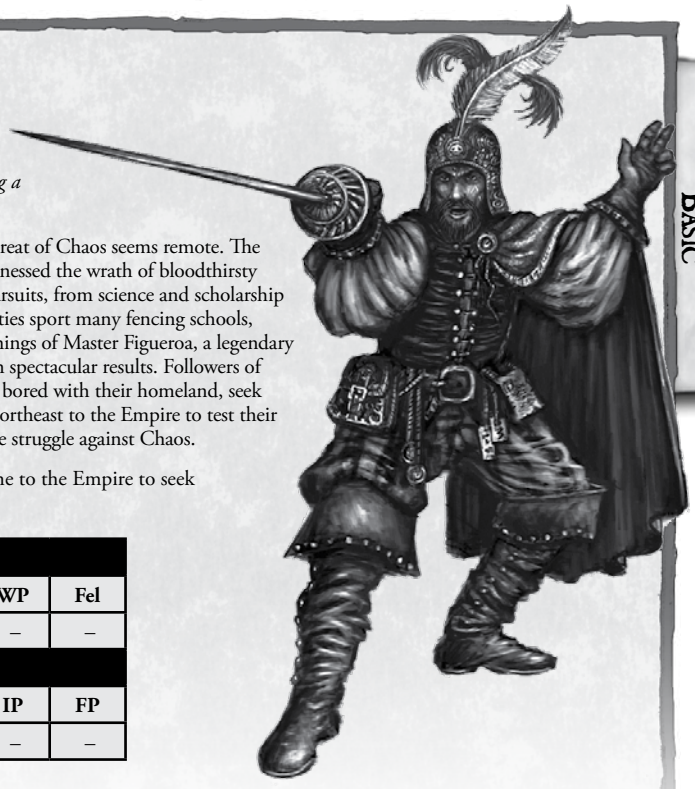
Envoys have other associations, however. Most commodities have an informal community around them, and members often meet to discuss recent trends in material, craft, shipping, and sales. Because several crafts and items overlap, a single commodity could require several different associations, and envoys are expected to belong to each relevant group. Thus, if the envoy's family fashions and sells tapestries, the envoy will be part of the tapestry-makers' community. However, he may also be a member of the weavers' guild, the dyers' guild, and the rug merchants' union. Thus envoys can wind up spending hours each week attending formal meetings and informal gatherings. The advantage is that the envoy then knows everyone else in those related fields, and also knows all the latest news and gossip. Clever envoys join associations which do not at first glance seem connected, but provide valuable related information. Thus the envoy of a tapestry house might join a ropemakers' guild because ropes are needed to bind the tapestries, and when rope prices go up tapestry-makers will need to raise their own prices to absorb the additional cost.

Adventure Seeds

New Business, New Worries: The envoy is instructed to meet and sound out a new merchant as a potential business partner. The merchant is a newcomer, recently rich and very ambitious, but something about him – and the source of his sudden wealth – is disquieting.

Estalian Diestro

I will parry your prima attacks on my three-quarters radial, and take zeh high ground. With just a fifty-three inch reach, you can't win this fight using a cutting blade. Not with such a poor stance, senor.



BASIC

(Core) The Estalian Kingdoms are southwest of the Empire. There the threat of Chaos seems remote. The Chaos Wastes are quite distant from this sunny land, which has never witnessed the wrath of bloodthirsty hordes the way the Empire and Kislev have. Its people engage in other pursuits, from science and scholarship to crime and vendetta. One thing Estalians dearly love is swordplay. Its cities sport many fencing schools, each with its own style. Many of these styles are descended from the teachings of Master Figueroa, a legendary swordsman who applied the latest scientific theories to his swordplay with spectacular results. Followers of the Figueroa style, known as Diestro, fight and duel across Estalia. Some, bored with their homeland, seek excitement elsewhere, favouring Tilea and Bretonnia. The bravest travel northeast to the Empire to test their rapiers against worthy opponents, and to see a land in the front line of the struggle against Chaos.

Note: If this is your Starting Career, you are from Estalia, but have come to the Empire to seek adventure.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Common Knowledge (Estalia), Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Speak Language (Estalian)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes or Swashbuckler, Quick Draw or Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Foil or Rapier, One set of Best Craftsmenship Clothes, Perfume or Cologne, Healing Draught

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Bodyguard, Duellist, Highwayman, Protagonist, Rogue

Sparring Words

Estalians are known to be talkative and vivacious people, both in love and quarrel. Between Diestros, engaging in dialogue during combat is expected. Non-Diestros, although not expected to reciprocate, aren't spared the verbal assault that accompanies a Diestro's rapier.

Introduccione: Diestros consider it poor form to cross swords without first introducing oneself. In a tournament, the fighter who draws steel before exchanging formalities is disqualified. This is an appropriate time to comment on reputations and parentage.

Metodologia: Amid the opening thrusts and parries of combat, a Diestro explains how he will win, in technical or even mathematical terms. Tournament discourse follows a strict code, allowing either party to question the other's calculations. Street fights are somewhat less orderly, sounding more like jargon-shouting contests.

Critica: After several blows have been traded, Diestros vocally analyse the other's technique. Individual personalities set the tenor of this analysis, but usually the goal is to demoralise the enemy. In theory, tournaments enforce polite conduct, but in practice this only encourages veiled insults and false platitudes.

Ultimos Floreo: The winner customarily salutes his fallen opponent with a dazzling flourish. If the opponent is still alive, a verbal summary of the fight may follow. Tournament fighters must yield the last word to the victor.

Estevan and Casanova

If Figuera is the father of all Diestro schools, then Estevan is his bastard son, and Casanova, an impertinent grandchild. Estevan and Casanova are just two of the many scholars who have experimented with Figuera's original doctrine.

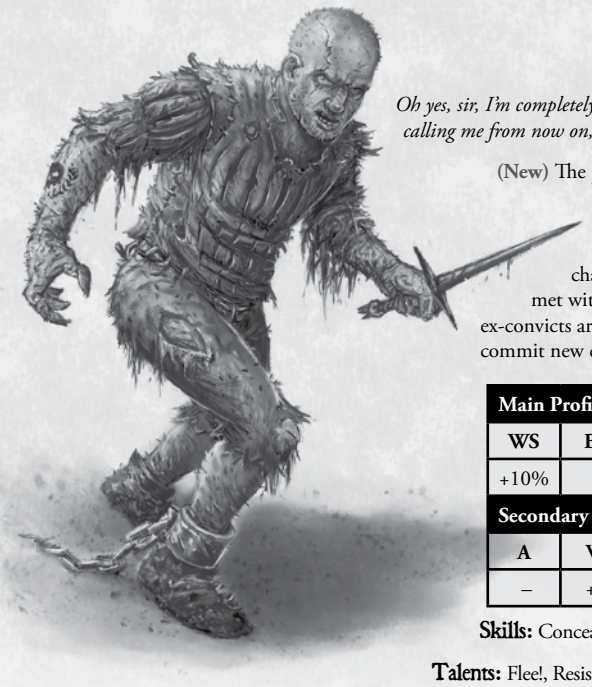
Claudius Estevan was a younger contemporary of Figuera, whose teachings are rejected by many purists. Estevan's school incorporates the main gauche, requiring the fighter to shift his center of gravity backwards by several degrees. Rather than using the off-hand for balance as Figuera advocated, Estevan proposed it should be used for defense. The Estevan style is less graceful and relies heavily on trigonometry. At the GM's discretion, Diestros may substitute the Specialist Weapon (Parrying) Talent for Strike Mighty Blow.

Manuel Casanova died recently, after a long, successful career. Known for his blinding foot-speed and genius in physics, Casanova revolutionised tournament fighting with a more strategic approach. Against weaker early round opponents, Casanova developed methods to win quickly with minimal injury. A favourite tactic involved disarming the enemy immediately, and snatching his weapon to force a concession. At the GM's discretion, Diestros may substitute the Disarm Talent for Strike Mighty Blow.

Adventure Seeds

Revenge: The murderer of a Diestro's father fled to the Empire years ago. Until recently, the Diestro hunted him without any luck, but finally the killer has been found. Revenge won't come easily though, for the killer leads an outlaw gang and is protected by loyal bodyguards.

A Reluctant Rescue: A local burgher's daughter is smitten with a dashing Estalian. When the Diestro prepares to travel onward, the adventurous girl insists on joining him. The girl's father doesn't react favourably, and organises a rescue party to recover the girl and punish her "kidnapper."



Ex-Convict

Oh yes, sir, I'm completely reformed. I've learned my lesson, m'lord. Honest Rickard, that's what they'll be calling me from now on, strewth.

(New) The prisons of the Old World are brutal sub-realms unto themselves where only the strong and ruthless survive. Of the few convicts who do live through their sentences, most return to society as harder criminals than before they entered prison. The Shallyan might preach about forgiveness and second-chances, but the truth is that the rare ex-convict who does manage to reform is met with the same suspicion and resentment as those who do not. In the end, most ex-convicts are released into an unreceptive world with few opportunities other than to commit new crimes, return to prison and begin the cycle anew.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Secret Language (Prison Cant), Sleight of Hand

Talents: Flee!, Resistance to Disease *or* Contortionist, Street Fighter *or* Wrestling

Trappings: Good Craftsmanship Improvised Weapon, Bone Dice, Lice, Poor Clothes

Career Entries: Agitator, Grave Robber, Outlaw, Protagonist, Rogue, Smuggler, Thief, Thug, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Charlatan, Fence, Grave Robber, Highwayman, Outlaw, Protagonist, Racketeer, Thug, Vagabond

Prisons of the Old World

Krinkleheim: The Countess Beatrice von Liebwitz von Nuln Academy for the Salvation of Troubled Youth is more widely recognised by the name "Krinkleheim," after the mansion in which it is located. While hardened criminals and heretics go to the Iron Tower, the delinquent youth of Nuln are given a second chance at Krinkleheim. Boys and girls live in separate wings, and follow a strict curriculum of prayer, instruction and discipline. Escape isn't difficult, but repeat offenders are sent to the Iron Tower.

Leopoldheim: Situated on the western coast of the Southlands is the Imperial Penal Colony of Leopoldheim. Twice yearly, a new shipload of the Empire's most hardened criminals sets off for the steaming jungle colony. Convicts are branded with the letter "I" and the year of their incarceration, and may not return to the Empire for the duration of their sentence. There are no prison cells or jailers in Leopoldheim. An Imperial garrison is stationed there not to keep prisoners in, but to keep the hostile natives out. If the denizens of the jungle don't finish off the prisoners, disease will, and life in the colony is a miserable existence.

Rijker's Isle: The fortress prison of Rijker's Isle is one of Marienburg's most recognisable landmarks. The massive fortress is both a prison for hardened criminals and a clearing house for Marienburg's undesirables. Most days, convicts are locked in grubby two-man cells with rotten straw flooring that is changed annually. A company of Tilean mercenaries man the walls with crossbows, but they are rarely employed. Escape from the fortress is theoretically possible, but the cold water and dangerous undercurrents of Marienburg harbour prevent all but the most desperate attempts.

The Middenheim Mining Colony and Penitentiary: Just over a day's ride north from Middenheim is the infamous Mining Colony and Penitentiary bearing the city's name. The Middenheim Miner's Guild oversees the administration of the penitentiary, but the day-to-day handling of prisoners is managed by a corps of hardened mercenaries. Convicts can expect gruelling fourteen-hour shifts in cramped and dangerous mines where cave-ins and tunnel collapses are a constant threat. Only the toughest convicts will survive even the briefest stint here.

Escaped Convict

While most prisoners are content to "do their time", those who cannot bear even the shortest periods of incarceration will try to escape. Escape from an Old World prison is no simple matter, however, and the consequences of recapture are dire.

Communication between prisons and the local road wardens ensures that an escaped prisoner's description will be tucked into every messenger bag and posted on trees and message boards across the province. The authorities will offer lucrative gold rewards for the recapture of notorious escapees, attracting bounty hunters like flies to manure.

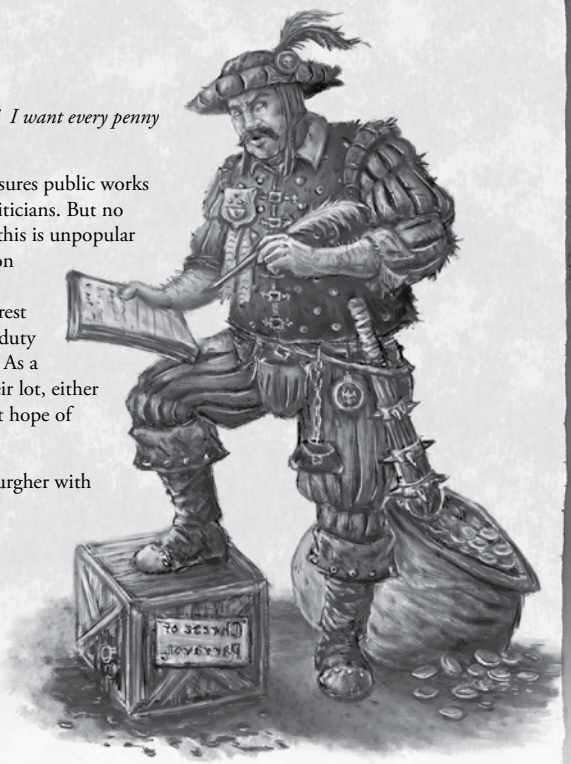
Players can substitute the Ex-Convict career with Escaped Convict, with the GM's permission. Escaped Convicts receive the Escape Artist Talent instead of Resistance to Disease, but gain a bounty on their head (the amount is decided by the GM).

Adventure Seeds

Giving Crime a Bad Name: A pair of escaped convicts are rampaging across the countryside killing and looting everyone and everything in their wake. As a result, the local watchmen and road wardens are making life impossible for honest criminals, and the lords of the underworld are demanding a quick resolution.

Exciseman

You lost this year's tax receipt? How unfortunate, master cobbler. Toss his home, my lads! I want every penny found! Time to pay up, my friend.



(TiT) All cities require taxes and tariffs to function. The constant flow of money ensures public works and servants receive the funding they need, whilst also lining the pockets of the politicians. But no matter how good the cause or how noble the deed, no one likes to pay taxes. Since this is unpopular reality, most lawmakers distance themselves from the collection of monies, relying on specially hired Excisemen to do their work instead. Of all the people in the city, the Exciseman is likely the most unpopular, right alongside the dyers, beggars, and the rest of the rabble. Though they face hostility at every turn, most Excisemen know their duty is a necessary one. Still, these individuals are rarely well paid for their thankless job. As a result, few of them enjoy what they do and look for the fastest route to improve their lot, either through skimming the coffers and double-dealing or working extra hard in the faint hope of securing a better position in the government.

Note: If you're rolling for your starting career, you may substitute Exciseman for Burgher with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Read/Write

Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy *or* Suave, Schemer, Super Numerate

Trappings: Abacus, Hand Weapon, Light Armour, Writing Kit, 1d10/2 *gc*

Career Entries: Messenger, Scribe

Career Exits: Agitator, Litigant, Merchant, Militiaman, Outlaw, Roadwarden, Thief

A Day in the Life

No one likes a tax collector. Even law abiding citizens flush with coin rarely welcome the exciseman as he makes his rounds. His day starts with a stern exhortation by his crew boss to let no coin go uncounted, let no duty be dodged, and make his quota of revenue or be sent to the poorhouse. The exciseman then has a choice: carefully and scrupulously uphold the law, taking only what is actually due from the people who actually owe it; or to fleece foreigners, the powerless, and the unconnected of enough coin to make his quota and a little extra. In the history of the Empire, it is doubtless some exciseman somewhere has taken the first option. No one can recall exactly when, but surely it has happened.

The luckiest and most well connected excisemen are assigned to the gates of a community. With a constant flow of traffic and tradesman, it is easy enough to meet quotas. Also, if things ever do turn ugly, the city watch is right there to save the exciseman's neck. The exciseman who must go amongst the populace has a far harder time of it. For him this is a rough business – shaking down strangers, combing the markets for merchants who can't produce a current tax receipt, and rapping on doors in the worst quarters of town to track down tax dodgers. Unless he wants to brave the streets alone, he must hire thugs or off-duty watchman. Since the lawmakers and politicians are usually loath to overtly sanction such bully squads, they often have to be paid with coin skimmed from the till.

The Publican Union of Talabheim

This powerful brotherhood of excisemen wields no official power in city of Talabheim. That doesn't change the fact that his guild is one of the most powerful and prevalent. Without the Publicans there would be no tax revenue. Unhappy with the continuous harassment (and even assault) of their members, this group arose to champion the friendless tax collector.

The Publican Union's greatest contribution to its members (who must pay a yearly membership fee) is that they use their influence to get watch patrols assigned to aid excisemen. This makes tax collection far easier, as few businessmen or labourers want to take on the notoriously vindictive Talabheim city watch.

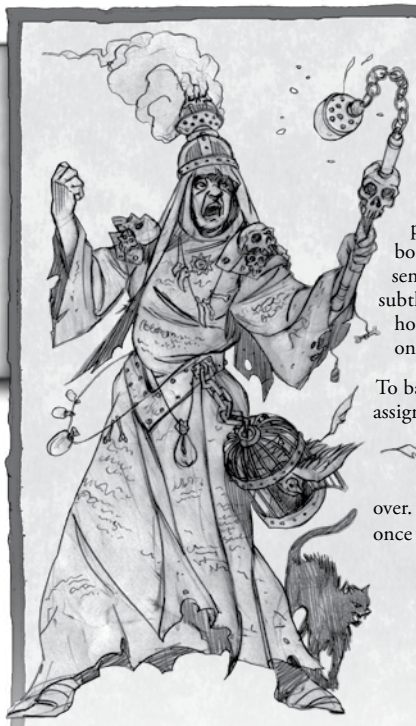
On the few occasions where the watch wasn't enough to discourage attacks on their members, there have been rumours that the Publican Union has hired criminal thugs and assassins. Whatever the truth, what is certain is that the Publican Union is one of the most ruthless and mercenary guilds the Empire has ever known. Any visiting adventures had best be wary of them.

Adventure Seeds

Crossroads: An excisemen and his bully squad are desperately short of their quota. The tax man is quick to decide that the party is delinquent on their taxes and need to be shaken down. The party can accept this robbery, talk their way out of it, or fight the squad and become outlaws.

The Torsten Tommel Affair: City records indicate Torsten Tommel, allegedly a humble apothecary, hasn't paid taxes in years. The last exciseman sent after him met an unfortunate accident and was found floating in the river three days later. One honest city official has decided enough is enough and has hired outside help to find out who Torsten Tommel really is.

ADVANCED



Exorcist

The patient responds to the holy symbol of Ulric but not to Sigmar's; I'll have to study this to determine the best course of action. I'm confident we can identify and cast out the spirit in my next visit.

(SH) Among the many dangers (natural and unnatural) facing the people of the Old World is possession by malefic spirits. Seeking to do harm in the land of the living, these spirits take over the bodies of their victims with the goal of wreaking as much havoc as possible. Some are nearly mindless, sending their hosts on violent rampages ending most often in the death of all concerned. Others are subtler in their activities, using the victim's unwitting friends, family, and associates to help it carry out horrifying deeds. Among the Undead, possession commonly reflects a desire to resume the life the spirit once led, to be close again to a loved one, or to have revenge.

To battle this vile threat and, if possible, save the life and soul of the possessed victim, some cults have assigned particular individuals to be specialists in driving the possessing spirit out. These exorcists spend countless hours pouring over tomes of forbidden lore. They are men and women of dedication and strong will – they have to be, for exorcism is a test of faith and will between exorcist and spirit. Some, however, crack under the strain and break down, their licenses revoked and their careers over. Others become corrupted by the lore they studied so assiduously and begin to serve the powers they once fought against.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	+10%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+35%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Academic Knowledge (Daemonology or Necromancy), Channelling, Command, Hypnotism, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic), Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Coolheaded or Savvy, Divine Lore (any one), Lesser Magic (Exorcism), Lesser Magic (any one), Menacing or Sixth Sense, Strong-minded or Stout-hearted

Trappings: Cult Robes, License, Prayer Book, Religious Symbol

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, Priest

Career Exits: Anointed Priest, **Lay Priest**, Scholar, Witch Hunter

Little Known Facts

Spending many hours poring over books and scrolls of arcane lore and forbidden knowledge, exorcists face deadly perils every time they engage in the practice of their chosen vocation. Threats exist not only to life and limb, but to the exorcist's very soul; more than a few exorcists discover too late that the spirit WAS driven out of the possessed soul they sought to help, but it has instead possessed the body of very exorcist himself. The spirit for its part generally tries to stay where it is as long as possible, but when faced with the inevitable and uncomfortable process of removal, many spirits seek less taxing environs to inhabit.

A Day in the Life

A typical day for an exorcist is split between two duties: prayers and poring over musty tomes looking for information on the best ways to drive away possessing spirits. Preparation is the key for an exorcist, and knowledge of the ways of demons and the undead, though dangerous and potentially corrupting, can be the difference between success and death – or worse. As a member of the clergy, they must also devote a substantial part of their time to ecclesiastical pursuits, conducting services, blessing new construction, marriages, funerals, and so forth, along with any mundane tasks assigned to them associated with the day-to-day operations of their particular cult. Most members of the clergy are responsible for their personal tasks as well, such as laundering and mending their own clothing. In important, high-profile cases, the exorcist's superiors will often assign a brother or sister to assist the Exorcist by performing these tasks on their behalf that he may concentrate more fully on defeating the supernatural entity at hand.

Adventure Seeds

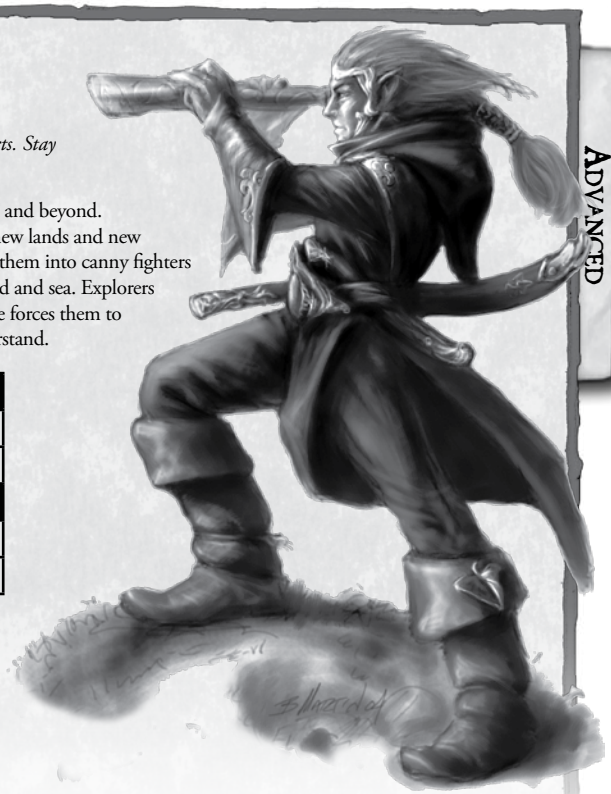
A Child in Need: A friend's child has been stricken. The party, upon visiting the home, fear the young boy has been possessed. As a favour to their friend, who is poor, they are charged with seeking out a qualified exorcist, and standing vigil over the boy while the rites are performed so that none come to harm. Little do they realize that Tzeentch himself has a hand in this, and they may encounter something of the Lord of Change in the eyes of the boy before all is said and done. The ways of Tzeentch are unknowable, and it is likely that possession of the boy wasn't the end goal of his scheme.

New Lesser Magic Spell

Exorcism

Casting Number: 11
Casting Time: 1d10 half actions
Ingredient: A vial of blessed water (+2)
Description: You engage in a battle of wills with a spirit possessing a mortal body. You must remain within 2 yards (1 square) of the possessed for the length of the casting, so the spell is most commonly used on victims that have already been physically subdued. If the spell is cast successfully, you and the spirit must make an Opposed Will Power Test. If you win, the spirit is cast out and the victim recovers his wits and control of his body. If you lose, the spirit resists your efforts and you cannot attempt to cast exorcism again for a full 24 hours. In the case of a stalemate, the two of you remain locked in mental combat. Neither of you can take any other actions while the struggle continues. Make Opposed Will Power Tests on each of your turns until one of you is victorious.

Explorer



ADVANCED

What an amazing structure off in the distance. It's unlike anything I've seen in these parts. Stay back at camp if you like, I'm going off to have a closer look.

(Core) Explorers are afflicted by wanderlust and travel extensively across the Old World and beyond. They channel their great need to know what lies beyond the next horizon into finding new lands and new opportunities for trade. Explorers regularly delve into the unknown, which either turns them into canny fighters and diplomats or makes them very short-lived. They are skilled in travelling by both land and sea. Explorers tend to be highly capable individuals. The variety of roles they are called upon to assume forces them to become very flexible, able to command troops or negotiate in tongues they barely understand.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+20%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+25%	+20%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History *or* Law), Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (any three), Swim, Trade (Cartographer)

Talents: Orientation *or* Linguistics, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Bow *or* Crossbow with 10 arrows *or* bolts, Hand Weapon, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Shield, 6 Maps, 1,000 *gc* in coin and trade goods, Riding Horse with saddle and harness

Career Entries: Captain, **Cartographer**, Engineer, Herald, Master Thief, Master Wizard, Mate, Navigator, Scholar, Scout, Sea Captain, Spy, Wizard Lord

Career Exits: Captain, Merchant, Sea Captain, Spy

The League of Merchant-Adventurers

The League of Merchant-Adventurers and Gentlemen Explorers, or simply The League, are the preeminent organisation of explorers within the Empire. A society of map makers, traders, and adventurers, The League has grown to prominence and power within the Empire over the years, due to the treasures and knowledge amassed by its members and the interest it has attracted among the Empire's elite.

The headquarters of The League is located in Aldorf. Its façade is lined with ancient pillars from the deserts of Araby, obsidian plaques from the jungles of Lustria, and exquisitely carved statues of strange and wondrous beasts from across the known world. Inside, the building is no less impressive, and there are rooms filled with treasures and artefacts brought back by its members. The most impressive chamber is the map room. Over a hundred yards in length, its walls are covered in maps of every conceivable location, trade route, and continent. The true treasure of the chamber, however, is its arched ceiling. It bears a huge painting of the known world stretching from wall to wall, detailing locations known only to The League.

The League attracts all kinds of explorers, from unscrupulous private individuals seeking personal fame and fortune to altruistic wanderers desiring to expand the influence of the Empire. And while The League does not discriminate based on an explorers' motives, they do maintain a strict membership policy. First and foremost, a new member can only be admitted on the recommendation of an existing member. Then there is the not inconsiderable annual fee of 100 gold crowns. The most difficult task is the requirement that The League's members add at least one new location to their grand map every year, which must be verified by at least three other members.

Notable Figures

The current president of The League is Faustus Coperium, a famed explorer and fearless adventurer trained by the equally famous Estalian explorer El-dora. A tall dashing man in his later years, Faustus has travelled much of the known world, personally mapping such places as the fabled Valley of Clouds and the Shrieking Pits of Ka-dar. Despite his fame and prowess, however, no one has seen Faustus for several years. Though this is not uncommon among explorers, who may disappear for years at a time on their travels, it has presented the League with something of a problem. The charter states that only the existing president can name his successor. This has led to talk within the halls of the League of a new expedition – finding Faustus.

Adventure Seeds

Deep Secrets: Kalvert Verbuter has long been a respected expert on the city of Aldorf, its history, and architecturer. Now, however, he has published the wild claim that there is another city hidden beneath its streets just waiting to be discovered and explored, if one can only find a way in.

Passage to Norsca: The League is seeking an explorer to put together an expedition to map a safe route from Marienburg, across the Sea of Claws, to ports in Norsca. Those willing to brave treacherous ice flows, bloodthirsty pirates, and sea monsters could stand to make their weight in gold.

ADVANCED



Faceless

Honour among thieves? We are not thieves. We have no such constraints.

(KotG) 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.

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.

A Day in the Life

Most commoners believe the faceless and their men are mere bandits, lurking within forests and springing out to attack anyone who ventures too close to their hidden base. This is completely inaccurate, however. Faceless are men of principle and discipline, and hold their followers to the same standard. They are very careful about their victims, and spend much of their time preparing for each attack.

Each morning, after breaking fast with his men, a faceless scouts his surroundings, making sure his camp is safe from detection. Then he ventures into the nearest town or village to seek the latest news. He goes in disguise, of course, though for a faceless this usually means removing his concealing cloak and wearing a normal labourer or farmhand's clothes. After listening to local gossip, the faceless seeks out his next intended victim, watching the man from a distance to study his habits, his defences, and his method of carrying his ill-gotten wealth.

The faceless returns to his band in time for the noon meal, bringing fresh supplies with him. He gives his men orders, tasking several with patrolling the area, others with common tasks like washing clothes and repairing weapons, and others he directs to scout out paths for their next ambush. Then he returns to his study of the next victim, often tracing the path he expects the man to take through the forest so he can determine the best place for the attack. By nightfall the faceless is back with his band, making sure there is enough food for the evening meal, checking again to be sure their camp is secure and well-hidden, and resolving any disputes that occurred during the day.

Notable Figures

The Hooded Blade is known and feared throughout the forests of Bretonnia. Many say he is not human at all, but some sort of dread wraith, a powerful spirit charged with a fearsome task and unable to rest until it has been discharged. Those who have seen the Hooded Blade are usually too terrified to describe him or even to speak of the encounter except in quick whispers. What is known, however, is that the Hooded Blade is tall and thin, and shrouded in a long, deep crimson cloak with a hood that completely conceals his features – some claim his eyes glow within the hood's depths, but others say they have seen no such supernatural mark. The Hooded Blade wields a hand-and-a-half sword, gleaming, and unadorned. Supposedly he does not use a scabbard, drawing the sword from his cloak whenever he needs it, even if such a long weapon could not be concealed beneath the garment. The Hooded Blade has a small, dedicated band of followers, and their victims are always corrupt lords who mistreat their slaves, servants, and serfs. No one knows what the Hooded Blade does with the money he steals from such men, though rumours claim many villages have found abandoned wagons full of food and other goods sitting in the town square at dawn.

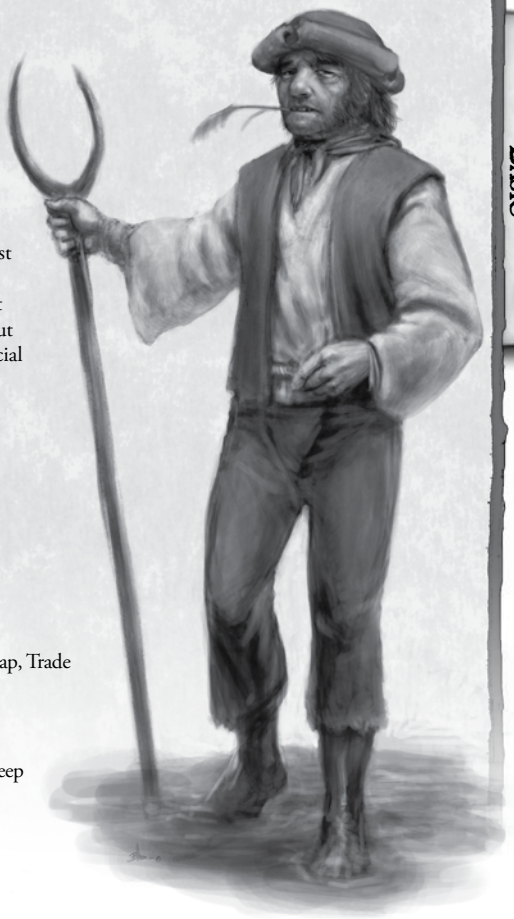
Adventure Seeds

The Missing Man: One of the faceless's followers has disappeared. It's possible the man decided to quit this life of banditry, but unlikely. But he was last seen in their camp, so if he suffered an ill fate how did his assailant get into and out of their hideout unseen?

Due Diligence: The faceless hears of a promising potential target, a rich noble who treats his people like dirt and robs them blind to keep himself fat. But the faceless needs more information, which means disguising himself and going to spy on the noble.

Farmer

Burn the cities, but leave the farms, and the cities will grow from the ashes. But burn the farms, and grass will grow through the cobbles on every city street.



(New) The old feudal order of the Empire is no longer what it once was, and a new enterprising class is bridging the gap between peasant and noble. In cities, burghers have begun to appear. Their equivalent in the countryside is an emerging class of landed gentry. Land is often parcelled out to commoners as a reward for military service, or merchants invest their wealth by purchasing the estates of impoverished nobles. Rarely, tenant peasants save enough to buy the fields they till from their lord. Land is inherited, but no farmer's claim yet spans more than a couple of generations. A farmer employs many hands to work the land, but he toils as hard as any peasant, for the wealth that hard work brings provides a significant social standing in the rural community.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Charm Animal, Drive, Evaluate, Haggle, Intimidate *or* Charm, Ride, Set Trap, Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy, Specialist Weapon (Scythe *or* Flail).

Trappings: Cart pulled by a horse *or* ox, scythe (two-handed weapon) *or* threshing flail (flail), sheep dog.

Career Entries: Innkeeper, Merchant, Peasant, Tradesman, Veteran

Career Exits: Innkeeper, Merchant, Militiaman, Politician, Steward

Farmers' Rituals

The spring festival of Mitterfruhl heralds the beginning of the farming year, when firstborn livestock are slaughtered at Taal's altar, and the plough is blessed by a priestess of Rhya before it tills the fields. Throughout spring and summer, farmers work all hours, tending their beasts and maintaining their crops. Sheep are sheared during the month of Sommerzeit, and the wool sold at market, the swiftest team of shearers hanging their finest fleece in the local shrine of Taal. High summer is celebrated with rites to ensure perfect weather – too much or too little rain over the ensuing months can ruin the crops.

With Rhya's blessing, the yield is ready for harvest by summer's end. Labourers scythe the crops, their wives tying the stalks into sheaves, and to encourage a quick harvest before the autumn rains, the reaping teams compete for prizes of beer. Reapers are unwilling to cut the last sheaf of a crop, believed to harbour the spirit of Rhya, and lots are drawn to determine the cutter, who is subsequently dunked in a nearby river. The last sheaf is crafted into a corn dolly, and kept in the farmhouse kitchen over winter as a luck charm.

The autumn equinox, Mittherbst, is a solemn occasion involving the sacrifice of crops and animals to sustain Taal and Rhya during their winter's sleep and to placate the awakening Ulric. Entire herds and flocks are passed between great bonfires to purify them of the taint of Chaos. The autumn fairs are the highlight of the farming year, when fat profits can be made, though lean years can ruin an unlucky farmer.

Winter is a time of hardship for all countryfolk. The winter festival of Mondstille is a rare time of joy when beacons are lit to guide Taal and Rhya back to earth so that the cycle of life may begin anew.

The Raid

"I promised da on his death bed that the farm would be safe with me. I'm sorry, da.

I'd been away for several days, taking the old bull to market in Grenzstadt. I first saw the smoke as I rounded Copse Corner. The farmhouse was ablaze, and I could hear screams. Cattle lay slaughtered all 'round the ruined bodies of the farmhands. Wolves the size o' ponies snarled among them, each mounted by a green-skinned devil.

Taal forgive me. I hid in a dung heap and listened to the laughter o' the raiders as all that I loved burned. By sundown they had moved on. I emerged, stinking, surrounded by the ashes of my life. By midnight I had laid to rest the charred remains of my wife and sons. My daughter was nowhere to be found. My workers and servants I buried too.

The plough leaned against the farmyard wall. I took the ploughshare and entered the forge in the corner of the yard, the only building untouched by fire. I took up a hammer and began to beat the metal into the form of a sword. With each blow the path of my new life became clearer."

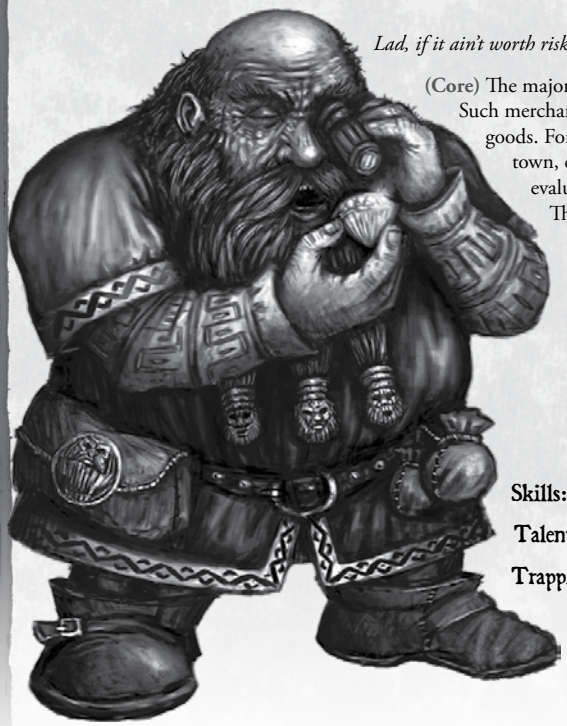
–The memoirs of Lanric Bessen, Goblin-Hunter

Adventure Seeds

The Predator: A farmer's prize cattle are being killed and eaten by a terrible beast of the woods. The adventurers are hired to track down and slay the predator.

Pasture Wars: Fed up up with his neighbour's sheep grazing on his land, a farmer secretly hires the adventurers to do away with the flock by any means necessary.

Fence



Lad, if it ain't worth risking yer neck over to bring to me, then it's probably not worth my time.

(Core) The majority of Burghers and Tradesmen are willing to deal in goods of questionable legality. Such merchandise is the stock and trade of the Fence. They are experts at liquidating stolen goods. For a percentage of the profit, they take a thief's bounty and move it to another town, city, or even country where it can be more safely disposed of. Fences are experts at evaluating the worth of any given item and therefore exactly how hot it is likely to be. The greater the risk, the greater the cut they demand.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Sleight of Hand

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Super Numerate

Trappings: Trade Tools (Engraver's Kit), Writing Kit

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Burgher, Cat Burglar, **Ex-Convict**, Grave Robber, Innkeeper, Racketeer, **Rapscallion**, Smuggler, Steward, Thief, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Charlatan, Crime Lord, Master Thief, Racketeer

Measure for Measure

Fences gauge their bounty based on a wide variety of issues. Whatever an item's normal value, it's potentially affected by five discreet factors:

- Availability can be abundant or rare, dropping or raising prices as a result. This applies more for commonality of an item in a given setting, not any adjustments made by customization.
- Demand for said items wherever the fence moves goods can be low or rabid. Also, the more it costs for a fence to move an item where demand is high reduces pay offs locally.
- Prices rise or fall by the quality and craftsmanship of any item.
- The uniqueness or notoriety of an item increases prices with each identifying trait or feature, making specialized custom items (or common things used extraordinarily – "this knife slew Baron Kajrol!") expensive.
- If an item has been owned by anyone of influence, provenance (whether true or false) can increase prices on an item for the fence, but rarely the seller due to the risk.

What bring a fence's buying price down are the risks and difficulties:

- Reputations (of an item or its true owners) can both increase an item's worth and the risks in moving it.
- Law enforcement attentions or interests in an item raise difficulties in moving an item quietly.
- The distance an item must go to get to its best resale market also reduces what a fence may pay for it.
- The art of the fence exists in balancing the rewards and worth of items against the risks of selling them. After all, one can't receive profits, no matter how good the items, if previous owners can trace items back to the fence.

Karin Dellardar

Her arresting purple eyes hoodwinked many over her years, and they proved memorable enough that this lovely dwarf had to leave Nuln for Marienburg when too many victims caught her eye. Over six years, Karin had fleeced nearly one in five of the major merchant houses through embezzlement or direct theft.

Her past interests in the mercantile houses and her new identity as Karin Dellardar have merged – she poses as the purchasing and sales agent for the Tagranden Merchant Consortium, which only exists on forged papers and in tavern rumors in the western Empire and Wastelands. Her partners in crime all profit in the ruse, as Karin moves goods (stolen by her elven friend Synnaela Maruvaar, among others) off to foreign ports via The Blade Maiden (courtesy of her lover, ship's mate Aldar Mordinstone).

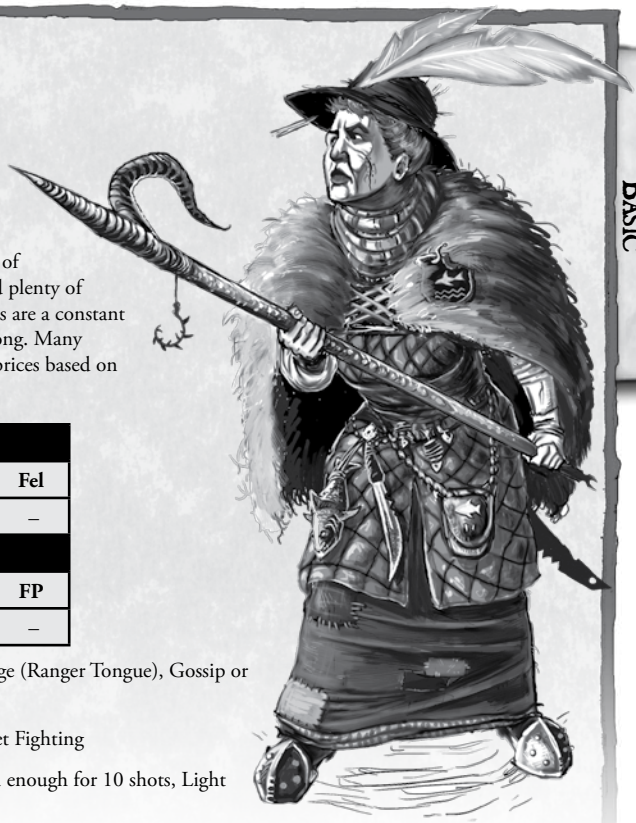
Adventure Seeds

Likely Sources: The party's employer has been robbed of some priceless heirloom jewelry (+14) he wants them to find and recover before the three necklaces leave the county. Rumors on the street indicate that three local fences have each moved a lot of jewelry recently.

Inside Information: One of the party is a fence covertly working for the local lords. The character works among the criminal element while secretly alerting the authorities if any goods pass through his hands that may be potentially robbed from certain local tombs or graves.

Ferryman

The journey's far more than the current between the shores…and that journey be short if 'n you don't come up with the proper fare.



(Core) Rivers both large and small cut through the Empire. While a few are shallow enough to ford easily, most require transport to cross safely. Ferrymen make their living moving people and goods across the Empire's rivers, for a fee of course. They favour flat-bottomed barges because they have a shallow draft and plenty of deckspace. Ferrymen in more remote areas also favour the blunderbuss. Bandits are a constant danger and the blunderbuss provides not-so-subtle encouragement to move along. Many Ferrymen are also extortionists of the highest order, arbitrarily changing their prices based on the apparent wealth and desperateness of their passengers.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate or Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Gossip or Intimidate, Haggle, Perception, Row, Swim

Talents: Marksman or Suave, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder) or Street Fighting

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts or Blunderbuss with powder/ammunition enough for 10 shots, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Coachman, Smuggler, Toll Keeper

Career Exits: Boatman, Highwayman, Roadwarden, Seaman, Smuggler

Affiliations

The Sons of the River are a small guild of honest ferrymen west of Talabheim; their many ferries sporting Taal's horns in blue on the prow in honor of the River Father. Their vigilance prevents many unscrupulous ferrymen on the Talabec from abusing their positions and taking advantage of passengers or cargo-owners. They patrol the river constantly and undercut the fares (or covertly sabotage the boats later) of crooked ferrymen. They are at odds with the Boatsmen's League only due to Jens Leonhard's apparent lack of piety toward their god.

"Otto's Flats" is the name of one of the larger passenger ferry guilds around Altdorf. Headed by Otto Pentzlerr, this collective of nine greedy ferrymen limits passenger traffic between Altdorf and Kaldach. They move people and goods across the river easily for their allies. Meanwhile, those who don't pay the exorbitant fees, find themselves with rotting cargo or forced to take long routes to bypass the ferries.

Oskar Madravvin

Born under the sign of Cacklefax the Cockerel, Oskar Madravvin knows his prosperity is just around the bend, as he has said his whole life. He lives and operates his lone ferry on the River Aver toward the western end of the Moot and close to Averland. Some have tried to rob Oskar – to their regret, as he never forgets a face and has numerous friends on both sides of the river.

Others have tried to pressure Oskar into smuggling illegal goods. The halfling is not one to bow to pressure, however, and just hopes no one looks closely at the river bottom where he regularly drops anchor when mooring his ferry at night.

While Oskar makes a tidy living ferrying people or small amounts of cargo across the river (or downriver toward Nuln), he actually makes more money as an information broker. With his memory for faces and a gift of disarming chatter, Oskar often gets his passengers to share more information with him than they realize.

His friends among the local coachmen, bounty hunters, and fieldwardens pay him handsomely for any gossip or news on the whereabouts of certain folk or fugitives (as do the local messengers and gossips looking for more news to barter themselves).

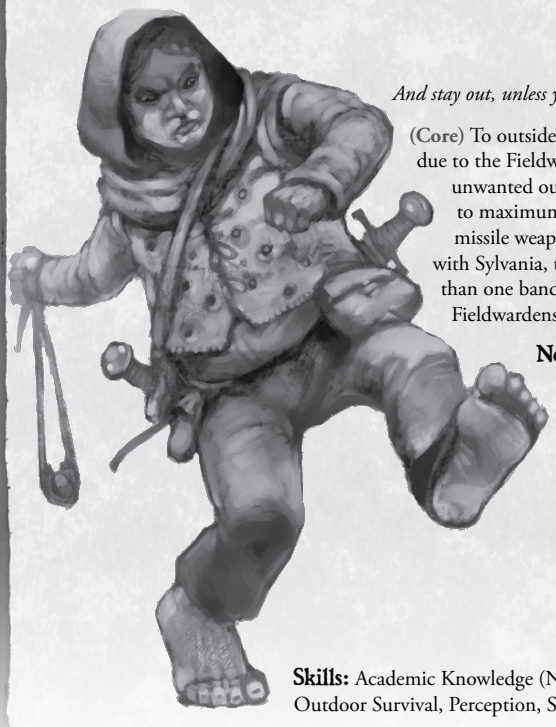
Adventure Seeds

They Shall Not Cross: The party find their travels slowed due to a lack of ferries across the river. A local nobleman has taken control of the two nearest bridges "to protect them from attacks by raiders," who have been targeting and sinking local ferrymen's boats. The locals (including a few ferrymen) approach the party, accusing the baron of abusing the situation to consolidate more power. Some whisper he backs the raiders himself.

Safe Passage: The party is hired to accompany ferrymen along a river into the Empire's eastern borders. The lands (and waterways) are dangerous due to beastmen and mutant incursions (and the whispered possibility of vampires returning to the lands). It's the characters' task to flush out any dangers and make the trade routes safe again.

Fieldwarden

And stay out, unless you want the next stone to hit something more sensitive.



(Core) To outsiders the Moot looks like a safe and happy land. The extent to which that's true is due to the Fieldwardens. These Halflings patrol the borders of the Moot, keeping away threats and unwanted outsiders. They are skilled skirmishers who use their intimate knowledge of the Moot to maximum advantage. They prefer to attack from ambush, using their superior skill with missile weapons to neutralize the size advantage of their foes. Since the Moot shares a border with Sylvania, the Fieldwardens have particular expertise in dealing with the living dead. More than one band of zombies has been brought down by a fusillade of slingstones from determined Fieldwardens.

Note: Only Halflings can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy) or Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Fleet Footed or Savvy, Mighty Shot or Rapid Reload, Rover or Quick Draw

Trappings: Sling with Ammunition, Lantern, Lamp Oil, Spade, Pony with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Hunter, Militiaman, Toll Keeper

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Scout, Vagabond, Vampire Hunter

A Halfling of the People

The Fieldwarden is an esteemed figure in the halfling community. Empire folk may fret about the constant threat of heresy and invisible "enemies within", but halflings are a peaceful and easygoing folk with little concern beyond what the tavern has on the board for supper. Halflings live uncomplicated lives with simple tastes and an appreciation for the status quo. Chaos and disorder are to be avoided at all costs, and Mootlanders look to their vaunted Fieldwardens to maintain cherished continuity.

When not attached to a border patrol, a Fieldwarden's primary responsibility is to simply walk about the community and present a friendly and visible presence. Other times, the Fieldwarden is called upon to fill just about any job imaginable, from mending fences to helping at harvest time. The Fieldwarden knows the names and faces of every halfling family in his area, as well as the type of baked delectables they put out with tea. It's a great honour for a halfling household to host a Fieldwarden to a Bakeday meal, and the wardens are often booked for meals months in advance. These dinners sometimes evoke friendly competitions between hosting families as they attempt to outdo each other with increasingly elaborate menus.

The Border Patrol

When the Mootland was granted to the halflings by Emperor Ludwig the Fat in 1010 I.C., it was the Emperor's intention to grant his beloved halflings a secure homeland within the borders of the Empire so they would not require their own standing army. But Emperor Ludwig could not foresee the rise of Vlad von Carstein and the Vampire counts of Sylvania. While the Moot still relies heavily on the Empire for protection, the defense of the Sylvanian border is a task now bestowed upon the Fieldwardens. The primary areas of concern for the Fieldwardens are the Altern Forest and the stretch of border that edges on the Haunted Hills.

Fieldwardens are posted to the border on rotating schedules, so no single regiment is exposed to the stressful and distasteful duty for longer than one week a month. On their first posting to the border patrol, novice Fieldwardens are always attached to road patrols travelling through the Altern Forest. The Altern Forest is a particularly active front against the undead, and greenhorn Fieldwardens are almost guaranteed an enemy contact with a zombie at minimum. Border patrols along the Haunted Hills are another matter entirely, and only the most battle-hardened Fieldwardens are posted there. This area is a bleak landscape of stunted vegetation and rocky hillocks crowned by the ancient burial mounds of long-dead barbarian tribes. The taint of Dhar stains the land, and draws the vile practitioners of necromancy to the area like a moth to flame.

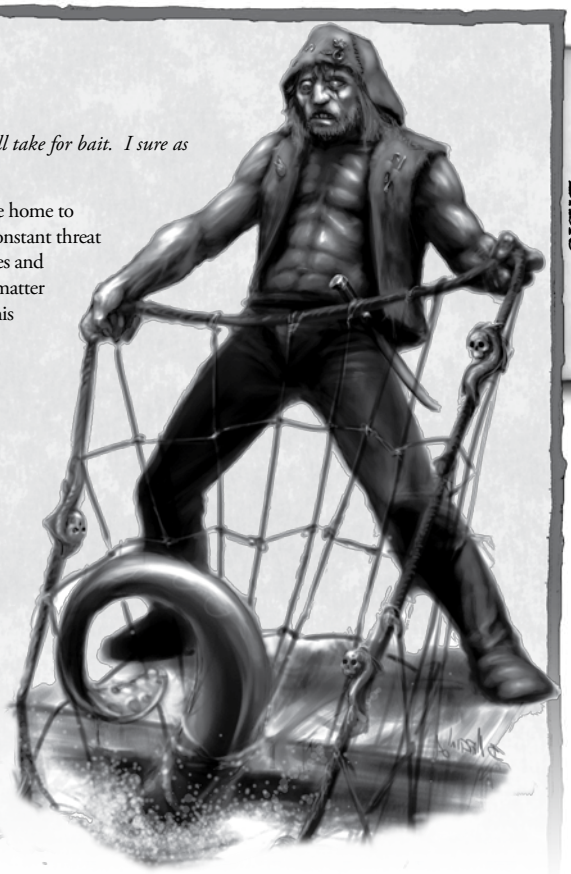
Adventure Seeds

War of the Chefs: Two renowned halfling chefs have opened restaurants across from each other and the competition is getting nasty. In an attempt to perfect his "secret recipe" and win the crowds, one of the chefs has unwittingly purchased an exotic spice containing warpstone…

Ominous Activity: A border patrol has been receiving reports of increased zombie activity around the Haunted Hills. Local whispers tell of a great wagon piled high with corpses, and the deep gong of a bell in the dark of night.

Fisherman

If yer wantin' to catch a Stirpike, you'll have to give up a finger, 'cause that's all what they'll take for bait. I sure as Taal ain't givin' up no more o' mine!



(Core) Fishermen seek the bounty of the sea. The many villages on Nordland's coastline are home to countless Fishermen. These hearty souls brave the Sea of Claws in small craft, despite the constant threat of pirates and raiders from Norsca. There are also some fishing communities inland, by lakes and rivers, though these villages also pursue agriculture. Fishermen are an independent lot as a matter of course. They work in small crews, and when on the water every decision is their own. This spirited nature is one reason why dockside taverns are always unruly.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), your character can be from the great port of Marienburg at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire or the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol or Haggle, Navigation or Trade (Merchant), Outdoor Survival, Perception, Row, Sail, Speak Language (Reikspiel or Norse), Swim

Talents: Hardy or Savvy, Orientation or Street Fighting

Trappings: Fish Hook and Line, Spear

Career Entries: Boatman, Peasant

Career Exits: Marine, Merchant, Militiaman, Navigator, Seaman

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Fishing is difficult to regulate, in part because of its popularity among casual anglers, but also due to the inaccuracy of aquatic boundaries. Also, confiscated fish tend to spoil before they can be sold. Therefore, fishermen are not represented by guilds in the Old World, and this provides incentive enough for independent-minded folk to take up the profession. The closest thing to a fisherman's guild is a "fishing collective" found in many Estalian towns. Its chief purpose is to match crewmen with boats each morning, but sometimes the collective also mediates disputes over contested waters.

Coastal fishermen are awake and dropping their nets long before the sun rises. By afternoon, they're enjoying a pint of ale in the tavern, having sold their daily catch to dockside smoking houses and fishmongers. Inland fishermen tend to work independently, or with their families. In a typical river fishing family, the father and eldest son spend their day on the river, the women remain at market gutting and selling the catch, and the younger sons run back-and-forth delivering the wriggling fish. Lake fishermen employ a mixture of coastal and river techniques.

Strange Fish of the Old World

In addition to the popular cod, salmon, carp, herring, trout and eel, hundreds of other strange fish populate the dark waters of the Old World. The following are a few examples:

Aaurati: An elusive fish that shimmers like gold beneath the waves. More than one man has allegedly drowned after mistaking an Aaurati for submerged treasure.

Augas: Has a third eye on top of its head for spotting predators.

Bromma: Flying fish, can rotate its head. Hides from predators by diving to the bottom and stirring up clouds of silt on the riverbed.

Congère: Bretonnian eel. Incredibly powerful for its small size. Can tear other fish apart with ease.

Gladius: Large, spear-headed fish. Can pierce the hulls of small boats if its young are endangered.

Mulus: Delicious fish, eaten only by nobles. Becomes multicoloured when it dies. Two-bearded Mulus is the tastiest variety.

Polypus: Large fish with strong, clawed arms. Can leap up and knock a man from his boat. Grips its prey and gnaws voraciously until sated, then discards the carrion.

Rhombus: Slow, obese fish with short hairs on its back. Settles into riverbeds downstream of cities and feeds on the sewage.

Sea Scorpion: Tiny fish with a scorpion tail. Kills small fish with poison and eats them. Stings large predators on the head to disorient them.

Tauras: Aggressive, horned fish. Mates fight to the death after spawning.

Adventure Seeds

Something Fishy Going On: When the fish don't bite, fishermen pay extra tributes to Manann, Taal, or the local river god. This time it's not working however, and nobody understands why the gods have stopped listening. Someone, or something, has driven the fish away.

A Strange Catch: Sometimes, fishermen recover things from the murky depths that might have been better left unfound. Examples may include cursed relics, incriminating evidence of forgotten crimes, or sunken treasures that turn men against their own brothers.



Flagellant

There is a stench of Chaos about you, blasphemer! Perhaps my whip can free it from your flesh!

(Core) Flagellants are crazed religious fanatics who barely care if they live or die, so long as they can strike a blow against Chaos and all that they perceive as vile before they go. They are often remarkablly charismatic individuals who lead other broken souls, as the force of their personality and their strong religious convictions draw others to them. Flagellants always wield massive weapons, the better to smite their enemies, and eschew the use of armour, feeling that their Gods will protect them until the proper time to die has come. Saner folk tend to actively avoid their company.

Note: You must have at least one insanity to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	–	+10%	+15%	+5%	–	+20%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Heal, Intimidate, Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Fearless, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail *or* Two-handed Weapon), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Flail *or* Great Weapon, Bottle of Good Craftsmenship Spirits, Religious Symbol, Religious Relic

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, Friar, Priest, Zealot

Career Exits: Demagogue, Interrogator, Priest, Soldier, Veteran

A Day in the Life

A flagellant's world is that of pain. Some of this pain is the self-inflicted lashes brought on by the flagellant's constant acts of repentance. However, the flagellant also bears the painful burden of preaching the message of his gods to heathens, and leading fellow defenders of the faith into the unending war against Chaos.

When not in battle against their vile enemies, flagellants often lurk in the shadows of the slums, searching for souls to save…or evil to punish. However, the mad fanatics can easily find both where the sane would find none, choosing to see only what they want to see. Many times, flagellants walk into the most innocent situations and turn them into blood-soaked scenes of carnage.

Flagellants also frequent the temples of the gods they worship. Mercifully, much of this time is spent in silent prayer, as they ask their deities for the strength to smite their enemies. However, they also seek audience with priests and other worshippers of the temples, attempting to gain converts to their crusade against Chaos. Though they may gain the adoration of a few zealots, such attempts to gain followers usually lead to suggestions as to where Chaos might be fought…far away from the temples.

By that measure, flagellants haunt ruins, caves, and other places where creatures of Chaos are rumoured to lair. If the taint of Chaos is mentioned in connection to a particular place, odds are that a flagellant patrols somewhere nearby.

Flagellants have few allies and even fewer friends. This, of course, is their own doing – they believe that people who do not blindly follow their causes with slavish devotion are enemies at best, and conspirators of Chaos at the worst. Their few friends are often rogues who whisper lies to them, seeking to twist some advantage out of their insistence on seeing enemies everywhere.

Notable Figures

Marko von Miktar is known and feared in the city of Praag as a merciless flagellant. Formerly a soldier of the Empire, the fierce warrior was attacked and left for dead on the outskirts of the Kislevite city by beasts of Chaos. Instead of perishing in the cold, though, von Miktar received a vision from Ursun…and somehow managed to drag himself back to the city despite the loss of an eye.

Marko von Miktar is more a force of nature than a man, and is hard not to notice in Praag. He wears grey tattered rags, often covered in muck from the sewers he constantly walks through in search of creatures of Chaos. He speaks in a broken mishmash of Reikspiel and Kislevarin, ensuring that few can understand his words. A giant wooden cudgel, stained with the blood of his enemies, is ever-present in his hands.

Adventure Seeds

Unwelcome Attention: A warehouse burns to the ground near a shipyard. An ominous symbol of Khorne is found drawn in the ashes in the center of the burnt ruin. Several local ship owners tell the flagellant about the symbol, partly hoping to destroy whatever soldiers of Chaos may lurk nearby, and partly to keep looters away from the remains of the warehouse.

A Bit of Trickery: A silver mine, long abandoned, is purchased by a local merchant's guild. Skaven are rumoured to live there. The merchants, unable to convince the local populace to help them explore the mine in search of skaven, begin spreading stories that a worshipper of Chaos inhabits the tunnels, trying to trick the flagellant into doing their dirty work.

Foreman

C'mon, layabouts! Yer not gettin' paid to sit there and gather dust! Get up and get going, there's work to be done.

(WC) Deep-throated voices echo through the crowded cities of the Old World as Foremen lead their sweating gangs with harsh words and bawdy song. In the bustling docks, the screech of a Foreman's whistle sends the unemployed running from their smoky taverns, all desperate to shift backbreaking, heavy cargo from quay to warehouse in exchange for some coin. As Foremen are often paid according to the speed of their men's work, they can be pitiless taskmasters, "motivating" their temporary workers by any means possible. In contrast, Stevedore Foremen lead their long-term gangs with tangible pride, confidently negotiating with dock owners and traders for extra work and wages as well as actively taking part in guild matters and turf disputes. Because of this, they typically look down upon their labourer-leading contemporaries with undisguised scorn.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm *or* Consume Alcohol, Command, Common Knowledge (Kislev *or* the Empire *or* the Wasteland), Gamble *or* Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Singer), Secret Language (Guild Tongue)

Talents: Public Speaking, Streetwise

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Whistle

Career Entries: Peasant, Scribe (marker), Stevedore, Tradesman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Fence, Guild Master, Politician, Racketeer

The Stevedores' Guild

Since the typical stevedore possesses neither the bureaucratic facility nor the swagger to effectively deal with the slippery merchant class, the guild masters of the Stevedores' Guild are drawn almost exclusively from the ranks of stevedore foremen. The stevedore foreman is responsible for managing the guild's finances and making sure the workers are taken care of. Since the stevedores themselves have little real appreciation of their worth, they must trust in their foremen brothers to negotiate the best labour deal possible. Regrettably, bribery is a common charge against a foreman who appears to live a little "too well", while his guild brothers toil at a cut-rate.

Hotpot and the Ogre

As head chef to the Averland Mountainguard, Tuppy Huppernitzle faced his share of deadly incursions from the Dark Lands. But like most other halfling folk, Tuppy placed a higher precedence on satisfying his appetite than his safety. One Pie Week, it seemed that Tuppy's ovens did not burn hot enough to properly scorch a new chocolate custard tart he was working on. When a bergsjaeger laughingly suggested that he find one of the thermal vents that dotted the World's Edge Mountains, Tuppy was off.

Unfortunately, Tuppy hadn't considered that the tantalising smell of cooking chocolate might lure unwanted guests to his open-air kitchen. When a group of brigands came across the mouth-watering scent of Tuppy's cooking, it would have been the end of the poor halfling were it not for the interference of massive ogre called Bargash. Although Bargash had lost an eye in a recent encounter, he made quick work of the brigands and set about to eating Tuppy's wares. Since Tuppy had always believed halflings had a long history with ogrekind, Tuppy felt that he should take a chance and thank Bargash with some freshly made tarts. As the ogre happily gobbled tart after tart, he admitted that he had been starving before he came across the delectable scent of Tuppy's cooking. The grateful halfling vowed that Bargash would never starve again and the pair has been inseparable ever since.

Of course Tuppy's new association meant that it was time for him to move on from the Mountainguard, and the pair set off down the Zhufbar road. Before long, Tuppy and Bargash found themselves in bustling Averheim, where Tuppy's cousin Dill owned a half-stake in a dockside warehouse., Cousin Dill's business was faring badly since his ill-tempered dwarf foreman was drunk all the time and the workers were loafing. Dill would have fired the dwarf long ago if he wasn't so afraid of him.

Needless to say, Dill's predicament was an easy situation for Tuppy and Bargash to rectify, and the grog-soaked dwarf was shown the door. When the slack-jawed labourers saw the massive ogre eject the wobbling dwarf at Tuppy's orders, they quickly fell in line. Dill had found a pair of new foremen to replace the old—although truth be told, Bargash does the "motivating" of the workers, while Tuppy motivates Bargash with his cooking.

Adventure Seeds

A Blind Eye: A powerful trader is trying to cut corners by using slaves to unload his ships. While slavery is technically illegal in the Empire, the trader knows who to pay off and the local watch is turning a blind eye.

War for Work: As the harvest comes in and ships line up at the docks, a nasty turf war is heating up between competing foremen as they vie for the dwindling supply of day labour.

ADVANCED



FORGER

An Imperial Warrant for the arrest of Magistrate Leopold? Aye, I can do that – but it will cost a pretty crown.

(SH) Forgers are the artists of the criminal world, but theirs is a calling of imitation, not original creation. Forgers make their living by copying a work by another and passing it off as an original, whether it is a painting of an emperor, the seal on an "official" document, or a signature on an incriminating letter. Forgers prefer to work in relative anonymity; not only is their work a crime often punished by mutilation, but revealing one of their creations as a fake spoils some of the triumph felt in a successful job.

Note: The *Old World Armoury* includes rules for coin forgery.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (the Arts), Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Evaluate, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Signs (Thief), Speak Language (any one), Trade (Artist), Trade (Calligrapher), Trade (Smith)

Talents: Artistic, Coolheaded or Dealmaker, Flee! or Suave

Trappings: Trade Tools (Forger), Writing Kit

Career Entries: Artisan, **Cartographer**, Messenger, Smuggler, Student, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Charlatan, Fence, Scribe, Tradesman, Student, Scholar

Detecting Counterfeits

When the experts are baffled by a flawless counterfeit work, they often turn to a forger to identify original from duplicate. Forged artwork is generally the easiest to detect, since there are so few who can do it convincingly. Also there are many components beyond the canvas that can expose a fake work. The artist's signature may look too fresh, the frame may not match the period, or a label could be mistranslated. The alternative can also be true, however, and sometimes a flawless counterfeit can even fool the original artist.

Relic forgery is also quite easy to detect since it is so difficult to properly simulate the aging process. Counterfeit coinage, on the other hand, is almost impossible to detect if the forger is working with a well-crafted or stolen coin-die, and not skimping on the proper base metals. Unfortunately, many of these counterfeit coins enter circulation and are only revealed through use, when they blemish or tarnish differently than official currency.

A forger can only detect a counterfeit if he has the required skills to craft the forgery in the first place. Once it is determined that the detector has the requisite trade skills, he makes an Opposed Perception Test versus the counterfeiter's requisite Trade Test. Trade (Artist) is required to detect art forgeries, Trade (Calligrapher) is required to detect document forgeries, and Trade (Smith) is required to discover coin forgery. Relic forgery requires the widest variance of skills, from Trade (Gem Cutter) to Trade (Stoneworker).

Art Forgery: Duplicating a work of fine art is likely the most difficult challenge a counterfeiter will face in his career. While art forgery is far and away the most lucrative business for a counterfeiter, the vast majority of forgers will never complete a single passable work. There are less than a handful of working forgers with the ability to copy a masterpiece, since the skills required to properly duplicate a work of art must approach that of the original artist.

Currency Forgery: Everyone needs to make money somehow, the forger does so literally. The art of coinshaving and counterfeit minting is by far the widest spread type of forgery in the Old World. The complete rules for forging coins and establishing a counterfeiter's workshop are expanded upon on in the Old World Armoury.

Document Forgery: The art of document forgery is about the control of information, or alternatively misinformation. Evidence can be forged to condemn an innocent man, or turn loose a guilty one. Forged orders can lead an enemy into an ambush, or into retreat. A forged letter of introduction can gain the underhanded social climber admittance to exclusive circles. Document forgery is one of the more profitable and dangerous enterprises a forger can engage in.

Relic Forgery: Relic forgery is the creation of false antiquities for sale to private collectors and Temples. Successful tomb robbers occasionally find themselves hosting a bidding war between multiple parties for their plundered goods. By colluding with a relic forger and duplicating the artefacts, the tomb robber is able to ensure that each of his bidders goes home a winner.

Adventure Seeds

A Noble Crime: A witch hunter is looking for a forger to create false letters of introduction so he can infiltrate a circle of warlocks in Marienburg.

It Takes One to Know One: A powerful underworld figure involved in the black market trade of plundered artefacts suspects that one his tomb robber suppliers is providing counterfeit relics and seeks proof.

Freeholder

…an excellent trade; thank you. Say, is that thing gold? You sure have a wealthy town here; I hope those merciless raiders from my land don't decide to pay you a visit.

(ToC) One of the greatest rewards a Jarl may grant to his Bondsmen and loyal Peasants is land. Upon gaining property, these men and women are accorded a special status. For those who were not warriors, they have the same status as Bondsmen. For those who were once warriors, land is usually a gift given in exchange for lengthy and valued service. Many Freeholders eventually become Jarls if selected by their King. Otherwise, they gain a piece of land and a number of Thralls to work it.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Speak Language (any one), Trade (any one)

Talents: Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Savvy, Schemer, Suave

Trappings: Longhouse and at least 1 Acre of Land, 1d10 Thralls, Livestock

Career Entries: Bondsman, Burgher, Fisherman, Skald, Whaler, Tradesman

Career Exits: Artisan, Innkeeper, Marauder, Merchant, Slaver



Little Known Facts

In the cold lands of Norsca, community bonds are essential for survival. Those who serve their lord faithfully and at length are rewarded with property of their own. Freeholders are men and women who have been rewarded for years of loyal service with land, and thralls to work it for them. Farming land that is frozen for six months out of the year is difficult; much of the meagre wealth produced in Norsca comes from its timber and its mines, some of which produces amber, a rare substance used in making handsome jewellery.

A freeholder whose land includes the entrance to a mine could become relatively rich. Freeholders are rarely farmers or miners themselves, preferring to get the thralls to do all the hard work. They may aspire to be one day; the reward for faithful service to their lord.

Warriors are favoured above all others for promotion to the position of jarl, and the majority of Norscans can wield a sword or axe with a fair amount of proficiency. Those who cannot are relegated to the lower class, and are disdained if not openly held in contempt.

A Day in the Life

Freeholders must spend a fair amount of time looking after their holdings, making sure things are running smoothly, that no thralls have escaped, and that a satisfactory level of production is maintained.

The call goes out every autumn for raiders to plunder foreign shores, and some freeholders – those whose lands are secure and who have family to help tend them – may answer the call and go raiding. When war comes – which is often in these harsh lands – the majority of able-bodied warriors are expected to rally around the king's banner and support him against his enemies. Those who fail to answer a summons can expect harsh treatment when the king returns.

Affiliations

Because of their status as travellers and traders, many Norscan freeholders have regular contact with Empire or Kislevite merchants. Norscans sometimes hire themselves out as mercenaries, and as such are highly respected and feared warriors. These will often have contacts with mercenary captains, minor nobles and officers within the standing armed forces of areas in which they serve.

Adventure Seeds

A Journey North: The adventurers are recruited to act as guards for a trade mission to Norsca. A wealthy merchant seeks to overflow his coffers by obtaining rare woods to use in fine furniture, and perhaps some of the fabled Norscan amber can be had if the price is right. Many are the dangers en route, but many more lurk around every corner once they arrive in the north lands, including accidental insults to fiery-tempered Norscan freeholders.

The Voyage Home: The adventurers come across a merchant caravan under attack. Nearly everyone, save the Norscan trader, is dead. The trader pleads with the adventurers to accept his offer of employment to safely escort him and his recently acquired goods back to his ship, and to guard him on the long voyage back to his freehold.

ADVANCED

Friar



Fear not, my brothers and sisters. These hardships, too, shall pass. Have faith in the gods, so they might have faith in you.

(Core) Friars are mendicants who wander the Empire teaching religious virtue by example. Their orders date back to the time of Magnus the Pious. A Witch Hunter, Berndt of Wurtbad, was a particular foe of the cults of Slaanesh, the Chaos God of Sensuality and Pleasure. Berndt saw how decadence and lust lead inexorably to the embrace of Slaanesh. After years of blood and fire, Berndt laid aside his sword and torch, gave away his possessions, and began to walk the roads of the Empire preaching a message of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He wore nothing but a hair shirt and lived off the charity of the common folk. His fervent belief was that a humble life of poverty was the surest way to fight the insidious seduction of Chaos. The Order of St. Berndt was the first mendicant order of the Empire, though several others have sprung up since.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+15%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (any two), Heal, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Kislevian, *or* Tilean), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Healing Draught, Religious Symbol, Religious Relic, Robes

Career Entries: Demagogue, Initiate, **Lay Priest**, Physician, **Prelate**, Scholar, Vagabond, Zealot

Career Exits: Demagogue, Flagellant, **Lay Priest**, **Prelate**, Priest, Scholar

The Friars of St. Olga

The friars of St. Olga are well known through the southern provinces of the Empire. These portly fellows believe that true spirituality can only be found in the simple comforts of life, as their founder, the Lady Greta Olga, taught.

A brewer's daughter, Olga is said to have seen the face of Sigmar one morning in the foam of a freshly poured ale. Taking this as a sign to spread his word, she began a lifelong quest to do so. Friars of St. Olga maintain the brewing tradition of their namesake, and spend much of their time carting their wares to remote villages, bringing both the word of Sigmar and a barrel or two of the saint's finest.

Vows

Many friars take vows to show their devotion to the ideals of the saint that they follow. These can take many forms, however, the four most common are chastity, poverty, obedience, and fraternity.

Chastity – This is a common vow. The friar will renounce the 'weakness of the flesh' so to be closer to his saintly ideal. In practice, of course, many friars fall from grace, succumbing to the perils of their travels and the constant hospitality of their hosts.

Poverty – Also common among friars is the vow of poverty, giving up the trapping of worldly vice in order to better understand the plight of the common man. Typically such a vow allows a friar to only own what he wears or carries, which depends mostly on his strength and size. It is a well know fact that the richest friars are also the fattest.

Obedience – Some friars vow obedience to their order in such a way that they will unerringly follow the words set down by their saint. Such absolute devotion to a saint's teaching can create some odd behaviour. An example of this can be found with those who follow the word of St. Hargot, who wrote 'look not upon the shadow of death.' This, in turn, has prompted his followers to rigourously avoid shadows cast by gravestones and corpses.

Fraternity – Many friars believe all men are brothers and vow to treat them as such. This means the friar will greet strangers warmly, offering support and comfort regardless of race, profession, or even apparent hostility. While a noble ideal, such a vow can be lead the friar into danger should he try and make 'friends' with the wrong person.

Adventure Seeds

Saint Berndt's Final Journey: The followers of Saint Berndt are making a great pilgrimage from the order's monastery near Talabheim to the temple of Sigmar in Aldorf. It is said that they will carry with them the bones of their saint, a priceless relic that will need protecting on this long, dangerous journey.

A False Friar? A man posing as a friar of Saint Dalius has been accused of bizarre crimes in several towns across the province involving the 'marking' of chickens and ducks. Local authorities are eager to track him down and are offering a good reward for his capture. Who is this man? Is he really a friar, and who is Saint Dalius?

Frogwife

Knife goes in, guts come out. Knife goes in, guts come out. Say... have you heard the news of Madam de Verre? They say her son has ten fingers... but not five per hand...



(BotD) Frogwives are a common sight in Mousillon's villages. They take the buckets of snails and frogs caught by the village Swampaires (often their husbands, sons, or fathers) and gut them long into the evening. A Frogwife is not only an expert at the gutting and cleaning of frogs and snails, but also forms a crucial part of a village's social structure. Frogwives tend to be relatively knowledgeable about the surrounding world, sometimes being permitted to leave the village for short periods of time to find useful herbs or other essentials from neighbouring villages. Some Frogwives are experts in the use of herbs, folk medicine, or some other esoteric but useful pursuit. It is a rare Frogwife who does not know the majority of what is going on in her village, and Frogwives have a deserved reputation as gossips, storytellers, and the originators of many strange superstitions. A Frogwife is almost always a woman, and it is a great shame for a man to labour at the swamp bucket.

With your GM's permission, when rolling your starting career you can substitute Frogwife for Camp Follower.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (any one), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Search, Trade (Cook)

Talents: Dealmaker, Hardy *or* Rover, Stout-hearted, Streetwise

Trappings: Entrails bucket, frog guts, snail shells, sharp knife

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Peasant

Career Exits: Boatman, Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Swampaire, Grail Pilgrim, Herrimault, Servant, Tradesman, Vagabond, Village Elder

A Day In The Life

The Frogwife's day begins almost as her husband's ends. He dumps his day's catch – hopefully a large one – into her bucket and turns to take a desperately needed slumber. She then does what she must, gutting the frogs, snails and other swamp vermin, culling the very best parts for sale, saving just enough of what's left to make stew or dried meats for her family, and turning the rest into fertilizer for the small garden which she maintains without telling the local lord.

When she has cut up enough to make it worth the trip, the frogwife will take what she has into the nearest hamlet, to hawk it to passers by and, more importantly, to exchange information. The market hours see the frogwives carrying on two conversations almost simultaneously – a constant stream of patter with potential customers, and an equally constant stream of gossip, rumour and innuendo which carries information from one end of Mousillon to the other.

When the day is done, she returns home. There will be, usually, an hour or so when both she and her husband are awake and together. This is when they will share a single meal (made with the leftovers from her earlier work), and, sometimes, the marriage bed. Then she returns to her sleep and he to his gathering.

Little Known Facts

A "frogwife's garden" is a common term used to refer to any small, productive plot which doesn't look as if it is. Such gardens grow root vegetables, useful herbs and other plants, but appear to the untrained eye to be just patches of weeds and grass. Hedge wizards, wise women and the like sometimes call on frogwives to provide them with truly exotic and useful plants.

Because frogwives roam relatively freely outside their villages to gather herbs and the like, they are often the most knowledgable about surrounding lands, including places hidden or forgotten. While most of what they may think they know is rubbish, a cunning man can learn much if he can get a respected and elderly frogwife to discuss anything odd she might have seen on her travels.

Adventure Seeds

How Does Your Garden Grow?: The characters need some particular plants, grown in a particular way, which can only be found in the swamps of Mousillon. However, wild growth will not do; only special cuttings, cultivated by generations of frogwives, will suffice. Short of raiding every hidden garden in the local swamp, the only way to find the plants will be to make friends with the frogwives and find out who is likely to have such plants. Since growing valuable plants without paying taxes is highly illegal, the locals will be very suspicious of anyone asking too many questions, and care and diplomacy may be needed.

The Shrine of Nurgle: It was just another tale of the swamps, a strange idol seen during a root-gathering trip... but the statue could mark the location of a legendary temple to the Chaos god Nurgle, that long ago sank into the mire. Both followers of Nurgle and enemies of Chaos have an interest in this temple and its secrets, but the locals are close-mouthed about who started the rumour. Even if the person who allegedly found it can be tracked down, is the temple real, or are people just excited over the ramblings of an old woman who saw an oddly-shaped rock?



Gambler

It's not those who always win you've got to be afraid of… it's those who always seem to lose.

(SH) Gamblers eschew the hard work of the lower and middle classes. After all, why toil for such small rewards when a month's income can be made with one well-played hand? Gamblers use their skill at games of chance to make money from the wealthy and the slow-witted. They haunt coaching inns and game houses, ready to part the gullible from their coins. Sometimes things go wrong and gamblers lose large sums of money. In these cases, a swift escape is in order, before the creditors discover that the debts can't be paid. Gamblers tend to be drifters by nature, always moving on to avoid old debts and sore losers.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+10%	–	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip or Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Perception, Sleight of Hand, Read/Write or Secret Signs (Thief)



Talents: Etiquette or Streetwise, Flee! or Luck

Trappings: Dice, Deck of Cards, Leather Jerkin

Career Entries: Entertainer, Noble, Rogue, Mercenary, Student, Thief, Vagabond

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Entertainer, Highwayman, **Rapscallion**, Rogue

Games of Chance

Taverns are a favourite haunt of the professional gambler. He might join a game of jackstones, rolling knucklebones for a few coins, or might try to fleece patrons at dice games such as Blackheart or Devil Eyes. Most gamblers prefer to play for higher stakes among fellow cardsharks: Dead Queen or the cut-throat Five Knives are popular games. Sometimes a tavern has a cockfighting pit, or a yard reserved for bull baiting, which attract rowdy crowds. One of the entertainments of a travelling fair are the pugilists, whose bloody sport inspires frenzied gambling. Some towns have fighting pits, where fortunes can be won or lost with the thrust of a blade.

Establishments must pay a license to allow gambling on the premises, but a renowned gambler may be invited to a clandestine game run by the criminal fraternity. Security is high and the result of cheating is fatal. Should the watch gatecrash the event,the participants face weeks mouldering in gaol, but the high stakes involved prove irresistible to seasoned gamers.

King of Gamblers

The most amount won in a game of Five Knives was after an epic contest in the Dog's Bark tavern, Nuln, in 2511. After weeding out the small fry in the opening hour of the game, the remaining players were Milo Speer, a gambler from Bogenhafen, Baron Ranulf von Bildeburger, Kleber Blume, a merchant from Averland, and Captain Antonio Cimino, a Tilean mercenary officer. A mound of gold and jeweller had piled between them on the table.

Speer opened with a pair of Towers, an excellent hand. Captain Cimino followed suit with an admirable run of Knights, but the Baron flunked out with a Troll. Blume played three Emperors, claiming victory. As Speer threw down his cards in disgust, Captain Cimino drew his pistol and shot the merchant. Before the shocked onlookers, he calmly drew another Emperor from the dead man's sleeve.

As the cheat's body was disposed of, the game continued. Speer and the Captain attacked, parried and feinted. The kitty grew. After two hours, bootless and bare-chested, their ears and fingers denuded of rings, Speer reluctantly placed his dead father's pocket watch in the centre of the table. The Captain surrendered his regimental badge. A final hand was played. The crowd gasped as the Tilean delivered four Skulls: Morr's Blessing. Only a hand of Khaine, five Knives, could trump that. When Speer revealed his hand, the Captain stood, saluted and marched smartly out of the inn. A single pistol shot followed his departure.

Speer's winnings included over a thousand Crowns, innumerable heirlooms, the title deeds to the Bilderburger family mansion and captaincy of the Flashing Blades, Cimino's mercenary regiment. From itinerant gambler, Speer became a renowned officer, and years later was decorated by the Emperor for his regiment's efforts at the Siege of Middenheim. Milo Speer is regarded by gamblers as a living legend, the embodiment of their dreams.

Adventure Seeds

The Deadliest Game: A gambler arrested for participating in an unlicensed game is offered a deal by the watch. A gambling den exists where the unlucky lose not just their money but their lives, and which attracts an audience of depraved thrill seekers. If the gambler infiltrates the den and exposes it to the watch, all charges will be dropped. The gambler doesn't realise that initiation into the den involves surviving a game of Six Pistols…

Ghost Strider

Those who threaten the sanctity of the woods shall feel the forest's fury with each arrow.

(Core) Nearly supernaturally silent and fleet of foot, Ghost Striders roam over the Old World seeking out the forces of Chaos and various other threats to the natural world. They are most at home in the forest, though they can readily pass unseen over mountains and other terrain if need be. Ghost Striders are deadly archers, famed for never missing their targets. They are usually either softspoken or taciturn and considered to be both odd and intimidating, even by their own people. They are often more comfortable with the natural world than they are around other sentient beings.



Note: Only Elves can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+30%	+15%	+15%	+25%	+20%	+20%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Lip Reading, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Set Trap, Shadowing, Silent Move

Talents: Hardy *or* Fleet Footed, Lightning Parry, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Sure Shot

Trappings: Elfbow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Best Craftsmenship Full Leather Armour)

Career Entries: Scout

Career Exits: Captain, Outlaw Chief, Targeteer, Vampire Hunter

Little Known Facts

Ghost striders often make their own bows, hewing them from the branches of ancient trees. On occasion, they weave gold bands and bone fragments into the wood of their bows. The elfbow of a ghost strider is considered to be an extension of the warrior's very being, and each is distinct and unique to the strider who strings it.

Ghost striders are adept at living in treetops, and often build makeshift shelters high above the ground in the strong branches of mighty oaks. These shelters resemble large and messy birds' nests. Though they appear strange, they offer the ghost striders both concealment and a place to survey the forest for unwanted intruders. Many ghost striders also decorate their cloaks with the leaves of the tree in which they live.

Although known for their solitary nature, ghost striders have been known to befriend extremely unlikely allies – dwarven troll slayers. Though ghost striders do not care for the troll slayers' brutal tactics in battle, they feel a kinship towards the dwarves' single-minded dedication to destroying evil. When a ghost strider and a troll slayer cross paths, they may team up for a brief while, until the foes they seek individually lead them apart once more.

When ghost striders defeat an enemy in battle, they make a small cut in their forearms to commemorate the victory. Veteran ghost striders often only have to bare their heavily-scarred arms into order to drive away cowardly opponents.

Some human nobles have attempted to make ghost striders the wardens of their forests, in order to protect the woodlands from evil. Such appointments – when accepted – have virtually always ended in disaster, as what the nobles and the ghost striders believe to be evil are entirely different things.

Notable Figures

Celanoth the Blade is perhaps the most infamous ghost strider to inhabit the Forest of Loren. Originally apprenticed to a wizard, his renowned skill with the bow first became evident when he and his master were ambushed by a group of orc brigands. Celanoth's arrows quickly felled all their foes. Some say that Celanoth still indeed possesses a talent for magic…it just manifests in his bow.

Celanoth shuns most inhabited places, preferring the solitude of the woods. However, the elven warrior almost always has company. Wherever the ghost strider goes, a small cadre of foxes is certain to follow, and even wolves are known to occasionally join his company.

Celanoth's is well-known for his ruby-tipped arrows. Early in his career, the ghost strider shattered a ruby amulet worn by a Chaos wizard. He took the shards of the ruby and placed them in the tips of his finest arrows, which he saves for foes he deems worthy of honor.

Adventure Seeds

The Tained Tree: In the heart of a nearby forest, a giant tree turns black and begins to grow even larger. Its ebon branches and roots cause all it touches to wither and die. The ghost strider heads deep into the forest to learn why this tree has turned into a malevolent force of Chaos.

Missing Children: Children have been disappearing from a village located at the edge of a forest. The villagers find traces of the kidnapper's trail leading deep into the woods…but cannot find any sign of the children. Desperate for assistance, they ask the ghost strider to follow the trail and learn where the missing children have been taken...and to slay the kidnapper, if possible.



Giant Slayer

Aah, that got the blood stirring. Too bad the blighter died before he could hit me a few more times.

(Core) There are many Troll Slayers who wish to find death, but secretly fear it. There are others, however, who are just too ferocious to readily die. These rare few become Giant Slayers: obsessed Dwarfs who have found that not even Trolls could offer a sufficient enough challenge to give them the glorious ending they crave. They continue to seek out combat and a proper death wherever they go, many of them becoming morose drinkers when they aren't in the midst of battle. Giant Slayers continue to sport the spiky orange Slayer crest, but they tend to be covered with far more tattoos.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career. You must have slain a Giant to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	–	+15%	+15%	+10%	–	+20%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (any one), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Fearless, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Strike to Injure

Trappings: Great Weapon

Career Entries: Troll Slayer

Career Exits: Daemon Slayer

Affiliations

Whilst slayers are treated with cautious respect by other dwarfs they are also treated as outsiders. Dwarfs usually give slayers a wide berth, and can even treat them suspiciously – after all, what did they do to dishonour themselves? However, the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin welcome Slayers, saving a place for them beside the hearth and plying them with pints of Bugman's. The Shrine of Grimnir is here, founded by Baragor, the first of the Slayer Kings. Baragor's descendant, Ungrim Ironfist, rules Karak Kadrin. He has not only inherited his forefathers' throne, but the Slayer Oath as well. As a result, he is torn between two conflicting vows, a Slayer must seek a worthy doom, but a king must protect his people.

Slayers often stop at Karak Kadrin during their wanderings, to pay their respects at the Shrine of Grimnir and enjoy the company of dwarfs who understand them.

Adventure Seeds

A Great Threat: The inhabitants of Richtenhoff live in fear of a Manticore that is often seen gliding above. Giant slayers always have an ear out for news of such monsters, for to fall in combat against a Manticore makes a worthy doom. However, a wizard lives in Richtenhoff and the Manticore is merely his illusion. The spell distresses the villagers, but spares them the depredations of bandits. The wizard plans to continue his chicanery until the brigands are brought to justice.

Defending the Homeland: News reaches a Slayer that Karak Kadrin is under assault. Skaven have broken into the lower levels and the dwarfs there are hard pressed to stem their advance. Slayers may wish to join the defence of the home of the Shrine of Grimnir and the Slayer King.

Giant Slayers and Giant Slaying

To become a Giant Slayer a Troll Slayer must slay a giant. This stricture can result in awkward gaming, as a Troll Slayer might commit all manner of valourous deeds without finding a giant to test his mettle against. It seems unfair to prevent a Troll Slayer from advancing into the Giant Slayer career because he hasn't had the opportunity to fulfil a particular criterion.

However, it does seem apt to prevent a Slayer from progressing along his path until he performs an act of physical prowess which rids the world of an enemy of the Dwarfs. The Slayer path is wrapped up in shame, honour and self-sacrifice, and any Dwarf who does not pursue his oath may well wallow in despondent stagnation. In order to move on the Troll Slayer in question must rid the Old World of some sort of menace to the Dwarf race by besting it in combat. This could be a warren of Skaven, a Vampire, a Chaos Cult or anything that presents a challenge equivalent to slaying a giant.

Whether any particular feat counts is left up to the GM, though it must be a major accomplishment of a martial nature. If the GM thinks the feat is worthy the Dwarf may take up the Giant Slayer career. He will not be known as a Giant Slayer, though might be known as a Vampire Slayer (for example), but can use the Giant Slayer advance scheme, Skills and Talents.

Grail Knight



The darkness is upon us! Every heart must decide, shall I forsake my kingdom, my sacred honour, the Lady herself? No! We shall rise as one and cry 'Back, daemons! Back to the hell that spawned you!

(KotG) 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.

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

Special: Only male Bretonnian nobles can become Grail Knights. The Lady of the Lake is not fooled by disguises.

Sir Berenger Vaillancourt, Knight-Avenger of Brionne

This hermit knight owns no lands and holds no title besides his knighthood, and yet he is a legend throughout Bretonnia and beyond. He claimed the title of Grail knight younger than most and swore himself to the defence of the Grail shrine where the Lady had appeared to him.

He faithfully executed his duties for years until finally he received a messenger who informed him that his beloved sister, Sybilla, was dying. He took leave of his duties and rushed to her death bed. While he was away, the shrine was desecrated by a band of thirteen bandits – desperate men who scoured the land for gold and plunder.

When he returned, his sister finally blessed and buried, Sir Berenger was filled with divine rage. He swore that he would hunt all the violators down. He tracked them across the full length and breadth of the Old World. Now he has slain all but one – their leader, the villainous Rainouart Ducharme.

Rainouart knows he is hunted and so, in his desperation, has sworn devotion to the ruinous power, Tzeentch, in the hope that the Lord of Change will protect him from Sir Berenger's wrath. Instead, he has become a pawn in the Changer of Ways's schemes to corrupt and transform this great knight into a servant of darkness. Will Sir Berenger give in to his rage and his need for revenge and become that agent? Or will he avenge the Lady's dishonour and rise to become one of Bretonnia's great heroes? Only the future can tell.

The Seven of Salles

This band of seven Grail knights all sipped from the sacred chalice the same day after slaying the dragon Hallerung in the Fields of Salles. Thus their fates were bound together. It is said by some that at the completion of their great quest, the Lady of the Lake laid a new mission upon them – a quest so important and secret that the very destiny of Bretonnia and perhaps all the Old World hinges upon it. Since then they have scattered all across the Old World on this mysterious quest. There are many theories concerning what they seek, but few facts. What is certain is that these Grail knights have been hunting down and slaying witches. A squire heard one of them demanding from his defeated opponent to know the location of "the Hag's Eye". The meaning of this cryptic demand remains unclear.

Adventure Seeds

A Dying Man's Request: A dying Grail knight, his body pierced by dozens of goblin arrows, stumbles out of the forest and passes a sacred icon to the adventurers. "To Bordeleaux…" he gasps, "before the bad moon rises and darkness claims us all." Then he is dead. The goblins are, of course, close behind him.

The Vision: A Grail knight hermit has received a vision that his chapel will soon be raided by Chaos marauders. He is alone in its defence and knows he cannot hold off this onslaught. Who should pass by at his moment of need but a band of adventurers. Will they aid the knight and gain the Lady's blessing, or will they turn away and face her wrathful curse?



Grail Pilgrim

I am but a simple man. To serve this most holy quest is reward enough for me.

(KotG) 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.

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: 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.

A Day in the Life

The grail pilgrim wakes in a makeshift camp alongside his fellows. After taking breakfast and breaking camp they follow the trail of the Grail Knight they seek, singing chansons about his exploits as they go. The Pilgrims stop regularly to take repast and swap anecdotes about the knight, seeking to outdo one another with tales of his deeds or boasting of a time when he supposedly spoke or gestured to them.

The pilgrim will gather any of the Grail Knight's discarded effects he comes across. He will equip himself with bits of armour, bent swords, and broken lances. If the knight should fall during his travels the pilgrims will make a grisly prize of the corpse, using it as the centrepiece of a sacred reliquary. Care of this reliquary is of paramount importance to the pilgrims and they bear it with great honour.

The pilgrim must be ready to defend himself, for he follows the Grail Knight through wild areas of Bretonnia, where beastmen and greenskins wait to waylay travellers. Sometimes the inhabitants of a farmstead are unwilling to provide the pilgrim with the provisions he needs, and violence often ensues.

Should he encounter the Grail Knight he follows the grail pilgrim will immediately make showy obeisance. Such encounters usually result in uncomfortable stand-offs, the Pilgrim too awed to speak and the Knight somewhat humiliated by the presence of a low-born devotee dressed in his cast-off gear. When the Knight sets off again there is palpable relief, and the Pilgrim waits a while in respectful reverie before following after his hero once more.

Affiliations

Grail pilgrims are looked on with a mixture of contempt and fear by the normal folk of Bretonnia. The peasantry of the kingdom all agree Grail Knights are awe-inspiring figures, and so understand how easy it might be to idolise them in this manner. On the other hand, Grail Pilgrims are notoriously zealous and dangerous, and have been known to raid villages and farmsteads when foraging for supplies.

The Bretonnian nobility view them as pests in peacetime. Some dukes may see wandering bands of pilgrims on their lands imprisoned or killed. In times of war this attitude changes, for the fanatical pilgrim bands make doughty fighters and their presence on a battlefield is viewed as a boon.

Adventure Seeds

A Knight Too Many: A band of grail pilgrims is in crisis. They were following one Grail Knight when a second crossed their path just ahead. The pilgrims have argued about which one to follow and, after much debate and a little bloodshed, a schism occurred that split them into two roughly equal groups. The reliquary remains a bone of contention however, as both groups lay claim to it. Can the two sects of pilgrims reach a compromise or will their bickering turn violent?

Dangerous Treasure: A party containing a grail pilgrim is shadowed by spites, diminutive but dangerous forest spirits. Unbeknownst to them the pilgrim has a magical item amongst the mundane knick-knacks he picked up whilst on the trail of a grail knight, a green broach that marks the wearer out as one who is worthy of admittance to a certain area of the enchanted wood of Athel Loren. The spites have been on the trail of the gem, seeking to reclaim it now that its rightful bearer is dead.

Grandmaster



To lead admirable knights into honorable combat against the Chaos is a credit to their commander. And to stand and lead such a band as you is a honored blessing as if from the gods themselves.

(ToS) A grandmaster is a paragon of knightly virtues and the leader of one of the knightly orders. A grandmaster is not only one of the most fearsome warriors in the Old World, but also a legendary commander and leader of men. There are very few grandmasters in the Old World, for even amongst those dedicated individuals who have the skill and strength of mind to become a Knight of the Inner Circle, few have what it takes to reach the pinnacle of knighthood. A grandmaster is always at the forefront of an army when it marches to war, leading his fellow knights, and often the entire army, into battle. He is usually amongst the most trusted of military advisors and generals, and when not engaged in warfare is often charged with planning for it. A grandmaster of a templar order is often a leading personality within a religious cult as well, commanding total loyalty from its warriors.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+40%	+15%	+25%	+25%	+25%	+15%	+30%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry ***or*** Religion), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Templar), Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Kislevian, ***or*** Tilean)

Talents: Fearless, Fleet Footed, Menacing, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (any two), Strong Minded

Trappings: Magic Weapon, Heavy Armour (Magical Full Plate Armour), Religious Relic ***or*** Blessing of the Emperor

Career Entries: Knight of the Inner Circle

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Noble Lord, Witch Hunter

Order of the Black Lynx

The Black Lynx Knights are an elite knightly order stationed within Black Fire Pass. Members wrap a gold armband with a black lynx paw print around their right arms as the group's emblem.

In 2504, nine out of 400 noble knights survived the Cleansing of Sorrol's Canyon, unlike 3000 orcs. Count Marius Leitdorf of Averland commissioned an order to honour the nine survivors and appointed Sir Otto Guntallan the first grandmaster of the order. They became the Knights Black Lynx, choosing their name from the mysterious jet-furred mountain cat. The order grew fast in status and held nearly 400 nobles at its height.

Averlanders consider the Knights Black Lynx the elite of the elite among the Mountain Guard. Unlike many orders, the Knights Black Lynx rarely battle from horseback (though they can and do ride). They pride themselves on moving silently and swiftly, like their namesake, to take enemies unaware. Officers are either knights of the inner circle or noble-born scouts, hunters, or stealthy folk. Their primary weapons are two-handed, and the majority prefers halberds, though all know a close-quarters weapon as well.

Dieter von Nachttorin, the Baron Holmruk

Born with his mother's blazing red hair and his father's piercing grey eyes, Dieter has always been a striking sight. The sole heir of the Holmruk barony (between the Upper Reik and Grenzstadt), Dieter's fate has always been near the World's Edge Mountains. While more of Averland's wealth comes from horses and crops, Holmruk lands provide iron mines and weapon smithies.

Dieter squired for his uncle, the Earl Felix von Nachttorin whose demesne included two other baronies beyond Holmruk. The squire quickly became a proud knight and a master of the lance and sword. The earl assigned Dieter to the Knights Black Lynx sixteen years ago. Since then, Dieter has spent only thirty days outside of the mountains or Black Fire Pass. While Dieter is technically the rightful Baron Holmruk since his father's death in 2515, his cousin Karl serves as Holmruk's regent at Earl Felix's insistence.

Sir Dieter became a stalwart Black Lynx. He gained a ruthless reputation for his prowess in battle against orc and goblin war parties. Sir Dieter ascended to the grandmaster's position during the Averland orc invasions of Imperial Year 2520. Sir Dieter succeeded Sir Gustav Kelnheil, who died when orcs twelve times their number overwhelmed his patrol at the Battle of the Parlak Gorge. Sir Dieter organised a retreat and slowed the orcs until other Mountain Guard troops came to the survivors' aid. His stand on Tharln's Gap – holding the bridge alone with only a lance and sword against two score orcs until bowmen allowed his own retreat – became legendary.

While hardly a young man, Sir Dieter remains militarily fit and leads a patrol at least twice a month. Otherwise, he works tirelessly to rebuild the order and seeks capable and honourable nobles for his troops.

Adventure Seeds

An Urgent Summons: The characters receive an unexpected summons from Grandmaster Dieter von Nachtorrin to come to Black Fire Pass for three months and aid the training of his newest knights for a very lucrative rate. Grandmaster von Nachtorrin and his order are known to be more insular from the matters of Empire, with an eye toward defending the Black Fire Pass – adding an air of mystery to the summons.



Grave Robber

Can't be doin' with this burnin' at the stake. Takin' away honest folks' work, that's what it is.

(Core) Grave Robbers make their living among the dead. Both medical and magical professions create a constant demand for fresh corpses, some for study, others for more sinister purposes. Obtaining such corpses legally is quite difficult, so Physicians and Wizards both have come to rely on Grave Robbers. It is a loathsome profession, but a profitable one. The freshest corpses can command exorbitant prices. The risks of this line of work are substantial. Watchmen, Priests of Morr (the God of Death), and Witch Hunters all keep careful watch of graveyards and punish interlopers harshly.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Drive, Gossip or Haggle, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Resistance to Disease, Streetwise or Strong-minded

Trappings: Lantern, Lamp Oil, Pick, Sack, Spade

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Bone Picker, **Ex-Convict**, Rat Catcher

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, **Ex-Convict**, Fence, Rat Catcher, Student, Thief

A Day In The Life

A grave robber's day starts as evening falls, when he sets off for a graveyard. If he were seen near a graveyard immediately after every new burial it would be suspicious, so most grave robbers patronise several graveyards. In large cities, where there are burials every day, this is easier, but in smaller towns it can be difficult to maintain a steady supply without trying to exhume every new corpse. In those cases, smart grave robbers create reasons for being in the area, such as patronising a tavern or brothel near the cemetery.

Getting in and digging the corpse up is often the easy part. Only fresh corpses are useful, so the ground is still disturbed, making digging easy and relatively quiet. In addition, a dark graveyard provides many places to hide, and it is not easy to tell whether a fresh grave is more disturbed than it was earlier. Getting out of the graveyard with a dead body, and then getting the dead body to the customer without raising suspicions, is often much harder.

Most grave robbers find customers through introductions from existing patrons, and maintain a policy of not asking what the bodies are for. Most justify this by believing that, if the bodies are already dead, they are beyond suffering. Very few grave robbers would knowingly supply a necromancer, and learning that they have unwittingly done so was the event that pushed many out of the career. Sometimes this is after dealing with the zombies.

Theophilus von Dortmau

Theophilus is a physician in Altdorf renowned for his skill at surgery and his deep knowledge of anatomy. In recent years, he has taken to obtaining his own corpses, after becoming dissatisfied with the quality of the ones he could purchase. As a result of his nocturnal activities he has lost weight and put on muscle, and become far more familiar with how the poor of Altdorf live.

He has started developing radical opinions, and has quite shocked a couple of his wealthy clients with off-hand remarks about the oppression of the poor. He has even started to have doubts about his wealthy lifestyle, and wonders whether he should treat poor people free of charge.

Adventure Seeds

The Note: The grave robber finds new excavation in a largely abandoned, and thus lightly-guarded, graveyard. The corpse is fully dressed, very fresh, and shows no obvious signs of injury; by far the most valuable kind. New burials continue every few nights, giving the grave robber a good source of income. And then one night, the corpse is clutching an envelope, addressed to the grave robber by name. Should he find someone to read the enclosed letter for him?

From Beyond the Grave: A notoriously greedy and ruthless merchant dies and is buried. The grave robber goes to dig up his corpse, but finds that the coffin contains a straw doll, weighted with bricks and scented with pig's flesh. Soon afterwards, someone starts attacking the people who had been in competition with the merchant. Rumour blames the merchant's ghost, but the grave robber knows that is unlikely.

Grave Warden



BASIC

Morr hisself couldn't slip past me to disturb these graves. Not on my watch.

(NDM) In the Old World, the grave warden's responsibilities are heavy. He not only has to bury the dead six feet deep in the cold, hard ground but also guard against those who would disturb their rest, be they rats, bone pickers, grave robbers, or worse. In small towns and rural areas, a grave warden cannot rely on the town militia or Morr's Black Guard to keep away the restless dead and hungry Ghouls. Meanwhile, few value his company, for he carries the stench of death and sodden mud wherever he goes. It is a lonely life, but many grave wardens come to prefer the company of the dead to that of the living.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	–	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Perception, Outdoor Survival, Search

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Stout-Hearted *or* Very Strong

Trappings: Shovel, Stench, Wheelbarrow

Career Entries: Bone Picker, Rat Catcher, Peasant

Career Exits: Grave Robber, Initiate (Morr only), Militiaman, **Temple Guardian**, Vampire Hunter, Watchman

Note: *With your GM's permission, you may substitute grave warden for grave robber when rolling your Starting Career.*

Little Know Facts

They say that no one truly knows the secrets of the grave like a grave warden. Sometimes referred to as Morr's Gardeners, these dour men and women are the few living souls who spend any amount of time within the rusted gates and crumbling walls of the Empire's graveyards. Usually solitarily souls, some grave wardens fall into the practise of only talking to the dead and find it difficult to hold normal conversations.

Often, when asked questions, a warden will stare blankly at the person, not because he is slow-witted or deaf, but because it takes him a moment to remember that other people can actually talk. This is far from the hardest part of interacting with a warden, however, as they tend to only want to talk about death and see the trials and troubles of life as pale by comparison to Morr's ever looming shadow. It is little wonder that few people bother more than a simple nod before heading on their way.

The dead within the Old World do not rest easy, and there is a great fear among relatives of the freshly deceased that they will have to endure the return of their loved ones. For this reason, on the first night that a body is put in the ground, a grave warden is often asked to perform Morr's vigil. For a small fee, the warden will spend the night with the newly dead, talking to them, comforting them and, most importantly, making sure they don't get back up.

Notable Figures

One of the most well-known grave wardens in the Empire is Old Grouse, who tends the great Altdorf cemetery. An ancient and wizened man, Grouse is so old that few alive can remember a time when he was not the senior grave warden in Altdorf.

Silent and cold-eyed, Grouse directs a veritable army of lesser wardens, so large is the cemetery, though he never speaks to any of them, using instead gestures, glares and swats of his great gnarled hands to get things done. Old Grouse has a grim welcome for those who dare trespass into his domain.

He firmly believes that anyone entering Morr's Garden uninvited must surely be courting an audience with the god of death himself. To that end, Grouse always keeps a few fresh graves ready for unexpected company. There is also a persistent rumour that over the decades Grouse has hidden a great treasure in grave goods somewhere in the cemetery, known as Morr's bounty. However, the rumour also claims that those who come to seek the bounty inevitably end up having their possessions added to it.

Adventure Seeds

An Unmarked Grave: There is a vast cemetery on the edge of the Dead Wood, perhaps a remnant from a time before the city of Mordheim fell to ruin and decay. Rumour whispers that a powerful lord and his priceless sword are laid to rest somewhere within its bounds in an unmarked grave. Of course, there are also tales of an unearthly grave warden standing vigil against any who would disturb the lord's rest.

A Final Pilgrimage: A venerable priest of Morr by the name of Heildric von Geus is looking to make a final pilgrimage that will take him through the great graveyards of the Empire. Such a journey is fraught with peril, however, not least of which is that some of the graveyards have become havens for the restless dead and thieves. If he is to have any hope of success, he will need help from those knowledgeable about such places.

ADVANCED

Guild Master

For the next general meeting, I'd like Zigmund and Greta to jointly present a seminar on realising productivity targets through actionable cost-containment initiatives. Oh, and guild fees are due on 23 Jahrdrung.



(Core) Guild Masters are some of the most influential people in the Old World, quietly dictating how commerce is to work in various areas and facilitating the flow of trade. Among their ranks are master Merchants and calculating thieves, all of whom play a subtle game with the Nobles for power and control. Guild Masters are seldom great warriors, as they have many others at their beck and call to handle such things for them. Rather they are quasi-statesmen who deal with the Politicians of the Empire on their own terms. Depending on what guild they control, Guild Masters may be treated with the utmost respect or grudging civility.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	–	+10%	+15%	+30%	+20%	+35%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Kislevian, ***or*** Norse), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (any two)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Linguistics

Trappings: Writing Kit, 100 ***gc***, Guild

Career Entries: Artisan, Engineer, Merchant, Physician, Wizard Lord

Career Exits: Crime Lord, Politician, Racketeer

Common Affiliations

Crafters' and Builders' Guilds: Most guilds represent the interests of their tradesmen and enforce quality standards. Guild jurisdictions in large cities are very specific, so for example, jewellers might be represented by two separate guilds – one for gemcutters and another for goldsmiths.

A Guild Master typically has at least +10 Mastery in the Trade Skill of the guild he represents. For a complete list of Trades, see Old World Armoury pg. 93-95.

Labour Guilds: Services are more difficult to monitor than products, and therefore a labour guild master must often use thuggery to enforce the guild bylaws. Labour guilds may represent stevedores, teamsters, entertainers, beggars, pilots, rivermen and sea captains.

Commerce Guilds: Commerce guilds wield a great deal of political power and often enjoy special privileges that other guilds don't. Peddlars' guilds oversee local trading, merchants' guilds monitor trading between towns, and moneylenders' guilds (or banks) provide loans to the upper class – primarily nobles.

Guild Masters typically have at least +10 Mastery in Trade (Merchant) Skill. Academic Guilds: Academic guilds may be attached to colleges and universities. Guild masters often require official accreditation from a famous school like the Colleges of Magic or the Imperial College of Engineers. Academic guilds exist for wizards, lawyers, physicians, engineers and explorers.

Guild Law

Guild masters are the sanctioned authorities, responsible for enforcing their guild charter. Gray areas of legal jurisdiction are elevated to town courts, where guild masters often serve as jurors. Guild masters may call upon the town's watchmen if necessary, or employ thugs and protagonists to handle uncooperative transgressors. Guild masters with a diverse array of skills may belong to several different guilds, but few guild masters are given judicial authority in more than one guild.

Guild Charters: Because each vocation has unique requirements, guild charters differ significantly between guilds. Academic Knowledge (Law) provides a conceptual understanding of guild charters, but related Trade or Knowledge Skills are required to understand the myriad sub-clauses found within each guild's charter.

Guild Tongue: Characters without Secret Language (Guild Tongue) must hire an interpreter to represent them at guild court proceedings (see Sigmar's Heirs, page 30). Guild Tongue represents a complex jargon of acronyms and buzzwords spoken in the local language . Although the fundamentals of Guild Tongue are universal across guilds, each guild has several specialised terms that only its members can understand.

Adventure Seeds

The Bothersome Burgher: A coalition of tradesmen accuses the guild master of tampering and nepotism. Leading the upstarts is an ambitious burgher, who's secretly promised to reward his supporters when he becomes guild master. Bribery and blackmail run rampant in the days before the hearing.

A Noble's Negotiations: The local noble informs the guild master of her intention to overrule punitive merchants' guild trading sanctions that limit her tax revenue. If the guild master supports the noble, then his own guild will become tax exempt, but the resulting guild war will put them in conflict with the powerful merchants' guild. The noble has already negotiated support from several other guilds.

Hag Mother



If only you could hear what the spirits say 'bout you. That'd wipe the smile from your face.

(RotIQ) The legendary hag mothers are very powerful hag witches, known for their powers of divination, healing, and their influence over the Ancient Widow's spirits. Most eke out simple lives in rustic huts far from the communities they watch over. These hag mothers rarely leave their haunted homes, forcing those seeking their aid to undertake arduous journeys to reach them. However, a few hag mothers do wander Kislev, following wherever the spirits lead them and sharing their knowledge. Although most appear impossibly old and bent – their twisted spines creaking alarmingly at the smallest movement – many retain their youthful vigour and can be unexpectedly spry.

Special Requirements: You must be an Ungol female to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
—	—	+5%	+20%	+10%	+40%	+30%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
—	+6	—	—	—	+3	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology ***or*** Spirits, History ***or*** Necromancy, plus any one) (Int), Animal Care (Int), Charm Animal (Fel), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country, plus any one) (Int), Heal (Int) ***or*** Prepare Poison (Int), Intimidate (S), Magical Sense (WP), Perception (Int), Speak Arcane Language (Magick, plus any one) (Int), Speak Language (Ungol) (Int), Trade (Apothecary ***or*** Herbalist) (Int)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Excellent Vision ***or*** Luck, Lesser Magic (any three), Rover ***or*** Sixth Sense, Witch Lore (Hag)

Trappings: Like other hags, hag mothers are talented healers, and they are never without the accoutrements of the trade. A hag mother usually carries an antitoxin kit, an apothecary kit, and at least three healing draughts and healing poultices. Most also have three or more potions (**RoS**, page 192). To ward away the chill that infiltrates everything, they also are never far from a skin of koumiss. Hag mothers wear the distinctive shawl and often carry walking sticks.

Career Entries: Hag Witch

Career Exits: None

A Bargain

The Hag walked slowly. All the adult males of the village had gathered to meet her. She was clearly aged even for those of her ilk. The flesh on her face was brown and folded and dry. Some said she was over one hundred years old, and that was not hard to believe. She looked around the circle of villagers beadily, peering up at them from her crooked stance. Though she looked so frail, even the largest of the villagers felt fear as her gaze passed across them.

'Have you spoken to them?' the ataman stepped forward and asked hesitantly.

The hag cackled with amusement. 'I have asked. I so have,' she replied and threw a handful of petals into the air.

The group waited expectantly but no more explanation was forthcoming. The ataman spoke again, prompting her. 'And what did they say?'

The hag cackled again, but this time, bitterly. 'They say they need a baby.'

The ataman signalled to two men who quickly slipped away. They returned a few moments later, one of them carrying a small bundle. The baby was crying loudly, and in the distance they could hear her mother screaming.

'Take it,' said the ataman. 'And do what you have promised.'

The hag walked from the village, babe in arms, cackling.

Recipe for Warding off Witches

Mix one cup dried goats blood with one of mashed feathers and a whole peeled and chopped onion. Drain the fluid of a she-wolf in labour, and mix with a lump of finest cheese (Grubentreich is best). Take a raven's kidney and cut it up with a sprig of graveroot and two sprigs of parsley. Boil up the she-wolf's head for two days and drain the broth. Mix all together and drain into a silver bowl. Add salt and pepper to taste. Leave to set.

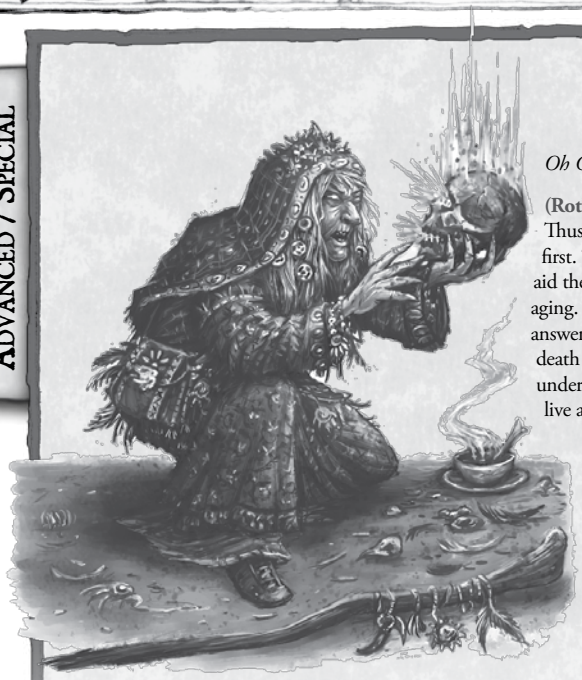
Drink half and paint yourself from head to toe with the other half, so no hag can curse you.

Only good for half an hour.

Adventure Seeds

Spirited Discussions: The dead have started moving again, in the forest near the characters' village. It did not take long for word to get to the local boyar and he is sending a witch hunter to deal with it. Only the spirits in the forest can stop the dead from moving, but they will be driving a hard bargain. The characters must make some kind of deal with the spirits, very quickly, or have to face the witch hunter.

Seize the Witch! There has been some friction in the Kislev quarter of an Imperial city. The Imperials and the Kislevites have come to blows. It has been decided that a witch must be the root cause of it all. A bunch of thugs have been ordered to wade into the Kislevite quarter and apprehend an old woman. Any old woman will do, as long as she is Kislevite... but little do they know a real Hag Mother, displaced from her homeland, lives there.



Hag Witch

Oh Great Spirits, grant me your sight, so I may see what dangers lie in my path.

(RotIQ) Few Ungol women develop magical powers without first demonstrating "the sight." Thus, most hag witches – women who can invoke the spirits of Kislev – were wise women first. Their powers are said to be a blessing and a curse, for although the hags can undoubtedly aid their local communities, the spirits demand a high price for their compliance: premature aging. Because of this consequence, most wise women dread the possibility of the spirits answering their call. As well as the wise women, those who suffer a great loss – such as the death of a husband or child – may also be chosen by the Ancient Widow and gain an intimate understanding of Kislev's tormented spirits. Hag witches who come to power in this way often live alone, grieving for their lost loved ones and fading youth.

Special Requirements: You must be an Ungol female to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+25%	+20%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History ***or*** Spirits) (Int), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country) (Int), Consume Alcohol (T) ***or*** Perception (Int), Heal (Int), Intimidate (S), Magical Sense (WP), Prepare Poison (Int) ***or*** Trade (Apothecary ***or*** Herbalist) (Int), Speak Arcane Language (Magick) (Int), Speak Language (Ungol) (Int)

Talents: Fast Hands, Hardy ***or*** Strong-minded, Lesser Magic (any three), Meditation, Petty Magic (Hag)

Trappings: Hag witches are gifted healers, so they always have at least one antitoxin kit, a healing draught, a healing poultice, and a skin of koumiss to fight the cold. They are also quite superstitious and, thus, carry a number of small charms that include bits of bone, locks of hair, unusual stones, and so on. They mark their station with the tell-tale shawl.

Career Entries: Wise Woman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Hag Mother, Politician, Witch

A Long Expected Party

Zoya moved towards the window. They had been chattering all evening, and the noise of the spiteful bickering had gradually got closer. She could see them. Usually they played on the ice of the brook or sat in the line of trees that bounded the yard. But now they approached the house, making lines in the snow with their stick-like bodies.

She knew this would happen, one day. She knew they would come, ever since she was a young girl, ever since the first glimpse she had ever had of them. She tried to keep it a secret, not just from the villagers, that was easy enough, but from herself.

And now they were scratching against the shutters. Zoya steeled herself, opened the latch and pushed the shutters against the wind. And she could see them clearly. They danced in staccato movements upon the sill, their black and green bodies like twigs and their teeth like ivory.

They called to her. Like the winter wind howling through bare branches, their voices sang through her mind. 'Do you want it?' they demanded. 'Do you want us?'

Zoya knew she did. All her life she had wanted this, but all her life too she had been scared, afraid of the price she might have to pay.'

'Yes,' Zoya said slowly and deliberately. 'Yes, I do.'

'And what shall you give us?' the voices sang.

'Whatever you want,' said Zoya. "Whatever you want."

The Road

Take the road to Erengrad in the cold of the sea storm, and talk there to sailors of a hundred distant islands.

Take the road to Bolgasgrad with the bitter frost biting at your heels, and talk there to the hunters of the secrets of the bear.

Take the road to Praag in the deep snows of mid-winter and talk there to the soldiers of shadows that claw at the walls.

But, do not take the road to the troll country where the earth curls and spits and the trees are broken, and do not talk there to old women.

– Traditional Kislevite song

Adventure Seeds

Troubling Dreams: A Kislevite noble puts the word out that he is troubled by portentous dreams. He will pay handsomely to the wise woman who can interpret them to his satisfaction. This is of course a ruse. The noble has a daemon in his dungeon, that he's using as a political advisor. But it is feeling a bit lonely. He just needs someone able to fraternise with it properly, in order to keep it sweet.

Spiteful Spirits: A wizard from Marienburg and his entourage turn up and start to bargain with the local spirits. It is plain that this can only lead to no good. It is up to the characters to get through to the arrogant Wastelander that whatever he's after, he's better off buying it down the market. Seeing a way to power, or simply to annoy their hag, the local spirits then do their best to turn the wizard against the characters.

Hedge Wizard

Magic? I don't know anything about that. I'm just a simple herbalist.



(Core) Hedge Wizards are magically talented people with no formal magical training. Using instinct, luck, and superstitious trappings, they can perform minor, specialized spells. Though they may not always be aware of it, Hedge Wizards dally with danger every time they use their charms and cantrips. For this reason the Witch Hunters eagerly track and execute these unfortunate folk who all too often unconsciously invite daemons and disaster into the world. Some Hedge Wizards take the sensible route and join the Orders of Magic, whilst others hide their shameful secret.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Animal Care or Haggle, Charm or Intimidate, Channelling, Charm Animal or Trade (Apothecary), Heal or Hypnotism, Magical Sense, Perception, Search

Talents: Hedge Magic, Petty Magic (Hedge)

Trappings: Healing Draught, Hood

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Initiate, Outlaw, Vagabond

Note: If you want to be able to cast spells right away you should increase your Magic Characteristic with your free advance during character creation. Halflings and Dwarfs may not enter this career. Hedge Wizardry is dangerous and highly illegal in the Empire. If caught, you could well be executed. Think carefully before entering this career.

A Day in the Life

Hedge wizards use charms, talismans and cantrips to survive, but the cost to them in the end could be disastrous; they are openly sought after and executed by witch hunters, as unlicensed magic use is highly unlawful within the Empire, and viewed with deep suspicion and mistrust within Kislev.

However, witch hunters are not the only ones that seek them out. In some communities, people seek the assistance of the Wise Woman, Crazy Old Hermit or other local eccentric who seems to have a touch of the mystical to them. In a world filled with superstitions, a Hedge wizard may earn a reputation of sorts, as one who can help a community with potions, rituals, and cantrips – often minor enough to go beneath the notice of all but the most ardent investigation.

Hedge wizards tend to make a rather poor living for themselves, trading various, charms, cantrips, and blessings they can offer for a few coins, some cloth or a chicken. Hedge wizards must either live a nomadic existence, or be able to trust completely those in the hedge wizard's area to not convey, whether accidentally or on purpose, the existence of the hedge wizard in the community.

More reliably, many hedge wizards disguise their true nature by professing to be an apothecary or herbalist, claiming for example that the benefits their poultices and potions offer come only from the right combination of ingredients in their healing concoctions. Under such conditions hedge wizards will never willingly admit to using magic as part of their preparations.

Caution

A hedge wizard truly lives life on the edge of a knife; being constantly on the run and carrying a death sentence upon one's head makes playing a hedge wizard character rather a difficult proposition.

Players should consider very carefully the limitations and consequences of such a career – as should the GM – before it is allowed in a campaign. Regardless -- and for the safety of all concerned -- the use of magic should only be undertaken by one with training and who knows the possible outcomes and side-effects of spell casting.

Adventure Seeds

Mob Justice: The party encounters a mob ready to burn a hedge wizard at the stake. The hedge wizard's only crime has been using a little magic here and there to help people. The local magistrates haven't enough clout to keep the mob from carrying out their own type of justice. If the characters save the hedge wizard from execution, she will accompany them on their travels for a while, providing assistance as she can in gratitude for being rescued. However, a witch hunter has been dispatched to follow up on the hedge wizard's fate, which could prove awkward if the characters rescue her or accepting her offer to travel with them.

Guilty Until Proven Innocent: The characters have been hired by a witch hunter to investigate a town rumoured to be harbouring a hedge wizard. He has more pressing business to attend to at the moment, but if they gather information efficiently, they will be rewarded. The characters are clearly being offered more money if the person does turn out to be a hedge wizard, a fact that may give them pause for thought along the way.

Basic



Hedgecraft Apprentice

I know little of the arts of the hedge … but I am eager to learn.

(SoE) Practitioners of Hedgecraft choose apprentices carefully. Most are family of existing Hedgefolk, but a significant minority are chosen for their natural talents, or because they are one of the Blessed Few: those blessed by the Gods with the power to empower their Hedgecraft. The life of an apprentice is typically a harsh one, with most existing as little more than servants to their masters, running errands, chopping wood, mopping floors, and so forth. Eventually, the apprentice will be taught all the skills of a Hedge Master, and will be freed to make his own way in the world.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	+5%	–	–	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Channelling, Charm Animal *or* Concealment, Consume Alcohol *or* Gossip, Haggle *or* Outdoor Survival, Heal, Magical Sense *or* Prepare Poisons, Perception, Read/Write *or* Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Set Trap *or* Silent Move, Trade (Apothecary *or* Herbalist)

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Fast Hands, Petty Magic (Hedge) *or* Rover

Trappings: Antitoxin Kit, Healing Draught, Healing Poultice, Lucky Charm

Career Entries: Apothecary, Peasant, Hedge Witch

Career Exits: Apothecary, Apprentice Wizard, Barber-Surgeon, Charlatan, Hedge Wizard, Hedge Master, Initiate (Ranald, Taal & Rhya), Outlaw, Scribe, Zealot

A Day in the Life

A hedgecraft apprentice endures a harsh existence from dawn to dusk. They perform gruelling tasks for the hedge masters who train them. Although much of what they learn is invaluable to their journeys in becoming a hedge master, the hedge apprentices are often treated little better than servants, and perform many arduous, mundane tasks for their teachers.

At daybreak, the hedgecraft apprentice cooks breakfast for his master, and then assists him in preparing for the day's activities. This may range from packing for a journey to something more esoteric, like preparing ingredients for a potion, or gathering materials for a ritual.

As the day goes on, the apprentice becomes less a servant and more an observer, watching the master interact with others, and learning the secrets of the master's work. Although the apprentice may leave his master for brief periods in order to obtain materials or to deliver a message, the apprentice's master will encourage him to remain as close to him as possible, and to ask questions. Masters rarely lecture – instead, they prefer their students to learn by watching and doing.

The apprentice gets the chance to learn by doing towards the end of the day, as the master's tasks are completed. At this time, the master may demand that the apprentice creates a poultice, or mixes an elixir, depending on the apprentice's level of experience and what was observed that day. The master observes the apprentice's work, but does not comment until the task at hand is completed.

Though their days are hard, hedgecraft apprentices have the opportunity to learn much from their masters, provided that they pay attention to details and listen carefully. Those that do so find themselves on the path to success.

Rites of Passage

When a person becomes a hedgecraft apprentice, he must observe certain initiation rites before he can be accepted into the realms of hedgecraft. Though different regions may observe different variations of this initiation, one main event is common to them all.

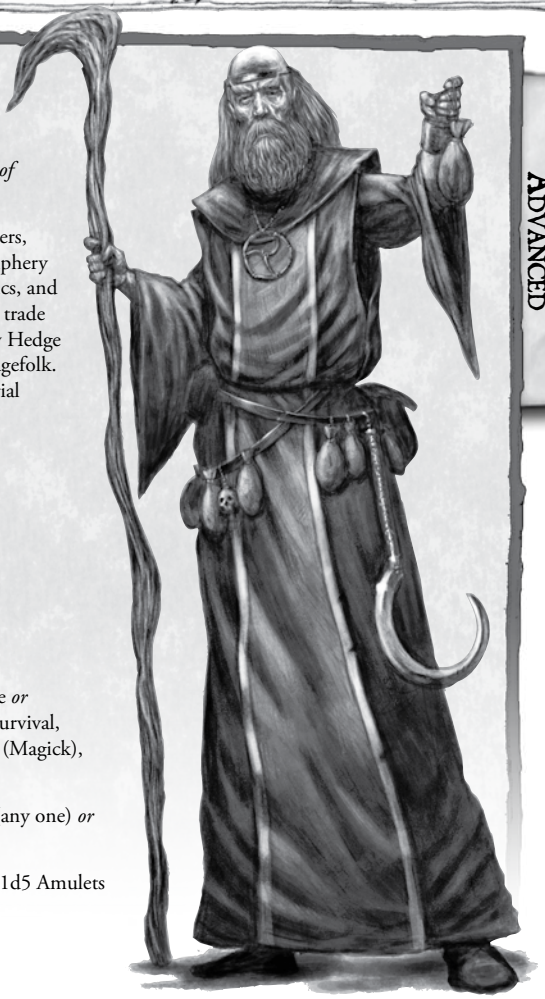
The main rite begins on a night with a full moon, preferably near the time of solstice. At this time, the apprentice-to-be and his master head to a large hedge, with a knife, a vial of animal blood and the silvery leaves of the Dormantis Flower, a rare plant with extremely poisonous berries.

Under the moonlight, the master makes a small cut in the apprentice's palm. He pours the animal blood into the cut, and then uses the leaves to bandage the wound. This represents the apprentice's commitment to understanding the world of man, animal and plants, and how all three weave together. Once this is completed, the master and apprentice both repeat a solemn oath asking for the blessing of the gods, and the apprentice promises to use the art of hedgecraft in ways that will bring honour to the profession.

Adventure Seeds

Root of the Problem: Several villagers have fallen ill to a mysterious disease. A hedge master sends his apprentice to a nearby cave to fetch some rare mosses needed to make a healing elixir. When the apprentice arrives at the caves, he discovers the mosses… as well as the creature of Chaos that is responsible for spreading the disease.

Hedge Master



I understand you seek a potion. I can brew one for you, if you wish … but perhaps some words of counsel might aid you as well.

(SoE) Those fully initiated into the ancient mysteries of Hedgecraft are called Hedge Masters, although outsiders often know them as Wise Ones or Cunning Folk. Most live on the periphery of the communities they serve, and are known for their healing skills and the potions, tonics, and charms they sell. They lead private lives, keen to avoid those who may take offense at their trade and beliefs, and are generally welcomed by locals for the services they provide. A select few Hedge Masters work directly for their Hedgewise, seeking out and neutralising threats to the Hedgefolk. This is dangerous work, for it often involves direct contact with Witch Hunters and Imperial Magisters to better learn their movements and understand their motivations.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	+20%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Channelling, Charm Animal *or* Concealment, Command, Evaluate *or* Navigation, Follow Trail *or* Consume Alcohol, Gossip *or* Intimidate, Haggle *or* Outdoor Survival, Heal, Magical Sense *or* Prepare Poison, Perception, Read/Write *or* Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Set Trap *or* Silent Move, Trade (Apothecary *or* Herbalist)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (any one) *or* Orientation, Lesser Magic (any one) *or* Fleet Footed, Luck *or* Witch Lore (Hedge), Meditation *or* Strong-minded

Trappings: Antitoxin Kit, Healing Poultice, Staff, Trade Tools (Apothecary *or* Herbalist), 1d5 Amulets and Charms, 1d5 Healing Draughts, 1d5 Potions

Career Entries: Hedgecraft Apprentice

Career Exits: Artisan, Hedgewise, Scholar, Spy, Witch

Little Known Facts

Hedge masters covet blood orchids, which are rare and beautiful flowers that are found only in exotic lands. The hedge masters believe that blood orchids have powerful magical properties, and will go to great lengths to acquire these flowers.

Some hedge masters have covert partnerships with city merchants, providing these merchants with their potions and healing salves. The masters rarely want gold in return for their goods, however – rather, they seek rare herbs in trade, or news about happenings in other parts of the Empire.

Many of the symbols and signs used by the hedge masters and their hedgefolk brethren are uncannily similar to the hand signs used by rogues belonging to thieves' guilds. Although there are enough differences between the signs to make them mutually incomprehensible, a hedge master can identify a thief using the signs… and vice versa.

Hedge masters are often sought by commoners whose homes are haunted by ghosts. The hedge masters' ability to hedgewalk allow them to speak with ghosts, and a gifted hedge master may be able to convince a ghost to seek peace in the realms of the dead.

Although most hedge apprentices come from hedgefolk families, a minority are instead known as the Blessed Few, identified by the hedge masters for their innate mystical abilities. Hedge masters can identify the Blessed Few by instinct – noticing oddly-coloured eyes, for example, or seeing a devil's mark. Some say that the hedge masters brew a special potion that can positively identify the Blessed Few without fail.

The Circle of Three

A small, elite group of hedge masters directly serve the hedgewise, performing many clandestine tasks at their behest. This group, known as the Circle of Three, preserves the ways of the hedgefolk using ruthless methods. Nobody except the hedgewise know the identities of the hedge masters in the Circle.

Most hedgefolk believe that the Circle of Three only has three hedge masters in its ranks, but even this is unknown for sure. What is known is that the Circle takes great care to thwart the aims of the Colleges of Magic, and protects their brethren from the witch hunters. To meet this aim, the members of the Circle usually take a proactive stance, preferring to attack before being attacked, a tactic that has made association with the Circle a crime in the Empire.

Adventure Seeds

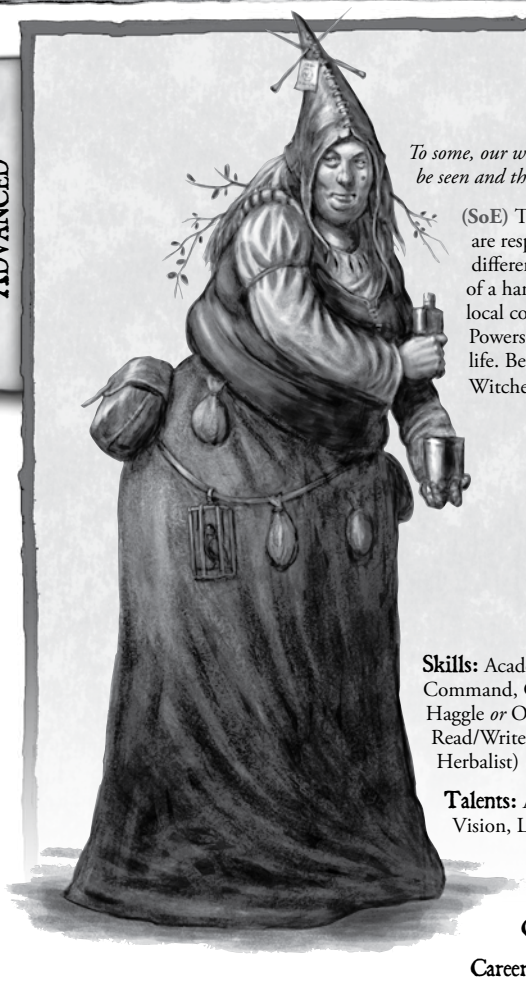
The Ancient Oak: A woodsman has discovered a strange mystical sign carved into the bark of an ancient oak that fell after a mighty storm. The mystical sign was carved high on its trunk, possibly carved there decades earlier when the tree was much smaller. A hedge master recognises the sign as a portent of great danger. The hedge master must try to find out who carved the sign in an attempt to discover what danger it foretells.

The Enemy of My Enemy: A witch hunter arrives in a village, in pursuit of a daemon. He offers gold to anyone who helps him. A foolish villager tells the witch hunter about the local hedge master, saying that he can help with such matters. Will the witch hunter ally with the hedge master to destroy the daemon, or is he so zealous that he will not rest until both are destroyed?

ADVANCED

HEDGEWISE

To some, our way of life is witchcraft. We merely see it as a way of better understanding both the world that can be seen and the world that cannot.



(SoE) The Hedgewise are the oldest, most experienced Hedgefolk. They lead their brethren and are responsible for protecting them from all ills. A Hedgewise may need to tackle a multitude of different threats, ranging from itinerant Warrior-Priests keen to spread Sigmar's Word at the end of a hammer, to secretive Cults who could bring the wrath of the Witch Hunters down upon the local community. Indeed, many Hedgewise soon learn a deep hatred of the servants of the Ruinous Powers, for they bring unwanted attention to the Hedgefolk, and are anathema to their way of life. Because of this, it is not uncommon to find some Hedgewise crossing the Hedge to hunt real Witches with as much fervour, if not more, as the Magisters and the Cult of Sigmar.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	+5%	+10%	+15%	+35%	+35%	+35%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+5	–	–	–	+3	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Animal Care *or* Channelling, Charm Animal *or* Concealment, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Follow Trail *or* Consume Alcohol, Gossip, Haggle *or* Outdoor Survival, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense *or* Prepare Poison, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write *or* Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Set Trap *or* Silent Move, Trade (Apothecary *or* Herbalist)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement *or* Savvy, Excellent Vision *or* Hardy, Lesser Magic (any one) *or* Night Vision, Lesser Magic (any one) *or* Sixth Sense, Lesser Magic (any one) *or* Stout-hearted

Trappings: Antitoxin Kit, Staff, Trade Tools (Apothecary *or* Herbalist), 1d10 Amulets and Charms, 1d5 Healing Draughts, 1d5 Healing Poultices, 1d10 Potions

Career Entries: Hedge Master

Career Exits: Physician, Scout, Warlock

A Day in the Life

The hedgewise have many concerns to address each and every day, ensuring that each waking moment is filled with decisions. They are the caretakers of the Hedgefolk way of life, and must strive to preserve its heritage, as well as to defend it. They also need to continue their studies of Hedgecraft. For the hedgewise, balancing the myriad concerns is a difficult task … but one that must be taken on daily.

Most hedgewise begin their day by meeting with other Hedgefolk, determining what issues or threats to the Hedgefolk need to be addressed, or may loom on the horizon. Discussions of this sort are often fairly long and complex, with all possible options – and their consequences – being weighed.

When they make a decision on these matters, the hedgewise then determine the best way to implement them. Sometimes this means sending out a messenger – either a trained bird, or a man on horseback – to let their brethren know what to do. Otherwise, it means sending a hedge master to deal with any possible problems, or heading out to handle things themselves.

Not all of a hedgewise's activity involve protecting the Hedgefolk, though. Each day, the hedgewise devote time to advancing the art of Hedgecraft. This may come through study, or by experimenting with various potions and elixirs to discover something wondrous. They frequently collaborate with other hedgewise and hedge masters on this work.

On certain holy days, the hedgewise are responsible for conducting various rituals, and may offer the blessings of the gods to the hedgefolk in mystic ceremonies. Such rituals are performed in seclusion, and carried out in the timeless manner of their ancestors.

Notable Figures

Eirene Corvinus is a notorious member of the hedgewise. Though outwardly an elderly, gentle soul, her firm opposition to the warrior-priests of Sigmar has earned her the title of "The Imperial Thorn." She has many friends amongst the hedgefolk, but prefers to live a secretive existence, and is seldom seen in the light of day. For this reason, she is sometimes referred to as the Night Rose – integrating her Imperial nickname and thorny personality with her nocturnal activities.

Eirene seeks to ferret out corruption and hypocrisy wherever she can, particularly in defence of the ways of the hedgefolk. On several occasions, she has accused groups of Sigmarite priests of being cultists. Though she prefers to use information and guile as her main weapons, she has a mastered an array of hedge spells – although she rarely displays her power.

Most of the time, Eirene travels from village to village, quietly spreading the truth about the hedgefolk, sewing discord amongst followers of Sigmar, and seeking sympathisers to her cause. She also spends considerable time seeking the Blessed Few, hoping to get them to join the hedgefolk.

Adventure Seeds

The Blessed Child: Cultists burn down a temple in a small village. A pair of witch hunters arrive seeking the heathens who committed this crime. During their investigation, they find a child believed to be one of the Blessed Few. The local hedgewise must rescue the child without further agitating the witch hunters.

Herald

Per pale, sable and or, two scorpions tergant, counterchanged…that's registered to one of the great merchant houses of Remas. Odd that one of their mercenaries would be so far to the north. Hm. For all we know, he stole that shield in a raid, but if he didn't…well. This could get interesting.



(Core) Heralds are the voices of the nobility, dutybound to announce the arrival of their lords and patrons, or who occasionally carry news of important events from afar. They are inevitably skilled speakers, swift wits, and greatly educated for the times. Heralds are expected to recognize the heraldry of hundreds of Nobles on sight, hence their namesake. They are seldom Nobles themselves, but their position is regarded as one of the few that acts as a stepping-stone into the ranks of the lesser nobility. Heralds pride themselves on their personal appearance, as it is a reflection upon whichever lord they serve.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+15%	+15%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Kislev, *or* Tilea), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, *or* Tilean), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Master Orator, Public Speaking

Trappings: Cologne, Purse, Two sets of Best Craftsmenship Clothing, Uniform

Career Entries: Messenger, Valet

Career Exits: Agitator, Courtier, Entertainer, Explorer, Politician, Squire

A Day in the Life

A herald may spend one day deep in tomes and scrolls, verifying the origin of a particular coat of arms. Then the next may be at a grand ball, announcing the guests – and woe betide him if he mispronounce a single name!

Yet another day could be spent at a marshalling field, issuing orders and ensuring that the right banners fly next to the right units, for a mix-up could prove fatal on a battlefield. It is a life which demands intellect, courage, and social grace in equal measure, and there are few well suited to it.

A herald is expected to be a walking encyclopaedia of the nobility of many lands, and read in a shield or banner the history of a family – marriages, bastard children and heirs, deeds both noble and craven, and so on. He will be on hand at many meetings and planning sessions, giving the herald access to a tremendous amount of information that others may find valuable.

Thus, heralds are often well treated and granted special dispensations by their lieges. They do so to reduce the temptation to leave one master's service and enter another, buying their way into the retinue with a purse of secrets.

Special Rules: The Language of Blazon

Heralds have developed a complex and precise language for describing shield patterns and crests (otherwise known as devices). While this is not a secret tongue, it requires considerable scholarship to master, and most perceive it as gibberish. (In Tilea, especially, the language has grown exceptionally baroque.) While the main function is simply describing images, two heralds can attempt to communicate important information to each other, while seeming to do nothing more than discussing the symbols adopted by various nobles of the Old World. While all heralds must know the basics of blazoning for their job, a few have mastered the art of using it for communication.

Such heralds may take Secret Language (Blazon) as a Skill instead of one of their other language Skills. A "conversation" in blazon relies heavily on puns and symbolism, as the language is not intended for communication.

Adventure Seeds

Job Performance: A well respected senior herald is suddenly failing miserably at his job. He has mangled names, misidentified banners, delivered messages improperly, and is otherwise causing embarrassment and hardship for his employer. His employer feels a sense of loyalty, but is quickly losing status due to his herald's failure. Many whisper the man is in the grip of dementia and should be sent off to retirement, but others suspect there is more at work.

Felling the Family Tree: A herald claims that during the course of innocent study of genealogy, he came across a shocking secret regarding the parentage of a prominent noble. He foolishly mentioned this to a colleague, who passed it along to the noble in question, alerting him that the scandal was out. Now assassins are hunting the herald, who needs to be safely removed from the city before the information leaks any further.



Herrimault

When noble honor doesn't exceed the reach of a sword, our bows and blades reveal that shame. The people know our bowshots still fall short of our honor in comparison.

(KotG) 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.

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: Women can only become Herrimaults if disguised as men.

A Day Among the Trees

Despite what tavern talk would suggest, herrimaults do not plot the downfall of despotic nobles at all hours. As with any life, there are the everyday aspects overlooked by those who glorify this vocation from the outside looking in.

Herrimaults, living on the run from local law enforcers, often have makeshift camps within many woods and copses. Home is rarely more than a tent or lean-to, pitched daily to allow movement at a moment's notice. Only those far from any pursuit can afford to settle in lodgings that are more permanent. At their most secure, the best herrimault camps are caves in which they might live until discovered.

Foraging and hunting for food takes most of one's day, since a herrimault can't go to market or risk approaching a friendly farmer for food. Hunting and foraging adds to a herrimault's problems, as nobles often consider any game or wild edibles to be their property and anyone else consuming them is guilty of poaching.

Next in importance is the maintenance of a herrimault's weapons and tools. This constitutes everything from cleaning and sharpening blades to crafting new arrows. A life constantly under threat of attack or capture increases one's reliance upon weapons especially when such equipment is not easily replaced.

Only after solving daily survival issues do herrimaults scheme on how best to force an end to the abuses of power within Bretonnian society. They know the best way to end corrupt actions is to expose said noble (or his activities) before his peers or betters—honourable people who can truly censure or prohibit abuses a noble visits upon vassals.

Aluthol Drurilke

The wood elves within the Loren Forests traded crafts and food for ages through only a handful of trusted go-betweens, including Hugo Dorshield. That changed three years ago when a new baron came to Quenelles. The obstinate Baron Henri de Findrais insisted that elves were a dishonourable influence on Bretonnians due to their projectile weapons and their ability to see magic. He also made it a crime to consort with the elves in any way.

Hugo Dorshield's elf lover fell to the arrows of the baron's hunting parties, and the human abandoned his leather goods shop to take to the trees of Loren. Hugo directs his revenge not at the hunters but the bigger game of their liege lord. A former hunter himself, Hugo knows to bait his prey toward a planned ambush. He has captured baronial hunters and knows the baron's overlord is due for deer hunting. Hugo plans overt harassment (peppering coaches or camps with arrows from hiding, startling horses with whistling arrows, etc.) to stoke the temper of the Baron de Findrais and lure his party deeper into the forest. The man knows the baron may likely expose his immoral actions and prejudices before the eyes of greater nobility. If not, Hugo and his few elf allies can confront his lies directly as they return his "cannibalized" men to him and ask about the fate of their envoys sent to the baron.

Adventure Seeds

The Earl de Courcy: Travelling across Bretonnia is pleasant until entering the Earl de Courcy's lands. Mercenaries and bounty hunters abound, levelling charges of witchcraft and sedition on innocent commonfolk, forcing them into the service of the Earl lest they be handed over to the witch hunters for trial. A band of herrimaults decides they need to put a stop to the Earl's strong-armed tactics once and for all.

High Priest

Blessed be Sigmar for his many boons. He has shown us great favour this day by granting us the strength to defeat our foes and spread his most holy word.



(Core) A High Priest is the living embodiment of his God's will in the Old World. They are fairly rare, as few individuals have both the strength of character and the boundless faith it takes to reach such a lofty post. High Priests, with very few exceptions, will operate out of one of the primary centres of their faith. Pilgrims will travel the breadth of the Empire just to speak for a few moments with such a being. High Priests tend to either reject the physical world, retiring to a monastery or embrace the temporal, becoming powerful secular leaders.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+30%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	+3	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Ride or Swim, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement or Meditation, Armoured Casting or Mighty Missile, Etiquette, Fast Hands or Strong-minded, Lesser Magic (any two)

Trappings: Religious Relic

Career Entries: Anointed Priest

Career Exits: Politician, Scholar, Witch Hunter

ADVANCED

Pomp and Ceremony

Many folk decry the pomp of the Empire's high priests, arguing they are wrong to enjoy such luxury when most of their congregation can barely scratch a living.

True, the trappings of a high priest include rich ceremonial garb (and for especially high-ranking clergy, a grand pontifical palace) but their apologists argue that as intercederers with the gods and ambassadors of their faith, high priests must behave with dignity befitting their station.

Sadly, it is true that some high priests do abuse their influence, glutting themselves on luxury and employing a steward to maintain their affairs. The lower clergy, unchecked by an indolent superior, may become lazy in their vocation. However, this leads to vacant pews and, worse, empty offering plates. It is not unknown for an irresolute high priest to be hounded out of office by zealous clergy who rouse the rabble against his impious ways. The cult authorities are quick to replace him with a more devout candidate. Thankfully this is a rare occurence.

The Golden Tongue

On the day of Year's Blessing, pilgrims swarm to the remote Temple of the Silver Well to hear the honey-toned sermons of the "Golden Tongue," Chrysostom, High Priest of Verena. Blind and deaf, with a flowing, snowy beard, he preaches his goddess's holy truths from his pulpit, his limbless torso supported by two of his most faithful minions.

Half a century ago, goblins raided the temple, murdering its priests. The greenskins spared only Chrysostom. Pickings were meagre, useless scrolls and musty books, and the goblins were desperate to know the location of the temple's gold. The fiends hacked at their captive's limbs, gouged out his eyes, and sliced off his ears. However, it was only when they tried to cut out his tongue that Chrysostom revealed the temple's real treasure.

The white flame of Verena's truth flickered on his tongue. Chrysostom began to talk, and though he spoke in the classical language of the ancients, the goblins understood every word. He revealed to them the utter worthlessness of their lives, and the universal hatred their kind inspired. He taught the concept of shame to the shameless, and in their self-loathing some fell on their own swords, while the rest fled to their lairs in despair.

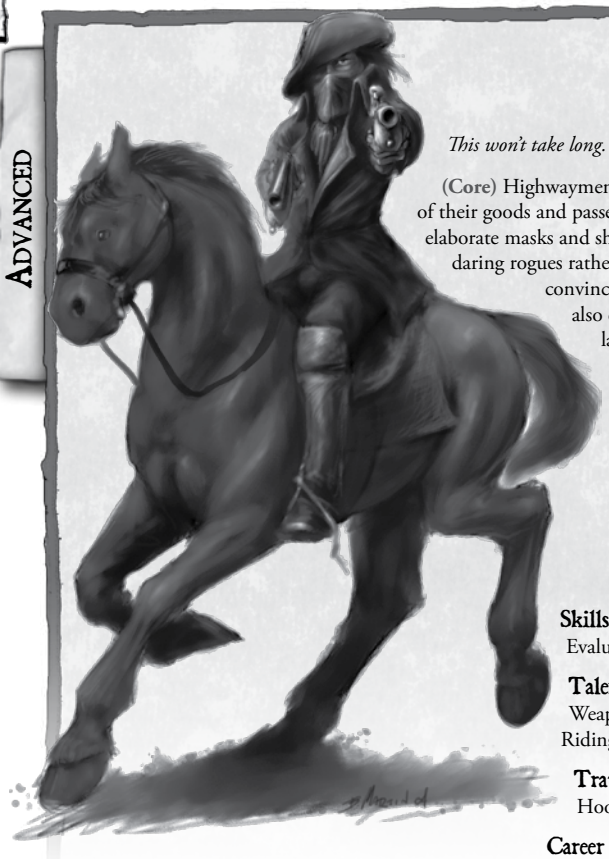
In time the temple was rebuilt, and the tale of the high priest's miraculous deliverance spread throughout the Empire. Chrysostom is the epitomy of what a high priest should aim to become: a person of unblemished tongue and devout heart.

Adventure Seeds

The Bone Thief: A high priest learns of a venerated soul whose bones lie in a remote, forgotten shrine. Obviously the relics must be removed to a more prestigious place of worship: the High Priest's own temple. There they will receive the veneration they deserve (and boost a flagging congregation). No doubt its keepers will kick up an impious fuss.

The Curse: An adventuring party acquires a cursed amulet bearing the mark of Ranald, the god of tricksters. They learn it is a long-lost cult artefact, and the only means of removing the curse is for a high priest of Ranald to pray for clemency. The high priest that they visit refuses to help them until they have secured Ranald's favour. What unscrupulous mission will they be expected to undertake?

ADVANCED



HIGHWAYMAN

This won't take long. Just hand over your jewellery. If you resist, it will all be over much quicker.

(Core) Highwaymen prey on the coaches that roam over the roads of the Old World, relieving lockboxes of their goods and passengers of their valuables. They affect the styles of the upper nobility, wearing elaborate masks and showing every point of etiquette to their victims, as they prefer to regard themselves as daring rogues rather than high-class Thieves. Highwaymen, by necessity, are skilled horsemen, adept at convincing their horses to race over uneven and treacherous ground at high speeds. They are also excellent shots, as they have to contend not only with swiftly moving targets, but a large number of dangerous forest denizens as well.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+30%	+20%	+15%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Ride, Silent Move

Talents: Ambidextrous, Etiquette, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Swashbuckler, Trick Riding

Trappings: Pair of Pistols with Powder and Ammunition for 20 Shots, Noble's Garb, Hood *or* Mask, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Coachman, Duellist, **Ex-Convict**, Estalian Diestro, Ferryman, Minstrel, Outlaw, Outrider, **Rapscallion**, Roadwarden, Toll Keeper

Career Exits: Agitator, Duellist, Master Thief, Outlaw Chief, Sergeant

Affiliations

Highwaymen are a perfect example of the old adage that nothing is as simple as it seems. Most of their victims assume highwaymen are loners who work in complete isolation. Nothing could be further from the truth. A skilled highwayman has several accomplices, some more involved – and more aware of his true occupation – than others.

First and most important to any highwayman is his stablehands. A highwayman depends on his horse for his livelihood, so the steed must be kept completely healthy and ready to ride at any time. Most highwaymen maintain a hidden stable somewhere. They pay a stablemaster handsomely to live beside the stables and care for the horse or horses at all hours – the stablemaster's sons are pressed into service as stableboys.

After the horse, the highwayman has to worry about his ill-gotten gains. Coins can be used as is, but jewelry and other valuables must be disposed of quickly and quietly. For this the highwayman requires a good fence, or several who specialize in different items. The fence is not a friend, but simply a business associate, one whose own best interests are served by handling the highwayman's loot and keeping his secrets.

Next, amusingly enough, are the highwayman's outfitters. Highwaymen pride themselves on their fine clothes. Therefor, they require excellent tailors, haberdashers, and cobblers. These men and women must be able to produce outfits of the finest quality and the latest style, but they must also work discreetly.

Finally, most highwaymen employ townfolk as scouts to inform them when a likely victim approaches. Often these men are simply local tavern owners, who report on their recent customers by some prearranged method.

Little Known Facts

A few notable highwaymen are actually noble-born.They were given the appropriate training and education for their class but have no family wealth to support them, either because their family has lost its money or because they are too far down the line to inherit anything. These penniless nobles make good highwaymen because they have the breeding, the style, and the skills, and because they can recognize good materials and fine gems on sight.

A highwayman's horse is specially trained to ignore gunshots and to move across rough terrain. Most of these steeds are easily the match of a fast courier horse for speed and an expert warhorse for intelligence, nerves, and combat reflexes.

Not all highwaymen are, in fact, men. The occupation can be well-suited for daring, resourceful women who can often turn a male victim's natural tendency to underestimate women against him.

Adventure Seeds

Our Saviour! The highwayman hears of a likely target, a coach containing several wealthy merchants. But when he swoops in and stops the coach, the coachman is almost dead and the merchants throw themselves on the highwayman's mercy. What happened here? And what has the highwayman gotten himself into?

No Respect: Someone is attacking riders and coaches in the area – and it isn't the highwayman! Most highwaymen have an unstated code that they do not strike within another's territory. That means this is either someone ignoring the rule or someone who doesn't even know it. Either way, the highwayman needs to find the interloper and stop him – fast!

Horned Hunter

Serve the forest, and the forest shall serve you.



(TiT) The rites of Taal demand great physical, emotional, and mental fortitude for its practitioners. Some see the trappings of civilization – cities, courts, and the like – as a failing in the interpretation of Taal's will. The Horned Hunters are deeply zealous and shun the city. Unlike Taal's Chosen, the Horned Hunters give up much in the way of a material life. They shun normal clothing and armour and wear animal skins, loincloths, or less. Part of their initiation into this group is to undergo extensive tattooing, covering their chest and face. Horned Hunters prowl the woods both within the Taalbaston and throughout Talabecland and claim allegiance only to Taal. While they lack the fiery rhetoric of most zealots, they are still fervent in their beliefs and believe that conversion comes from actions, rather than words.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail *or* Set Trap, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move

Talents: Frenzy, Hardy, Fleet Footed *or* Very Resilient

Trappings: Anti-toxin kit, Great weapon (two-handed axe), Light Armour (leather jack)

Career Entries: Initiate (of Taal), Scribe

Career Exits: Hunter, Militiaman, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond

Forest Mentors

A devotee of Taal who decides to follow the path of the horned hunter is most often guided by a mentor, an experienced horned hunter who suddenly appears in his life to teach him the ways of the forest, and help ease the transition from the civilised world to an existence completely dependent on nature.

The new horned hunter is taught how to survive alone in the woods, and even those who pride themselves on their survival skills and wilderness savvy are surprised at how little they actually know.

When his ward is ready, the forest mentor will leave him to embark on the path of the horned hunter alone, returning to the shrine of Taal and Rhya to report on the progress of his charge, or returning to his duties elsewhere in the forest.

Those that survive the ordeal and make their back to the shrine are officially accepted into the fraternity of Horned Hunters. Those that do not survive also provide a valuable service – as cautionary tales to fledgling horned hunters, and noble sacrifices to Taal.

Notable Figures

Greatest of all the horned hunters within the Taalbaston is the one known only as the Ghost. Even among other hunters and devotees of Taal, he is more legend than fact, and the only evidence of his passing are the remains of his enemies, peppered with arrows.

The only thing that can be said with certainty is that the Ghost is a hunter without peer, one truly blessed by Taal to be one with the woods. His deeds include the slaying of orcs, goblins and beastmen as well as other, darker creatures that wander the forests of Talabecland.

He kills from the shadows of the trees with his bow, as elusive as his namesake; his foes never see their attacker. The Ghost has an uncanny knack of mysteriously appearing in the right place at the right time to challenge those that threaten the cult of Taal or desecrate the Taalbaston.

Most people say that this is proof that he is guided by Taal's hand, but there are some who claim that the Ghost does not actually exist, or that if he does, he is not actually a follower of Taal at all, but a rogue wood elf. However, most Talabeclanders prefer to believe that their forest is under the protection of this enigmatic champion of Taal.

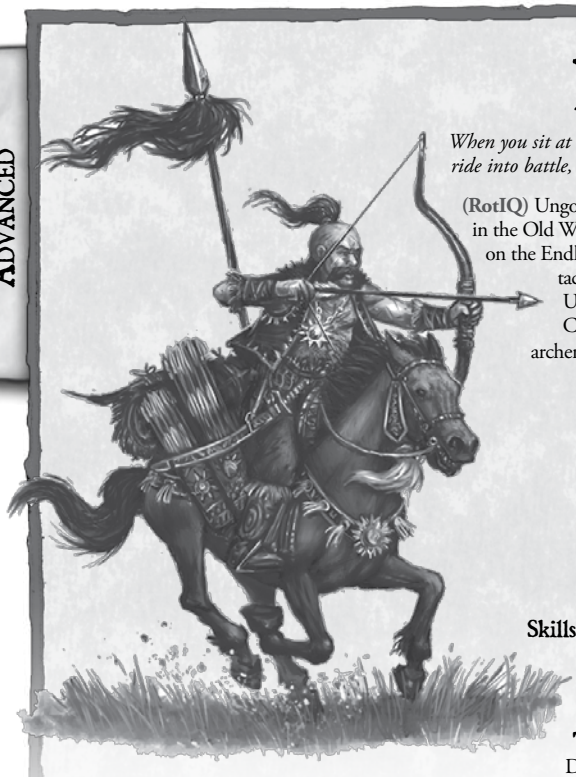
Adventure Seeds

Hunting the Beast: A fearsome and strange beast has been seen within the Taalbaston. Twisted and evil, the creature is said to resemble a fanged and tusked horse with no skin, standing eight feet from hoof to shoulder. Surely a thing of Chaos, the horned hunters are seeking it out, and there will be much glory for the one that claims its skull.

Trapping the Trapper: Forst, a trapper from Talabheim, has been bragging in the local tavern of a trophy he found in the woods. It is the skull of an especially large beastman with a single shiny black rock set into its forehead. Word has reached the horned hunters who fear that the black rock may be a shard of deadly warpstone. They are keen to see the skull destroyed and to discover just where Forst found it.

ADVANCED

Horse Archer



When you sit at my table, I am your servant. When you sleep beside my fire, I am your protector. When we ride into battle, I owe you nothing.

(RotIQ) Ungol horse archers are expert marksmen and are celebrated as some of the finest light cavalry in the Old World. Their skills with scimitar, spear, and horse bow are expertly honed hunting kyazak on the Endless Steppe, a land they constantly patrol at the order of the Tzarina. Their most common tactic is to circle their enemy and pour arrow after arrow into them. Amongst the embattled Ungols of the Troll Country, all able-bodied individuals are required to fight, especially when Chaos marauders attack. Thus, it is common to find women amongst rotas of northern horse archers, a tradition southern Kislevites sometimes find difficult to accept.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+25%	+15%	+15%	+15%	–	+15%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) (Int), Command (Fel) ***or*** Navigation (Int), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country) (Int), Consume Alcohol (T), Dodge Blow (Ag), Outdoor Survival (Int), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (Kislevarin ***or*** Ungol) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded ***or*** Hardy, Mighty Shot ***or*** Sure Shot, Rapid Reload ***or*** Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry)

Trappings: Horse archers are warriors all. They wear leather jacks and leggings that often feature good luck charms made from of locks of hair or pieces of lightning-struck metal. Horse archers are also well-armed, as they are equipped with cavalry spears (as demilance), Kislevite horse bows with quivers containing 20 arrows, 20 armour-piercing arrows, and at least 5 screamer and 5 incendiary arrows. They ride Kislevite warhorses equipped with saddles and harnesses and common gear to survive in the oblast, such as saddle bags filled with rations, water skins, and a yurta.

Career Entries: Horse Master, Noble, Peasant, Steppes Nomad

Career Exits: Captain, Horse Master, Mercenary, Scout, Steppes Nomad, Targeteer, Veteran

Ungol Customs

Ungol women are prohibited from switching clans by way of marriage, which means that Ungol men must often leave their stanitsas to find eligible wives. Horse archers are especially inclined to marry women from other clans because their patrols bring them into frequent contact with neighbours. When a horse archer marries into another clan, his original clan is paid a dowry for the loss of a valuable warrior.

Because horse archers hold such prominent status on the steppes, they are accustomed to receiving warm hospitality wherever they go. This sense of entitlement can make horse archers appear arrogant, but if welcomed they are genuinely helpful and appreciative guests. The Ungol codes of hospitality are taken very seriously, even in lands where they aren't enforced by law. Horse archers often have difficulty adapting to non-Ungol cultures, so usually emigrants resettle to the Kislevite ghettos of foreign cities.

Horse archers who emigrate south remain faithful to their gods Ursun, Dazh and Tor. Those who fight alongside men of the Empire may also pay respects to Taal or Ulric. Kislevites are generally wary of discussing their beliefs with superstitious foreigners, for the difference between spirits and daemons is often misunderstood. Ancestor spirits are revered openly, however. For a culture without a written tradition, oral history is the only means of preserving its greatest legends.

Ogulai the White Fox

One of the great heroes of Ungol folklore, Ogulai the White Fox, occupies legendary status in several of the northernmost stanistas. Kislevite historians have proposed conflicting estimates of the period when Ogulai roamed the steppes on his white steed, foiling beasts and greenskins with one clever ploy after another. The style of the oldest cave paintings suggest that Ogulai lived during an age before Sigmar.

The most famous of Ogulai's tales, Valley of the Sun, is retold to every Ungol child as a fable on the dangers of complacency. In this tale, Ogulai's tribe finds a verdant valley along the Urskoy River and settles at a ruined dwarf hold, despite the wise women warning that goblins would find them. Food was abundant for many seasons and the tribe's horses grew fat, until one day the wise women's prophecy came true. Ogulai pleaded with Dazh, the god of fire and sun, to deliver his people from the goblins, offering to sacrifice the clan's first foal every spring thenceforth. When the goblins poured across the river, night turned to day and Ogulai rode past his blinded foes to slay their chieftain.

Ogulai's tribe escaped from the valley, but to this day superstitious Ungol clans burn the spring's first foal on a great pyre to uphold Ogulai's ancient bargain. Tearful children are reminded by their parents that a single foal is only a small price to pay for the favour of Dazh.

Adventure Seeds

Seeking Favour: A horse archer has been ostracised by his clan for offending the spirits, and now roams the world seeking to redeem himself. Before the horse archer left his stanista, the settlement's hag mother told him to return with the spirits' favour. After a futile search, a warlock offers to help him for a small price...

Victim of Circumstance: After helping to defend the Empire against the Storm of Chaos, a horse archer settles in the Kislevite quarter at Talagaad, a port near the city of Talabheim. Town life requires the horse archer to use his skills in new ways, so he joins a carnival as a stunt rider. However, the carnival operator is running a scam, and the unsuspecting horse archer has serious criminal allegations levied against him.

Horse Coper

Of course this horse is healthy, Sir. Weeping sores? I don't see any… oh that; those are just flea bites; those will heal quickly. You obviously know horses; I'll throw in a fresh saddle blanket and saddlebags for this fine animal if you'll buy him now. I've an urgent appointment in another town….



(RotIQ) Horse copers (horse salesman) are notorious for being smarmy and dishonest. It seems every stable has a grinning coper offering "the very best horse flesh on the market, sire," descended from "the strongest bloodlines of the Ostermarker Veldt, sire." As horses are central to Kislevite life, the market is incredibly competitive, and buyers have a hard time finding a reliable dealer, especially as most will try any underhanded trick to ensure a sale. Some disreputable copers happily paint rotten teeth white, pass off diseased nags as "shy," and proudly boast infertile stallions will "sire a line o' beauties, sire." Indeed, the only place horse copers never sell to is the knacker's yards, though it is a good source for stock.

If you are rolling randomly for your starting career and are not rolling a Kislevite, you can substitute horse coper for burgher with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Charm (Fel) ***or*** Consume Alcohol (T), Charm Animal (Fel), Evaluate (Int), Gossip (Fel), Haggle (Fel), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Dealmaker ***or*** Flee!, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Suave

Trappings: It wouldn't do to look shabby when trying to sell goods, so horse copers always have a set of superior clothing. To control their beasts, copers also carry a lasso or whip. In addition, they have a number of horses ready for sale (1d5 of varying quality) and have a bit of coin for bribes, feed, and stabling (1d10 ***gc***).

Career Entries: Burgher, Drover, Horse Master, Messenger, Steppes Nomad

Career Exits: Burgher, Charlatan, Horse Master, Merchant, Rogue

A Day in the Life

Horse copers have a reputation for dishonesty, and they will certainly take advantage of anyone they see as a mark or from "out of town." Regular customers will know better, and will make sure they are getting first quality animals or they'll take their business to someone else.

Horse copers also know that they would lead a short life indeed if they swindled everyone to whom they sold a horse, so they learn – sometimes the hard way – to be selective in targeting their marks. Copers have few friends and many enemies, and as a consequence many of them live a semi-nomadic existence, picking up stakes and moving on as soon as their welcome has been worn out (or possibly a little bit before!).

A crooked horse coper who is caught can expect mob justice to rule; he and his family will be stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, and driven out of the village into the cold, to survive as best they can in punishment for the coper's misdeeds. If the coper is lucky, he will be confronted by a chekist, and forced to pay recompense to those he swindled.

Little Known Facts

Kislevite horse copers stand out as the most unscrupulous, conniving, obsequious merchants ever known in the old world. Even a person knowledgeable in the ways of horse trading needs to be careful; if the coper plans to pack up and leave town soon, he has little to lose by unloading a sick or unfit animal on an innocent traveller or an unfamiliar face.

The phrase, "*As good as a coper's word*" is meant to convey a lack of honesty.

The phrase "*A coper's change*" comes from the tendency of some copers to substitute worthless metal slugs for a small fraction of the coins in a handful of change given on a transaction, meaning 'you're in for an unpleasant surprise.'

Adventure Seeds

An Old Nag: The party buys a horse from a coper, only to discover a few days later that it is far older than advertised, and is in fact nearing the end of its life. The characters can spend time tracking down the coper who sold them this broken-down nag and since vanished. Or they can move on, buy another horse from someone else, and take the lesson for what it's worth.

A Moral Dilemma: A horse coper hires one or more of the party to act as his bodyguards. He claims he's being targeted by criminals trying to ruin him and take his goods, and puts forth an honest and sincere face to the party. Everyone they meet universally despises the man, save his own family, who worship him for being a good provider, father, and husband. If he is killed, his children and widow will be run out of town with only the clothes on their backs, forced to survive as best they can in the harsh Kislev steppes while the townsfolk divide up their possessions as "compensation." Does the party defend a wicked man and condemn his innocent family to certain death, or do they suffer a wicked man to live?

ADVANCED

Horse Master

A good horse and a fine woman are all a man really needs. But only trust the horse.



(RotIQ) Horse masters are responsible for the well-being, training, and breeding of horses, and they hold positions of importance in all levels of Kislevite society. Amongst the steppes nomads, the horsemaster is often second only to the ataman, as his skills guarantee the continued survival of his community. No horse master holds more power in Kislev than the *koniushy*, the Ice Queen's own Master of the Horse. This influential boyar maintains not only the Tzarina's stables but her kennels as well. Thus, his office has access to a sizeable portion of the Ice Queen's treasury, all to train and equip her animals to the best possible standard.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+15%	+15%	+10%	+15%	+20%	+15%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel), Charm (Fel), Charm Animal (Fel), Consume Alcohol (T) ***or*** Dodge Blow (Ag), Drive (S), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag)

Talents: Coolheaded ***or*** Hardy, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Very Strong

Trappings: The horsemaster naturally rides a Kislevite horse or warhorse equipped with saddle, harness, and at least one saddlebag to carry a grooming kit and extra feed. Horsemasters also find lassos or whips useful, and like most Kislevites, they wear leather jacks and leggings.

Career Entries: Drover, Horse Archer, Horse Coper, Mercenary, Noble, Outlaw, Outrider, Pistolier, Roadwarden, Scout, Soldier, Squire, Steppes Nomad, Winged Lancer

Career Exits: Ataman, Drover, Horse Archer, Horse Coper, Merchant, Sergeant, Winged Lancer

Yuri Kovalenko

Yuri has seen more than his share of excitement and adventures. A steppe nomad of the Ungol who went on to serve as a horse archer in the armies of the Tsarina, Yuri has lived through interesting times. He fought against the great Storm of Chaos.

He was at Mazhorod when Boyarin Kurkosk defeated an army of Chaos. Now he has had enough of war and adventures, and simply wants to be left alone with his horses. He breeds some of the finest Kislevite warhorses in the land and is proud of his stock. The name "Kovalenko" holds a great deal of prestige in certain circles, but such fame means little to this proud horsemaster.

Yuri cannot entirely escape his past. On the battlefields of Mazhorod, just before victory was won, a dying Chaos champion stumbled towards Yuri. The Ungol put his final arrow in the fiend's gut, and laid the warped half-man low. The champion grasped in his hand a sparkling red jewel that seemed to burn with its own inner fire. Yuri pocketed the treasure and told no one.

Since then he has grown darker in his moods and more and more isolated from his fellow men. There is a reason for this – Yuri has gained his first Chaos mutation thanks to exposure to the arcane influence of the jewel – a clawed hand. Yuri can feel himself changing and knows it is only a matter of time before he transforms fully into a beast and goes hunting for man-flesh. He hopes that by living far away and alone, he can keep his shame secret.

The House of Shirkov

Members of the clan of Shirkov have been horsemasters and horse copers for as long as any can remember. Still leading a nomadic existence, they move from settlement to settlement, town to town, leading their herd and trading for everything they may require. Such travelling bands have a terrible reputation for harbouring thieves and cheating their clients, but the truth is that the House of Shirkov is nothing of the sort.

Patriarch Dimitri Shirkov demands honour and honesty from his entire clan. They trade in premium horse flesh and home-made kvas so strong it will remove paint, and their prices are very reasonable for those who treat them with respect. Furthermore, Dimitri is a man who values loyalty and friendship far more than law. If you ever get in trouble and need to be smuggled out of a dangerous city, Dimitri (and his wagons with their concealed compartments for dodging the taxes on kvas) is a good man to know.

Adventure Seeds

The Scattered Herd: Raiding bandits have scattered a horsemaster's herd throughout a valley known to be inhabited by greenskins and other monsters. He needs help gathering the horses, in particular a prized Arabyan stallion destined for the stables of the Tzarina herself.

An Innocent Man: A young member of the House of Shirkov has been arrested for a robbery he did not commit. Dmitri, his uncle, knows he can do little to clear the boy, so reluctantly turns to outsiders in the hope that they can find the true culprits and clear the boy's name.

Hunter

The trail is old, but I can follow it. Go back to camp and start a cookfire. We're eating coney tonight.



(Core) While the Empire has come far from the tribes that founded it 2500 years ago, some things haven't changed at all. Although Peasants till parts of the land, huge expanses of the Empire are still covered with forest or are hostile to agriculture. These are the lands where Hunters and trappers thrive. They use the same techniques as their ancestors to take down game, be it a trap or a well-placed shot. It takes skill to stalk wild animals while avoiding the dark creatures of the woods. Hunters in their animal skin clothes and fur hats may appear uncouth to city folks, but they don't much care what others think of them.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	+15%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search or Swim, Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move or Set Trap

Talents: Hardy or Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Lightning Reflexes or Very Resilient, Marksman or Rover, Rapid Reload

Trappings: Longbow with 10 Arrows, 2 Animal Traps, Antitoxin Kit

Career Entries: **Animal Trainer,** Charcoal-Burner, Kithband Warrior, Woodsman

Career Exits: **Animal Trainer,** Bounty Hunter, Charcoal-Burner, Fieldwarden, Kithband Warrior, Miner, Scout, Soldier, Targeteer

Tools of the Trade

Weaponry: The weapons used by hunters have changed little over the centuries. While there have been advances in technology, such as the advent of the crossbow and forged steel, hunters have hardly been affected by the application of these developments. A crossbow functions similarly to the bow, forged steel behaves similarly to iron.

Horn: In dense forest or grassy plain, the hunter requires a method of communication with his fellow Hunters when game or danger is spotted. The horn can also be used to call a trained animal.

Skinning Tools: The hunter requires a selection of specialised knives to prepare and dress the kill for transport.

Horse: The domesticated horse is the hunter's great equaliser against speedy forest prey. The horse should be strong enough to carry the hunter over long chases, agile enough to maneouvre through scrub and underbrush, and fearless when encountering wild beasts. After the kill is made, the horse can also help carry the meat home in a swift manner.

Dog: The trained hunting dog is indispensible to the solo hunter. A well-trained canine will locate, drive and corner the prey as the hunter moves in for the kill. Hunting dogs are trained to obey the signals of the hunter's horn.

Hawk: Sometimes, the wide-open plains where the herds run cover too large an area for a dog to locate and chase game. In addition to its prowess at hunting other birds or small game, a well-trained hawk can also direct its master to larger prey.

The Master of the Hunt

When the nobility of the Empire goes hunting, they employ a specialist hunter called the Master of the Hunt to ensure a successful venture. The Master of the Hunt is a common position in most noble households. It is this huntsman's responsibility to locate the prey for his lord. The lord then determines if the game is worth pursuing or not. If the lord is pleased with the selection, the huntsman flanks the animal and begins herding it towards the hunting party and the chase is on.

The Master of the Hunt and his lordship are always assured the widest selection of game because they hunt in Imperial forests. An Imperial forest is a large region of prime hunting land reserved for the sole use of the Elector Count and his approved guests. As most Elector Counts are busy with matters of state (and not hunting), protected Imperial forests typically sit empty and teeming with game. Provincial law prescribes harsh penalties on any form of poaching in an Imperial forest, and the killing of a field hare carries the same punishment as the killing of a stag. There is a popular misconception that Imperial forests are restricted to wooded regions, and this is not the case. An Imperial forest can include any type of terrain that supports wild game, whether it's grassland, wetland or plain.

Adventure Seeds

Dangerous Prey: A terrible beast is killing the livestock in an area. Neighbouring hunters form a hunting party to go after the beast, but the creature's tracks lead into an Imperial forest…

The Siren's Song: Hunters are going missing in a nearby wood. Local rumours persist of a beautiful river nymph whose siren call beckons the hunters to their doom.



Ice Maiden

The ice called to me, and I answered. That is all you need to know.

(RotIQ) When apprentice witches finish their training, they are released from their mistresses to seek a deeper understanding of Ice Magic. To do this, they must mirror the Ancient Widow as closely as possible, so they swear vows of chastity (to represent being widowed) before forging forth with cold determination in their hearts. Maidens of the ice can be found in the most unlikely places as they quest for understanding, but most commonly, they wander the frozen oblast, facing kyazak, the land's spirits, and ferocious Greenskins with equal resolve. An ice maiden's vow of chastity ends when she gains insight into her wintry magic and becomes a full ice witch; however, for some, this understanding never comes, and they remain forever alone.

Special Requirements: You must be female to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	–	+10%	+5%	+20%	+25%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic) (Int), Channelling (WP), Command (Fel) ***or*** Intimidate (S), Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int), Magical Sense (WP), Navigation (Int) ***or*** Read/Write (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int) ***or*** Ride (Ag), Perception (Int), Speak Arcane Language (Magick) (Int), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded, Lesser Magic (any three), Meditation ***or*** Mighty Missile, Stout-hearted or Strong-minded, Witch Lore (Ice)

Trappings: Ice Maidens have few belongings and are equipped with sturdy winter clothing and a flask of kvas to keep the warm.

Career Entries: Apprentice Witch

Career Exits: Courtier, Ice Witch, Scout, Sergeant, Veteran, Witch

A Cold Reception

Magdala Ostrovek, known as Mima to her childhood friends, had always felt a certain affinity for the chill climes of her homeland. Visitors would come and go, complaining of the bitter cold and the winds that howled like wolves throughout the night. But to Mima, these were comforting things.

It was on a particularly cold night, the air thick with hoarfrost and breath of man and animal alike freezing as they breathed, that Magdala left her village of Vostoya and ventured deep into the woods. To this day, she cannot fully explain why she chose this night. Or why she felt compelled to wander into the woods with naught but a cotton shift to keep her safe.

It was as if Magdala and the bitter chill had reached some sort of pact. A mutual respect for each other; she a respect for the fearsome cold and the power it held over life and death, the cold a respect for Magdala's purpose and destiny. For it was on this night that Magdala Ostrovek found the carved ice hut of Babya Yigg, the Witch of the Woods that struck fear into the hearts of the townfolk.

But no such fear touched Magdala's heart. As she approached, Babya Yigg greeted her at the door and draped a thick ice bear's fur across the young girl's shoulders.

"I have been waiting for you," the old witch said, a smile cracking her withered face. Magdala remembers that Babya had the most amazing, most intense eyes. As if hewn from a piece of the purest, coldest ice.

The eyes, that smile, the comforting embrace and warm furs. All these things told Magdala that she had truly found her home. Vostoya was already a fading memory, a place she once knew. This place is where she would learn, grow and truly live, for the first time in her life.

Adventure Seeds

The Lost Girls: Several young girls from nearby villages have gone missing. Rumours claim an Ice Maiden has moved into the woods nearby, luring young girls to her hut in an effort to find one worthy of becoming her pupil. The characters are asked to investigate and rescue the young girls if necessary.

A Dark Homecoming: An Ice Maiden has been free from her mistresses' care for several years when she unexpectedly receives a summons for aid. Upon arriving, the Ice Maiden finds her mistresses' domain blackened and scorched, reduced to smouldering ruin. Amidst the rubble, is a silver pendant shaped like a raven's wing, the house sigil for a lord recently claiming the mistresses lands as part of his sovereign lands.

New Talent: Witch Lore

You have studied one of the established witching traditions of the Old World. Like Arcane Lore or Divine Lore, Witchery is not one talent but many. Such is the study and focus required, you can only ever know one Witch Lore Talent and can never also know an Arcane Lore, Dark Lore, or Divine Lore. Each Witch Lore is a separate magical proficiency, the speciality noted in parenthesis. For example: Witch Lore (Hag) is a different talent than Witch Lore (Ice). If you know a Witch Lore, you may cast spells from that lore according to the rules presented in Realm of the Ice Queen, Chapter IX.

Ice Witch

Now I call to the ice, and the ice answers. That is all you need to know.



(RotIQ) The ice witches of Kislev are feared and respected throughout the Old World. They are the darkest winter, the coldest ice, and the cruellest blizzard, and few can bear their presence for long. But being an ice witch is more than simply practicing Ice Magic and defending Kislev from its foes. Ice witches are part of an ancient sisterhood that has long influenced and often ruled the Gospodar tribe – and still does to this day. They are in touch with the wintry spirits of the land and the frozen flows of magic surging through it; thus, they work hard to preserve the old ways and ancient places, keen to ensure their pristine magic remains unsullied and pure.

Special Requirements: You must be female to enter this career

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	–	+5%	+20%	+15%	+30%	+40%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+6	–	–	–	+4	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic, plus any one) (Int), Channelling (WP), Command (Fel) ***or*** Intimidate (S), Common Knowledge (Kislev, plus any one) (Int), Magical Sense (WP), Outdoor Survival (Int) ***or*** Ride (Ag), Perception (Int), Read/Write (Int), Speak Arcane Language (Magick) (Int), Speak Language (Kislevarin, plus any two) (Int)

Talents: Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (any three), Menacing ***or*** Unsettling

Trappings: Ice witches all wear superior winter clothing and often accent their attire with a few bits of jewellery studded with diamonds or sapphires. As well, ice witches carry at least one magic item found during their wanderings as ice maidens.

Career Entries: Ice Maiden

Career Exits: Ambassador, Captain

Little Known Facts

Though they wear heavy winter clothing, this is more an affectation than a true need. Ice witches are impervious to cold, for the Ice Magic runs through their bodies and no other cold can compare.

Ice witches rarely die, at least not in the normal sense. Most ice witches, when they feel their life ebbing away and their control and focus fading, slip off into the wilds of Kislev. There they release the Ice Magic within, letting it wash over them and transform them, making them one with their power. Stories tell of places where frozen ice witches stand like monuments to winter, each one turned to ice.

Notable Figures

Nadia Uneska Voreskova was born and raised in the north of Kislev, not far from the River Lynsk. Her family was nomadic, like most of the Kislevites in that region, and wandered from place to place seeking pastures for their herds and food for themselves. It was a difficult existence, and Nadia grew up strong and stern like her kin. When she was old enough, she married a man from a neighbouring tribe and went to live with his family.

Their first child was a little girl, Katya. On her tenth birthday Nadia took her to the nearest village for the winter equinox celebration, and presented her to the local ice witch. The witch saw no sign of magic within Katya – but did discover a powerful spark in Nadia. Ice witches are required to apprentice any Kislev female they find with the gift, and so Nadia was told to leave her family behind. She refused. The local ice witch, unaccustomed to disobedience, insisted. When Nadia still refused, the witch attempted to coerce her with magic. With pure instinct Nadia fought back and defeated the witch, turning her instantly to ice. Frightened, Nadia took her daughter and fled back to her husband and their tribe.

When the ice witches heard what had happened, they dispatched another to investigate. The ice witch they sent, Madhyana Terleska, was old, powerful, and accustomed to having her own way. She ascertained that Nadia had defeated the ice witch in fair magical battle and sought the woman out, assuring her that she would not be punished. However, Madhyana insisted Nadia travel to the nearest surviving ice witch for proper training. Again, Nadia refused. Nothing Madhyana said could sway her, and finally the old ice witch surprised even herself by offering a new solution. She joined Nadia's tribe and trained the woman herself.

Under Madhyana's tutelage Nadia quickly mastered the Ice Magic, but she refused to follow the traditional path of the ice maiden – she would not under any circumstances abandon her husband, her children, or her tribe. In the end, Madhyana was forced to admit that Nadia was a full-fledged ice witch and departed, half impressed and half afraid. Since then Nadia has done her best to reconcile her two identities, and uses her magic to protect her tribe and the northern edge of Kislev. She refuses to leave them even to travel to one of the annual ice witch gatherings.

Adventure Seeds

The Truth of Prophecy: Rumours have sprung up of a young man who controls the Ice Magic as if he were a witch. This seems to be the coming of a powerful figure foretold in legend, one who may taint the Ice Magic forever. It is a day the ice witches have long feared. An ice witch is dispatched to find this young man, check for any truth to the rumour – and, if it is true, kill him before he can destroy their heritage.



Initiate

Faith is not given freely. It must be earned. I have been trying to earn it for many years now.

(Core) Religion has taken second place to money in the affections of many Old Worlders, but there are still many young men and women willing to devote their lives to the Gods. It takes great dedication and training to become a Priest. Initiates are Priests-in-training. They undergo harsh instruction under strict teachers, and until they are finished they are not allowed to preach or conduct services. Their training includes literacy and calligraphy, the study of scriptures, and the art of the sermon. They also learn the basics of weapon use so the temple can be defended in times of need.

Note: As an Initiate you must decide who your patron God is and what church you serve. You can learn more about the faiths of the Old World in **Chapter 8: Religion and Belief** of the Core Rulebook. Your choice gives you another skill or talent, as detailed in **Church Skills** and **Talents** entry of your God's description.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy or History), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes or Very Strong, Public Speaking, Suave or Warrior Born

Trappings: Religious Symbol (see Chapter 8: Religion and Belief for types), Robes

Career Entries: **Dilettante,** Hedge Wizard, Knight, Scribe, Student, Vampire Hunter, Witch Hunter, Zealot

Career Exits: Barber-Surgeon, Demagogue, Friar, **Lay Priest**, Priest, Scribe, Zealot

Becoming an Initiate

There are manifold reasons for devoting one's life to divine service, and not all of them involve faith. Many initiates have no choice in their destiny, having been gifted to a cult at birth.

This is the fate of many orphans, the children of paupers, or the babies especially religious parents who hope that gifting their child to a cult will bring that god's fortune on their family. In addition, the nobility send their youngest sons to cult seminaries to avoid problems of inheritance. These initiates are often the least willing pupils.

However, there are some who choose to become initiates in later life. Perhaps a traumatic event has given them a profound religious insight, or they have experienced a miraculous epiphany that fills them with the zeal of faith. Or perhaps a person wishes to atone for a misdeed, to wash away their remorse by devoting themselves to a holy vocation. Such initiates are often the most passionate followers of their god, chastising those who fail to match their own unbending righteousness.

Life of an Initiate

The life of an initiate involves arduous labour and long hours of study and prayer. When they are not being educated with holy book and hazel rod, initiates toil ceaselessly, cleaning the temple garderobes or performing other unsavoury tasks the priests prefer not to touch.

This strict regime of labour is intended to hammer home to each initiate that their only desire should be obeying the commands of their superiors and the will of the god they serve. After several years of intensive training, initiates are released from their temple to experience life beyond its walls.

Before they can help their flock in spiritual matters, they must become aware of the world and its pitfalls. Itinerant initiates discover how to surmount life's obstacles using only the teachings of their faith. When they have learned how to accomplish this, they are allowed to return to their temple to be ordained as fully-fledged priests, the proudest moment of an initiate's life.

Adventure Seeds

Holy Fervour: The adventuring party has been joined by an initiate of Shallya. Her fervent belief in non-violence is often a source of conflict in the group. Whenever the party encounters a situation best solved with violence, are they prepared to endure the initiate's fiery rhetoric, or will they bow to her demands and seek a less bloody, and less straightforward, solution?

The Wolves of Ulric: A party of adventurers on a mission in the wintry wilderness, encounters a young man in rags wielding only a club, being attacked by a group of wolfskin-clad warriors brandishing axes. Unknown to the party, the lad is an initiate of Ulric, and his attackers are priests from his temple staging an attack to test his strength. Should the party charge in to rescue the lad and kill any of the priests, they will become enemies of the local temple of the White Wolf.

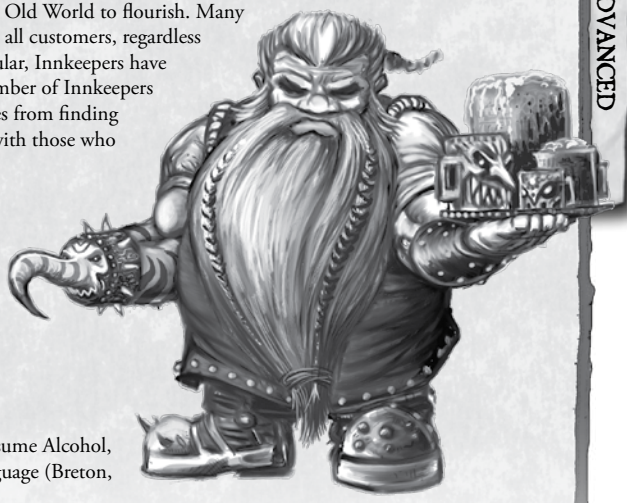
Corruption on High: A Chaos cult is uncovered within a town's upper echelons, and a senior priest of the temple has been charged with collusion. All of the temple's priests are investigated during the resulting trials. The initiates must work together to uncover the truth before the town bands together against their entire order.

Innkeeper

A private room's a gold piece each. Don't blame me, blame the festival. Otherwise, common quarters is only half a shilling. Bed bugs come free.

ADVANCED

(Core) Innkeepers own and run the establishments that allow the economy of the Old World to flourish. Many innkeeping families have owned their establishment for generations. They cater to all customers, regardless of social class, so long as they can pay. In a time when the majority of folk are insular, Innkeepers have learned information is valuable and they're usually good for news from afar. A number of Innkeepers supplement their incomes by making introductions between customers. This varies from finding agreeable companionship for their guests to putting interested parties in contact with those who can permanently remove troublemakers with no questions asked.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather or Lip Reading, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write or Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, Reikspiel or Tilean), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Etiquette or Streetwise, Dealmaker or Street Fighting, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Inn, one or more Servants

Career Entries: Burgher, **Farmer**, Servant

Career Exits: Burgher, **Farmer**, Fence, Merchant, Outlaw, Smuggler

Every Man's Hero

In towns and villages throughout civilised lands, taverns are a welcome retreat for hard-working men – a place where they can drown out the rigours of life with ale and song. As a consequence, innkeepers enjoy a respect among this class usually accorded only to priests. Those same priests castigate innkeepers for promoting drunkenness, gambling, and other vices which lead men astray from family and temple.

In remote areas, innkeepers are the saviour of all weary travellers. When darkness falls, the warm glow of the roadside inn is a welcome beacon to those abroad. Rural inns are not just refuges from the chill of night. Many, particularly those along the forest roads, are effectively small fortresses. Palisades protect them against the fearsome denizens of the dark, and their innkeepers are renowned as much for their fighting ability as for the quality of their ale.

Old Spot

Perhaps the most famous innkeeper in the Empire is the Ostermarker, Jander "Old Spot" Wergnen. His inn, the Old Spotted Dog, enjoys a thriving trade, despite his tavern's location in the foothills of the World's Edge Mountains.

Old Spot treats his guests as kings, and serves Lector's Tipple, annual winner at the Bechafen Beer Fair. Even dwarfs grudgingly acknowledge the Old Spotted Dog as a passable place to drink, and each year a pilgrimage of halflings arrives from the Moot to taste his succulent pies.

However, it is not only the quality of his establishment that secured Wergnen's fameTen years ago, during one of Ostermark's worst winters, a giant stomped down from the mountains through blinding snow. It sniffed out the aroma of the Old Spotted Dog, and the few trappers and traders holed up in the inn fled into the storm. However, Old Spot stood between his tavern and the giant, blunderbuss loaded. The giant ignored the innkeeper's warnings to turn back, and so Old Spot fired.

Unfortunately, snow had dampened the gun's black powder, and it misfired. The giant grabbed him and swallowed him whole. Amazingly, the innkeeper survived the descent into the pitch black of the monster's gut. And more amazingly, he managed to retain his wits about him.

Fumbling for his tinderbox, Old Spot struck a light to search for a way out. The sparks ignited gastric gas, and in the resultant explosion, Old Spot was hurled to safety in a shower of gore to land in a snowdrift. The giant, clutching its spilled intestines, toppled and died. Its skull now adorns the front entrance, a trophy attracting many visitors who wish to hear the tale from the great man himself.

Adventure Seeds

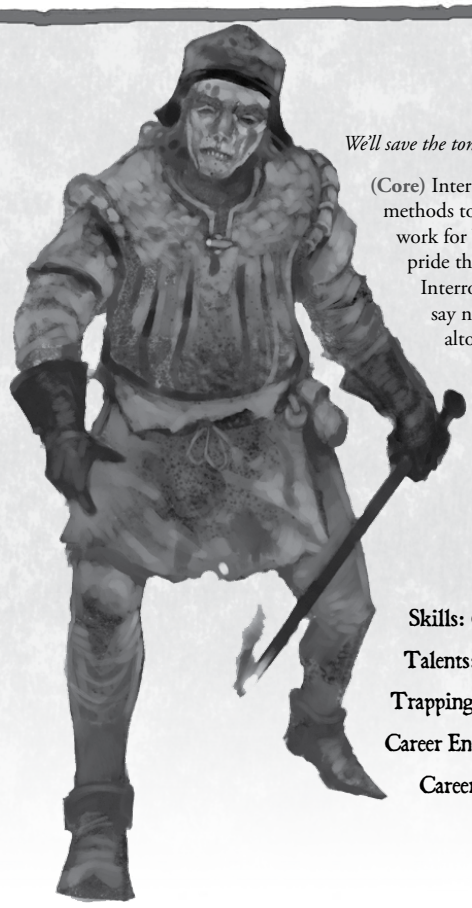
Unwelcome Guests: A band of mercenaries have ensconced themselves at an inn, devouring food and drink without any intention of paying, and driving away customers with their raucous habits. The desperate innkeeper is willing to pay well if anyone can rid his establishment of these parasites.

Empty Tankards: Disaster.... the inn the party is staying at has run dry! The consignment of ale is days late. The innkeeper promises anyone who tracks down the beer and brings it safely to the inn can keep a keg for themselves.

ADVANCED

INTERROGATOR

We'll save the tongue for last. He'll need it to confess. As for the rest...well, pick a limb and hand me the pliers.



(Core) Interrogators know how to make people talk. They use both psychological and physical methods to extract information from their charges and neither is very pleasant. Interrogators work for Witch Hunters and Nobles and sometimes for the more zealous churches. They pride themselves on their efficiency, though many achieve it with excessive brutality. The best Interrogators know that discovering the truth is an art form. People lie and obfuscate and will say nearly anything to make the pain stop. Getting a confession is easy; getting to the truth is altogether more difficult.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	–	+20%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Torture

Talents: Menacing, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Wrestling

Trappings: 5 knives, Flail, 3 sets of manacles

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Bodyguard, Flagellant, Jailer, Thug

Career Exits: Physician, Racketeer, Thief

Karlos of Kislev

Many stumble into the job of interrogator due to a certain unconcern for the pain of others and a reasonable talent for inflicting it. The world often asks an individual to be either the producer of pain, or the bearer of it, and it's hardly unnatural that many choose the latter.Sometimes, however, there are those who seem born to the task.

Karlos is an artist, surrounded by brutes. While others would use pain as a means to an end, to him, the pain was the end, and the act of interrogation the most dull and banal part of the job. He has drifted from employer to employer – always hired for his expertise, always dismissed for his unconcern with actually discovering information.

He has worked with witch hunters, but even they dismiss him, because he doesn't even put up a front of caring about heretics or magic. He just wants the ability to earn money doing what he loves – hurting people.

Karlos can be found almost anywhere in the Old World, plying his trade for whoever will employ him. If he encounters a fellow interrogator, he may decide to test them to see if they have the same spark he does, and pass along his skills if they do. If they don't...well...sometimes he works for free.

To the Pain

Interrogators normally work in a controlled environment, with their subjects suitably restrained and a wide assortment of sharp implements at their disposal – however, their quarry is not always so accommodating.

An interrogator's knowledge of human anatomy and precisely applied pressure to nerve points can be extremely useful in dangerous situations. Many foolhardy combatants have underestimated the skill and precision of an interrogator. Whether armed with a sharp scalpel, fiery hot pincers or even a simple iron prod, in the hands of a skilled interrogator, such items can be as fearsome or deadly as a longsword in the hands of a battle-hardened knight.

A sturdy breastplate or heavy coat of chain may stop most of the blows – but there are always gaps in the armour, exposing sensitive areas of the body to the interrogator's tools. With the right amount of force applied to just the right area, a single blow can fell even the strongest warrior.

Adventure Seeds

The Guild's Secrets: A high ranking member of the merchants guild has been kidnapped, and the guild fears he will be tortured into revealing information vital to the guild's operations. The characters have been asked to track down and rescue the man, and "deal with" those involved. Sometimes, asking questions means you learn answers other people don't want you to know. If the party hears too much, their lives may be at risk, too.

False Confessions: Interrogators often work in private, for obvious reasons. This opens up some possibilities for corruption, and an interrogator tasked with tracking down Chaos cultists in a town is instead using his position to do just the opposite – to torture the innocent and report false "confessions," while letting the true cultists go after only mild discomfort.

Jailer

Good morning, master thief. Did you enjoy the face branding yesterday? I can see that you did. And how are you enjoying the accommodations? More lip from you and I'll be glad to brand the other cheek.



(Core) The Empire is a nation of laws, which means it's also a nation of jails. Despite the best efforts of the clergy of Verena, the Goddess of Justice, the innocent are just as likely as the guilty to end up in jail. Better too harsh than too lax is the opinion of the law. Imperial jails are foul dungeons that smell equally of fear and excrement. Jailers preside over these institutions, using a combination of brutality and humiliation to keep order. Jailers generally have no sense of justice or pity, and are seldom swayed by pleas or speeches (though bribes are gladly accepted). The worst are outright sadists, delighting in the power they hold over their charges.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	+10%	–	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Heal ***or*** Sleight of Hand, Intimidate, Perception, Search

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Wrestling

Trappings: Bottle of Common Wine, Tankard, ***Any one of:*** Bola, Lasso, Net

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Rat Catcher

Career Exits: Bailiff, Bodyguard, Interrogator, Rat Catcher, Watchman

The Empire's Strange Penal Code

It is assumed by most of their 'guests' that jailers are simply brutish sadists who enjoy torturing them. And while certainly this is true of some, many jailers are bound by an archaic and often bewildering code of laws.

For example, in Altdorf it is illegal for a jailer to beat a prisoner with a club thicker than this thumb. In Middenheim, any prisoner that will be executed must be fed roast beef.

The city with the most and widest variety of bizarre and even laughable penal laws, is Talabheim. In Talabheim, prisoners must wear colour-coded tabards according to their most heinous crime. This bizarre selection of often garish colours (yellow for theft, red for murder, green for forgery, pink for rape, and white and grey stripes for treason, to give a few examples) creates a prison that to one observer's eye looks more like a circus than a jail.

Friedl Grützmüller, Jailer of Brissenwald

Friedl is almost terrifyingly ugly. Born hunched and marked by pox in his youth, he looks the typical jailer – a horrid monster eager to torture prisoners. Friedl puts on a good show whenever the warden or nobility come around – slurring his speech, whipping any prisoner who steps out of line wildly, and so forth.

But in truth, Friedl runs the most comfortable and easiest jails in the Empire. Located right outside of Nuln, Brissenwald receives a lot of prisoners from that bustling hub of trade and crime. Friedl is on the payroll of multiple crime lords within that city and he provides them with a valuable service. When one of the crime lord's men gets caught, and simply getting them off isn't an option, a bribed official will send that man "to the hell that is Brissenwald."

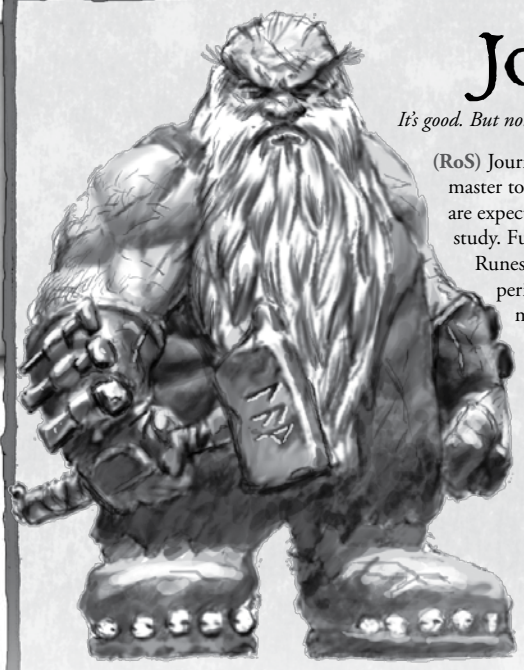
Friedl ensures (for no small fee) that his guests' needs are taken care of. In fact, Friedl is more an innkeeper than a jailer, seeing that his clients are well-fed and stay in relative comfort. A few well-chosen women of the night (paid as much for their discretion as anything else), work the prison under Friedl's supervision.

Wine is served with supper. The guards are hand chosen to make sure they understand what this job requires and are well paid for their silence. However, nothing will help any prisoner sent to Brissenwald who can not pay Friedl's fees. After all, someone has to be made example of when the local lords visit.

Adventure Seeds

Exchanging Favors: The party needs someone in jail, out. Who holds the keys? Why, a jailer, of course. He certainly is willing to let the person go, if the party could help him with a little matter involving his gambling debts and a local racketeer.

Scouring the Dungeons: A jailer has been selling corpses of dead prisoners to a local physician for his studies of anatomy. While this is illegal in and of itself, there is loose talk that the jailer hasn't been waiting for prisoners to die. And perhaps the "physician" is also more than he seems. Is there any truth to the stories about undead in the cemetery and a necromancer in residence at a hidden crypt?



Journeyman Runesmith

It's good. But not good enough. You can wield it if you want, human. I don't want to see it again.

(RoS) Journeyman Runesmiths complete the fundamentals of their training and are elevated by their master to learn the deeper secrets of their craft. Instead of instruction, though, these Runesmiths are expected to venture out into the world in search of ancient magical treasures to bring back for study. Furthermore, these Dwarfs must take their accumulated knowledge and learn additional Runes from their independent study and experimentation. At the end of the Journeyman period, the Runesmith may return to his master to demonstrate his skill. If found worthy, the master might elevate the student to the full status of Master Runesmith and teach him the secrets of the Master Runes.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+20%	+25%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Runes), Common Knowledge (any two), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Speak Language (any two), Trade (any two)

Talents: Artistic *or* Hardy, Rune (any six)

Trappings: One runic item

Career Entries: Apprentice Runesmith

Career Exits: Master Runesmith, Scholar, Shieldbreaker

A Day in the Life

With apprenticeship done, the runesmith must now test his skills out in battle. He leaves his home and family, and begins to travel the world. His daily life can vary a great deal. If he finds a place at a dwarf hold, he might spend most of his day smithing, carving and studying lore. If he becomes a wanderer, he may pass through towns, dwarf or otherwise, to provide his skills where they are needed.

Some choose to find non-dwarf patrons, such as knights of the Empire, who will benefit from their skill and provide them with enough money to keep up with their practise. A journeyman runesmith will send a constant stream of messages back to their old master, though, asking for advice, commenting on things learned, and so on.

It is the hope of every journeyman to either discover something new, for example, how a mix of different polishing oils can enhance the power of a carving, or something old, such as a forgotten tome of carving lore. Journeymen take such discoveries as a sign that it is time to progress onward in their studies.

Of course, sometimes a dwarf will depart the road to mastery. Time spent alongside fighting men might cause a journeyman to move to a more martial career, leaving behind the somewhat scholarly pursuit of the runesmith. This happens more often than master runesmiths let on; they see the journeyman stage as a time to test the true dedication of their apprentice, when he is subject to distraction and is made aware of all the opportunities in life. Those who return to continue their craft are the ones truly worthy to master it.

Little Known Facts

Journeymen often try to find things no one else in their family has done, or at least not recently. Some will travel hundreds of miles to attach themselves to Tilean or Kislevite humans. Others experiment boldly, trying a hundred different variations on the same rune to see if they can discover something new. It can often be dangerous to be around such tinkerers, as an accident can unleash a terrible magical explosion.

While it is very rare, and utterly unacceptable, sometimes, a journeyman will teach the basics of runesmithing to another dwarf, one not of the proper lineage. This can be scandalous at best, and both the journeyman and his "apprentice" may be shamed and exiled from their community as a result.

Adventure Seeds

The Twice-Runed Blade: A journeyman has heard the legend of a blade which holds two master runes – supposedly impossible! While his friends and teachers tell him this is a hoax, it has become an obsession with him, and he is determined to track down this item, claim it and master the techniques it embodies.

The Fallen: A journeyman who has been working with the troops of an Empire noble is rudely accosted by battered soldiers, who claim that his runes failed in battle and that their commander died due to his misplaced faith in "the strange magic of the dwarfs." He is sure that he did nothing wrong – why did the runes fail (if they did) and how can he redeem his reputation?

Journeyman Wizard

Learning things man was not meant to know is our job. We learn them so that you don't have to.



ADVANCED

(Core) Human Journeymen Wizards have completed their apprenticeship and joined an Order of Wizardry. They now have access to all the spells of their chosen lore, but they must balance their newfound powers with their faltering ability to control them. The majority of Journeymen owe considerable teaching fees to their College, and must adventure to repay their debt. Journeymen Wizards hire out their services, often at their Orders' request, for gold, knowledge and political betterment of their College. Elves, of course, are exempt from the College system, and owe nothing.

Note: If you are human you must pay a 40 *gc* fee upon entry to this career to obtain your Licence. Unless you come from a moneyed background, you must also pay one crown in every ten you earn back to your College for the duration of this career. You may attempt to avoid this, but few succeed in defrauding the Orders for long.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+20%	+25%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (any one), Channelling, Charm ***or*** Intimidate, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Ride ***or*** Swim, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Arcane Lore (any one) ***or*** Dark Lore (any one), Aethyric Attunement ***or*** Dark Magic, Fast Hands ***or*** Very Resilient, Lesser Magic (any two), Meditation ***or*** Mighty Missile

Trappings: Grimoire, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Apprentice Wizard

Career Exits: Charlatan, Master Wizard, Scholar

A Day in the Life

Journeyman wizards no longer have a master, which means they must get themselves out of bed before dawn to seize some time for study before the work of the day. The nature of that work varies a great deal, but they use magic less than most people imagine. Their control of the lore of their wind is still unreliable, so magic remains a last resort.

Of course, when the College has sent them to investigate a greenskin infestation or support a witch hunter, the last resort may be needed most days. Even then, journeymen do not spend all their time casting spells.

The reputation that wizards have for being obsessively bookish is due in no small part to the behaviour of journeyman wizards. Almost all of them are desperate to become master wizards, with lower dues and fewer responsibilities, and a significant amount of study is needed to achieve their goal. However, the tasks they are given often leave little time for study, so most journeymen seize any opportunity to read, no matter how short.

Magdalena Thaurstein

Magdalena is a journeyman in the Amethyst College, and is widely believed to have been cursed. She is dedicated and motivated, and at least averagely bright and strong-willed for a wizard. However, she has been a journeyman for over 15 years, and still shows no signs of reaching the standard of a master.

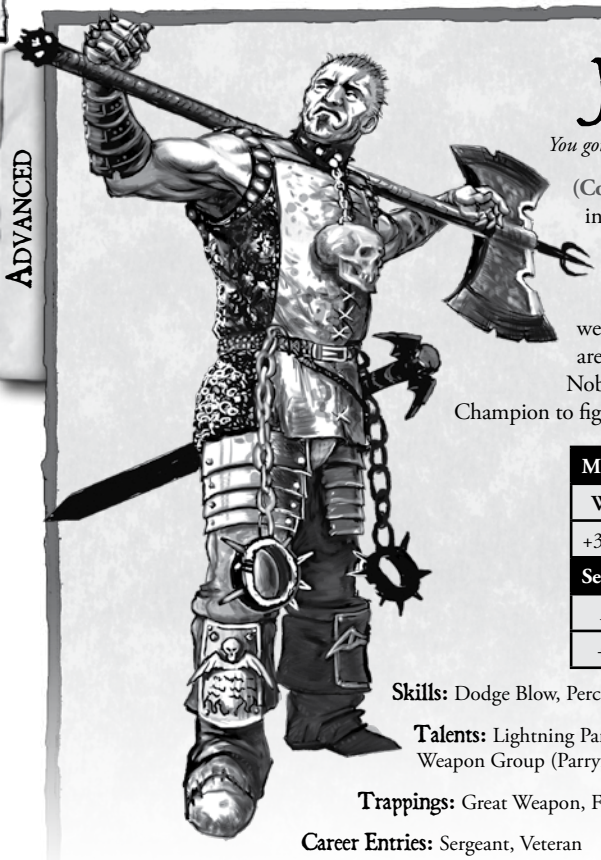
Many of Magdalena's tasks have ended in disasters that she has barely survived, leaving her to pick up the pieces, and distracting her from her studies. On at least three occasions she has been on the verge of promotion, when an encounter with some strange monster stripped her of some of her knowledge, or exposed her to Chaos taint that the Masters wished to be sure had been cleansed.

She seems to have avoided becoming bitterand strikes most people as resigned to her dispiriting fate.

Adventure Seeds

Debts to Pay: The journeyman wizard is visited by three senior representatives of his College, who show him evidence that he is behind on repaying his tuition. They offer to overlook the default if he undertakes a particular mission for them – an offer he can hardly refuse. However, the character has been dutifully paying what he owed, so either somebody within the College has been embezzling, or someone has a grudge against him. Either way, if he doesn't get to the bottom of the problem, he will face trouble in the future. But first, there's that mission.

An Eager Pupil: Needing to travel to a distant city, the journeyman wizard hires on as a guard with a wealthy merchant, who is initially delighted at his luck, but much less friendly when the wizard actually joins the group. The merchant is travelling with his son or daughter, who becomes quite infatuated with the great wizard travelling with them. Before long, the wizard realises the adolescent has magical potential. In addition, someone is systematically searching the goods being carried, a little every night.



ADVANCED

Judicial Champion

You got nothing to fear if you are innocent. But my sword ain't met no innocent men yet.

(Core) A number of Old World countries legally allow a defendant to proof his innocence via trial by combat. The accused are usually pitted against the local Judicial Champion, a professional fighter who specializes in defeating a single opponent swiftly and efficiently. Many of the laws that allow such combats state that specific weapons must be used; meaning Judicial Champions are well versed with a wide variety of arms. Correspondingly, Judicial Champions are both respected and feared warriors, whose prowess often precedes them. Noble defendants and the wealthy may sometimes be capable of hiring a Judicial Champion to fight in their place.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+35%	–	+15%	+15%	+20%	+10%	+15%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Perception

Talents: Lightning Parry, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Trappings: Great Weapon, Flail *or* Morning Star, Rapier *or* Foil, Buckler *or* Main Gauche, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Sergeant, Veteran

Career Exits: Assassin, Champion, Sergeant, Witch Hunter, Zealot

Justice by Combat

Trials by combat are most common in the northern and eastern reaches of the Empire, where folk respect a weapon's reach more than the letters of law. While the judicial champion usually fights for an established judge or magistrate, in more remote places the champion himself is the word as well as the weapon of law.

The rules for a judicial combat are set before the combatants enter the designated arena. Typical rules are: Combatants fight unarmed if the defendant has committed a minor offence, or if the defendant has been accused of crimes against people, the fight involves bladed or spiked weapons, but if he has committed a felony against property or commerce, the combatants wield less lethal weapons, such as clubs or quarterstaffs.

Judicial combat is often fought to first blood to decide minor offences, but to the death for more serious accusations. Sometimes a judge might rule that the accused must defeat two or more of his champions to prove his innocence. If a defendant loses the battle but survives, scars gained or limbs lost in the course of a judicial combat are a physical reminder of his guilt, and a deterrent to those who might be tempted to repeat his crime. If the accused defeats a judicial champion, he is acquitted of all charges, though if he kills his opponent during a non-lethal bout, he may be immediately arraigned for murder!

Bardin "Justhammer"

Bardin's original clan name is unknown. Even decades-long friends have only known his appellation of "Justhammer." The earliest rumours about Bardin are that he was a pit fighter in the eastern Ostermark more than 50 years ago. He bought his freedom, but none knows how the dwarf became a slave in the first place. They also said he was amazing to watch in the pits, his ability to turn nearly anything into a weapon often turning the tables on his foes.

Bardin fought for decades alongside many veteran adventurers, battling beastmen, greenskins, and other fiends of Chaos in the northern wilderness and along the Sea of Claws. Nearly twenty years ago, Bardin forged his signature great hammer, its massive head carved with the Khazalid rune of "justice" on one side, the scales of Verena on its other. Tallis Surcheit, a Verenan high priest in Lieske, and Bardin's former comrade, confesses he learned little about the taciturn dwarf, but he trusts Bardin's sense of justice over that of many judges across the Empire.

Today, Bardin resides in Hergig where he served as bailiff and jailer before being appointed the role of Judicial Champion. The Dwarf's prowess and reputation alone has lessened crime in and around Hergig. For while not every magistrate ruling results in combat, the thought of facing Bardin "Justhammer" in combat is itself a deterrent.

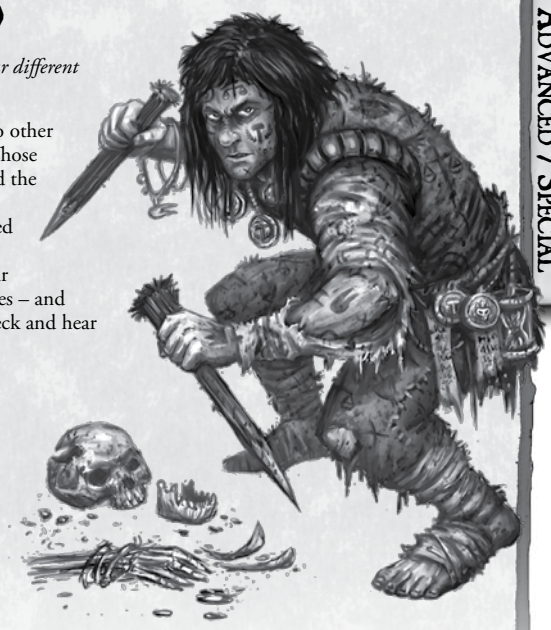
While approaching his middle years (for a Dwarf), Bardin remains in excellent fighting form. When he is angry, scars that criss-cross Bardin's face, hands, arms, and torso seem to glow red. Bardin lets others talk, always choosing words and actions carefully. Any tavern in Hergig quiets when he speaks, eager to catch every wise word.

Adventure Seeds

Trial by Combat: The characters uncover illegal activities linked to a local noble, who pressures a local magistrate to arrest and convict them on trumped-up charges. Unless they can provide irrefutable evidence, the characters must best the magistrate's judicial champion to prove their innocence.

Killer of the Dead

Stake in the heart, cut off the head, burn it to ash, douse in holy water, scatter the ashes in four different provinces. Kills them nine times in ten.



(NDM) Few survive the life of a Vampire hunter. Of those who do, many quickly turn to other careers, such as the legitimacy of Witch Hunter or the better provisions of knighthood. Those who do not become Killers of the Dead. Having seen the true horror of the Vampires and the infinite legions of the restless dead, they can never look away, and they devote their every waking moment to destroying this unrelenting enemy. Even more shunned and mistrusted than Vampire hunters, these fanatics typically become hermits or outlaws, stealing what they need to survive, so they have no distractions from their cause. Their devotion to their mission means these killers often get good enough to earn notoriety amongst the Vampires – and knowing this, every killer sleeps restlessly, stake in hand, waiting to feel fangs upon his neck and hear the sound of vengeful laughter in his ear.

Special Requirement: You must have at least 5 Insanity Points to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+35%	+35%	+15%	+20%	+20%	+15%	+30%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Concealment, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Shadowing, Silent Move, Torture

Talents: Alley Cat ***or*** Rover, Fearless, Focussed Strike, Frenzy, Lightning Reflexes, Menacing, Mighty Shot ***or*** Rapid Reload, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing ***or*** Crossbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Unsettling, Very Resilient ***or*** Very Strong

Trappings: Blessed Water, 6 Stakes, Silvered Weapon

Career Entries: Agent of the Shroud, Black Guard, Flagellant, Knight of the Raven, Vampire Hunter, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: An unpleasant, and likely messy, end

A Day In The Life

The day is for sleeping, when they find it harder to come for you. For some, the day is for sleeping in a cave in natural stone, strong and protected, a rock blocking the entrance, clutching a stake, because some of them will come for you anyway. The day is not for them. But perhaps it will be cloudy. Perhaps it will rain. Then they need not fear the sun.

Once night falls, you must move, quickly, away from the places you visited the previous night. They may have been watching you and set an ambush, or be prepared to strike at your lair as soon as it is dark. Rise before the sunset, to be away and hidden before they can act.

Night is for hunting. Watch the people who go out at night, for normal folk have no need to skulk around when the sun sleeps. You are no longer one of the normal folk, if you ever were, for you have a stronger calling now, one that calls louder than laws and fellowship. Those who walk by night may be the undead; watch their habits carefully.

When you have tracked one of them down, strike early in the night if possible, and dismember and burn the corpse so that it does not rise again. Then flee, as fast as you can, before their allies can track you. Do not concern yourself with your destination. Wherever you find yourself, they will be waiting.

Little Known Facts

Killers of the Dead train suitable candidates when they find them, and two who meet often work together for a time. It is important to remember that they are obsessive, but not quite what most would term insane, at least not in most cases.

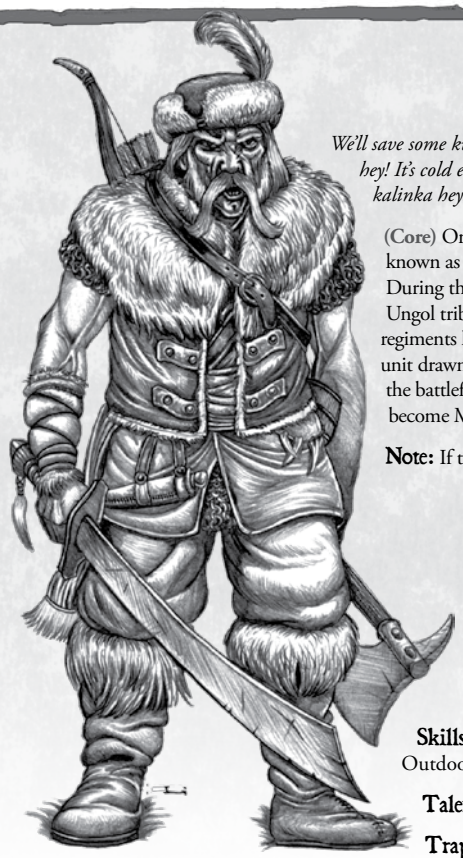
A very small number of Killers of the Dead even maintain a respectable facade, with the help of a wealthy family or group of friends. These backers must be very tolerant, however, as nothing can be allowed to come before the hunt.

Once one has taken the path of a Killer of the Dead, life is bleak. It is rare for a Killer of the Dead to ever pursue another path. Their devotion and single-minded purpose makes it difficult to adjust to any other way of life.

Adventure Seeds

A Unique Undead? The Killer of the Dead hears rumours of a vampire who has none of the normal weaknesses, happily operating in daylight, casting a reflection, ignoring religious symbols, and no more inconvenienced by stakes than a human would be. If these rumours are true, such a creature could wreak unimaginable destruction. If false, who would spread such rumours? Someone needs to get to the bottom of this mystery.

A Mysterious Patron: The Killer of the Dead returns to his current lair to find clothes piled up there. He recognises them as having belonged to a victim of the last vampire he killed, one who left a family. Over the next few days, other supplies, and finally food are left, always while he is absent. This mysterious benefactor goes to great lengths to avoid direct contact with the Killer of the Dead. Then a small portrait is left, of a person in the town casting no reflection, intimating that the person is a vampire. Is the claim real, or is the Killer of the Dead being manipulated by the benefactor to hunt an innocent person?



Kislevite Kossar

We'll save some kvas for after the fight, sing hey kalinka hey! Just make sure to survive the night, sing hey kalinka hey! It's cold enough to crack the stones, sing hey kalinka key! Just one more kvas to warm the bones, sing hey kalinka hey!

(Core) Originally, the Kossars were an Ungol tribe that lived northeast of the Empire. An eastern people known as the Gospodars invaded this region, subjugated the Ungols, and founded the nation of Kislev. During this conflict, the Kossars sold their skills to the Gospodars as Mercenaries, fighting against other Ungol tribes. Their unique style of fighting impressed the Gospodar nobility, and since that time Kossar regiments have served the Tzars of Kislev. These days the Kossars are no longer a tribe, but a tough military unit drawn from all over Kislev. They are armed with bows and great axes, making them quite flexible on the battlefield. Many Kossars, tired of the ceaseless warfare of their native land, travel to the Empire to become Mercenaries or adventurers.

Note: If this is your Starting Career, you are from Kislev.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	–	+10%	–	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Kislev), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble ***or*** Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Kislevian)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike to Injure

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Medium Armour (Mail Coat, Leather Jack, and Leather Leggings)

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Sergeant, Shieldbreaker, Veteran

Little Known Facts

When an Ungol or Gospodar man joins the Kossars, he's expected to leave clan loyalties behind and fight solely for the Tsarina and Kislev. In times of war, Kislev's often volatile mixture of Ungol and Gospodar cultural difference melt away in the face of a common foe. In times of peace, however, clan differences cause friction and Kislev's patchwork of conciliatory laws creates more problems than it solves. Over time, the Tzars of Kislev have observed that Kossar morale improves when they're exempted from culturally divisive laws. Minor criminal charges against Kossars are therefore routinely ignored, and their partial immunity has given them an inflated sense of entitlement. Arbitrary punishments have proven mostly ineffective for restoring discipline.

When convenient, however, Kossars use certain laws to their advantage. For example, Gospodar Kossars often cite clan solidarity laws from the Ungol tradition when civilians file charges against one of their number. Likewise, Ungol Kossars wishing to defect are quick to adopt the Gospodar custom of "finding Ursun," which allows every man one opportunity to abandon his responsibilities for a full month and wander the oblast in search of spiritual guidance. Kossars who defect in this manner usually travel south for greener pastures, never to return.

Bokha Palace Guard

Bohka Palace in the city of Kislev is guarded by three hundred of Tzarina Katarin's most loyal Kossars. These soldiers play a vital part in the Ice Queen's plans to expand the standing army with cavalry, and to gradually phase out Ungol law in Kislev.

The Palace Guard conducts weekly parades through the city. Recent parades have featured small units of mercenary cavalry from the Empire and Tilea marching alongside the Kossars. Katarin hopes these cavalrymen will come to be accepted as part of the Palace Guard and will eventually be replaced by Winged Lancers. If one rota of Winged Lancers accepts the honour of serving in the Palace Guard, then others will surely follow.

The Palace Guard is also a recruitment pool for Katarin's secret police (or Chekists). Ungols who serve in the Palace Guard are watched closely. The most trusted are enticed with rewards to train with the Chekists and return to their home villages as "legal advisors." Their mission usually involves persuading village elders to "modernise" outdated Ungol laws. Gospodar Chekists are occasionally recruited from the Palace Guard as well, but not as frequently, or deliberately, as Ungols.

Kislev's regular Kossars are becoming resentful of the Palace Guard, having watched them receive additional wages and perks even as their own wages are lowered.

Adventure Seeds

Civil Disobedience: Kislevite immigrants have been refused hunting and fishing rights in an Imperial province, and families are starving as a result. A rally has been organised to protest the baron's draconian policy. The Kislevites need trained warriors, just in case the situation becomes ugly.

Nightmares Come True: The Kossar is haunted by recurring nightmares of crimes committed by his old regiment against innocent civilians. If the Kossar seeks help from a priest or mystic, he's told that the Pleasure Lord has a hold on his soul, and that only by confronting his personal daemons firsthand will he ever sleep peacefully.

Kithband Warrior

There are dark things lurking within these woods. Be wary.



(Core) Some Elves live in secluded glades deep inside the great forests. As the taint of Chaos has become worse, these Elven lands have declined. Within the Empire few Elven communities are left, the largest being in Laurelorn. Beneath the boughs of the forest the Elves fight a hidden battle with Beastmen and other foul creatures. Small units of warriors, known as Kithbands, take the fight to the enemy. As their name indicates, Kithbands are made up of Elves from related family groups and they fight under their clan emblems. These skilled bowmen protect the Elf settlements from the dark things of the wood. Every bow is needed to stave off the destruction of the remaining Elf lands of the Empire.

Note: Only Elves of woodland origin can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+10%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Heal ***or*** Search, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Silent Move

Talents: Marksman ***or*** Rover, Rapid Reload ***or*** Warrior Born

Trappings: Elfbow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Hunter, Messenger

Career Exits: Hunter, Outrider, Scout, Vagabond, Veteran

Affiliations

Kithband warriors who wander out into the lands of the Old World can feel like fish out of water, and may soon want for understanding company. Many men of the Empire feel rather distrustful of elves, suspicious of their fey and mysterious nature. Some of this distaste does stem from actions taken by elves, but mostly it is due to a subconscious bitterness men bear towards them because of their grace and longevity.

The priests of Taal and Rhya are more understanding. They know something of elven ways and are keen to keep on good terms with the folk of the woodland. Magisters of the Amber and Jade Colleges also tend to be less ignorant of elves than other men of the Empire.

Elven communities in human lands are not common, but there are sizeable Elven quarters in some cities, such as Marienburg and L'Anguille. While there can be friction between elves and mankind, most cities grudgingly welcome the addition of these talented strangers.

Notable Figure: Aeleador Truesight

As a youth, Aeleador readily admitted a sense of ennui to his elders in the Laurelorn forest, and told them he desired to travel the lands of the Empire. The elders were loathe to let one of their much needed archers go wandering, and they deliberated with Aeleador regarding his rather eccentric wish.

However, his mind was set. The sent him on his way with the traditional warning, that he was never to let anyone know about life in Laurelorn or how to find the elves dwelling there, on pain of never being allowed to return.

Aeleador travelled first to the city of Middenheim, but was so struck by the alien nature of the stone buildings crammed together on a pinnacle of rock, that he turned south and made for Delberz instead.

He receives a great deal of attention, for an elf travelling alone along the roads of the Empire is not a common sight. The rushed pace of human life, juxtaposed with their lumpish and ungainly physical appearance, is bewildering to Aeleador, but he remains fascinated by it all the same. At the same time, he is horrified to see how wastefully humans treat the land, with their inefficient farms and their polluting industries.

Adventure Seeds

The Cult of the Red Crown: The cult is very interested to know more about the elven community in Laurelorn. These devotees of Tzeentch help raise and equip forces of beastmen and mutants within the forests of the Empire, planning one day to unleash a mighty army that will sweep all before it. Many times their forces have been cut down by elven arrows, and some members of the cult believe it's very important to wipe the elves of Laurelorn out before they can muster their forces unmolested. Because of this they will be very keen to 'talk' to any kithband warriors they notice travelling about the Empire.

A Dying Request: Whilst travelling, an adventuring party come across a heavily-wounded elf who tells a tale of making a miraculous escape from a goblin raiding party. He has been tortured, and to his shame, divulged the location of a hidden elf community to the greenskins. He now seeks the goblins before they can do any further damage and urges the PCs to help him chase and kill his quarry. Of course, should one of the PCs be a kithband warrior they will feel obliged to provide their kinsman with assistance.



Knight

When we fight with honour, we bring honour to our house.

(Core) Knights are professional Soldiers, generally, but not always of Noble blood. They specialize in fighting in heavy armour while using large weapons, often from horseback, and comprise a general's most elite shock troops. Many Knights have a duty to protect the lower classes, though not all of them acknowledge it. There are a large number of knightly orders hailing from both the Empire and Bretonnia, such as the Knights of the White Wolf, the Knights Panther, the Reiksgard Knights, and the Grail Knights. Religious orders of Knights are known as templars.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+25%	–	+15%	+15%	+15%	+5%	+15%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry *or* Religion), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Dodge Blow, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Flail *or* Morning Star, Lance, Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Shield, Religious Symbol, 25 *gc*, Destrier with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Noble Lord, Pistolier, Sergeant, Squire, Vampire Hunter

Career Exits: Captain, Initiate, Knight of the Inner Circle, Noble Lord, Vampire Hunter

A Day in the Life

The knight lives wakes in luxurious surroundings, as he is typically a member of the nobility or amongst the most valued retainers of the gentry. He is attended to by his Squire, a young man who hopes to earn a knighthood himself one day and acts as a Knight's personal assistant until such time.

He spends much of the day in training, practising on foot or horseback whilst wearing a suit of armour. The knight practises combat on foot, honing his skills with sword and shield, or he will mount his horse to charge at a quintain, a training dummy designed to improve his accuracy with the lance.

In the evening the knight attends to courtly matters, socialising among the aristocracy at dances, feasts, and other entertainments. The knight plays a relatively minor role at such occasions, usually there simply to flatter the lords and flirt with the ladies. Should talk turn to military matters he will take a more active role, giving his opinions and advice to any who who listen.

From time to time the knight will be called to fight. This will often be the mock battles of the tourney field, where the knight will pit himself against others using blunt swords and hollow lances. Despite the many precautions taken tournaments are still dangerous tests of skill, leading some unkind commentators to draw a comparison between knights and pit fighters. However, it is when war breaks out that the Knight proves his worth. Knights that are otherwise engaged may pay scutage (or shield duty) to avoid military service, but many proudly and ably join the elite shock cavalry of the armies of the Old World.

Affiliations

Knights walk in two distinct circles, the military and the aristocracy. They provide the soldiers of the Old World with leadership drawn from the nobility (which a great many consider important and proper), as well as devastating cavalry charges known to break entire armies with their fury. Knights earn the respect their more courtly peers do not by demonstrating a willingness to appear on the field of battle and play an important part in the swirling melee of combat.

At court, knights provide the nobility with military advisors who speak their own language and sympathise with the concerns of statecraft. Whilst common soldiers may have more battlefield experience than many knights, they usually lack the education and perspective requisite to see the bigger picture of warfare and politics, and so are rarely called on to act as advisors.

Adventure Seeds

A Call to Arms: One of the noble lords of the Empire is warmongering (again). He plans to defend the Empire by crusading against one of its many enemies. All knights currently associated with his court are expected to join in his military adventure, or compensate him in some other fashion.

Raising the Stakes: A tournament is being held at an important town in the Empire to mark a holiday, and knights from all around are arriving to compete. However some individual has conspired to sow confusion and distrust throughout the knights by replacing some of the hollow lances with military grade weapons.

Knight Errant

Thou hast not heard of me nor of mine great deeds? Let me rectify that.

(KotG) 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.



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: Characters who are not male Bretonnian nobles must pretend to be so in order to become Knights Errant.

Little Known Facts

Knights errant are, by their very nature, young and inexperienced. Once the king or a senior noble feels the knight errant has had enough experience and proven his skill and bravery, he promotes the knight to a Knight of the Realm.

Knights errant tend to travel a great deal, seeking every opportunity to win acclaim, and so they usually travel with few worldly possessions. Most knights errant carry their arms and armour, their horse's gear, one or two sets of basic clothing, a few small coins, some food, and a few personal items.

Some knights cover their shields, hiding their heraldic device to show that they are seeking experience and justice rather than personal glory. This rarely happens with a knight errant, however. They are, after all, trying to establish their reputation, and so they take every opportunity to display their device and proclaim their name and lineage.

Knights errant are renowned for answering any and all calls to arms. They are also the first in line for any charge and the last to retreat, as their headstrong nature overwhelms their common sense and their sense of strategy.

Notable Figures

Sir Tomas the Shieldless is renowned among the younger knights of Bretonnia. A poor young stablehand, his life changed one night when he aided an old knight battling a pack of brigands. Out of gratitude, the knight, Sir Geoffrey, took Tomas as his squire.

Tomas served Sir Geoffrey faithfully for two years, until the day they had the misfortune to run into the same brigands a second time. They drove off the brigands again, but this time Sir Geoffrey was mortally wounded. Before he died he knighted Tomas and bequeathed his armour, weapons, and horse to the youth.

The armour was old and dented but still serviceable, the horse in good health, the sword well-kept – but the knight's shield had been shattered by a heavy mace blow. Tomas threw it aside, vowing that he would carry no shield until he had earned a heraldic device of his own, and charged off to find the men who had killed his mentor.

Sir Tomas continues his search for his patron's murderers to this day. He has won some fame as an honest knight with decent sword skills and excellent horsemanship. However, he has yet to earn the rank of Knight of the Realm, so he continues to travel and to try proving his worth.

Adventure Seeds

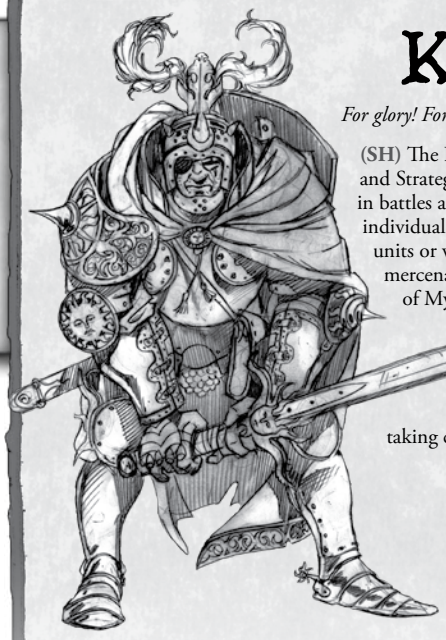
Deaths in the Woods: Someone – or something – has been killing travellers as they pass through the forest. The victims' bodies are never found, and the few steeds recovered have been terrified into madness. This seems the perfect chance for a knight errant to prove his worth!

A False Knight: A young maiden stumbles into the inn one night, calling for help. She claims a cruel knight invaded her home and now torments her parents and makes unwanted advances toward her sister. She escaped to seek aid. How could any knight errant refuse such a damsel? However, is all as it seems?

ADVANCED

Knight of the Blazing Sun

For glory! For honour! For Myrmidia!



(SH) The Knights of the Blazing Sun are an order of templars dedicated to Myrmidia, Goddess of Soldiers and Strategy. Their order has spread from Tilea and Estalia in recent centuries, championing their cult's values in battles across the Old World. Gathering as a large force only rarely, they instead travel in small groups or individually, acting as advisors to nobles and their generals on the art of war. Sometimes they command units or whole armies in the field, using their skills and reputation to keep militia troops from breaking and mercenaries loyal. More and more in the south of the Empire, the Knights of the Blazing Sun and the Cult of Myrmidia are seen as a challenge to the martial primacy of the Cult of Ulric and the Knights of the White Wolf.

At some point in his career, a Knight of the Blazing Sun will be sent out on his own for one to two years, to test what he has learned and forge his skills in the crucible of combat. Many an isolated village, farmstead, or coaching inn has been saved by a young Knight taking charge of the defence.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	–	+10%	+20%	+20%	+10%	+15%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Command, Common Knowledge (Estalia or Tilea), Dodge Blow, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Templar), Speak Language (Estalian or Tilean)

Talents: Disarm, Etiquette, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure

Trappings: Buckler or Shield, Destrier with Saddle and Harness, Hand Weapon (Sword) or Rapier, Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Lance or Spear, Religious Symbol (Myrmidia)

Career Entries: Anointed Priest (Myrmidia), Knight, Noble Lord, Priest (Myrmidia), Sergeant, Squire

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Explorer, Initiate, Knight of the Inner Circle

A Day in the Life

A Knight of the Blazing Sun lives in a similar fashion as other knights, but there are some notable differences. The knights spend a great deal of time training in rather unusual methods of warfare, unafraid to experiment with ploys, tactics, and equipment other Knightly Orders might overlook. Many of the Knights are fine archers, leading to the formation of the Knights of the Verdant Field. Some of the knights use highly burnished shields, employed to dazzle the knights' opponents with reflected sunlight.

The knights also spend a deal of time in the discussion of broader military tactics, the deployment and manoeuvre of entire armies, use of terrain, and placement of artillery. While all knights have a grounding in military theory, the greatest tacticians in the Empire may be found within the ranks of the Knights of the Blazing Sun.

Affiliations

The Knights of the Blazing Sun are noted for their devotion to Myrmidia, and work alongside the priests of her cult. The Knights are known to travel regularly to Estalia and Tilea to visit important members of the cult and listen to their plans and concerns.

The knights have their chapterhouse in Carroburg, and have extensive contacts and influence in the city and its surroundings. They have fought alongside the armies of Carroburg on many occasions and are regarded as heroes by many people in the city.

The Knights of the Verdant Field are an offshoot of the Knights of the Blazing Sun. The two orders sometimes train together, using elite archery to compliment the devastating cavalry charges. This relationship means that the Knights of the Blazing Sun are also regularly seen in the city of Talabheim, and they have many contacts with the nobility, military forces, and cult of Myrmidia there.

The Knights of the Blazing Sun are generally seen as a valuable contribution to the Empire's military who are often consulted for strategic advice. However, members of the cult of Ulric can be dismissive of the Knights of the Blazing Sun, regarding those who look to Myrmidia for military inspiration as unwise and unmanly.

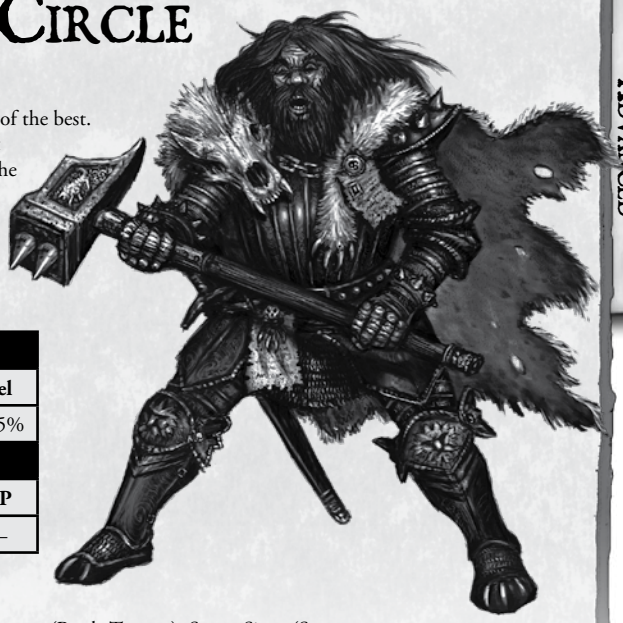
Adventure Seeds

The Statue: Some elements of the Knights of the Blazing Sun claim that the great brass statue that fell upon the Black Guard of Emir Wasr now has its spiritual home in Carroburg. Some members of the Myrmidian cult in Magritta actually agree, as they reason it would help spread the influence of the goddess in the north, but most swear that they would rather die than give up their statue. Diplomatic relations between the Empire and Estalia are not always cordial and Reikland nobles have caught wind of the tensions. They have been heard to mutter that relocating the statue would be just the thing to "show those ungrateful Estalians what's what."

Who Needs Enemies?: A regiment of Knights of the Blazing Sun are called to take part in a battle alongside a regiment of Knights of the White Wolf. The White Wolf captain is particularly disparaging of Myrmidia and her feminine southern ways. So disdainful is he that, should the Knights of the Blazing Sun become mired in a punishing melee, he might just let them get "a bit of a bloody nose" rather than race to their assistance. The captain of the Knights of the Blazing Sun will be outraged if he realises other knights behaved in a manner that resulted in unnecessary casualties.

Knight of the Inner Circle

To me, brave knights! Together we shall purge the land of this threat to the Empire!



(Core) Within each knightly order there are those who rise to the top, the best of the best. They have proven themselves valiant and loyal time and time again and for that they are brought into the inner circle of the order. They command Knights in the field, represent the order at court, and make the important decisions. They are some of the greatest warriors the Old World has to offer and many of them have been entrusted with dangerous secrets about the foundations of their group. Each one of them aspires to become the Grand Master of his order. That is the pinnacle of knighthood.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+35%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+15%	+25%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry or Religion), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout or Templar), Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Kislevian, or Tilean)

Talents: Etiquette, Lightning Parry, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Buckler or Main Gauche, Rapier or Foil, Heavy Armour (Best Craftsmenship Full Plate Armour), Religious Symbol, 50 gc

Career Entries: Knight, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Noble Lord, Witch Hunter

The Secret Histories of Knightly Orders

Many knightly orders have a mythology regarding their founding and the famous (or infamous) deeds that occurred throughout their history. Knights of the Inner Circle regard it as their responsibility to become familiar with these tales, and also to keep them secret.

These histories are usually somewhat more fanciful than the official versions. For example, everyone with any interest in the Order of the Blazing Sun knows that a pivotal episode in its formation was an earthquake that caused a statue of Myrmidia to fall upon the Black Guard of Wasr the Cruel at the Battle of Magritta. Knights of the Inner Circle, however, are taught that the Order has an older heritage. Forebears of the Knights fought as a bodyguard to Ottokar, a ruler in antiquity forgotten by all but classics scholars and playwrights. He boasted he had met the goddess and she had fallen in love with him. The stories have it that there was no earthquake during the battle, but that one of the knightly captains had thrown off his helmet in a moment of desperation and kissed the foot of the goddess. He beseeched her for aid, and she promptly toppled over and crushed his enemies.

Why knightly orders are so secretive about their histories is also a secret. If an unkind commentator learned of them he might claim that the reticence was due to the fact that anyone with a serious interest in history would find these yarns laughable. Still, most knightly orders persist in handing down such stories.

The Grand Master

The most senior of the Knights of the Inner Circle, and the nominal heads of each of the knightly orders, are the grand masters. The grand masters are some of the most well-known military men of the Empire, admired by the aristocracy (to whom they invariably belong) and common people alike.

The grand master is expected to be a paragon of knighthood, and as such must display both great physical prowess and knowledge on subjects such as history and warfare.

In times of war the grand masters regularly take to the field of battle alongside their knights, inspiring them with the same sort of awe the knights themselves inspire in the common soldiery.

Adventure Seeds

Damage Control: Recently a news-sheet has published a rather unkind account about some of the secrets held to be sacred by the Knights Panther. The grand master has called an emergency conclave of his most trusted knights, telling them to make sure the news story is hushed up and that the source of the leaks is found and made to recant.

Nonsensical Ravings or Divine Inspiration?: The grand master of the Order of the Fiery Heart is suffering from a grievous wound and has summoned the Knights of the Inner Circle to his bedside. The man is raving in a fever, bawling about a vision he saw of Grand Theogonist Volkmar (who the knights are sworn to protect) standing at the head of an army of daemons. The Grand Master pronounces that Volkmar should be disposed of and Arch Lector Esmer made Grand Theogonist once and for all. Furthermore, he says, the man who kills Volkmar should be made grand master. He then coughs up a gout of diseased blood and expires. The Knights are left in confusion, some of them claiming that the Grand Master was out of his mind, others taking his final words as a message from Sigmar.

ADVANCED

Knight of the Raven



We shall return these abominations to the very earth that spat them out!

(NDM) The Fellowship of the Shroud believes in taking the battle to the enemy. Their very best warriors form an order known as the Knights of the Raven, and their mandate is very clear: destroy every Skeleton, Zombie, and Shade upon the earth and exterminate the necromancers and Vampires who summon them. Unlike their sister order the Black Guard, the Knights of the Raven are ruthless and aggressive, seeking out their enemy rather than waiting for Undead to come to them. At the moment, a great many of the knights are stationed in the town of Siegfriedhof of Stirland on the border of Sylvania. So far, they have only conducted raids, but as their numbers and intelligence grows, and the truth about Mannfred's return becomes undeniable, they will begin a crusade to take that bleak land away from its dark lords once again.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+35%	+15%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+15%	+30%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Necromancy, Strategy/Tactics, Theology), Animal Training, Common Knowledge (any), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton *or* Kislevian)

Talents: Cool-headed *or* Sixth Sense, Focussed Strike *or* Sharpshooter, Lightning Parry, Marksman, Master Gunner *or* Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow *or* Longbow, Parrying *or* Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Strike to Injure, Strong-minded

Trappings: Full Plate Armour (Heavy), Lance, Longbow or Crossbow *or* Two Pistols, Shield *or* Sword-Breaker *or* Greatweapon, 1 Silvered or Blessed Weapon, 4 Hawthorn Stakes, Blessed Water, Symbol of the Raven

Career Entries: Black Guard, Knight, Knight of the Inner Circle

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Killer of the Dead, Knight of the Inner Circle, Witch Hunter

A Day in the Life

The life of the Knights of the Raven is more arduous than that of a typical knight. Their camp in Seigfriedhof is far removed from the comfortable surroundings most knights are used to. The vampiric lords of Sylvania are aware their enemies are mustering, and they are careful to keep a close eye on the Knights, instructing their minions to spy on them and even attack them should the opportunity present itself.

The knights have a reputation of being plagued by accident and affliction. Whilst many knights suffer injury or even death whilst training or jousting, such ill fortune seems to strike at the Knights of the Raven more frequently than most. Hunting parties near Seigfriedhof claim that they are more likely to encounter a dangerous beast if a Knight of the Raven rides with them. In the town the knights seem to be involved in coach accidents or injured in tavern brawls on a regular basis.

The knights know these mishaps are orchestrated by the creatures they have sworn to destroy. Every time one of their number falls victim to the ploys of the vampires, they steel themselves with added determination to wipe their foes from the face of the Old World. Some knights become impetuous under such circumstances, and after an uncanny spate of accidents it is not unknown for a group of knights to disappear into Sylvania to seek vengeance.

Affiliations

The Knights of the Raven are members of the Cult of Morr and have a great deal of influence with his priests. They are also known to many members of the Mourners' Guilds in the towns and cities in the Empire. The knights are considered senior to the Black Guard who protect sites sacred to Morr, and some friendly rivalry exists between the two groups.

As experts in fighting the undead the knights are often consulted by those who face them in battle, either singly or as part of an army. Vampire hunters and troll slayers might seek their advice on what it is to face a vampire in single combat, while the generals of armies mustered to meet an undead threat may consult them on what strategies and tactics to employ in war.

The knights also search for any lore or advice concerning vampires and their minions. They may cultivate contacts such as Strigany Mmystics or Amethyst Magisters to better understand the foe they seek to wipe from the Old World.

Adventure Seeds

When Opportunity Knocks: A Knight of the Raven has researched diligently into the lore of the vampires. He has learned of their links with ancient Khemri. When rumours reach him of a Khemrian tomb recently discovered in the Borderlands he considers that leaving his post in Siegfriedhof to investigate further. The knight has little interest in the treasures rumoured to be found there, but hopes to come across ancient texts, or copy down hieroglyphics that might shed more light on his enemies.

No Safe Secrets: The vampires of Sylvania send minions to spy on their enemies and assail them if possible, and a Knight of the Raven could attract all sorts of unwanted attention as a result. Bestial minions might simply attack the knight if an opportunity arises, but more subtle minions might try to discredit the knight, reporting any illicit activities he might partake in, or any unsavoury associates he might have to local agitators or newssheets. Finding and neutralising these spies will become paramount if the party want to operate with any secrecy or privacy.

Knight of the Realm



I shall protect this land until my last breath. It is my solemn duty, and I shall not fail.

(KotG) 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 of *Knights of the Grail* are primarily Knights of the Realm.

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.

Arms and Armour of a Knight of the Realm

The knight wears a mail coat as his main defence, though solid schynbalds protect the shins and poleyns guard the knees. The elbow is protected by a simple couter, the disk design used here is primitive even by the standards of Bretonnian armour and, together with the studded leather vambraces worn on the forearm, suggests a poor knight. The coat extends to just above the knees and down the arms where it forms mail mittens. Beneath the mail is worn a vertically quilted padded coat.

A brigandine is worn over the mail. This is a canvas jacket lined with plates of metal or whalebone secured by rivets. The helm is attached by a chain to the mail coif beneath, to prevent loss in battle and, unusually for a Bretonnian knight, bears no crest. This man does not bear any aillettes, small shield-shaped bits of parchment or wood bearing his heraldry. Instead he wears many badges pinned to the ends of his belt or to the straps attached to the edge of his coif.

The knight carries a sword and a small flanged mace he might employ in preference against heavily armoured opponents. A boar commonly appears on the heraldries of knights from Artois in memory of Morthanok, a dangerous beast slain by a Lord of Artois to make the centrepiece of a feast for the Companions of Gilles the Uniter.

Accusations Regarding the Anachronistic Quality of Bretonnian Wargear

Military experts in the Empire often remark on the fact that the Bretonnians persist in utilising wargear that other armed forces of the Old World relegated to museums centuries ago. Their armour is (by varying degrees) cumbersome, expensive, difficult to repair, and slow to produce in comparison to modern designs.

Many theories are proposed for this. Some remark on Bretonnia's isolation from the dwarf holds of the World's Edge Mountains (whose help was invaluable in developing the intricate plate armour and gunpowder weapons famously employed by the Empire's armies), whilst others blame it on a complacent attitude that is supposedly intrinsic to the inhabitants of the kingdom. When pressed on the subject most Bretonnians are dismissive, claiming piety protects better than steel.

Adventure Seeds

The Bretonnian Way: The Bretonnian King is sending a new ambassador to Karl Franz's court in Altdorf, and a group of knights are to accompany him. The Bretonnian knights are the object of subtle derision; military men in the Empire find their ways folksy and bewildering. A tournament is being organised to mark the Emperor's birthday, and the Bretonnian knights have vowed to do all they can to humiliate the Empire knights in the joust. Cheating wouldn't be chivalrous, and might even engender an international incident, but then again national pride is at stake.

A Careless Youth Turned Knight: As a young man, the knight was slothful and preferred to fish whilst everyone else prayed at the Grail Chapel. One day he drew forth a strange creature from the Ois, an eelish thing of surpassing ugliness. He threw it into the village well and forgot all about it. He later went to Araby as a knight errant for many years. He returned older and more responsible to claim his late father's estate, but found the village in decline. A year ago a huge Dracoleech slithered from the well. The villagers have learned to sate it by leaving sheep by its lair in a fast-flowing stretch of the Ois, but keeping it fed is causing great hardship. They beg the Knight to fix his mistake by putting the monster to death.

ADVANCED



Knight of the Verdant Field

Our work is not done here. More evil lurks within the heart of Drakwald.

(TiT) The Knights of the Verdant Field are an order of Templars dedicated to the protection of Talabheim in the name of their militaristic Goddess, Myrmidia. They are warriors in the true sense of the word, trained to wage war in the forests and wild areas of their homeland. Though they rarely leave the confines of Talabheim, their skills serve them equally well from the Great Forest to the Drakwald. Although the Knights of the Verdant Field come from all walks of life, they share a single motivation: to serve their Goddess and protect their people.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Charm Animal, Command ***or*** Intimidate, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival ***or*** Scale Sheer Surface, Perception, Ride, Search, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue) ***or*** Secret Signs (Ranger)

Talents: Fleet Footed ***or*** Keen Senses, Orientation, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Strike Mighty Blow ***or*** Sure Shot

Trappings: Hand Weapon (sword), Light Armour (Leather Jack, Leather Leggings), Longbow with 10 arrows.

Career Entries: Hunter, Initiate (of Myrmidia), Mercenary, Militiaman, Outrider, Soldier, Woodsman

Career Exits: Priest, Scout, Veteran

A Most Unusual Knight

The Knights of the Verdant Field bear a closer resemblance to the foresters accompanying the Empire's armies than typical knights. Indeed, members of the other knightly orders have trouble recognising the Knights of the Verdant Field as peers.

They are trained and equipped in their atypical manner in order to undertake an effective defence of Talabheim. Manning the Taalbaston walls, skirmishing in the Taalgrunhaar Forest and street fighting within Talabheim itself, all require their unorthodox style.

Myrmidian military theorists first tried to task the Knights of the Blazing Sun with these duties, and while they performed admirably, the terrain involved did not favour deployment of heavily armoured horsemen. Instead, the Knights of the Verdant Field were conceived as a new order of knights trained as archers. The first members were select Knights of the Blazing Sun with a talent for archery and the humility to give up their traditional military methods.

The Knights of the Verdant Field have yet to commit to a battlefield in any great number, but they have proved their worth on many occasions by seeing off beastman raiding parties that stray close to the Taalbaston.

Notable Figure

Otto Feuerbach is a minor member of one of Talabheim's most powerful families. Though distantly related to the missing Elector of Talabheim, Otto has little time for political intrigue and harbours no ambitions for an electoral seat. He has had an interest in military matters since childhood and is a keen archer, having practised as a youth on his father's estate near Klarfeld.

Otto witnessed a demonstration of the Knights of the Verdant Field one summer while he oversaw the manning of a watch tower on the Taalbaston walls. A marauding band of mutants had snuck in under the trajectory of the tower's artillery pieces, and was in the process of scaling the walls when they were cut down by a flurry of arrows. Otto was sure that if they had made the ramparts good men would have died. Otto was even more impressed when he learned that the Knights had been hidden in positions outside the walls, sitting in hiding mere metres from the mutants' position until the perfect moment to launch their attack.

Otto was So impressed he visited the Temple of Myrmidia, sharing his military insights with the priests there. Otto went on to be inducted into the Cult of Myrmidia and now fights in the ranks of the Knights of the Verdant Field.

Adventure Seeds

Covert Training: An enterprising Knight of the Verdant Field is keen to learn more of elven tactics to further hone his company's skills. However, the Knight is reluctant to make his efforts known to his fellow knights, uncertain how they will respond to seeking aid from the wood elves. The Knight of the Verdant field decides to secretly sponsor a group to make contact with the wood elves, offering them gifts or favours on the knight's behalf in exchange for knowledge of how best to operate as an elite skirmishing band of archers.

Reclaiming Honor: Recently the Skaven boiled out of the sewers to wage war on Talabheim. A young recruit of the Knights of the Verdant Field deserted his post in panic as the area filled with caustic gas. He admitted his cowardice to the priests of Myrmidia. They decide he cannot return to the city unless he bears the head of Ghark Manspitter, the leader of a band of beastmen who have been raiding farmsteads surrounding the Taalbaston.

Knight Panther

Why sail to faraway lands for a pelt? We have no shortage of mountain lions right here in the Empire. It would be comparable to visiting Norsca in search of a Chaos cult.



(ToC) Knights Panther are distinguished from other knights by their tall helmet crests topped by the image of a Beastman head. This is a change from the spotted great cat of their past, though they retain the distinctive pattern in their saddlecloths.

To be accepted into this order, a squire must hunt down and kill a great forest cat single-handedly, placing its skin beneath his saddle when knighted. Thereafter, the Knight Panther divides his time between serving the Graf and going on private quests to destroy the minions of Chaos wherever they are found.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+30%	–	+15%	+15%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Coolheaded, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Warrior Born

Trappings: Hand Weapon (Sword), Lance, Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), Shield, Destrier with Full Plate Barding, Saddle, and Harness, 50 *gc*

Career Entries: Knight, Noble Lord, Sergeant, Squire, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Knight of the Inner Circle, Veteran, Witch Hunter

Chapter Houses

The Knights Panther are headquartered in a stout fortress built in the modern style, just a few miles from Carroburg. From here, the Grand Master Baron Heinrich von Torlichhelm oversees a dozen or more chapter houses scattered mainly across Reikland and Middenland. The second largest chapter house is located in Talabheim. Its knights report to Carroburg as a formality, but they serve under the employ of Countess Elise Krieglitz-Untern. The third largest Knights Panther chapter house represents the Graf's personal bodyguard in Middenheim. The Graf's bodyguard is known for its righteous and highly decorated knights.

The banquet halls of Knights Panther chapter houses are adorned with the helms of its members from generations past. Because the order dates as far back as the Arabyan crusades of the 15th century, many of the panther head coverings on these memorial helms have turned to desiccated leather. Each chapter house also mounts a splendidly crafted standard behind the head of its banquet table. The order's magic battle standard is kept by the Carroburg chapter house, but any chapter may requisition it for conflicts against powerful Chaos sorcerers. Chapter houses have scrollwork slogans inscribed in Classical above their entrances. Typical slogans are short statements like "Regis Pantera", or "Pantera Deus".

Baron Heinrich von Torlichhelm, Grand Master of the Knights Panther

Baron von Torlichhelm was elected to the position of Grand Master both for his diplomacy, and for his purity of faith. He has been forced to mediate countless disputes between his own knights and those of the White Wolf, for Ulricans have long memories and it was publicly known that von Torlichhelm's predecessor was an unwitting pawn of Chaos. As a result, Knights Panther are frequently accused by the White Wolves of granting mercy to mutants and cultists, which only spurs them to greater violence. The Knights Panther's past indignity has become something of a private joke among the White Wolfs. Torlichhelm himself is a devout follower of both Sigmar and Ulric, and was known before his election as a generous benefactor of both cults.

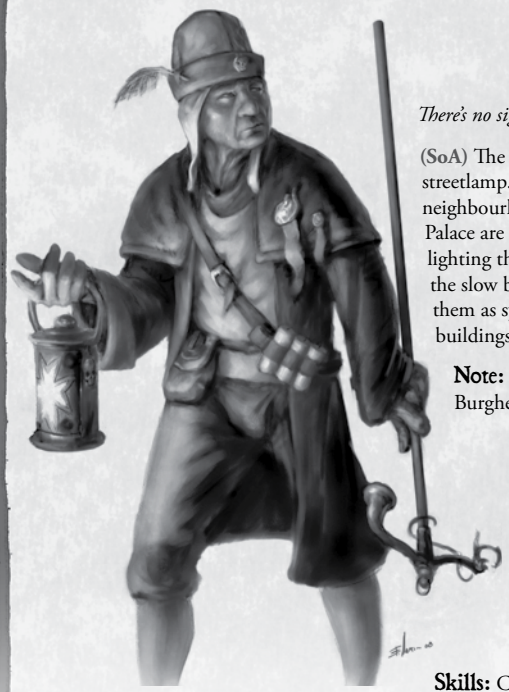
The most zealous Sigmarites among the Knights Panther believe that von Torlichhelm was elected purely to appease the Ulricans, which they regard as disgraceful pandering. Overall, however, von Torlichhelm has made significant progress mending fences. He encouraged the Knights Panther to display beastman heads on their helms in place of the traditional cats, and convinced the Graf to appoint a Midden Marshal's son to his Knight Panther honour guard. Von Torlichhelm's biggest challenge will be to preserve the Knights Panther's long-standing traditions through this period of change.

Adventure Seeds

Beastmen Abound: One of the more conservative chapters has refused to adopt the new practice of wearing beastman heads, claiming they're unclean. A knight from another chapter is sent to persuade them of the need for unity. Soon after his arrival, they receive news of a beastman warherd on the move.

The Poor and Wretched: A knight's chapter is launching attacks into a forest where hundreds of mutants have taken refuge. On one expedition, the knight's unit happens upon a small leper colony. Half the knights wish to slay the refugees, claiming they can't risk overlooking any mutants, whilst the other half would rather show the lepers mercy. Heated debate ensues.

Basic



Lamplighter

There's no sight more beautiful than the sun rising over the streets of Altdorf… ah… bed time!

(SoA) The Empire's largest cities have a wonder seen nowhere else in the Old World: the streetlamp. They are used to illuminate the major streets and thoroughfares, particularly in wealthy neighbourhoods. Altdorf was the first city to install streetlamps and those surrounding the Emperor's Palace are particularly ornate. Lamplighters are responsible for maintaining the streetlamps and lighting them each night as dusk falls. They carry a variety of candles and matches and some even use the slow burning matches common to firearms. City dwellers are proud of their streetlamps, seeing them as symbols of sophistication and civilisation. Such is the threat of fire in the closely packed buildings that interfering with the lamplighters is punishable by death.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Lamplighter for Burgher with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	–	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol ***or*** Drive, Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface

Talents: Excellent Vision ***or*** Savvy, Flee!, Street Fighting

Trappings: Lamp Oil, 20 Matches, Storm Lantern, Tinderbox, 8 Wax Candles, **10' Lamplighter's Pole**

Career Entries: Charcoal-Burner, Peasant, Rat Catcher, Servant

Career Exits: Agitator, Burgher, Entertainer, Initiate, Servant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Watchman

The Lamper's Tasks

Each district of a city has its own lamplighter, or lamper as he is known. He begins his daily round at dawn, when he patrols his route, snuffing out the streetlamp candles using a small hook on the end of the long pole that is the hallmark of his profession.

He makes a mental note of any candles that need replenishing, or streetlamps that require repairing, and returns later in the day with a ladder and the necessary candles or tools to fix the problem. The lamper is otherwise unengaged during daylight hours, and takes this chance to catch up on his sleep.

Just before dusk, his tasks begin again, when he relights the streetlamps under his supervision, using a wick on the other end of his lamper's pole. He is expected to patrol the streets to ensure that the lamps remain lit. On stormy days, he may have to regularly relight candles snuffed out by a relentless wind. Winter, with its long, cold nights, is a particularly hard time for lamplighters.

Because of their night-time activity, the watch makes extensive use of lamplighters as an extra pair of eyes against crime, but this only serves to make lamplighters a target for the murderous thieves who haunt the night-time streets.

The Festival of Light

At dusk, during the Autumn and Winter Equinox festivals, lamplighters undertake a solemn procession through the streets of the Empire's cities, bearing lanterns aloft on their poles, decorated with colourful string and ribbons. They light the wicks of their lanterns using the sacred flame that burns before the altar of Verena, and are blessed by the temple's priests as lightbringers, tasked with the sacred duty of banishing the darkness of the winter months.

Many townsfolk flock to witness the glittering sight of the lampers' march, and much revelry follows in its wake. The procession winds its way through all the major streets of the city, and the lampers light the streetlamps as they go.

When the march has come full circle, stopping at the gates to Verena's temple, onlookers eagerly count the number of wicks still burning. If no flame has gone out, then the gods have blessed the city with good fortune in the coming year. If most of the wicks have lost their flame, the new year promises woe and privation.

Adventure Seeds

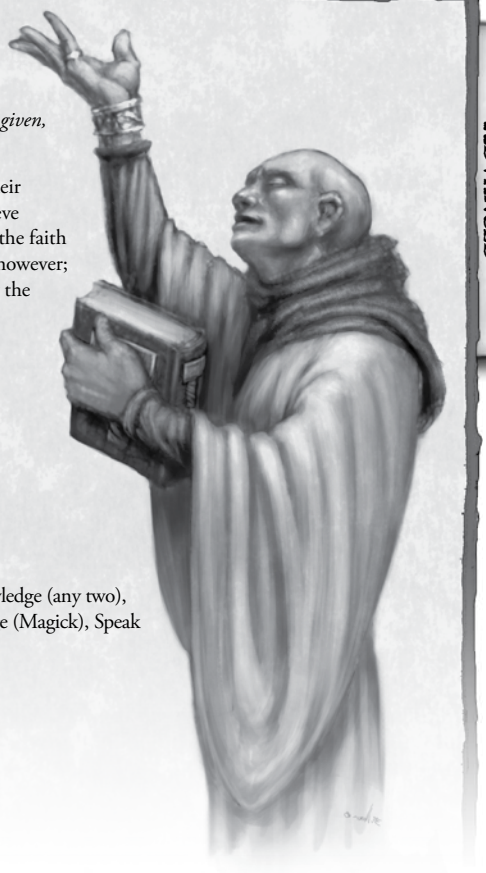
Vandalism: Someone is smashing the city's street lamps. Burglaries are on the increase in the affected areas, and the authorities assume a connection. However, although the lamplighters are extra vigilant, no culprit has yet been found, and the damage continues. Indeed, one old lamplighter claims to have witnessed a streetlamp shattering of its own accord before his eyes. The authorities are determined to find the culprit and quash the growing rumours of poltergeist activity which are unsettling the townsfolk.

Death of a Lamper: A lamplighter has been found in a pool of his own blood, his throat cut, murdered while performing his nightly duties. A high bounty is offered to anyone who can track down the killer.

Lay Priest

The gods cannot possibly answer every plea for aid. Therefore, we must be grateful for the help we are given, and we must always remain prepared to help ourselves.

(New) Priests who serve their god's will through worldly deeds are known as lay priests. Unlike their magical counterparts, lay priests do not labour day and night studying esoteric scriptures to achieve communion with the divine. Instead, lay priests deliver sermons to common folk, for ultimately the faith of the masses is what elevates gods above daemons and spirits. Lay priests are not just preachers, however; they are also tradesmen, scholars and administrators. A god's sphere of influence is manifested by the lay priest's expertise in his field, and the divine ideal is exemplified by his public conduct.



Advanced

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Ride or Swim, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Etiquette, Public Speaking, Resistance to Magic

Trappings: Prayer Book, Good Quality Vestments, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Friar, Initiate, Priest

Career Exits: Friar, Prelate, Priest

Note: Lay Priests have access to the Skills and Talents of their cult (See Appendix V page 244)

A Day in the Life

In the early morning, priests share insights from their prayers and discuss spiritual dilemmas over breakfast. Lay priests then open the temple to visitors and give counsel to supplicants; meanwhile the divine priests meditate in preparation for morning prayer. After prayers, lay priests open the temple's scriptoria, workshops or chapels, where they labour throughout the morning with the aid of initiates. Initiates may be instructed to continue work on their own if any crises of faith or other administrative matters require the lay priest's attention.

Priests consult with each other during the midday meal and decide whether divine intervention should be summoned to fix any unresolved problems. If the ascetic priests' powers are needed elsewhere, then lay priests conduct afternoon services at the temple. Otherwise, lay priests spend the afternoon proselytising among the common folk and administering temple business. Evening prayers are usually attended by all the temple's priests.

From Deeds to Words

Manann: The temples of Manann are staffed by priests who dedicate their lives to nautical cartography, shipbuilding and marine sciences. Their sermons ebb and flow in pace, much like the waves themselves.

Morr: Gardens of Morr require stoneworkers, carpenters and undertakers for burial preparations. Lay priests often perform these tasks when not writing solemn eulogies or attending funeral rites.

Myrmidia: The armouries at Myrmidian temples are maintained by expert weaponsmiths, and lay priests advise army generals on strategic matters. Religious services often resemble military parades.

Ranald: Hidden shrines of Ranald are frequently relocated by the subterfuge of lay priests, who also seek out prospective cult members. The holy word of Ranald is a brief whisper of advice from the shadows.

Shallya: Hospices of Shallya employ skilled physician-priests to attend the sick and injured. Sermons preaching love and compassion are delivered in gentle, soothing tones to ease the listener's soul.

Sigmar: Sigmar's temples are staffed by priests with skill in statesmanship and diplomacy. Sigmarite lay priests are also historians of the Empire, and their sermons usually incorporate moral history lessons.

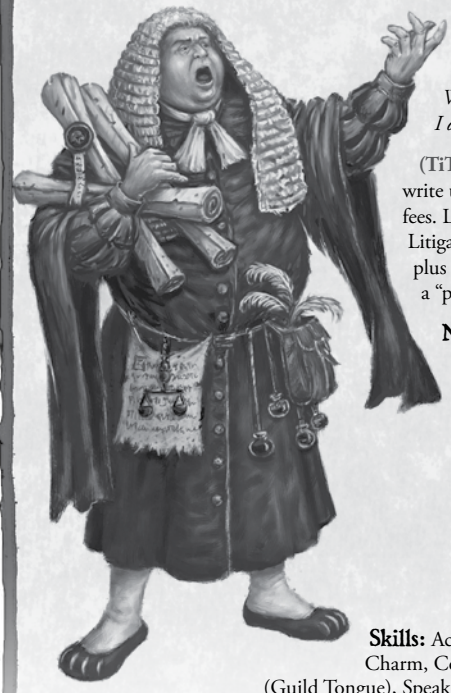
Taal and Rhya: Holy places of Taal and Rhya are tended by priests who are also hunters, woodsmen, farmers and midwives. They address their small congregations using expressive, uncomplicated language.

Ulric: The priests of Ulric's temples are both warriors and politicians. In the northern Empire, priests are also rugged outdoorsmen who preach the honourable traditions of the battle god in rural communities.

Verena: Verena's temples are massive libraries staffed by scribes, archivists and scholars. Lay Priests often study to become lawyers or magistrates. Liturgical rites resemble long, formal university lectures.

Adventure Seeds

Trial by Faith: A visiting high priest from the order's largest temple is testing the local clergy's faith. Each priest must undertake an ordeal to prove his devotion and knowledge of sacred texts. To test the priests' integrity, the exact requirements of the ordeals are kept secret until they're completed. Early on, it becomes evident that the tests are rigourous enough that the lay priest needs to rely on the assistance of others to help complete the ordeal.



Litigant

Well, there are fifteen witnesses who say it was you, and the Watch caught you in the act. Other than that, I don't think they have a case against you.

(TiT) Litigants are common sights both in Talabheim and all the major cities of the Old World. They write up legal documents, interpret the law, and represent individuals in court who are able to afford their fees. Litigants are almost universally reviled, except when someone is in legal trouble and needs assistance. Litigants need to be well versed in both the laws of the Empire and the region they plan to practice law, plus have a great deal of knowledge about day-to-day affairs. Even the lowest-born litigant is considered a "person of letters" to the general populace and may be asked to do things far beyond their training.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Litigant for Scribe with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry *or* History), Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather *or* Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Etiquette, Public Speaking, Savvy *or* Suave

Armour: None

Weapons: Hand Weapon

Trappings: Book of Empire Laws, Writing Kit.

Career Entries: Burgher, Envoy, Exciseman, Scribe, Student, Watchman

Career Exits: Agitator, Demagogue, Guild Master, Merchant, Politician, **Scholar**

Affiliations

Litigants make it their business to know all kinds of professionals, from scribes and scholars to tradesmen and skilled labourers, to merchants, politicians, burghers and even a noble or two.

Successful litigants have a wide network of associates upon whom they rely for advice and services. Litigants frequently employ messengers or coachmen to carry summonses, bills, payments or contracts across town while they themselves are occupied with other matters.

On rare occasions, it may profit a litigant to employ the services of a bounty hunter, or some other person of an unsavoury nature, in the successful pursuit of a case, or to help obtain evidence which may exonerate a client.

Little Known Facts

Litigants represent nobles and wealthy private personages before a magistrate in court.They have spent years learning the laws of the Empire and the local customs particular to the region they are practising in and are adept at reading moods and spinning convincing arguments in favour of their clients.

Hiring a litigant is far from cheap, and the vast majority of people in the Empire can't afford to do so. However, the rich will gladly pay a skilled litigant to help them avoid the unpleasantness of prison. As a result, litigants are hated by the common classes, and are the popular butt of many sneering, bawdy jokes.

Litigants not only need to be experts on the law, they also need to be familiar with the magistrates before whom they must argue their client's cases. Cultivating a modest acquaintance with a magistrate can make all the different when presenting a case. Knowing which palms can and cannot be successfully greased can also have a striking effect on the outcome of a trial.

Travelling litigants tend to be even more rare than travelling magistrates; for one thing, litigants rely heavily on their network of experts to help them, and these tend to be most easily accessed from a fixed location. This means that only the larger cities and towns will have litigants' services available.

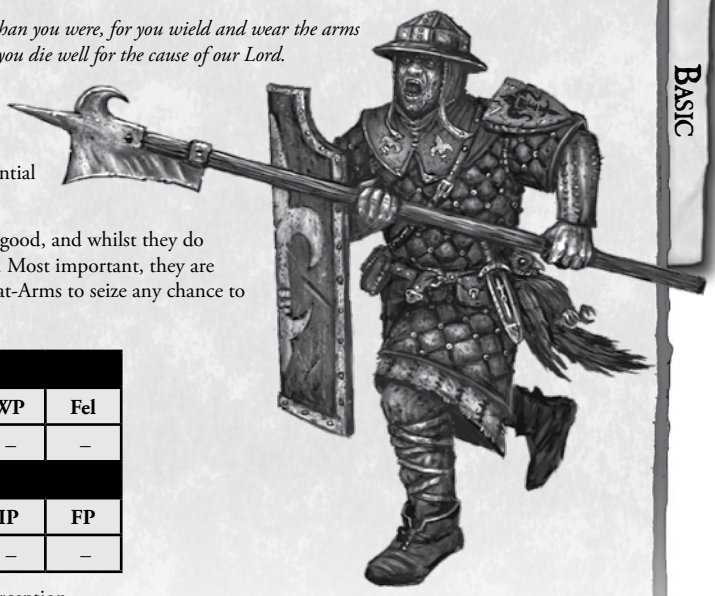
Adventure Seeds

The Dangers of Litigation: A person of high standing is on trial. Many powerful enemies are arrayed against him: rival lords, wealthy merchants, even high priests. The characters are hired by the accused to guard his litigant, protecting him from the skulduggery of his opponents. If the litigant is intimidated, seriously injured or otherwise unable to continue presenting the case, the condemned will surely be found guilty, and his relatives may revenge themselves on those who failed to protect his lawyer.

Not as it Seems: A litigant is being paid to defend a wealthy merchant accused of murdering his mistress. The case seems pretty clear-cut. The accused awoke in bed with the murdered woman, a bloody knife in his hand. However, the litigant is an old friend of the merchant, and does not believe he can be responsible for the crime. He hires the characters to investigate the murder, and they unravel a plot that threatens to destabilise the higher reaches of Imperial society.

Man-at-Arms

You shall fight at his Lordship's command and his whim. You shall be better than you were, for you wield and wear the arms of his Excellency! And you shall die, if that sacrifice be demanded of you, but you die well for the cause of our Lord.



(KotG) 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.

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: Carcassonne Shepherd, Hunter, Peasant, Vagabond, Woodsman

Career Exits: Carcassonne Shepherd, Herrimault, Outlaw, Outrider, Veteran, Yeoman

Note: Women can only enter this career if they are pretending to be men.

Kharmourt's Blades

These elite troops are the personal pride of Baron Larieu of Kharmourt, an adjutant of the Duke of Carcassonne. While other Bretonnian barons might field poorly-trained or under-equipped men-at-arms, his officers train two detachments of greatswordsmen in tabards of black and green – the baron's colors. Those worthies promoted to sergeants are presented with mail coats, while the two commanding veterans proudly wear their lord's raven and toad on their breastplates. All of them brandish greatswords and know how to wield them in close ranks, never losing ground due to disorder or injury to one's fellows. (Many of Sir Larieu's fellow nobles try and fail to lure away some of his officers, hoping to train their men-at-arms to such magnificent discipline.)

Walking Away

"I'm tired, Vaorn. Can't we stop a while and rest? Or at least find some food?"

"Shut it, Artor!" Vaorn whispered over his shoulder. "Do ye want to draw his lordship's hunters or no? We'll be hanged at best, if'n we're caught! Now step where I be once I move…"

The drizzle dampened Artor's leathers and the bog into which he and Vaorn had fled kept soaking over the top of his boots. He kept having to steady himself with his halberd like a staff as they moved through the bog. He hoped he'd not have to use the weapon soon, slimy as it was.

Vaorn had always thought for both of them, even when they were kids. He told him they'd been picked to join his lordship's army, not saying until later which lordship. Artor went along anyway, happy at first for more regular meals and drink than they ever got as stable hands. They got leathers and smart uniforms, and trained to fight with a halberd.

His lordship, the knight Sir Jhollas, promised them land to call their own, land they needed to earn by fighting for him. `Course, they didn't learn they were to reclaim part of cursed Mousillon from the Baron Perryol, until they were marching along the Grismerie.

After two months battling against the poxed and press-ganged forces of the baron, Vaorn was the one to whisper "Pox on this. I'm running..." as they gnawed that night's maggoty biscuit soaked in a cold stew more dog than deer. As always, Artor followed his brother's lead, which brought them to this cold, fetid bog.

Vaorn moved into a patch of reeds, slipped, and splashed into a deep pool, swearing as he fell. He half-rose out of the dark water but lurched forward again before he could fully stand up. The burly man disappeared beneath the surface, the reeds shaking as he fought beneath the fetid water.

Artor whispered, "Vaorn?" before the arm clamped onto his left leg, the putrescent black-green flesh only covering two of five fingers and part of the forearm. *Maybe life as his lordship's man-at-arms weren't so bad as this…*

Adventure Seed

Desperate Action: Men-at-arms stationed in a Black Mountain pass are ordered to defend the Bretonnian frontier against all threats. The captain of the regularly orders his troops into hopeless forays against orcs in an effort to win a promotion and a potential knighthood for himself. Can the fighting men find a way to end the madness before their own lives are forfeit?

Basic

Marauder

Blood! Death! Blood! Death!



(ToC) Most Norsemen are great warriors, blessed with strength at arms and fierce demeanours, but it is the dream of nearly every Norsemen to join the ranks of the greatest warriors, to become Champions of Chaos and bear the marks of their Gods' favour. Until they can prove their value to the Dark Gods, they are simply Marauders. Most Marauders are the core of the Chaos Hordes. They flock to the banners of their Champions, throwing their weight behind any cause, whether it's the bidding of their Gods or the call to battle. When not part of a great army, they spend their time raiding villages of the Empire (Cathay, for Hung Marauders). Natural fighters, they are hardened by the bleak land and bred for battle. They hold all others in contempt.

Note: The Marauder career is open to Norsemen, Kurgan, and Hung. The latter two are generally horsemen, hence this career allows for Marauders that serve as horsemen. For details on these peoples, see **Chapter XII: Hordes of Chaos** in *Tome of Corruption*.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Consume Alcohol, Follow Trail, Navigation, Perception, Ride *or* Sail, Search

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Flail, *or* Two-handed), Strike to Injure

Trappings: Dagger *or* two Javelins, Flail, Great Weapon *or* Demilance, Hand Weapon, Light Armour (Helmet and Leather Leggings), Shield, Tattoos

Career Entries: Berserker, Bondsman, Cult Acolyte, Freeholder, Reaver, Skald, Special*

Career Exits: Chaos Warrior **(ToC)**, Mercenary, Reaver, Slaver, Warleader

*Any character with at least one mutation and the GM's permission may become a Marauder.

A Day in the Life

A marauder lives solely to become a champion of chaos. He knows that many are called, and most die on the way – but that won't happen to him. The belief that he will be one of the few elite, one anointed by Chaos, drives him in every way. There is no doubt possible.

To that end, he exults in death and destruction, as bloody and purposeless as possible. Raids are executed with raw, overwhelming force, not cunning and planning. In the raw, red, fury of battle, there is nothing but the whirling of blades and the pure joy of feeling a fallen foe's heart blood spray across your face. After the fight is done, there is time for a breather, a chance to slay the survivors in gory games of torture and death.

After that... the marauder packs up and moves on, pausing only to occasionally drink and squander his pelf. Eventually, the call will come to join a warband of Chaos, and this is where the marauder can truly show all he has learned on his raids, battling alongside and beastmen as he strives to outperform them in acts of debauched, violent, savagery.

It's a good life.

Affiliations

No matter how skilled he may be, the marauder cannot last long on his own. One marauder is simply a heavily armed madman running loose in a town – he may bring down five or even ten opponents on his own, but he will soon be overwhelmed and slain. Even worse, he may be taken prisoner and forced to die by hanging, not by the blade. So he relies on his band.

A Marauder band is constantly torn by savage violence and bloody fights over the most trivial of causes, or no cause at all. It takes a leader of almost supernatural charisma to hold one together for long.

Bands regularly splinter into new bands, or sometimes merge with others. It is possible, though rare, for some friendships to form among pairs or very small groups of three or four, and these bonds of shield-brothers will stick together as the larger band divides or grows.

Adventure Seeds

The Lesser Evil: The peaceful fishing village has realized that a band of marauders is moving along the coast, and that they are but a few days from slaughter. They seek out the party to provide protection and training, but can offer little in exchange except for rude shelter, dried fish, and some measure of gratitude. It is possible, however, that there could be all manner of heretical cults which have secretly infested the village, and the party may merely be keeping overt Chaos from destroying covert Chaos.

The Right Tool for the Job: Someone needs to die – badly. However, the party doesn't think they're up to the job. A marauder warband is nearby, but they're heading in the wrong direction. If, somehow, the party could divert them to wash over their own target, the slaughter could be accomplished with a minimum of fuss and bother. Of course, controlling a warband is not easy. Infiltration, attack, or trickery might all be used. Parties of Norse descent will have an easier time of it, and if one of their number is a marauder, so much the better!

Marine

So, they think they can just waltz over here and plunder our hold? Let's show 'em wot's wot, boys!



(Core) Marines are ship-borne soldiers who can be found in the Imperial fleet and onboard the larger private vessels. They protect their ships from pirates, Norse marauders, and other raiders. Unlike seamen, whose primary duty is sailing the ship, Marines are onboard only to fight. When in port, Marines frequently form press gangs to fill out the ship's crew. More than one unsuspecting citizen has awoken at sea after taking a belaying pin to the head from an overzealous press ganger. Due to these activities, and their own drunken brawling, Marines are resented in many seaside communities. When raiders attack, however, these same citizens are quick to accept the aid of battle-hardened Marines.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), your character can be from the great port of Marienburg at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+10%	–	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Wasteland) ***or*** Gamble, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gossip ***or*** Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Intimidate, Row, Swim

Talents: Disarm ***or*** Quick Draw, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow ***or*** Crossbow with 10 Arrows ***or*** Bolts, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Shield, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Boatman, Fisherman, Seaman

Career Exits: Mate, Outlaw, Sergeant, Smuggler, Thug

Blackjack Bernhardt

In the coastal village of Brackwater, sea captains with crews to fill turn to Blackjack Burnhardt first. The legendary press-ganger owns the largest boarding-house in town, and has no compunction about drugging and selling his guests.

One late evening, Burnhardt found himself with an urgent order from a desperate captain for a hundred crewmen and little time to spare. Unfortunately for Blackjack, there were very few ships in port at the time and the boarding-house was empty. This meant that the ever-resourceful marine would have to quickly formulate one of his famous cunning plans.

The first step of Blackjack's plot was to charter an old river barge called the Fortuna. Next, Blackjack put out the word that he had inherited a large sum of money, and invited everyone aboard the Fortuna to celebrate his windfall with free mutton and ale. One hundred and twenty men showed up, and the Fortuna put to sea amid much drinking and feasting. Of course the ale was drugged, and Blackjack sailed the Fortuna to a secret cove where the captain awaited his new "crewmen".

Now Blackjack faced a new problem. The whole village of Brackwater had seen the Fortuna sail off with a shipload of drunken revellers. He and his marine brethren were already disliked by many in town who resented their work as press-gangers. Any misstep now could fan the flames of resentment and Blackjack would be run out of town or worse. How was he going to explain the empty barge when it returned to port?

Just as Blackjack resolved to move on and find a new village to haunt, he came upon an Estalian merchant ship run aground. The marine knew good fortune (or Fortuna) when he found it, and sailed the grateful crew home to Brackwater under the noses of his oblivious neighbours.

Boarding Actions

It is a standard business in the Empire for the Imperial fleet and other wealthy private merchants to pay lucrative bounties for captured enemy ships and cargoes. Since the value of an intact ship is considerably greater than that of a towed wreck, tactics had to be devised to allow the seizing of an enemy vessel without destroying it. Collectively these tactics are known as boarding actions.

The boarding action is generally considered the most hazardous venture in any naval engagement. Pirates and privateers live and die by the boarding action as they are only paid for the capture of intact ships and cargoes. In the case of Imperial or merchant fleets, it falls upon the marine to coordinate and carry out boarding actions.

There are two accepted ways of mounting a ship-to-ship boarding action and both are extremely dangerous. The first option is to steer the two ships close enough together for the boarding party to leap across to the enemy deck. The second and less attractive option is for the boarding party to actually row across to the enemy vessel and board it using grappling hooks and rope. Boarding actions also serve a military purpose by dealing a killing blow to crippled ships that might otherwise continue to fight. Important intelligence or prisoners may also be gained before the ship is sent to the bottom.

Adventure Hook

Dishonourably Discharged: Waterfront has it that a former Imperial naval officer turned pirate has taken a heavily laden Bretonnian merchant vessel. To close this embarrassing chapter, the navy will pay much for the renegade's head and more for his ship and cargo.



Master Runesmith

Pay attention. I am not going to repeat myself.

(RoS) Master Runesmiths are the teachers and keepers Rune knowledge. Very few Runesmiths ever rise to this status and of those who do, many stay within their holds, passing on what they have learned to the young and talented Dwarfs in their families. Other Master Runesmiths devote years of their lives to the search for ancient secrets, exploring the world to uncover ancient weapons and artefacts of great age, hoping to recover lost Runes of ancient and fabled Runesmiths. Such quests take Master Runesmiths into dangerous places, such as ruined holds, dragon lairs, the depths of Elven forests, and worse, for much of the Dwarfs territory has, over the centuries, fallen into the hands of their enemies.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+10%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+25%	+35%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+5	–	–	–	+3	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Speak Language (any three), Trade (any two)

Talents: Disarm *or* Strike Mighty Blow, Master Rune (any two), Rune (any ten), Specialist Weapon Group (Flail *or* Two-handed)

Trappings: Two runic items

Career Entries: Journeyman Runesmith

Career Exits: Runelord, Scholar, Veteran

A Day in the Life

The duties of a master runesmith are many. He must oversee the apprentices and journeymen, making sure that they continue on the proper course in their training, as well as work long hours on his own projects, knowing that very few have his skills and that his work may be the only thing which enables his kin to hold off the enemy and protect his home. He must perform the many tasks required of a senior and respected member of his community, tasks which sometimes take him away from his work for hours, days or more.

A good portion of his skill is not just in carving runes; it is also in carving up his time, making sure that everyone gets what they need of him and no more. Given all this, though, it is not surprising that some masters will set off for a time – sometimes a long time – in search of knowledge. These "adventuring masters" are often near-legends, as they will explore the most dangerous places, such as ancient dwarf holds now overrun by the orcs, in their pursuit of forgotten lore.

Little Known Facts

About once per generation, a call will go out to all of the dwarf holds and settlements announcing a Grand Conclave. This occurs during a rare period of low intensity warfare – there is no such thing as peace, but some years are calmer than others.

The conclaves, which take a year to fully plan out, call together large numbers of masters and a handful of very select journeymen and apprentices to a month long gathering where knowledge is shared, old debts are settled and the various other duties and distractions which occupy the masters can be set aside. Such conclaves are, obviously, arranged with great secrecy; none but the invited know of them. If the enemies of the dwarfs found out about one, and attacked with sufficient force, it could be devastating.

It is rumoured that master runesmiths have learned to tie the braids of their beards into runic patterns, making them impervious to harm. Few dare attempt to prove this, but "stonebeard" is a common nickname for a master runesmith.

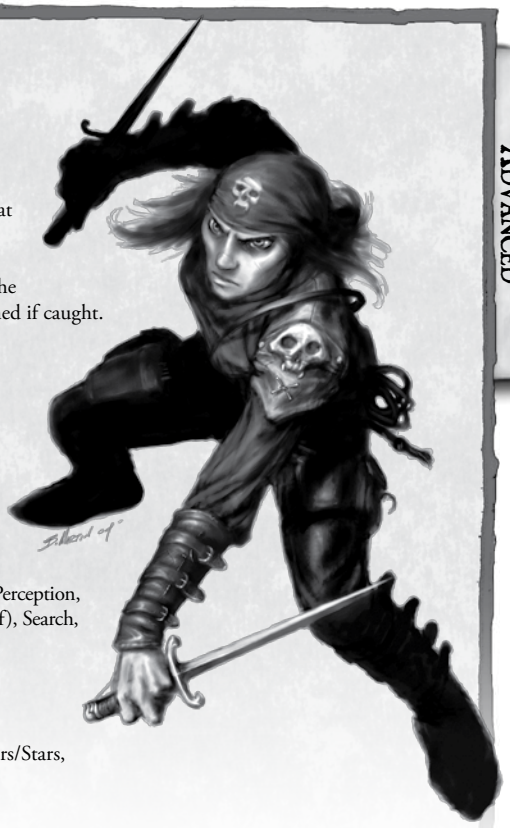
Adventure Seeds

Out And About: For as long as anyone can remember, Grundi Urgrimson has been the rock around which his hold has been built. To not see him walking from his home to his workshop at the same time every morning, or see him attending to his apprentices in the evening, would indicate that the world has gone out of balance. Now, however, he has decided it is time to go out into the world, though he will not say what he is seeking. He does say that he seeks worthy companions, and now, all of the young and adventurous are desperate to prove themselves to him and be chosen.

Fit For A King: A master runesmith has travelled to a nearby human city, and has made a grand announcement: he will create an item of tremendous power for whoever does "the greatest service to the dwarfish people." Naturally, this has attracted a lot of attention, as well as a lot of debate over what to do. Some are rushing out to collect as many orc ears as they can, while others think the master might be looking for a more subtle form of service. It's obvious from some of his cryptic statements that he has something in mind, but what is it?

Master Thief

Nothing is ever truly safe. If someone wants it badly enough, they can find... ways... to obtain it.



(Core) In every profession there are those who rise to the top. Master Thieves are the grand artistes of the criminal world. They are the best Thieves there are, proficient in all the skills that it takes to illegally acquire the goods of others. Master Thieves are usually a part of the local Thieves' Guild structure, but as bravos who regularly flout the law, many of them are content to operate, ironically enough, "illegally", e.g. without the approval of the local Crime Lord. The Empire has a long tradition of secretly admiring bold Thieves, though they will still be punished if caught.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+40%	+25%	+20%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Concealment, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble ***or*** Lip Reading, Gossip, Perception, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Search, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Swim

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Street Fighting ***or*** Swashbuckler, Streetwise, Trapfinder

Trappings: Crossbow Pistol with 10 Bolts, 2 Throwing Axes/Hammer ***or*** 3 Throwing Daggers/Stars, Best Craftsmenship Lock Picks, Cloak, Sack, Best Craftsmenship Rope (10 yards)

Career Entries: Cat Burglar, Crime Lord, Fence, Highwayman, Racketeer, Spy

Career Exits: Crime Lord, Explorer, Outlaw Chief, Targeteer

A Day in the Life

Master thieves spend more time preparing their capers than actually committing crimes. Their crimes require far more caution and precision than a standard purse-snatching or breaking and entering. Master thieves only go after items of extreme value, and those items are always guarded according to their worth.

Few city inhabitants can claim to know the streets and alleys as well as a master thief. Intimate knowledge of potential escape routes, shortcuts, hidey-holes, and vantage points can mean the difference between success and failure, and regular tours of the city help reassure him that if something has changed, it will not surprise him at the wrong moment. Seeking new information, typically at taverns or in the town marketplace is also a daily ritual – a good master thief needs to always be aware of new job opportunities.

When he has a specific target in mind, the master thief observes the subject and the surrounding closely. He examines the place the item is kept, without arousing suspicion. He studies the owners or keepers, because understanding them means being able to predict what methods they will use to safeguard the item. He marks those tasked to protect the item, and considers every possible route to avoid them. It can be days or even weeks before the master thief is ready to finalize his plans.

During all this time the master thief avoids attention. He does not steal anything else, both because it would be beneath his skills and because if he did get caught it would ruin his plans. He does not start fights. He does not brag about his exploits. He watches and waits. And then, when everything is in place, he acts, moving quickly and decisively. If all goes well he is back in a safehouse with the item before anyone even knows it is missing.

Little Known Facts

Many of the best master thieves can attribute their success to their completely unremarkable appearances. Passing as merchants, labourers, craftsmen, and peasants makes performing their real work all the easier.

Master thieves generally hate to do anything with haste. They prefer to take their time, examine their options, put together a plan, and execute that plan without error. This doesn't mean they can't and won't take advantage of sudden opportunities, but master thieves prefer planning to improvisation.

A good master thief has at least two cover identities, one safehouse, and three hidey-holes ready at all times.

In any given city the master thieves know and respect one another. Most will not cross another's scheme, which means the first master thief to claim a target gets to go after it unopposed. His peers will not make an attempt unless he tries and fails.

Adventure Seeds

Stealing from a Thief: Someone has stolen a valuable emerald brooch – one the master thief had been planning to steal the next night! Who would dare take a prize he had already claimed? And who has the skills to remove it so deftly?

Hands Off: The local crime lord contacts a master thief with a proposition. Someone has asked the crime lord to acquire a certain item. He wants the master thief to handle the theft, and promises they will split the money being paid for this service. He won't comment on the nature of the item, only that it is a rare and precious relic, and must not be touched with bare skin.



Master Vigilant

The time for contrition has passed, Magister Festus. Now is the judgement.

(NDM) The Colleges of Magic are loath to leave their dirty laundry to be washed in public by the Witch Hunters or other authorities. Consequently, each Order employs its own watchdogs and investigators, devoted to discretely exposing those who break their oaths and practice dark magic, necromancy, or diabolism. Since Vampires are so often students of these black arts, these observers also take pride in hunting and destroying the princes of darkness. Magisters vigilant still pay their dues to their College, as per a magister lord, but they are not expected to take apprentices. Their duties across the Empire prevent them from attaining the control of magic that many of their colleagues possess, but they have many other skills and talents useful in other sorts of situations, and they command great respect and fear amongst their own kind.

Special Requirement: Characters with the Dark Magic Talent or any Dark Lore cannot enter this career; the magisters will not allow it and can usually tell. Usually.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+20%	+25%	+30%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+5	–	–	–	+3	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology, Magic, Necromancy), Channelling, Common Knowledge (the Empire and any one), Gossip, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic, Magick), Speak Language (any two), Torture

Talents: Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (any four), Menacing, Mighty Missile, Schemer, Stout-Hearted, Strong-minded

Trappings: Trade Tools (Apothecary), two Magic Items, Silvered or Magical Blade

Career Entries: Journeyman Wizard, Master Wizard

Career Exits: Master Wizard, Spy, **Vampire Hunter**, Witch Hunter, Wizard Lord

Vigilant Agents

A master vigilant rarely operates openly. To maintain his secrecy, he uses cells of trusted minions, and goes to great lengths to preserve his identity even from them. Some masters appear to their agents masked, other prefer to correspond with letters written in cryptic code. All maintain an alias.

Some agents are chosen because they possess skills useful in the pursuit of rogue wizards or vampires, others because their social class allows them to infiltrate where most cannot enter. All share one thing in common: their hatred of the enemies of the Empire, which binds them to their master.

Agents never suspect that they are working for a representative of the Orders of Magic. Many distrust the Orders as much as they despise followers of Chaos or the undead. Those that give a damn suspect that they are working for a clandestine arm of Imperial government. Most are content that their work rids the world of abominations, and do not feel the need to question their master's motives.

Hammer of the Witches

The curse of the master vigilant is that all his deeds must go unsung. Even among his own kind, the wizards of the Magic Orders, he must remain unknown. Only his immediate superior and the magister lord of his Order know his identity.

Thus it is that the world will never hear of Magister Bane, the most successful master vigilant of recent history. It was he who consigned to flames the tower of Magister Leidenschaft deep in the Forest of Shadows, burning the wizard on a pyre of his forbidden parchments, a fitting end for one who parleyed with daemons. It was he who uncovered the Distaff Plot, which threatened the life of the Emperor during a diplomatic voyage to Bretonnia shortly after his accession. A hag-raised storm would have swamped the Imperial fleet were it not for the intervention of the common folk Bane had roused against the witches. The master vigilant took great delight in beheading the instigator of the plot, Countess Merelda van Oust, in the boudoir of her Marienburg mansion. His silver stake reduced the vampiress to ashes.

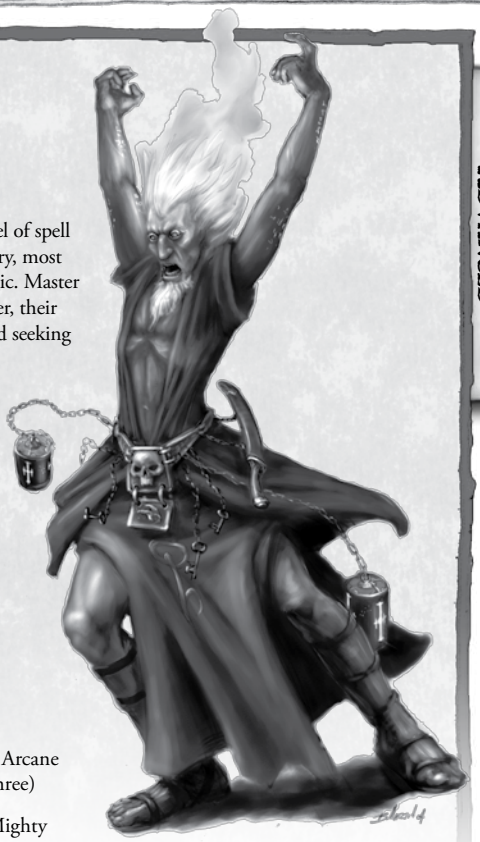
What does Bane look like? What is his real name? Nobody knows. But without him, a dangerous world would be more perilous still.

Adventure Seeds

An Errant Magister: The failure of a high-ranking wizard to attend a magisterial conclave has led to a search of his house, which reveals that he has been studying proscribed treatises on daemonology. In the months before the mage's disappearance, he had laid off all his servants, and lived as a virtual recluse. The Magister Patriarch is desperate to find him, and employs a master vigilant to do so. Unfortunately, one of the wizard's servants has informed a witch-hunter of his suspicions about his former master, and it is a race against time to eradicate the errant magister before the witch-hunter finds him and brings public shame to the Orders of Magic.

The Grey Lady: A master vigilant, Waltho Bergen, has been pursuing the identity of the Grey Lady, an apparition that intermittently plagues the streets of Wurtbad, capital of Stirland. She is no ordinary ghost, however, for her manifestation heralds the disappearance of young children throughout the town. The vigilant believes that the Grey Lady is a vampire, and suspects the Baroness Amelinde von Schwefel, a highly regarded socialite. Bergen employs adventurers to infiltrate one of her renowned parties and discover evidence that will damn her.

Master Wizard



The Winds of Magic are not to be trifled with. I have learned to respect them, and that was the key to unlocking their power.

(Core) A Master Wizard is one who wields magic with surety and finesse. Elf Wizards find this level of spell casting easy to attain, but for a Human, it is a life's work. By the time they reach this level of mastery, most Wizards begin to exhibit eccentricities and physical changes wrought by close association with magic. Master Wizards usually prefer to spend their time researching or politicking with fellow magisters. However, their Order usually requires them to adventure in the world at large, furthering the cause of their art, and seeking out young folk to apprentice.

Note: If you are Human you must continue to pay dues to your Order for the duration of this career. Most colleges charge Master Wizards a reduced rate of one crown in every twenty. Elves do not belong to the Orders of Magic, and thus owe nothing.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	–	+10%	+15%	+30%	+35%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	+3	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (any two), Channelling, Charm ***or*** Intimidate, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip ***or*** Ride, Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic ***or*** Arcane Elf), Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement ***or*** Meditation, Dark Magic ***or*** Strong-minded, Fast Hands ***or*** Mighty Missile, Lesser Magic (any two)

Trappings: Trade Tools (Apothecary), Two magic items

Career Entries: Journeyman Wizard

Career Exits: Explorer, Scholar, Wizard Lord

The Call to Power

While the motives and backgrounds of master wizards are as varied as the nature of magic itself, they do share a constant goal – the pursuit of knowledge and power. A master wizard is driven constantly by a thirst to discover the secrets of creation. This undeniable compulsion is not in itself evil. However it is a constant call to power that all who tread the path of the wizard experience. By the time a person has advanced to the rank of master wizard this hunger for knowledge and power has become a siren song within their heads, driving them ever onward.

Wizardly Quirks

The effects of long term exposure to magic can make subtle changes to a man as his power grows. Players can use the following table to add a wizardly quirk to their characters if they like (or with the permission of the GM make up their own). Wizardly quirks should be acquired as soon as the character takes the Master Wizard career. Note that Elves never gain wizardly quirks.

1. Unnatural Heat: Your hands and skin are hot to the touch as if you had a fever. Though others may warm themselves by your flesh, you gain no benefit from this unnatural heat.

2. Through the Looking Glass: Your reflection is slightly out of sync with you, lingering for a moment after you turn away from mirrors or other reflective surfaces.

3. Spectral Voices: You constantly hear whispered voices in your head, though you can never quite make out what they say. However, you can occasionally catch a word or two like kill and kitten.

4. Feline Affinity: Cats are your friends and flock to you wherever you are. Whenever you stand still the cats, and especially the mangy ones, like to rub themselves against your legs.

5. The Slow Rot: Cloth slowly rots while touching your skin. Over a few days clothes will moulder and being to disintegrate forcing you to consider wearing garments of metal or bone.

6. Wizened Claws: Your fingernails and toenails constantly grow and must be clipped daily lest they become a tangled mess. Wearing gloves is difficult.

7. Icy Breath: Your breath is cold like an icy breeze and leaves a thin layer of frost on glass and metal. Those talking to you face to face often shiver.

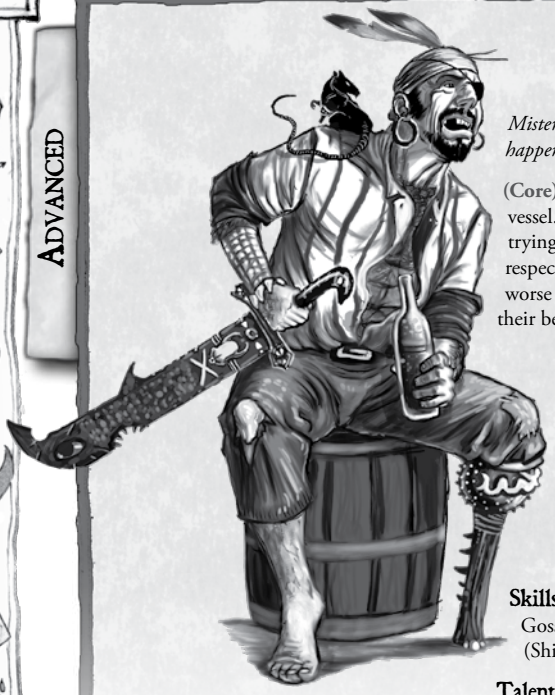
8. Light Sleeper: When asleep, you hover a few inches above the ground. However, when you wake you come crashing down.

9. Stale Touch: Beer goes flat and wine sours in your presence. Taverns are best avoided, as are breweries and vineyards.

10. Ghostly Breeze: Your hair and clothes are constantly ruffled by an invisible breeze that nobody else notices. This can make you feel either heroic or annoyed, depending on your mood.

Adventure Seeds

Old Bones: It is said that the bones of wizards make the best wands, as they are infused with great magical power. Since most living wizards protest to people purloining their bones, this has led to some unpleasant robberies of wizard tombs. This is a practice the colleges would very much like stopped.



Mate

Mister Garbach is the man you want to see. Captain Soarsteiger may own the Nettle's Sting, but nothing happens on this ship without Garbach's having a say-so about it.

(Core) Mates serve on ships as the second in command, answering directly to the Captain of the vessel. They are responsible for ensuring that the Captain's orders are carried out, which can be a trying task with even the most professional of crews. Mates have to be stern but fair, earning the respect of their crew or they will swiftly find themselves the butt of many practical jokes and far worse if a mutiny should occur. Mates are always experienced sailors, often with several voyages under their belt and there are few ports they haven't drank, fought, or caroused in.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+15%	+10%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (any two), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Row, Sail, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, ***or*** Norse), Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Marine, Seaman

Career Exits: Explorer, Merchant, Navigator, Sea Captain

Tasks of the Mate

The "true" captain of a vessel in many a sailor's eyes, the mate often has a broader grasp of the ship's operations than a sea captain. To do his job effectively, he needs to have a thorough knowledge of the ship's layout, cargo arrangements, provision stores, weapon stores and crew berths. He is also in charge of doling out the crew's pay after a successful voyage.

The mate is the captain's go-between with the crew, so the mate needs to be well-acquainted with every man onboard the ship. The mate must be able to provide the captain with immediate information concerning the ship at all times. However, he does not hold the same authority as the captain, so is not always in the loop as to the ship's course or the true purpose behind each voyage. However, a proficient mate is as vital to the success of a voyage as sails, rudder and anchor.

Aldar Morninstone

Aldar is the mate of the Blade Maiden, a heavily tattooed dwarf; one of the rare breed who has mastered his sea-legs. He was awarded the position of mate by the Captain, Otto Murgrom, after quelling a mutiny several years ago. Since that time, the captain has suffered numerous personal tragedies and business setbacks.

Where he once had a family and a fleet of ships, all he has left is his ship, his friendship with Aldar and an all-consuming love of drink. Over the past four years, Aldar has taken on more and more responsibility and become the captain in all but name on this ship. Now Captain Otto lives aboard ship but spends much of his time in his quarters in a haze of self-pity and wine.

The crew of the Blade Maiden have come to accept Aldar as their de facto leader, and afford him the respect of a dwarf twice his height (partly out of fear of his temper and his vicious uppercut).

In a rare long shore leave at Marienburg, Aldar met and fell in love with the purple-eyed Karin Dellardar more than a year ago. Profits grew from his relationship with her, as she made him part of the nigh-fictional "Tagranden Merchant Consortium." Karin fenced stolen goods through Aldar, which he quietly sold independently of any other cargoes the Blade Maiden took to Tilean or Bretonnian ports (or beyond).

While previously a law-abiding dwarf, Aldar enjoys the excitement and slight danger Karin brings to his life. He only hopes he can build up his own personal fortune and make enough money that he might buy the Blade Maiden from Murgom sooner than later.

Adventure Seeds

The Wave Dancer: A friend of the characters is first mate on the Wave Dancer, and he hires them to protect his ship against the pirates who have attacked the ship on its last two voyages. The mate suspects that there is a traitor among the crew who is revealing the ship's course and cargo to the pirates.

Cries of Mutiny: Frederick Schluter, ship's mate of the Shallya's Prize, and four crew members have returned to port in the ship's lifeboat. The mate claims that the captain of the Prize was killed in a mutiny, and he and the remaining faithful crew were cast adrift for refusing to join the mutineers. He now seeks assistance, in whatever form he can find it, to exact revenge for the treachery of his former crewmates.

Mediator

Gentlemen, please. I am sure we can come to a mutual understanding.

(KotG) 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.



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: Only peasants may enter this career.

Making a Mediation

A mediator's life is one of careful balance within his community as he tries to settle disputes without becoming embroiled in them. Most of the time, a mediator is reliant on the kindness of others within his village who recognise the good service he is providing. Sometimes particularly fair and well-known mediators will receive gifts from people that they have treated well in the past, though wise mediators are careful about accepting such presents lest they damage their reputation of impartiality. When a dispute arises, the mediator is immediately called.

In principal, a mediator is summoned as a last resort if the two parties cannot settle their own differences. However, in practise he finds himself adjudicating over all manner of petty squabbles, from how small a pig needs to be to count as a piglet, to a farmer's right to harvest cow muck left on his land by the cattle of passing drovers. When the mediator arrives at the dispute, he quickly assesses the situation.

The appearance of impartiality is as important as impartiality itself, and even if the mediator has already made his decision upon arrival, something that often happens as one party is usually clearly in the wrong, he takes his time and listens carefully, nodding appropriately and giving sagely looks. He then makes his judgement and goes quickly on his way. With his job done, he is not bound to actually enforce the decision, though his fellow villagers will mostly abide by it. Of course, it pays to not be around if things do turn ugly.

The Art of Mediation

If the best mediators are to be believed, the trick to settling an argument, whether it is over the price of goose eggs or how high a farmer can build his fence, is to make sure that neither side is completely happy with the outcome. Only then can you know that it has been fair. Perhaps the well known Mousillon mediator, Mother Grog, put it best when she said "If a man wants a pig then give him a chicken." Of course this rule doesn't seem to apply at all when dealing with nobility.

Instead it is replaced with a different maxim – if the lord is happy, then it is the right course of action. For instance, if the lord reserves the right to hunt peasants that stray into his woods and a mediator is called in to settle a grievance for the loss of limbs then it is clearly the foolish peasants' fault and they should be punished appropriately…my lord.

Adventure Seeds

Making Peace along the Pass: A local lord in the province of Couronne wants to build a road between his castle and his niece's manor, as she has been having trouble travelling to visit him in the winter. Sadly there is an eyesore along the way which needs to be moved lest his niece have to look at it as she passes. Now he just needs some stalwart fellows to contact the offending village's mediator and sort it all out.

An Impasse: A terrible dispute has been raging between the villages of Vervelle and Sarien for many weeks over where to build a bridge between them. Mediators from both villages are at an impasse and no one really trusts their impartiality anymore. It has got so bad that the village leaders have even suggested asking strangers to try and settle the argument, though woe betide those who fail to please both parties.



Mercenary

I could happily live several lifetimes without quashing another peasant revolt. Unless, of course, the revolt pays good coin. Ale doesn't buy itself, you know.

(Core) War never ends in the Old World and that means there is always need for fighting men. While the Empire does maintain a standing army, its strength is bolstered with Mercenaries. Nobles and rich Merchants also hire such fighters to protect their interests, many having what amounts to private armies. Mercenaries range from wild youths with a taste for adventure to grizzled professional soldiers who've seen a dozen battles or more. These sell-swords come from all over, though Tilea is particular famed for its regiments. All Mercenaries dream of untold riches; for most of them, the reality is an early death and an unmarked grave.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (Tilea) and Speak Language (Tilean), your character can be from Tilea at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Gamble, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Kislev, *or* Tilea), Dodge Blow, Drive *or* Ride, Gossip *or* Haggle, Perception *or* Search, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Tilean) *or* Swim

Talents: Disarm *or* Quick Draw, Rapid Reload *or* Strike Mighty Blow, Sharpshooter *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Shield, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Healing Draught

Career Entries: Bodyguard, Bounty Hunter, Demagogue, Fieldwarden, Kislevite Kossar, Militiaman, Miner, Norse Berserker, Outrider, Pit Fighter, Soldier, Thug, Watchman

Career Exits: Bodyguard, Bounty Hunter, Outlaw, Sergeant, Shieldbreaker, Veteran

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Tilea: Mercenaries are so common in Tilea that they are represented by guilds. Tilean mercenaries are known for their bargaining skills and have even switched sides during battles when offered more money by their opponents.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Two-handed) or Strike to Stun
Weapon: Tilean pike (see Old World Armoury, page 32) or crossbow with 10 bolts

Empire: The Empire's mercenaries are adventuring ruffians armed with a wide assortment of weapons. These men form free company regiments in the Empire's armies, or travel to the Border Princes when there are no wars to fight at home.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Parrying) or Sharpshooter
Weapon: Additional hand weapon or bow with 10 arrows

Bretonnia: Bretonnian lords do not hire mercenaries in their armies, considering them a waste of money when peasants cost nothing at all. Bretonnian mercenaries are therefore rare, but not unheard of.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Cavalry) or Sharpshooter
Weapon: Demilance or bow with 10 arrows

Border Princes: Mercenaries are the mainstay of Border Princede armies, travelling from across the Old World to make their living. Native Border Princede mercenaries typically fight as the core troops of an army.

Talent: Sharpshooter or Strike to Stun
Weapon: Spear or crossbow with 10 bolts

Kislev: Bravery and resilience are the qualities sought by the employers of Kislevite mercenaries. These men are often hired to bolster standing armies against Chaos threats. Kislevite horsemen, however, are loyal only to their own clans, and do not work as mercenaries.

Talent: Stout-Hearted or Street Fighting
Weapon: Knuckle dusters or bow with 10 arrows

Estalia: Estalian mercenaries are skilled swordsmen with hot tempers. Because they don't cooperate well with other mercenaries, Estalians are often hired in smaller groups and given special objectives to handle on their own. They perform well at this role.

Talent: Specialist Weapon (Parrying) or Strike to Stun
Weapon: Main gauche or crossbow with 10 bolts

Norsca: Norse mercenaries are considered too unreliable for regular use, because they sometimes disregard orders in the heat of battle. Nevertheless, Norse mercenaries are occasionally employed for intimidation value.

Talent: Frenzy or Menacing
Weapon: Additional hand weapon or bow with 10 arrows

Araby: The horsemen of Araby are widely considered to be among the best in the world (though Kislevite horsemen might disagree). Most Arabyan mercenaries who travel to the Old World arrive without mounts, but they can serve as cavalry if equipped by their employers.

Talent: Trick Riding or Specialist Weapon (Fencing)
Weapon: Scimitar (as rapier) or bow with 10 arrows

Adventure Hook

Dirty Work: A Strigany clan has been causing trouble for the local noble. When mercenaries are dispatched to solve the problem, they find the Strigany camp occupied only by women and children. Where are the Strigany men, and why is a flock of ravens circling overhead?

Merchant

Those bolts of exotic Cathay silks? Pfft. Who'd want those? I'll give you fifty gold crowns for the entire cartload because I feel sorry for you. I'm doing you a favour.



(Core) Merchants are speculators who arrange to move large amounts of goods from city to city, seeking the market that they will make the most handsome profit in. They seldom interact with the populace as they deal in bulk, generally selling their goods to Burghers and Tradesmen. Merchant Guilds are extremely influential in the Empire and they are slowly usurping the position once held by Nobles in the Old World. Even the poorest Merchant tends to be very wealthy, indeed, many use their wealth to buy legitimacy, purchasing titles or marrying their children into Noble families.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+25%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Kislevian, *or* Norse), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Merchant)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Streetwise, Super Numerate

Trappings: Town House, Warehouse, 1,000 *gc* in coin *or* trade goods

Career Entries: Artisan, Burgher, Captain, Envoy, Explorer, **Farmer**, Fisherman, Innkeeper, Mate, Scholar, Steward, Tradesman

Career Exits: **Farmer**, Guild Master, Militiaman, Politician, Racketeer, Spy

A Day in the Life

To be a merchant is to know the value of a gold coin and a silver tongue. They know what flows in and out of the gates of a city better than any soldier or guard. They know how to speak eloquently with nobility, and conduct the most vulgar of conversations with criminals. The gift of words is a merchant's most valuable asset.

For one beginning in the merchant's trade, much time is spent traveling. A good merchant knows the path that goods must make from beginning to end, and a very good merchant knows all the people along that path. Merchants spend much time in their early years meeting people, and getting to know who may prove to be allies or hindrances.

As time goes on and the merchant's coffers begin to fill with gold, less time is spent in travel, and more is spent in whatever city or port becomes the center of the merchant's business. Such time, however, is not idle. With the knowledge gained in traveling, merchants learn to better negotiate with ship's captains and caravan leaders for favorable transportation costs, and with various guilds for the numerous goods and services that they need.

A merchant's evening is usually spent in the company of others, preferably of those with influence. For the merchant, this is as much about appearances as it is the opportunity to make allies. Lowly merchants seen sipping wine with a powerful countess may find themselves shortly doing business with genteel clients, even if they never speak a word to the noblewoman. Likewise, a few rolls of the dice with a notorious criminal in a gambling hall may lessen the number of bandit attacks on a merchant's caravan routes…particularly if the merchant is a gracious loser.

The life of a merchant is one of constant motion. If merchants are not busy working on a venture, then they are certainly planning the next one, or at least laying the groundwork for a new opportunity.

Affiliations

Most towns and cities have merchants' guilds, to which most credible merchants belong if they wish to be successful. The size and scope of such guilds is dependent on the size of the town in which they reside. A small town might only have a single guild encompassing all sorts of trade, while a large city might have several guilds dealing with more specific goods, such as foods, cloth, or precious gemstones.

More savvy merchants also are in good standing with related guilds, such as the shipmaster's guild or even the thieves' guild. The extent of this relationship with other guilds ranges from actual membership, to some casual friendships and a few well-placed gold coins.

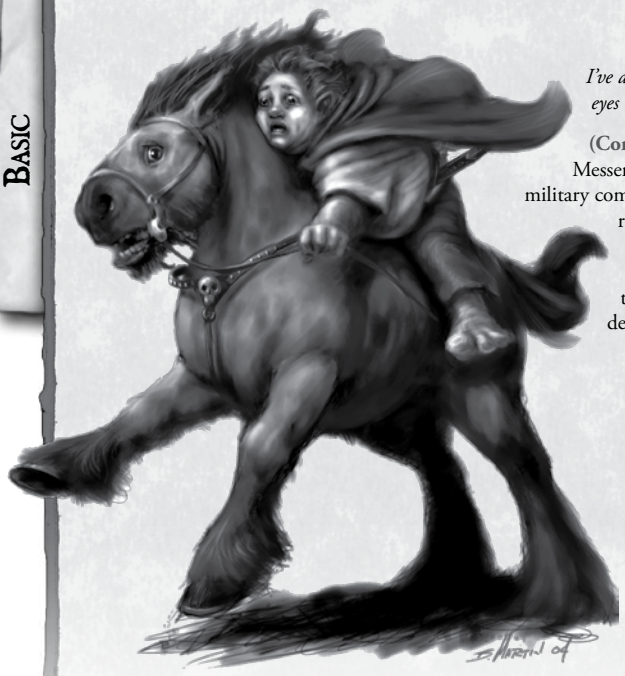
Adventure Seeds

A Golden Opportunity: Raids on merchant caravans by orc tribes have brought an isolated town to a standstill. Opportunity exists to make a handsome amount of gold, should a merchant be able to brave the bandit attacks and reach the town with a full caravan of wagons. The only question is how to deal with the orcs – to defeat them in glorious battle, or perhaps make them partners instead?

The Stone Rose: Dwarfs find a vein of rubies in a deep cavern, which they begin to mine. However, the Dwarfs distrust the nearby human settlements, and refuse to trade with them. The merchant learns, though, that the Dwarfs seek an ancient carved stone rose from a nearby ruin, which they have been unable to find. Whoever finds this for the Dwarfs might also find a caravan wagon full of rubies.

Basic

Messenger



I've an urgent message for the Baron. No, I'm not leaving it with you – 'tis for the Baron's eyes only.

(Core) With great distances separating the important cities and castles of the Empire, Messengers are an indispensable means of communication. Nobles, Merchants, and military commanders all make extensive use of Messengers, mounted if possible. These brave riders dare to ride the roads of the Empire alone, trusting in their speed to avoid danger. Roadwardens assist official Messengers as much as possible, but there are long, lonely stretches where no help is available. While they are supposed to be immune from harassment, many a Messenger has met a bloody end after delivering a particularly unpleasant missive.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire ***or*** the Wasteland) ***or*** Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Secret Signs (Scout), Perception, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Swim

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Map Case, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness ***or*** Pony (for Halflings), Shield

Career Entries: Militiaman, Roadwarden, Servant

Career Exits: **Cartographer**, Coachman, Herald, Kithband Warrior, Outrider, Roadwarden, Scout, Soldier

The Messengers' Guild

In the early days of the Empire, before the elaborate highway and canal system were built, the butcher was one of the most travelled tradesmen as they went from town to village buying cattle. Since butchery was considered an honourable trade, and butchers were responsible for people's health, it was determined that the butcher could also be responsible for the delivery of oral messages and letters. But over time, the Butchers' Guild realised that keeping up with an ever-increasing volume of messages left little time for their actual trade, and thus the Messengers' Guild was formed.

The Messengers' Guild has become one of the most powerful and influential guilds in the Empire. Other than coordinating the physical delivery of letters and messages, the guild is responsible for the discreet monitoring of dispatches for signs of heresy and plots against the realm. Suspect letters are opened, examined and, if necessary, sent on to guild cryptographers for deciphering. This access to secret knowledge, coupled with the widely accepted convention of "courier immunity", makes the messenger a very effective intelligence-gathering tool.

The other main business of the Messengers' Guild is its work with law enforcement and the roadwardens. The Messengers' Guild is responsible for the delivery and posting of wanted notices, serving warrants, protecting and escorting witnesses, and delivering condemned prisoners to their fate.

The Imperial Messenger

The Imperial Messenger serves as the personal courier to the Emperor and his immediate family. Candidates for the Imperial Messenger corps are handpicked by the guild master of the Messengers' Guild from the best of his men. Imperial Messengers are formally appointed and swear an oath of loyalty to the Emperor until death. An Imperial Messenger is appointed for life; only retirement or death releases him of his responsibilities. Attacks against an Imperial Messenger is almost unheard of, and happens only in times of great peril such as major Chaos or orc incursions into the Empire. Normally, the Imperial signet emblazoned on the messenger's pouch is more than enough to guarantee safe passage.

Between courier runs, the Imperial Messenger remains at court and eats in the hall. The keep Each Imperial Messenger has an assigned groom to manage and care for his horse, who keeps the steed saddled and ready at all times of the day and night in case an urgent message needs delivery. Imperial Messengers are among the highest paid professionals in their trade, and receive many extra perks such as lavish gifts upon the receipt of good news. The lifetime appointment also means that they are among the few professionals with true job security. Retirement and pensions are provided, and an Imperial Messenger's expenses are guaranteed by the Emperor should he fall sick on a journey.

Adventure Seeds

Irrefutable Evidence: Over the course of his deliveries, a messenger has come into possession of irrefutable evidence that a local noble is in league with the ruinous powers. Unfortunately the noble in question is a friend of one of the character's patrons and a local hero.

Escorting the Informant: A messenger is informed that an important witness needs an escort to testify. The witness is speaking out against a very powerful and corrupt tradesman (who has secretly offered a large reward for the witness's head).

Militiaman

I hear the Duke is calling up the militia to deal with the orcs. If they think I'm going down those holes after those greenskins, they've gone completely starkers.



(Core) Militias are part-time local defence forces, formed largely from the rural peasantry. Members agree to spend a certain amount of time each year – usually seven days – practicing together on common land. Even this small amount of training can be the difference between life and death on the blood-soaked battlefields of the Old World. Militia Captains are either civil leaders or retired military types. Some militias must provide their own equipment, while the local nobility equips others. This means that while some militia units appear for duty in smart uniforms with well-maintained equipment, others have little more than their patchwork clothes and hunting bows.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Dodge Blow, Drive *or* Swim, Gamble *or* Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Trade (any one)

Talents: Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed) *or* Rapid Reload, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Halberd *or* Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Uniform

Career Entries: Artisan, Bailiff, Burgher, **Farmer**, Fisherman, Merchant, Peasant, Tradesman, Woodsman

Career Exits: Artisan, Fieldwarden, Mercenary, Messenger, Outlaw, Sergeant, Thief

The Town Militia of Schweinfeld

Schweinfeld is a small town typical of those found throughout the Empire. This extends to its militia. The militia is technically commanded by Jeroen von Lustgarten, a completely disinterested noble forced into the position by his father who hopes the job will gives his layabout son some drive. So far, it has failed. The actual commander is the town's sole dwarf, Sergeant Asgar Motz.

While Jeroen is off spending the militia treasury on whores and brandy, Sergeant Motz has tried to make the local militia into a fighting force that can actually defend the town and keep the peace. Motz is sincere , earnest and diligent in his duties as only a dwarf can be, but fears without better equipment his efforts are for naught.

The sergeant has good reason to be worried. Schweinfeld has been targeted by a particularly vicious gang of bandits led by a disgraced noble, Maximilian Schroeder. The so-called 'Baron' Schroeder (he no longer holds any actual title) was scheduled to be hanged for murder, sadism, and, if rumours are to be believed, blood-drinking. Some of his more fanatical followers broke him out of prison, and he now roams the countryside with a pack of retainers, murderers, and branded scum.

He steers clear of larger townships, cities, and byways, knowing his ragged band are no match for the Imperial army. But Schweinfeld is a perfect target. Already a couple of his men have infiltrated the militia, ascertaining its numbers and strength. It is only a matter of time before Schweinfeld is in flames, unless some particularly clever militiaman can root out the spies, discover the threat, and blackmail Jeroen into actually buying some weapons and armour.

Training in the Militia

For one week a year, the militia musters on the town commons to train in the arts of war. For those seven days, they drill, march, spar, and shoot arrows at targets. It is all very impressive and helps keep the militia in peak readiness. This is at least the theory.

In many small towns though the reality is entirely different. The militiamen are often scattered on farms and so when they take the time and expense to come to town, they naturally bring their families with them. That means the towns are flooded with visitors during the training week. Alert merchants realised this and so started setting up shop. Thus began the strange Imperial tradition of the Soldatenfests, week long festivals that occur during the militia training. These small festivals are often tremendous distractions from any actual military practice. Capable militia captains are wise and stern enough to keep discipline, but the weaker and less charismatic often discover that after the first night, their troops are drunk all week long.

Adventure Seeds

A Rotten Apple: A militiaman has stolen the pay chest for the entire town militia. How he got access to it in the first place is something of a mystery. Perhaps he had accomplices. But now, he must be tracked down before the money is gone for good.

Ill-equipped for Trouble: A fire at the militia armoury ignited a powder keg and in one flash of flame and smoke, the entire building was reduced to rubble. Thus disarmed, the local militia is helpless. Furthermore, word reaches the militia captain that a marauding band of orcs has been sighted in the forest. He needs someone to quickly deliver a shipment of weapons from the nearest city before disaster strikes.

Basic

Miner

If you hear a tapping sound, and it isn't coming from you, best leave the mine and come back another day.



(Core) Mountains surround the Empire. To the east are the World's Edge Mountains, to the south the Black Mountains, and to the west the Grey Mountains. Dwarfs and Humans have mined these mountains from time immemorial, despite constant attacks from Goblins and other subterranean horrors. Miners brave these conditions in search of iron, silver, gold, gems, and other valuables. Others prefer to prospect on the surface, particularly in the Middle Mountains, which straddle the provinces of Ostland and Hochland. Although these forest-shrouded mountains are fully within the Empire's borders, they are a haven for Trolls, Beastmen, and other foul creatures. Surviving in such an environment takes skill and toughness.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment ***or*** Drive, Evaluate ***or*** Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Trade (Miner ***or*** Prospector)

Talents: Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Very Resilient ***or*** Warrior Born

Trappings: Great Weapon (Two-handed Pick), Light Armour (Leather Jack), Pick, Spade, Storm Lantern, Lamp Oil

Career Entries: Charcoal-Burner, Hunter

Career Exits: Charcoal-Burner, Engineer, Mercenary, Scout, Shieldbreaker, Smuggler

The Richest Rewards

The rarest and most precious gifts the earth has to offer must be pried from deep within her rocky bosom. Miners live a dangerous existence plucking gems and valuable metals from the deep places of the world. It is gruelling, backbreaking work with numerous dangers, but the tantalising rewards often prove too tempting to keep a miner away from his pick and shovel for long.

Cave-ins and toxic gases are often the least of a miner's worries; goblins, trolls, Chaos mutants and other terrifying creatures reside in tunnels under the mountains, and the miner who hopes to enjoy a long career must be prepared to heft his pick as a weapon as well as use it to hew rock. Rumours also persist of a strange race of rat men who live in the deepest cavern systems, but such gossip is dismissed by the more serious professional miners.

Dwarfs are naturally adept at mining, and tend to be the most common race found at this trade, though plenty of humans seek to make their fortune by striking a lode of precious metal. A Dwarf's short stature is well-suited to the cramped quarters miners work in.

Although there are many wealthy mines within the Empire, the richest seams run deep below the mountains bordering the Emperor's lands. This is dwarf territory, and the centuries-long concord between man and dwarf threatens to break down when greedy human prospectors encroach on Dwarf claims.

Little Known Facts

Dwarfs were the first to discover that some animals – namely songbirds and small rodents – are very sensitive to the presence of poisonous gases, dying of exposure long before the concentration is dangerous to Dwarf or man. While a sad end for these little creatures, they are a foolproof indicator of unseen threats, saving many lives in the process.

Miners tend to be of solitary temperament, but band together for protection. They often deal with merchants who trade in the raw materials they pull from the rocks, and after they've been paid, they spend much of their money at inns and bawdyhouses, seeking to forget the terrible dangers they must face daily to make their living.

Adventure Seeds

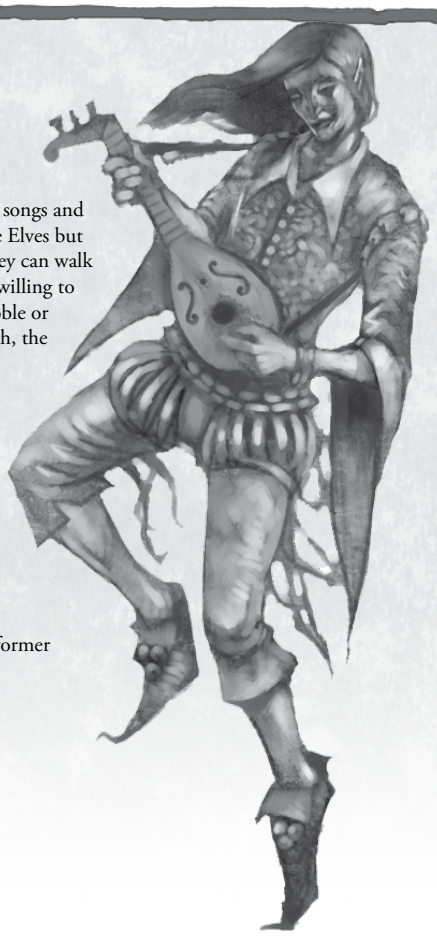
A Dwarf in Need: The characters are recruited by a desperate Dwarf to help rescue a group of miners trapped in a nearby tunnel. Normally, Dwarfs would seek out other Dwarfs for such a task, but time is too short to wait for help from the distant holds. The Dwarf has reason to believe that the cave-in was no accident, and that there are more than just rocks blocking potential rescuers.

There's Gold in Them Thar Hills: Gold has been discovered in the Barren Hills, deep within the southern reaches of the Great Forest. Despite the danger of travelling to this remote area, hordes of gold-hungry miners descend on the hills – rumour has it that fist-sized lumps of gold can be picked off the ground. The characters are hired by a prospector to accompany him to the hills, not only to protect him from the denizens of the forest but also to guard his stake against rival gold-diggers.

Minstrel

A song can touch the heart easier than a speech, and that song may teach as many about beauty as it educates others in its words.

(Core) Minstrels are wandering musicians who travel the roads of the Old World bringing their songs and entertainment to those who desperately need it. The original and most renowned Minstrels were Elves but now many Humans follow in their footsteps. Minstrels are close to sacred in the Old World. They can walk into some of the most dangerous dens of cutthroats and come out unscathed (as long as they're willing to provide free entertainment, of course). Occasionally, a Minstrel will accept patronage from a Noble or Merchant and settle down for a time, composing songs at his patron's request. Eventually, though, the open road calls and the Minstrel moves on again.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	–	–	+15%	+10%	+5%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Perception, Performer (Musician), Performer (Singer), Read/Write, Speak Language (Breton, Eltharin ***or*** Tilean)

Talents: Etiquette, Pubic Speaking

Trappings: Entertainer's Garb, Musical Instrument (Lute ***or*** Mandolin)

Career Entries: Entertainer

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Highwayman, Spy, Student

Minstrel Schools

Many minstrels have a reputation as free spirits, but there is a certain subculture that views music as the highest possible art form, and strive to master their musical skills. While most folk assume minstrels only play lutes or mandolins, they are only limited to what instruments and music they can find and play. Once more common across the Old World but somewhat rare today, colleges exist where minstrels can learn to sing and perform music. The greatest benefit these schools provide is a library of older, nigh-forgotten music, which allows minstrels to revive interests in old ballads and revels or histories set to song.

At present, the largest school for music in the Empire lies in Nuln, its primary focus on training singers and cantors of any faiths. A few minstrels have established a sister school in Altdorf as well with a greater focus on instruments of all types. There are still-smaller schools based around one person's music or one instrument, though many regard them as little more than focused tutorials rather than a broader musical education.

Halion "Dawnsong"

Halion's surname, if not forgotten, has gone unused in the Old World for decades. Her fame as a vocal artist and musician titled her "the Dawn's Voice" and most call her Dawnsong. Her silver hair and eyes disturb some, but Dawnsong's disarming smile warms most hearts. This beautiful elf maid has wandered the length and breadth of the Old World, seeking out every song she can learn. Even as a novice entertainer, Halion sought to use music to teach her audiences more about themselves and their neighbours. She wanted to quell the frictions and fight Chaos by uniting people with her music.

While famed for her singing, Halion's skills also span a number of musical instruments. She travels with a lute and a psalterion, though her most commonly played instrument is a tympanum of her own custom design. Halion also plays the flute and pan-pipes, though she gets few requests to do so, as she cannot sing while playing those instruments.

Halion's specialty is performing "storytelling songs," where she puts recent or famous events to song, and thus sharing and spreading news among the people. There are those who wish to obscure certain events from public memory for their own selfish purposes, and Halion has made a few political enemies of note in Marienburg and Nuln by reminding commoners of some uncomfortable truths about leaders both old and new.

Adventure Seeds

Criminal Songs: Tomas Ultorm has gained local notoriety for his sing-song retellings of how to enact crimes and how to avoid paying the consequences, passing the songs off as nothing more than bawdy, barroom entertainment. This displeases the local nobles (or local criminal figures) for cutting too close to the truth of recent misdeeds. Tomas seeks protection from thugs wanting to deliver warning litanies of their own.

The Minstrel Spy: A paranoid baron has imprisoned the talented minstrel Felix Karon on charges of espionage. The local guard captain sends for the characters and introduces them to Felix—who reveals he is Sir Uther Karndorf, the free spirited son of the baron's overlord, who simply came to entertain the baron's troops during a recent festival. The characters must help him escape the baron's lands and escort him back home.



Monk

Silence, please. I'm trying to meditate over here.

(ToS) Monks are members of the mendicant orders who seek seclusion to better devote themselves to their faith. Some monks live completely alone as hermits, whereas others congregate with other monks and live in monasteries, which are usually located in remote areas of the Old World. Most religions have their own mendicant orders, although the strictures of Verena and Shallya tend to lend themselves more towards monasticism more than most. Monks spend their lives in study and prayer, debating the finer points of theology and illuminating religious scriptures.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+25%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care, Arcane Language (Magick), Common Knowledge (any two), Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any two), and Speak Language (Classical).

Talents: Linguistics

Trappings: Prayer Book, Religious Symbol, Robes, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Friar, Initiate, Physician, Scholar, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Abbot, Demagogue, Friar, Physician, Priest, Scholar, Steward, Zealot

A Day In The Life

The monk rises early for morning prayers, then begins his toil. The senior or most intelligent will work in the library and scriptorium preserving and categorizing texts, but most monks will be sent to the abbey's fields. The fields provide the abby with food (often simple beans and barley) and sometimes grapes for wine, which has both religious significance and can be sold to fund the monastery.

At regular times during the day, the bells will call the monks to prayer, and work stops, briefly, for these rituals. Mealtimes are dull affairs where meat or spices are rarely seen, and the food is usually the same day after day – thin soup, porridge, boiled peas, with no salt or seasonings.

Evenings are spent in prayer, study, and sometimes debate, though it is often the case that the young sit and the old pontificate. Then comes sleep, six hours at most, before another day, effectively identical, begins. It is not long before monks lose track of the months or years they have spent in service.

Little Known Facts

The perception of the Old World is that life in a monastery varies from "very dull" to "extremely dull," and while this is often true, there are exceptions. A fair number of monasteries have become hotbeds of corrupt decadence, with an outer veneer of dull serenity covering the drunken revelry that constantly strives for new levels of sybaritic excess.

The role of monks in preserving knowledge and lore can often be perverted by Chaos. A few minor "errors" in translation, introduced slowly over time, can create entire new branches of heretical thought. An abbot who is secretly sworn to Chaos can slowly corrupt an entire monastery, directing and shaping religious debate until the monks have been completely subverted.

The younger sons of nobles are often sent to monasteries if there are no lands for them to inherit and they have no gift or stomach for war. Such individuals will sometimes try to convert the monastery into a source for worldly pleasures, but, if they cannot, will eagerly accept any chance to leave.

Adventure Seeds

Ancient Texts: A monk working in the abbey scriptorium has found something shocking – an ancient copy of a well-known religious text that differs, in many key areas, from the dozens of better known, more recent, copies. Could the newer versions be heretical forgeries, or did he accidently stumble on an old heresy that was never disseminated properly? He needs to find a scholar he can trust, and seeks protection on a long trip to a larger abbey. En route, the party is dogged by constant attacks – mere coincidence, or did the monk stumble on something he shouldn't have?

Outstaying their Welcome: An abbey near the town has suffered a terrible disaster. It has burned, but most of the monks managed to survive and even save a good portion of the valued literature. There is no nearby abbey, and harsh winter weather will make travel impossible, forcing the monks to temporarily move into the town. A few dozen ascetic scholars now find themselves living among burghers, labourers, and rogues of all kinds. The locals are hesitant to directly attack or insult the monks, for they fear reprisals from the church and witch hunters if they demonstrate a lack of respect. However, the monks' pious preaching (not to mention those who prey on the monk's naiveté) is causing the normal business of the town to dissolve into confusion.

Muleskinner

We ought to be able to reach the next inn by nightfall, if we press a bit harder. It's either that, or risk a night in the open with raiders and wolves.



(RC) Muleskinners guide trains of pack animals, normally mules, across the Border Princes, carrying vital supplies from one settlement to another. Vital but cheap supplies might be transported by a single Muleskinner, while more valuable goods merit at least a few men, and possibly mercenary guards as well. Sometimes, the Muleskinners just don't let on that they are carrying anything valuable and just hope the bandits ignore them. With all their travel, Muleskinners often know the Borderlands better than just about anyone else, and some choose to put that knowledge to use earning a living in other ways.

Muleskinners also hold mule skinning contests. The dead mule record is under a minute; the live mule record, held unchallenged by Alberic "Flat Face" Schilp, is five and a half minutes.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Border Princes), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Navigate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), three Mules, Bow

Career Entries: Burgher, Hunter, Messenger, Peasant

Career Exits: **Animal Trainer**, Burgher, Highwayman, Merchant, Messenger, Outlaw, Scout

A Day in the Life

Up at dawn with the birds, the life of the Muleskinner is a hard one. His first order of the day, even before breaking his fast, is to look to the mule train. Feeding the all-important beasts of burden and checking them for injuries insures the muleskinner can fulfil his obligations.

Once he has taken care of these duties, he can look forward to a hard day leading, or riding, his stubborn charges through often-dangerous territory. On smaller runs, and with unimportant cargo, the muleskinner is all that stands in the way of the bandits, goblins, and other ne'er-do-wells that plague his travels.

His exertions make him hardy and he can well withstand the rigours of a tough journey. Before night falls, he must find a sheltered spot to picket the mules and set up his camp away from prying eyes. Only once he has tended his mules once more will he dare catch a brief rest before the work starts all over again. Only on relatively safer runs can he and his fellows relax.

Notable Figures – Alberic "Flat-Face" Schilp

A legend in his own lifetime, Alberic holds not one, but two records amongst the muleskinners of the Borderlands. His most famous exploit is, of course, his live mule skinning record, earned one dark, ale-filled evening. Not one to rest on his laurels, Alberic then did the Vapour Gorge run in twenty-four hours.

By the time he arrived in Privy Gulch, his hair was yellow (and folks would swear it was auburn when he started), his flat face florid, and nine of his ten mules had died. What he was unable to load onto the lone survivor, he had carried himself through to the end.

Adventure Seeds

The Festival: Skulduggery is afoot at the annual mule skinning festival. Can a muleskinner keep his knife hand steady in the face of corrupt judges, rivals spiking his beer, a mule he's sure just spoke to him, and the woman who is intent on marrying him?

Conditional Terms: It's only a short job. Just run a few jars over the pass. Trouble is, it's been snowing for days, wolves are about, and the smell coming from the cargo isn't very wholesome. There are 10 gold coins in it if the muleskinner manages to get the jars to the collection point with the seals intact. However, the jar-owner didn't look particularly happy when the muleskinner asked about delivering them with the seals broken.

A Killer Hangover: A particular merchant always hires the same team of muleskinners to cart his wares across the Border Princes. He pays an average rate, but if the job is finished promptly he also provides a keg of good drink as a token of gratitude. A rival muleskinner is looking to secure the merchant's business, and is looking for an inside man to spike the keg awarded by the merchant on the next job to make the muleskinners ill and unable to work for several days. Perhaps it's that simple, or perhaps the rival seeks to poison the keg and remove the competition once and for all.

Mystic



And then, from the maw of the seventh serpent sprang a fattened calf, and it spake unto me…

(RC) Some Anchorites and Cenobites become so full of wisdom (or full of something, anyway) that they progress to being Mystics. No longer content to seek wisdom by themselves, they insist on telling others of their discoveries, seeking to lead them to enlightenment also. Many leaders of monasteries are Mystics, as most sensible communities drive them out as soon as they realise what they are like.

A few Mystics actually discover the secrets of supernatural power. They tout this as proof of the value of their "insights."

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Charm, Command, Intimidation, Speak Language (any one), Torture

Talents: Menacing, Public Speaking

Trappings: Filthy Loincloth and Tunic

Career Entries: Anchorite, Cenobite

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Hedge Wizard, Rogue

Dangerous Charismatics

While cenobites and anchorites flee the trappings of civilisation to pursue their esoteric philosophies, many who attain the revered status of mystic feel compelled to return to the towns and cities to illuminate their inhabitants with their revelations.

These ragged preachers can be found ranting on street corners in urban areas throughout civilised lands. Unless irritated citizens lynch them first, their crazed oratory often attracts the attention of the priesthood who have them thrown into gaol. Clerics regard them as a threat not necessarily because of their beliefs, which are usually harmlessly bizarre rather than heretical, but because their crazed charisma actually does inspire the disaffected, and undermines the influence of the temples.

Unchecked, a mystic might gather a substantial following, convinced that they can experience divine illumination without relying on priests as intermediaries. Worse, these groups often throw off the mantle of all authority, living in communes in the countryside, scorning traditional values. In the eyes of the authorities, such anarchy offers a breeding ground for Chaos worship and must be stamped out.

The Seer

Dagobert the Seer achieved spiritual illumination over twenty years ago, when the merchant caravan he was guarding was attacked by greenskins while traversing the Border Princes. He recovered from a blow to the head by an orcish club with the revelation that suffering was caused by violence, and violence was the child of avarice. He cast away his armour, sword and other possessions, and wandered naked from settlement to settlement preaching poverty and pacifism.

He was ridiculed at many towns, and ignored at most – just another lunatic from the wilderness. However, as his beard grew longer and greyer, he attracted a following of acolytes who shared his strange philosophy, and together they founded a settlement deep in orcish territory, convinced that the greenskins would have no interest in their impoverished commune. The orcs came to investigate. Dagobert and his followers greeted them with floral wreaths and gifts of beads. The orcs left, their bellies full. Dagobert only survived because he played dead during the slaughter, and there was so little meat on his bones that the orcs left him untouched.

Undeterred, the mystic was soon wandering the settled lands once more, his fervent ramblings attracting more of the desperate and dispossessed. He has now founded a second community, dwelling a hundred feet above the Redbite River, among the caves of Eyrie Gorge, where he and his followers can practise their passive lifestyle undisturbed by hungry greenskins.

Adventure Seeds

The Commune: A noble's daughter has run away to join a commune headed by a charismatic mystic. The priesthood has been lax at suppressing the mystic's rantings, and the nobleman is desperate for his daughter to be rescued before the witch-hunters sniff out the heretic community. He hires the adventurers to extract his daughter from the mystic's clutches.

The End is Nigh!: The adventurers are dogged by a ragged lunatic who claims that he dreamt of the world ending in a tornado of blood. He insists that in his dreams, the adventurers saved the world, but only by doing what he demanded. Is the party prepared to follow the madman's ridiculous instructions? What catastrophe awaits should they ignore his pronouncements of doom?

Navigator

Based on my calculations, we need to adjust our heading starboard by ten degrees. Suit yourself, but don't complain to me when we miss the next port.

(Core) Navigators have the critically important task of getting a ship where it is supposed to go. Old World Navigators typically use charts to set their course, though they are often also capable of navigating by sun and stars. Navigators know the secrets of wind and tide, which makes them seem somewhat mystical to their sailor brethren and they are often regarded as a breed apart. Navigators are, by necessity, cartographers, charting the course of their voyages so that they may retrace them or that others may follow their route. As there are no compasses in the world, all ships employ a skilled Navigator, as do some overland expeditions.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+25%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy), Common Knowledge (any two), Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Swim, Trade (Cartographer)

Talents: Orientation

Trappings: 6 Maps and Charts, Trade Tools (Navigator's Instruments)

Career Entries: Boatman, **Cartogapher**, **Dilettante**, Fisherman, Mate, Scribe, Seaman

Career Exits: Artisan, **Cartographer**, Explorer, Scholar, Sea Captain

Affiliations

Navigation is a solitary occupation—while undergoing a voyage, most sailors leave navigators alone, afraid to distract them and thus risk the ship's safety. Perhaps because of this, when ashore, navigators seek out their fellows as much as possible, revelling in camaraderie whenever available. This inclination also makes navigators eager to join any suitable organisation, as such groups give them a good opportunity to gather and meet like-minded individuals.

Imperial Geographic Society: This is the Empire's official organisation for cartographers. Not every member is a navigator, of course – many cartographers never leave land, and indeed some never leave their cosy offices, preferring to work from the descriptions of others. But other members are more adventurous, and are eager to examine landmarks themselves, both by sea and by land. Most major Empire cities have an office of the society where members can gather, relate adventures and update maps.

Navigators' Club: This more casual group is the closest navigators have to their own private club. In order to join, you must be a seasoned navigator with at least three sea voyages to your credit – trips where you shared navigation duties do not count. Navigators gather at dockside taverns in every city, and whenever three or more are together, they declare it an official Navigators' Club meeting. All this really means is that, when recounting tales of that night to other navigators, they will preface the story with "You missed a splendid meeting!"

Guild of Explorers: The Guild of Explorers is open to anyone who travels the Empire and beyond in search of new places and new knowledge. Navigators are always looking for new routes and new lands, so they fit right in. The guild is loosely structured, and the only regular meetings occur at the University in Altdorf, but whenever two members meet, they sit down, drink and exchange tales.

Notable Figures

Rangur Star-eye did not set out to be a navigator. After running away from home he became a cabin boy, then a sailor. But during a terrible storm, the ship's navigator was washed overboard, and when the storm had passed, the surviving sailors realised they were lost.

"No we ain't," Rangur corrected. He pointed at the night sky. "There's the Old Wolf right there, so's the Empire lies that way."

With no other options, the captain decreed that they follow the boy's directions, and soon enough they were gliding into port at Altdorf. When they shipped out again, they had a new navigator and Rangur was his apprentice. Rangur became famous for his sharp eye and his knowledge of the stars, and guided many a ship home safely before eventually retiring from the sea. He now teaches navigation at the University in Altdorf, and it is said he never turns away a student, no matter how poor.

Adventure Seeds

A Mysterious Map: A strange map finds its way to a sea captain. It shows a route to Ind, one that, if accurate, would cut the long sea voyage in half. Such a route could make a captain rich, if it were true. Of course he decides to investigate, and advertises a commission for a navigator to join him and see his ship safely along the charted course.

Newssheet Vendor



Extra! Extra! The story of the century! Monsters rampage through Wissenland! Ladies of good virtue stalked by the undead! Cultists, courtiers, and cutthroats responsible! Read all about it!

(SoA) It used to be that scribes had a monopoly on the written word but that changed with the invention of the printing press. Now newssheets have become common in the towns and cities of the Empire. They are usually published once a day and are filled with local news and sensational tales. A big story may merit a special edition. Newssheet vendors walk the streets, calling out the top headlines and trying to outdo each other with their theatrics. There are many newssheet publishers in each city and the competition amongst them is savage. It is not unknown for rival vendors to fight each other in the streets. Ironically, big brawls of this type often become tomorrow's top news item.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Newssheet Vendor for Agitator with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+5%	–	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather *or* Sleight of Hand, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Read/Write

Talents: Public Speaking, Street Fighting *or* Streetwise

Trappings: Backpack, 1d10 Newssheets, Scroll Case

Career Entries: Burgher, Messenger, Peasant, Servant, Student

Career Exits: Agitator, Demagogue, Entertainer, Messenger, **Pamphleteer**, Rogue, Scribe, Zealot

The Daily Relation

Short for "The Daily Relation of News Commendable, Historic and Beneficial," this is arguably the Old World's oldest published newssheet. Originating in Nuln, this ragged populist scream sheet now circulates throughout the Empire. The news-sheet is unquestionably biased. Almost every article supports one of three premises: the upper class (nobles and merchants in particular) is corrupt, the major religions of the Empire are almost as bad as the upper class (though religion itself is commendable), and the lower class (peasants and farmers in particular) are worthy fellows. This message does not sit well with many nobles, and so the Daily Relation is constantly being persecuted.

The chief editor, Johann Darolus, is undaunted. Johann is a man on a mission – to free the Empire from the grip of decadent and worthless nobility and to see it become a republic. Of course, he keeps his treasonous thoughts largely to himself, but it does colour all of his work. Johann is constantly on the lookout for like-minded individuals to join his cause and to help him promote and sell his newspaper. There are rumours that at night, there are secret meetings held in his printing office. Could it be that Johann is no longer content to simply report the news? Perhaps he is about to make some news of his own?

The Veracitor

Short for "Being the most Noble Veracitor – Gazetteer of the Truth and Guardian of Principle Imperial Values," this is the Daily Relation's bitterest rival. Originating in Altdorf, this is published weekly and is of considerably higher quality and cost than the Daily Relation (costing a full crown, compared to the Relation's two shillings). It also has a considerably different focus. This is the newssheet for the elite. Focusing on the affairs of court and generous projects undertaken by the Empire's magnanimous noble masters, this newssheet rarely misses an opportunity to fawn over the upper classes. But if one is looking for the state of the Imperial Court in Altdorf, one could scarcely get a better primer than reading a month or two of the Veracitor.

The Veracitor is led by press-master Sir Ludovic von Klassen (he disdains the term 'editor' as being too plebeian). This knight and retired captain in the Imperial army is a staunch traditionalist. He deeply believes that rags such as the Daily Relation stir up the populace against their true lords and undermine the venerable institutions of his beloved fatherland. He resolved not to stand by and watch this happen, but to fight it at the press and in the streets.

Adventure Seeds

News or Slander? A series of murders against nobles and priests has been carried out in Nuln. Could it be that Johann Darolus has finally begun his campaign to undermine the Imperial government? Or could it be that a vindictive former newssheet vendor is trying to frame him?

The Might of Pens and Swords: A news-sheet vendor is found gutted in back alley. The word on the street has it that the local franchises of the Weekly Veracitor and the Daily Relation stand on the edge of what amounts to a gang war. Can someone stop this violence and find the real killer? Could it be that his murder has more to do with the vendor's attempt to woo the youngest daughter of the town's most influential merchant house?

Noble

Being born into a noble house isn't as easy as it appears. You're constantly faced with dilemmas. Which silk tunic should I wear today? What wine shall I have with my roasted pheasant?



(Core) The Nobles are the ruling class of the Empire. They wield the power, they control the land, and they make the laws. The most important Noble families are those of Imperial Electors and of course the Emperor himself. There are hundreds of others though, and they all vie for more money and more power. Some seek their fortunes in war, others in business or politics. None would sully themselves by practicing a common trade. The most contemptible Nobles do nothing at all, merely live off their family wealth and attend an endless array of parties, dances, and gala events. The younger children of Noble houses, however, do not have it so easy. Since inheritance goes to the eldest, they must often make their own way in the world, even if it means slumming amongst the lower classes and falling in with adventurers and ne'er-do-wells.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather ***or*** Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol ***or*** Performer (Musician), Charm, Gamble ***or*** Gossip, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Luck or Public Speaking, Savvy or Specialist Weapon (Fencing), Schemer or Specialist Weapon (Parrying)

Trappings: Foil, Main Gauche, Noble's Garb, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness, 1d10 ***gc***, Jewellery worth 6d10 ***gc***

Career Entries: Squire, Steward

Career Exits: Courtier, **Dilettante**, Pistolier, Politician, Rogue, Squire, Student

A Day in the Life

Upon waking in a sumptuous bedroom the noble calls for servants to help him groom, dress and bring him breakfast. He may wish to hear some music, and a lute player will be summoned. He may wish to visit the town, in which case servants prepare his carriage and drape a green velvet cloak about his shoulders.

Most of the people the noble meets seek his favour through sycophantic shows of obedience, but he may have to deal with less deferential individuals. A farmer may complain about taxes, or a bereaved woman whines that if the Cult of Shallya had better funding her infant need not have suffered. Occasionally there might be a moment of drama as an angry young man flings something unpleasent at the noble before dashing off. If the local watch are alert enough the noble may have the satisfaction of seeing the churl hung.

All are distractions from the business of the day – statecraft and socialising. He will meet with magisters, guild masters, priests and burgomeisters, and review the performance of his underlings, bailiffs, heralds and watch sergeants. He may draft a new law or decide to instigate some military adventure. The evening might be spent amongst his noble peers at a high class club, enjoying the latest Sierck production at a theatre, or dancing an elegant waltz at a ball.

Social Responsibility and the Nobility

Whilst agitators might decry them as corrupt parasites, many nobles realise they are expected (though not required) to act as paragons of virtue. Nobles with a social conscience, or a deeper understanding of politics, know that every time they behave in a less than exemplary manner they provide ammunition to those who seek to attack the nobility. Such nobles try their best to set an example to thosebelow them. They court public opinion by donating to Shallyan orphanages, or by taking a prominent position in the ranks of the military during times of conflict.

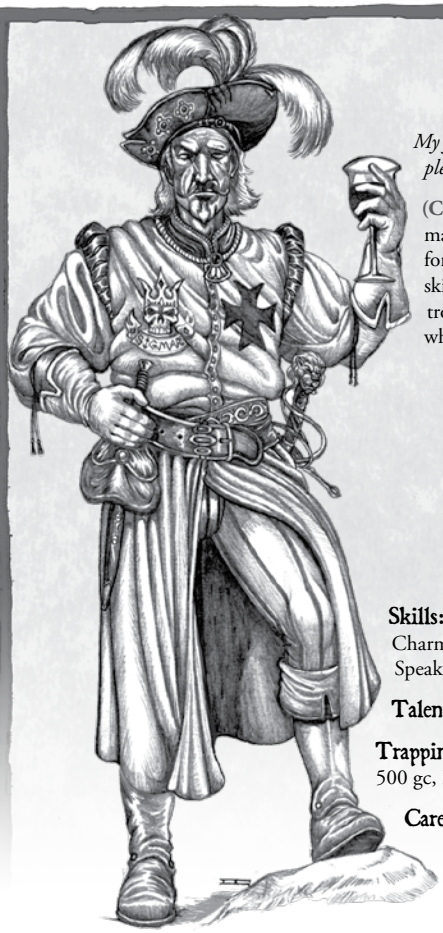
More selfish or ignorant members of the nobility don't bother themselves with such a burden of responsibility. This obnoxious behaviour is most notable in the archetypal 'rake.' These are usually young and foppish nobles who takes pleasure in inflicting all manner of childish and humiliating pranks on their social inferiors, knowing they will be able to buy or intimidate himself out of any trouble they might get into as a result. Gangs of such rakes can be encountered 'slumming it' in many cities of the Old World, drunk on expensive liquor and looking for entertainment.

Adventure Seeds

Insolence or Incompetence: A young rake has finally gone too far with his obnoxious pranks and has been posted to Blackfire Pass as punishment. His leadership is not particularly inspiring to the soldiers garrisoned there, and when they hear that a horde of Orcs is mustering in the mountains they begin to become mutinous. The PCs could be numbered among the soldiers who find themselves with a spoilt and incompetent commander, or they could be the noble and his retinue who find themselves in charge of an insubordinate army.

Redirection of Funds: The nobility of Wurtbad have recently taken the rather shocking step of stopping funds to the local cult of Shallya. Are their assurances that such steps are necessary to re-equip the militia to be taken seriously, or are the rumours of surreptitious meetings with the masters of the physicians' guild more likely?

ADVANCED



Noble Lord

My father and my father's father worked hard to build up our family's wealth and political clout. I am pleased to be able to wield both on their behalf.

(Core) Noble Lords are members of the nobility with actual power and responsibility, unlike the many dilettantes who fill the courts of the Old World. Some inherit their positions, whereas others forcefully claw their way to them. All of them tend to be strong-willed, adroit public speakers, and skilled fighters. They must be adept at resolving local disputes, negotiating court politics, and leading troops in the field. Some of the most powerful Noble Lords in the Empire are the Elector Counts who choose from among their number who will be the next Emperor.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History or Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Master Orator, Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing)

Trappings: Best Craftsmenship Rapier or Foil, Best Craftsmenship Noble's Garb, 500 gc, Jewellery worth 500 gc, Destrier with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Courtier, Knight, Knight of the Inner Circle, Politician, Sea Captain

Career Exits: Captain, Knight, Scholar, Sea Captain

Little Known Fact – The Nobility and the Law

Common knowledge has it that to be noble is to be above the law. The truth of this depends on where and who the noble is. An important Norse jarl might be able to behave in a violently sociopathic manner with no thought for the consequences, but a Reikland lord could not carve a rampage through the streets of Altdorf with impunity. Also, to be a known noble in one of the Tilean republics can be something of an imposition.

Watchmen in the Empire are careful about arresting anyone of noble birth. They might take note of nobles committing crimes, but do nothing more than report it to influential authorities such as the Cult of Verena or another noble. The drunk and disorderly behaviour of a rake is unlikely to be censured, even when indulging in dangerous pranks.

Once informed of a noble's bad behaviour, his peers will tend to make an example of him, as the aristocracy realise that demonstrations of even-handedness are well received among the great unwashed masses. However this example usually extends to withdrawal of privileges, stopping far short of the public executions used to deal with common criminals.

The watch will intervene if they find a noble committing a clearly shocking or treasonous crime, but they will take care to treat the noble with utmost respect throughout the process. It is common to find nobles serving lengthy prison sentences in surroundings that most men would consider palatial, and enjoying perks their own gaolers would find luxurious. In the meantime those who informed on or captured the noble may find that they a hard time remaining employed, and could even become the targets of harassment organised by the noble's cronies.

Affiliations

The affiliations of any noble lord of worth encompasses all levels of society. They command the military, hobnob with the priesthood, listen to the concerns of guild masters, employ (or outright own) the peasantry, and sponsor artists and businesses. In times of unrest they broker deals to keep the peace with crime lords and watch captains alike. They meet with the ambassadors of foreign nations, and even the other races of the Old World. Members of any given profession may find themselves patronised by a noble lord, from rat catchers to coachmen, bailiffs to assassins.

Adventure Seeds

To Be Young Again: Countess Emmanuelle von Liebwitz of Nuln can deny it no longer, she is now over 40 (though only the suicidal would press the point). A dashing adventurer has recently been a guest of her court, enthralling listeners with tales of distant Lustria. While there, he heard tell of a cruel race of Elves who inhabit a frozen land to the north of the New World. It is said that certain Elven noblewomen there practise a rite to rejuvenate themselves, bathing in blood and emerging lithe and youthful, no matter what their real age. The Countess is intrigued and seeks to know more. The blood-bathing business sounds perfectly ghastly, but not quite as vile as the thought of more grey hairs and crow's feet.

The Feud: A noble lord is becoming increasing bellicose towards one of his neighbours. Old feuds or irreconcilable ethical differences might be cited, but resources such as control of a newly established silver mine probably form the real cause for war. Other noble lords might seek to pour oil on troubled waters, or they may encourage their peers in the hope of an exciting bloody spectacle.

Norse Berserker

No make Skorri angry. Not like when angry. Pay wages now.



(Core) Norsca is a grim northern land, full of fell beasts such as Ice Trolls and Chaos Spawn, and it breeds tough fighters. The berserkers are a rightly feared warrior cult. Its members go into battle without armour to prove they have no fear. They work themselves into an incredible rage, often biting on their own shields. Their feats fill the sagas and loom large in the stories of those Imperial soldiers that have faced them. Some few berserkers make their way to the Empire because they've been exiled or simply have a desire to see more of the world. They rarely stay in one place for long, since no Watchman wants a frothing lunatic disturbing the peace. Berserkers are highly prized Mercenaries, however, due to their rarity and effectiveness.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	–	+10%	+10%	–	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca), Consume Alcohol, Intimidate, Performer (Storyteller), Speak Language (Norse), Swim

Talents: Frenzy, Menacing, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Bottle of Spirits, Great Weapon *or* Shield

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Mercenary, Pit Fighter, Seaman, Sergeant, Veteran

Note: If this is your Starting Career, you are from Norsca.

Affiliations

There are no formal organisations of Norse berserkers in Norsca, but things are different in the Empire. Half-mad warriors are not trusted, particularly those from near the Chaos Wastes, so a Norse berserker without a group to back him up is an easy target for witch hunters and the paranoid.

Most Norse berserkers join a mercenary company, where they are welcome as long as they do not cause serious injuries to their comrades in the inevitable brawls. In general, mercenary berserkers gain the respect of their comrades after the first battle.

Others enter the service of wealthy individuals who want a truly intimidating bodyguard. Berserkers in these jobs find less camaraderie, and are often out of work after entering a frenzy and grossly overreacting to a slight against their employer.

A few just find like-minded individuals and form a small group looking for adventure. Such groups are treated with even more suspicion than a lone berserker, but they are often dangerous enough to dissuade most watchmen from starting trouble.

Little Known Facts

Many Norse berserkers were not, in fact, berserkers in their homelands. When they came south, they found that people in the Empire expected all warriors from the north to be subject to frenzied rages, and had to play up to that image to find work. After pretending for a little while, they soon found it wasn't an act for them any more. Most of these berserkers are now convinced that the rage truly is in the blood of their people, needing only the right environment to draw it out.

Some Norscan tribes serve the Ruinous Powers, and send out berserkers as agents to undermine the soft lands to the south, making them ripe for raiding. Among themselves, the berserkers tell stories of Norscans sent south with magically-programmed commands of which they are completely unaware. These berserkers are said to spring into suicidal and destructive action when they encounter a particular situation or hear a certain phrase. Many berserkers worry about whether they are such agents, but all try to make sure that no Imperial citizens hear these stories.

Adventure Seeds

A Brotherly Request: The Norse berserker's brother turns up, having tracked him across the Empire. He brings news of a terrible threat to their village, combined with rumours of an enormous treasure, and says that he was sent to bring the berserker back. The brother is much as the berserker remembers, but after a time he realises that his brother always keeps his right leg covered, and is rather evasive when asked why the village would send someone so far to bring back a single warrior.

Proof of Innocence: The Norse berserker is seized by the watch and thrown into a cage to await sentencing for a series of brutal murders. Before he can do anything but protest his innocence, one of the watchmen who arrested him is murdered. The charge is changed to witchcraft, as the berserker clearly managed to escape the cage to commit the crime. Fortunately, on examination, it looks like the berserker could escape his cage, with nothing more than brute force. How convenient.

Outlaw



Hand over all your valuables and unbuckle those sword belts. Do what you're told and everything will be fine. We don't want to kill you... Yet.

(Core) Imperial justice is swift and merciless. It is no wonder then that so many flee the watch and take on the life of the Outlaw. The hills and forests are full of Outlaw bands. It is a precarious existence, as they must deal not only with Roadwardens, Soldiers, and other agents of law, but also the dark denizens of the wilds. While many Outlaws are nothing more than common thieves, robbing coaches and caravans, others claim to champion the peasantry and fight for "justice not law." As long as the Outlaws confine their attacks to the rich, the Peasants aid them with food, information, and places to hide. This support, and the rough terrain Outlaws use for their bases, makes them difficult for the state to deal with. Local Nobles often resort to the use of Bounty Hunters to end their bandit troubles.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	–	–	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Drive *or* Ride, Gossip *or* Secret Signs (Thief), Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Set Trap *or* Swim, Silent Move

Talents: Rover *or* Streetwise, Sharpshooter *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Shield

Career Entries: Agitator, Charlatan, Coachman, **Ex-Convict**, Hedge Wizard, Innkeeper, Marine, Mercenary, Militiaman, Peasant, Roadwarden, Rogue, Squire, Toll Keeper, Woodsman, Zealot

Career Exits: Demagogue, **Ex-Convict**, Highwayman, Thief, Vagabond, Veteran

Life of an Outlaw

Outlaws exist wherever there are people to be fleeced from their hard earned coin. From the largest city to the smallest forested road, the outlaw's domain is as diverse as the people they harass. They rely either on secrecy or a remote location to avoid being caught, and some even make an effort to keep their offences minimal to maintain a low profile; if they attract too much attention, a reward is posted for their capture and then they'll have more trouble than they can handle. Consequently, it's in their best interests to not leave witnesses behind who might tell the authorities of the outlaws' exploits. Some of the larger outlaw bands eventually migrate towards the Border Princes, where they are free to establish their own rule of law under the guidance of a strong leader. Otherwise, without some sort of leadership, most loose packs and bands of wandering outlaws tend to fragment and disperse over time. They simply lack the discipline to work together with other miscreants and ruffians for extended lengths of time .

Heinz Gerber

Rumours circulate through the small towns and villages throughout Wissenland about the elusive outlaw Heinz Gerber. The infamous outlaw has grown quite a reputation for himself, and is oft credited with terrorising merchant wagons, coaches and skiffs along virtually any road, trail or river found south of the Upper Reik.

Heinz has been a constant source of irritation and frustration for local constabularies and roadwardens for several years now. A merchant arriving in Steingart curses Gerber's name for waylaying him along his route, while further south in Meissen, riverwardens receive reports of Heinz Gerber stealing a trading skiff laden with spices and foodstuffs. The man is simply in too many places at one time.

As such, a sizeable bounty has been created – currently 75 gold crowns are being offered for the capture of the notorious outlaw. However, no two warrants or wanted posters bear the same information, and none of the sketches of the man are in the least ways consistent or detailed.

Heinz Gerber's infamy has spread thanks to the criminal enterprises of the remaining Gerber brothers Stevron, Jakob and Dieter. They are the younger brothers of the true Heinz Gerber. However, when Heinz ran afoul of a witch hunter near Loningbruck and was hanged for his numerous crimes, the surviving brothers took matters into their own hands, ambushing and murdering the witch hunter. Making a pact amongst themselves, the three remaining brothers split up, each wreaking havoc under Heinz's name, spreading his story and legend across the land.

Adventure Seeds

Brotherhood of the Wolf: The characters run afoul of a high-ranking magistrate who banishes them from civilised lands on trumped-up charges. The characters seek sanctuary in the forest, where they are attacked by beastman, but rescued by a group of outlaws wearing wolf pelts. The characters must decide whether to embrace their new life as wolf-brothers, or to try to clear their names. The outlaws are themselves victims of the magistrate's tyranny, and will be glad to help the characters topple him from power.

A Plea for Help: An isolated Reikland village finds itself the centre of a struggle between two rival outlaw bands. The villagers are hard-pressed to support the demands of both groups, and both sides have threatened to destroy the villagers' homes if they help their rivals. The authority of the Emperor is weak in this remote region, and the corrupt local lord uninterested in the affairs of mere peasants, so the villagers send out one of their own to seek a band of adventurers willing to rid them of the outlaws.

Outlaw Chief

This isn't some sort of mercenary company. Once you're in, you become part of the family. If you want to run with us, you take the bad with the good.



(Core) Every band of brigands needs a leader. An Outlaw who shows he is both cunning and bold can rise to the level of Outlaw Chief. Commanding a lawless group of dangerous men is no easy task and the perilous forests of the Old World don't make the job any easier. Outlaw Chiefs get their pick of the loot their band acquires, but they are also held responsible for every failure and their grasp on leadership is tenuous. Outlaw bands are notorious for not allowing any of their members to simply retire, which may make leaving the Chief's post a difficult task.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+30%	+10%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+2	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Follow Trail, Perception, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout ***or*** Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Lightning Parry, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Sure Shot

Trappings: Bow ***or*** Crossbow with 10 Arrows ***or*** Bolts, Medium Armour (Sleeved Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Horse with Saddle and Harness, Band of Outlaws

Career Entries: Crime Lord, Demagogue, Ghost Strider, Highwayman, Master Thief, Racketeer, Scout, Veteran

Career Exits: Assassin, Captain, Crime Lord, Demagogue

Managing a Band of Outlaws

The first step to recruiting new outlaws is establishing trust, for bounty hunters have been known to infiltrate outlaw gangs. Displaying an arrest warrant or demonstrating one's criminal nature should be sufficient.

The second step is to convince outlaws of one's leadership ability, either by proposing a clever heist or by paying a small initial wage with the promise of more. If one of these conditions isn't met, the prospective chief will be forced to rely on charm or intimidation to convince the scum to follow him.

Players can use the Bandit standard profile for NPC Outlaws (see *WFRP*, page 233). Each NPC Outlaw should have a name and a distinguishing trait to set him apart from the others. Outlaws expect a fair share of the loot (usually negotiated up-front) and morale is entirely dependent upon the Outlaw Chief's success. For each failed mission, the Outlaw Chief's Command Tests should be penalised by -10%, and for each successful mission they should improve by +10%. Outlaws are inclined to flee rather than risk capture or death.

A GM may decide that an Outlaw Chief who has been deposed from leadership is prohibited from spending experience on stat advances until at least one new Outlaw is recruited.

Bibino "The Count" Ortichino

The third son of a Tilean prince, Bibino lost his inheritance when his promised parcel of land was claimed by an Estalian margrave as hostage ransom. After receiving the news, Bibino found and killed the Estalian, then fled to Sartosa to avoid reprisals.

Bibino soon discovered that sea-sickness would limit his career as a pirate, but his ambitious yet carefree style did attract followers, including many outlaws and a halfling barber-surgeon. Bibino's crew followed him eastward to the Border Princes, where ancient Nehekharan gold was rumoured to be buried.

Bibino plans to amass enough gold to build a keep, and he's promised each of his men a plot of land within the future princedom. His men are loyal and deferential, addressing their chief as "Count Ortichino." Having failed to locate any gold thus far, the outlaws have conducted a series of raids into the Darklands, each one more disastrous than the last. On its most recent raid, the outlaw band returned with only two barrels of hobgoblin rotgut at the cost of eight men.

Bibino plies new recruits with booze until they become alcoholics and often awards alcohol in lieu of cash payment. He manages to keep his wits sharp despite the constant revelry that has become the hallmark of his camp.

Adventure Seeds

Questioning Authority: The local noble has issued a decree outlawing mining in the nearby hills. Deprived of their livelihoods, the miners seek an experienced outlaw chief to conduct retaliatory strikes against the noble, distracting him while the miners continue their work. The outlaw chief's decisions are frequently questioned by a veteran in the band, and several outlaws support the veteran. With the band divided into two camps, they receive news that the Sigmarite Lector is offering a formal pardon to outlaws who turn in their fellows. Paranoia reaches a new level; the schism must be confronted.

Basic



Outrider

We are not the first to pass this way. See the tracks? I fear we are hunted.

(Core) Outriders are experienced outdoorsmen who reconnoitre for armies, caravans, and other travelling parties. They are the eyes and ears, constantly on the lookout for ambushes and other hazards. Because they operate in advance of the main party, they must be self-sufficient and level-headed. Outriders must trust their instincts and make their own decisions, because they have no one else to turn to when they are alone in the wild. Most Outriders operate in home area and use their intimate knowledge of the locale to their advantage. A few specialize in trailblazing, riding ahead into unknown and hostile territory. These Outriders earn more money for their services, but their life expectancy is short.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	+10%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Coolheaded ***or*** Very Strong, Orientation, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling)

Trappings: Bow ***or*** Crossbow with 10 Arrows ***or*** Bolts, Net, Whip ***or*** Lasso, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Shield, 10 Yards of Rope, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Kithband Warrior, Messenger, Roadwarden, Soldier

Career Exits: Coachman, Highwayman, Mercenary, Roadwarden, Scout

Lenore Reiss

Lady Lenore never fit in well inside a city. Even as a little girl she preferred the company of horses to her boorish family and their friends. Born into privilege in Altdorf, she fled as soon as she was able, abandoning a gigantic dowry and the promise of a life of leisure. She joined a gang of rough outriders, who were little interested in letting a woman into their ranks. She earned their respect the only way she could – by showing them she could handle herself. Since then, she's become something of a folk hero – the legendary Lady Lenore of the Wilderland.

Lenore usually wears a shapeless grey cloak, hood, and mask. There is a reason for this garb – Lenore is stunningly beautiful. She hates to be judged by appearances and so the mask and hood cover her features and long golden tresses quite well. Although she works as an outrider and caravan guide to earn money, she views herself as a defender of the people. Several times she has organised groups of her fellow outriders to ride down bandits and beasts preying on defenceless farmers and townsfolk. This has only reinforced her status as a hero of the people. Unfortunately, it has also made enemies. The local constabulary and nobility do not appreciate Lenore's popularity among the peasantry. They wonder what she plans to do with this influence she appears to be gathering. They worry that the next 'monster' she may be hunting may be them.

The Satchel Boys

Not all outriders are guides and caravan guards. Some serve as the messengers of the Empire. These so-called 'Satchel Boys' are usually young, independent, and accomplished riders. They are not technically agents of the Imperial government. Instead they are freelance messengers who deliver letters and mail across the Emperor's domain. They are never entrusted with anything truly monumental, and are usually penniless and lightning fast – bandits usually give pass these boys up and concentrate on wealthier, slower prey. Still, it is a dangerous job and more than one Satchel Boy has headed down a dark forest road never to be seen again.

Note: An Outrider with this background may (at the GM's discretion) substitute Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling) for the New Talent – Lightning Fast Rider.

Adventure Seeds

Missing Escort: An outrider has failed to report back to the caravan he's escorting. It happens the party is travelling with this caravan (perhaps as passengers or guards). His trail leads into an ancient glade surrounded by brambles, and reputed to be haunted.

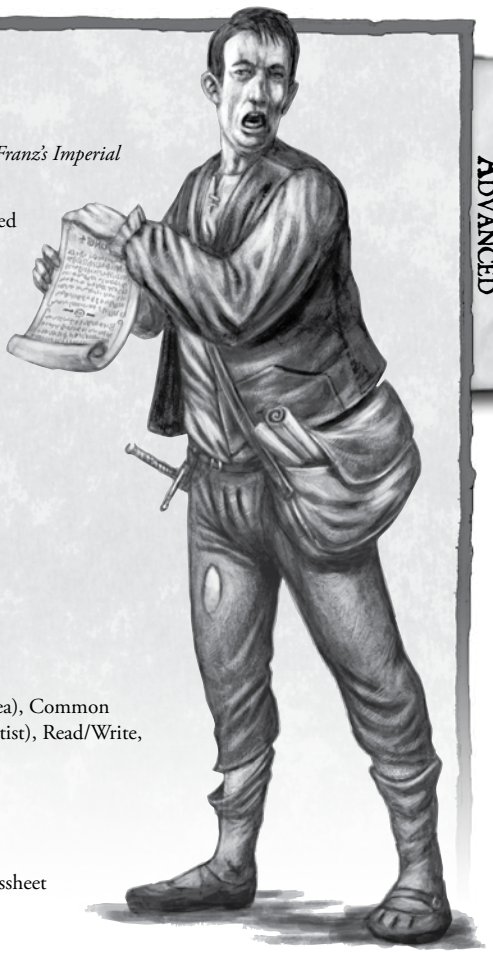
A Turn for the Worse: A band of outriders has gone outlaw. Led by a notorious Bretonnian highwayman, Guillame Arsenault, they have been easily eluding the law. Finally, they have gone too far, robbing and kidnapping the daughter of the Count. Who will save the girl, arrest these villains, and, most importantly, collect the fabulous reward?

New Talent: Lightning Fast Rider

With a successful Ride skill check, you may add 1 to the movement characteristic of any horse you are riding for one day. This bonus cannot be applied to a horse wearing chain, scale, or plate barding.

Pamphleteer

Read all about it! Has Karl Franz finally lost his marbles... erm, hello officer. Read all about it! Karl Franz's Imperial marble quarry lost to marauding Beastmen!



(SoE) The printing press is a new invention in the Empire, and as yet its presence has not changed much of society. Its presence is however keenly felt among agitators, demagogues, and street politicians who now have a whole new way to reach their public. Pamphleteers are more than just tradesmen with a paper-press: They are passionate individuals who research, write, sketch and print political or religious works in order to spread their message, then disseminate their materials across whole cities and provinces. Although printing itself is perfectly legal and increasingly respectable, many pamphleteers print material that is neither, and those who wish to stay in business have to be skillful at escaping the attention of the Watch or more powerful enemies.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+15%	+25%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Blather, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Kislev or Tilea), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Gossip, Perception, Performer (Storyteller) *or* Trade (Artist), Read/Write, Speak Language (any one), Trade (Calligrapher or Merchant)

Talents: Artistic *or* Public Speaking, Streetwise

Trappings: Writing Kit, Printing Press

Career Entries: Agitator, Artisan, Burgher, Demagogue, Entertainer, Engineer, Messenger, Newssheet Vendor, Scholar, Scribe, Student

Career Exits: Demagogue, Merchant, Politician, Scholar

Calvin Kenzig

Calvin Kenzig is a pamphleteer who works the streets of Altdorf. He has a knack for rabble rousing and shamelessly caters to the lower end of the market.

His Altdorf Celestial Body newsletter is famous for its sensationalist headlines (which often don't reflect the actuality of the story) and its suggestive woodcut reproductions of comely Altdorf maidens. Since its first printing, it quickly became one of the most popular newssheets in the capital.

While many people like to look down upon those who read the rag, it is a guilty pleasure to many. It seems that almost everyone is tempted to take a peak at the latest lurid headline or tawdry scandal. Because of this, Clavin Kenzig has a lot more power than people sometimes credit him with. Even the most important citizens go out of their way to ensure they get a good write-up in the Celestial Body. And woe betide a public figure whom he decides to turn against.

If You're Not Part of the Solution...

The successful pamphleteer needs to show a certain amount of care, especially in these uncertain times. It's no good just writing up a gripe and printing it. That might get it off your chest but before you know it, you'll be up before the beak having your press confiscated. You must have a knack for realpolitik. Learn to moderate your language, couch your harshest criticisms in the most polite terms. Flatter those who might be able to help you; they could donate to the cause, or keep you out of the way of the law. There is nothing wrong with that, especially if it leads to a better world.

The local magistrate might be part of the problem, but you're not going to solve anything by throwing a few insults his way. Write something nice about him, and maybe next time someone petitions him to issue an arrest warrant with your name on it, he might be inclined to refuse. If you must criticise the head of the watch, make sure you say that the average watchman is doing his best in difficult circumstances. You know this will make it better for you, if you end up down the watch station.

Taking a gentle approach might be the best way to succeed, you will catch more flies with sugar than you will with vinegar. In fact, perhaps the most effective, or at least the safest, way to bring down the establishment is not to criticise them at all, and let someone else do it.

Adventure Seeds

A Request You Can't Refuse: A pamphleteer is visited by a stranger who makes it known that a certain criminal bigwig would be most offended if the latest story about rival rat catcher gangs were not glowing in his praise and sympathetic to his particular chosen gang. A while later, there is another visitor who makes it equally clear that a rival bigwig would be equally offended if...

Hero of the People: The characters are hired to go down to the deepest slum, and search out a local trouble maker. They are to give him a good thrashing, and once they find his stuff they are to burn it all and throw his printing press in the river. Unfortunately for them, the pamphleteer is extremely popular down his way and a number of locals will be happy to help him out.



Peasant

But my lord, the harvest was terrible; if I pay you that much in taxes I'll have naught to eat for the winter!

(Core) The peasantry makes up the preponderance of the Empire's population. While the Nobles rule and the Burghers trade, the Peasants toil. They are farmers, labourers, and herdsman. In times of war, they fight and die for the Empire. Many Peasants seek a better life in the city, only to join the legion of beggars on the verge of starvation. The majority spends their whole lives in the village they were born in, surrounded by hostile country and only occasionally getting news of the outside world. While they are provincial and superstitious, the Peasants are the heart of the Empire.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Charm, Animal Training *or* Swim, Charm Animal *or* Trade (Cook), Concealment, Drive *or* Trade (Bowyer), Gamble *or* Performer (Dancer *or* Singer), Outdoor Survival *or* Trade (Farmer), Row *or* Set Trap, Scale Sheer Surface *or* Silent Move

Talents: Hardy *or* Rover, Flee! *or* Specialist Weapon Group (Sling)

Trappings: Sling *or* Quarter Staff, Leather Flask

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Bone Picker, Charcoal-Burner, **Farmer**, Fisherman, Militiaman, Outlaw, Politician, Servant, Tradesman, Zealot

A Day In The Life

Peasants labour from dawn to dusk, seven days a week. They must pay their taxes, plus their rent and any other expenses, out of the foodstuffs or goods produced by their labour. It is difficult to imagine a more dreary, more bleak existence than the sort of life scratched out by a hard working peasant.

If the harvest is good, there is a surplus and the peasants thrive and can forget their woes – at least for a short while. In years when the harvest is bad, they face a long, cold winter with not enough to eat, and the threat of starvation or freezing to death are constant companions.

It is a sad fact that the vast majority of peasants never wander far from the place where they were born; their world ends at the boundary of the village and fields they work. However, despite the arduous work and life of toil, even peasants can find joy, for many celebrate the little victories and blessings of life with a zeal and passion that only one who has laboured so much to reap so little can appreciate.

Notable Figures

There are few examples of peasants who have moved beyond their meagre station in life, but history has turned out a few exceptions. There are examples of great military strategists and religious leaders who rose from a humble background to earn renown and fame. However, an individual must be truly driven to achieve such heights when life is stacked against them from birth onward.

Ortho the Mighty is a classic example of one who rose to fame through dedication and skill at arms. As a young man, he rallied his fellow peasants to fend of a band of goblins from decimating their fields and burning the crops. His efforts caught the attention of a travelling merchant, who in turn relayed Ortho's cool-headedness, tenacity and grit to his friend, the captain of the watch in a nearby city. The captain was so impressed he travelled to the farming community to meet with young Ortho, and recruited him to join the watch.

And so Ortho's rise began. He excelled within the watch, and soon took over as captain once his former recruiter and friend retired. Now in his mid thirties, Ortho is happy to recount his personal life story, and show how dedication and determination in the name of the Empire never truly goes unrewarded. And he should know – as this former peasant, former watchman, and former mercenary is now the personal bodyguard for the Elector of Ostland,

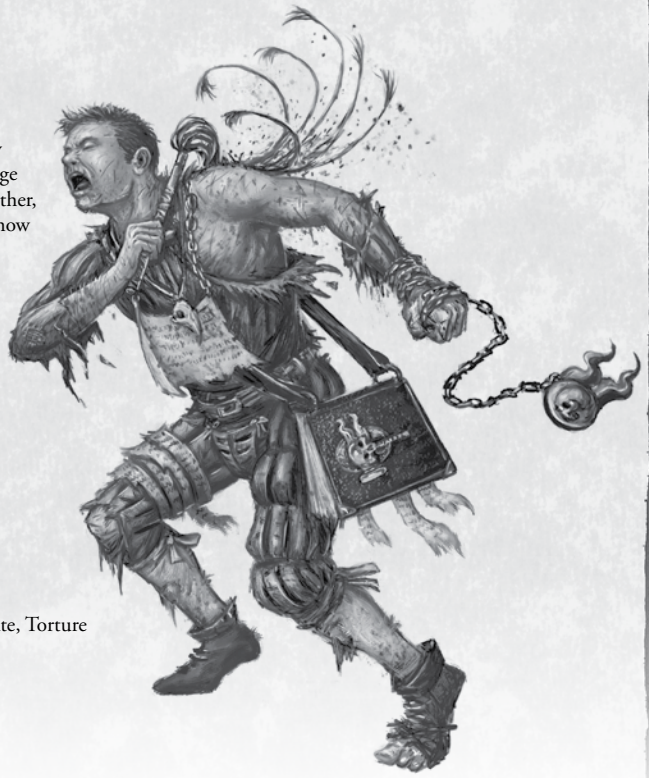
Adventure Seeds

Pauper or Pretender? While passing through a small hamlet, a local peasant throws himself in front of the characters and begs for protection. It's unclear exactly why this individual needs protection, but he is persistent, pleading with the characters that he is not what he seems, but someone of noble birth in hiding. Soon it becomes clear that this bumpkin has more than a few enemies in the village, and things start to get suspicious. That night, some of the characters' valuables have suddenly gone missing, and so has the peasant.

Conscription Services: The characters have been sent to scout local villages for likely candidates to conscript into the region's standing militia. They have been cautioned to keep quiet about what they're doing; peasants don't look kindly on outsiders sizing them up to be taken away for the army. There may also be secrets the villagers are trying to keep hidden from the militia.

Penitent

I have been very, very bad.



(ToS) Penitents wander the streets of the Old World, crying out that they are heretics and unworthy while beating themselves, or each other, to purge their wickedness. Groups of penitents practise the Torture Skill on each other, which gives members of this career a particularly good understanding of how it works.

As noted above, penitents are particularly common among followers of Sigmar, but they are found among the more committed of the followers of all Gods.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	+10%	–	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Torture

Talents: Hardy, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient

Trappings: Religious Symbol, Scourge

Career Entries: Flagellant, Initiate, Outlaw, Student, Zealot

Career Exits: **Cenobite**, Charlatan, Flagellant, Initiate, Vagabond

Penitent Dogma

Manann: Manann is a generally indifferent patron who has little interaction with his followers whether they are devout or not. Ironically, there is a growing sect of Manann penitents who believe their god's ambivalence is directly related to their lack of self-castigation. Penitents of Manann tend to favour self-mortification with fish hooks, and a new form of torment they have been pioneering called "water–logging".

Morr: Penitents of Morr continually try to redeem themselves for any number of transgressions against their tireless god. There are so many intricate regulations and strictures concerning the funereal process, and one small oversight or gaffe can entirely undo the sanctity of a ritual. The most committed penitents of Morr are a short-lived few who administer funeral rites in places of virulent plague.

Myrmidia: Most followers of the "sensible" warrior goddess believe that their patron would not wish her adherents to waste time with futile self-flagellation. Mistakes happen, and lapses in judgement often occur in the heat of battle. Only the greatest transgressions against Myrmidia's strictures must be answered with penance. Cowardice that results in the death of comrades is such a transgression, and Myrmidian penitents guilty of this offence follow a similar path to the dwarf Slayer cult.

Ranald: Penitents of Ranald are unique in the Old World because their redemptive efforts are forced upon them rather than voluntary. Sticky-fingered thieves who overstep their boundaries and bring down too much heat on the community, are often "compelled" to return the goods (surreptitiously, of course). If the individual cultist survives his compulsory atonement, he is considered redeemed.

Shallya: Shallyans do not believe in castigation, and prefer to deal with breaches in discipline through meditation and civic outreach.

Sigmar: The Sigmarite cults are particularly fond of self-punishment, and their ranks provide the most diverse range of penitents. Any of the acts of contrition described in WFRP, page 175 are appropriate.

Taal and Rhya: Followers of Taal and Rhya look towards nature to provide their methods of reparation. Minor transgressions can lead to banishment in an inhospitable wilderness for a predetermined length of time. Those guilty of major trespasses can only be redeemed through a lengthy sacrifice ritual involving a powerful forest creature that the penitent has captured bare-handed.

Ulric: The God of Battle and Winter prefers that his attendants sort out their own problems through trial by combat. Most matters are resolved by pitting the offending party against a pack of wolves; however, the Cult of Ulric is also known to employ a special cabal of deadly judicial champions to face the worst transgressors.

Verena: The Goddess of Learning and Justice does not suffer fools gladly. Penitents are required to maintain a detailed list of their offences which they must rewrite entirely every time a new entry is required. Further penance can be made through the meticulous copying of religious tomes. It's a little known fact that many of the major religious cults employ Verenan penitents to copy their liturgical texts.

Adventure Seeds

Day of Reckoning: An important holy day is fast approaching where the cult will decide who is following the correct path to redemption and who must be purged from their ranks – violently, if necessary.

Fanning the Flames of Faith: A deranged penitent is enlisting help on a clearly suicidal campaign. While his zeal is admirable, the dangers are fearsome.The debate on whether to attend or not is dividing the penitent community.

ADVANCED

PHYSICIAN



My, what an interesting infection. Does it always ooze like that?

(Core) Physicians are practitioners of the healing arts who study the mysteries of illness and anatomy. The science of medicine is relatively new and still distrusted by the majority of Old World citizens. Many regard unknown Physicians as either trumped up apothecaries or dangerous quacks until they've proven themselves. Skilled Physicians, however, are often well-respected members of their communities. They are capable of dealing with most minor ailments and a number of more straightforward injuries, such as major cuts or crushing wounds. Physicians are often eager to seek out new medicines and learn about more effective treatments.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	+10%	+10%	+15%	+30%	+20%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Heal, Gossip, Perception, Prepare Poison, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Strike to Stun, Surgery,

Trappings: 4 Healing Draughts, Trade Tools (Medical Instruments)

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Interrogator, Scholar, Student

Career Exits: Friar, Guild Master, Scholar, Spy

Little Known Facts

Many physicians-in-training accompany an army on campaign so as to attend the wounded and study injuries first-hand. A battle's aftermath provides many corpses to dissect.

Physicians are very skilled with small blades, due to their training in surgery. Although they usually use their blades to save lives, it is not wise to get into an altercation with a seasoned physician, as their knowledge of anatomy means they know exactly where to strike to cause serious injury.

Before becoming a member of the Physicians' Guild, physicians swear a solemn oath pledging before Shallya that they will use their skills to preserve life, never take it.

Physicians often look down on "uneducated" practitioners of the healing arts. While an apothecary or village wise woman may brew poultices that heal wounds, the physician is quick to dismiss any results from such practises as mere coincidence.

Some might assume physicians would tend to be pacifists or at least disinclined toward wars and confrontation, since none know better the gruesome effect of war on the frail mortal body. However, often the opposite is true. While the physician may be among the last to take up arms in a conflict, a physician's skills are always in demand come wartime.

Some less-than-scrupulous physicians have been known to enter into agreements with the local jailer to provide them with test subjects for their potions and concoctions, in return for a small bribe.

Notable Figures

Before he became a physician, Matthias Gruener first worked as a butcher's apprentice. Matthias was fascinated by the marbling of muscles and tendons, and began studying the way limbs were assembled, dissecting pork loins and turkey legs to understand them better. Finally, after his master gave him a sound beating for destroying a good leg of lamb, Matthias realised his calling lay elsewhere. He found an old surgeon whose hands shook from drink, but whose eyes and mind were still sharp. By supplying the doting surgeon a regular supply of alcohol, Matthias slowly began to learn the medical trade. Soon Matthias had hung up one bloody apron for another, and traded his cleaver for a scalpel. During the Storm of Chaos, he joined the baggage train of General Otto von Reichart, and won renown for his surgical skill with the successful amputation of the general's leg after the fiasco of Grim Hill. Today, Matthias is considered one of the finest surgeons in the Empire, his services sought by the highest noblemen in the land.

Adventure Seeds

A Skilful Scalpel: A wealthy nobleman has been injured and the physician is called upon to attend him. He proclaims he was stabbed by a rival in a bar fight, but the injuries do not match the nobleman's story. The wounds look too precise, too accurate…leading the tending physician to believe someone else skilled with a scalpel is responsible.

A Miracle Treatment: Rumours reach the characters, telling of a radical medical procedure devised by a court physician in the employ of a Border Prince. The rumours claim the court physician has found a way to reattach severed limbs to a maimed person. When a local baron's son loses his arm in a tragic accident, he is willing to hire a group to locate the court physician to tend to his son – and won't take no for an answer.

Pilgrim

Your hospitality has been most generous. Would you like me to deliver a prayer in your name?



(ToS) The Shrine of Sire Severich of Verena. The Sigmarite Temple of the Holy Three. The Rise of Taal's Deep. Distant Heiligerburg, the Holy Mount of Shallya. Paths to all these places, and many more, are clogged with the trudging feet of the faithful. No matter how expensive, laborious, or incredibly dangerous the journeys may be, folk from all walks of life can be found forging forward to these holy sites, each with his own reasons for facing the horror of Old World travel. The most popular pilgrimages attract many thousands of penitents every year, and the routes are lined with souvenir sellers, way shrines, elaborate temples, heavy tolls, and desperate bandits keen to make an easy profit from the poorly defended. The few pilgrims who survive the ordeals can forever after wear the unique symbol of their particular pilgrimage, typically a brooch or necklace with a specific design alluding to the patron God of the worship and the journey's destination.

Special Requirement: The character must be on a pilgrimage to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology) *or* Consume Alcohol, Animal Care, Common Knowledge (any one – as dictated by the route of the pilgrimage), Haggle, Gossip *or* Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Speak Language (any one – as dictated by the route of the pilgrimage)

Talents: Seasoned Traveller, Very Resilient

Trappings: Religious Symbol

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Demagogue, Friar, Initiate, Outlaw, Vagabond, Zealot

Quirks and Customs

Pilgrims of different faiths honour various customs when on pilgrimage.

Manann: Pilgrims of Manann transport jugs of saltwater over great distances and subsist on diets of fish and dried seaweed. Dedicated pilgrims drag heavy boat anchors behind them on ropes or chains.

Morr: Morr's pilgrims travel in solemn processions to the Tilean city of Remas, or wander in trancelike states searching for the fabled Tree of Hope that is rumoured to exist somewhere beyond Morr's realm.

Myrmidia: Soldiers of all nations embark on pilgrimages to Tilea and Estalia for Myrmidia's favour. During these journeys, pilgrims wear no armour, only white robes stained with their own blood.

Ranald: Pilgrims of Ranald wear tokens signifying their dedication to the covert Pilgrimage of Fingers (ToS, page 172). Examples include cat's paws, notched coin pendants and unusual piercings.

Shallya: The pilgrimage to the Shallyan high temple at Couronne in Bretonnia is a selfless journey. Pilgrims survive on just water for days at a time, passing on food donations to those truly in need.

Sigmar: The large trains of pilgrims that retrace Sigmar's exodus from the Empire attract considerable attention. Vendors of charms and scrolls can make a tidy profit from these zealous trinket collectors.

Taal and Rhya: The Pilgrimage of the Stones (ToS, page 172) is undertaken barefoot or topless, exposing the pilgrim to nature's elements. Winters are often spent meditating in a cave.

Ulric: Ulric's pilgrims visit Middenheim to bask in the Sacred Flame at the cathedral, or climb the highest peaks in the Middle Mountains. They do not shave nor cut their hair, and many go unwashed.

Verena: Pilgrims of Verena are lone scholars who tour the greatest libraries copying and distributing tomes of knowledge. They walk and read at the same time, using head lanterns for illumination after dusk.

Completing Pilgrimages

Most pilgrims who reach their destinations return home afterwards, though some immediately begin another, more ambitious pilgrimage. Others spend their entire lives on the road. To some pilgrims, reaching the destination is a reward in itself, while for others it is the journey. Some pilgrims have experienced miracles or epiphanies upon arriving at their goals.

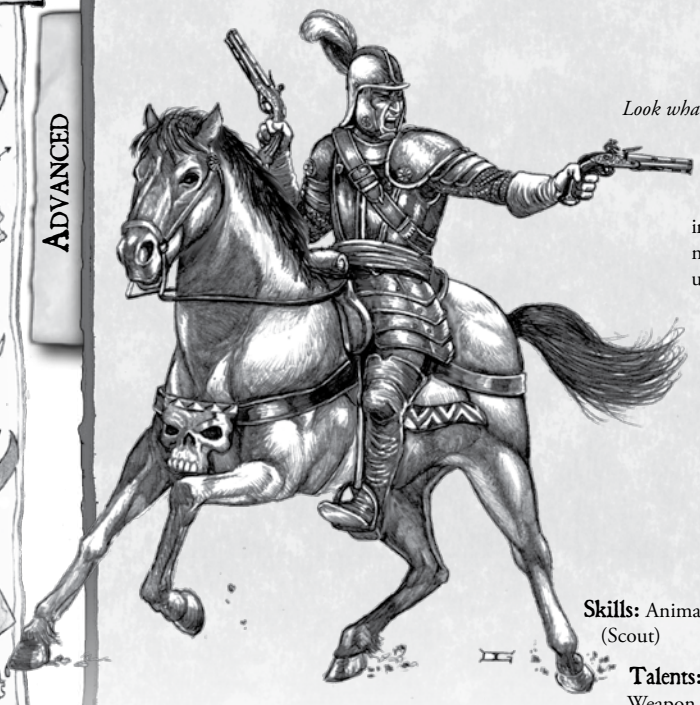
The exact outcome of a pilgrimage depends on the level of divine intervention preferred by the GM. Major outcomes might include miraculous healing or the curing of insanity. Minor results can range from meeting a helpful stranger to receiving prophetic dreams or witnessing divine omens. Alternatively, successful pilgrims could receive a bonus Fortune Point for their efforts.

Adventure Seeds

The Delivery: The pilgrim is given a letter to deliver by an eccentric scholar. The letter is quite innocent, but a witch hunter from the Sigmarite Order of the Flame suspects the scholar of blasphemous writings. The pilgrim is shadowed by agents, and later along his journey is mistaken for a collaborator.

An Annoying Addition: A naive sycophant insists on joining the pilgrim's journey. He is very helpful and dearly enamoured with the pilgrim lifestyle, but lacks religious devotion. The pilgrim must decide whether to shun his new friend, or allow him to tag along and risk losing favour with his god.

ADVANCED



Pistolier

Look what their damned arrows did to my doublet! Right chaps, let's give 'em a taste of hot lead. Charge!

(Core) Pistoliers are the elite light cavalry of the Imperial Army. They specialize in wielding firearms, specifically pistols. Pistoliers have only come into their own recently, as gunpowder weapons have been relatively unstable until now in the Old World. Because of the expense of their weapons and the constant upkeep that pistols and warhorses require, Noblemen dominate the ranks of the Pistoliers. Many young Nobles volunteer for the Pistoliers in search of glory or in the hopes of making a name.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+15%	–	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Dodge Blow, Evaluate *or* Gossip, Perception, Ride, Secret Signs (Scout)

Talents: Master Gunner, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Strike Mighty Blow, Sure Shot

Trappings: Pair of Pistols with Ammunition and Gunpowder for 20 Shots, Best Craftsmenship Clothing, Light Warhorse

Career Entries: Engineer, Noble

Career Exits: Courtier, Duellist, Knight, Sergeant, Veteran

The Pistolkorps

Pistoliers are skilled at taking the fight to the enemy with hit-and-run attacks against the flanks of opposing armies. They are a magnificent sight in their ostentatious livery and plumed helms as they charge on swift steeds, pistols blazing. It is with great reluctance that most pistoliers who survive their stint in the regiment trade the thrill and the flair of the Pistolkorps for the austerity of a Knightly Order.

Most aspiring pistoliers join the ranks of the Pistolkorps, an Imperial regiment of great distinction. Recruits are put under the wing of veteran pistoliers who sport proudly waxed moustaches as a mark of their status. These veterans are known as Outriders, because they can outride the pistoliers under their command. They have close links with the School of Engineers, allowing them to field new-fangled weapons such as repeater handguns.

The Charge of Von Kleit's Brigade

Von Kleit, the youngest of seven noble sons, escaped theological college to form Von Kleit's Flashpans, a regiment of pistoliers recruited from among his daredevil friends. Vain, extravagant, and renowned for the splendour of their uniforms, their lightning charges against enemy flanks won them many victories.

Marius Leitdorf, Elector Count of Averland, pursued a campaign into the Border Princes in retaliation for cattle raids of the robber baron Heraclius Gasco. Von Kleit's Flashpans joined the expedition, and Von Kleit promised his men that the first to 'beard the lion in his own den' would win the pick of the spoils. Baron Gasco's luxuriant whiskers were infamous, so, armed with pistols in one hand and barber's shears in the other, the pistoliers unleashed an attack on the enemy lines.

Cannons roared, and the valley between the armies filled with gunsmoke. The cheers of the pistoliers died in the obscuring fog. As the echoes of cannon fire died away, a single victorious roar rang from the direction of the enemy lines. Von Kleit emerged from the acrid smoke, his uniform in tatters, his horse speeding him towards the stunned baron. With a swift motion, he sheared Gasco's beard, and with a parting shot, planted a lead ball in the baron's skull.

With the demise of their leader, the opposition retreated, but not before a marksman shot Von Kleit as he returned to the cheering Imperial lines. He fell clutching his trophy, a smile of triumph still on his face.

Adventure Seeds

An Old Comrade: A pistolier meets an old comrade from his regiment. He is drunk, dishevelled, and dismissed from the army, falsely accused of stealing the regimental seal. Can the pistolier help retrieve the seal and clear his comrade's name?

A Matter of Class: A regiment of pistoliers is newly stationed in a small town. Loud and arrogant, they soon make enemies with the adventurers. When the town is assaulted by orcs, competition between the adventurers and pistoliers threatens its defence.

Special Rules

Outriders: The Outriders mentioned here are not the same as the Outrider career class. Instead, they are a specialised type of Veteran. A Pistolier can become an Outrider by becoming a Veteran and choosing the following **Talents:** Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, and Specialist Weapon (Engineer). An Outrider is usually armed with an Engineer weapon, such as a Repeater Firearm.

Pit Fighter

I am Gustaf the Mighty! Face me if you dare!

(Core) It is said that the sport of pit fighting has its origins amongst the Ogres. It is easy enough to believe that a race as dim-witted as the Ogres would contribute fights to the death to the culture of the Old World. In years past most Pit Fighters were criminals or prisoners of war. They'd be thrown in a ring or a pit with a few weapons and only the winner would leave alive. These days there is a class of professional Pit Fighters in addition to the condemned. They seek excitement and glory in the pit, though most fight naught but a brutal death as the crowd howls for their blood. Successful Pit Fighters can become wealthy (from prize money and the rampant gambling that surrounds the sport), allowing slave fighters to buy their freedom.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	–	–	+10%	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Intimidate

Talents: Disarm *or* Wrestling, Quick Draw *or* Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying), Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong *or* Strong-minded

Trappings: Flail *or* Great Weapon, Knuckle-duster, Shield *or* Buckler, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Norse Berserker, Protagonist, Shieldbreaker, Thug

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Mercenary, Protagonist, Troll Slayer, Veteran

The Secret Guild

Even though pit fighting is a sport found in most parts of the Empire, it is loosely organised at best. Usually, it consists of local fighters gathering together to provide a night's entertainment, with the occasional appearance by out-of-town opponents. In some of the larger cities, leagues and permanent arenas are sometimes formed, though always under the sufferance of local authorities or the control of local crime bosses. However, it is still rare for any meaningful organisation of pit fighters to exist. In fact, such an organisation seems at odds with the very nature of throwing two men into a pit to hack each other to death.

Despite all this, however, rumours persist of an underground fellowship of fighters. This secret pit fighter guild is rumoured to wield a surprising amount of power and holds d influence with Imperial citizens right up into the highest levels of government.

The goals of the guild, however, are unknown, though some speculate that they are secretly training an army through endless matches and bouts, covertly grooming dangerous fighters for their own ends. Getting into the guild is as simple as making a name in the pit. They say the best fighters are eventually approached and offered a chance to be part of something bigger than themselves. Of course,since no one ever talks about the guild its existence remains only rumour.

Notable Figures

Pit fighting has spawned some truly infamous individuals throughout the Empire, such as Ogrim Fleshbiter with his taste for his opponent's fingers, or Horst the Slaughterer who throws his foes' limbs into the crowd. None, however, are quite as notorious or widely known as the fighter who calls himself Fist. A mysterious figure, Fist is a topic from the blood rings of Hesselbad to the canal arenas of Marienburg. They say he is a fighter without peer and has never been defeated. He travels from town to town and city to city, seeking new opponents to test his skills.

When a champion has defeated a certain number of foes he will attract Fist's attention. Then it is only a matter of time before the mysterious challenger will arrive. Nobody knows what Fist looks like, and there are various wild tales as to his race and appearance.

Some say he is a vindictive ogre from the far east, come to show the lesser races the true meaning of pit fighting. Others speculate that he is not alive at all. Instead he is an undead construct made from the parts of countless other fighters, held together with dark magic.

Adventure Seeds

Guarding the Best: Krass the Bloodied has long held the title of King of the Pit in Middenhiem and has a dire reputation for his brutal, if somewhat unsubtle, style in the pit. However, it his title draws some unwanted attention outside the pit from would-be challengers. With a big match tomorrow the fighter wants to stay out of trouble. So he is looking for some bodyguards to do his fighting for him.

Substitute Needed: It seems the mayor of Riens has a dark past as a champion of the pit and has made many enemies in the arena. Now an old rival has returned, keen to settle a score. Eager to avoid both embarrassment and grievous injury, the mayor is looking for someone to fight in his stead.



Politician

I don't pretend to speak for all of you here in this fine village. However, I can speak from experience that having such an advocate makes it all the easier to both alleviate your suffering and to negotiate on a stronger footing with merchants, consortiums, and nobles alike. Grant me your trust and you shall see greater returns in providence, safety, and welfare.

(Core) While the Nobles are nominally "in charge" of most of the Old World's countries, it is the Politicians who actually run the villages, towns, and cities of the Empire. They are an often reviled and frequently corruptible lot whose ranks include burgomeisters, mayors, and other civil servants. Some are elected to their positions, while others are appointed. Politicians frequently find themselves between various dangerous factions and have to swiftly become skilled at the fine art of compromise. They are experts at saying exactly what people want to hear, though if they actually follow through on their promises, it's a minor miracle.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+20%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History *or* Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Law), Blather, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor), Read/Write, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Schemer, Etiquette *or* Streetwise, Master Orator, Public Speaking

Trappings: Best Craftsmenship Hand Weapon, Best Craftsmenship Leather Jack, Pamphlets

Career Entries: Agitator, Bailiff, Captain, Charlatan, Courtier, Crime Lord, Demagogue, **Farmer**, Guild Master, Herald, High Priest, Merchant, Noble, Peasant, **Prelate**, Racketeer, Toll Keeper

Career Exits: Courtier, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Noble Lord, Racketeer, Steward

Politicians in the City

Civil servants who run things for nobles—that's a common view of politicians, but it's incomplete. Politicians can fulfil a wide variety of roles. They can be useful sources of employment, as they need to get things done (or at least appear so). They're useful as sources of information, as their nature keeps their ears to the ground. They're also quite often handy behind-the-scenes villains for a longer campaign. Lastly, politicians are often in need of guards while travelling, as their gifts for talking won't often deter highwaymen or cutpurses or rival agitators and demagogues.

Hugo Stewardally

Born the fourteenth child of a farming family in the Moot, Hugo was marked as different from birth with mismatched blue and brown eyes. The sickly halfling learned herbalism and natural medicines from his grandmother. She also taught him how to use people's expectations to his best advantage and how to listen.

Hugo left the Moot to become an Averheim tradesman, producing and selling herbal remedies. Word of his skills and the quality of his wares improved his fortunes. Before he turned 30, he opened the first non-human-owned apothecary in Nuln. By the time he was 40, he owned nine shops across two Imperial provinces, recruiting many siblings to run his shops for him.

Hugo's skill at constructing friendships across many races and nationalities became his greatest strength. The seemingly-innocent halfling had a knack for both knowing how to react and who to listen to on most occasions. He also easily made the right friends at the right times and places.

Hugo's political interests began long before his career as a politician. His constant trade conflicts with bigoted guildmasters or nobles led him to stand up for nonhuman interests. After taking the time to study Imperial law and improve his public speaking, Hugo began using his contacts, his friends, and his clients to forge strong political ties among them. Hugo's work resulted in his becoming the focal representative of numerous dwarven and halfling business interests across the southern Empire.

Hugo remains in Nuln today, while he owns and oversees his seven herbalists' shops and twelve apothecaries spread across the Moot, Stirland, Wissenland, and Averland. His success provides him the freedom to act as the spokesperson for many less fortunate demihuman factions—businesses, guilds, or whole communities. Hugo has represented folk normally unable to broker trade deals with Nuln's ruling nobles or major trade councils and he has even agented deals for others in Altdorf on more than one occasion. While many still underestimate Hugo for his charming smile and smaller-than-average size, they don't do so twice.

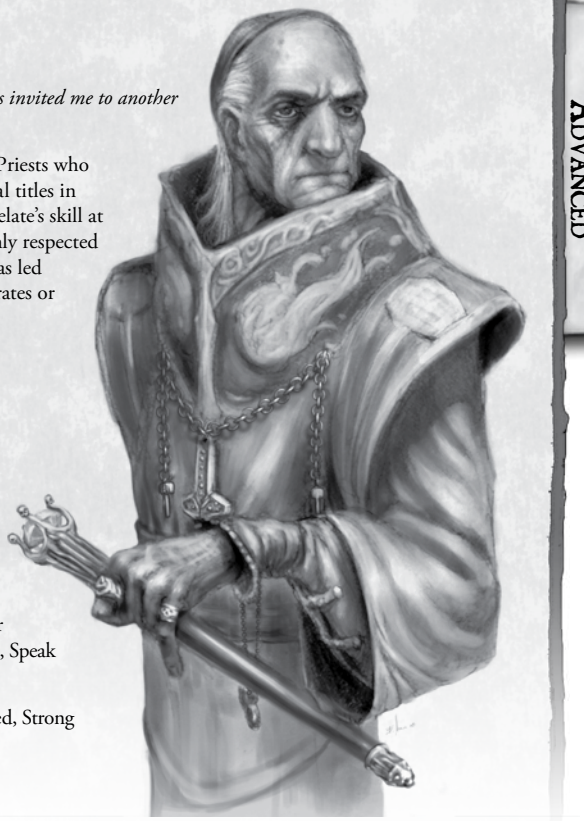
Adventure Seeds

Reputations on the Line: The characters receive a summons from a burgomeister of the small town they are passing through. This local politician has earned a sinister reputation for "disappearing his enemies." He asserts his reputation is unwarranted, and is circulated by the town's corrupt sheriff. The politician asks the characters to help him remove the sheriff before he ruins any more lives or reputations.

Power Corrupts: Local townsfolk covertly approach the characters, asking them to help overthrow their despotic mayor. He uses his control over the town's mill to extort money from the town's inhabitants and hires thugs to keep people afraid of retaliating against him.

Prelate

The temple roof is leaking, the dog tongs have gone missing –again – and Lord Grüber has invited me to another of his infernal banquets. Indeed, the gods test us with every turn of the page.



(New) Every popular religious cult wields at least some degree of political influence. Priests who represent their temples on town councils can – given enough ambition – attain special titles in the court of the ruling noble, or become administrators of temple-owned lands. A prelate's skill at delivering sermons and debating legal statutes with equal proficiency makes him highly respected in both civic and religious circles. However, the lure of temporal wealth and power has led many prelates down the path of corruption. Prelates may also be known as vicars, curates or arch lectors, depending upon the cult.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+30%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any two), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Ride or Swim, Secret Language (Guilder), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Master Orator, Etiquette, Linguistics, Seasoned Traveller, Schemer, Stout Hearted, Strong Minded

Trappings: Prayer Book, Best Quality Vestments, Relic of Faith

Career Entries: Friar, Lay Priest, Priest

Career Exits: Demagogue, Friar, Politician, Priest

Note: Prelates have access to the Skills and Talents of their cult (See Appendix V page 244)

Political Affiliations

Manann: Prelates of Manann control the port authorities in many coastal towns and are expected to have mercantile contacts in Marienburg. They sometimes command small contingents of Sons of Manann (see Tome of Salvation page 34) who protect local ships from pirates.

Morr: The eccentric priests of Morr favour mysticism over politics, so prelates in the cult are rare. However, in Tilea and the eastern Empire, the Order of the Shroud is often embroiled in council debates concerning undead threats.

Myrmidia: Prelates of Myrmidia are almost unheard of in the Empire, where Ulric's and Sigmar's priests occupy the seats of political-religious power. In Tilea and Estalia, however, nearly every major noble has a prelate of Myrmidia accompanying his army.

Ranald: Some Ranaldan priests who attain the rank of prelate operate undercover within the Merchants' Guild, acting on behalf of The Brotherhood. Others lead the Thieves' Guild on behalf of the Givers of Coin whilst hiding behind innocuous public identities.

Shallya: Shallya's ascetic priestesses do not aspire to political gain, and therefore prelates are uncommon. During particularly virulent plague epidemics, however, nobles may dispatch a Shallyan prelate to Bretonnia for liaisons with the cult's matriarch in Couronne.

Sigmar: The Empire contains many Sigmarite prelates of the Torch (usually called lectors or capitulars) who report to the Grand Theogonist in Altdorf. Prelates from the Order of the Silver Hammer lead bands of religious warriors around the Empire to protect its borders and advise rural nobles.

Taal and Rhya: Prelates are rare in the priesthood of Taal and Rhya, which tends to eschew politics. Nevertheless, the ruling councils of predominantly agricultural towns may include a prelate representing the Bringers of Bounty (see Tome of Salvation page 64).

Ulric: Many of Ulric's deputy high priests, called denfathers, are prelates, particularly in the northern towns where Ulric's cult enjoys the greatest political influence. Prelates of Ulric are expected to maintain contact with the high temple in Middenheim.

Verena: Verenan prelates of the Scalebearer order may work as magistrates in town courts or advisors at the Imperial courts where Sigmarite law is practiced. Prelates of the Lorekeeper order are highly sought after by nobles to serve as court scholars.

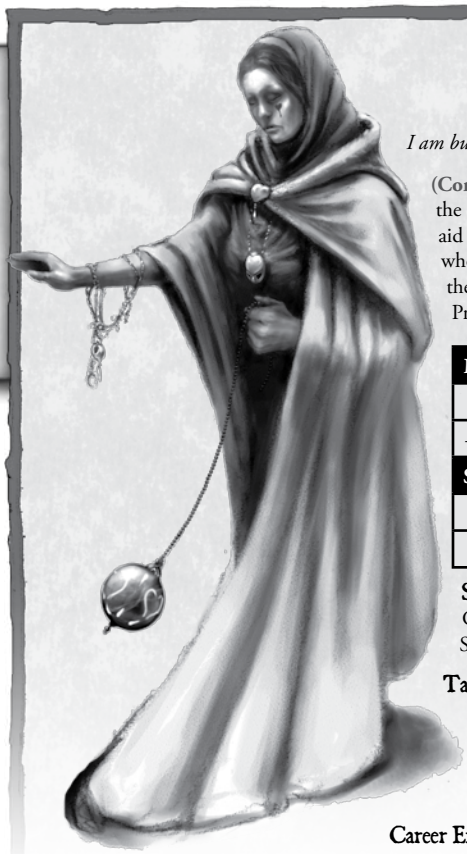
Special Talent: Divine Inspiration

A prelate can invoke the power of his god for assistance when fulfilling his god's sacred tenets. A prelate gains a bonus Fortune Point each day. This can only be used to reroll a Skill Test based on the special skills related to his cult. Alternatively, a GM may allow the prelate to use this bonus Fortune Point to re-roll any Skill Test made to uphold or follow his god's strictures. See WFRP Chapter VIII: Religion & Belief for details on each holy order's skills and strictures.

Adventure Seeds

A Challenge of Faith: The tradition-bound priests of the order are quashing more progressive sects, occasionally using violence. An excommunicated splinter sect needs someone with enough political savvy to challenge the local priesthood at the cult's high courts. But first, they must capture a trophy relic…

ADVANCED



PRIEST

I am but a vessel for the will and wont of the gods. All I do, I do at their behest.

(Core) Priests are ordained men and women who administer to the needs of the faithful throughout the Old World. Their Gods gift them with the ability to channel small amounts of divine energy, to aid in their works. Many Priests will be assigned to a specific region or church, others are wanderers who go where they feel they can do the most good. The receptions they get are directly linked to their deity. A Priestess of Shallya is likely to be received warmly no matter where she goes, whereas a Priest of Ulric is likely to only be heartily welcomed when a great battle is in the offing.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+20%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	+1	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Ride or Swim, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Armoured Caster or Master Orator, Petty Magic (Divine), Strike to Injure or Strike to Stun

Trappings: Prayer Book, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Flagellant, Friar, Initiate, **Lay Priest, Prelate**

Career Exits: Anointed Priest, Flagellant, **Lay Priest, Prelate**, Scholar, Steward

Sacred Work

From morning prayer to evensong, a priest's day is long and laborious. After all, work is worship and idleness a mortal sin. After matins, a hundred chores await the priest, from tending the altar fires to toiling in the temple's fields or gardens.

The worst of the drudgery can be passed down to the initiates, allowing time for important tasks, such as writing sermons or preparing lessons (the education of the initiates is another responsibility). Prayer and ritual infuse everything a priest does, and he must drop everything when the temple bell summons him to worship. The the only relaxation he receives is during a few hours snatched for private study before evening devotions.

Sometimes a priest is allowed to escape the rigours of temple life to wander among his parishioners, offering prayers, guidance, and arbitrating their disputes. Bringing the god's blessing to the community is an important function.

On feast days, worshippers flock to the temple to partake in the sacred rites and sermons, and the priests must tend to their spiritual needs. A priest should always remember that he is a servant not only of his god, but also of his congregation.

Father Reiser's Grave Vow

Some priests take the wandering vow, inspired to leave their temple and spread their faith abroad. A celebrated wandering priest is Father Tancred Reiser who, from the day of his Initiation into the Order of the Shroud, vowed he would never rest until he had bestowed Morr's grace on every lost corpse and forgotten grave in the Empire.

This black-robed devotee of the Lord of Death travels ceaselessly, shovel on shoulder, searching for the burial places of lost souls untouched by Morr's final blessing.

Some say that the crow accompanying him can see the shades of the restless dead weeping above their graves, wailing for Morr's solace, and leads Father Reiser to them. Indeed, wherever the priest stops to spade the ground, he unearths old bones. These he reburies with the ritual they deserve.

It is Reiser's belief that a corpse thus blessed will never rise again, and his lonely wanderings are a one-man crusade against the evils of necromancy. However, so many forgotten dead are buried beneath the Empire's soil that, in ten years of wandering, the priest has not yet ventured beyond thirty miles of his home temple.

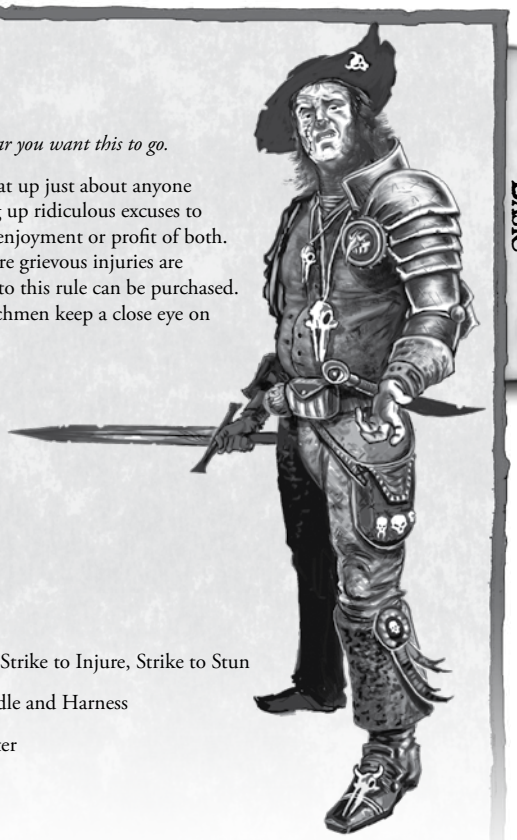
Adventure Seeds

Last Confessions: A priest's travels take him to a remote but hospitable village. A woman secretly approaches him and tearfully asks if he can perform the last rites for her father. The old man's dying words to the priest damn the villagers as Chaos worshippers who sacrificed the previous village priest to their dark gods, but there is no apparent evidence for his accusations among the friendly villagers…

Doom!: A doomsayer has gone mad while dooming a child. He has locked himself with the boy in the village belltower. The child's parents plead with the adventuring party to rescue their son. What has the doomsayer forseen? Is he insane or does the child's future really bode ill for the Empire?

Protagonist

You want him busted up good, or just scared? I charge the same either way, just wondering how far you want this to go.



(Core) Protagonists are professional bullies. Their fighting skills are for hire and they will beat up just about anyone for the right price. In many cases, Protagonists hide the fact that they are hired help, making up ridiculous excuses to start a brawl with the chosen target. The moneyman watches the humiliation of his foe, for enjoyment or profit of both. Roughing up a few locals is comparatively cheap, while more formidable opponents and more grievous injuries are proportionally more expensive. Most leave outright murder to the Assassins, but exceptions to this rule can be purchased. Jobless Protagonists simply pick their own fights and rob their victims. Needless to say, Watchmen keep a close eye on known Protagonists, so they tend to move quickly from place to place.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	–	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Gossip *or* Haggle, Intimidate, Ride

Talents: Disarm *or* Quick Draw, Menacing *or* Suave, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Shield, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Bailiff, Bodyguard, Bounty Hunter, Estalian Diestro, **Ex-Convict**, Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Duellist, **Ex-Convict,** Pit Fighter, Racketeer, Thief, Thug

A Day in the Life

A protagonist begins work by frequenting the more violent local dives. He will put the word out to a local fence that he is willing to brawl for money. Sooner or later a paying customer, or fence acting as a middleman, approachs the protagonist.

They will debate the contract, agree on a price and discuss any complications. Some protagonists might need to be persuaded that it is ethical to attack their target, though most feel no need to justify their bold actions.

It is usually towards the end of the night, after a few drinks are downed, that the Protagonist plies his trade. He will pick his mark, either a pre-arranged target or just someone who looks like he might be carrying money. He contrives some pretext for a disagreement, a spilt drink or insulting remark. The protagonist will then do all he can to exacerbate the argument and 'justify' his assault. He will then either collect his fee, rob his victim, or both.

A good protagonist will be able to keep this up for some time, explaining to the authorities (who usually have something more important to worry about) that he was 'just minding his own business' when he was unnecessarily provoked. However, most protagonists make enemies quickly, and have to stay on the move in order to stay one step ahead of revenge.

Affiliations

If a protagonist intends to work in a given area for any length of time it will be to his advantage to get to know the local watch, and cultivate contacts with the criminal underworld. Protagonists can bribe, cajole, or threaten watchmen into turning a blind eye to his activities, or even going along with his protestations of innocence and getting his victims into further trouble for 'starting things.' This is a dangerous game for the protagonist. If his bribes or threats reach the ears of an incorruptible Watchman he will likely be dealt with harshly.

Underworld contacts such as fences provide work and a safe place to hide should the Protagonist need it. A crime lord who fancies a minion with a little more flair than a common thug might even offer the protagonist regular employment.

Adventure Seeds

An Unexpected Turn: A shifty individual approaches a protagonist with a simple task, give a man standing at the bar a bloody nose. Within minutes the protagonist is accusing the man of spilling ale over his new boots, and mashes his nose to a pulp. However, it is not blood that spews forth, but thick black tar. The man is exposed as a mutant and the protagonist hailed as a hero, but the shifty individual has vanished. Just why was the protagonist hired to expose the mutant in this manner?

The Price of Blood: The protagonist bumped into an easy mark in the tavern last night, a chinless weakling with an irritating manner and dressed in ridiculous clothes. As luck would have it a brawl broke out and the protagonist used it as cover to beat the man senseless and lift his purse, so full of gold, the protagonist will be able to live off the contents for weeks. Later on that day his friends deliver some bad news. His victim was the son of a visiting noble lord who is now offering a generous sum of money to find out who beat him so badly. The protagonist had better skip town quickly before someone sells him out.

ADVANCED

Questing Knight

Has thou seen or heard of the Grail? I've ridden a fortnight to find out what you know.



(KotG) 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.

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.

A Day In The Life

The questing knight lives on the road, accompanied by his loyal squire who prepares his food while the knight cares for his weapons and says his morning prayers to the Lady of the Lake.

A knight who knows of worthy challenge immediately sets off to face it, and much of his day consists of heroic battle against overwhelming odds, upholding the honour of knighthood and Bretonnia. He may find himself patching wounds and resting for several days thereafter.

Those looking for their next challenge wander as the whim takes them. They are sometimes guided by visions from the Lady of the Lake, but these are not always forthcoming. Such knights speak to any nobles they meet, and have their squires speak to peasants, asking for rumours of monsters, beastmen, or greenskins. Many rumours prove to be nothing more than that, but sometimes the knight finds a challenge while chasing an empty rumour. In any case, one direction is as good as another, and the knight should never waste his time in idleness.

As members of the Bretonnian nobility, questing knights can demand food from any peasants they meet. As they are trying to be paragons of chivalry, questing knights try not to ask more than a peasant can afford. Of course, most questing knights are completely ignorant of the realities of peasant life, and thus often get this wrong.

Sir Panteleon The Old

Sir Panteleon is in his late fifties, and has been a questing knight for almost thirty years. His reputation is second to none, and knights, ladies, and peasants across the whole of Bretonnia sing the praises of his great deeds. He single-handedly slew an orcish warband in the mountains of Carcassone, saved villages from beastmen in the Forest of Arden, and shattered the fortress of a necromancer in Mousillon.

Through all this, he has been denied the vision of the Lady and the honor of drinking from the Grail that would promote him to the position of Grail Knight. Rumours that he is not truly of noble birth, not truly Bretonnian, or actually a woman have been circulating for years, and many people now believe that "he" is actually a disguised Tilean woman, an ex-prostitute. Sir Panteleon himself has no idea why he is denied the vision, but sees no reason to abandon the quest.

Adventure Seeds

A Pawn in a Dangerous Game: After following rumours of corrupt knights and foul beasts, the questing knight realises that most of his quests have benefited one particular noble. The knight has fought the noble's enemies and defeated monsters threatening his lands. The possibility that he has been manipulated must be faced, as must the question of the noble's motives in abusing the knight's Grail Quest.

A Delightful Dance: The knight uncovers a grave threat to Bretonnia and the honour of its nobles. A new dance has come into vogue and is swiftly becoming a most-popular pastime, especially amongst those of high birth. A few learned men have begun to whisper of the possibility that some dark force is encouraging the spread of this bizzare dance, yet they have no proof. They need a resourceful knight to take up a quest to uncover the truth behind this latest fashion. Is it a harmless amusement, or the beginings of a terrible ritual linked to a cult of Slannesh? The questing knight may need his social charms more than his sword to get his answers.

Racketeer

We live in a dangerous world, Siegfried. I'd hate to see anything... happen... to that new shop you opened up.



(Core) Racketeers make up the general ranks of most criminal organisations. They are experts at extorting protection money from small businesses, which tends to be their most lucrative operation. Successful Racketeers move into such activities as loan sharking, drug pedalling, prostitution and illegal gambling dens. They are seldom very imaginative, insofar as criminals go, but they are generally ruthless and used to having their own way. Racketeers are sometimes even a part of the local government, which makes rooting them out a very tricky business for law enforcement. In some areas, they are the local law enforcement.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+15%	+15%	+10%	+10%	–	+15%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Shadowing

Talents: Menacing, Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Knuckle-dusters, Good Quality Clothing, Hat

Career Entries: Bailiff, Bodyguard, Cat Burglar, **Ex-Convict**, Fence, Guild Master, Interrogator, Merchant, Politician, Protagonist, Spy, Thug

Career Exits: Fence, Master Thief, Politician, Outlaw Chief

Rudiger Taalburg / "Digger"

Rudiger Taalburg knows how to profit from his size and muscles. He was a Wissenland village bully until local nobles hired him as a guardian for their youngest boy. Despite being better fed and clothed than ever before, Rudiger grew bored spending all his time with the much-younger Siegfried Bremel.

A bodyguard for ten years, Rudiger kept Siegfried safe from the repercussions of bullying others with his money and social status. The young Lord Bremel's arrogance made many enemies Rudiger was forced to deal with. When Siegfried came of age and moved on to other exploits, he let his oldest personal servant into his secret—he undermined Lord Magnus Bremel's orderly local rule with his growing criminal enterprises. It took little convincing to move Rudiger into life as a racketeer.

By day Rudiger Taalburg acts as the personal bodyguard of Lord Siegfried Bremel, brother to the local liege lord. By night, he becomes "Digger," the mouthpiece for "Imrak Karkhazhof." Rudiger enjoys the added money, excitement, and women that come with this illicit facet of his long-time job, and has come to enjoy showing others how he earned his moniker by finding an appropriate plot to dig up and dispose of those who attempt to stand up to his racket.

The Karkhazhof League

This group of racketeers, extortionists, highwaymen, and conmen control illicit activities in a variety of small, forgettable towns in Wissenland. Known criminals began disappearing, much to the relief of the locals, until the activity continued with new faces all talking about mandatory membership in the Karkhazhof League. Some commonfolk assume by the name that Grey Mountain dwarves might be at the heart of this.

Coach robbery rarely happens on roads among these towns – though folk who forego League protection often vanish between towns, along with all goods and coaches. Many businesses among these villages see greater trade these days, thanks to the League – but those who don't pay extortions lose goods or teeth, if not trading partners. Local law enforcement seldom captures League associates – since the League keeps select militia paid off with prostitutes and bribes.

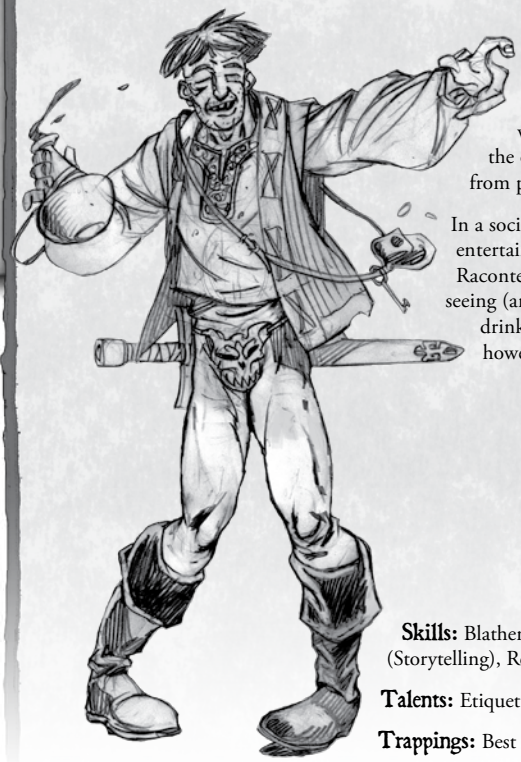
In secret, the League is the shadow of House Bremel's business networks in southern Wissenland. Lord Siegfried Bremel is the much-rumoured but never seen "Imrak Karkhazhof" whose orders funnel through his eight lieutenants using ever-changing and discreet communications (hired messengers, hunters, outlaws, and vagabonds). Each lieutenant controls one aspect of League activity in one town, and none strives for more. The last greedy lieutenant grabbing for power ended up hanging by his own entrails outside a tavern over a year ago. Siegfried enjoys his game, both for the illicit profits and as the secret goad in the side of his lawful elder brother whose knights he easily leads astray.

Adventure Seeds

The Black Guild: The characters protect a local trade caravan as it makes its way toward Altdorf. They are ambushed on the road, but the attackers flee after they claim one particular pair of saddle bags. The caravan master is warned more will be taken if he fails to support the Black Guild of Altdorf.

Strong Arm Tactics: Friends of the characters ask them for help to protect their inn and family from local extortionists. The characters must uncover who the racketeers work for, and put an end to the extortion ring.

Raconteur



Hah, hah…yes, your daughter you say? Well…I'm sure this is all a misunderstanding. In fact, it reminds me of a tale…

(SH) Born with a gift of gab and a desire to use it, Raconteurs are natural storytellers who can be found in taverns, inns, and salons anywhere in the Empire. No matter what the occasion – or even if it's no occasion at all – the Raconteur has a ready story. He travels from place to place, witnessing marvellous things and weaving a thrilling tale about it all.

In a society in which most people cannot read, the Raconteur is both a source of news and entertainment, mixing witty repartee and cutting wit into his stories. To gain his news, a Raconteur might find himself travelling with armies and adventuring bands in the hope of seeing (and surviving) something new and exciting, something that will earn him a few rounds of drinks and a healthy audience at the local inn. Not all Raconteurs enjoy the adventurous life, however. Some stay comfortably where they are and make it all up.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	–	–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (any one), Gossip, Performer (Comedian), Performer (Storytelling), Read/Write, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Etiquette or Hardy, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Best Clothing, Outrageous Hat

Career Entries: Agitator, Camp Follower, Entertainer, Rogue, Seaman, Soldier, Student, Vagabond

Career Exits: Charlatan, Courtier, Demagogue, Entertainer, Herald, Initiate, **Rapscallion**, Rogue

The Famous Brotherhood of Adventurers, Explorers and Gentlemen (The Liars' Guild)

Once a week at the Five Feathers inn, the Famous Brotherhood (or as most people call it – the Liars' Guild) meets up. This gathering of raconteurs, rogues and entertainers is an occasion for world famous adventurers to relate thrilling tales of their unlikely, extraordinary and lurid exploits. Of course, no one takes these "adventurers" seriously. The Famous Brotherhood is entirely performance and is perhaps the finest dinner theatre available to common folk in the Empire. Over cheap beer, hard bread and sheep stew, an audience can enjoy outlandish tales of wit, wonder, warfare and womanising. It seems harmless enough fun.

But occasionally, the Famous Brotherhood will invite an actual adventurer to speak – someone who really has done something extraordinary. Paid at most a few shillings, and promised the opportunity to share their fabulous exploits, these speakers rarely know what they're in for. The crowd is merciless to these invited guests. Easily bored, surly and often drunk, the audience expects non-stop ribald comedy and lurid action. The raconteur regulars know this and excel at entertaining the crowd. Some stoic dwarf there to tell tales of his troll-slaying probably does not. If he is not careful, he may soon have to dodge a deluge of rotten vegetables, bread rinds and half-chewed sheep bones.

Etienne Legrand

This legendary storyteller and heartbreaker is both beloved and hated in the inns where he frequents. He is loved for his fine tales full of fancy and lyricism, and hated for his womanising and wife-stealing. More than one distressed bride has run away to be with her "Dear Sweet Etienne" only to discover her paramour missing and her reputation ruined.

In truth, Etienne is more than he seems and, by the way, not at all Bretonnian. Once an agitator, Eckhart Lang incited a vicious series of uprisings in Nuln, that ended in the death of more than a few peasants and watchmen, along with a corrupt viscount. Eckhart, realising that he had finally gone too far, fled the city and changed his name, adopting the persona of Etienne. Still, old habits die hard; Etienne continues to believe that the aristocracy of the empire should be brought down. Sleeping with their pretty wives and mistresses is just one way of getting revenge.

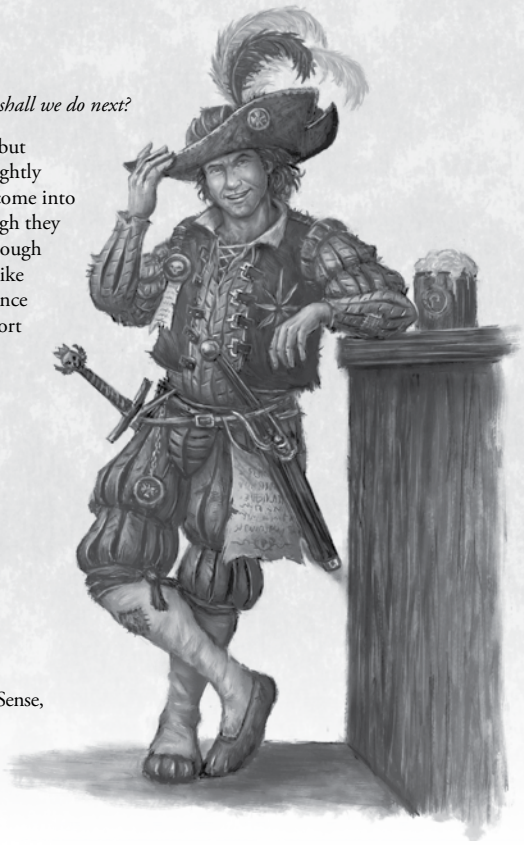
Adventure Seeds

Hiding in Plain Sight: Etienne has finally jilted the wrong woman. His beautiful, sweet Angelique has hired a band of thugs to kill the raconteur. Now he has only chance of escape – to disguise himself as one of the adventurers he met earlier at the tavern, in the hope that the thugs will tangle with the wrong man.

Fool Me Once…: A raconteur decides that the characters' last adventure is worthy of a farce. He begins telling mostly inaccurate versions of the characters' exploits that make them appear as buffoons. His stories are incredibly well received and soon enough a would-be playwright contacts our heroes. The hack wants to write a comic play about their tales. Of course, when they learn exactly what he thinks they've done, they may not be so amused.

Rapscallion

The night is still young, friends. There's at least three or four more hours 'til daybreak. What shall we do next?



(New) Some young men have a certain charm to them. They aren't necessarily wealthy but they know how to wear clothes well, to make themselves look good in a dashing and slightly unconventional way. They're clever, quick, and a little dangerous, like a young cat just come into its full growth and proud of its own speed and claws. Rapscallions are not thieves, though they may steal. They are not duellists, though they may fight duels. They are not scholars, though they may be well-read. What they are is young men with style and grace and flair who like to be in the thick of things. A Rapscallion lives for action, for excitement, and his presence tends to energize others. He can be an excellent ally, a dangerous enemy, or merely a short distraction, but one thing is certain—a Rapscallion is always memorable

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+15%	+25%	+10%	+10%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Lip Reading, Perception, Search, Sleight of Hand, Swim

Talents: Ambidextrous *or* Fleet Footed, Dealmaker *or* Streetwise, Public Speaking *or* Sixth Sense, Swashbuckler *or* Quick Draw

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Dashing clothes, Cloak, Sword *or* Pistol with Powder and Ammunition for 10 Shots, Dagger

Career Entries: Dilettante, Gambler, Raconteur, Vagabond

Career Exits: Charlatan, Duellist, Fence, Highwayman, Spy

A Day in the Life

Rapscallions have no daily routine, though they do have regular habits. That is, a rapscallion has no fixed occupation and so does not do the same work from day to day, but he may have certain personal habits that remain consistent.

Most rapscallions rise late – this is, after all, one of the great advantages to not holding a steady job. After waking, a rapscallion always washes and grooms himself – one thing every rapscallion (even the scruffy ones) takes pride in is looking his best. Once ready for the day, the rapscallion sallies forth, most often to a favourite tavern. There he breaks his fast, greets friends, listens to gossip and waits to see what shape the day will take. Rarely does a rapscallion sit idle for long – something is always happening somewhere, and before long he cannot control himself and must leap into whatever fray he can find.

If nothing presents itself quickly enough, the rapscallion may leave the tavern behind and take to the streets, particularly the markets and bazaars. These are often abuzz with activity, and so he can lose himself in the frenzy of activity, finding something to entertain him. Often a rapscallion selects a visitor and offers his services as a guide, knowing these strangers are the most likely targets for thieves, thugs and worse. Anyone who looks lost, confused, or frightened attracts the rapscallion's attention because they may provide interest and activity.

Most rapscallions have several places they frequent – a particular tavern, a section of the bazaar, a spot along the docks, a seamstress's or tailor's shop – and will visit each of those places each day, if only to see and be seen. At the same time, rapscallions are always up for carousing anywhere, anytime, with anyone, and so at a moment's notice they might abandon all previous plans and hie to another bar or event. Only someone in immediate danger is enough to keep a rapscallion focused on the troubles at hand.

Rapscallions often find themselves asleep in another's bed, and so their nights hardly fall into a routine. When not out partying and not entertaining a companion, most rapscallions actually sleep early, recharging for whatever the next day might bring.

Little Known Facts

Many, but not all, rapscallions are noble-born and have money. These individuals often live under a false name to keep their exploits from embarrassing their family – or more likely keep their family from cutting off their purse strings.

Rapscallions are both loved and hated, and often by the same people. They are charming, friendly, foolhardy and eager to help – and they blunder into matters they know nothing about, often endangering not only themselves but everyone else nearby with their enthusiasm.

Rich young noblemen often disguise themselves and slum about in the poorer, rougher parts of a city, seeking excitement and anonymity. These are not true rapscallions, however. They value their own hides too much, and think about money too often. A true rapscallion is there for excitement and adventure first and foremost, and thinks little of risking his own neck if he gets involved.

Adventure Hook

A Woman in Peril: A lovely young lady walks into the tavern. She glances behind her, clearly frightened of someone—or something. How could any young man resist the urge to introduce himself and offer to shield her from whatever evil stalks her?



Rat Catcher

If you grabs them by the tails, they can't barely even bite you. Well, not most of the time.

(Core) The Rat Catcher is a common sight throughout the Empire. They can be found in villages, towns, and cities, making a living by disposing of the vermin that infest all dwellings in this unsanitary age. Rat Catchers are often travelling folk, although larger towns and cities have permanent contingents of "vermin soldiers." Rats are their chief enemy, but they can also dispose of moles, mice, and even fouler pests. City-dwelling Rat Catchers spend a great deal of time in the sewers, wading through rivers of filth in search of their prey. It's a dirty job but it helps keep the plague away.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Trainer, Concealment, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Silent Move

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Sling with Ammunition, 4 Animal Traps, Pole with 1d10 dead rats, Small but Vicious Dog

Career Entries: Grave Robber, Jailer, Runebearer, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: **Animal Trainer**, Bone Picker, Cat Burglar, Grave Robber, Jailer, Shieldbreaker, Thief

The Secret of Catching Rats

A good rat catcher keeps his methods secret if he wants to protect his livelihood. He prefers if his customers attribute his skills to some supernatural talent, rather than a collection of clever tricks. However, a good rat catcher doesn't catch many rats chasing after them with a mallet. To truly excel at the art of hunting and killing vermin a rat catcher must become a true rat wrangler, truly understanding the rat. To this end, rat catchers sometime spend hours in sewers and derelict buildings sitting silently and watching their prey, learning how they move, hunt, and feed.

The most common way to catch rats is to trap a house. The rat catchers find the likely places rats travel and lay simple cage or spring traps to kill or capture them. However, sometimes canny rats will learn to avoid or even survive the traps. Then, the rat catcher must hunt them down. Rats leave many traces of their passing, from tiny paw prints to trails of droppings. A good rat catcher can tell the size and gender of a rat by its tracks. A rat catcher's dog is also a vital part of his trade and it is during the hunt that it comes into the fore. A dog can crawl into dark places and root out hidden vermin. He is also the rat catcher's nose, helping him to detect the scent of filth left by his quarry.

Rat Catcher Slang

Living beneath the notice of society, rat catchers are a rather secretive and shadowy group, prefering the company of their own kind. Part of this insular nature comes out in the way they speak, a mixture of slang and trade tongue that only other rat catchers truly understand. Below are a few examples of rat catcher slang.

Rats – Tunnel Pigeons, Sewer Bunnies, Pox with Paws, Privy Natives

Sewer – Filth Hole, Dark Street, Rubbish Pipe, Rat Run, Downtown

Job – Rat Hunt, Trap and Strangle, Underground Walk

Money – Rat Tails, Sewer Coin, Skull and Paw

Watchman – Clanker, Limping Lantern, Signpost

City – Rat Wheel, Sewer Top

Person – Stinker, Walking Filth, Rubbish Farmer

Bad Smells – Grey Air, Sewer Fragrance, Morr's Fart, Privy Perfume

So for example a rat catcher might say he was on a trap and strangle in the filth hole when he noticed some vile privy perfume. However the rubbish farmer was paying good rat tails so he decided to get on and find the cursed tunnel pigeon.

Adventure Seeds

Annual Running of the Rats: Each year the rat catchers and sewer jacks of Altdorf hold a great running of the rats in the city's sewers. Huge fires are lit at key points in the sewers (carefully supervised, of course!) to drive a sweeping torrent of rats out into the open, where brave souls will see how many they can snare. However, often the fires stir more than just rats and participants may get more than they bargained for.

Too Little of a Bad Thing: Frensburg has an unusual rat problem – there are no rats anywhere in the town! The local rat catchers are unable to find any trace of the vile vermin and no one knows why they have gone away. Far from being pleased, the residents are now quite worried and are hoping for the return of the rats so everything can return to normal.

Reaver

Blood and terror! For the glory of the Plague Lords!



(ToC) The seas of the Old World are full of terrors, some Human, others subhuman. Among the most feared mariners are the Norse Reavers, brutal warriors who plunder the coastlines in search of foodstuffs, gold, and slaves. They are a merciless lot, hardened from their frequent battles with Imperial sailors and the feeble militias that stand against them. Reavers sail the seas to bring booty back to their settlements in their frozen lands. Others sell their souls to the Ruinous Powers, hoping to attract the attention of their uncaring Gods, and gain the power they so crave.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	+5%	+10%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, Lustria, Norsca, Southlands, Tilea, *or* the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Estalian, Reikspiel, or Tilean), Swim

Talents: Hardy *or* Street Fighting, Menacing *or* Strike Mighty Blow, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Leather Jack, Leather Leggings, Leather Skullcap, and Helmet), Shield, Tattoos

Career Entries: Berserker, Bondsman, Marauder, Seaman, Skald, Warleader, Whaler

Career Exits: Marine, Mate, Mercenary, Navigator, Slaver, Ulfwerenar (see ToC page 146), Veteran, Warleader

A Day in the Life

The life of a reaver is tightly woven to the ship he works on, and the long days often start as the reavers guide the vessel through the fierce northern seas. Breakfast is gulped down in a corner that gives some protection from the wind, and normally washed down with strong spirits to keep a fire in his belly. Unless some prey is sighted, the day continues as it began, until the reaver has the chance to eat an evening meal and tie himself in to grab some sleep.

However, once a suitable target is spotted, whether it is a ship or a coastal village, everything changes. The reavers quickly bring the ship around to fall upon their target at full speed, seeking gain the element of surprise and overwhelm their opponent quickly. As they approach, the bare minimum of men are assigned to continue crewing the vessel, while everyone else gears for battle and readies weapons.

When the ship comes close, reavers leap from their deck straight into the action, charging in with battle cries and cutting down any who stand in their way. Even those who try to flee are chased down; reavers enjoy their bloody work and seldom leave survivors.

Once everyone is dead, or fled, the reavers gather their loot. Valuables are stored in the hold of their ship, while food and drink is consumed in great celebratory feasts. The crew sets out again from land, out of the reach of those who might seek revenge. Once back on the seas, many of the reavers who participated in the raid drink themselves into a mighty stupor, which may last until the next raid.

Hildr

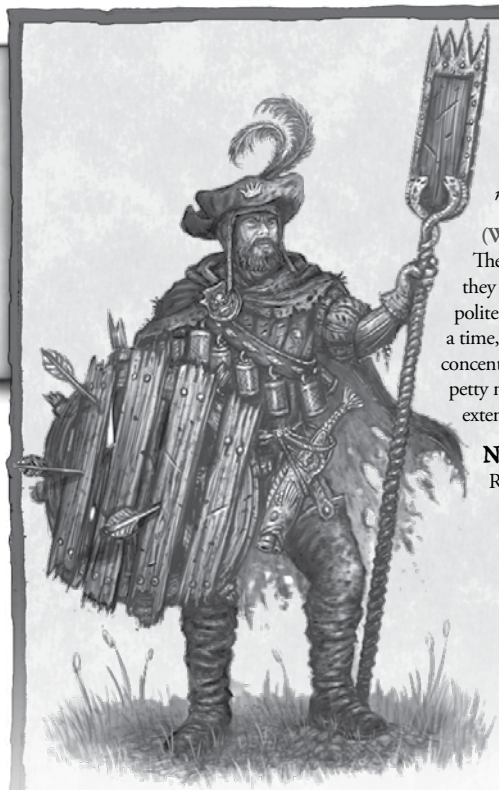
Hildr is a rarity, a female reaver. She is a beauty, with long blonde hair and a feminine figure that belies her strength. Some whisper that she is actually blessed of the Ruinous Powers, and bears a mark of their favour somewhere on her lithe body, but she does not claim that glory.

She enjoys challenging the most stalwart opponents on the battlefield to single combat. Her victims rise to the challenge, since many would be dishonoured or horribly shamed to admit they had balked when confronted by a mere woman. But the victory notches on her fearsome twin-bladed axe Maiden's Kiss count dozens of men for whom discretion would have been the better part of valour.

Adventure Seeds

A Lone Reaver: During a raid on a coastal settlement, a reaver pursues a merchant laden with jewellery, whose speed belies his appearance. The chase takes some time, and after killing his victim and taking the treasure, it takes the reaver a long time to get back to the site of the raid, loaded down as he is. When he does get back, the ship has sailed, and Imperial troops have arrived in the village to investigate the disturbance. Will the lone reaver be apprehended? Can he find his way home?

Unexpected Resistance: A reaver and his companions descend on an apparently defenceless village, and start their bloody business. They cut their way to the centre of the village, when the dead stand up behind them, and zombies pour out of the buildings, in staggering numbers, surround the raiders. One of the reavers recalls an old wive's tale of a powerful relic hidden somewhere in the village ripe for plunder – should the reavers survive.



River Warden

And what's this? Brandy, eh? Produce of Bretonnia. Just a single bottle. You've never seen it before in your life? I'd better get it out the way, then, before someone trips on it. And, see you same time next week.

(WC) A clarion call across the murky waters of the Reik can only mean one thing: Riverwardens. These strong-backed lawmen are commonly perceived by river goers as little better than thugs, as they must harass even innocent vessels when checking for smuggled goods and have learned that politeness and trust do not pay off. The over-worked patrols, which toil through month-long shifts at a time, are responsible for waters too large to be effectively controlled. They spend most of their time concentrating on the worst law-breakers, including pirates, murderers, and barge thieves, and allow most petty misdemeanours to slip by with spot-fines. They are a common sight on the rivers, and their patrols extend as far as Kislev.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Riverwarden for Roadwarden with your GM's approval.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire *or* Kislev), Gossip *or* Speak Language (Kislevite), Navigation, Outdoor Survival *or* Sail, Perception, Row, Search, Secret Signs (Scout)

Talents: Orientation or Very Strong, Specialist Weapon (Gunpowder)

Trappings: Pistol with Powder and Ammunition for 10 Shots, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat, Shield, Uniform, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Boatman, Ferryman, Marine, Roadwarden

Career Exits: Boatman, Marine, Roadwarden, Seaman, Sergeant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Verenean Investigator, Wrecker

Rocking the Boat

The best riverwardens need to use a bit of subtlety and common sense. They could go searching every nook of every vessel that comes down the river, and they'd be sure to find a lot of good stuff. And they'd be sure to end up with no friends, if they were lucky, and a knife in the back if they were not.

A good riverwarden needs to be a friend to the boatmen, not their enemy. He needs to get to know them and learn their ways. It's best for both parties. There's plenty of opportunity to catch foreign smugglers and ne'er do wells, the sorts that don't understand folk on this stretch of the river.

The honest local boatman, might smuggle a bit, he's got to, really, but nothing too much, nothing that will inconvenience the duke, or bring the Empire down. And if you know where to look, or more to the point, where not to look, a good riverwarden will find plenty to keep him busy: the odd bottle of brandy, or wheel of cheese, or leg of ham, that needs to be confiscated, without rocking the boat, so to speak.

The Battle of Bechbad

The town of Bechbad on the Talabec, a couple of days downriver from Talabheim, had always been quite quiet. The riverwardens there had little to do but check the regular flow of cargo ships making their way up and down the great river.

Until, the pirates came. In a couple of weeks, five cargoes were lost and many honest boatmen. The Bechbad riverwardens could do little; and caught no sight of he pirates, who had any number of sheltered tributaries and secluded inlets to hide in.

Then the captain of the riverwardens commandeered a cargo boat. He grabbed the next suitable ship, and demanded volunteers from the townsfolk and crews that were resting in Bechbad. And so filled with vigilantes and riverwardens, the boat made its way up the river.

They were soon set upon by the pirates and battle was joined. The struggle saw the pirate ship burn and sink and the commandeered vessel was badly damaged. But eventually, all the pirates lay dead or captured.

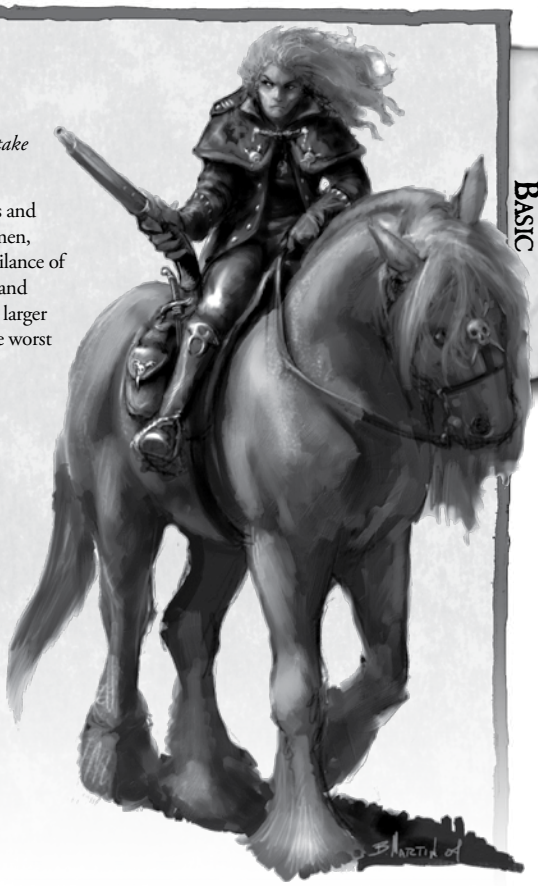
And thanks to the brave men of the Bechbad riverwardens that stretch of river has not seen another pirate to this very day.

Adventure Seeds

Looking the Other Way: The usually loyal riverwarden is approached by some stranger to deliberately overlook a crate or two coming in on the next boat. The crate is clearly described, and all the character has to do is search a different one. The money he is offered to do so is excellent. This is a test, however. The crate is entirely legitimate. If the character passes the test, then next time he will be paid the same way but the crate will be full of illicit goods. If he does not pass the test, the boys will come round to 'have a word.'

Greasing the Right Palm: The characers needs to get that thing down the river without the authorities getting wind of it. They need to contact a riverwarden and make sure they get away with it. Word on the bank is that the riverwardens can be bribed but you have to know what you're doing. If the characters get it right, the river warden will get their crate all the way to the destination for them without a sniff of trouble, but it will cost them. If they get it wrong, it will cost them a lot more.

Roadwarden



It's the work of the Red Band. Look, there's a clear trail into the trees. We bury the dead then we take the Emperor's justice into this forest. Leave none alive.

(Core) The Empire consists of pockets of civilisation tenuously connected to each other by roads and rivers. Much of the land is heavily forested, and such terrain is home to bandits, Mutants, Beastmen, and Goblins. Merely travelling from one city to another is an adventure, despite the constant vigilance of the Roadwardens. These lawmen patrol the roads and tracks of the Empire, protecting travellers and their goods. Since their numbers are small, they work with local militia and Soldiers to deal with larger threats. Most of the time though, it is up to small groups of Roadwardens to deal with all but the worst hazards.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+5%	–	+10%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire) ***or*** Gossip, Drive, Follow Trail ***or*** Secret Signs (Scout), Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search

Talents: Quick Draw ***or*** Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapons Group (Gunpowder)

Trappings: Pistol with 10 Firearm Balls and Gunpowder, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Shield, 10 Yards of Rope, Light Warhorse with Saddle and Harness (***or*** Pony for Halfling)

Career Entries: Coachman, Ferryman, Messenger, Outrider, Watchman

Career Exits: Highwayman, Messenger, Outlaw, Outrider, Scout, Sergeant, Toll Keeper

Watchers of the Road

Road wardens operate in small groups led by a sergeant, recruited from fearless local men with intimate knowledge of wilderness surrounding their communities. They patrol their stretch of road ceaselessly, always on the watch for danger. Their base of operation are the inns that dot the roads, and the innkeeper, grateful for their protection, is happy to provide them with a bed, hot meal, and stabling for free.

Road warden groups serve under a captain, who is based in the nearest town. He liaisons closely with the town watch, who are responsible for delivering justice to the outlaws the captain's men bring in. In more remote areas, where Imperial control is light, road wardens adopt the role of judge, jury, and executioner. The roadside inns are their court and the trees at the forest's edge their gallows, where the condemned are left to hang as a warning to other renegades.

An important function of the road wardens is to carry news to the scattered settlements along their patrol. They are the only face of the Emperor's justice these isolated communities might ever meet, and as such are treated with great respect.

Road Wardens in Popular Literature

The sight of a road warden patrol is so ubiquitous on the roads of the Empire that they have acquired an almost legendary status. Ballads are sung around tavern fires extolling their virtues and deeds. With the advent of the printing press, these stories endure within the pages of cheap, popular chapbooks with titles such as *Murder at a Dark House* and *The Bride of Death.* These tales enthrall rich and poor alike, the illiterate crowding around a tavern hearth to hear a professional reader recount the latest adventures.

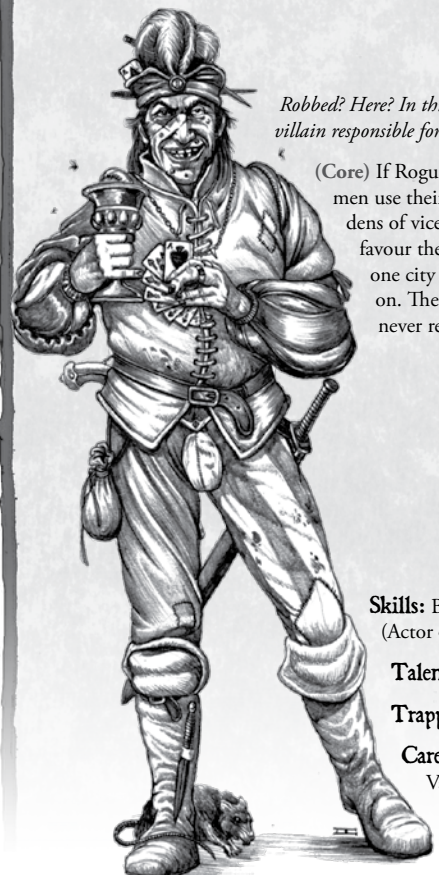
The central figure of these chapbooks is the legendary Tod Schlachten, a taciturn, ruggedly handsome hero who cuts a dashing figure in his greatcoat and wide-brimmed hat atop his black steed, Celerus. In each adventure he hounds his prey to justice, the aim of his pistol always true. The stories always end with him spurning the advances of a nobleman's daughter he has rescued from the clutches of forest raiders.

Actual road wardens are flattered by this depiction. The perils described in these stories are an everyday reality for them, though they bemoan the fact that it is usually a fat merchant they are saving, and never a buxom noble lady.

Adventure Seeds

A Time For Revenge: A road warden patrol arrives on the scene of a forest ambush, but the attackers still lurk among the trees, taking them by surprise. Left for dead amongst the carnage, the lone survivor swears he will not rest until he avenges his friends.

A Familiar Face: While stopping at an inn, a road warden recognises a face among the patrons, It is a bandit who could lead him to an outlaw chief who has long eluded his patrol. But the road warden discovers that the leader of the outlaws is not the evildoer claimed by the authorities, but a fighter against the injustices perpetrated against defenceless commoners. Whose justice will the lawman decide to follow?



Rogue

Robbed? Here? In this very inn?! Unthinkable! On my honour I shall not rest, good merchant, until we have discovered the villain responsible for so cunningly relieving you of your silver!

(Core) If Rogues have a creed, it is this: never do an honest day's work if you can avoid it. These fast-talking con men use their charm and luck to make their way in the world. Some work as bawds, professional guides to the dens of vice and inequity to be found in any city. Others are professional gamblers or raconteurs. All Rogues favour their wits over their swords, and they always have a ready story on their lips. While Rogues often have one city as home turf, some travel from place to place, profiting from elaborate schemes and then moving on. The most skilled Rogues go undetected. Their lies are so convincing that even those they have swindled never realize it was a con.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gamble *or* Secret Signs (Thief), Gossip *or* Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor *or* Storyteller), Search *or* Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Flee! *or* Streetwise, Luck *or* Sixth Sense, Public Speaking

Trappings: One set of Best Craftsmenship Clothing *or* Dice *or* Deck of Cards, 1d10 *gc*

Career Entries: Agitator, Assassin, Duellist, Entertainer, Envoy, Estalian Diestro, Noble, Seaman, Thief, Valet

Career Exits: Charlatan, Demagogue, Entertainer, **Ex-Convict**, Outlaw, Servant, Thief

The Ambassador

Salvatore Fiorenzo Bellarmini di Rosellino e Luccini came to Altdorf one day with a flourish and an entourage. He revealed his credentials to the town fathers and they were impeccable. He had come for one reason – to be the ambassador to the Empire from the Tilean city state of Luccini.

His first priority – announce himself to the Emperor. His second priority – sell an exclusive trade monopoly between the Empire and Luccini to the highest bidder. Handsome, worldly, and well-travelled, he soon became the toast of Imperial society. There is only one problem. He is not the ambassador. He is not even Tilean. He is a confidence man and rogue.

Diego (that's his real name – he's Estalian) knows his time is short. It is only a matter of time before he is discovered and his neck is on the block. He plans to sell as many confidential and exclusive monopolies as he can, hoard as much cash as possible, and then "report back to his prince" (flee as quickly as possible). If anyone gets in his way, they are going to discover that they are accused of threatening and trying to murder the ambassador. Diego is not above letting innocent men hang if it means he will make his fortune.

Dominik Guildenstern

Dominik is a rogue, but he is also a playwright, actor, and co-owner of a small stage in Nuln. Alas, in these hard times, Dominik has been forced to resort to unsavoury measures to keep his theatre in business. He has borrowed money from a local crime lord who hopes to 'foreclose' on the theatre and turn into a base for his thugs.

Dominik's judgement is questionable, but not his talent. He has written a play for the ages – *The Prince of Palingarde*. Dominik is possitive this play will make his name. It has everything – love, revenge, murder, romance and a bit with a dog. But he just can not seem to find the financing to stage this elaborate production.

Thus, Dominik is looking for investors. With his quick wit and silver tongue, he hopes to sway some wealthy noble or an adventurer flush with looted gold to finance his operation. At the face of it, it may seem a grand investment. The play is really good. The problem is that though Dominik may put on a great play, he will remain a terrible businessman. Paying off the crime lord and his mismanagement ensures any financial venture is doomed to failure.

Adventure Seeds

A Plea for Help: A beautiful elven maiden claims her brother has been abducted by orcs. She promises a magical reward and perhaps even her affections if the party will rescue him. Of course, she is a rogue, and without her false ears, not even an elf. She gets a cut for sending fools into an ambush by a bandit chieftain. Wary heroes may be able to discover her ruse, ambush the ambushers, and even find their secret treasure cave.

A Late Rogue's Legacy: A local rogue has been murdered. His personal apartments are ransacked by his former dupes, but they find no trace of the more than 500 gold crowns he fleeced from them. He never left the city. It has to be hidden somewhere. Alas, word gets out quick and soon enough the treasure hunt is on!

Runebearer

The message is my life.

(Core) The Undgrin Ankor, a network of elaborate tunnels that once ran the length of the World's Edge Mountains, connects the Dwarfholds east of the Empire. Communication between holds is carried out by means of Runebearers – specially trained young Dwarfs who risk life and limb to carry messages (written in the runic script of the Dwarfs) from one hold to another. Over recent centuries, as more Dwarfholds have fallen to the Goblinoids and more tunnels have become ruined, the Runebearers' lot has become increasingly difficult. They are forced to take more circuitous routes, and even these are fraught with danger as the enemies discover the routes. Often, Runebearers must leave the tunnels altogether and cross mountains and valleys on the surface. Runebearers who specialize in long distances are sometimes used to carry messages between the Dwarf communities of the Empire and those of mountains.



Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	+1	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Secret Signs (Scout), Perception, Swim

Talents: Flee!, Fleet Footed *or* Sixth Sense, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Very Resilient *or* Very Strong

Trappings: Crossbow and 10 Bolts, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Healing Draught, Lucky Charm

Career Entries: Shieldbreaker

Career Exits: Rat Catcher, Scout, Shieldbreaker, Tomb Robber, Veteran

Little Known Facts

While much is made of the mission of the lone runebearer running franticly to carry his message, many dwarf leaders do not place all their faith in a single messenger. Often, multiple runebearers are dispatched, along different routes, so that there is a much greater chance of at least one delivering his message. This is almost never discussed with outsiders, as the dwarves prefer their enemies to believe that if they have stopped one messenger, they have stopped them all.

There is great competition among runebearers to move quickly. Often, it can be very risky to move too fast, lest you stumble into an ambush or attract too much attention. Dwarven legends extol the fastest runebearers, and beardlings all dream of someday being among them. The greatest distance recorded by a single runebearer is from the mountains near Kislev to those of Estalia; every runebearer's dream is to set a new record in the Kislev Run.

To fail to deliver a message in time – and to still live – is a runebearer's greatest shame. Those who have arrived too late may take up the mantle of a slayer to exonerate themselves.

A Day in the Life

During relatively peaceful times runebearers work in their local communities, carrying messages through mining tunnels and across well-known roads. Their work is generally light, and the risks they must take at other times means they are afforded some relaxation. Inevitably, though, the call will come.

The runebearer must race to receive his message and his instructions. Sometimes, he does not know what the message actually is – it is coded and he doesn't know the how to interpret it, so he cannot reveal it under torture if captured. All he needs to know is where it must go and who must receive it.

On a "run," the runebearer cannot waste time. Food and sleep are taken only sparingly. Young runebearers are trained to know the signs of starvation and exhaustion and taught that there is no glory, or purpose, in travelling three-fourths of the way there and then dying of thirst, the message undelivered. All other distractions, though, are set aside.

A runebearer knows not just his chosen route, but a dozen alternate paths, and will veer off at the first sign of trouble. Glory, for him, does not come in combat, but in performance – stopping to battle goblinoids, even if victory seems certain, is just a delay he cannot afford.

Adventure Seeds

Missing Messages: During some confusion near a large city, a runebearer's pack – and the message he swore to deliver – stolen by a thief, who has since vanished into the city's underworld. The message is of no financial value, but who knows what enemies of the dwarves might make of it? The thief might even discard it without realizing what he carries. The runebearer must enter the city and somehow track down the message.

One Final Request: In the aftermath of a battle with goblins, an injured runebearer is found. He is barely alive, and has time only to cough out the location of the recipient of his message before he dies. No Dwarf, hearing this, would refuse to take the message where it belongs – no matter how far he has to go.

Runelord

You show potential. Get back to me in a century.



(RoS) The Runelords are the greatest of the Runesmiths. A Runelord candidate may only be promoted with the death of an existing Runelord, so this position is highly coveted and contested. Among the Dwarfs, Runelords are equal to kings, and so they move through Dwarf society as some of its most esteemed members. A few Runelords withdraw from the world, sequestering themselves away to learn the deeper secrets of the Master Runes and perhaps create a few of their own, further diminishing their numbers as their names become legend.

Note: Only Dwarfs can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+15%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+30%	+40%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	+4	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any four), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Runecraft, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Dwarf), Speak Language (any three), Trade (any two)

Talents: Master Rune (any two), Rune (any ten), Specialist Weapon Group (any one), Strike to Injure *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Three runic items

Career Entries: Journeyman Runesmith

Career Exits: Captain, Guild Master

A Day In The Life

A runelord may take one of two paths in his life. The majority, choose to live among their fellow dwarfs, where they are figures of legendary power. While they do continue to hone and practise their craft, for the most part, it is the refinement of an already refined art.

They serve as advisors, arbiters and symbols of all that it means to be a dwarf, and their day is filled with meetings, tours of the community, checking and overseeing the works of the runemasters, and so on. Only during rare interludes can they actually turn to their tools and forges and craft new items – and given the Rule of Pride, it is very rare they come up with an item they have never made before over their long career.

A fair number, perhaps a quarter or so, do not take this path. They retreat from the community into deep study, sequestering themselves inside workshop-libraries located in the deepest heart of the most secure dwarf holds. They will ring themselves with masters, journeymen and apprentices, who will eagerly labour for months just to hear a single word of praise or helpful advice from their reclusive lord. Such runelords will emerge from their self-imposed exile once a year, or sometimes less, to fulfil with great reluctance their ceremonial or symbolic duties, and then return.

Rarest of all are the adventuring runelords. It takes a lot to get such a skilled individual to travel dark and dangerous paths; their motivations are unique and often inscrutable. Any band of travellers who has such a companion is blessed, and there is no telling how long they will continue to spend time away from their families and studies.

Little Known Facts

Runelords are strongly encouraged to take a wife and produce heirs. Even the most reclusive and curmudgeonly will honour this duty if at all possible; to fail is too great a shame to bear or mention.

It is rumoured that the oldest and greatest runelords do not die; rather, after too long without hearing from them, the most senior masters in a community will enter the lord's work area, to find nothing there but his final work, and carry on his legacy from that moment onward.

Adventure Seeds

The Lord's Return: A runelord vanished in a fierce orcish raid a decade ago, and a master runesmith was raised up in his place. Now, however, the presumed dead runelord has returned, demanding his old post. In the meantime, his former apprentice has risen through the ranks and attained the stature of runelord himself. Attempts to get them to share authority have failed, and the returning runelord refuses to accept the newly raised runelord's status. The families of the two Dwarfs are at odds, and things could get ugly.

Visitation: A runelord is coming to a major human city in order to meet with a wizard lord with whom he has had a long and useful correspondence – despite their very, very different backgrounds and views on the arcane. The arrival of such an august entity is causing all kinds of disruption. Just about everyone is trying to find some way to exploit this, especially cells of Chaos cultists who know they can greatly damage dwarf/human relations should the visitor die while under Imperial protection.

Scholar

Whoever thinks education is a painless endeavor has yet to suffer through von Richstein's treatise on the Border Princes.

(Core) Scholars are academicians who have dedicated their lives to the pursuit of knowledge. Scholars include sages who delve into philosophy and scientific theory, monks who specialize in religious lore, and tutors who strive to educate the children of wealthy Merchants and Nobles. Some Scholars are driven to pursue esoteric or forbidden knowledge. Such a path requires great mental fortitude and a willingness to risk discovery by Witch Hunters and other Zealots. Those that actively study and pursue the law, such as clerks and lawyers, are considered to be a specialized form of Scholar in the Old World.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+30%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any three), Common Knowledge (any three), Evaluate *or* Trade (Cartographer), Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (any three), Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Linguistics

Trappings: Writing Kit

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, Apprentice Wizard, **Cartographer**, Friar, High Priest, Journeyman Wizard, Master Wizard, Navigator, Noble Lord, Physician, Priest, Scribe, Sea Captain, Student

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Explorer, Friar, **Litigant**, Merchant, Physician, Steward



ADVANCED

The Travelling School

While many scholars focus on a single field of study, many scholars enjoy researching a broad range of topics. However, scholarly pursuits take up a great deal of time, and travel throughout the Empire to visit various libraries can be expensive.

To encourage studies and obviate the need for travel, a group of former students from Altdorf have developed a secretive book club, which they have dubbed the Travelling School. After their years together in Altdorf, the scholars went their separate ways, but still kept in close contact with each other.

The Travelling School refers not to the scholars making rounds to visit with each other, but instead to the numerous books they send to each other. After one scholar has located a rare book and finished studying it, he passes it along to one of his colleagues, who does likewise with a tome of his own.

The scholars employ all manner of caraveners, messengers, pilgrims, coach lines and the like to deliver their books for the Travelling School. However, many of these rare books are incredibly expensive, and some contain material that would be considered... improper... for research by an upright citizen of the Empire. As such, discretion is paramount when deliverng the books to members of the Travelling School.

A Day in the Life

Scholars spend the bulk of their time each day researching; if they are being paid to do so, their research will delve only into those matters concerning their employer's request for information. If left to their own devices, most scholars would meticulously follow every lead, every thread of information within their areas of interest to its logical conclusion, cataloging any newly discovered leads for later exploration and study.

Devoting the bulk of their lives to the accumulation of knowledge, scholars are the learned people that the authorities must turn to on occasion. As such they are sometimes employed by a lord or religious leader and well-paid, but more often than not work freelance and live a hand-to-mouth existence.

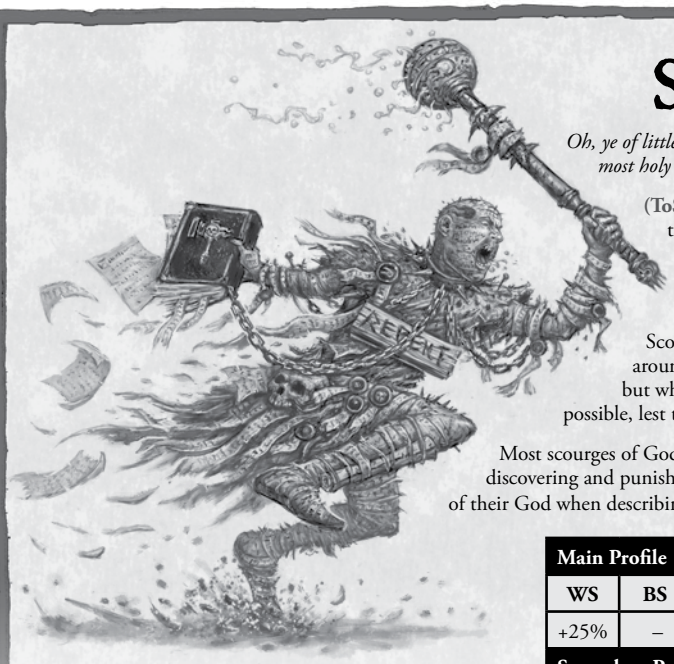
Some specialise in religious or philosophical topics, while others are experts on the subject of law, mathematics, linguistics, science, and even dark, forbidden lore – though short is the tenure of the scholar discovered to be dabbling in lore best left unlearnt.

Adventure Seeds

Scholarly Pursuits: A scholar has discovered an old text hinting at the existence of the burial mound of an Unberogen chieftain from before the time of Sigmar. The scholar is excited that excavation of the tomb will improve current understanding of the burial rituals of the pre-dynastic Unberogen kings. The mound lies within an unexplored tract of the Reikwald Forest, and the scholar requires a party of bodyguards to help him reach it, and to help dig up its secrets.

A Forbidden Tome: A messenger is found dead in the streets, clutching a leather satchel. Inside the satchel is a grim book bound in cured flesh and a scrap of paper with an address to a wizened old scholar who lives on the estates of a minor noble. Was this book possibly passed along via the mysterious Travelling School? And if so, for what purpose?

ADVANCED



Scourge of God

Oh, ye of little faith! Witness the grace of our god! It is writ in blood upon my body, His most holy commandment. Every drop I bleed is further proof of His favour!

(ToS) Those who serve their Gods as flagellants sometimes survive throwing themselves into danger to smite the forces of Chaos and darkness. Those who survive long enough become scourges of God, mighty warriors for their deity, blessed with a degree of divine protection.

Scourges of God are often highly charismatic, and gather other fanatics around them. In times of war, they are highly praised by the cult hierarchy, but when peace comes the priests prefer to move them along as quickly as possible, lest they find too many "enemies of God" within the towns of cities.

Most scourges of God die bravely in battle, but some do move on, often to other ways of discovering and punishing the corrupt. Scourges of God almost always substitute the name of their God when describing themselves: scourge of Sigmar, scourge of Ulric, and so on.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	–	+25%	+25%	+10%	–	+30%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+8	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Heal, Intimidate

Talents: Luck, Menacing, Public Speaking, Resistance to Chaos, Sixth Sense, Very Resilient, Very Strong

Trappings: Flail *or* Great Weapon, Religious Symbol, Religious Relic, Remains of a Heretic

Career Entries: Flagellant

Career Exits: Champion, Initiate, Interrogator, Witch Hunter

Note: You may enter this career even if the insanity you had as a Flagellant has been cured.

A Scourge of God exhibits his devotion in a different manner, depending on the god he worships:

Manann: A Scourge of Manann lashes himself to a ship's mast and undergoes voluntary keelhauling while shouting praises to the Lord of the Seas. The scourge's booming voice rivals the fiercest storms and instills fear in his enemies.

Morr: The cold, penetrating glare from a Scourge of Morr seems to peer into a man's soul. To prove their favour with Morr, these fanatics are buried alive for days at a time, after which they report visions from the Land of Death.

Myrmidia: Myrmidia's Scourges ride atop palanquins carried by their zealous followers. They go bare-chested into battle and slash their own bodies with knives while reciting verses from the Bellona Myrmidia.

Ranald: No one has ever reported seeing a Scourge of Ranald, for the Trickster's ways are secretive. However, several peasant rebellions have been led by raving madmen who might have been devotees of the Protector.

Shallya: Scourges of Shallya take the burdens of the world upon themselves by attaching heavy weights to their limbs and wandering among the diseased and dying.

Sigmar: Sigmarite Scourges punish themselves with spiked flails. Their zealots carry braziers so Scourges can brand themselves whilst reciting verses from the Deus Sigmar. The Scourges often goes shirtless to expose his heavily scarred body.

Taal and Rhya: Scourges of Taal and Rhya take month-long journeys into the dangerous forest, alone. They carry no weapons on these journeys and some even go stark naked. When they finally emerge in a feral state, no one questions their divine favour.

Ulric: Like their Sigmarite counterparts, scourges of Ulric flog themselves with spiked flails whilst foaming at the mouth and shouting passages from the Liber Lupus. They expose themselves to extreme cold to demonstrate Ulric's blessing.

Verena: Scourges of Verena attend criminal trials where they undergo ordeals of fire or water before the accused to demonstrate the justness of their god. If the accused survives the ordeal himself, he is urged to join the Scourge's retinue.

Protection of the Gods

A Scourge of God possesses an uncanny ability to survive impossible predicaments. The GM should be lenient when assigning Criticals resulting from self-inflicted injuries, reducing their value to the nearest non-fatal result. Many scourges are blind, deaf or immobile as a result of their injuries. Missing limbs are common. Despite this, crippled scourges continue to subject themselves to extreme punishment even if it requires their followers to carry or assist them.

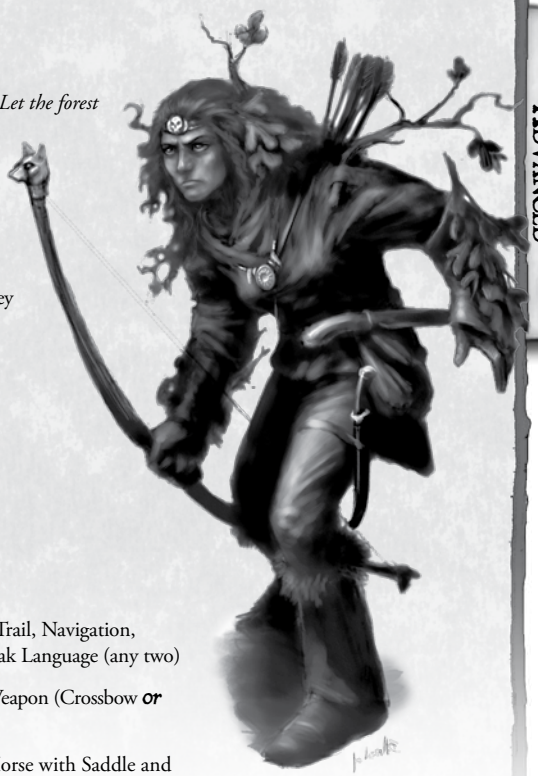
When a Scourge of God uses a Fate Point, the GM can narrate the effect as miraculous divine intervention. Witnesses of the miracle who follow the same god can be recruited more easily into the scourge's retinue following such an event, and those who do not follow the scourge's god are more easily converted afterwards.

Adventure Seeds

Proving Faith: The scourge's cult is losing followers in the local area, and it needs someone to restore the people's faith. There are some who doubt the scourge's claims to divine favour and demand proof.

Scout

Don't clomp about as if you're a drunkard in Marienburg's slums, boy! Feel your way around. Let the forest talk to you. She'll tell you everything you need to know…if you're quiet enough to listen. Such things a forest can tell you…more than most city-folk'd dream…



(Core) Scouts are rare individuals who are more at home in the wild than in the teeming cities of the Old World. They roam through the wilderness, following trails that few other eyes can discern, while keeping an eye out for dangerous beasts and unnatural occurrences. Scouts are often more comfortable with animals than other people. They frequently hire their expertise out to armies, Merchants, and travellers who need to go far off the known roads. They usually roam ahead of their clients, seeking out ambushes and other troubles that may beset a large group on the move.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+20%	+15%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (any two), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Navigation, Perception, Ride, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout), Silent Move, Speak Language (any two)

Talents: Charm Animal, Mighty Shot ***or*** Sure Shot, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon (Crossbow ***or*** Longbow)

Trappings: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack), Shield, 10 Yards of Rope, Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Bounty Hunter, Champion, Charcoal-Burner, Coachman, Fieldwarden, Hunter, Kithband Warrior, Messenger, Miner, Outrider, Roadwarden, Runebearer, Vagabond, Woodsman

Career Exits: **Cartographer**, Explorer, Outlaw Chief, Sergeant, Vampire Hunter, Ghost Strider

Scouts Outside the Empire

While scouts are commonly found in the wildernesses among the Empire's borders, they also serve beyond them. While outriders are expected to blaze trails and reconnoiter for organized caravans and large parties, scouts help smaller (or more covert) groups and individuals find their way around the edges of the Empire.

Equally at home in forest or mountains, a scout can identify trouble, help hunt up meals, and keep watch. A scout is an invaluable ally, whether the task is to discover where orcs amass in the World's Edge Mountains, map out the passes above the Ostermark, or lead traitorous discussions with the goblins or orcs of the Grey Mountains.

While it may take some time to grow accustomed to the nuances of a foreign land, truly gifted scouts will slowly acclimate to any region. Their ability to adapt is vital to their trade, and their survival.

Andrus Taurbach

Andrus felt the calling of the woods and the Horned God early in his life in Talabecland. By the age of 13, he found the god's grove near his village and became an initiate. On his annual retreat in the wooded Farlic Hills, Andrus embraced true wildness.

Visions from Taal's aspect as Karnos, Lord of Beasts, left Andrus madly animalistic for months. Holy men restored Andrus to sanity by taking him into their order and marking him with the facial and chest tattoos of the Horned Hunters. Andrus remained within the forests of Talabecland, making them safe for all of Taal's creations while embracing the Horned Hunter's ways.

Andrus has seen the rise of evil among the trees, having slain many beastmen who hide in the forests since the death of the Beastlord Graktar. Rather than recluse himself among the woods, Andrus has become a notable scout in Talabecland.

His rescue of the famed demagogue Ionor Suarlat and her fellow elves from skaven resulted in him being awarded a prized elfbow five years ago and he has been an honored elf-friend ever since.

Other Horned Hunters whisper that Taal goads Andrus toward a destiny as a ghost strider. Andrus, as always, keeps his silence and simply listens to the winds, watches the trees, and ensures his weapons and senses remain sharp.

Adventure Seeds

Retracing His Steps: A scout staggers into town, suffering horrible wounds (ragged and infected axe blows). The elf gasps the words "Black Surrik walks in anger…" and dies before he regains consciousness. The party must retrace the scout's trail (with or without another scout's help) and uncover exactly what threat this poses for the province.

Official Duty: Scouting and trailblazing within (or outside) the Empire is a campaign with much potential for adventure. As many patrol the roads and the waterways, the party can hunt out the perils within the uncharted wilderness between the cities and villages.



Scribe

I've never seen writing like this before. It may be a seldom used form of Archaic Imperial. Perhaps, I can find a clue in one of my books…

(Core) Since most citizens of the Empire are illiterate, Scribes are very much in demand. Virtually every government, civil, military, or religious institution requires a large number of Scribes for record keeping. There are also public Scribes, who make a living writing and reading letters for the common folk. Scribes are well educated and many go on to become Scholars or lawyers. A few tire of reading about the adventures of others and resolve to have some of their own. With their extensive knowledge of other languages, they make excellent translators for foreign expeditions.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Common Knowledge (the Empire) ***or*** Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel ***or*** Tilean), Trade (Calligrapher)

Talents: Linguistics

Trappings: Knife, A Pair of Candles, Wax, 5 matches, Illuminated Book, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Apprentice Wizard, **Cartographer**, Initiate

Career Exits: Agitator, Apprentice Wizard, **Cartographer**, Initiate, Navigator, Scholar

Anton Hollenberg and His Amazing Pantograph

Anton is not only a masterful scribe, but also the inventor of a fabulous device – the pantograph. The pantograph is a mechanical wonder a scribe wears like a glove. The glove is linked by delicate and cleverly jointed arms to another pen that duplicates the writer's every move. Thus Anton has invented a very crude sort of copying device. Whenever Anton performs his duties as a scribe, he always uses the pantograph. This ensures he has not only the copy he submits to the client, but also a copy for his own records. That is why his life is now in grave danger.

One of Anton's clients was a wealthy merchant. He had Anton carefully and studiously copy letters and stationary from the merchant's rough and barely legible hand into Anton's beautiful calligraphy. Anton then returned both the original and the copy to the client. But he kept the pantograph's copy for himself. It turned out that the merchant in question was actually a powerful magus of a chaos cult. Encoded within those letters were instructions to his minions. Now the witch hunters have started to ferret the merchant out. He has burned all of his incriminating letters. It was only by a stroke of luck that he learned about Anton's pantograph.

Desperate, he needs all those letters and Herr Hollenberg destroyed to completely cover his tracks. Using his underground contacts, assassins have been hired. Soon, a hapless scribe will be stalked by professional killers.

The Faithful Brotherhood of Scribes and Scriveners

At first glance, this appears to be a normal and rather pedestrian guild. In reality, this scribe's guild is not to be trifled with. Years of copying and sorting through the records of every major institution means the scribes have dirt on everyone. The Brotherhood's records vault, a legendary depository of blackmail material, is sealed , hidden, and kept under great security. The Faithful Brotherhood rewards its members for turning in dated, verifiable, and incriminating documents on prominent citizens. They are patient, preferring to slowly accumulate information until their evidence is indeed damning. What do the scribes do with this information? Nothing, so long as their members are well treated, well paid, and fairly dealt with. Crossing a guild scribe is a truly dangerous undertaking.

Adventure Seeds

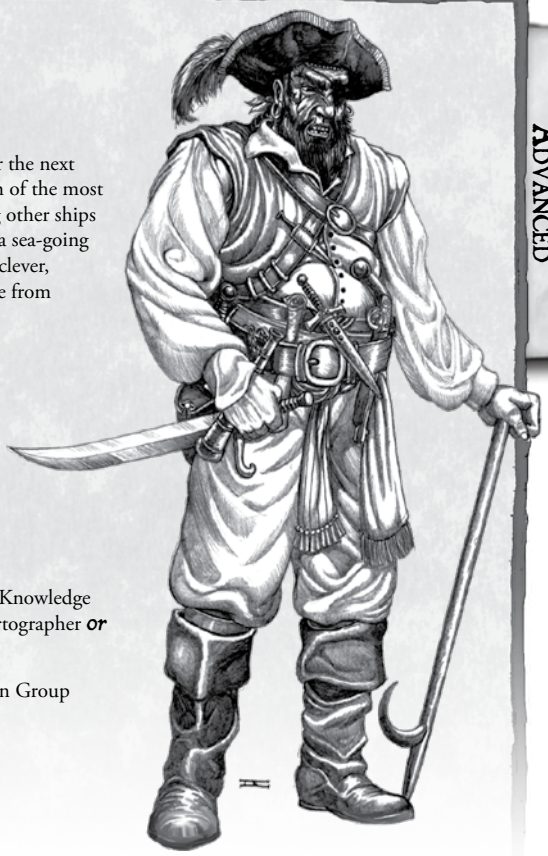
Outsiders Needed: A scribe employed by a township has discovered that the lord-mayor is embezzling large amounts of money from the city coffers. He would reveal what he knows, but he is afraid the thoroughly corrupt mayor will discover him and seek violent retribution. He needs protection and an escort to the county seat if this fraud is to be revealed. He needs someone from out-of-town that is not in the mayor's pocket. He turns to the party.

Secrets Revealed: A scribe believes he has managed to finally decrypt an ancient treasure map. He tries to gather a group of like-minded adventurers to follow it and see where it leads.

Sea Captain

Avast ye lubbers! Stow anchor and prepare to set sail!

(Core) Sea Captains roam the oceans of the Old World seeking profit and adventure over the next horizon. Strictly honourable Sea Captains are far-travelling traders who only sail in search of the most profitable markets for their goods. The most dangerous are bloodthirsty pirates, attacking other ships for plunder and leaving no survivors. Most Sea Captains fall somewhere in between. On a sea-going vessel a Captain's word is law. Sailors, however, are a fractious lot; a Sea Captain must be clever, strong-willed and a bit ruthless to stay in command. The most famous Sea Captains come from Marienburg, Tilea, and the Elven island of Ulthuan.



ADVANCED

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+25%	+20%	+15%	+20%	+20%	+20%	+25%	+30%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (any three), Dodge Blow, Perception, Sail, Speak Language (any three), Swim, Trade (Cartographer *or* Shipwright)

Talents: Disarm, Lightning Parry *or* Swashbuckler, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Rapier, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Telescope, Ship

Career Entries: Explorer, Mate, Navigator, Noble Lord

Career Exits: Explorer, Noble Lord, Scholar, Spy

A Day In The Life

Pirate or privateer? Explorer or exploiter? With each dawning day, a sea captain can choose his path. The seas of the Old World are lawless places, and a man (or sometimes, woman) is free to carve their own destiny – possibly on the bodies of their foes.

The most important thing, though, is running the ship. A ship, pirate or merchant does not run itself. A captain must know every detail of the ship, and be able to do any job any of his crew can do – and do it better. He must also quickly judge who can step in to replace a fallen crewman – and who can't. He is judge of more than that: he must keep order on his ship, establishing and enforcing the rules, often brutally with lash or blade as needed. Yet, no matter how firm he is, he must also be fair; his crew will endure his rules so long as he delivers on his promises and is not random or arbitrary.

Life at sea is regimented. Watches are kept and logs must be updated. Sloppiness can lead to failure, a rope left to fray can snap in battle, a logbook which is incomplete can lead to the ship foundering, lost and alone. The captain's day is spent barking orders, but also constantly evaluating the situation and solving problems before they arise. The promise of profit or plunder can keep a crew in line, but the captain must eventually deliver, and it must be clear to the crew that his vision, knowledge and discipline is what got them to that point.

New Rules

Thriving In Confusion: A ship normally must run like a clock, but during times of crisis, such as a sudden storm or a boarding party, the clock breaks. A sea captain in such a situation must master a dozen things at once, constantly aware of an ever-changing situation. To reflect this, someone who has taken five advances in this career may use any of the Sea Captain Skills which normally require a full or half action as a free action by spending a Fortune Point, as he gives orders or performs tasks almost by instinct.

This ability comes into play at the GM's discretion, and only during times of great stress, when there are many things happening at the same time. Note that in a combat situation, only the basic action, Use a Skill, is affected by this rule (see *WFRP* page 127).

Adventure Seeds

Rescued At Sea: Something bad has happened to the characters' transport, and they are clinging to a raft which drifts into the path of a heavily armed merchant vessel flying a Tilean flag. The captain, following ancient codes of the sea, decides to bring them on board, but they must work for their passage, and he will make sure that they learn their skills. (This is a good chance for characters to switch to a maritime career). It soon becomes apparent that the "merchant ship" is a well-disguised pirate craft. Will the characters eagerly join in the plunder, or will they try to turn the ship and its captain in for a large reward?

Far From Home: A little drink on the town... and a renowned sea captain finds himself kidnapped, bound and finally awakened in a slave caravan in Araby, five hundred miles from the sea! It is there that he manages to meet the characters. He promises them a vast reward if they can get him back to his ship, docked in a Tilean port... but he is a man used to being obeyed, even when his "ship" is a camel. Can this fish out of water manage to survive without being killed by either the desert, the bandits who took him or the people trying to rescue him? And why was he kidnapped in the first place?

BASIC

SEAMAN

There ain't enough rum to get me back on that ship. But rum and a bit of gold might do.



(Core) Most Imperial seamen come from the province of Nordland, which has a long stretch of coast on the Sea of Claws. The Greatships, Wolfships, and Wargalleys of the Imperial Fleet patrol these waters, protecting the Empire from Norse longships, Bretonnian buccaneers, and the dreaded fleets of Chaos. Hardened Seaman crew these ships, while their compatriots sail merchantmen, pirate vessels, and other privately owned craft. Elven sailors can be found on the Sea of Claws as well, particularly those engaged by their great Merchant Houses. The activity of the region revolves around Marienburg, the greatest port in the Old World. This city and its surrounding area (known as the Wasteland) used to be the Imperial province of Westerland but it bought its independence years ago. While Marienburg itself is neutral territory, the Sea of Claws is the site of daily clashes. On blood-soaked decks, Seamen earn their rum ration and their booty.

Note: During character creation, if you take Common Knowledge (the Wasteland), your character can be from the great port of Marienburg at your option.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+10%	–	+10%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Norsca, Tilea *or* the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol *or* Perception, Dodge Blow, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Norse *or* Tilean), Swim

Talents: Hardy *or* Street Fighting, Seasoned Traveller, Strike Mighty Blow *or* Swashbuckler

Trappings: Leather Jerkin, Bottle of Poor Craftsmenship Spirits

Career Entries: Boatman, Envoy, Ferryman, Fisherman, Norse Berserker, Smuggler

Career Exits: Marine, Mate, Navigator, Rogue, Smuggler

Roles on a Ship

Able Seaman: This is the basic seaman career, and the backbone of any ship. The seaman needs to know both the rigging and the sails, as well as the basics of steering and navigation. The seaman must be able to read the skies, weather, winds and, most importantly, the mood of his captain.

Carpenter (Tradesman): The carpenter is aboard a ship to repair battle and weather damage to masts, yards, hatches and the hull, and keep a watchful eye on the ship's leaky seams with wooden plugs and oakum.

Gunner: The gunner is responsible for the operation and care of the ship's guns and ammunition. Some of the gunner's daily duties include the sifting of black-powder to keep it dry and the inspection of cannon and cannon balls for signs of rust. In combat, the gunner is not just an expert at aiming, but is acquainted with all stages in the firing process: loading, aiming, firing, resetting and swabbing for the next load.

Sailmaker (Tradesman): The sailmaker is in charge of maintaining all of the fabrics and canvases on the ship: sails, flags, hammocks, and so on.

Prize Money

In the Old World, seized enemy ships and cargo become the property of the capturing nation or merchant. This was a convenient system for organisations like the Imperial navy, who could reward their fleets with monies gained from the value of the seized ship rather than their own coffers. In time, seamen came to see enemy ships as "prizes". Therefore, money gained from the sale of prizes became known as prize money. Merchant ships that fly the flag of an enemy realm are also fair game for capture, and are especially sought after. The prize money from these ships comes from the sale of both the ship and cargo, which could be a very lucrative transaction for the lucky seaman.

If the captured vessel is an enemy warship, and repairable, the navy will pay prize money equaling the fair market value for a craft of similar size. The only exception to this rule is for orc warships and watercraft—no civilised realm will pay for those. The navy also pays an additional prize bonus per enemy aboard the captured ship. The navy will also pay a "head money" bonus for captured enemy sailors.

The lure of prize money has called many hopefuls to a hard life at sea. A lucky seaman could find himself making a year's pay or more in the course of one battle. The following scheme for distribution of prize money is standard among the merchant fleets and navies of the Old World. Allocation is by eighths. Two eighths of the prize money goes to the captain, generally propelling him upwards in political and financial circles. One eighth of the money goes to the admiral who signed the ship's written orders. One eighth is divided among the first mate, quartermaster, and bosun. Two eighths are divided among the master of sails, master carpenter, master gunner and their mates. The final two eighths are divided among the crew, with seamen, sailmakers and marines receiving larger shares than cabin boys.

Adventure Seeds

Springing a Trap: A wealthy merchant is looking to crew a newly purchased cargo vessel bound for dangerous waters. The merchant has lost three ships to pirate raiders and has hired a company of marines to wait in the hold instead of cargo.

A Missing Map: When a bottle washes up on shore with a map inside, the waterfront tavern is abuzz. Everyone laughs and agrees that the idea that it is a treasure map is silly, but soon the map goes missing and tempers ignite.

Seer

I see ill omens in the stars. Fetch me a lamb, preferably one born under the full moon. Its blood shall reveal the nature of these omens.



(ToC) Seers are self-appointed authorities on all matters involving the spiritual world. They can be found in marketplaces of any town, proclaiming their latest revelation to anyone who will listen. Since Seers operate outside the bounds of sanctioned religious laws, and purport to understand the will of the Gods, they are easy targets for persecutions by Witch Hunters, who don't draw a line of distinction between the authentic seers and the charlatans. In Norsca, however, Seers are valued members of a Jarl's entourage, reading the signs and portents in the entrails of their sacrifice or translating the flickers of fire to divine some glimpse of future events.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather *or* Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic *or* Magick), Channelling *or* Performer (Palm Reader), Charm Animal *or* Public Speaking, Magical Sense *or* Perception

Talents: Hedge Magic *or* Keen Senses, Luck *or* Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking

Trappings: Instruments of Divination (dice, cards, a chicken, etc.)

Career Entries: Hedge Wizard, Skald

Career Exits: Agitator, Charlatan, Maledictor (ToC), Vagabond, Vitki (ToC), Witch

A Day in the Life

A seer is a useful source of information, ranging from arcane matters to mundane occurrences. As such, they are in constant demand by people of all walks of life.

Seers often accompany the retinue of a jarl. If a jarl has had a weird dream, witnessed a star falling from the heavens, or experienced any other portent, he will approach his seer for an interpretation of the omen. No seer is foolish enough to give an answer that might displease their master, so the truth is always caged in platitudes.

Those seers who live among the community face a tide of petitioners throughout the day. To weed out those who might come with trivial questions, seers often dwell in remote locations; only the most persistent will bother making the journey. The gifts that visitors bring sustain the seer in food, drink and clothes.

A few seers see themselves as prophets, speaking for the gods, and travel from settlement to settlement preaching about the omens that they have seen. However, when their words warn of doom and woe, they quickly outstay their welcome and are often driven into the wilderness by an angry mob.

Some seers take up a wandering lifestyle, travelling between farms and villages to offer their esoteric services in return for food and shelter; for example, they might divine the future of a farmer's crop or the success of a trader's impending voyage. They also present themselves at the birth of a child and search it for marks that betray the gods' favour… or displeasure.

Notable Figures

Yngve Aarseth is a deranged and powerful seer. He is greatly respected – and feared – throughout Norsca. His eyes were torn out long ago when he was held captive by a malicious band of goblin raiders, Aarseth claims that his physical blindness allows him to "see all truth."

The wizened old seer refuses to serve any of the jarls, even when they threaten him with torture or imprisonment. He knows that the jarls are too frightened of his powers to carry out their threats.

Aarseth can be found roaming the streets of Olricstaad, answering any question that is asked of him – by anyone – in his hoarse, gentle whisper. This changes, however, in the dark of night … especially during a full moon. During such times, the seer goes to the town square of Olricstaad, and sacrifices a young goat with his strangely curved silver knife. In the pools of blood that spatter the cobblestones, Aarseth draws out pictures of men, all of whom he claims shall die within the coming year. While this claim seems preposterous, no one has been able to dispute his prophecies.

Adventure Seeds

An Ill Omen: A star falls in the night-time sky over a village… and in the morning, a nearby farm has completely burned to ashes. The local jarl sends two of his guards to investigate, but only one returns and he has been driven insane. A local seer loudly predicted such a thing might happen an entire week leading up to the tragedy, now the jarl would seek his counsel to see what other ill omens menace the land. But the seer is suddenly nowhere to be found.

ADVANCED

SERGEANT

Any of you scum even think about retreating, I'll kill you myself!



(Core) Sergeants are professional warriors who've managed to impress either a Captain or a Noble with their ability to command men in battle. They lead small units of Soldiers, Militiamen, Mercenaries and Roadwardens, ensuring that orders are carried out to the letter. Some lead by setting a sterling example, others by terrifying their troops into quick obedience. Those who make their troopers lives a priority tend to be the most popular. The best Sergeants earn the respect of their Soldiers with their own blood and courage. They are often called upon to lead their men into danger and they swiftly become experts at assessing the capabilities of others.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Command, Common Knowledge (any two), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Ride ***or*** Swim, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Tilean)

Talents: Menacing ***or*** Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting ***or*** Wrestling, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Shield

Career Entries: Assassin, Champion, Duellist, Highwayman, Judicial Champion, Kislevite Kossar, Marine, Mercenary, Militiaman, Norse Berserker, Pistolier, Roadwarden, Scout, Shieldbreaker, Soldier, Squire, Targeteer, Veteran, Watchman

Career Exits: Captain, Duellist, Judicial Champion, Knight

Hated and Loved

"Sergeant Haug had a voice like granite soaked in rum: 'Hold to, men, hold to. That's it, lads. Don't fire 'til you see the reds of their eyes. Steady now! You've faced worse than this, you miserable wretches. Baumer…do I perceive your mother among those green-skinned baboons coming at us? Krebs, steady your gun, lad, you're not hunting geese. Hold it, hold it…FIRE!'

He bellowed the tenderfoots into shape, and his barbed wit killed the cockiness of us veterans. How we hated him, yet how we loved him. He was the backbone of the unit, bullying us into shape. The renown we won was all thanks to him: our duty to the Emperor never shirked, and we gave as good as we got from the muzzles of our guns. We'd rather take our chances face on against the enemy than endure the full-blown anger of our Old Man."

–Trooper Fuchs of the Altdorf 3rd Handgunner Regiment

A Superstitious Breed

Sergeants believe that they enjoy a blessed existence. Veterans of a score of battles, they have a knack of emerging unscathed – except for the scars that they proudly exhibit. They consider their longevity a blessing from the gods, and go to peculiar lengths to preserve this favoured status.

As he walks, a typical sergeant rattles from the dozens of charms and relics that adorn his uniform, such as relic bones, luck stones, or blessed coins. His magnificently curled moustache, waxed from ear to ear, is not simply an overstated nod to fashion – it is considered highly unlucky to trim his upper lip while on campaign.

A superstitious sergeant has a ward or talisman for every ominous occasion. For example, on the eve of a battle taking place during inauspicious occasions such as the Day of Folly, a solar eclipse, or the waxing of Morrsleib, a sergeant may avoid touching anything made of oak (oak being the traditional material for the construction of coffins), refuse to perform any action widdershins (it said that spirits are led to Morr's kingdom in a counterclockwise direction), or may spend a sleepless night whispering prayers and supplication to each of the gods in the pantheon.

After all, it's always best to prepare for every contingency.

Adventure Seeds

The Draft: War looms over the province, and the adventurers find themselves drafted into the local army. Their sergeant is a vicious man, and during their perfunctory training, his malice drives the recruits to the edge of revolt. There are whispers of a plot to do away with him in the heat of battle. Will the adventurers swallow their hatred and attempt to quell the mutiny, or will they relish the sergeant's murder?

A Sergeant's Duty: A sergeant's commanding officer has been captured during a battle against marauding orcs. The sergeant feels it is his duty to follow the retreating orcs to their mountain lair and rescue his beloved leader, despite the fact that he will face almost certain death.

Servant

Dost thou wish crisped potatoes with that?

(Core) There are few lower on the social ladder than Servants. While their work is necessary, they are usually despised by their social superiors. For the scullion, the stable boy, and the serving wench, escape from their hard lives often seems impossible. These unfortunates must perform an unending number of menial tasks for their employers, be they Nobles, Guild Masters, or Innkeepers. It is possible for a Servant to work up to a better position, but the path is difficult. No one wants to listen to the lad that was cleaning the privy last week. Thus many Servants leave their masters behind and become adventurers instead.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	–	+5%	–	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Trade (Cook), Blather, Dodge Blow, Drive *or* Search, Evaluate *or* Haggle, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write *or* Sleight of Hand

Talents: Acute Hearing *or* Flee!, Etiquette *or* Hardy, Lightning Reflexes *or* Very Resilient

Trappings: One Set of Good Craftsmenship Clothing, Pewter Tankard, Tinderbox, Storm Lantern, Lamp Oil

Career Entries: Camp Follower, Peasant, Rogue

Career Exits: Agitator, Burgher, Camp Follower, Innkeeper, Messenger, Spy, Thief, Valet

A Day in the Life

The life of a servant is much like that of a burgher, but far lower down on the social ladder. The servant rises earlier and rests later. They usually live where they work, in the crudest of accommodations – a palette of straw in the barn, or a pile of rags in the basement. Breakfast is a simple porridge, sometimes stretched with sawdust. Then comes the workday.

Unlike apprentices and crafters, a servant is considered to have no valuable skills or unique abilities. They can be replaced at whim, and they are reminded of this constantly. There is also no real hope of advancement, at least not without a radical shift in career.

Some few manage, however – there are tales of the serving maid who gained control of the inn where she worked, or the stable hand who somehow managed to become a burgher. For most, though, the best hope is to be given a position of menial authority, where they can cruelly bully and harass other servants.

Verbal and physical abuse is common. It is not surprising, then, that the short, brutal life of an adventurer appeals. For many, it is the only path out of a lifetime of drudgery.

Special Rule

Walk Unseen: Servants are usually beneath notice. It is possible for a maid to clean a room where a dozen nobles are gathered to plot treason, without them ever really noticing her. A servant may act as if they had the skill Concealment (or gain a +10% bonus to it, if they already have it), but only when they are in their "proper place" and are otherwise expected to be there. This ability persists even after they've left the career, provided they can still manage to look the part.

Adventure Seeds

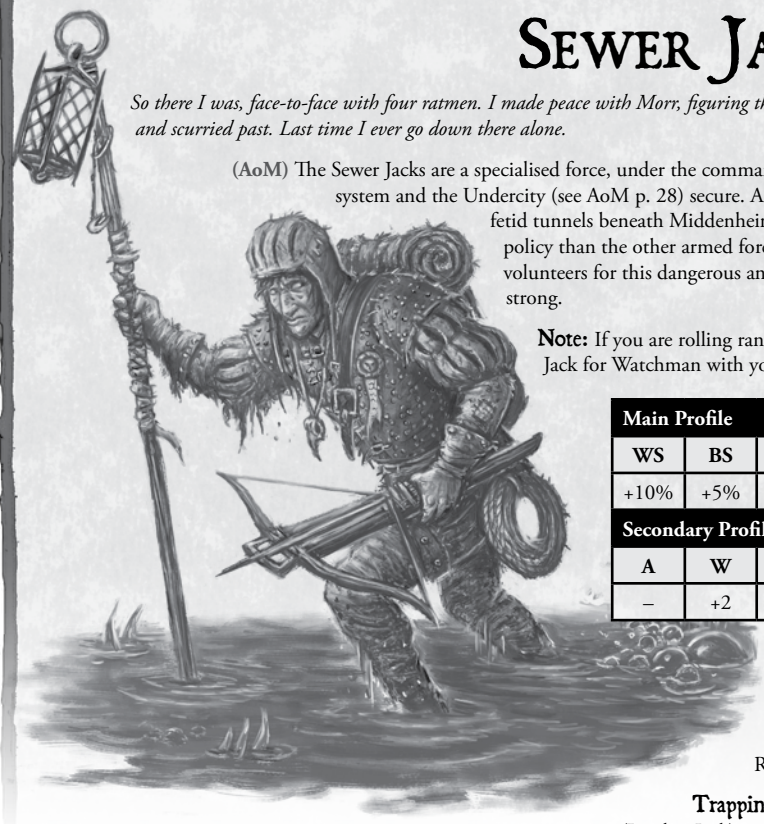
I Quit!: While servants leave their jobs all the time, lately, there has been a near-epidemic of people walking out. It has gotten to the point where the burghers and merchants have begun to take notice, even raising wages in some cases! Many blame spies and agitators, but there has been no indication that the ranks of political activists have been swelling. Indeed, the servants who quit seem to simply vanish into the city without a trace. What is causing this, and where are they going?

A Harmless Scam: The newest hire at the local tavern is utterly and obviously ill-suited for her job. If she is questioned about this, in very little time, she will break down and spin a tale of escaping a forced marriage arranged by her noble family. She pleads that she be left alone. She is, however, lying, and is exactly what she appears to be – a low born woman of few prospects – who has decided to play the part of a fleeing noble. She hopes to be "rescued" by someone whom she can then take for everything they've got, before moving on to the next town and repeating the scam.

Now Recruiting: An aging merchant is looking for a new servant to look after him. He is willing to pay a much larger wage than the job would normally demand, and dozens of people are vying for the position. However, rumour reaches the characters that the position was filled (and already vacated) twice within the last few weeks. Is the old man that difficult to work for? Or is there something more nefarious going on in the merchant's household?

Sewer Jack

So there I was, face-to-face with four ratmen. I made peace with Morr, figuring they was gonna gut me right then, but nope, they just hissed and scurried past. Last time I ever go down there alone.



(AoM) The Sewer Jacks are a specialised force, under the command of the City Watch, whose purpose is to keep the sewer system and the Undercity (see AoM p. 28) secure. A certain amount of courage is required to police the fetid tunnels beneath Middenheim, but the Sewer Jacks are less choosy in their recruiting policy than the other armed forces – partly because there is nearly always a shortage of volunteers for this dangerous and unpleasant duty. A typical patrol of Sewer Jacks is 6-8 strong.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Sewer Jack for Watchman with your GM's permission.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+5%	–	+10%	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail ***or*** Secret Signs (Scout), Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search ***or*** Swim, Silent Move

Talents: Quick Draw ***or*** Resistance to Disease, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Lantern, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Jailer, Militiaman, Peasant, Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Watchman

Career Exits: Mercenary, Rat Catcher, Sergeant, Shieldbreaker, Smuggler, Veteran, Watchman

The Life of a Sewer Jack

In medium-sized towns, sewer jacks work in teams of two or three, clearing blockages and burning off pockets of explosive gas. Cities employ larger teams of up to eight jacks, because their sprawling sewers are often inhabited by giant rats and other creatures. Small towns and villages do not have sewers; waste is simply discarded in streets, rivers, or cisterns.

Sewer maintenance is neither healthy nor glamourous. Prolonged exposure to the bad air and filth causes stomach and lung ailments. If a section of sewer ductwork is damaged, stonemasons may be commissioned to repair it, but the dirty, everyday maintenance work is handled by sewer jacks. The stench relentlessly clings to flesh and hair, even after bathing.

In cities with tunnels and catacombs intersecting the sewer system, sewer jacks are responsible for driving out squatters, criminals, and even skaven. These exploits comprise most of the sewer jacks' barroom tales, but few Old Worlders are willing to believe them. Surely the ruins of an elven city couldn't possibly exist right below their feet. Rats that walk and talk like men? Children's fantasies. The public's fear, skepticism, and denial often prevent sewer jacks from gaining the recognition they deserve.

The Fauschlag Delvers

Beneath the city of Middenheim is a tunnel network so expansive that whole sections remain unexplored to this day. Following the Storm of Chaos, the city's rulers decided that a troublesome skaven stronghold within the mountain must finally be exterminated. To this end, the local sewer jacks were absorbed into the Middenheim army as a special regiment, called the Fauschlag Delvers. Dwarven sappers and tunnel fighters were attached to every unit and even battle mages from Altdorf were recruited. The Fauschlag Delvers received training and equipment superior to any sewer jack company in the Old World.

The Delvers escalated their campaign when scouts reported vague sightings of a massive technological device within the skaven stronghold. At their peak, the Delvers conducted dozens of raids each day. But major operations ended following a massive explosion that rocked the under-city, killing over half of the Delvers along with hundreds of their skaven foes. Sections of the city still remain unstable from the blast. Does the skaven Clan Skryre retain sufficient power to unleash its mysterious "Project Supremacy" in Middenheim, or was the Doom Hemisphere irreparably damaged?

The Fauschlag Delvers' sacrifice has boosted public esteem for the sewer jack profession in Middenland. Mercenaries from across the province now travel to Middenheim for enlistment.

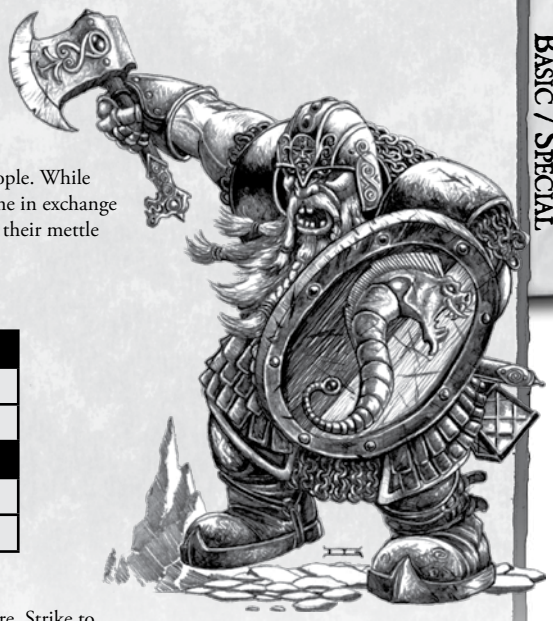
Adventure Seeds

The Stink of Corruption: Corruption is rife among the local sewer jacks. Bribes from the thieves' guild are considered routine business, while moral rectitude is rewarded with a knife in the back. A petty smuggler buys the sewer jack's silence, but soon it becomes evident that he's part of a much larger operation.

Flotsam and Jetsam: A recent flash flood has clogged the sewers with drifting river flotsam, and now all the garderobes of Osterplatzen are backed up. Someone must find the blockage and remove it. But the river has also brought something else into the sewers, and it's starting to eat people…

Shieldbreaker

Axes ready. Shields up. Put yer backs into it, lads. They're not getting past us today.



Chaos and greenskin incursions have overrun many Dwarfholds in the World's Edge Mountains over the centuries. To protect their remaining fortress cities, the Dwarfs have trained elite Soldiers who specialize in fighting deep underground. They are the Shieldbreakers, doughty warriors that seek to stem the tide of evil and safeguard their people. While most Shieldbreakers are Dwarfs, members of other races join their ranks from time to time in exchange for Dwarfen gold. Young Dwarfs from the Empire often become Shieldbreakers to prove their mettle and show solidarity with their mountain kin.

Note: Only Dwarfs can have Shieldbreaker as a Starting Career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing

Talents: Acute Hearing *or* Coolheaded, Orientation, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Crossbow with 10 bolts, Medium Armour (Mail Coat, Leather Jack and Leather Leggings), Shield, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope, Water Skin

Career Entries: Kislevite Kossar, Mercenary, Miner, Rat Catcher, Runebearer, Smuggler, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Pit Fighter, Runebearer, Sergeant, Smuggler, Tomb Robber, Veteran

A Day in the Life

The life of a shieldbreaker is one of honour and blood, sacrifice, and duty to their clan. Each day when they rise, they recite the oaths of loyalty, a litany of the names of their ancestors and the glory of their clan, ending with a pledge to spill the blood of the clan's enemies. They will then spend several hours servicing their armour and weapons, as is the dwarf way, sharpening blades to razor-fine edges and polishing armour to a dull shine.

The rest of the day is typically spent patrolling and training with their weapons. If they are garrisoned near the clan's hold they will spend hours marching the tunnels, hunting any goblins, orcs or skaven foolish enough to venture up from the depths. Periodically they will rest and spend an hour or so drilling, the clash of arms echoing up and down the tunnels. Finally they will return to their camp and finish the day doing what dwarfs do best – drinking!

The Shieldbreaker's Oath

A shieldbreaker's first and last duty is to their clan. Whether they have taken up the title for honour or gold (something equally interchangeable for Dwarfs) they are expected to put no power, lord, or god before their oath to the clan. Even when a shieldbreaker is far from his clan's holdings he is expected to always conduct himself with honour and courage, mindful that he represents not only himself, but the clan wherever he travels.

A close second to a Shieldbreaker's duty to the clan is his duty to the dwarf race. He is expected to constantly fight against the foes of the dwarf wherever they are found. As dwarfs are slow to forgive and have long memories, their enemies can be found almost anywhere.

While most shieldbreakers are dwarfs, there are rare instances when a member of another race will take up arms and oaths for the dwarfs. Humans have been known to become shieldbreakers, usually those who live close to dwarf holds or have befriended a dwarf.

Sometimes when a human fights side by side with dwarfs and impresses the doughty warriors with his prowess, he will be invited to serve the clan. However, such a life is far from easy for a non-dwarf, and they must constantly struggle to prove themselves with feats of daring and courage in combat and strength and endurance otherwise.

In fact the first test of a non-dwarf shieldbreaker is usually to be taken deep underground, without light or food, and forced to find their way back to the surface. It is an easy task for most dwarfs, but can be fatal for softer races.

Adventure Seeds

The Breaking of Oaths: A mercenary shieldbreaker from the Blackcragg Clan has broken his oaths and pillaged gold from the clan holds. The oath-breaker, a man by the name of Siegrek, has fled into the Empire. The clan is calling for all dwarfs of honour and their allies to see this crime avenged and Siegrek brought to justice.

Last Request: An old dwarf lies dying in a remote Empire village. No one knows where he came from, but he has lived in the village for many years. Now as he is close to passing he is calling for a shieldbreaker to pass on an ancient secret – the location of a long lost dwarf hold!



Skald

They will sing of our victory today for generations. I'll see to it myself.

(ToC) Skalds are the keepers of lore, the chroniclers of the histories of the Norse. Part entertainer, part warrior, these individuals are held in high esteem for their wisdom and knowledge. All Kings keep Skalds in their retinues, as do most Jarls. When the call for war is sounded, the Skald bears the banner and marches to battle with his comrades.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Norsca), Common Knowledge (Chaos Wastes), Gossip, Perception, Performer (any two), Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (any two) *or* Ventriloquism

Talents: Mimic, Public Speaking, Savvy, Suave

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Shield, Light Armour (Leather Jack and Leather Skullcap), Banner, Several Scrolls Recounting the Histories of the Character's Tribe

Career Entries: Bondsman, Entertainer

Career Exits: Agitator, Berserker, Burgher, Freeholder, Marauder, Mercenary, Reaver, Rogue, Seer

A Day in the Life

The skald rises at an early hour, as soon as the breakfast fires in the Jarl's great hall are kindled. After all, he would be grieved to miss any pertinent gossip (and heartbroken to miss impertinent gossip). Also, the skald may have enemies (at least, he will if he's any good) and in Norsca it is wise to wake before those who hate you.

A skald is a learned man, contemplating the written sagas of the Norse and talking to his elders about their recollections. He may also be a musician and, if so, will spend time practising his craft. The skald has his ears open for news of recent events, and his eyes on any behavioural quirks of members of the jarl's court. The skald performs one function above all others – offering entertaining and irreverent commentary on current affairs.

When the night draws in the jarl may preside over a feast and call the skald to perform. The skald sings the sagas of the Norsemen and plays sweet music. As mead flows the Northmen call for more ribald entertainment and the skald employs his skills as a mimic and comedian, mocking those in attendance, and even parodying the jarl himself.

The skald treads a fine line. If he's careful, he will be heaped with praise and fame, and even given the honour of bearing the Jarl's banner in times of war. Most Northmen pride themselves on being able to take a good joke, so the Skald is confident that his targets will probably take it in good humour. However, if he takes his act too far, he may find himself hewn apart by an offended reaver.

Affiliations

Skalds are almost always members of a Norse lord's court, and so enjoy the patronage of a jarl, king or warlord. This provides much needed protection for the skald. This is a liability to, for if the skald seeks a life of his own (by taking up adventuring, for example) he will have effectively snubbed a very important Norseman.

Members of Norse society such as seers and vitki will tend to give skalds a warm reception out of respect for their learning.

Adventure Seeds

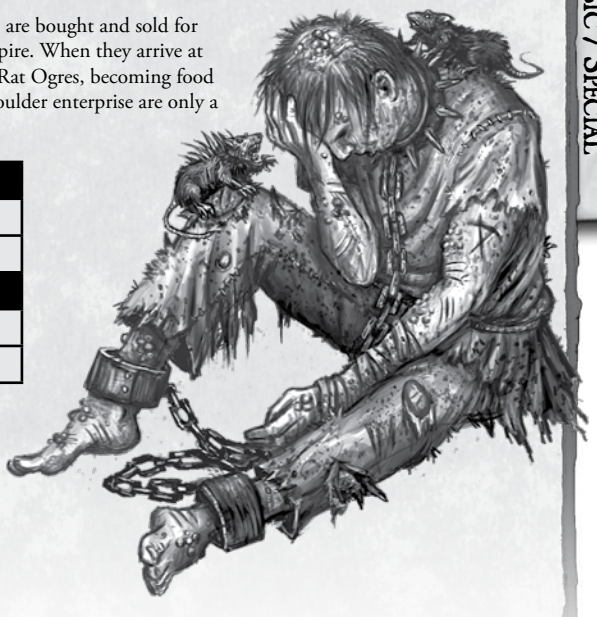
Recite Your Way Out of This One: In the northlands, a crazed champion of Slaanesh and his warband hunt a strange quarry. The champion considers himself a connoisseur of music and song, and his warband is known to capture and enslave bards, musicians and poets in order to keep their lord entertained. Should word of a skald travelling in the company of a party of adventurers reach this eccentric chaos champion he will order a kidnapping. If the skald is abducted he will be forced to write reams of hilarious verse to amuse his new patron, under threat of painful and lingering death.

Dangerous Mockery: An old troll has learned to leave the Graelings alone. It finds the meat of men tastier than elk, but is frightened of being stung by their iron-tipped spears. Recently, the Graelings built a huge wooden hall on the border of its territory, and on each eighth evening singing and music can be heard from within. The troll comes nearby to listen to the sweet music. Afterwards a man's voice can be heard, giving a speech to much laughter. The old Troll understands a little Graeling tongue, and wonders who the 'grotesque and lumpen lonesome brute' they mock so cruelly might be.

Slave

Oh, woe is me! What did I do to deserve this?

(CotHR) Without Slaves, Skaven society would collapse. These miserable wretches are bought and sold for Warpstone Tokens on the slave blocks in the major communities of the Under-Empire. When they arrive at their new homes they find endless toil and pain: clearing new tunnels, feeding the Rat Ogres, becoming food for their masters, and serving as test subjects for some new Clan Skryre or Clan Moulder enterprise are only a few of the many possible fates that await Skaven Slaves.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (Skaven), Concealment, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Queekish)

Talents: Acute Hearing *or* Excellent Vision, Flee! *or* Hardy, Natural Weapons

Trappings: None

Career Entries: All

Career Exits: Clanrat, Clawleader, or Any (see special rules).

Special Rules: Unlike all the other new careers described in this chapter, any race can automatically enter this career. It costs no experience points to enter, merely the circumstances of enslavement. Any character enslaved by the Skaven must succeed on a Will Power Test each week of enslavement, or immediately exit their current career and assume this one. Non-Skaven Slaves must stay in this career until they somehow find a way to escape captivity. Assuming they do, they can attempt a Will Power Test each week thereafter. A successful Test allows them to resume their previous careers.

A Day in the Life

A slave's day starts when he is whipped awake from inadequate sleep, and thrown disgusting, half-rotten food, which he must fight over with his fellow slaves. The skaven go through the ranks, pulling out the bodies of those who died in the night and cutting them out of the chain. Sometimes the living slaves are allowed to feast on the bodies of the dead; for many slaves this becomes their greatest hope.

The day is filled with hard labour, of whatever sort the overseers need. Slaves who are not quickly put to back-breaking work become terrified, because that means that they have been chosen for some experiment, or as food. Those who die during the day are pulled from the chains when the overseers notice, which may not be until the work is over. It is hard to work chained to a corpse, but any slave who lets that slow him down can expect a flogging.

When the day's work ends the survivors are thrown food to fight over once more, and then are allowed to drop into exhausted sleep where they stand.

It is a bleak, hopeless existence. For the most desperate of slaves, death becomes a more attractive option as time passes.

Little Known Facts

Many slaves of the skaven go mad, and a few even come to believe they *are* skaven. Whispered rumours among the slaves say that those who go truly mad are mutated into skaven as they sleep, and that the chains are lost during the mutation. Some slaves see this as their only hope of escape, and pretend to believe they are skaven in the hope that it will break their minds.

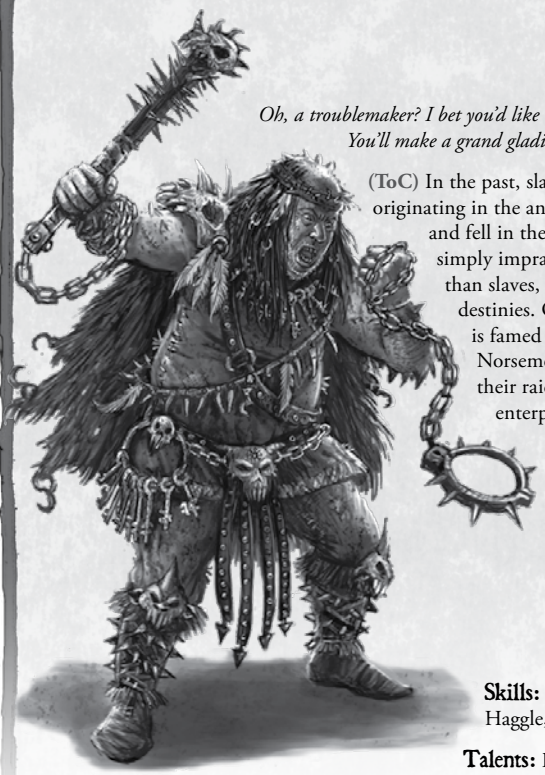
The skaven do not separate male and female slaves, and very occasionally a female slave becomes pregnant, although the poor nutrition and hard work make this unlikely. Carrying a child to term is even more unlikely, and human babies look like tasty treats to most skaven. Nevertheless, there are a handful of children in the tunnels, protected by a group of slaves as allies unbound by chains.

Adventure Seeds

Follow the Leader: While the slaves are clearing a tunnel the roof collapses, killing the skaven overseers but leaving the slaves alive, albeit chained together. The slaves would all be executed for killing the skaven if they were caught, so escape is the only option. But with everyone chained together, this requires perfect cooperation.

Dire News: The slave learns to speak Queekish, and can understand the discussions of the skaven overseers. They seem to forget that the slaves are even there, and talk about all kinds of things. Apart from skaven gossip, the slave overhears many details of a plan to destroy an Imperial town. At last he hears the name; his home town. Can he escape and take a warning, and will anyone believe him if he does?

Slaver



Oh, a troublemaker? I bet you'd like me to unlock your shackles and give you a chance at my throat? Hah, that's the spirit, lad! You'll make a grand gladiator! Keep that anger and you might even live to see next year!

(ToC) In the past, slavery was quite common in the Old World. The practice is as old as Humanity, originating in the ancient empire of Khemri, and continued through the various civilisations that rose and fell in the intervening years, leading to the present day. In an evolving economy, slavery is simply impractical. In places like Bretonnia, serfs perform all the work and live lives little better than slaves, but in the Empire, men and women, whilst Peasants, are in charge of their own destinies. Of course, in some remote corners of the Old World, the practice flourishes. Araby is famed for its flesh markets as is Sartosa and even some dark corners in Marienburg. The Norsemen take slaves as well, either from surrendered adversaries or as plunder from one of their raids. Occasionally, they have reason to traffic with unsavoury flesh dealers, and some enterprising Norsemen take up the profession.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+20%	+20%	–	+10%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire, *or* Tilea), Drive, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Haggle, Intimidate, Ride, Speak Language (any three), Torture

Talents: Dealmaker, Menacing, Public Speaking, Seasoned Traveller *or* Streetwise, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling) *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Hand Weapon, Horse and Cart, Horse with Saddle and Harness, three Pairs of Manacles, 10 Yards of Rope, 1d10 Thralls

Career Entries: Marauder, Merchant, Reaver

Career Exits: Captain, Chaos Warrior (ToC), Outlaw Chief, Seaman

The Dragon Fleet of Valbrand Fireblade

The fierce Norse jarl, Valbrand Fireblade, leads a band of notorious Graeling slavers, who board their longships every summer and mercilessly raid the Old World from their northern strongholds in search of gold and thralls.

These brutal Norsemen are without remorse or pity for their prey. Each of their longships bears the figure-head of a red dragon breathing flame, a symbol that has come to be feared throughout Kislev, the Empire and beyond. Their raids become more daring with each passing year, and no one seems able to repel them.

The source of Valbrand's might is his devotion to the daemon prince, Surthrond, rumoured to be a fearsome half-giant, half-dragon minion of Khorne. According to the rumours, Surthrond has granted Valbrand a flaming sword as a reward for his loyalty. Such is the jarl's renown that whenever he requires crew for his raids, he simply has to visit any Graeling settlement and hold aloft his fiery blade to attract a flock of young warriors eager to set sail with him.

The slavers sell their captives as thralls to neighbouring tribes. There are tales that they sometimes have dealings with the infamous Druchii of far-away Naggaroth. It is also rumoured that Valbrand sacrifices the choicest slaves before a great pyramid of burning skulls in the remote tundra of the Graeling lands.

Turnabout is Fair Play

One of the most fearsome slavers to ravage the northernmost shores of the Empire is Micah the Bloodied. Micah was himself once a slave, captured at a young age in a remote village on a small island in the Sea of Claws. Even in his youth he was impetuous and unruly. His slavemaster cut off his hand to try and break the boy's will.

Rather than subdue the lad, it only angered him. Micah picked up his severed hand, launched himself at the startled slaver, and choked the man with his dismembered hand. The rest of the slavers watched in disbelief, and Micah slew two more before they returned to their senses.

Some of the captured slaves thought this was their opportunity to escape – but Micah would have none of it. Grabbing a lash, he whipped the slaves mercilessly until they eagerly sought refuge in their crowded pens. Micah quickly assumed the role of the slavemaster he had slain. The other slavers were intimidated by his ferocity and resilience to pain and fear, and brooked no argument with their new peer.

Adventure Seeds

A Noble's Bounty: A powerful boyar of Erengrad offers a grand reward for anyone who can bring him the head of Valbrand and his sword of fire – a title, a grant of land, a chest of gold and the hand of his beautiful daughter, Natasha. Who will dare brave the daemon-haunted stronghold of the Dragon Fleet to claim this rich prize?

Rescue My Son!: Slavers have raided the ship of a rich merchant and seized his eldest son. The merchant promises a great reward to anyone who can restore the boy to him.

Smuggler

Smuggling? I don't know what you're talking about!

(Core) Most of the sea and road trade of the Old World is subject to duties and taxes. Imperial tax collectors, local excisemen, petty lords, and anyone with enough muscle can place a duty on the movement of goods. Legal taxes are bad enough, but many pirates and Outlaw Chiefs also demand a cut to allow safe passage. In large ports like Marienburg, nearly everything moving in or out is taxed in some way. Given this state of affairs, the Smugglers' trade continues to thrive. While smuggling is, of course, illegal, most folks in the Empire don't think much of cutting a few corners. In their minds, the taxmen and bureaucrats are the real thieves.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	–	+10%	+10%	–	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Drive, Evaluate, Gossip *or* Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Haggle, Perception, Row, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton *or* Kislevian) *or* Secret Signs (Thief), Swim

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Streetwise

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), 2 Torches, Draft Horse and Cart *or* Rowing Boat

Career Entries: Bailiff, Boatman, Bone Picker, Camp Follower, Coachman, Engineer, Ferryman, Innkeeper, Marine, Miner, Seaman, Shieldbreaker

Career Exits: Boatman, Charlatan, Ex-Convict, Fence, Ferryman, Seaman, Shieldbreaker, Thief

Affiliations

Astute smugglers collect all manner of contacts, both shady and aboveboard. Corrupt excisemen can be bribed to look the other way, forgers provide official-looking customs papers, a fence can help move goods that are too hot to sit on, and boatmen, stevedores and coachmen can all help move merchandise surreptitiously, or can ensure that a crate or two of the goods they are shipping are lost in transit, finding their way into the smuggler's hands.

Some merchants are happy to deal with smugglers as long as the profit margin is high and there is little risk of getting caught. Crime lords often run smuggling syndicates, and deal severely with those who run illicit operations without their permission.

A Smuggler's Reputation

Smugglers are viewed in many parts of the Old World as champions of the oppressed. By resisting government interference in the free flow of goods, they strike a blow against tyranny – or so a smuggler might say. Smuggling is dangerous and illegal, and only the most shrewd practitioners have long careers. Smugglers can expect to spend part of their lives incarcerated for their crimes, if not exiled for the more incorrigible cases.

Betrayal is a constant threat to a smuggler, as smugglers' business partners tend to get greedy from time to time, seeking to keep the whole pie for themselves. A good smuggler doesn't reveal how much he makes on the sale of "imported goods" lest one of the many sets of hands that must handle such cargo decide to keep a larger share for themselves.

Many smugglers, however, are under no delusions of heroism or championing any cause other than their own. There is a powerful reason smugglers assume the many risks their trade poses – there is always ample gold to be made for those ambitious and brazen enough to smuggle goods.

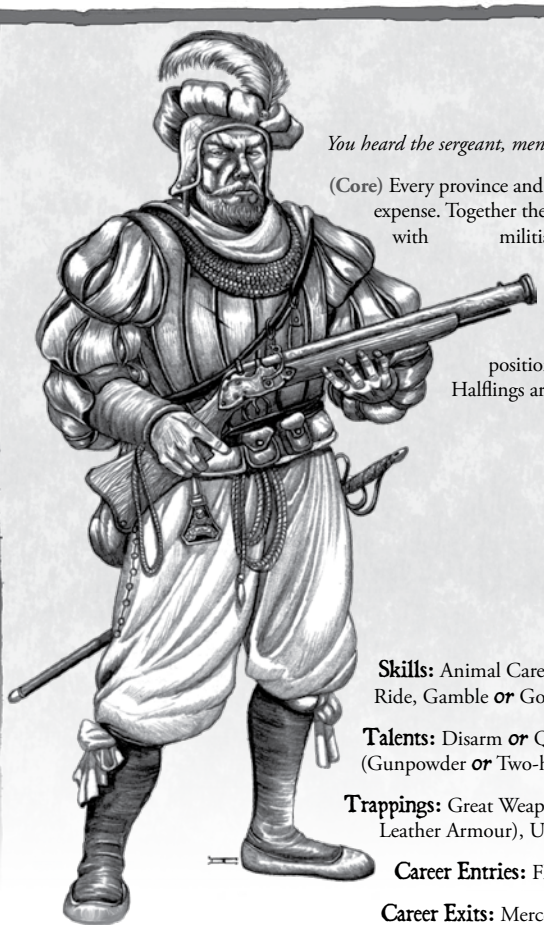
Adventure Seeds

Smuggling Silks: A merchant has acquired a consignment of silks from distant Cathay. He knows that he can get a better price for them in the markets of Bretonnia, but the excise tax will cripple his profits. His greed gets the better of him and he decides to smuggle the precious cloth over the border, but first requires the skills of an expert to avoid the eagle eyes of His Imperial Majesty's customs officers.

The Fugitive: It is not only goods that are smuggled across the borders of the Empire. The characters are on a mission to apprehend a dangerous fugitive from Imperial justice, a warlock of great power. However, the trail goes cold at the docks of Dietershafen in Nordland. There the pursuers learn of Emil Schlancke, who makes a living shipping criminals on the run to Marienburg aboard his caravel. The description of his last client sounds very familiar to the characters, and they decide to track down this elusive smuggler.

BASIC

Soldier



You heard the sergeant, men. Charge!

(Core) Every province and city-state in the Empire maintains its own army, trained and equipped at its own expense. Together these regional forces make up the Imperial Army, though they are often supplemented with militia troops and Mercenaries. These Soldiers are full-time, paid professionals, usually drawn from the Peasant or Burgher classes. They man the Empire's fortresses, patrol the borders, and repel invaders. Most Soldiers of the infantry train with either the halberd or the firearm. Although dominated by the nobility, the Imperial Army also promotes based on ability and it is possible to rise through the ranks to a command position (though the bigotry of the ruling class makes this difficult). Imperial Dwarfs and Halflings are usually formed into their own units.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	–	–	+10%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Heal, Common Knowledge (the Empire) *or* Perception, Dodge Blow, Drive *or* Ride, Gamble *or* Gossip, Intimidate

Talents: Disarm *or* Quick Draw, Sharpshooter *or* Strike Mighty Blow, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder *or* Two-handed), Strike to Injure *or* Rapid Reload, Strike to Stun *or* Mighty Shot

Trappings: Great Weapon (Halberd) *or* Firearm with ammunition for 10 shots, Shield, Light Armour (Full Leather Armour), Uniform

Career Entries: Flagellant, Hunter, Messenger, Toll Keeper, Watchman

Career Exits: Mercenary, Outrider, Sergeant, Vagabond, Veteran, Watchman

A Day in the Life

During times of active military service, few careers may be as demanding as the life of a soldier. However, outside the theatre of war, the life of a soldier is often mired in dull routine and repetition. To some soldiers, it's not clear which life style is preferable.

Soldiers awake before dawn, quickly pulling on their uniforms, taking up their weapons, and hustling to the staging yard for morning exercises and drills. Drills vary from unit to unit, but often end with a forced march with full kit and armour. After a quick break for breakfast, it's time to get back to work.

For those on duty, that means patrolling. For those off-duty it means more drills. Soldiers practice with their unit's weapon for several hours each day. They rotate duties to keep any soldier from becoming too complacent at his post, usually working in two- to three-hour shifts. After a late dinner, soldiers not on duty have a few hours to themselves. Most often this is spent drinking, dicing, and womanizing.

The only difference for a soldier during war is that instead of morning exercises and drilling he is fighting. Otherwise their schedules remain the same. Routine is the backbone of military life, and many soldiers find the regularity comforting.

Affiliations

The largest affiliation for any soldier is of course his military unit. Whether it is a local militia or the Imperial Army, that organisation is the soldier's fraternity. It supports him, trains him, protects him, punishes him, and tends to him as necessary. Within each military organisation, however, there may be smaller groups, and these are more like real families. The most common small military group is the unit or squad. This could be anywhere from four to twenty men, whom serve under the same commanding officer and most often bear the same weapons and fight using the same techniques. Squad members rely upon one another completely in battle, and this closeness forges often unbreakable bonds—many military wives complain their husbands are closer to their squadmates than to them.

Beyond the military itself, soldiers may join other groups based on their backgrounds and interests. Those who serve on a local militia are often part of the neighbourhood watch or the city council, for example. Soldiers with an interest in bars and pubs—owning them rather than just drinking at them—might join the Tapsters Guild, at least as associates. Many soldiers enjoy shooting clubs and hunting clubs, since this allows them to keep their skills sharp even during peacetime.

Adventure Seeds

War is Coming!: The military is mobilizing, and all soldiers are being recalled to active duty and being told to get ready for shipping out. But where are they going, and who exactly are they fighting?

In Mixed Company: The soldier is ordered to accompany a group of mercenaries on a private mission. He obeys, as this was a direct order from his superiors. But soon it becomes apparent that these mercenaries are up to something sinister. They are pressing the soldier about his knowledge of the army's barracks, munitions, watch schedules, and other details that would allow a small group of miscreants to wreak unimaginable chaos on the army camp.

Spy

Secrets are my stock in trade. My compensation is coin equal to the secret's value to a client. My silence will cost at least twice as much.



(Core) Spies are secret agents who gather information for their patrons or the highest bidder. Spies are masters of disguise who often risk their lives to work undercover in enemy territory. Some will even join subversive groups and study them for months from the inside. A Spy who dares to infiltrate a Chaos coven risks far worse than death, but there are many groups in the Old World who desperately need the information such a stout soul can provide. All the nations of the Old World employ Spies, usually to monitor the military and political moves of their rivals.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+15%	+5%	+10%	+20%	+20%	+35%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Concealment, Disguise, Gossip, Lip Reading, Performer (Actor), Pick Lock, Shadowing, Sleight of Hand, Secret Language (any one), Silent Move, Speak Language (any three)

Talents: Flee!, Linguistics, Schemer, Suave ***or*** Sixth Sense

Trappings: Disguise Kit, 4 Homing Pigeons

Career Entries: Camp Follower, Charlatan, Courtier, Explorer, Merchant, Minstrel, Physician, **Rapscallion**, Sea Captain, Servant

Career Exits: Assassin, Explorer, Master Thief, Racketeer

The Emperor's Eyes

While the Emperor's armies defend the borders of his realm, an unseen legion battles tirelessly to thwart the enemies within. These agents, known as the Emperor's Eyes by those aware of their existence, confound those who plot against the Emperor, whether they be Chaos cultists, treacherous nobles or populist agitators. In the court of every Elector Count, in every guild building and meeting house where malcontents rant against Imperial edicts, and even within the Colleges of Magic, an Eye waits and watches. Knowledge is power, and Karl Franz uses the Eyes to maximise his authority.

The Eyes answer to Duke Friedrich von Fuchs, undersecretary to the Marshal of Altdorf, despatching intelligence to him scrawled in complicated cipher using invisible ink. An Eye cannot afford to reveal his true identity, and each carries a dose of arsenic. If an Eye is captured during a mission, von Fuchs will send a fellow agent to silence him.

Eyes are recruited from all spheres of society. Most are merely paid informers, but professional spies perform more sensitive work, masters of subterfuge who can worm their way deep into a conspiracy. Duke von Fuchs's minions scour universities and guilds for candidates who display the necessary intelligence, charm and ruthlessness. The duke often uses blackmail to ensure the loyalty of new recruits, engineering events that would ruin them should they be made public.

Emmanuel Blanck

The dashing baron became the talk of the ball when he stole a dance with Duchess Feodora Elsenach. He even shared her carriage home! But the scandal was forgotten the following morning with news of the duchess's arrest and incarceration within the Palace of Retribution. Within a week, she was executed for high treason – condemned by the discovery of an altar to an unspeakable deity hidden within her bedchamber. The chattering classes agreed that the duchess's mysterious suitor had a hand in her demise, but nobody who had been at the ball could remember anything about the man, who had disappeared as though he never existed.

Emmanuel Blanck, spy extraordinaire by Imperial appointment, has perfected the art of being forgettable. He has a thousand masks; with a subtle frown or curl of the lip, he can transform his face. Using flattery and conceit, he can engage a person in genial conversation for hours, gleaning their innermost secrets while divulging nothing about himself. Among his many achievements, he infiltrated the notorious Black-powder Plotters, saving the life of the Emperor himself. He toppled the Conspiracy of Skulls, foiling a ritual to summon a Bloodthirster beneath Altdorf's Temple of Sigmar. He was also instrumental in influencing the Boot Tax rioters of 2519 to lynch the very demagogues who had incited them to violence.

Only the spy master, Duke von Fuchs, is aware of Blanck's existence. He calls upon his services in times of national crisis. The two never meet – the duke communicates with the agent by means of an obscure code flashed by lantern at dusk across Altdorf's rooftops. When Blanck signals that he has received his orders, von Fuchs is confident that he will resolve the case with his trademark efficiency.

Adventure Seeds

A Dangerous Message: One of the adventurers becomes the unwitting courier of a ciphered message sent by a spy to his employer. Unfortunately, the spy's enemies find out who is carrying the message. They are desperate to prevent its delivery by any means necessary.

Basic



Squire

I've groomed your horse, sharpened your sword and polished your armor, m'lord. What else needs to be done?

(Core) Squires are Knights in training. Often of Noble blood, they assist Knights on and off the field of battle. Though they can appear to be nothing more than glorified Servants, fetching food and wine for their lord or tending to his horses and panoply, the gruelling work is meant to toughen up the Squires and ready them for knighthood. Their lords are also supposed to provide them with martial training, though some are lax in this duty. Favoured Noble sons serve as Squires for a few months at best, while those less fortunate spend years trying to earn their spurs.

Note: If, during character creation, you take Common Knowledge (Bretonnia) and Speak Language (Breton), your character can be from Bretonnia at your option.

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**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry) *or* Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm *or* Gossip, Dodge Blow, Ride, Speak Language (Breton *or* Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Demilance, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, Leather Jack), Shield, Horse with Saddle and Harness

Career Entries: Herald, Noble, Valet

Career Exits: Knight, Noble, Outlaw, Sergeant, Veteran

A Day in the Life

A squire awakens very early in the morn, long before his lord stirs from slumber. Although the squire learns much from his master, he is both servant and student, and gains lessons as much from performing mundane tasks as from careful instruction. If the squire is in his lord's manor, he might sharpen his master's steel or prepare his master's horse. If on the road, he might cook his master's breakfast or clean his clothes. The squire always attends the immediate needs of his master as the day begins.

During the day, a squire receives instruction on various matters, either from his lord or his lord's servants. The lord may instruct the squire on topics of heraldry or history, and may let the squire observe affairs conducted in his court. The lord's master-at-arms could provide tutelage with swords, both wielding and caring for them. A squire is expected to learn to wage war with both weapons and words, and the lessons learned reflect this belief.

At night, the squire gets to relax from a weary day. However, his lessons do not always end. If not traveling with just his master, the squire finds company with other squires of the court, comparing what they have learned…and commiserating over the foolishness of some of their lesser masters over a mug of ale. Squires have been known to try to catch the eye of pretty ladies-in-waiting as well. Some lords view this with approval as another lesson to be learned in a royal court – while others may punish their charges for such brash behavior.

Affiliations

In a large court – or in a marshalled group of knights that is part of an army – squires may be divided in various groups when assembled together. Though this hierarchy is not official, it is something that is understood, and part of tradition.

Younger squires may often be referred to as pages, and do not receive as many hard physical acts of labor as the older squires do. These younger squires act more as servants, and may be asked to be messengers on the field of battle. Older squires may also be asked to fight for their lords, but they would be expected to act more as scouts than messengers, and to face down their enemies with drawn swords.

A squire's social status may also affect his training, as well as the tasks he is expected to perform. Squires of higher aristocratic lineage usually receive less physical tasks as their duties, and their training in combat revolves as much around the ability to lead and inspire soldiers as to fight. Squires who comes from lesser noble families – or who might even be of common blood – undertake more punishing physical training, and are expected to be more fighters than leaders.

Adventure Seeds

A Suitable Steed: A lord's prized charger is stolen the evening before a jousting tournament. Irate, the lord sends his squire into the local town to scour the stables for the missing horse, or to find a new one. The lord demands that a suitable steed be ready for him at dawn, leaving the squire to procure a horse by any means necessary.

The Missing Cousin: A lord's prominent cousin arrives in a port city, having come across the sea from a distant land. The squire is sent by his lord to the port to bring this relative back to his lord's court. When the squire arrives, he learns that the lord's cousin has incurred debt with gamblers, and has gone missing.

Steppes Nomad

It is good our paths have crossed. Be wary travelling that way, for the steppes are thick with trolls this time of year.



(RotIQ) Uncounted krugs of Ungol nomads wander the frozen steppes of the Troll Country. These tribesmen were pushed north when the Gospodars invaded and have roamed the dangerous province ever since. There, they follow their domesticated herds from pasture to pasture, chasing the warmth of Dazh, their patron, and settling briefly in portable huts called *kibitkas*. They are a passionate and fierce folk, tempered by harsh surroundings and endless conflicts with marauding kyazaks. By Kislevite law, every nomadic krug is expected to annually form a rota of Kislev's famed horse archers, which then patrols the northern oblast every Spring Driving, ruthlessly slaughtering any invaders they encounter.

Special Requirements: You must be Ungol and you must be a member of a nomadic krug.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	–	+5%	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care (Int), Animal Training (Fel) ***or*** Trade (Cook) (Int), Charm Animal (Fel) ***or*** Consume Alcohol (T), Common Knowledge (Troll Country) (Int), Concealment (Ag) ***or*** Heal (Int), Follow Trail (Int) ***or*** Trade (Bowyer) (Ag), Navigation (Int) ***or*** Secret Signs (Scout) (Int), Outdoor Survival (Int), Perception (Int) ***or*** Performer (Dancer) (Fel), Ride (Ag)

Talents: Hardy ***or*** Rover

Trappings: Steppe nomads are accustomed to the harshness of their environment, so they are equipped accordingly. A sturdy Kislevite horse with saddle and harness laden with at least a week of ration, a few skins of water and koumiss, and a yurta ensure the steppe nomad survives the biting winds and the frigid temperatures. The steppe is also home to ravenous beasts and terrifying monsters, so steppe nomads wear leather jacks and leggings for protection, and all carry at least a Kislevite horse bow with a quiver of 10 arrows.

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Ataman, Horse Archer, Horse Master, Kossar, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond

Rumours from the Steppes

Every steppe nomad knows how to sew at least basic items, and carries a bone or horn needle laced with sinew. This is most often used to stitch wounds and perform first aid on the battlefield. But it is also handy to be able to repair damaged yurts, since a torn yurta allows precious warmth to escape.

Ungols enjoy drinking fermented yak's milk, which has a surprisingly powerful kick. They can drink prodigious amounts of more refined alcoholic beverages without ill effect.

In addition to navigating by stars, experienced steppe nomads learn to identify different northern winds and can actually determine both time and direction by reading those winds, their strength, smell and their direction.

The Ungol are a musical people—music and dance help relieve the tedium of a long, harsh winter. Many steppe nomads attempt to learn how to play some type of instrument for just such reasons. Horn pipes and small leather drums are most common because of their durability and portability.

Notable Figures

Kossamir the Ice Dervish was only a small boy when hobgoblin raiders slaughtered his entire krug. He was wounded and left for dead, but luckily was discovered by a wandering ice witch, who carried him to her yurta, where she tended his wounds. When she had restored him back to health, she ordered a nearby krug to take him in. Kossamir grew to become a fine warrior and an asset to his adopted family, but he continued to nurse his hatred towards hobgoblins, and his desire for revenge grew stronger. When he was old enough, Kossamir took his horse, his gear and his weapons and disappeared into the oblast. He found a band of hobgoblin raiders and killed them all, his ferocity and speed catching them by surprise.

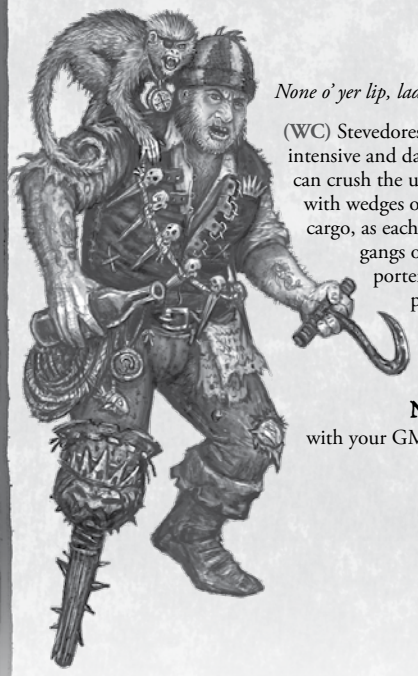
It was not enough, however, and he continues to ride the north to this day, attacking any greenskins he finds. He is legendary for his speed, his accuracy and his complete disregard for personal safety—these and his ability to survive the winter alone won him the name Ice Dervish. Many young Ungol men look up to Kossamir and hope to become like him, and killing hobgoblin raiders single-handed has become an unofficial rite of manhood. Kossamir returns occasionally to his old krug, and always responds to the call to join the annual rota. Otherwise he lives and fights alone.

Adventure Seeds

Mysterious Tracks: Someone—or something—has attacked a small krug! A steppe nomad is alerted to the sounds of battle, and investigates, eager to lend aid in these troubling times. Upon his arrival, he finds only horse tracks leading off toward a nearby frozen lake.

Breaking from Tradition: The call has gone out to form the annual rota. Every steppe nomad is dutybound to respond, and to report for service. But when they arrive they discover there was no call, at least not as usual. A Sigmarite priest, far from the Empire, has somehow stirred the passions of a few well-respected nomads, and seeks to lead a rota of warriors northward to crush infidels and spread his zealous religious doctrine.

Stevedore



None o' yer lip, lad. Either help me get these crates down to the holds, or find a different pier to loiter on.

(WC) Stevedores are specialist dockers, trained to properly pack and unpack cargo holds. Loading a ship is skill-intensive and dangerous work, for vessels can overbalance and capsize if packed incorrectly, and unsecured cargoes can crush the unwary. Within the claustrophobic ship interiors, Stevedores wind "stevedore lashings" (special knots) with wedges of wood to secure and protect the heavy freight. Many Stevedors specialise in "porting" one type of cargo, as each good requires different skills to manipulate, stack and pack correctly. Thus, most larger wharfs have gangs of "porters" that identify themselves according to the goods they import or export, including fish porters, meat porters and deal porters (for timber). None are more famous than the black-liveried coal porters of Nuln, known for their anything-goes attitude and love of bawdy docker songs. Stevedores wear distinctive cloth watch caps dyed with their gang colours, both to identify their allegiances and to protect themselves from the elements. Stevedore gangs jealously guard their wharfs from rivals, and it takes little provocation for them to dish out "lashings" of a different kind.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Stevedore for Boatman with your GM's approval.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Consume Alcohol *or* Gamble, Dodge Blow *or* Scale Sheer Surface, Gossip, Perception *or* Search, Performer (Singer), Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Swim

Talents: Lightning Reflexes *or* Sturdy, Very Strong

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Watch Cap in Gang Colours, 10 Yards of Rope, 1d10 Wooden Spikes

Career Entries: Boatman, Peasant

Career Exits: Boatman, Foreman, Marine, Merchant, Smuggler, Thief, Thug, Tradesman

Greta Gerstein

Six feet tall and solid muscle, Greta Gerstein is a formidable figure in her stevedore gang in Marienburg. In fact, she is regarded as a strong candidate for foreman one day. No one in her gang has a problem with a woman among their ranks. At least, not once she proved that she could pull her own weight during the daily grind of the back-breaking labour stevedores face. Blackening a few eyes helped settle the remaining arguments about her presence in the gang.

Greta's rugged, tom boy exterior hides a gentler side. A side Greta desperately keeps secret lest she lose the respect she has earned with her gang. Greta is actually an educated lady from a minor noble house, a former student who had to drop out of the university when her family fell on rough financial times and could no longer afford her tuition.

Rather than return home and face the prospect of an arranged marriage, Greta fled to the docks, looking to charter a boat and escape her fate. But she was too poor to arrange passage, and had to work to earn enough to eat and eke out a living. Over time, she came to appreciate the joys of a simple life filled with clear goals, hard work and camaraderie – but she is still fearful that some day her family may come looking for her.

The Dark Side of the Dock Side

Competition is fierce for stevedores who make their living loading and unloading merchant vessels. The dock space is limited, which means only so many ships can dock at one time. Which in turn means there are only so many potential clients. This limitation is one reason why many stevedores form teams or gangs, offering a potential client a group of strong arms for one competitive rate.

And while it might first appear that the manual labour a stevedore performs could easily be fulfilled by any strong man, there is more skill required than first meets the eye. Keeping one's balance on the rolling deck of a ship is sometimes difficult enough, made even moreso when bearing heavy cargo. Stevedores also need to know how to quickly and efficiently transfer the cargo into wains, carts, barges, coaches or whatever other transportation the client provides.

In some trading cities, a well-organised stevedore gang may even unofficially benefit from a certain level of immunity from legal interference. If several members of a gang were arrested for a tavern brawl that got out of hand, certain merchants might find it more difficult to unload and move their goods. This is the sort of inconvenience that some of the town councillors are willing to exert their influence to avoid. The gangs that enjoy this sort of latitude may end up pushing too far, however, and find themselves on the gallow poles. After all, there are more guilds eager to take over whatever business a troublesome gang was responsible for.

Adventure Seeds

A Broken Barrel: A stevedore is hired to port barrels of wine, but some of the barrels handle completely wrongly; they weigh the right amount, but that weight shifts in ways that barrels of wine don't. The contract didn't include the standard bonus for black market work, so the stevedore "accidentally" drops and breaks open one of the barrels. An assortment of misshapen bones tumble out of the broken barrel, looking vaguely human, but with disturbing twists and knobs. What will the stevedore do with this unsightly discovery?

Steward

This beef is nearly rotting, you oaf! His Lordship is entertaining the Elector Count himself this evening. If you don't get me fresh meat immediately, you'll be on the menu!



ADVANCED

(Core) A Steward is a household manager, entrusted with arranging all the bothersome everyday details that Nobles and the very rich, such as successful Merchants or powerful clergy, cannot be bothered to deal with. While a Noble Lord will often have no idea what he is worth or how much it takes to upkeep his affairs and various holdings, his Steward will know down to the last shilling. As wealthy Nobles tend to have far flung estates, some Stewards may be put in charge of a property and left to their own devices for years at a time.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	–	+30%	+20%	+25%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Merchant)

Talents: Public Speaking, Super Numerate

Trappings: 2 Sets of Best Craftsmenship Noble's Garb, Writing Kit

Career Entries: Courtier, **Farmer**, Politician, Priest, Scholar, Valet

Career Exits: Crime Lord, Fence, Merchant, Noble

Responsibilities

The smooth running of an estate requires daily dealings with the bureaucracy of the Empire: tax rolls must be kept in order, fines paid, appeals penned, bribes handed out, and so on. In his master's absence, the steward must also hold court over internal disputes and enact punishment and reparation. As his master's representative, the steward's word is always final. He has significant leeway to act as he sees fit, as long as it is in his master's interests.

Stewards must constantly maintain a careful inventory of the estate's goods and holdings. In cities, the steward is required to make regular visits to his master's business interests dotted around town. In rural areas, where an estate could comprise of vast tracts of land and isolated farms, this might involve days of travel through dangerous terrain, with an entourage of guards to repel bandits or control peasants enraged at the latest increase in their tithes.

The steward will also be in charge of the estate's protection. The farms of a rural estate must be defended against raiders, and business interests in the city must be protected against aggressive competitors. A steward works tirelessly to maintain the efficient running of his master's possessions.

Reputation

A steward's position of power is dependent on the master he serves, and so his reputation is tied with that of his lord. The man who holds stewardship in the name of a tyrant will be reviled by the people he governs. He is often hated more than his master, because he is the daily face of his master's harsh edicts.

On the other hand, the steward of a just and temperate lord may be held with esteem if he acts according to his master's wil. However, there are too many stewards who abuse their position.

The absent lord of an estate may be under the illusion that that his holdings are being run efficiently, while in actuality his proxy is bleeding his tenants white and creaming off the proceeds.

Adventure Seeds

A Brutish Master: A benevolent lord dies and leaves his rich estate to his son, a vain and vicious brute. The estate's steward is overworked while his new master fritters away his inheritance. In his greed, the son orders his steward to raise tithes and, worse, to cheat the Imperial treasury of its dues. The steward is faced with the ruin of both the estate and his own reputation. Thoughts of murder darken his heart – his master must suffer an accident, but who can he trust to carry it out?

Who Will Rid Me of These Troublesome Dwarfs?: Dwarf miners have squatted hilly territory on the steward's estate, claiming an ancestral tie to the hills that stretches back over a thousand years. They are after the silver they have discovered there. The steward is desperate to evict the squatters before the impending arrival of his master, and offers a reward to anyone who can shift the dwarfs by any method that does not incur an entry in their infamous Book of Grudges.



Streltsi

First, you use this, for the big bang, da? Then, when no more powder -- the axe! Nyet trouble after that.

(RotIQ) The streltsi were originally a rota of kossars from Erengrad. Led by Boyar Boydinov – an eccentric noble obsessed with the Empire – they wielded pole-axes rather than axes, mirroring the halberds favoured by the State Regiments of Ostland. In 2345 IC, whilst driving back a Chaos horde alongside Empire allies, the wide-eyed boyar witnessed Imperial black powder for the first time. His kossars were changed forever. Now, many years after the death of Boydinov, the streltsi are the foremost masters of firearms in Kislev, weapons once viewed with fear and superstition. Soldiers from across Kislev travel to Erengrad to earn the crossed "berdysh and handgun" badge, which is awarded to any who train with the streltsi for more than two seasons.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Kislev) (Int) ***or*** Perception (Int), Consume Alcohol (T), Dodge Blow (Ag), Gamble (Int) ***or*** Gossip (Fel), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Marksman ***or*** Sharpshooter, Master Gunner ***or*** Quick Draw, Mighty Shot ***or*** Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Two-handed)

Trappings: The streltsi are all distinguishable by the smart uniforms they wear beneath a leather jerkin, leggings, and helmet. They carry berdysh – special pole-arms designed to improve accuracy with the firearms they also carry. Streltsi keep enough powder and shot to shoot their firearm up to 10 times.

Career Entries: Kossar, Watchman

Career Exits: Bounty Hunter, Chekist, Mercenary, Sergeant, Veteran, Watchman, Winged Lancer

A Day in the Life

The streltsi are no mercenaries or sell-swords... or sell-guns, as the case may be. They are proud soldiers of Kislev, strong and loyal, and disciplined in battle. They are rarely found wandering alone, though a few will move on to other careers and take their skills with them. Most, though, are found with their fellows. Streltsi are brothers, trained together, fighting together and, when it happens, dying together, all of which they accept with typical Kislevite fatalism.

Unless actively at war, the life of a streltsi is normally one of practise. The firearms they carry, though well made, are still not entirely reliable, and the streltsi must constantly check, clean and maintain them, as well as each and every component of their uniform. They must also drill with sword and berdysh, practising both formation firing and one-on-one melee combat.

Of course, all work and no play... streltsi are often stationed in larger towns or villages, and even those on the cold frontier are rotated back regularly. Streltsi who have the opportunity will spend their nights as soldiers everywhere do, drinking, gambling and seeking comfort in the arms of tavern girls. They tend to relax in the same way they fight – as a group. It is rare to see a streltsi drinking alone; some say that it would be wiser to kick a hungry bear in his private parts than to disturb a solitary streltsi deep in his cups.

At war, the streltsi march with other troops, but also keep themselves apart – they are elite, and have their own pack-boys, wagon trains, and so on. They mark off their encampments when the army pitches camp for the night, and few cross those lines of ribbon without good cause.

Little Known Facts

Every streltsi names his weapon, though not until after it has killed a man – or at least been fired in war at an enemy. It is said that at that time, the weapon tells the wielder its name. Using a fellow streltsi's gun can be done in times of crisis, but it is said that doing so without permission is a worse offense than sleeping with his wife.

The streltsi can shift suddenly from a disciplined line of calm, almost machine-like handgunners to a raging horde of axe-wielding berserkers in an instant, often terrifying even those foes brave enough to cross the wall of gunfire they lay down.

Adventure Seeds

The Stolen Gun: "What do you call a streltsi without a gun? A maniac who has to look you in the eye to kill you." Well, there is one such maniac tearing apart the town. His weapon, Anyanka, was stolen from him during a particularly blurry drunken brawl, and he wants it back. His regiment is shipping out in a day, and he refuses to take a replacement from stores – he must have his gun back. Right now, it's just him on the rampage, but in a few hours, his partners will shake off their hangovers and join in the search. Anyone who wants the town to be standing will make sure he finds his gun!

Cut Off: A unit of streltsi has found itself stuck behind enemy lines, and is trying to get back. Normally, they'd be happy to go out in a blaze of glory, but they also carry information vital to the war – a pack of maps and documents revealing hidden Chaos encampments and lines of attack. If they all die bravely and foolishly, the word will not reach their commanders, and they can't allow that. The characters are employed to go behind enemy lines and lead them back to safety.

Strigany Mystic

I sense a cloud of evil in this place … beware the dead, for they walk among you wearing the faces of the living.

(NDM) The people of Strigos were scattered to the winds when their lands were destroyed and have since taken up a nomadic life. They roam the Empire in caravan trains or river barges, making money where they can and stealing when they can't. Their history under the Vampires ensures they maintain their travelling lifestyle, marking them not just as thieves and cutthroats but also necromancers and servants of darkness. In truth, most of them are simple woodsmen, entertainers, or vagabonds, but a few do know something of witchcraft, a little of fortune telling, and a large amount of Vampire lore. These mystics were taught the true and complete history of their people, and they carry the secret knowledge from those ancient days, as well as the promise of their Strigos lords to one day return and lead them back to glory.



Note: Strigany mystic is only available to those of Strigany blood. Being of that blood imposes a –10% penalty to all Fellowship Tests when dealing with a person of the Empire. With your GM's permission, you may substitute Strigany mystic for vagabond when rolling for your Starting Career. If you have the *WFRP Companion*, you may apply the River Strigany Traits to your Strigany mystic.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Charm, Drive or Ride, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Hypnotism *or* Trade (Apothecary), Performer (any), Secret Signs (Astrologer *or* Ranger), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Strigany)

Talents: Sixth Sense, Rover ***or*** Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Deck of Cards, Eldritch Jewellery

Career Entries: None

Career Exits: Astrologer, Bone Picker, Charlatan, Entertainer, Hedge Wizard, Rogue, Seer, Thief

In Other Realms

Strigany mystics in the Empire receive mixed reactions from the populace. Mostly, what little is known of the mystics by average commoners is a legacy of thievery and witchcraft. At best, a mystic entering a village in the Empire is greeted with suspicion…at worst, with a knife. Some well-placed gold crowns with the local thieves' guild, though, may transform that distrust into curiosity…and opportunity.

In Norsca and parts of Kislev, it is not unusual for Strigany mystics to be warmly greeted by the common folk of small villages. To the villagers, the mystics are less enigmatic than the ice witches, and if the mystics' deeds benefit their own fortunes, the mystics are rewarded. However, should they draw attention to themselves – particularly in a larger city – they may attract the wrath of the ice witches, who view the Strigany mystics as threats.

The various dukedoms of Bretonnia, though, the mystic is ill regarded. To the people of Bretonnia, a Strigany mystic is no different than a witch. Should a mystic reveal any sort of perceived supernatural ability, such as fortune telling, retribution is sure to be swift and absolute. Mystics in Bretonnia seeking survival should find a noble patron for protection.

Notable Figures

Taciana Stirbei is perhaps the only Strigany mystic of renown in the major cities of the Empire. Her travels have led her through Nuln, Talabheim and even Altdorf.

It was in Altdorf that her beauty and fiery personality warmed the hearts of several magisters from the Colleges of Magic. Though most esteemed wizards from the Colleges patently deny the mystical abilities Taciana claims to have, they must concede that her ability to perform seemingly simple divinations with naught but a deck of cards is uncanny.

For a short time, Taciana's novelty made her a fixture at noble parties and events, where she dressed in finery and danced with the nobility. Though many looked down upon her due to her lowly heritage, her prescient abilities intrigued enough nobles to gain her invitation to such events. She entertained a number of patrons – and lovers – who pay her handsomely for even a hint of their futures.

That seems ages ago now. Once the novelty wore off, Taciana found herself replaced by other fads and fashions. But she had grown accustomed to life in the city, and remains in Altdorf. Falling out of favour of the nobility and social elite has relegated her to the poorer sections of Altdolf, talking to anyone and everyone, telling fortunes for a copper per card from her worn deck.

Adventure Seeds

Vampirism?: Near the gates of a small town, soldiers find a corpse, completely drained of blood, although there are no visible wounds. A Strigany mystic happens to be visiting the town, and the town authorities drag her to the scene of the crime to help investigate the strange death. Vampirism is suspected, and the Strigany will have to find the culprit fast if she doesn't want to be implicated in the murder.

An Ancient Spear: While digging a well, a farmer discovers an ancient spear. Though it does not appear to be enchanted, the weapon is always cold to the touch. The farmer has the spear hidden in his hovel, but over the last few days, the farmer's family has become pale, listless and fatigued. Not knowing who else to turn to, the farmer turns to a Strigany mystic, who foretold of a foul harvest for the farmer the previous year.

Basic

Student



Psst... Wilhelm – what answer did you get for question eleven?

(Core) The great cities of the Empire have many universities. Most, like the Imperial School of Engineers in Altdorf, are funded by the state. The first college in the Empire was established in Nuln and that city is still famous for its learning institutions (and, ironically, its Imperial Gunnery School). Students across the Empire can choose from a wide variety of courses, from history to anatomy to science. Of course, many study nothing more than the bottom of a bottle and wash out of school in less than a year. Elven Students don't go to Imperial universities, but learn from their own loremasters instead. Halfling students are admitted to Universities on sufferance, due to an obscure piece of Imperial Ordinance demanded by the Elder of the Moot.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (any one), Academic Knowledge (any one) ***or*** Gossip, Charm ***or*** Consume Alcohol, Heal ***or*** Search, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette ***or*** Linguistics, Savvy ***or*** Suave, Seasoned Traveller ***or*** Super Numerate

Trappings: Two Textbooks corresponding to Knowledge Skills, Writing Kit

Career Entries: **Dilettante**, Envoy, Grave Robber, Minstrel, Noble, Valet

Career Exits: Agitator, Apprentice Wizard, Barber-Surgeon, **Cartographer**, Engineer, Envoy, Initiate, Physician, Scholar

The Imperial Degree

Being a student is one thing, but being a student who completes a degree is another entirely. The taverns and flop houses of the Old World are filled with adventurers with partial and unfinished degrees. An Imperial degree is a legal document from an accredited university that verifies a student's successful completion of a comprehensive program in a specific field of study.

Basic literacy is a general requirement for admission to all Imperial universities. There are basic and advanced degrees available to the student with the appropriate prerequisites. A student may earn multiple degrees over their careers, and compare them with fellow academic colleagues as badges of honour. However, a student's learning is often limited by available funds to pay tuition, rather than a lack of ambition.

The Wissenburg Schoolmaster

As a former sergeant in the Nuln standing army, Nicolai Kessler had seen his share of good men cut down by the inexperienced leadership of spoiled young lords. Time and again Nicolai overstepped his station to forcefully mentor his fresh-faced commanders in "everything they don't teach at the War College."

Before long, the 21st Nuln Handgunners earned a reputation for producing reliable officers, and Nicolai became affectionately known as the "Wissenburg Schoolmaster". Although he would never admit it, the name had an unfortunate irony that annoyed the proud sergeant, since he could neither read nor write.

But then the Battle of Nuln Fields changed everything. Nicolai awoke among the Shallyans without his left eye or hand. Although his bravery and sober action had saved many lives, Nicolai despaired. He knew his time in the army was over, and there would be no one else to challenge the stubborn young lordlings and shape them into leaders of men. For his bravery in battle, Nicolai was granted a sizable pension.

The men who served under him had such great esteem for their sergeant that they petitioned the Countess von Liebwitz to award him a scholarship to the university. But sadly, the petition had to be rejected since literacy was a requirement for admission, and the Wissenburg Schoolmaster could not read.

When Nicolai's former commanders learned of his plight, they organised a new petition and lent their considerable family influence to his appeal. The officers declared that Nicolai must be allowed to enter the university, were he rose in the professorial ranks and continued his instruction in everything they don't teach at the War College.

Adventure Seeds

Extracurricular Activities: There's a rumour travelling the campus about a certain clique of young nobles dabbling in forbidden lore. Any attempt to investigate the clique is met with a swift and vicious response funded by the noble's deep pockets.

Final Exam: When an instructor's notes are stolen, the student and his entire class are informed that they will fail together if the thief is not brought to light. Is this a test concocted by the eccentric instructor, or has someone really gone through the trouble of stealing his notes?

Swamp Skimmer

A fish hook, an old hat, a notched sword blade and two bronze clanks. All in all, a good morning's work.

(RC) Of all the terrain found in the Borderlands, few are as nasty and inhospitable as its swamps and fens. Polluted stretches of land, filled with bloodsucking mosquitoes and ravenous leeches, they are breeding grounds for disease. Since these places are generally left alone, there are all sorts of treasures and oddities lurking beneath the vines and brackish water, and those with the mettle and constitution to resist the disease and vermin that infest these places find they can make a good living. Collectively known as Swamp Skimmers, these men and women brave the hostile environment in the hopes of bettering themselves and perhaps buying passage out of this dangerous land.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	+10%	+10%	+10%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Search, Silent Move, Swim

Talents: Resistance to Disease, Sixth Sense

Trappings: Large Sack, Thigh-high Waterproof Boots

Career Entries: Anchorite, Peasant, Vagabond

Career Exits: Mercenary, Peasant, Vagabond

A Dangerous Lifestyle

In civilised lands, 'swamp skimmer' is a bruising insult, but in the Border Princes it is a profession which offers escape from grinding poverty. For every skimmer who is lured to a watery grave by a corpse candle, or whose white bones mark the entrance of a beast's lair, there is another who returns, muddy and mosquito-bitten, clutching a rusting sword or battered helmet which will earn him a few shillings.

There are tales of a realm which once spanned from the desert regions of the far south to the edge of what is now the Empire, whose soldiers marched to war in armour of bronze and gold. Once in a while, a skimmer discovers the remnants of this lost civilisation; he jealously guards the ruins' location, but it is only a matter of time before others converge on the find and strip it bare. Many fail to return: the dead rest uneasy in the fens.

Skimmers tired of scouring the marshes bide their time until the inevitable adventuring party arrives in their locale, intent on exploration. The skimmers follow their tracks, which usually lead to their chewed corpses. Once the swamp predators have had their fill, the skimmers move in to loot what's left.

Maxen Widerlich

The murderer, Maxen Widerlich, fled the Emperor's justice by escaping to the Border Princes, where he discovered he could make a passable living skimming the badland swamps for valuable detritus. He would have remained a nameless treasure hunter had it not been for his chance discovery of a circle of metal sticking out of the mud. Pulling it free and wiping it clean, he noticed that it gleamed yellow in the wan sunlight: a circlet of pure gold!

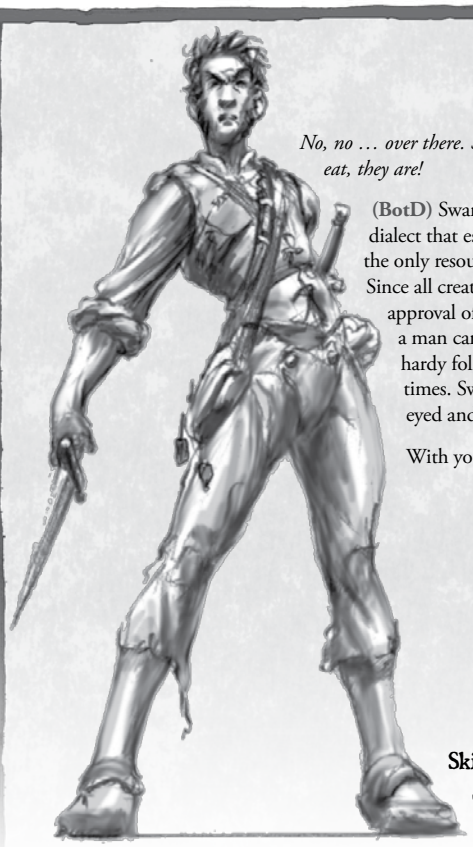
Excited, he traced the strange runes that encircled the band, and felt a strange compulsion to place it around his head. The crown fitted perfectly, but seemed to contract around Widderlich's skull, and his agonised screams echoed through the marsh as he tried to rip it off. His screams seemed to stir the surface of the mire. Rising slowly from the mud, a thousand skeletal warriors in antique armour, wielding weapons of bronze, surrounded him. The flesh sloughed from Widderlich's face, but he did not die. Grinning, the fiend he had become surveyed the troops. With a silent order from its risen master, the horde marched out of the swamp and descended upon the fortress of Baron Turme. The castle was swiftly overrun, and soon a new baron held sway: the fleshless tyrant Widderlich, who to this day carves out an empire for himself with his undead force.

Swamp skimmers regard Widderlich's fate as a cautionary tale, but many secretly envy the man – they consider the sacrifice of his eternal soul a small price to pay for the power he now wields.

Adventure Seeds

Treacherous Guides: A band of swamp skimmers spread rumours of a sunken treasure in a badlands marsh to attract gold-hungry adventurers. They volunteer as guides for the party that falls for the bait, leading them deep into the swamp before leaving them at the mercy of the swamp's ferocious fauna. The skimmers hope to return a few days later to strip the corpses of anything of value.

Hunt for the Fire Drake: A dwarf zeppelin, the Fire Drake, en route from Barak-Varr to Karak Norn, has crashed in the swamps of the Border Princes. The adventurers have been hired to rescue any survivors, and recover the cargo of precious gromril. They must race to reach the wreck before the swamp skimmers pillage it.



Swampaire

No, no … over there. See that darker patch of mud? That's where you'll find the fattest frogs. Fine enough for a prince to eat, they are!

(BotD) Swampaires are hunters and gatherers of snails and frogs. They take their name from an obscure dialect that essentially means man of the swamps or, more commonly, chaser of frogs. Snails and frogs are the only resource in which Mousillon is rich, and swamping is a prestigious occupation among its peasants. Since all creatures in a swamp are technically owned by the local lord, a Swampaire needs at least the implicit approval of the local noble. Some nobles require lengthy apprenticeships and the swearing of oaths before a man can call himself a Swampaire and be permitted to hunt his lord's swamps. Swampaires tend to be hardy folk adept at tracking snails and frogs, which is a tricky and time-consuming business at the best of times. Swampaires are normally men, but some nobles have been known to permit a particularly sharp-eyed and quick-fingered lass to hunt in the absence of suitably skilled menfolk.

With your GM's permission, when rolling your starting career you can substitute Swampaire for Hunter.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Swim

Talents: Hardy, Lightning Reflexes or Very Resilient, Marksman, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (entangling)

Trappings: Net, spear, sack, 1d10 warts, swamping rights granted by local lord

Career Entries: Boatman, Bone Picker, Ferryman, Frogwife, Hunter, Militiaman, Peasant

Career Exits: Grail Pilgrim, Herrimault, Man-at-Arms, Outlaw, Thug, Vagabond, Village Elder, Yeoman

A Day in the Life

Swampaires are the hunters of Mousillon, toiling to catch their prey from dusk until dawn. Though foreigners may scoff at the notion of men grubbing in the dirt for frogs and lizards, the folk of Mousillon revere the swampaires for their skill and patience.

The swampaires' day begins before the sunrise, where they rely more on their ears than their eyes to locate their prey. Listening for the croaks and chirps of frogs, they wind their way through the marshes, snagging some of the larger creatures that thought themselves safe in the dark with their bare hands.

As the day breaks, the swampaires' tactics shift as the creatures they seek begin to move. The diligent hunters search rocks and sandy areas near the outskirts of their swamps, collecting snails from the shadows and slow-moving turtles basking in the sun. They also set new snares in the water as they trudge through their hunting grounds, and claim the creatures caught in older traps.

With traps set and with quarry ensnared, the swampaires eventually return to their villages. They head immediately to the marketplaces or the manors of their lords, in order to prepare and clean their odd bounty. Once their ministrations are complete, their daily catches are fit to be sold or cooked as needed.

Despite the long and arduous work, the swampaires are able to relax with a good cup of mead when night finally falls, often in the company of many friends. Swampaires are on many occasions the primary source of trade and income for a small village, and while not of royal blood, are often treated as such by their fellow villagers. The prestige of the swampaires gives them a certain amount of authority in times of crisis… although such authority can often be abused.

Affiliations

In Mousillon, the title of swampaire is one to be earned, not given. It is rare that one simply becomes a swampaire – the fine art of hunting frogs and snails is deceptively difficult. Young children may be apprenticed at an early age to a swampaire in order to learn the tricks of the trade, working closely with their master to learn their secrets.

In a larger community where several swampaires reside, the collective group of hunters forms small guilds that delineate specific hunting territories. In these arrangements, swampaires may either only hunt in certain portions of a swamp or only at certain times, with a swampaire incurring financial penalty should he break these rules.

Guilds may also split hunting territories, particularly where older and younger swampaires exist. In such cases, the younger swampaire would set traps and hunt the swamps, while the older swampaire would prepare the creatures caught and sell them at the marketplace.

Adventure Seeds

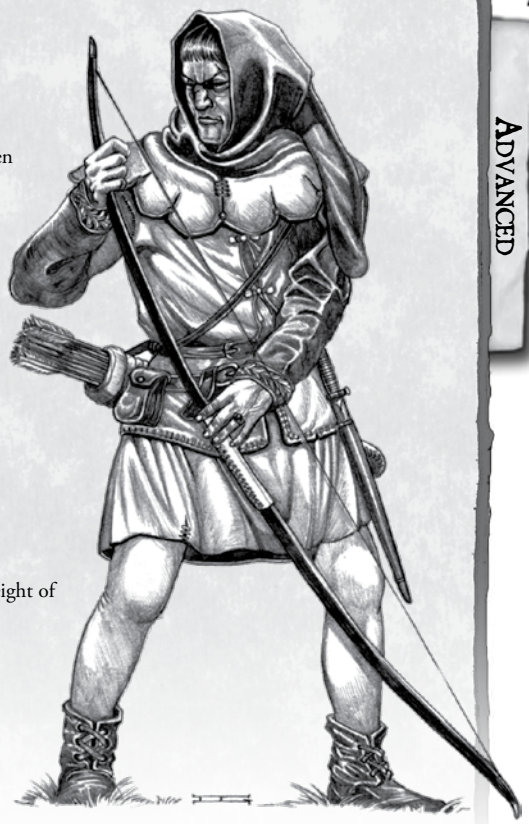
Curse of the Black Frogs: Local farmlands have been overrun by unusual amounts of strange black frogs, that spew forth dark spittle when they croak. Though the frogs do not appear to be dangerous to the farmers, their sheer numbers have ruined many crops. The swampaire is sent to find the source of the black frogs in the nearby marshes.

Scarecrows: During the summers, the local marshes begin to dry up. Recently, though, the marshes have dried even more than usual, and a few children claim that scarecrows wander through the dried mud where snails and frogs once lived. The swampaire needs to find where the waters have gone, and learn the truth about these mysterious scarecrows…

Targeteer

I prefer to let my bow do the talking.

(Core) Targeteers dedicate themselves to perfecting their skill with missile weapons, most often the mighty longbow, though a rare few prefer the crossbow. They regularly travel to different fairs, delighting crowds with their trick shooting and pitting their skills against all-comers in impromptu contests. Many Nobles regularly hold archery tourneys with a fair purse to the winner and a professional Targeteer can make a decent living if he is skilled enough to regularly claim a prize or two. In these grim times, a Targeteer's uncanny skill with a bow is in high demand among armies and Mercenary companies.



Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
–	+40%	+10%	+10%	+25%	+10%	+20%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Sleight of Hand

Talents: Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow *or* Throwing), Sure Shot

Trappings: Longbow *or* Crossbow with 10 Arrows *or* Bolts, Light Armour (Leather Jack)

Career Entries: Bounty Hunter, Hunter, Ghost Strider, Master Thief, Vampire Hunter, Veteran

Career Exits: Assassin, Champion, Duellist, Sergeant

Rathiel Whitebow

If there is a better archer in the Old World than Rathiel Whitebow, that archer has kept his identity a secret. The elf is a master of the longbow with few peers even amongst his own kin. He has made the weapon the focus of his life, neglecting family, friends, or any other loyalty.

His all-consuming arrogance is such that he will never refuse a challenge of his skills. He will settle for mere target shooting but prefers a duel of arrows. Because of this, Rathiel has killed at least a half dozen men and elves over the last few years and wounded far more. This has made his reputation as a highly dangerous outlaw.

Rathiel is on a quest. He is searching for a legendary magical bow known only by the cryptic name The Song of Storms. Whether this weapon is real or simply a product of Rathiel's obsession is difficult to say. What is certain is that Rathiel broke into a bookseller's shop in Brionne and since then has been seen trekking towards the Border Princes. His exact destination remains uncertain to anyone but himself.

The Elven Fair

A common story amongst archers, woodsmen, and targeteers is that once every decade, the elves of Athel Loren hold an archery contest. In the elves' own tongue this is called the Mureth Vai, and it is said to be an affair of rare magnificence and fey splendour. The elven lords and ladies gather to watch the tournament and to revel beneath the midsummer moon.

The prize, the storytellers whisper around campfires, is always the same – a an elven bow of unparalleled craftsmanship, made from the heartwood of a tree older than any human kingdom. The tournament is an open invitation and anyone who can brave the dangers of the forest is welcome to participate, even humans. No human in living memory has ever won the tournament.

Indeed precious few can even honestly claim to have entered the Mureth Vai, and whether this tournament is even real is a matter of discussion. But if it were real, then whoever won it would likely be the Old World's greatest archer.

Adventure Seeds

The Competition: The local lord has decided that he wishes to encourage archery within his domain. To this end, he has announced a fair and archery tournament. The grand prize is an almost unimaginable sum of money – one thousand gold crowns! Targeteers from across the Empire gather, and that is when the cheating and violence begins.

A Tale of Revenge and Betrayal: A targeteer wants one of the party dead to avenge the death of his brother. He has procured a deadly poison and now he just has to find the right moment to ambush the party and deliver his vengeance. However, the crime lord who sold the poison to the targeteer has decided to sell out the archer. He is willing to give the party the antidote to the poison, if only they'll help him with one trivial errand…



Temple Guardian

Form a single queue please, ladies, and stop the shoving. The relic isn't going anywhere.

(ToS) Temple Guardians are chosen, not from amongst the brightest members of a congregation, who would be far better put to use elsewhere, but rather from among those whose skills lie in a more physical area. They are expected to be above reproach, and to resist the temptation to steal from their own temples. Some cults ensure this behaviour by telling particularly horrid tales of the fate that awaits such traitors in the afterlife, while others simply encourage temple guardians to keep a close eye on one another, rewarding with great wealth any accusation of theft or disloyalty that proves to be true..

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: Common Knowledge (any one), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Search

Talents: Cool Headed *or* Stout Hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Robes *or* Uniform

Career Entries: Grave Warden, Initiate, Militiaman, Watchman, Zealot

Career Exits: Initiate, Mercenary, Soldier, Squire, Watchman

A Day in the Life

A temple guardian's daily routine begins with directing gathered worshippers to make way for arriving priests. The rest of the guardian's day is spent patrolling temple grounds or performing watch duties near important holy relics. There is never a shortage of time for temple guardians to contemplate spiritual matters. Guard shifts usually change at mid-day and again at evening prayer. At temples requiring constant security, a midnight shift is also added.

Temple guardians are often the ones responsible for ringing the bell or gong to announce prayer ceremonies. Guardians may also be requested to escort priests on errands to the less savoury districts of a town or city. When a temple's priesthood is involved in wars or crusades, the temple guardians carry palanquins or magical altars onto the battlefield.

Customs and Uniforms

Manann: Manann's temple guards are often called upon to board suspect vessels arriving at port, for sailors are reluctant to challenge them. Uniforms are sea-green tabards worn over simple clothes.

Morr: The Black Guards are Morr's elite temple sentries, but the cult's smaller chapels and burial grounds are watched over by lower-ranked guards wearing black uniforms with hooded cowls.

Myrmidia: The temple guardians of Myrmidia are known for their elaborate spear-passing ceremonies. They wear white or yellow tunics with an eagle emblem embroidered on the breast or shoulder.

Ranald: Since Ranald's cult doesn't operate traditional temples, its guardians are motley thugs tasked with guiding worshippers to sewers, basements and dark alleyways where the god's shrines are concealed.

Shallya: The few men who serve in Shallya's temples tend to be guardians. Their actual roles are closer to hospital wardens, aiding the priestesses as needed. They wear white togas and carry only daggers.

Sigmar: Sigmar's temple guardians are mostly zealous followers recruited from the town watch or militia. Uniforms consist of tabards coloured in red or blue with black details, and are often adorned with litanies and purity seals.

Taal and Rhya: Young hunters and woodsmen are expected to serve terms as temple guardians of Taal and Rhya. Their clothing is plain and nondescript, aside from the leather straps around their arms.

Ulric: Temple guardians of Ulric wear long, plaited beards and howl like wolves before evening prayers. Their uniforms include heavy grey jackets and breeches, usually trimmed with fur.

Verena: Temples of Verena may only be guarded by those who have never been convicted of a crime. The guardians wear purple or blue robes and have oaths tattooed on their hands.

Adventure Seeds

An Inside Job: A treasure is stolen from a Sigmarite temple and the temple guardian is framed for the theft. Unless the temple guardian can prove his innocence at the temple court, he'll be stripped of his duties and possibly mutilated. Investigation leads the guardian to discover that the real thief is one of the temple's own priests.

Thief

If he really wanted to keep it, he'd take better care of it. He left it in a strongbox where anyone could find it.



(Core) The Empire is home to many honest, hard working citizens and Thieves are dedicated to taking as much of their money as possible. They tend to be jacks-of-all-trades, willing and able to take advantage of any moneymaking opportunity that comes along. Specialist Thieves include blackmailers, embezzlers, kidnappers, pickpockets, and cattle thieves. Towns and cities of any size have Thieves' Guilds, which control and organize criminal activity. A few towns have more than one guild, which leads to vicious fighting until one guild eliminates its rival. The most successful Thieves' Guilds own so many legitimate businesses that over time they turn into Merchant Guilds. It is a rare guild that leaves its larcenous ways behind, however.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+5%	–	–	+15%	+5%	–	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Charm *or* Scale Sheer Surface, Concealment, Evaluate *or* Disguise, Gamble *or* Pick Lock, Perception, Read/Write *or* Sleight of Hand, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue) *or* Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Alley Cat *or* Streetwise, Super Numerate *or* Trapfinder

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), Sack, Lock picks, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Entertainer, Ex-Convict, Grave Robber, Interrogator, Militiaman, Outlaw, Protagonist, Rat Catcher, Rogue, Servant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Tomb Robber, Vagabond

Career Exits: Cat Burglar, Charlatan, Entertainer, Fence, Rogue, Tomb Robber

Affiliations

Thieves belong to thieves' guilds. They have little choice – the guilds are much better at finding thieves than the watch, and insist that all active criminals take advantage of the benefits of membership.

If a city has more than one guild, both normally insist that every thief join them, and not the other. This leads to gang warfare, so in a few cities two guilds ignore each others' existence. Thieves in the city must belong to both, but pretend not to know about the other guild. The masters of one guild are low-ranking members of the other, and are generally left alone. Thieves have to pay two sets of dues, and may be given tasks by both guilds at once, making it difficult for them to avoid offending someone.

In a few cases the guild has become rich through respectable businesses, and has a great deal of influence with the legitimate government of the town. Indeed, a handful of towns are actually run by the thieves' guild, in which case the watch is only concerned with unlicensed criminality. Normally, such towns collapse into anarchy, as the guild allows too much crime, but in a few cases the leadership impose stability and a reasonable level of lawbreaking. This often leads to a splinter guild forming, to protect the rights of dishonest thieving folk.

Travelling thieves have to come to an arrangement with every guild they meet. Sometimes this is easy, if the guild requires nothing but a percentage. Others, the majority, impose significant ordeals on potential members, and taking one of those trials every couple of weeks is bad for the health. Travelling thieves thus often try to avoid the notice of guilds as well as the watch.

Murdbelly Furrows

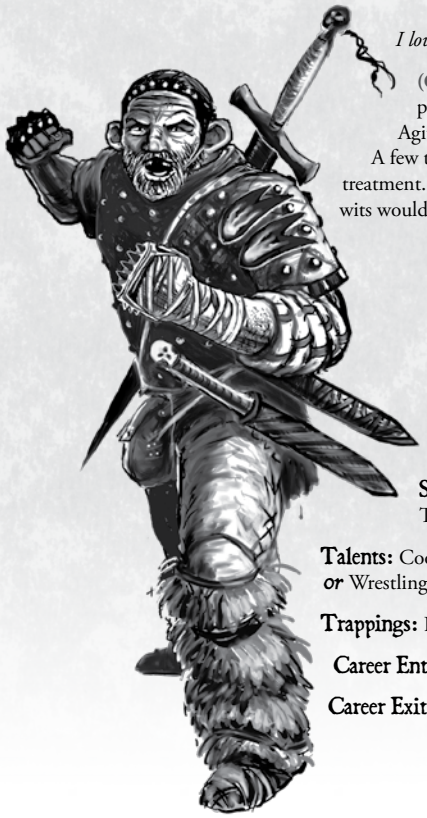
Murdbelly is a halfling thief active in Stirland. He is a member of the thieves' guilds of more than half a dozen towns, and constantly on the run ahead of the enforcers. He does enough towards paying his dues in each place to make finding him a low priority, so he has stayed alive for now. He knows a lot about many thieves' guilds, and although law enforcement does not know about him yet, this is going to occur to one of the guilds at some point. Murdbelly himself is too busy trying to juggle his obligations to worry about such long-term issues.

Adventure Seeds

A Chaos Conundrum: The thief steals a bag from a coach just as it leaves the city, and is not spotted by the coachman or any of the passengers. The bag contains notes on a plot by Chaos cultists to summon a powerful daemon, and some items necessary to stop it. Does the thief and his companions set off to return the bag, stop the ritual themselves, or just deal with the daemon when it comes looking for them?

On the Other Hand…: The thief is caught, but the magistrate gives him a choice between losing a hand and doing a little job. The job involves finding proof that a certain secret society is worshipping the Ruinous Powers; the members are too powerful to move against without proof. Unfortunately the society, while devoted to its members' advancement, has nothing to do with Chaos. However, the magistrate will have the thief's hand cut off unless he can produce the evidence he desires.

Thug



I love my job. I'm real good at it. And yer about to find out why.

(Core) In the criminal underworld, strength and viciousness are highly prized virtues and no profession illustrates this more clearly than the Thug. When protection money is owed, when Agitators threaten to expose corruption, or when rivals overstep themselves, the Thug is there. A few thwacks with a club is usually enough to send the right message, but harder cases get the full treatment. It's wisest to flee in such circumstances, but the graveyards are full of those that thought quick wits would be enough to save them. Every Thieves' Guild and criminal organisation has Thugs in its ranks.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	–	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Intimidate, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue)

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Lightning Reflexes, Disarm, Resistance to Poison *or* Quick Draw, Strike to Injure *or* Wrestling, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Knuckle-dusters, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jerkin)

Career Entries: **Ex-Convict**, Marine, Protagonist

Career Exits: Bodyguard, **Ex-Convict**, Interrogator, Mercenary, Pit Fighter, Racketeer

A Day in the Life

The life of a thug is one of casual violence and the instant gratification, broken up by periods of abject terror, excruciating pain, and sometimes death. A thug spends much of his time wandering around the city, either at the behest of his boss or following his whims.

He spends his time intimidating shopkeepers, watchmen, and residences just to let them know what (and who) waits for them if they step out of line. After dark he will wander around the poorly lit and patrolled areas of the city looking for targets of opportunity. However, a canny thug spends a bit of time shadowing his mark before he strikes.

After all, no sense in getting a sword in the gut. Once a likely mark is spotted, the thug roughs him up before making off with whatever he can carry. The day (or night) typically ends with the thug drinking himself into oblivion on his ill-gotten gains before finding a dark corner to pass out in, hopefully avoiding becoming a victim himself.

The Deadfish

The Deadfish are a typical example of an Empire city gang, preying on the weak, cowering from the strong, and generally ruling over a few refuse-filled streets and their equally poxy residents. The Deadfish claim three blocks in Nuln between the old iron smelt on Aver Street and the narrow canal near the shot tower.

Of course this can, and usually does, change on a daily basis depending on the mood of the watch, rival gangs, and the weather (few can stand the smell of the canal on a hot day). The leader of the gang is Bollo, a grizzled old thug missing more than a few appendages – an ear, a nose, most of his teeth, and a large flap of his scalp. Under Bollo a band of a dozen or so thugs do most of the gang's leg work, collecting 'protection' money from shopkeepers, letting residents know where they can and can't go, and most importantly preying on travellers foolish enough to wander into the neighbourhood, especially after dark.

Then there is the small army of gutter snipes, beggars, and weevil-men the gang uses. They can be found on every street corner and in every drinking hole. They act as pickpockets, informers, and con men for the gang, with a thug or two always nearby should a mark get out of hand. Periodically the watch will crack down on the gang and there will be arrests and hangings. Of course somehow Bollo is never one of the unlucky ones, and the Deadfish invariably surface once again.

Adventure Seeds

Too High and Mighty: Jack Halfhand, a local watchman, has been getting too big for his boots and been throwing his weight around the Gilded Hound in Altdorf. Some of the locals are looking for a young tough to put the watchman in his place, for a few coins, of course.

Upsetting the Balance: It seems a local vigilante referred to as the Rose, has been trying to clean up the streets of Hasselbad. A concerned group of thugs are looking to restore the status quo. They just need to uncover the vigilante's identity.

Toll Keeper

Please pull back the tarp on your wagon. Carrying pickled beets, are we? Well, there's a penny tariff on all pickled goods hereabouts, in addition to the standard tolls.



(Core) Collecting money for the government is a thankless job. Doing so in the midst of the wilderness is practically a death sentence. Toll Keepers live in isolated roadside houses, collecting money from passing travellers. The monies collected go towards the upkeep of the roads, but that doesn't stop travellers from berating, beating, and even killing Toll Keepers trying to do their jobs. If that weren't bad enough, tollhouses are prime targets for bandits. A Toll Keeper's life is so fraught with peril and few do it for very long, despite the high wages the position pays.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	–	+5%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip *or* Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Kislevian, *or* Tilean)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes *or* Marksman

Trappings: Chest, Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jerkin), Shield, 1d10 *gc*

Career Entries: Bailiff, Coachman, Roadwarden

Career Exits: Ferryman, Fieldwarden, Highwayman, Outlaw, Soldier, Politician, Thief

A Day in the Life

The problem with being a toll keeper is that you live in the middle of nowhere, with no one for support or relief. The good news is that you live in the middle of nowhere, with no one to oversee you or boss you around. Being a toll keeper is bad enough that most men in the job take advantage of the few perks it offers. One of those is setting your own hours. The toll keeper's booth is usually set up right beside the road, at a point where it is impossible to pass to the side instead due to thick trees, heavy rocks, sheer drops, or some combination thereof. A heavy beam blocks the road itself, worked by a winch in the tollbooth. Thus anyone wanting to take that road must pay the toll, which means they must wait upon the toll keeper's pleasure. Because of this, particularly smug toll keepers rarely get out of bed before dawn, and often take their time washing and dressing and breakfasting. Then they stroll out of their house and across to the booth, unlock the door, let themselves in, lock the door behind them, and finally unlock and open the small side window. Now they are finally ready for business.

After that the day passes into tedium. Toll keepers can see people approaching for a good distance, so they can get out of their booth from time to time to stretch their legs. The minute they see travellers, however, they hurry back to the booth and lock themselves in. After all, you never know who is willing to pay the toll and who will turn to violence instead. The toll keeper sits inside his little fortified booth, charging each traveller before raising the gate, and watching the road the rest of the time. Bandits often attack tollbooths, so it's important to stay alert and not to venture too far from the booth's protection.

By the time dusk settles, the toll keeper is done. He pours the day's tolls into a sack, locks the tollbooth behind him as he exits, and carries the money back to his house, where he counts it and records the amount. Then he is free to eat, drink, and do whatever else he likes before turning in. Few men can stand the solitude and constant danger long, which is why most toll keepers only last a few years at best.

Notable Figures

Hertzog Brenmuller was a roadwarden for several years before he was awarded his own tollbooth. After years of pacing long stretches of road, he was pleased to settle down. Hertzog is a quiet man who enjoys reading and woodcarving, and he immediately took to the isolated life of a toll keeper. He whittles and carves while sitting in his booth, and has decorated the booth itself, transforming its solid wood surface into a fantastical menagerie. Of course he is no fool, and so he also whittles crossbow bolts—a large supply of them sit on the table in front of him, right beside the two crossbows he keeps loaded. Only a few brigands have been desperate enough to attack Hertzog, and they did not live to tell of their failure, but their bodies, stripped and staked along the road, warns away others of their kind.

Adventure Seeds

The Greatest Toll: A stranger staggers up to a tollbooth and collapses, dead from vicious wounds. He was carrying a sealed message that looks like it might be important. Does the toll keeper dare leave his post to the deliver the message? And if he does, what is he getting involved in?

Retribution: Bandits strike one night, breaking into the toll keeper's house, binding him, and stealing the tolls. Eventually a traveller wanders by and frees him, but the bandits have long gone. The toll keeper is looking for intrepid adventurers who will go after the bandits, regain the stolen toll money, and make sure the bandits never threaten a tollbooth again.

Tomb Robber



The dead weren't going to be using that jewellery anyway.

(Core) Tomb Robbers differ from Grave Robbers in that they are interested in the valuables to be found in burial sites rather than the bodies themselves. Although very few graves in the Old World include valuable goods these days, there are many ancient burial sites that contain priceless treasures. Tomb Robbers are experts in locating such sites and plundering their riches. Secret tombs are usually in dangerous and inaccessible areas. Those within the Empire's borders are revered and protected by local inhabitants, so accessing these sites can be just as dangerous. Clever traps and deceptions protect the richest tombs and skilled Tomb Robbers must learn to disarm or bypass them. Few survive long enough to raid more than one tomb.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) ***or*** Secret Signs (Thief), Concealment ***or*** Outdoor Survival, Evaluate, Perception, Pick Lock ***or*** Silent Move, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Speak Language (Classical, Khazalid ***or*** Eltharin)

Talents: Luck ***or*** Sixth Sense, Trapfinder ***or*** Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Crowbar, Lantern, Lamp Oil, 10 Yards of Rope, 2 Sacks

Career Entries: **Dilettante**, Runebearer, Shieldbreaker, Thief

Career Exits: **Ex-Convict**, Fence, Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Thief, Vampire Hunter

Greed & Glory

The universal motivation of the tomb robber is most often greed, but even greed comes in many forms.

Wealth: The greed driving most tomb robbers is the simple lust for gold, and anyone wealthy enough to have a crypt erected in his name is also wealthy enough to rob—or so goes the logic. Many earlier civilisations entombed their kings and potentates amidst vast material wealth. Jewellery, precious metal craftwork, and the priceless relics of a forgotten age can be converted into to a fortune with the right buyers.

Power: Another common motivation for tomb robbers is the greed for power. Many great heroes and villains have been raised from obscurity by the discovery of powerful magical artefacts secreted away in the deepest vaults of the Old World. Typically these tomb robbers concern themselves with the penetration of the ancient Dwarven households. Everyone who has ever set foot in an Imperial Alehouse has heard tales of the ancient Dwarven heroes and their potent Rune weapons.

Knowledge: The least common, but most insidious motivation for the tomb robber is the quest for forbidden knowledge. Whether it is for personal gain or at the behest of a secret client, much of the knowledge contained in the arcane scrolls and tomes hidden beneath the ground would best remain undiscovered. Forbidden Chaos lore and the lost secrets of Necromancy are examples of the hidden knowledge awaiting the intrepid tomb robber.

The Ghost of Grenzstadt

The Fortress Town of Grenzstadt is not a large town by any measure, but its strategic location at the base of Blackfire Pass has transformed it into a bustling marketplace and gateway to the Empire. The town's cosmopolitan mix of foreign merchants, trade caravans, and pilgrims also provides cover to one of the Empire's largest black markets for plundered Dwarfen treasures.

While it's true that tomb robbers are despised throughout the Old World, the Dwarfs hold a special enmity for those who would despoil their sacred vaults. As such, Karaz-a-Karak has deployed a detachment of Dwarfen Lawbringers to Grenzstad, in an effort to curb this disturbing trend.

The results of this deployment have been somewhat mixed. The Dwarfs have recovered many ancestral treasures, yet one tomb robber continues to evade them – the Ghost of Grenzstadt. Whether the Ghost of Grenzstadt is a lone individual or a team of despoilers is unknown. The only reliable information the Dwarfs have gleaned about the Ghost is that he or she is an experienced tomb robber specialising in the acquisition of Dwarfen artefacts from ancient ruins scattered throughout the pass.

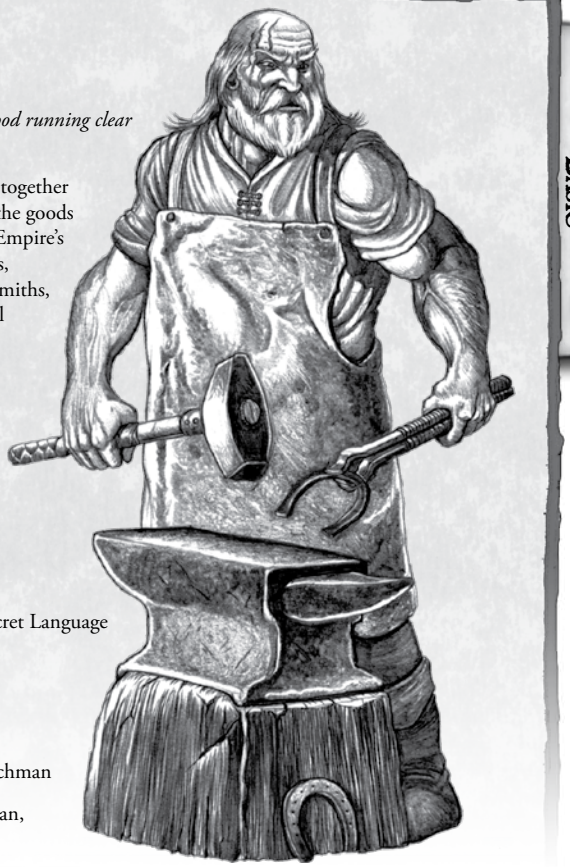
Adventure Seeds

The Ancestral Crypt: A young noble has incurred massive gambling debt and seeks a way out. The noble has an extensive list of family heirlooms buried in his ancestral crypt, and will provide details and split the proceeds if he can find the right man for the job.

Hidden Reserves: A group of drunken adventurers has been seen around town celebrating and buying drinks with gold coins of a mysterious origin. If these amateur tomb robbers haven't cleaned out their discovery, it won't be long before more seasoned professionals do.

Tradesman

Trade's the lifesblood of the Empire. Think of me as a leech-man-doctor who keeps that blood running clear and clean. What you or the Empire needs, I've got, for a price.



(Core) Tradesmen are skilled labourers and craftsmen. Although they tend to cluster together in cities, they can also be found in villages across the Empire. They provide many of the goods used by Merchants when trading abroad, and are valued as an important part of the Empire's economy. Tradesmen include apothecaries, armourers, bowyers, brewers, calligraphers, carpenters, cartographers, gem cutters, gunsmiths, herbalists, peddlers, shipwrights, smiths, stoneworkers, tailors, and weaponsmiths. Each trade has its own guild, though not all guilds have local chapters.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	+5%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Animal Care *or* Gossip, Drive, Haggle, Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Trade (any two)

Talents: Dealmaker *or* Savvy

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), 1d10 *gc*

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Burgher, Camp Follower, **Dilettante**, Peasant, Watchman

Career Exits: Artisan, **Cartographer**, Engineer, Envoy, **Farmer**, Merchant, Militiaman, Zealot

Trade Guilds Across the Empire

While rare, there are select trades that have "over-guilds" spanning more than one Imperial village or province. Their primary guildhalls are located in Altdorf, allowing them to negotiate deals directly with many ambassadors and envoys. However, any affiliated tradesman's business carries the mark or seal of the group, and the most prosperous local business in any community can act as a minor guildhall.

The Bowyers' Fraternity: Formed originally solely by elven bowmakers, humans dominate this guild now, though its long-time leader remains the former elf envoy Grathol Fellicar. Bows from this over-guild are more expensive than standard bows, but their craftsmanship and durability is more reliable than non-Brotherhood bows.

The Trusted Brotherhood of Brewers: Within the Moot, Averland, and Stirland, the "Trusties" are guilded brewers who share recipes, herbs, and roots to guarantee that travelers can find tolerable brews wherever their silver mug stamp may be found. Tavern keepers know that the added costs of "trusted" ales and beers are recouped by increased traffic and higher demand for their known-quality wares. The "Most Trusted" (or guildmaster) is Udo Altankard, a dwarf as wide as he is tall, and brewer extraordinaire.

The Puissant Fellowship of Skilled Cartographers: The five Kharllan brothers built this guild 25 years ago, using their father's shipping trade to train scouts and cartographers. Their "guild homes" are in the five largest cities of the Empire, and their craftsmanship is higher than most. This over-guild guarantees the accuracy of its maps in terms of coastal details and hazards from Kislev to the Black Gulf.

Susi Olfsdar

The widow of a halfling shipwright in Altdorf's Reikport, Susi has gained a local reputation as a wonder-worker with leather. Her small tannery is on the outskirts of the city and downwind of most buildings due to the smells. Despite the odour, the quality of her tanned leather goods and Susi's irrepressible nature bring many customers back.

With the surprising variety of dyed-leather goods, from cowls and belt-purses to waterproofed leather cloaks or overtunics, "Olfsdar buckskins" now compete with the best leather goods without added guild costs, much to the fury and indigestion of Pieter Donaltun, the local guildmaster of leather workers.

Adventure Seeds

Essential Errands: Numerous tradesmen in the party's local settlement desire help acquiring materials for their trades, yet cannot do these tasks themselves for various reasons. The party can be dispatched to retrieve deerskins for a tanner, find rare plants for the apothecary, herbalist, or brewer, or hunt up beaver pelts for the furrier.

Wealth in the Rocks: Two local tradesmen – a gem cutter and stone worker – hire the party to escort their agents to a small mining town where the River Auden meets the Black Mountains. There, they receive two shipments of stone and uncut gems and the party is expected to escort them safely back to the tradesmen for their payments.



Troll Slayer

My shame is my own. Let me find an enemy worthy of it.

(Core) Dwarfs who have been disgraced, crossed in love, or otherwise humiliated abandon traditional society and seek the sweet release of death. They hunt the most dangerous of monsters in the hopes of finding a glorious end. Most of them die fairly quickly, but those few who survive become members of the strange cult of Troll Slayers. They exist only to die, and by doing so redeem whatever disgrace they suffered in the past. They seek the fiercest foes, and Trolls are considered ideal because the Dwarfs' deaths are almost a certainty. Troll Slayers are instantly recognizable, with their spiky orange hair, outlandish tattoos, and gaudy jewellery. They spend a great deal of time boasting of their exploits and show off their many scars, and often indulge in bouts of overeating, drunkenness, and sleep deprivation.

Note: Only Dwarfs can join this career. Taking the Slayer's path is a sure route to death. Think carefully before entering this career.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+5%	+5%	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Intimidate

Talents: Disarm *or* Quick Draw, Hardy, Lightning Reflexes *or* Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Great Weapon, Light Armour (Leather Jerkin), One Bottle of Poor Craftsmenship Spirits

Career Entries: Pit Fighter

Career Exits: Giant Slayer

A Troll Slayer's Leather Jerkin

When slayers form regiments in dwarf armies, they are famed for fighting bare-chested, showing their brethren that they will meet their doom with gusto. So it can strike some people as remarkable that Slayers are found wearing leather jerkins. Surely they wouldn't seek to protect themselves?

The fact is that leather jerkins are considered a practical comfort, rather than serious protection (dwarfs consider nothing less than a heavy mail coat to be serious protection). Only hard-wearing gear will survive the wilderness wandering a slayer undertakes. The famous bared chest is something of an affectation of the battlefield.

So it is not uncommon to see a troll slayer wearing a leather jerkin, and no hypocrisy or cowardice should be inferred by the fact. Many slayers arrive to fight, shed their travelling gear (jerkin and all) and charge in to face their doom with torso bared.

Adventure Hook

Glorious Death Awaits: Last night the troll slayer was in his cups and blustering about his kills – the ravaging goblin chief, the fiend beneath the barrow, even the berserk ox-head giant in the forest deeps. A group of men listened avidly and bought beers. They explained they were adventuring, following rumours of a distant tomb filled with treasures. They insisted many fell guardians protect the tomb, a test to challenge even him. The drunken slayer swore to accompany the men on their journey, and boasted that whilst he stood they need fear no danger. If the threat proves less than challenging, the troll slayer may turn his angst elsewhere.

The Spirit of the Slayer Oath

The player of a Troll Slayer should agree with the GM as to what it was that shamed his character into taking the Slayer Oath. Typical reasons include being cheated in love, showing cowardice, oath-breaking, producing shoddy workmanship or being unable to clear one's name of a crime.

Do note that it is up to the individual concerned whether or not they react to such a dishonour by taking the Slayer oath; a Dwarf is not forced to become a Slayer simply because the Thane's daughter refused to requite his affections (for example).

A Dwarf taking the Slayer Oath vows to meet death fighting against an enemy of the Dwarf race. However, it is important to understand that the oath is more about regaining honour than committing suicide, and only a minority of Slayers take the seemingly obvious route of disappearing into Skaven warrens or Orc infested mountains. Such desperate individuals leave nothing to posterity. This is why many Slayers accompany adventuring parties, the lifestyle provides ample opportunity to come across worthy foes, and leaves witnesses to tell of the Slayer's doom.

See the entries for Giant Slayer and Daemon Slayer for more about Slayers.

Vagabond



Me? I'm no one of consequence. Just passing through….

(Core) Vagabonds love life on the road. The traditional Peasant or Burgher existence seems like prison to them. Who wants to wake up in the same village or city every day, doing the same thing as yesterday? Vagabonds are footloose wanderers who look on each day as a new adventure. They may take on odd jobs here and there to earn some brass, but they never stay in one place for long. The road beckons, with the promise of something better always over the next hill. While they do love to travel, they are not ignorant of the dangers of the road. Vagabonds can thus often be found in travelling companies, formed for mutual protection. The law has little love for these groups and in many places Vagabonds are viewed as common criminals.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	+5%	–	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Estalia, Kislev, *or* Tilea), Gossip *or* Secret Language (Ranger Tongue *or* Thieves' Tongue), Haggle *or* Swim, Heal *or* Perception, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Performer (Dancer, Singer, *or* Storyteller) *or* Secret Signs (Ranger *or* Thief), Silent Move

Talents: Fleet Footed *or* Rover, Marksman *or* Orientation, Seasoned Traveller

Trappings: Back Pack, Rations (1 week), Tent, Water Skin

Career Entries: Barber-Surgeon, Camp Follower, **Cartographer**, Cat Burglar, Charcoal-Burner, Entertainer, Envoy, **Ex-Convict**, Fieldwarden, Hedge Wizard, Kithband Warrior, Outlaw, Soldier, Woodsman

Career Exits: Bone Picker, Entertainer, Friar, **Rapscallion**, Scout, Thief, Woodsman

Werner Wintrich alias Markus the Cat

Werner is a man with a history. He is far more than the weather-worn and penniless vagabond he appears to be. Formerly he was Markus the Cat, one of the Empire's most proficient cat burglars, and responsible for no less than a dozen jewel thefts from the Imperial nobility. Now, he has given up his life of crime to see the world and escape his past. He has left behind any riches his former career might have brought and taken to the road. Now all Werner wants is to be left alone and to see what lies over the horizon for the rest of his days.

Alas, Werner will have to run quickly if he is to escape his previous career. The dashing Markus the Cat was as much a stealer of hearts as jewels. Jilted lovers and robbed nobles rarely forget their grudgesand he still has a large bounty on his head. In particular, his last haul, where he stole the jewelled necklace of the Countess Carola von Trappe, still haunts him.

He gave the jewellery to his partner who was killed in a barroom squabble that very night. All interested parties believe he still has the necklace and so they hire bounty hunter after bounty hunter to find the elusive Cat.

Vagabonds and the Ranger Tongue

Quite a few vagabonds have picked up on the enigmatic language of the Woodsmen, the so-called Ranger Tongue. A hodgepodge of human languages (particularly Reikspiel and Breton) and elvish, this secret tongue is useful in two respects. First, it is a code language, useful for passing messages even when unfriendly ears are listening.

For example, greeting someone with the elven word for 'visitor' while raising the left hand tells the listener 'those I travel with are not to be trusted.' Second, the language is rich in terminology describing the dangers of the woods and the outdoors.

A complex situation, such as the wolves in a certain stretch of woods starving and turning to hunting men, might only take a single word in Ranger Tongue. In addition, a seasoned traveller knows that keeping on the good side of the woodsmen is never a bad idea. Knowing Ranger Tongue facilitates that.

Adventure Seeds

The Exchange: A vagabond wanders into the party's camp and exchanges a hot meal for the location of a strange ruin he found just a few days ago while wandering through a particularly trackless part of the Forest of Arden. Whether the vagabond speaks the truth or is setting the party up for ambush is difficult to say. What lends veracity to his story is a strange stone covered with bizarre iconography. He calls it a 'key stone,' though he is uncertain exactly what that means.

Common Purpose: A local sheriff seems to have a particular vendetta against vagabonds in his jurisdiction. A small group of ragged travellers have pooled what little money they possess to try to hire someone tough and armed to teach this sheriff a lesson. They don't want him killed – they just want to be left alone.



Valet

Your dress uniform has been washed, pressed and is laid out for you. Is there anything else you need at the moment, sir?

(Core) A Valet is a personal manservant for a Nobleman, high-ranking military commander, or wealthy Burgher. He is responsible for the comfort and appearance of his charge, including grooming, wardrobe, and presentation. A Valet is ready with a hat and cloak when it's raining, a walking stick for outdoor jaunts, and a dress coat for formal occasions. A well-trained Valet is indispensable for the style-conscious Noble. Though they enjoy a lifestyle most Servants would kill for, Valets often resent the vacuous Nobles they are forced to attend. Women who perform these services for Noblewomen are known as handmaidens.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	–	–	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Evaluate, Gossip *or* Speak Language (Breton *or* Reikspiel), Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Suave, Dealmaker *or* Seasoned Traveller, Etiquette

Trappings: Cologne, Purse, Two sets of Best Craftsmenship Clothing, Uniform

Career Entries: Burgher, Servant

Career Exits: Herald, Rogue, Squire, Steward, Student

The August League of Imperial Cupbearers

Situated in an old hilltop manor in the picturesque spa town of Wurtbad, the August League of Imperial Cupbearers is a private club with membership extending solely to the elite valets of the Old World. The engagement of a League valet is a much desired status symbol amongst the upper crust. League valets have served the most powerful and influential Lords of the Empire since the ascent of Magnus the Pious to the Imperial throne in 2304. While the League is not a labour guild, and has no administrative function in the hiring or deployment of valets, the Cupbearers' exclusivity of membership has fostered a longstanding reputation for superiority.

The Cupbearers are a self-perpetuating body with an application process that guarantees no unproven valet may join. Two existing members in good standing must first propose and second prospective Cupbearers. Once the process is initiated, the candidate's name is entered on a new page of the Application Codex. Members who know and support the prospective valet are encouraged to sign the page. Eleven members must endorse the applicant before an election committee votes on his membership. Only when a candidate surpasses this final barrier is he admitted to the League and shown the Black Book.

Although a significant number of the Old World's nobility consists of empty-headed dilettantes and boorish clods, it is the valet's duty to endure the ignominy of his master's questionable behaviour without complaint. Therefore, the Black Book is a secret tome in which League valets can record and share the shameful and embarrassing exploits of their masters without reproach. Every Cupbearer is responsible for updating the Black Book, so that future valets will know what debaucheries to expect from prospective employers. Needless to say, the Black Book contains many secrets that could shake the patrician ranks to their core.

The Adjutant

A valet in the service of an active military commander is known as an adjutant. In peacetime, the roles of the adjutant and the valet are nearly indistinguishable. But in times of war, the civilian valet steps aside to allow the adjutant to follow his master headlong into battle.

Typically, the adjutant is an officer in the same military formation as his commander. He plays the role of his lordship's coachman when they are on campaign, and is responsible for his master's personal baggage train and the organisation of his field quarters.

On the battlefield, the adjutant is sometimes employed as a messenger when communications are muddled and subordinates absolutely need to be sure of orders. But when sword meets shield, the adjutant's place is at his master's side in the heart of battle, ready to turn aside any blows meant for his lordship. Many adjutants form a lifelong bond with their master and follow them into their post-military life as stewards.

Adventure Seeds

Conspiracy Theories: A well-liked noble is being investigated by an overzealous witch hunter for heresy, and his valet is appealing to his colleagues for help. Although the evidence is overwhelming, a stealthy investigation of the noble's court and staff may point to a conspiracy from within.

The Rental Retinue: A young and spoiled lordling is looking to impress the beautiful daughter of a local noble. His plan is to hire a valet and the other requisite staff to form a "proper" war-party, and then enter the local dark forest to slay some sort of beast.

Vampire Hunter

They cannot outrun me for long. The sun will see to that.

(Core) Vampire Hunters are driven souls who seek to destroy the Undead by any means necessary. Many of them have lost friends and family members to the Restless Dead, most often to their namesake. Since any but the most cursory knowledge of the Undead is a forbidden subject in the Empire, Vampire Hunters are a self-made lot. They congregate quietly with others of their ilk; sharing what little knowledge they've gleaned from their more successful encounters with the forces of the Restless Dead in hopes of one day finding a sure method of killing vampires.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+20%	+10%	+20%	+15%	+15%	+20%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History *or* Necromancy), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Classical)

Talents: Mighty Shot *or* Rapid Reload, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Repeater Crossbow with 10 Bolts, Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Blessed Water, 4 Stakes

Career Entries: Bounty Hunter, Field Warden, Ghost Strider, Knight, Scout, Tomb Robber

Career Exits: Demagogue, Initiate, Knight, Targeteer, Witch Hunter

A Day in the Life

A vampire hunter's daily life is long hours of fear, hatred, and endurance interrupted by episodes of mind-jarring terror and bloody carnage. As the sun rises the hunter sets about his work, for he knows that only during the day can he enjoy even the illusion of safety. Combining equal measures of caution and haste, he must gather clues of his prey, telltale signs all the undead leave in their wake. This can include tracking and gathering gossip or hours of research and study on long dead families and forgotten locals.

Then, if the day is not over, the hunter will try and corner his quarry while it sleeps. More often, there will be days, weeks, or even years of pursuit as vampires are a canny, intelligent, and illusive foe. This means that at the end of each day, fearful of discovery, the hunter must find a defensible place to hole up and wait with stake and hammer for the dawn. Sleep is found only fleetingly for the vampire hunter, always by day, and usually beneath the rays of the sun. This cycle continues until the hunter is successful, or more likely, becomes the hunted.

The Hunter's Curse

The profession of vampire hunter is not one many choose willingly. They are often driven to it because of something that happened in their life. Often this is revenge for someone slain by the vampire, though there are occasionally other reasons.

Here are a couple of possible vampire hunter motivations, though they are certainly not the only ones.

Lost Loved One: Perhaps the most common motivation is the loss of a loved one to the bloodsuckers. The death of wives and daughters especially can twist a man's soul into a dark knot and convince him to take up the hammer and stake.

Jealousy: A rare, though not unknown, motivation is jealousy. Some who learn of the existence of vampires, and catch a glimpse of the creature's dark majesty, want it for themselves. So they turn to hunting these horrors to learn their secrets.

Death Wish: For some, hunting vampires is a warped kind of suicide. Though they might not admit it to themselves, they push themselves harder and harder and try and tackle progressively more difficult foes in their ultimate quest to die. Many hunters starting out on their journey for other reasons, end up here.

Glory: It is not uncommon for some, particularly warriors, to view the hunting of vampires as a measure of prowess, strength, and courage. These crazed individuals delight in the chase and the inevitable life and death struggle, proving themselves greater fighters that the lords of the night.

Adventure Seeds

This Time It's Too Personal: Erhart's wife was turned on the same bloody night he vowed to become a vampire hunter. Now, years later he has tracked her down, but cannot bring himself to do the deed and finish it. He needs someone with more steel in their blood to help him kill his wife.

Enough is Enough: After a while, many vampire hunters loose their faith and succumb to a death wish. This is the case with Klaus, and he now seeks to end his endless struggle in the bloodiest fashion. Perhaps a friendly ear can help him carry on, or aid him in his final blaze of glory against the dark masters of the night.

ADVANCED

Verenean Investigator



What have we here? Let me take a closer look. Hmm... Interesting. Very interesting.

(SH) Verenan Investigators are agents who look into matters the cult would rather not come to the regular authorities, such as the roadwardens or the witch hunters. They are adept at quiet investigation, looking for clues and observing the scene, rather than extracting possibly unreliable information through torture. Though they usually turn their results over to the cult for further action, they are also ready to take matters into their own hands, if need be.

Investigators often come from within the cult itself, although the Verenan hierarchy does not scruple at hiring talented people with questionable pasts, so long as they repent their ways and swear loyalty to the goddess. Verenan Investigators have a wide range of knowledge, and often astound others with their ability to bring obscure information together to throw light on a case.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+20%	+30%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Academic Knowledge (any two), Command, Common Knowledge (Empire), Common Knowledge (any one), Concealment, Disguise, Follow Trail, Gossip, Perception, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Secret Signs (any one), Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Alley Cat or Coolheaded, Keen Senses or Savvy, Street Fighting or Strong-minded, Streetwise

Trappings: Lock Picks, Magnifying Glass, Manacles, 2 Homing Pigeons and Cages

Career Entries: Bounty Hunter, Cat Burglar, **Dilettante**, Initiate (Verena), Priest (Verena), Roadwarden, Thief, Watchman, Scholar, Spy, Witch Hunter

Career Exits: Initiate (Verena), Scholar, Spy, Witch Hunter

A Day in the Life

The security forces of the Old World provide an emergency service – the watch are usually called to deal with immediate incidents of violence, arson, or burglary. However, if the perpetrators aren't still on the scene, and there are no witnesses or obvious leads, the watch are unlikely to pursue the matter. Only the very largest watch forces, such as the Altdorf watch, employ specialised detectives.

The Cult of Verena is aware of this shortcoming. They train a group of investigators and dispatch them to look into unsolved crimes or intractable disputes. This could be something as lurid as a murderer at large, or a heist of jewellery. The investigators might look into rumours of a large scale fraud, or seek a resolution to a lasting feud between two noble families.

Investigators search for evidence, talk to witnesses and suspects, and even put together criminal profiles. They tend to work surreptitiously, though, being members of the Verenean cult they will be loathe to lie should they be quizzed about their activities). This is not due to wilful secrecy as much as it is to the investigator knowing he is more likely to find what he needs if he isn't burdened with help from some ham-fisted watchman or witch hunter.

Once the investigator has amassed all the evidence he can, he will make a comprehensive report to his superiors, who will then decide how to take the case further. His task complete, the investigator soon moves on to his next case.

Affiliations

The Verenean investigators are, of course, well respected members of the Cult of Verena, and have the ears of her priests and other devotees.

Their relationship to the forces of law and order is mixed. On one hand, the investigators might find leads in cases that leave the Watch flummoxed, and so provide a great service. On the other, many watchmen are jealous of the skill and reputation of Verenean investigators, or worried they might blow the whistle on bribe taking or some other form of corruption the watch is indulging in.

Members of the Cult of Ranald and other criminals loathe Verenean investigators, as they are often more perceptive and less receptive to bribery than the watch. If a Verenean investigator is in the same town as a prominent crime lord , the investigator may well find himself a target, even if he isn't currently looking into the crime lord's activities.

Adventure Seeds

Guarded Words: A Verenean Investigator may clash with the authorities in the Empire over some coverup they are keen to keep secret, such as the existence of the skaven or the fact that the heir of an important noble lord is actually a mutant. This might prove a very tricky situation, as the Cult of Verena is dedicated to truth and justice, but does not want to spark off a diplomatic incident.

Never Giving Up: An adventuring partyfinds out that a Verenean investigator is on their tail after they have committed a larcenous activity. The man's persistence and professionalism outstrips that of the watch, and the party might have to go back to destroy evidence and buy the silence of witnesses if they want to escape justice.

Veteran

This is a lot like that siege in Ostland. There weren't many survivors. I was one of them. Stick with me, kid, and we'll be among the survivors here, too.

(Core) A professional Soldier or Mercenary who survives a great many battles, but cares not in the slightest for rising up the ranks, eventually finds himself a Veteran. Veterans are, first and foremost, survivors. They don't volunteer for suicide missions and they don't take unnecessary risks, but when the time comes to get stuck in, they're some of the toughest troops on the field. Off-duty Veterans are always good for old war tales. They carouse with a will, knowing that their time may be short and there's no sense in dying with gold still in your pockets.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+20%	+20%	+10%	+10%	+15%	–	+15%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Secret Language (Battle Tongue)

Talents: Mighty Shot ***or*** Strike Mighty Blow, Rapid Reload ***or*** Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (any two), Very Resilient ***or*** Very Strong

Trappings: Any two weapons, Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Bottle of Good Craftsmenship Spirits

Career Entries: Flagellant, Kislevite Kossar, Kithband Warrior, Mercenary, Norse Berserker, Outlaw, Pistolier, Pit Fighter, Runebearer, Shieldbreaker, Soldier, Squire

Career Exits: Champion, **Farmer**, Judicial Champion, Outlaw Chief, Sergeant, Targeteer

A Day In The Life

Veterans have three distinct lifestyles: at camp, at war and at rest.

At camp, the veteran is usually the taskmaster for the recruits and less experienced soldiers – not an officer, but directly reporting to them. He makes sure all the jobs are done, that weapons are maintained, the horses cared for and orders followed. He drills the soldiers, and judges and evaluates them, making sure everyone is fit for the tasks they're assigned. He also keeps his own skills sharp with constant drilling among his fellow veterans. At night, he may relax with some drink or gambling, but never to excess, not when the enemy might be near.

At war, the veteran fights. If he does his job well, those he fights alongside will help keep him alive. He is a brutal combatant, showing and expecting no mercy, but he does not waste time in battle with petty cruelty. A clean, fast, kill and on to the next. If he's tasked with holding ground, he holds it until all hope is gone – but no longer. He's a soldier, not a martyr. If forced to retreat or surrender, he will do so in preference to dying, but he will not drop his sword unless he is certain, based on surviving many battles, that fighting on is just a messy way of slitting his own throat.

At rest, the veteran sets aside his veneer of hard-bitten discipline. He might have died yesterday; he may die tomorrow; today is for the joy of being alive! He will take what he has earned and indulge in every drink and debauchery imaginable. A rare few veterans will use "quiet time" to hone the arts of war, finding skilled partners to duel with or even taking work training a local militia, but most indulge until they are broke, then seek out the next battle.

Otto the Ox

While still a lad of fourteen, Otto Groensberk happened to befriended some mercenaries who had momentarily come to town to drink and whore. Otto ended up marching out with them, seduced to a life of drinking, wenching and glorious battle.

The first battle saw all but Otto slain. Otto managed to impress the commander of the opposing forces, and found a place with them. Surprisingly strong for his youth, he became stronger with each passing year, earning the title "the Ox". He also moved a lot between mercenary bands. Each battle lost, he learned some new tricks and tactics. He never turned coats during a fight – that is death to a mercenary – but if the fight was lost and prisoners were being taken, he learned the knack of convincing the victor that he belonged with them. He often replaced men he had personally slain, arguing that the fact he was standing and they were not was proof he could do their job better.

Over time, his reputation became a liability. Despite being a great fighter and a fairly good companion, he became known as a curse – to be assigned to fight alongside the Ox was to die while he lived. No one ever accused him of cowardice, shirking his duty or treason – he just had a knack for staying alive that others did not share.

Adventure Seeds

Family Affairs: One of the characters encounters a grizzled veteran and, during conversation, discovers to his amazement that the old survivor is a distant blood relative. The veteran announces that he has discovered a cache of great wealth during his travels, and needs the help of someone he can trust – his own flesh and blood – to retrieve it from the orc-infested caves where it lies.

Village Elder



We don't get many outsiders here; what brings you to these parts?

(KotG) 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.

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.

A Day in the Life

It is not uncommon for village elders to be more or less retired within their community. A craftsman in his youth may lack the eyesight or deft hands to continue working at his trade, while the rigours of manual labour would take too great a toll on their ageing bodies. Much of their life is spent simply waiting until they are asked to lend wisdom to a communal matter, so village elders often find themselves with an overabundance of time.

More assertive village elders take it upon themselves to lend wisdom to the community whether they ask for it or not. These elders walk the village, chastising impertinent youths, warning children to play safely, shaking their walking sticks vigourously at layabouts, and offering advice on any topic that interests them to anyone who will listen.

But their lives are also filled with mundane matters – gathering wood, tending hearth fires, and cooking are other tasks that may fall to the village elder. Many villagers are happy to have such a wise person in their midst, and do what they can to assist the elder's family. Bringing over the occasional pie or pot of soup, helping to mend a wall or fence, or delivering a load of cut firewood in the early spring and late autumn are all typical gestures of gratitude.

Respect Your Elders

You don't become a village elder without having lived a long life, at least, longer than the others in your village who would otherwise vie for the position. Most village elders are fiercely proud of their station, and are quick to point out how the vast experiences learned over their lives benefit the village.

And the younger folk had best take heed of such experience, lest they find their ears pulled, heads slapped or otherwise earn their elder's wrath. Which is all well and good, as this ensures that those youths will likewise enforce their ideals and wisdom with a clout to the head when they rise to the rank of village elder.

Adventure Seeds

The Mythical Cave of Lacrimac: The adventurers arrive at the village of Pont du Boue in Gisoreux, drawn by tales of a nearby cave said to contain the hidden treasures of the Thirteen Sleeping Knights of Lacrimac. The only villager who claims to know the location of the mythical cave is Zacharie Vieillard, a decrepit village elder. He is unimpressed by the youth of today, and will only reveal the cave's location if the adventurers can prove to him that they are responsible and up to the challenge by completing the various, increasingly bizarre tasks he demands they perform.

A Transplanted Leader: A strange plague has wiped out the elders of the village of Crasseville in Parravon. The survivors are all children, the oldest no more than seventeen. As such, the villagers are at a loss how to run their own affairs. Quelle fortune! The adventurers pass by the settlement and the villagers have an idea. They promise a great reward if the adventurers will steal for them a new elder from the village of Le Moisi, across the river. The inhabitants of Le Moisi will not be inclined to part with any of their own villagers.

Wall Warden

Finished? I'll have you defending this bit of wall when the Beastmen come... There are a few things you want to check again, are there? Well, well.



(KotG) 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.

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.

Affiliations

Wall wardens are supposed to be loyal only to the noble who employs them, and traitors are quite rare. Most wall wardens feel protective of "their" noble, and their pride in their fortifications stops them from deliberately setting their masters up to fall. Thus, they rarely make deals with other members of the nobility.

They do make deals with other wall wardens. A wall warden has responsibility without power, and while nobles see him as a peasant, peasants see him as an oppressor. Thus, wall wardens can only really complain to other wall wardens, and informal contacts long ago developed into formal, but secret, organisations linking the masons of Bretonnia.

There are several of these groups, and most claim to include all true masons and have a tradition stretching back to the days of Gilles le Breton. Members are initiated in clandestine ceremonies emphasising the need for secrecy as firm as castle walls, and they identify each other with secret handshakes.

Most of the groups are harmless, providing wall wardens with somewhere to complain about their jobs and lords without risking their necks or their lord's security. Others, however, are gathering information on defences across the country, perhaps for the benefit of a particular lord or for the coming peasant revolt. There is even one that is a front for the Ruinous Powers, although most members do not realise that until it is too late.

Very occasionally, a member of one group is approached to join another. Since most of the groups claim to be unique, this comes as a surprise, and most wall wardens are very suspicious of this second group.

Little Known Facts

Wall wardens normally have effective command of the fortifications when a castle comes under siege. The troops guarding the wall understand the wardens know what they are doing, and often distrust the lord's judgement. Of course, the lord is never allowed to realise that his orders are being ignored, and in the chaos of battle this is easier than one might think.

Adventure Seeds

Unnerving Discovery: While repairing a wall, the wall warden uncovers a hidden passage, blocked up years ago. It leads to a temple dedicated to the Ruinous Powers, with further passages diving deeper into the earth. If the existence of the temple becomes known, the lord will be executed as a servant of Chaos, along with all the peasants working at his castle, including the wall warden. Thus, the wall warden must deal with the problem, and find out whether the lord actually is a servant of Chaos, without drawing any attention.

New Management: The lord's son insists on interfering in the maintenance of the castle, giving orders and "supervising" the work. The lord sees this as a good thing, as his son taking an interest in the castle he will one day inherit. The wall warden, however, can see that the son's orders are weakening the fortifications. Indeed, after a time he comes to suspect that this must be deliberate. What could the son and heir possibly be doing?

ADVANCED



Warleader

The third eye? Got that many years back. Oh, the fourth eye? Yeah, that one's new.

(ToC) Warleaders are proven Norsemen warriors who've seen countless battles and are entrusted by their Jarls and Kings to lead detachments of other warriors and Marauders against their enemies. Typically, Warleaders bear many strange tattoos, ritual scars, and most, if not all, have one or more mutations, showing they have the favour of the Gods.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	–	+20%	+20	+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+5	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Perception

Talents: Fearless, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Unsettling, Very Resilient ***or*** Very Strong

Trappings: Hand Weapon and Shield ***or*** Great Weapon, Medium Armour (Sleeved Mail Shirt, Mail Coif, and Full Leather Armour), Warband of 2d10 Marauders

Career Entries: Bondsman, Marauder, Reaver

Career Exits: Captain, Chaos Warrior†, Champion, Veteran

† Chaos Warrior is described in **Chapter XIII: Slaves to Darkness** of **Tome of Corruption**.

A Day in the Life

To lead those sworn to Chaos is never easy; to lead Norseman sworn to Chaos takes a brutal ferocity and savage charisma that is almost impossible to describe. A warleader must take a band of savage, insane murderers and point them all in the same direction, even sometimes forcing them to follow a plan more complicated than "If it moves, hit it until it stops moving."

A warleader begins his day with rites rededicating himself to the gods of Chaos, before surveying his warband. He will make sure that everything is ready for the day's activities, which will generally be a) marching to a place of slaughter, and/or b) slaughtering. He will also have to deal with any challengers to his position. While some will try (and fail) to kill him in his sleep, most would-be warleaders prefer to fight in the open, to show all of their soon-to-be followers their prowess. If a week goes by without a serious challenge, the warleader might begin to fear something is wrong; if his followers are too complacent and willing to obey, they are not truly infused with the power of Chaos!

If it is a good day, there will be battle – a village to overrun, or a wilderness fortress to seize and burn. Blood will flow – that of the foe, that of his own band, it's all good – and if the warleader is victorious, he has brought glory to the ruinous powers. If he is fortunate, the gods will grant him with a mark of their favour – a new mutation of his body; a living badge of the Chaos gods' pleasure.

Little Known Facts

Warleaders take great pride in their scars, tattoos and, especially, mutations. When two warleaders meet, unless it is in direct battle, they will spend some time comparing these things, bragging about how they acquired them, and so on. To have identical or similar patterns to another warleader is a great insult, and violence will inevitably erupt.

In the course of their pillaging, warleaders leave behind tragic reminders of their passing in the form of children born to the women they ravished, who come into the world tainted with the blood of Chaos. Many of these are killed by their parents or by witch hunters, but a few manage to grow to adulthood.

Most heed the call of Chaos and flee to the lawless wastes or forests, or seek out secret cults to join, but a rare few defy their heritage and become great crusaders, hiding their deformities and masking the shame of their bloodline by persecuting the worshippers of the Dark Gods.

Adventure Seeds

The Old Hand: A mercenary company is in town, boozing and doing what mercenaries on leave do. One of them is especially loud, rowdy and violent, but no one thinks much of it until they spy the bony spines on his back, hidden beneath a heavy cloak. This is Snorri Heart-Eater, a feared warleader of Khorne, apparently now working as a veteran on the fringes of the Empire. Has Chaos infested the military ranks, or does it start and end with Snorri Heart-Eater? Will the characters turn him in or try to defeat Snorri and rid the Empire of another mutant?

Ascension: There is great excitement in the Chaos Wastes, and word of it has spread to Kislev and the northernmost provinces of the Empire. A feared warleader, Jarn of the Nine Scars, has been elevated to a champion of Chaos and plans to lead an unholy crusade, a band of bands, into the south. The characters are despatched to assassinate the champion of Chaos before his horde gathers strength.

Warlock

Do not dare to call upon the great dark powers, unless you are willing to risk everything – even your soul – as I have.



(RoS) Witches that use Dark Magic and embrace its power can become Warlocks if they survive its perils long enough to gain the required knowledge. They may not realize it at first, but this is a dangerous path that leads almost inevitably to corruption. They are the bogeymen of the witch hunters, the spellcasters that are a danger to themselves and to others. Warlocks tend to be either Daemonologists or Necromancers. Since they are self-taught and so much of their magic is based on experimentation, however, most Warlocks have unique views of magic and the world. It is this individuality that makes it so hard for the witch hunters to root them out.

Note: You must have **at least one insanity point** and learned at least two spells through your Witchcraft talent before you can enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+20%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Daemonology ***or*** Necromancy), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any three), Concealment, Disguise, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Hypnotism ***or*** Read/Write, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride ***or*** Swim, Search, Trade (Apothecary ***or*** Herbalist)

Talents: Dark Lore (any one), Dark Magic, Hardy ***or*** Very Resilient

Trappings: Lucky Charm

Career Entries: Witch

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Outlaw, Scribe, Vagabond

The Hartshorn Lodge

The liberal view of Marienburgers towards the use of magic has turned the city into a refuge for those wishing to practice their aethyric talents without the constraints of Imperial law. It is a natural byproduct that some of these free-thinking dabblers come across Chaos and Dark Magic in their studies.

Unfortunately, Marienburgers share the same view on the Dark Lores as their narrow-minded Imperial cousins, and allow witch hunters to operate unfettered in the city. As a consequence, the sophisticated Marienburg warlock requires a place where he can safely study "the alternative lores" without risking meddlesome interference from the authorities. Such a haven can be found along a stretch of isolated coast, several leagues northeast of Marienburg.

On the surface, the Hartshorn Lodge functions as a hunting and fishing retreat for the Marienburg gentry. The extensive lower dungeons and massive occult library suggest other activities, however. The Hartshorn Lodge is a place where the urbane warlock can study the Dark Lores in peace and share discoveries with like-minded fellows. As a service to its members, the lodge also employs a team of grave-robbers to keep its pantry stocked year round.

The Warlock Perspective

On True Magic: The great lie must be revealed. The Archmage Teclis has duped men into believing that true magic is beyond their understanding. The founding of the Eight Colleges ensures the Imperials practice a fragmented form of magic, while the devious elves withhold the real secrets to power. The vilification of the Dark Lores is yet another deception intended to curtail man's knowledge of the aethyr, by exploiting irrational fears of daemons and necromancy. The warlock rejects these deceptions, and embraces Chaos lore and Dark Magic as essential components to controlling aethyr.

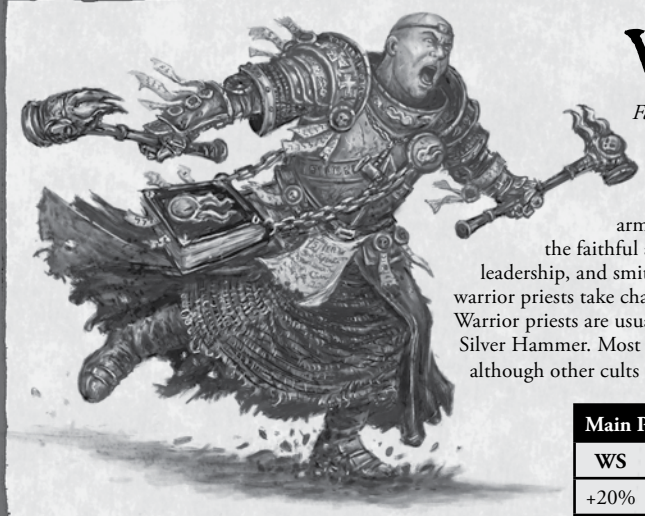
On Dark Magic: Although the tedious witch hunters constantly lecture that the slightest exposure to Dark Magic is highly corruptive, this is another gross exaggeration intended to spread fear and misinformation. Dark Magic, or Dhar, is simply the stagnation of aethyric energy. As such, a proficient warlock can manipulate and control it in the same way that the blacksmith manipulates fire.

On Necromancy: It is a simple matter for the elves to condemn necromancy, since they often live for hundreds of years or more. Why should mankind be condemned to a fraction of that time when there exists an opportunity to extend life? The ancient Lahmians venerated necromancy and they were among the most advanced civilisations of their time. The creation of undead minions is a situation borne out of necessity, when one is hunted across every acre of his homeland.

On Daemonology: The warlock's trade with daemonkind is perhaps the truest example of his even-handed approach to the study of the aethyr. For what better specimen to learn from than a denizen of the aethyr itself! The summoning of daemons is a perilous business, but minor daemons are quite limited mentally and easy to control. Greater daemons can be a bit trickier to deal with, and it is imperative to establish dominance early.

Adventure Seeds

The Price of Power: A Strigoi vampire is willing to trade the ancient secrets of Blood Magic for assistance on a dangerous river journey. A vampire hunter, as well as a pair of Lahmian agents, are in close pursuit.



Warrior Priest

Faith shall be my shield, and Sigmar my righteous hammer.

(ToS) Whilst all priests are expected to bear arms in the defence of their temple and faith, and most are at least proficient in combat, only a few march to battle alongside their templars and the Imperial army. These warrior priests have a threefold responsibility: ministering to the faithful amongst the army, offering spiritual and tactical advice to the army's leadership, and smiting the unfaithful in battle. When war comes to the temple, a cult's warrior priests take charge of its defence, marshalling the rest of the cult to repel attackers. Warrior priests are usually members of holy orders, such as the Sigmarites of the Order of the Silver Hammer. Most warrior priests come from the cults of Sigmar, Ulric, and Myrmidia, although other cults are not without a few token militant brethren.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+20%	+15%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%	+25%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+1	+5	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Channelling, Common Knowledge (any two), Dodge Blow, Heal, Magical Sense, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Armoured Casting, Divine Lore (any one), Lesser Magic (any two), Meditation ***or*** Fast, Hands Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed*) ***or*** Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Great Weapon*, Medium Armour (Full Mail Armour), Religious Symbol

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, **Prelate**, Priest

Career Exits: High Priest, Knight, **Prelate**, Witch Hunter

*Warrior Priests tend to wield weapons sacred to their faith, typically a greathammer, greatsword or polearm. Warrior Priests of Taal and Rhya may substitute a longbow.

Note: Followers of Shallya may not become Warrior Priests.

The Hammer of Sigmar

Johann made his way into the drear catacombs. This wasn't like fighting the Brets. This was different, confusing. And now they were down a hole in the ground looking to fight the dead. Surely the dead had had enough of fighting. Still, he was glad that the priest was there. He didn't say much, but just his presence was enough to make Johann feel better.

Johann thought back to the priest in his home village. Not sure he'd be up to much in a place like this when battle was joined. Baldy, on the other hand, certainly knows how to handle himself in a fight. He was a true warrior, as well as being a priest. Well-named, no doubt.

Suddenly a hand erupted from the earthy wall, followed by a skull and the rest of a skeletal body bedecked in ancient armour. It swung a rusted blade, and caught Johann on the side of his helmet. Johann fell to the ground, more dazed than damaged. He recovered only quickly enough to see the skeletal abomination raise its weapon once more for the killing blow.

Then just as suddenly, flames shot through the air and burst over the dead warrior, sending the bones to their final rest, a charred pile on the tunnel floor. Johann looked back to see the priest close behind with his arm raised. The power of Sigmar shining in his eyes.

'Thank you,' Johann said weekly. 'I didn't know you could do that.'

'Sigmar is not just the Hammer. He is the Word,' the priest said dryly.

Before he could reply, another skeleton came to life and advanced on Johann. But as it moved to strike, the priest bounded forward and smashed his hammer through the creature's skull, sending fragments flying. The rest of its body fell limply to the ground.

'Sigmar is not just the Word,' said the priest, walking past Johann and on down the dark tunnel.

Myrmidian Battle Prayer

Our mother of battle, she who keeps our blades keen, who keeps our shields ready, and our armour strong, grant us the grace to know our enemies, and the honour to stand against them, and the strength to defeat them.

This we pray in Myrmidia's name.

Adventure Seeds

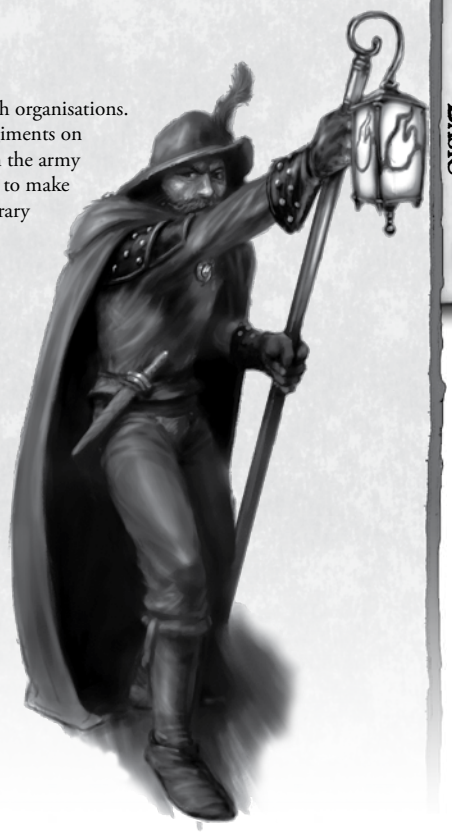
Miscommunication: The temple is approached by a representative of a nearby village. The village is being visited by many strange unliving beings in the dead of night, that are carrying off innocent villagers. The representative asks for many warriors and many priests to be sent to deal with the dire threat. However, the dottering old High Priest is hard of hearing, and thinks all these need for aid is a single warrior priest.

Infiltrating the Faith: A distant temple, in a secluded mountain pass, has been causing concern for the High Priest for some time. Rumours are filtering back that the entire fortress is being perverted by a nefarious influence. The templars there are falling from the way and neglecting the true path. A warrior priest must be sent, following the cult's tradition, as a seemingly new recruit to the temple. It will be his job to spot any signs of decadence among the templars and report back to the High Priest in coded missives.

Watchman

Halt! Who goes there?

(Core) Originally, cities and towns were responsible for recruiting and maintaining their own watch organisations. Corruption was so widespread that the Emperor gave the job to the army instead. Now, certain regiments on garrison duty must serve as the town watch. This has cut down dramatically on corruption, though the army itself is not immune. Watchmen are responsible for maintaining law and order and are empowered to make arrests. They also double as fire fighters in smaller towns. For some Soldiers, watch duty is a temporary assignment. For others, it becomes a lifelong career.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+10%	–	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Search

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Savvy, Disarm *or* Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Lantern and Pole, Lamp Oil, Uniform

Career Entries: Jailer, Soldier

Career Exits: Mercenary, Racketeer, Roadwarden, Sergeant, Soldier, Tradesman

A Day in the Life

A watchman's duties depend on where he works and lives. Small settlements only employ a few guards, who are expected to answer an alarm at any time. Meanwhile, in cities an organised force works in shifts and patrols the streets in groups. In Middenheim, for example, watchmen work ten hours a day, one week on daytime patrols followed by a week on nights. Alternate Festags are days off (with the consequence that criminal activity tends to spike on Festags).

Should watchmen see a crime in progress, or spot a criminal at large, they will give chase. If the criminal is apprehended they will decide on the punishment.

Watchmen of larger towns and cities in the Empire are technically part of the armed forces. They train regularly in combat techniques and may consult priests from the cults of Sigmar, Ulric, Myrmidia, and Verena on how best to defend themselves whilst dispensing justice. They will also be instructed in what to do in cases of emergency, such as fires or coach crashes.

Methods of Punishment

When a criminal is caught the Watchman makes a decision on how to proceed. In areas where crime is endemic many Watchmen see it as a practical expedience to administer punitive beatings for petty crimes.

Spot fines may be charged for minor offences. The proceeds from such fines are meant to be added to the town's treasury, but often end up supplementing Watchmen's wages. Offenders may also be placed in a pillory, were local people are invited to subject them to abusive humiliations and overripe vegetables.

In cases of serious crimes the suspects are taken to the local watch house and imprisoned there until an official such as a travelling judge or member of the Cult of Verena can take a look at the case. It is not the job of the watch to decide on whether serious criminals should be fined, sent to gaol, banished, or executed – though they will be consulted about evidence they might have.

Adventure Seeds

Stop the Killings: The most infamous of Old World criminals are the pattern murderers. These disturbed individuals are driven to kill on a regular basis, often using a distinctive technique or choosing a certain sort of victim. When one of these killers is at large, public criticism of the watch can reach boiling point, and the men of the Watch are put under great pressure by their superiors to catch the murderer or come up with a convincing scapegoat.

All In a Day's Work: Sergeant Esker has been informed of a coach crash. One passenger is a Wissenland noblewoman who supposedly died last Sigmarzeit (netting her heirs a massive inheritance); another is Gunter Gugenheimer, wanted in regard to a stolen idol. This must be investigated before his men can get back to their public relations work (instigated after a watchman called Altdorf's dockers "Wierdroot-licking crooks" and "worse than Marienburgers"). In the lobby a Priest of Verena complains how unfair it is that the Watch employ no women or Halflings, and a softly-spoken Tilean mentions "a mutually beneficial business arrangement". As the Sergeant brushes them off a local protagonist bursts in, bleeding profusely. Another working day at the Luitpoldstrasse Station begins.

Basic

Whaler

You killed a skaven, you say? A rat the size of a man? Come brag at us when ye've tackled a Chaos Beast larger than two taverns that drags you a country's width across the seas before it realizes you killed it!



(ToC) Whaling is an important trade for Norsca, and Whalers are respected even among the warriors. Swimming through the dark currents of the Sea of Chaos are massive whales, many of which bear strange markings, and odd colouration, twisted and warped as they are by the power of Chaos. These monsters can capsize ships and swallow hundreds of men in a single gulp. Thus, Whalers must be made of sterner stuff than ordinary fishermen.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+10%	–	–	–
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Navigation, Perception, Row, Sail, Swim

Talents: Coolheaded, Excellent Vision, Hardy, Seasoned Traveller, Very Strong

Trappings: Dagger, Lantern with four pints of Whale Oil, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Pipe, Spear, Bottle of Good Spirits, Lucky Charm (Scrimshaw Talisman or Tattoos, see WFRP page 123)

Career Entries: Fisherman, Reaver, Seaman

Career Exits: Freeholder, Marauder, Navigator, Reaver, Veteran

Thar She Blows!

Whales provide not only meat but also blubber which can be processed into oil for fuel. Not an ounce of a whale is wasted: the skin is used to manufacture rope, the gullet to make shoes, and the stomach used as floats. Even the lungs and intestines are eaten. Demand from Imperial cities for whale oil to fuel street lamps has made whaling a very profitable venture.

The easiest way to hunt these creatures is for whalers to embark in rowing boats and herd schools of small whales ashore where they can easily slaughter them. However, there is no honour in such methods, and Norsemen prefer the thrill of setting sail in a longship to chase the giant whales that plough the ocean. Many young men join such expeditions; it is the custom in many settlements that a girl should spurn a suitor who has not killed his first whale. A captain is careful to vet his crew, due to the belief that whales will attack boats crewed by dishonourable men.

Norsemen relish the danger of hunting these monsters. When a whale is sighted, the rowers speed their vessel towards it. Harpooners gather at the prow and, when in range, hurl their weapons at their quarry. The bravest men leap from the boat onto the whale's back, thrusting their spears deep into its flesh before swimming back to their vessel.

A skewered whale can easily capsize a longboat, or tow the vessel by the harpoon lines until it shudders apart. Its tail can sweep a man overboard, where he will be swallowed whole in its maw. Few ships return home with a full crew. The harpooners must ensure a swift kill – the best can pierce a whale's heart with a single throw. If this is impossible, whalers aim to embed their harpoons in the monster's ribs, enabling the crew to drag it to the ship's side where they can kill it with hooks and skewers.

A whaling vessel will not return to shore unless it is towing a slaughtered whale. Whalers prefer a watery grave to the dishonour of returning empty-handed. When a whaling ship does return after a successful hunt, the gods are praised and celebrations continue for many days, for the survival of the settlement is ensured for the next few months.

Scrimshaw

Although the Norse sagas romanticise whaling expeditions, much of a whaler's time is spent waiting until a quarry is spotted. Many spend the long hours whittling whalebone or teeth. Their work involves complex interlocking patterns, sinuous shapes, and heroes and animals of legend. Soot is rubbed into the etching to bring it to view. This method of engraving is known as scrimshaw, and those who practise it are known as scrimshanders. Most whalers wear a scrimshaw necklace or earring, as they believe that these talismans bring good luck. Some even have scrimshaw designs tattooed on their flesh. Their profession is a dangerous one and any form of protection is not to be scoffed at.

Adventure Seeds

The Sea Serpent: A ferocious leviathan has entered the Sea of Claws and sunk several Imperial merchant ships. A shipping magnate hires the adventurers to destroy the beast, but first they must contact Havelock Holger, the best harpooner south of Norsca.

The Whaling Boat: The adventurers seek urgent passage to Norsca, but storms wrack the Sea of Claws and the only vessel they can charter is a whaler out of Erengrad. Before they reach the shores of the north, they experience the excitement of a whale hunt, and the captain expects everyone on board to pitch in.

Winged Lancer

For the Queen, for Kislev, for glory -- we fly! And damned be he that first cries hold!



(RotIQ) Every Gospodar settlement annually raises a rota of winged lancers. Each spring, eager young men muster alongside veterans and don armour at their rotamaster's command. To the sound of weeping womenfolk, they ride, their winged banners fluttering behind them. Until their return, they are known as the "Riders of the Dead," for they are mourned as if already deceased. Every rota of lancers has a different character. Where some southern examples are like Imperial knights, sporting colourful pennants, intricately decorated armour, and great animal pelts, lancers from beyond the Lynsk are more akin to Ungol nomads, having heavy moustaches, top-knots, and fur-lined charms to ward against evil.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+25%	+15%	+15%	+15%	+15%	–	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+4	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) (Int), Animal Care (Int) ***or*** Dodge Blow (Ag), Command (Fel) ***or*** Navigation (Int), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country) (Int), Consume Alcohol (T), Outdoor Survival (Int), Perception (Int), Ride (Ag), Secret Language (Battle Tongue) (Int), Speak Language (Kislevarin) (Int)

Talents: Hardy ***or*** Very Resilient, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow ***or*** Strike to Injure

Trappings: Winged lancers are fearsome warriors, and they dress the part. All winged lancers have at least full suits of mail, though some accent their armour with bits of plate. From their backs fly winged banners. In battle, they thunder across the field, riding Kislevite warhorses equipped with saddles and harnesses. For arms, they carry lances, scimitars (Hand Weapons), shields, and at least two javelins. Finally, such heroes keep a bottle of kvas to help them through the icy nights.

Career Entries: Horse Master, Kossar, Noble, Outrider, Peasant, Streltsi

Career Exits: Captain, Horse Master, Scout, Veteran

Slaying the Eagle – Initiation Rites of the Winged Lancers

The royal houses of Kislev have held the eagle to be a sacred bird for time immemorial, and this is commemorated in a secret ritual that every would-be winged lancer must complete. Armed only with a bow, five arrows and a knife, the young man leaves his settlement and ventures into the wild. His mission is clear – he must return within five days with an eagle that he has slain. The eagle's feathers will be used to decorate his distinctive back banner and will mark him as worthy to ride with the winged lancers

This is the tradition. Alas, that in many Gospodar communities it is more practiced in the breach. Some richer families hire professional hunters to accompany their sons into the wild. The youngster must still take the shot himself, but he is aided by the hunters, who are expert in the location of nearby nests. While not technically a violation of tradition, grizzled veterans derisively call such practices "cheating the eagle". Rumours circulate that some noble sons even let the hunters take the shot, plunging an arrowhead into the eagle's corpse only after the veteran huntsmen have brought it down. If such an allegation were ever proved, the winged lancer in question would be drummed out of his rota in disgrace.

Maxim Zakharov the Gryphon Slayer

Maxim is a young man but already his career has been distinguished. When it was his time to slay the eagle, he brought back a dead griffon instead, towing it behind a wild horse he had tamed. As a result, his back banner is particularly impressive. Since then he has risen quickly within his rota, proving his valour again and again. He has an instinctive mastery of his horse and a fearless natureHe and his men are the bane of Kurgan raiding parties from the Chaos wastes, and he has personally slain a menacing ice troll that was terrorising isolated villages. He has become a true hero of the people and his reputation is spreading quickly.

However, there is a dark side to Maxim. He is troubled by strange dreams, and has a fiery temper which sometimes gets the better of him. He has gained a new friend lately, a grizzled, hobbled mentor scarred from countless battles and missing his entire left arm. This friend, the mysterious Gregori, is actually a minor daemon sent by the ruinous power, Khorne, to win the young Maxim over to his service. The daemon knows that if somehow Maxim could be seduced by the joys of carnage and slaughter, he will rise to become a great champion for the Blood God.

Adventure Seeds

A Bloodied Lance: While traversing the oblast, the characters encounter a lone winged lancer, battered and bloody, slumped across his horse's saddle. When revived, the young warrior tells them he is the sole survivor of a rota of winged lancers that engaged an undead horde ravaging the steppes. The undead are still at large, and the lancer insists that the characters help him avenge his fallen comrades.

Lost in the Wilds: A young noble intent on becoming a winged lancer has gone into the wilderness and disappeared. His mother fears the worse and wishes her son found and if possible brought back alive. His father, a veteran of the lancers and a powerful boyar, is disgusted with the boy's failure and does not care if he is ever seen again.



Wise Woman

You have no place here, this is women's business.

(RotIQ) Most Ungol communities are tended by a krug of dark-shawled wise women. These no-nonsense matriarchs guard uncounted generations of oral traditions and tribal secrets. This knowledge is put to good use tending the sick, aiding childbirth, advising local leaders, placating the spirits of the land, and warding their folk against the taint of Chaos. Wise women krugs gather in specially decorated kibitkas that men are forbidden to enter; there, they share lore and discuss matters of importance. Girls who demonstrate "the sight" are interviewed in these tents to determine their suitability to join the wise women, an experience that can terrify even the strong of mind.

Special Requirements: You must be an Ungol female to enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
–	–	–	+5%	–	+15%	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History ***or*** Spirits) (Int), Charm (Fel) ***or*** Intimidate (S), Command (Fel), Common Knowledge (Kislev ***or*** Troll Country) (Int), Consume Alcohol (T) ***or*** Gossip (Fel), Heal (Int), Magical Sense (WP), Perception (Int), Performer (Storyteller) (Fel), Prepare Poison (Int) ***or*** Trade (Apothecary ***or*** Herbalist) (Int), Speak Language (Ungol) (Int)

Talents: Coolheaded ***or*** Savvy

Trappings: Wise women are gifted healers, so they always have at least one antitoxin kit, healing draught, a healing poultice, and a skin of koumiss to ease other sorts of hurts. They are also quite superstitious and, thus, carry a number of small charms that include bits of bone, locks of hair, unusual stones, and so on. They mark their station with the tell-tale shawl, a beautifully woven length of cloth they wear draped from their heads or around their necks.

Career Entries: Any

Career Exits: Demagogue, Hag Witch, Hedge Witch, Politician, Steppes Nomad

Mother Ursk

Mother Ursk is a character often spoken of in the tales and stories of the Ungol. It is said in some stories that her Sight was so powerful that she could sense the taint of Chaos in someone just by hearing their name. She was also reputed to have been able not only to detect the Sight in young girls but even awaken it by knocking them on the head.

One infamous custom she is reputed to have started is the practise of kissing someone accused of a crime to try and taste the lies on their lips. Of course should they shy away from the hag's hairy wrinkled face then surely they must have something to hide. Even today among the Ungol this is known as Mother Ursk's Kiss and greatly feared by both the guilty and the innocent alike.

Rituals of Wise Women

Wise women are pillars of their Ungol communities, holding together their people with sage advice and stern looks. With the aid of hags, wise women also perform ancient Kislevite rituals to appease the spirits and guide people through their lives. Two such rituals include the Becoming and the Mark.

The Becoming: This is a highly secretive ritual where a young girl suspected of having the Sight is tested. The girl is whisked away from her home by a wise woman, with no chance to bid her parents goodbye, and taken to a remote cave or tent somewhere in the oblast.

There her captor will subject the girl to tests of physical, mental and magical endurance to see if she is strong enough to be initiated as a wise woman herself. Those who fail and survive are returned to their family, though they are never quite the same again.

The Mark: Wise women are known to place marks, curses, or the evil eye on those who have crossed them or worked against their tribe. This ritual begins with the setting of the sun and requires the presence of at least one person who was wronged by the marked one.

The wronged persons will then list their grievances, sometimes long into the night, whereupon the wise women will chant the marked one's name and call down their curse upon them. No one knows exactly how the curse works, but it is no coincidence that the marked ones experience extremely bad luck in short order.

Adventure Seeds

Spiritual Judgment: A local girl has exhibited extraordinary ability during her Becoming ritual, so much so that the local wise women fear she might possess more than just the Sight. To be sure, they decide to send the girl to the north with a brave young wise woman where she will be judged by the ancient spirits of the oblast at a secret location.

The Spirits are Stirring: For some reason the spirits of the remote village of Torgrad have been angered and the local wise women are powerless to placate them. Someone must journey to the dark place where the river meets the hills to learn the true source of the spirits' displeasure, and remedy it if they can.

Witch

Eye of newt? No, no, Lilith! Eye of dog! Dog! No wonder it's frothing blue!



(RoS) Witches are Hedge Wizards who survived practicing their fumbling arts without going completely insane or dying. They have a broader repertoire of homegrown spells to work with and many dabble in areas best left alone. In other words, by merit of their ignorance as to the occult workings of the Winds of Magic, many Witches begin to use Dark Magic without even realising it. As a result of trial and error, Witches' spells are more diverse and more powerful than the petty spells of other Hedge Wizards, possessing elements of many of the Winds of Magic. However, Witches that use the power of Dark Magic inevitably take a terrible toll upon their minds and souls.

Note: If you have been trained in the Colleges of Magic (i.e. you have ever been in the Apprentice Wizard career), you cannot enter this career.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+5%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+4	–	–	–	+2	–	–

Skills: Animal Care ***or*** Intimidate, Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (any two), Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Ride ***or*** Swim, Search, Trade (Apothecary ***or*** Herbalist)

Talents: Dark Magic ***or*** Mighty Missile, Witchcraft

Trappings: Healing Draught, Healing Poultice, Trade Tools (Apothecary or Herbalist)

Career Entries: Hedge Wizard

Career Exits: Apprentice Wizard, Charlatan, Outlaw, Vagabond, Warlock

The Dark Art

When country folk want a lost goat scried for or a wound healed with a touch, they cautiously turn to a hedge wizard for help. However, when someone wants to fulfil a petty act of vengeance against an enemy, they visit a witch. Witches usually live in seclusion, for their presence is unsettling to normal folk. Although few live up to reputation of old Bloody Bones, a mythical hell-hag used by parents throughout the Empire to scare children into behaving, most bear the marks of their undisciplined use of magic – disfigurement and eccentricity. It takes a brave soul to trek to the isolated cottage of a witch. For a few pennies, the witch will work her magic for the petitioner; sometimes she will use her art to heal, but usually it will be to curse an enemy or ruin a rival.

For some witches, the power to cause fear and harm becomes an intoxicant, and they will begin to abuse their gift, and tyrannise their neighbours for personal gain. Such blatant misuse of dark magic sometimes attracts warlocks, who recruit witches to help them perform unspeakable rituals. A warlock will organise his minions into a coven, fashioning their erratic art into a tool of evil. There is no hope for witches who are beguiled in this way; although the most talented members of a coven might be favoured with the secrets of the warlock's power, all ultimately face either the damnation of their souls or the flickering pyres of the witch hunters.

Gammer Moonsight

Gammer Moonsight's tumbledown cottage in the hills of Stirhügel is a beacon for those who seek miracle cures or want an enemy cursed. Fashionable gentleladies arrive in disguise from distant Altdorf to buy tinctures from this blind, half-deaf old woman, to bewitch their beaus or curse rivals. It is rumoured that the Gammer was once visited by an admiral of the Emperor's navy, who purchased a pouch of wind to scatter an invading Norse fleet.

Luckily for the Gammer, her reputation has yet to reach the ears of priests and witch-hunters; events in this backward province are of little interest to those beyond its borders. However, the longer the authorities remain ignorant of her powers, the more dangerous the old woman will become.

Gammer Moonsight, through no evil intent of her own, manifests dark magic whenever she carries out the desires of her clients, the majority of whom, selfish and spiteful, want her to harm rather than heal. Her use of petty curses has attracted an imp of Slaanesh, that has begun to worm its way into her soul. Eventually, she will be consumed by the evil demands of her petitioners, and her body will become a vessel for this vile daemon, imperiling everyone she comes into contact with.

Adventure Seeds

The Good Doctor: A philanthropic physician moves to the provinces, to improve the health of the peasants. To his frustration, modern medicine competes with old beliefs: the rustics prefer the remedies of wise women. The doctor embarks on a crusade to eradicate the witches. The adventurers can help or hinder him.

A Crime of Passion: A young witch has been seduced by a noble who, greedy for inheritance, manipulates her into using her powers to kill his father. The noble then abandons the girl, letting her face the pyre for the crime he inspired. The adventurers become embroiled in the affair, untangling the truth to discover the real culprit.

ADVANCED

Witch Hunter



Confess your foul deeds, and perhaps I shall make your death swift.

(Core) Witch Hunters are grim individuals who have dedicated their lives to eradicating the forces of Chaos, either in the service of the state or the Church of Sigmar. They prefer to seek out Chaos cultists, Mutants, and heretics that have insidiously hidden amidst the cities of the Empire. However, they will travel far indeed if they think they can strike a meaningful blow against the forces of evil. Witch Hunters tend to be a surly and suspicious lot with no qualms about killing innocents, so long as they also manage to slay the guilty, which means their appearance is often regarded with dread by other folk.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+30%	+30%	+15%	+15%	+15%	+15%	+35%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
+2	+6	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Ride, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (any one)

Talents: Lightning Parry, Lightning Reflexes *or* Marksman, Menacing, Public Speaking, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Specialist Weapon Group (Throwing), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow

Trappings: Crossbow Pistol with 10 bolts, Best Craftsmenship Hand Weapon, 4 Throwing Knives/Stars, Heavy Armour (Full Plate Armour), 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Anointed Priest, Assassin, Champion, High Priest, Judicial Champion, Knight of the Inner Circle, Vampire Hunter

Career Exits: Captain, Champion, Demagogue, Initiate, Knight of the Inner Circle

The Witch-Finder General

A trained and sanctioned witch hunter may carry a writ that bears the seal of the Witch-Finder General. The role of Witch-Finder General is the highest attainable office within the practices of legally authorised and sanctioned witch hunters operating openly in the Empire. Bearing such a writ gives a witch hunter leave to investigate the taint of Chaos anywhere within the Empire and act upon it should he find it.

By the wording of the writ, such a witch hunter answers only to the Witch-Finder General, who in turn answers only to the Emperor. In practise, of course, he must still abide by local authority, and local nobles and law enforcers can still question his methods and decisions – though they usually do so very cautiously. The real restraint governing a sanctioned witch hunter, however, is the order itself. And few criminals are dealt with as harshly as a rogue witch hunter.

The history of the office of Witch-Finder General is shrouded in mystery. There is no official doctrine or evidence that such an office even exists – no mention of any people who have held the position, no information on where the Witch-Finder General is stationed, and no proof as to whether or not the role is officially recognised by the Emperor. However, most people are ignorant of these inconsistencies, or are too fearful of the wrath of a witch hunter to demand proof of the authenticity of a writ sealed by the Witch-Finder General.

The Mark of the Witch

Witch hunters use many different methods for determining whether a suspect is guilty of being a witch. Each witch hunter tends to develop their own methods, but a two have become common practise and have gained infamy throughout the Empire – ducking and branding.

Ducking – Witch hunters believe that those who use the dark arts can be revealed by immersion in a body of water. One theory is that water will wash away their disguise and draw forth their true nature, another is that a witch is such an abomination that pure water will reject the witch and refuse to receive them. The witch hunter ties the suspect up and throws them in a pond or river. If they surface, they are a witch, if they do not they were clearly innocent.

Branding – It is said that no witch can stand the mark of Sigmar's hammer upon their flesh. Witch hunters sometimes brand people with a hammer mark. If the hammer is clearly defined in the flesh then the person is deemed not a witch. However, if its edges are distorted then the person must be guilty, although different witch hunters might interpret a brand mark in different ways. A person branded by a hammer mark and pronounced innocent will wear the brand as a badge of pride, at least until another witch hunter later reinterprets the scar. This has lead some fearful peasant folk to brand themselves in an effort to prove their innocence, before they are ever put to the question.

More information on witch hunters can be found in Realms of Sorcery.

Adventure Seeds

Fiery Zeal: News has reached Altdorf of a mysterious witch hunter burning priests of Sigmar in the north of Reikland. The cult of Sigmar is demanding answers. Is he mad? Or has he uncovered a terrifying taint within the cult?

A Fallen Brother: Accusations of consorting with the Dark Gods have been levied against witch hunter Tobias Bach. Word has it that Bach has been corrupted by a mysterious cult somewhere in the city of Talabheim. The order is to send a group of witch hunters to investigate. However, Bach was a great and devout hunter, and if he has been tainted then this cult is dangerous indeed.

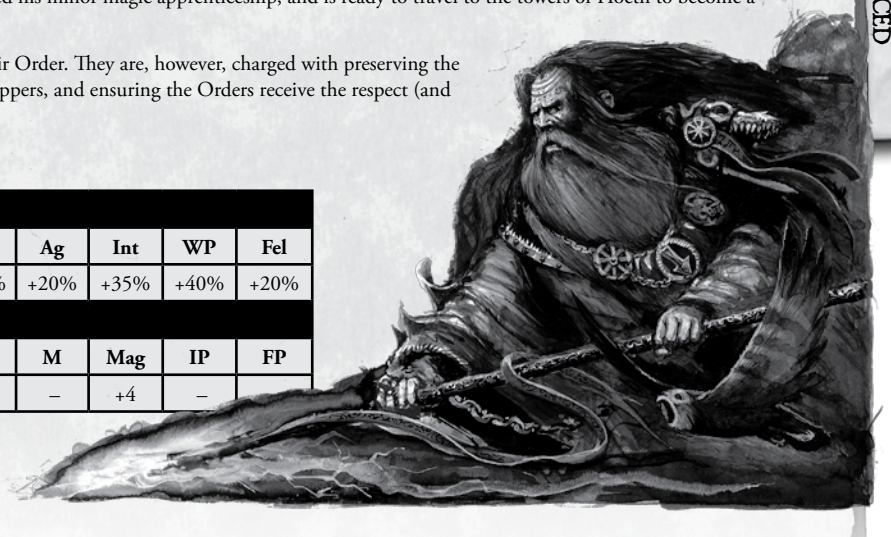
Wizard Lord

Leave me to my studies. I have far more important matters to deal with – the fate of the Empire may be at stake!

ADVANCED

(Core) Within the Empire, the Lords of the Magical Orders are powerful individuals indeed. They no longer see the world as others do, however, having dedicated their very souls to magic. They now embody their chosen Lore in word, deed and physical form. Should an Elf attain this level of magical skill, he is considered to have completed his minor magic apprenticeship, and is ready to travel to the towers of Hoeth to become a High Mage.

Note: Wizard Lords no longer pay dues to their Order. They are, however, charged with preserving the purity of their order, rooting out Chaos worshippers, and ensuring the Orders receive the respect (and monies) due to them.



Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+15%	+15%	+5%	+15%	+20%	+35%	+40%	+20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+5	–	–	–	+4	–	

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Magic), Academic Knowledge (any three), Channelling, Charm ***or*** Intimidate, Common Knowledge (any three), Magical Sense, Read/Write, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic ***or*** Arcane Elf), Speak Language (any four)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement ***or*** Mighty Missile, Dark Magic ***or*** Meditation, Fast Hands ***or*** Hardy, Lesser Magic (any two)

Trappings: Three magic items, 12 Grimoires

Career Entries: Master Wizard

Career Exits: Explorer, Guild Master

Little Known Facts

Those that practice magic for any length of time find that it slowly but surely begins to alter their perception of reality. It may start with simple things, such as colours becoming more vivid or hearing whispered voices on the wind, but over time it will lead to a fundamental change in the magister's mind.

By the time a wizard attains the rank of lord, he is irrevocably infused with magic, the essence of it seeping into the very marrow of his bones and trickling down into the darkest corners of his psyche. Such an altered perception can result in unusual behaviour and, as all who deal with such powerful wizards know, their mannerisms are more than mere eccentricities. A wizard lord will often stare into the middle distance, muttering under his breath or making strange hand gestures as if in constant dialogue with an unseen force, a consequence of looking constantly into the beyond.

Sometimes it is hard for a wizard lord to focus on the present, as his mind wanders back and forth in time or is distracted by the colourful flow of magic that caresses the object he should be concentrating on. Of course, in moments of urgency, a wizard can shake off his reverie, and the source of his distraction becomes the tool with which he forges his great power.

The Call to War

When a wizard's power reaches its peak and he attains the highest ranks within the Colleges of Magic, he also takes on a sacred duty to use his power to protect the Empire in times of strife. Members of the Colleges of Magic understand that they were created and are allowed to prosper in order to protect the Empire from those that would destroy it. So, in times of war, the Emperor calls upon his most powerful wizards to march to battle alongside his armies and use their gifts to strike down his foes. It is a duty that wizard lords accept as part of the price of their power and one that most perform willingly.

Of course, this duty to the Emperor can come in many forms, and while the most common is service in times of war, it can sometimes manifest in more subtle duties. Wizard lords not averse to open warfare might be expected to pay a tithe of potions or magical artefacts to the Emperor to aid his forces in battle, or might agree to raise some of their apprentices as battle mages, wizards specifically trained to devastate the Emperor's enemies with destructive battlefield powers.

Adventure Seeds

Gazing into the Void: It is said that those who gaze too long into void will see the void looking back. The wizard lord Hadrak has been different of late, his mind wanders and he spends hours talking to the air in strange tongues. His peers and apprentices are worried that his mind might be going, but perhaps something darker is afoot.

The Politics of Magic: Verthur Girtz has long aspired to become the new head of the Amethyst Collage and has fought a war of both politics and prestige to attain his goal. His fellow Amethyst wizards question Girtz' motives, but do not wish to raise any suspicions. Someone new, someone not so deeply embedded in the College's politics should investigate to see if they can learn more about Girtz's plans through his colleagues and apprentices.

Basic

Woodsman



Looks like we need to clear out that copse of trees by the old Holmstead farm. They need the wood to rebuild the inn that burned down.

(Core) Woodsmen live among the mighty forests of the Empire, looking after trees they will fell for timber. The more fortunate Woodsmen work for Noble families on large estates. The braver souls work on the edges of civilisation, helping to expand the settled lands. These Woodsmen must deal with all the dangers of the forest, from pitfalls and bandits to wild animals and Beastmen. They always keep their axes handy and not just for chopping wood. Woodsmen have been known to clash with Elves, since the Elves do not take kindly to the clearing of their precious forests.

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+10%	–	+10%	–	+5%	–	+10%	–
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
–	+3	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Concealment, Follow Trail *or* Set Trap, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move

Talents: Fleet Footed *or* Very Resilient, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Trappings: Great Weapon (Two-handed Axe), Light Armour (Leather Jack), Antitoxin Kit

Career Entries: Charcoal-Burner, Vagabond

Career Exits: Hunter, Militiaman, Outlaw, Scout, Vagabond

Little Known Facts

Woodsmen have skin like leather, from constant exposure to the elements. When working in the heat of summer, some woodsmen are known to coat themselves in tree sap to keep insects away, which gives them a curious, woody smell.

Woodsmen know how to treat bark so it can be worked like thick leather. Woodsmen often have bracers, greaves and shoe soles made from bark, which is more durable than leather or cloth.

Woodsmen are careful to maintain their patch of forest, planting an acorn where they fell an oak, nurturing saplings and clearing the forest floor of undergrowth that might stunt the growth of new trees.

For several misguided reasons, woodsmen have traditionally been considered mortal enemies of wood elves. In reality they share a common interest in caring for the forest environment that sustains their livelihoods, but they each approach it from a different tact.

Notable Figures

Thangir Hrolkson may be the closest a human has ever come to being an honorary elf. Raised in a small farming community at the edge of the Drakwald Forest, Thangir grew up loving his woodland home. A secretive clan of elves lived deep among the trees, and young Thangir managed to befriend their children, playing with them in the woods whenever he could slip away from his family.

As he grew older, Thangir followed in his father's footsteps as a woodsman in the service of the local lord. At first his elven friends accused Thangir of betraying their trust, but gradually they realised that he was protecting them even as he served his lord, cutting only those trees along the forest's edge and stopping anyone from trespassing into the domain of the elves. The elves regard Thangir as a sort of elf-brother, and on occasion they gift him with the fruits of their woodland realm, left at the door of his remote cottage.

Thangir's human neighbours, however, regard him as a crazed outcast, a dabbler with dangerous forest spirits, and steer well clear, a situation which suits Thangir well.

Adventure Seeds

Chanting in the Woods: A hunting party has vanished into the woods. The only person who knows the forest well enough to lead a search party is the local woodsmen, but when approached he proves extremely reluctant to take on the job. Gossip in town paints the woodsman as a recluse who occassionally wanders into town, spinning tales of strange lights and chanting in the woods late at night – tales quickly dismissed by the townsfolk.

A Gathering of Axes: A trader is selling a box carved from a strange silvery wood, as tough as iron. He claims it has been carved from the wood of rare trees found deep in the Loren Forest. Woodsmen gather from all around to explore the secrets of the forest. Whoever discovers the location of these mysterious trees will earn a fortune exporting the lumber to Middenland's markets, but risks earning the enmity of the wood elves who seek to protect the forest from meddlesome humans.

Wrecker

Well, well, well... Would you look at what just washed up?

(WC) The long rivers of the Old World are dangerous places, made all the more so by Wreckers. These river pirates seek to sink vessels and then raid the wrecks. Their techniques for doing this vary, although most lure the unwary into rocky shallows to hole their hulls. Although only interested in cargo, some Wreckers make a habit of killing, wary of escapees that may inform Riverwardens of their identities or locations. In lean times, it is not unknown for entire communities to turn to wrecking to feed their starving families. Whilst most are of these are desperate and only "short-term" sorts, some Wrecker crews are very experienced, targeting even well guarded traders. Such crews rarely stay in one place for any length of time, for their activities soon draw attention from Riverwardens, Bounty Hunters and local Militiamen.



Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Wrecker for Smuggler with your GM's approval.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+5%	+10%	–	+5%	+5%	–	+5%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire *or* Kislev), Consume Alcohol *or* Dodge Blow, Gamble *or* Navigation, Outdoor Survival *or* Sail, Perception *or* Search, Row, Secret Signs (Ranger) *or* Speak Language (Kislevite), Swim

Talents: Orientation *or* Rover, Sharpshooter *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat

Career Entries: Boatman, Ferryman, Marine, Outlaw, Peasant, Riverwarden, Seaman, Smuggler

Career Exits: Boatman, Marine, Outlaw, Thief, Veteran

A Day in the Life

Wreckers work hard for their money, just like most labourers and businessmen. The only difference is that their business isn't always strictly legal – or completely ethical. It is work, though, and that requires effort. The most important thing for a wrecker is keeping track of any ships in his vicinity, and of any approaching vessels. Wreckers have their territories, which they jealously guard, and they know every rock and every current in their area. They also know exactly how long a ship should take to get to any point within their territory, so once a likely candidate is spotted they can plan accordingly.

Wreckers keep tabs on every ship in the area, but also on every guard and lighthouse keeper and fisherman – they need know who might see a ship, who might offer it aid, and who will look the other way when there's wrecking to be done. Wreckers also live by their equipment, so a portion of each day is spent checking over their poles and belaying pins and ropes, making sure everything is in perfect working order. Most wreckers have small boats as well, so they can get to a sinking ship while it's still on the rocks, and those are also carefully maintained.

Wrecking is almost always done under cover of darkness, so during the day a wrecker will check the territory for any ships, check in with lookouts and allies, check his equipment, and then rest in case there's action that night. Of course some wreckers have more respectable jobs during the day, so they have to balance working those jobs and being rested enough to be effective at night.

Little Known Facts

In times of war, wreckers often become their area's greatest defenders. They're already skilled at destroying approaching ships, so they can easily keep single ships and even pairs or trios from reaching the shore safely.

Some wreckers try to salvage not only a downed ship's cargo but the ship itself – they lure the ships ashore in spots where the ship will ground out but not tear out its keel, and then capture or scare away the crew and sail the ship to a safe harbour, where they keep it until they can sell it to someone else.

Wreckers are masters at fighting on uneven surfaces and shifting terrain. They are also experts at night-fighting and at battling during storms. As a result, they are almost impossible to distract or confuse in conflict.

Most wreckers do not consider themselves bad men. They don't hurt sailors any more than necessary, and the goods they take do eventually make their way to market, so in a sense the only people truly hurt by wreckers are the merchants, who can afford the loss better than most.

Adventure Seeds

The Prize Awaits!: Word reaches the character that a heavily laden merchant ship will be passing by soon. That's a fat prize the wrecking crew lucky enough to seize it – and the character plans for it to be him and his men! There isn't a moment to lose!

Rival Wreckers: A ship crashes along the shore, breaks apart, and vanishes beneath the waves. Rumour has it the ship was picked clean before it disappeared into the depths. But the character and his crew didn't do it! Which means, if the stories are true, there are other wreckers working in their territory!



Yeoman

It's bloody work, but it beats breakin' yer back in the fields.

(KotG) 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.

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

Career Exits: Faceless, Mercenary, Outlaw Chief, Scout, Sergeant

Note: Women can only become Yeomen if disguised as men.

Rumours Heard Around the Fire

Yeomen are often better disciplined than their newly knighted counterparts, having at least seen a battle and whetted their weapons.

Some yeomen have taken up sword and shield and become knights errant, using their skills to eventually earn knighthood and renown, so long as they can keep their low birth a secret.

Yeomen and knights have a strange relationship. Yeomen are peasants, of course, so they should defer to the knights, who are noble-born. But both are warriors, and on the battlefield it is often the yeoman who steps up and defeats a foe while the knight is hampered by codes of conduct. As a result, most knights have a grudging respect for yeomen, and allow them a level of familiarity otherwise unseen between the classes. However, this does not extend beyond the battlefield—a yeoman can shout at a knight and most knights will not take offense, recognizing a warning or rebuke from a fellow combatant and putting the comment to good use, whereas outside of battle, the same comment may result in the yeoman's death.

Yeomen take no vows and have no code of conduct, so they can do whatever it takes to accomplish their tasks and come out alive. This also means they can scavenge corpses, so yeomen often help themselves to the weapons, armour, and money of fallen foes. They consider this their due, since they are not paid much and often have only what equipment they can buy or scrounge for themselves.

Because of their own low birth, yeomen understand other peasants far better than knights do, and can use this to their advantage. A smart yeoman makes friends with the soldiers and men-at-arms around him, knowing these men will then help him if he needs aid.

Notable Figures

Geoffrey Whistler became a soldier because he was big and strong and didn't want to continue working the fields like the rest of his family. He was never particularly violent but had no aversion to bloodshed either, as long as it happened to someone else. His size and strength, coupled some intelligence and a willingness to work hard, earned him an appointment as a man-at-arms.

After distinguishing himself in a particularly bloody battle by crawling across the field and bludgeoning the opposing commander to death, Geoffrey was made a yeoman. He has remained one for several years now, which is rare—most yeomen are dead after a year's service in the peasant infantry. He is well known for his fine armour (taken from that same commander), his skill with the studded club he wields, and his habit of whistling cheerfully as he cracks heads in battle.

Adventure Seeds

Divided Loyalties: Lacking a better alternative, a yeoman is sent to scout out a possible mercenary camp. He finds the camp easily enough, but now has to decide—is he better off returning and reporting it, or staying and joining them?

The Sole Survivor: A bloody encounter between a band of peasant rabble and marauding goblins has left a single lone survivor, a mysterious stranger caked in blood and gore. The local lord is willing to grant him the title of yeoman and bequeath upon him a horse, however, the survivor's strange behaviour leads the noble to believe perhaps the peasants did not die at the hands of the goblins, after all.

Zealot

O great and mighty Sigmar, why hast thou forsaken me? Show me the light that I might find repentance. Show me the path that I may walk with you. Show me the truth so that I may dedicate myself to thee! My life for thee, O Sigmar, my life for thee!



(Core) Zealots have lost it all. Maybe their families were murdered by Beastmen or their villages sacked by Orcs. Or conniving Merchants destroyed their businesses or powerful Nobles carried off their daughters. Whatever the case, nothing was left for these men and women but religion. They found solace in the angry sermons of the warrior Priests of Sigmar or Ulric. Now they wander the Empire in tattered clothes, looking to smite the minions of evil and Chaos. They want redemption through blood – be it their own or that of their enemies. They may not have the training of Soldiers but they do have the fire of faith and that is a strong weapon indeed.

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	–	+5%	+10%	–	–	+10%	+5%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
–	+2	–	–	–	–	–	–

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Intimidate, Read/Write

Talents: Coolheaded *or* Very Strong, Hardy *or* Suave, Public Speaking, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail)

Trappings: Flail *or* Morning Star, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Bottle of Good Craftsmenship Spirits

Career Entries: Agitator, Initiate, Judicial Champion, Peasant, Tradesman

Career Exits: Agitator, Initiate, Flagellant, Friar, Outlaw

The Brotherhood of Saint Soeren of the Sword

This dangerous band of zealots has been gathered together by one mad visionary, Nikolaus Hoff. A former tradesman who lost everything thanks to a risky shipping scheme, Nikolaus turned to criminal elements for a loan to see his business through. When he could not pay them, they set fire to his house.

His lovely wife and children were consumed by the flames and he was terribly burned. But then, amidst the searing pain, he had a vision of an angel with an outstretched sword. As he crawled amongst the rubble of his home, he found the only object to survive the fire – a charred wooden statue of Saint Soeren of the Sword, his family's protector. He mounted the statue on a crude sort of standard and went off to follow where the sword led him.

Nikolaus Hoff has attracted a crowd of like-minded zealots with his fiery rhetoric and mad visions. They follow him on his mad march. They are headed somewhere – but where that is, none can say. However, it is fair to assume that with a band of this many madmen, inflamed with Nikolaus's constant sermons about justice and divine retribution, their destination and journey will likely not be peaceful.

Brother Christoph Koenig the Crusader

When one of the Old World's most famous judicial champions quit his post and joined the ranks of the zealots, many took notice. Brother Christoph did not have everything taken from him, instead he gave away his possessions. Why is still unknown. Some say he had a vision. Some say he killed an innocent man. Others whisper of a confrontation with a demon. Whatever the cause, he surrendered all he owned save his morning star and a tattered robe and went to confront evil.

Since then, it is doubtful that any zealot has been more effective in destroying the forces of Chaos secreted within the Empire. Brother Christoph seems to have an almost preternatural nose for corruption.

A powerfully built man, his appearance now is extreme and terrifying. He is completely shaven and covered in tattoos of scripture from holy texts, all promising hell to the unbeliever. He is fanatically dedicated to his crusade, forsaking any assistance and ignoring any hardship.

This does not mean the authorities are grateful. Instead, they see Christoph as dangerous and unpredictable, and wait for him to make a mistake so they can finally get rid of him. Christop knows this but does not care. Sigmar's work is too important to be hampered by mere fear.

Adventure Seeds

I Forsee… Catastrophe!: A zealot has an ominous vision, seeing portents of doom in his dreams. As the characters enter the town wher the zealot preaches his crazed rantings, he points to a member of the party, declaring the person possessed by an ancient daemon – that the person fulfills the visions and prophecies he has been tirelessly preaching. Needless to say, this can be very dangerous, especially if the local populace starts to take the zealot seriously. After all, better safe than sorry, right?

Reinforcements?: A town is about to be attacked by an orc raiding party. The town militia is in disarray. In their hour of need, a wandering band of zealots appears almost as if sent by the gods. Now all the party has to do is convince them that their mission is in accordance with Sigmar's will. That, and win the battle that follows.

Appendix I: Character Creation Summary

Note: This appendix contains previously published material. The tables in this appendix retain their original numeric labels.

Generating Characteristics

Starting Characteristics are determined by your character's race. To generate the Characteristics of your character's Main Profile, you'll need two 10-sided dice. Consult **Table 2-1: Characteristic Generation** and find your chosen race. The table explains how to generate each of your starting Characteristics. Depending on the Characteristic, you'll determine its starting value in one of four ways:

1) Some entries simply list a number (Attacks, for instance). This means these entries are fixed, so just copy down the number. You'll note that no race starts the game with Insanity Points, for example, so you'd simply write down 0 under IP on your character sheet for that Characteristic.

2) Some entries list a base number plus a variable die roll. All the Characteristics from the Main Profile, for example, have a 10, 20, or 30, followed by +2d10. To generate these characteristics, roll the specified dice and add them to the base number given. To generate an Elf's Agility, for example, you'd roll 2d10, and add the result to 30. If the two dice came up 3 and 8, the Elf's Agility would be 30+3+8=41.

3) The Strength Bonus and Toughness Bonus Characteristics are different because they are derived from other Characteristics. Your Strength Bonus is equal to the first digit of your Strength Characteristic, while your Toughness Bonus is equal to the first digit of your Toughness Characteristic. For example, a Dwarf with Strength 38 would have a Strength Bonus of 3, while an Elf with a Toughness of 24 would have a Toughness Bonus of 2.

4) Wounds and Fate Points are generated on their own charts, using a simple d10 roll. Find your race on **Table 2-2: Starting Wounds**, roll a d10, and then find the appropriate result. Repeat the process on **Table 2-3: Starting Fate Points.**

Shallya's Mercy

It could be that Ranald, the God of Luck, did not smile on you when you were generating your Characteristics. Maybe you wanted to play a character that was good at fighting, but you only rolled a Weapon Skill of 22. Or you wanted to play a quick-witted con man but ended up with a Fellowship of 15. In cases such as this, you may ask for a boon from Shallya, the Goddess of Mercy. You may replace any one Characteristic from your main profile with the average result for your race instead. Go back to **Table 2-1: Characteristic Generation** and find the stat you want to replace. Add 11 (the average of 2d10) to the base number given. This is the new score for the chosen Characteristic.

Starting Careers

Each character in *WFRP* has a starting career. This represents what your character did before becoming an adventurer. To determine your character's former occupation, roll d000 dice and consult your chosen race's column on **Appendix II: The Master Starting Career Table**. You may, at your option, roll on the table a second time and pick between the two rolled careers.

Once you've determined your character's career, look it up (they are arranged alphabetically), then copy down the listed skills and talents on your character sheet. In some instances, you may be given the choice of two different skills or talents. Pick the one you prefer in each case. Sometimes you have the opportunity to gain a skill you already have through your race. You are allowed to take such skills twice; this provides a +10% bonus when you use the skill. See the rules for **Skill Mastery** on *WFRP* page 90 for more information.

Your career also includes an entry called Trappings; again, copy these onto your character sheet. The listed items are the equipment you start your adventuring career with. You also get, regardless of career, the following:

- Common clothing consisting of a shirt, breeches, and worn boots, a tattered cloak, a dagger tucked in a boot or belt, a sling bag or a backpack containing a blanket, a wooden tankard, a wooden cutlery set, a hand weapon (axe, club, sword, etc.) and a purse holding 2d10 Gold Crowns (*gc*).

You should also copy down the Advance Scheme. This represents the ways in which your character can improve with experience and shows you which Characteristics you can increase in this career.

The Free Advance

Your character is not an absolute beginner. To represent this, your character is allowed one free "advance." An advance is either:

1) A 5% increase to a Characteristic on your Main Profile.
2) An increase of 1 to a Characteristic on your Secondary Profile.

Note that you can only take the advance if it's available on your scheme. In the Outlaw career, for example, you could take a +5% on your Weapon Skill or a +1 on your Attacks because those advances are built into the scheme. You could not take a +5% on your Fellowship or a +1 to your Movement because those Characteristics can't be improved by the Outlaw's Advance Scheme.

Once you've chosen your free advance, put a check mark next to what you picked on the Advance Scheme. This indicates that you've taken an advance. As you gain experience, you'll earn more advances.

Choosing Careers and Homelands

Some players prefer to pick their starting career, rather than roll for it. Although this isn't as fast or easy as the standard method described here, some people find they have a very particular character in mind, before they even begin creating it. As long as you have your GM's approval, you should feel free to use this method if it suits you. Remember, the GM's word on this is final.

Some GM's choose not to let their players use this method, as they like the "randomness of birth" that rolling for a career creates. Fate may favour you with Noble birth, or curse you to wade through filth as a lowborn Rat Catcher—whatever the case, you have to rise above it to survive the perils and puzzles the GM is about to throw at you!

As you may have noticed, the character creation includes several careers of an origin foreign to the Empire (the Kislevite Kossar, for example). These represent the small number of outsiders that can be found adventuring in the Empire. If you don't happen to roll or choose these careers, but would still like a foreign character, ask the GM's permission. Any of the careers can be modified to accommodate this, simply replace Common Knowledge (the Empire) with that of your homeland and add the appropriate Speak Language skill. The rest of character creation remains the same.

Table 2-1: Characteristic Generation

Characteristic	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Weapon Skill (WS)	30+2d10	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Ballistic Skill (WS)	20+2d10	30+2d10	30+2d10	20+2d10
Strength (S)	20+2d10	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Toughness (T)	30+2d10	20+2d10	10+2d10	20+2d10
Agility (Ag)	10+2d10	30+2d10	30+2d10	20+2d10
Intelligence (Int)	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10
Will Power (WP)	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10	20+2d10
Fellowship (Fel)	10+2d10	20+2d10	30+2d10	20+2d10
Attacks (A)	1	1	1	1
Wounds (W)	—— Roll 1d10 and consult **Table 2-2: Starting Wounds** ——			
Strength Bonus (SB)	—— Equal to the first digit of your Strength ——			
Toughness Bonus (TB)	—— Equal to the first digit of your Toughness ——			
Movement (M)	3	5	4	4
Magic (Mag)	0	0	0	0
Insanity Points (IP)	0	0	0	0
Fate Points (FP)	—— Roll 1d10 and consult **Table 2-3: Starting Fate Points** ——			

Table 2-2: Starting Wounds

d10 Roll	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
1-3	11	9	8	10
4-6	12	10	9	11
7-9	13	11	10	12
10	14	12	11	13

Table 2-3: Starting Fate Points

d10 Roll	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
1-4	1	1	2	2
5-7	2	2	2	3
8-10	3	2	3	3

Your character's race provides some additional abilities, known as skills and talents. Record the appropriate skills and talents on your character sheet. In some cases, you may have to choose between two talents.

Dwarf

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Speak Language (Khazalid), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Miner, Smith, or Stoneworker)
Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Stout-hearted, Sturdy

Elf

Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves), Speak Language (Eltharin), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Aethyric Attunement or Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Coolheaded or Savvy, Excellent Vision, Night Vision

Halfling

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Gossip, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook or Farmer)
Talents: Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling) and 1 random talent from **Table 2-4: Random Talents**

Human

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 2 random talents from **Table 2-4: Random Talents**

Table 2-4: Random Talents

Talent	Halfling	Human
Acute Hearing	01-05	01-04
Ambidextrous	06-10	05-09
Coolheaded	11-15	10-13
Excellent Vision	16-20	14-18
Fleet Footed	21-25	19-22
Hardy	26-29	23-27
Lightning Reflexes	30-33	28-31
Luck	34-38	32-35
Marksman	39-42	36-40
Mimic	43-47	41-44
Night Vision	-	45-49
Resistance to Disease	48-51	50-53
Resistance to Magic	52-53	54-57
Resistance to Poison	54-57	58-61
Savvy	58-62	62-66
Sixth Sense	63-67	67-71
Strong-minded	68-72	72-75
Sturdy	73-77	76-79
Suave	78-82	80-83
Super Numerate	83-87	84-87
Very Resilient	88-91	88-91
Very Strong	92-95	92-95
Warrior Born	96-00	96-00

Appendix II: Master Starting Career Table

To determine a career randomly from this table, roll d000 and consult the appropriate row based on the race selected. Rolling d000 provides a range of results from 001 to 000 (representing 1,000). The number is generated by rolling three ten-sided dice. Instead of adding the results together, the results are assigned to either the hundreds' digit, the tens' digit or the ones' digit.

> **Example:** *When rolling d000 to determine a Dwarf's starting career, three ten-sided dice are rolled. The dice results are 3, 8 and 7. This would be interpreted as a roll of 387. Cross-referecing the Dwarf column with the number 387, we find that this particular Dwarf's starting career is Miner.*

Career	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Agitator	001-015	-	001-020	001-012
Anchorite	-	-	-	013-016
Apothecary	-	001-007	021-033	017-028
Apprentice Runesmith	016-057	-	-	-
Apprentice Witch	-	-	-	029-036
Apprentice Wizard	-	008-064	-	037-052
Badlander	-	-	034-040	053-060
Bailiff	-	-	041-053	061-072
Barber-Surgeon	-	-	054-060	073-084
Bear Tamer	-	-	-	085-092
Boatman	-	-	-	093-108
Bodyguard	058-085	065-078	-	109-124
Bondsman	-	-	-	125-128
Bonepicker	-	-	061-067	129-136
Bounty Hunter	086-100	079-099	068-080	137-148
Burgher	101-121	-	081-093	149-160
Cadet	-	-	-	161-164
Camp Follower	-	-	094-106	165-172
Carcassonne Shepherd	-	-	-	173-176
Cartographer	122-136	100-113	107-119	177-184
Cenobite	-	-	-	185-188
Charcoal-Burner	-	-	120-139	189-196
Chekist	-	-	-	197-200
Chimneysweep	-	-	140-172	201-212
Coachman	137-151	-	-	213-224
Deepwatcher	-	-	-	225-228
Dilettante	152-166	114-141	173-192	229-240
Drover	-	-	-	241-248
Dung Collector	-	-	193-199	249-256
Embalmer	-	-	200-206	257-260
Entertainer	167-187	142-176	207-226	261-276
Envoy	-	177-218	-	-
Estalian Diestro	-	-	-	277-280
Ex-Convict	188-202	-	227-233	281-288
Exciseman	-	-	234-240	289-300
Farmer	-	-	241-253	301-312
Ferryman	-	-	254-260	313-320
Fieldwarden	-	-	261-293	-
Fisherman	-	-	294-306	321-332
Freeholder	-	-	-	333-336
Frogwife	-	-	-	337-340
Gambler	203-217	219-222	307-319	341-352
Grail Pilgrim	-	-	-	353-360
Grave Robber	-	-	320-349	361-368
Grave Warden	-	-	350-356	369-376
Hedge Wizard	-	-	-	377-388
Hedgecraft Apprentice	-	-	-	389-396
Herrimault	-	-	-	397-404
Horned Hunter	-	-	-	405-408
Horse Coper	-	-	-	409-416
Hunter	218-245	223-278	357-389	417-428
Initiate	246-260	279-292	390-402	429-444
Jailer	261-288	-	-	445-452
Kislevite Kossar	-	-	-	453-460
Kithband Warrior	-	293-342	-	-
Knight Errant	-	-	-	461-472
Lamplighter	-	-	403-415	473-480
Litigant	-	-	416-428	481-484
Man-at-Arms	-	-	-	485-496
Marauder	-	-	-	497-500
Marine	-	343-377	-	501-516
Mediator	-	-	-	517-520
Mercenary	289-330	378-412	429-453	521-536
Messenger	-	413-450	454-486	537-544
Militiaman	331-358	-	487-511	545-556
Miner	359-400	-	-	557-564
Muleskinner	401-421	-	512-518	565-572
Newssheet Vendor	-	-	519-538	573-576
Noble	422-436	451-464	539-551	577-592
Norse Berserker	-	-	-	593-596
Outlaw	437-457	465-494	552-571	597-612
Outrider	-	495-534	-	613-620
Peasant	-	-	572-596	621-632
Penitent	-	-	-	633-636
Pilgrim	458-472	535-548	597-609	637-648
Pit Fighter	473-507	549-562	-	649-660

Career	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Protagonist	508-535	-	-	661-672
Raconteur	536-550	563-600	610-638	673-684
Rat Catcher	551-578	-	639-648	685-704
Reaver	-	-	-	705-708
Riverwarden	-	601-625	-	709-716
Roadwarden	-	-	-	717-732
Rogue	579-606	626-665	649-681	733-748
Runebearer	607-641	-	-	-
Scribe	642-656	666-705	682-694	749-760
Seaman	657-664	706-745	-	761-772
Seer	-	-	-	773-780
Servant	665-679	-	695-732	781-788
Sewer Jack	680-694	-	733-745	789-796
Shieldbreaker	695-722	-	-	-
Skald	-	-	-	797-800
Slave	723-730	746-752	746-752	801-804
Smuggler	731-751	753-780	753-772	805-812
Soldier	752-779	-	773-785	813-824
Squire	-	-	-	825-832
Steppes Nomad	-	-	-	833-836
Stevedore	780-794	-	-	837-840
Streltsi	-	-	-	841-844
Strigany Mystic	-	-	-	845-848
Student	795-809	781-815	786-798	849-860
Swamp Skimmer	-	-	-	861-864
Swampaire	-	-	-	865-868
Temple Guardian	810-824	-	799-811	869-872
Thief	825-845	816-856	812-849	873-888
Thug	846-860	857-869	850-852	889-900
Toll Keeper	861-875	-	853-865	901-904
Tomb Robber	876-896	-	866-898	905-916
Tradesman	897-924	870-919	890-931	917-932
Troll Slayer	925-952	-	-	-
Vagabond	953-980	920-961	932-956	933-940
Valet	-	-	957-976	941-948
Watchman	981-000	-	977-000	949-960
Whaler	-	-	-	961-968
Wise Woman	-	-	-	969-980
Woodsman	-	962-000	-	981-992
Wrecker	-	-	-	993-996
Zealot	-	-	-	997-000





Appendix III: Starting Careers by Role

Party Role Method

Any examination of the careers in *WFRP* reveals that there are several "roles" or concepts that underpin the various starting careers. Most careers fit within one of the following broad ideas: Academics, Commoners, Criminals, Rangers, and Warriors. An ideal group for any lengthy campaign has the players each fill a different niche within the group, thus enabling each player to have a clear responsibility and place within the campaign as it develops.

As an optional rule, have the players each pick one of the roles. Avoid duplication unless all the roles are accounted for. Once the players have their roles selected, they gain their starting career by rolling 1d100 on the following tables.

Academics: Academics include any character that has the benefit of formal education or training. Examples include initiates, apprentice wizards, and nobles.

Commoners: The salt of the earth, commoners bear the burden of doing all of the dirty work required to keep society functioning. Such characters include valets, servants, and entertainers.

Criminals: Beholden to no laws, criminals operate outside the bounds of society. These characters include thieves, agitators, and outlaws.

Rangers: Rangers are rustic types that live or work in the wilderness. Common "ranger" careers include charcoal-burners, hunters, and woodsmen.

Warriors: The last role archetype covers all the martial characters—those careers that reflect some formal training with arms or characters whose primary function is killing. Examples include the marine, soldier, and mercenary.

Academic Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Anchorite	-	-	-	01-02
Apothecary	-	00-03	01-08	03-06
Apprentice Runesmith	00-20	-	-	-
Apprentice Witch	-	-	-	07-14
Apprentice Wizard	-	04-20	-	15-22
Burgher	21-30	-	09-20	23-28
Cartographer	31-37	21-25	21-28	29-32
Cenobite	-	-	-	33-34
Embalmer	-	-	29-32	35-36
Envoy	-	26-40	-	-
Hedge Wizard	-	-	-	37-42
Hedgecraft Apprentice	-	-	-	43-44
Initiate	38-44	41-45	33-45	45-50
Litigant	-	-	46-52	51-52
Mediator	-	-	-	53-54
Noble	45-54	46-50	53-62	55-62
Runebearer	55-71	-	-	-
Scribe	72-78	51-65	63-75	63-68
Seer	-	-	-	69-72
Student	79-86	66-80	76-85	73-82
Tradesman	87-00	81-00	86-00	83-92
Wise Woman	-	-	-	93-97
Zealot	-	-	-	98-00

Commoner Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Bailiff	-	-	01-04	01-04
Barber-Surgeon	-	-	05-06	05-08
Bear Tamer	-	-	-	09-10
Boatman	-	-	-	11-15
Bonepicker	-	-	07-08	16-17
Camp Follower	-	-	09-12	18-19
Charcoal-Burner	-	-	13-18	20-21
Chimneysweep	-	-	19-28	22-25
Dilettante	01-06	01-40	29-34	26-29
Drover	-	-	-	30-31
Dung Collector	-	-	35-36	32-33
Entertainer	07-15	41-90	37-42	34-38
Ex-Convict	16-21	-	43-44	39-40
Exciseman	-	-	45-46	41-44
Farmer	-	-	47-50	45-48
Ferryman	-	-	51-52	49-50
Fisherman	-	-	53-56	51-54
Freeholder	-	-	-	55
Frogwife	-	-	-	56
Horse Coper	-	-	-	57-58
Jailer	22-33	-	-	59-60
Lamplighter	-	-	57-60	61-62
Miner	34-52	-	-	63-64
Muleskinner	53-61	-	61-62	65-66
Newssheet Vendor	-	-	63-68	67
Peasant	-	-	69-72	68-71
Penitent	-	-	-	72
Pilgrim	-	-	-	73-75
Rat Catcher	62-73	-	73-74	76-80
Servant	74-79	-	75-82	81-82
Sewer Jack	80-85	-	83-87	83-84
Skald	-	-	-	85
Slave	86-88	91-00	88-89	86
Stevedore	89-92	-	-	87-90
Strigany Mystic	-	-	-	91-92
Temple Guardian	93-96	-	90-92	93-95
Toll Keeper	97-00	-	93-96	96-97
Valet	-	-	97-00	98-00

Criminal Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Agitator	01-06	-	01-06	01-07
Ex-Convict	07-08	01	07-10	08-12
Gambler	09-12	02-06	11-15	13-16
Grave Robber	-	-	16-21	17-20
Herrimault	-	-	-	21-26
Outlaw	13-21	07-21	22-29	27-36
Protagonist	22-34	-	-	37-43
Raconteur	35-40	22-33	30-39	44-48
Rapscallion	-	34-42	40-42	49-53
Rogue	41-53	43-57	43-54	54-63
Smuggler	54-62	58-63	55-62	64-68
Thief	63-71	64-78	63-74	69-78
Thug	72-77	79-84	75-79	79-85
Tomb Robber	78-86	-	80-90	86-92
Vagabond	87-00	85-00	91-00	93-97
Wrecker	-	-	-	98-00

Ranger Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Badlander	-	-	01-07	01-06
Bounty Hunter	01-50	01-20	08-24	07-18
Carcassonne Shepherd	-	-	-	19-24
Deepwatcher	-	-	-	25-30
Fieldwarden	-	-	25-54	-
Horned Hunter	-	-	-	31-38
Hunter	51-00	21-40	55-79	39-54
Messenger	-	41-60	80-00	55-62
Outrider	-	61-80	-	63-74
Steppes Nomad	-	-	-	75-80
Swamp Skimmer	-	-	-	81-86
Swampaire	-	-	-	87-92
Woodsman	-	81-00	-	93-00

Warrior Careers	Dwarf	Elf	Halfling	Human
Bodyguard	01-16	01-10	-	01-04
Bondsman	-	-	-	05-06
Cadet	-	-	-	07-08
Chekist	-	-	-	09-10
Coachman	17-22	-	01-10	11-14
Estalian Diestro	-	-	-	15-16
Grail Pilgrim	-	-	-	17-20
Grave Warden	-	-	11-16	21-24
Kislevite Kossar	-	-	-	25-28
Kithband Warrior	-	11-39	-	-
Knight Errant	-	-	-	29-33
Man-at-Arms	-	-	-	34-37
Marauder	-	-	-	38-39
Marine	-	40-54	-	40-45
Mercenary	23-38	55-69	17-38	46-51
Militiaman	39-48	-	39-51	52-56
Norse Berserker	-	-	-	57-58
Pit Fighter	49-60	70-75	-	59-63
Reaver	-	-	-	64-65
Riverwarden	-	76-81	-	66-69
Roadwarden	-	-	52-66	70-74
Seaman	61-66	82-00	-	75-79
Shieldbreaker	67-76	-	-	-
Soldier	77-86	-	67-78	80-84
Squire	-	-	-	85-88
Streltsi	-	-	-	89-90
Troll Slayer	87-96	-	-	-
Watchman	97-00	-	79-00	91-96
Whaler				97-00





Appendix IV: Alternate Starting Career Tables

If the GM is developing a campaign where the characters are expected to be local to the setting, he may wish to determine careers for humans based on the region or type of area. The region is an important factor in what careers may or may not be prevalent, especially for campaigns set outside the Empire. This will give less chance of a character being out of place and far from home, and ensure they fit the setting a bit more.

If you find that more than one category seems to fit, the GM should choose which category to roll under.

Start by rolling 1d10. On a result of 1-2, determine the career by rolling d00 on the **Careers by Region** table. On a result of 3-0, determine the career by rolling d000 on the **Careers by Environment** table.

Careers by Region

The **Careers by Region** table defines the different possible regions as follows:

Empire: This is the Empire proper, encompassing the expanse in the centre of the territory, as well as population centres such as Altdorf, Nuln, and Talabheim.

North: This area is comprised of the lands around the Sea of Claws. From Norsca to the Wasteland and from Erengrad to the northern coast of Bretonnia.

South: This is the area south of the Empire and covers the Border Princes and the Badlands and can stretch to the other lands bordering the Southern Sea.

East: This comprises Kislev and the high lands of the east as well as the easternmost fringes of the Empire.

West: The lands west of the Grey Mountains, chiefly Bretonnia and Estalia as well as parts of Tilea.

Careers by Environment

The **Careers by Environment** table defines the different possible environments as follows:

Urban: Comprises all the great cities and can include larger towns, especially if those towns are centres of trade or government.

Rural: This covers the greatest part of the population of the Old World, the tracts of land that have been settled and cultivated or at least changed somewhat by the presence of humans.

Coast: This includes large and small settlements on the coast, and is simply the rural area near to the sea. Those living in large coastal cities can choose to roll under Urban if they wish.

Wilds: This includes the margins, the swamps, heaths, scrub, mountains and so on. Places that few humans go and have not been touched by civilisation.

Careers by Region

Career	Empire	North	South	West	East
Apprentice Witch	-	-	-	-	01-13
Apprentice Wizard	01-16	-	-	-	-
Anchorite	-	-	01-12	-	-
Badlander	-	-	13-24	-	-
Bear Tamer	-	-	-	-	14-26
Bondsman	-	01-16	-	-	-
Cadet	-	-	-	01-06	-
Carcassonne Shepherd	-	-	-	07-14	-
Cenobite	-	-	25-36	-	-
Chekist	-	-	-	-	27-39
Deepwatcher	-	-	-	15-20	-
Drover	17-22	-	-	-	40-52
Estalian Diestro	-	-	-	21-28	-
Freeholder	-	17-32	-	-	-
Frogwife	-	-	-	29-36	-
Grail Pilgrim	-	-	-	37-44	-
Horned Hunter	23-30	-	-	-	-
Herrimault	-	-	-	45-54	-
Kislevite Kossar	-	-	-	-	53-65
Knight Errant	-	-	-	55-66	-
Man-at-Arms	31-38	-	37-48	67-74	-
Marauder	-	33-48	-	-	66-72
Mediator	-	-	-	75-80	-
Mercenary	39-53	49-56	49-60	81-84	73-79
Norse Berserker	-	57-72	-	-	-
Penitent	54-68	-	-	-	-
Reaver	-	73-88	-	-	-
Skald	-	89-94	-	-	-
Squire	69-83	-	61-72	85-92	-
Steppes Nomad	-	-	-	-	80-92
Streltsi	-	-	-	-	93-98
Strigany Mystic	84-91	-	73-86	93-96	99-00
Swamp Skimmer	-	-	87-00	-	-
Swampaire	-	-	-	97-00	-
Whaler	92-93	95-00	-	-	-
Zealot	94-00	-	-	-	-

Careers by Environment

Career	Urban	Rural	Coast	Wilds
Agitator	001-018	001-008	001-007	-
Apothecary	019-042	-	-	-
Bailiff	043-060	009-024	008-021	-
Barber-Surgeon	061-078	-	-	-
Boatman	079-096	025-048	022-049	001-036
Bodyguard	097-114	049-064	050-063	037-072
Bonepicker	115-132	065-072	064-070	-
Bounty Hunter	133-150	073-096	071-091	073-126
Burgher	151-180	097-112	092-105	-
Camp Follower	181-186	113-128	106-119	127-162
Cartographer	187-204	129-144	120-133	163-198
Charcoal-Burner	-	145-160	-	-
Chimneysweep	205-228	-	-	-
Coachman	229-246	161-184	134-154	-
Dilettante	247-270	185-200	155-168	-
Dung Collector	271-288	-	-	-
Embalmer	289-300	-	-	-
Entertainer	301-324	201-224	169-189	-
Ex-Convict	325-342	225-248	190-210	199-232
Exciseman	343-366	249-264	211-231	-
Farmer	-	265-288	232-245	-
Ferryman	367-390	289-304	246-259	-
Fisherman	-	305-320	260-294	-
Gambler	391-414		-	-
Grave Robber	415-426	321-336	295-308	-
Grave Warden	427-438	337-352	309-322	-
Hedge Wizard	439-455	353-376	323-343	233-286
Hedgecraft Apprentice	-	377-392	344-357	287-326
Horse Coper	-	393-400	358-371	327-342
Hunter	-	401-424	372-385	343-414
Initiate	456-480	425-440	386-399	415-440
Jailer	481-504	441-456	400-413	-
Lamplighter	505-522	-	-	-
Litigant	523-540	-	-	-
Marine	-	-	414-448	
Messenger	541-552	457-472	449-462	441-470
Militiaman	553-564	473-488	463-476	

Career	Urban	Rural	Coast	Wilds
Miner	-	489-504	477-490	471-522
Muleskinner	-	505-520	491-504	523-576
Newssheet Vendor	565-582	-	-	-
Noble	583-594	521-536	505-518	-
Outlaw	-	537-552	519-532	577-648
Outrider	-	553-568	533-546	649-684
Peasant	-	569-592	547-574	-
Pilgrim	595-606	593-608	575-588	685-720
Pit Fighter	607-630	-	-	-
Protagonist	631-654	-	-	-
Raconteur	655-672	609-632	589-609	-
Rapscallion	673-680	633-648	610-623	-
Rat Catcher	681-710	649-664	624-637	-
Riverwarden	711-722	665-680	638-651	-
Roadwarden	-	681-704	652-665	-
Rogue	723-740	705-720	666-679	721-746
Scribe	741-764	721-736	680-693	-
Seaman	-	-	694-735	-
Seer	765-770	737-752	736-749	747-766
Servant	771-782	753-768	750-763	-
Sewer Jack	783-800	-	-	-
Slave	801-806	769-776	764-770	767-780
Smuggler	807-818	777-792	771-798	781-810
Soldier	819-836	793-816	799-819	811-854
Stevedore	837-848	817-824	820-840	-
Student	849-866	825-832	841-847	-
Temple Guardian	867-872	833-840	848-854	855-874
Thief	873-900	841-848	855-861	875-904
Thug	901-924	849-856	862-868	911-928
Toll Keeper	-	857-880	869-882	-
Tomb Robber	925-936	881-896	883-889	929-964
Tradesman	-	897-912	890-903	-
Vagabond	937-948	913-928	904-917	-
Valet	949-966	-	-	-
Watchman	967-982	929-952	918-931	-
Wise Woman	983-000	953-968	932-955	965-000
Woodsman	-	969-000	956-980	-
Wrecker	-	-	981-000	-

Appendix V: Skills & Talents by Cult

As an Initiate or member of another religious career, the character must decide who his patron god is and what church he serves. Players can learn more about the faiths of the Old World in **Chapter 8: Religion and Belief** of the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Core Rulebook*. The chocie of patron deity grants the character another skill or talent, as detailed in **Church Skills** and **Talents** entry of each deity's description. This information has been reprinted here for convenience.

The Cult of Manann

Initiates of Manann start with the Swim skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Manann can, at their option, learn the following skills as part of their careers: Row, Sail, and Trade (Shipwright).

The Cult of Morr

Initiates of Morr start with the Intimidate skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Morr can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Academic Knowledge (Necromancy), Menacing, and Trade (Embalmer).

The Cult of Myrmidia

Initiates of Myrmidia start with the Strike to Injure talent in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Myrmidia can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Command and Specialist Weapon Group (any three).

The Cult of Ranald

Initiates of Ranald start with the Sleight of Hand skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Ranald can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Concealment, Luck, and Silent Move.

The Cult of Shallya

Initiates of Shallya start with the Heal skill in addition to their normal career skills. Since the Initiate career already has the Heal skill, this means Initiates of Shallya get it twice, giving them a +10% bonus (see Skill Mastery in **Chapter 4: Skills and Talents** of the *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Core Rulebook*). Priests of Shallya can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Resistance to Disease, Trade (Apothecary) and Trade (Herbalist).

The Cult of Sigmar

Initiates of Sigmar start with the Common Knowledge (Dwarfs) skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Sigmar can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Command, Speak Language (Khazalid), and Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed).

The Cult of Taal & Rhya

Initiates of Taal and Rhya start with the Outdoor Survival skill in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Taal and Rhya can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Charm Animal, Navigation and Orientation.

The Cult of Ulric

Initiates of Ulric start with the Strike Mighty Blow talent in addition to their normal career skills. Priests of Ulric can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Intimidate, Frenzy, and Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed).

The Cult of Verena

Initiates of Verena start with the Perception skill in addition to their normal career skills. Since the Initiate career already has the Perception skill, this means Initiates of Verena get it twice, giving them a +10% bonus (see Skill Mastery in **Chapter 4: Skills and Talents**). Priests of Verena can, at their option, learn the following skills and talents as part of their careers: Academic Knowledge (any two), Hypnotism, Secret Language (any one).

Prayer and Blessings

Occasionally, a character praying at a shrine or temple will not only attract the attention of the attendant deity, but will also bring some miraculous result. Perhaps the character will receive a sign, a sudden epiphany pointing the way to the next step in his adventure. The character might even receive a special blessing—a bonus for his next challenge or some sort of holy enhancement to his weapon. The GM will determine when and if such a thing might happen, but there are some basic guidelines:

- Different Gods care about different things. A hero praying to Taal for guidance in his efforts to save an ancient grove of trees is more likely to be heard than a hero praying to Grungni for assistance in a political struggle.
- Blessings rarely come without a sacrifice. The Gods are impressed by meaningful sacrifices. A pauper giving his last coin to the altar of Sigmar is more likely to be heard than an Elector Count donating a statue made of gold.
- Blessings are rare. They are rarer without great need. A character praying to Ulric for aid in battle may be heard, but it is doubtful Ulric will lend him strength unless the battle is of vital importance (the character is outnumbered, the battle will decide the fate of the character's family, the battle is for the defence of a temple of Ulric, and so forth).

Blessings will generally only be granted to characters who devoutly follow the attendant deity, although characters who are properly reverent in their prayer may be heard and given a boon.

Blessings can take several forms, and it is up to the GM to decide on a suitable one, taking into account the circumstances, the nature of the deity involved, and the past history of the character. A character might be granted a small bonus to one test, the one-time use of an unknown skill or talent, or a one-shot use of a spell. GMs are free to invent new types of blessing, but they should only be more powerful than the examples given here in truly miraculous circumstances.

A blessing usually feels like a warm glow in the character's heart, a breeze that only he feels, a sound only he can hear. It is a subtle thing. The Gods do not usually speak to mortals or walk among them. A blessing is a thing of faith—the character has a sense of confidence that one of the Gods is with him; there is no ironclad proof that it is so.

If the GM wishes to provide a very powerful blessing, it is suggested that it be accompanied by more spectacular heralds—heavenly horns sounding in the distance, the clouds parting and the sun's rays spotlighting the character, the appearance of a heavenly being that anoints the blessed character, and the like. Obviously, this sort of event should be so rare that a thousand players could play for a thousand lifetimes and never have it happen once.

Appendix VI: Provincial Features (Optional)

The character creation rules in *Warhammer Fantay Roleplay* treat all Humans from the Empire in the same fashion. No matter what province you are from, you get the same skills and talents through your Racial Features. *Sigmar's Heirs*, however, delves into the character of each province, providing a much greater sense of what makes, for example, a Reiklander different than an Ostermarker. Using the information presented in **Chapter 6: the Grand Provinces** from *Sigmar's Heirs*, it is thus possible to differentiate people of the Empire based on their home provinces.

This optional appendix replaces the default Human Racial Features with specific Provincial Features instead. When creating a Human character, in Step 1 you should choose the province you are from or roll it randomly on **Table 2-14: Human Birthplace** (see *WFRP*, page 25). When you get to Step 3 of character creation, use the information in this appendix, as appropriate to your birth province, instead of that on page 19 of the *WFRP* rulebook.

Averland

An Averlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Animal Care *or* Trade (Miner), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Averland.

Hochland

A Hochlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment *or* Gossip, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Marksman *or* Rover, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Hochland.

Middenland

A Middenlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Intimidate, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Menacing *or* Warrior Born, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Middenland.

Nordland

A Nordlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol *or* Speak Language (Norse), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Stout-hearted *or* Very Resilient, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Nordland.

Ostermark

An Ostermarker gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Gossip *or* Speak Language (Kislevian), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Ostermark.

Ostland

An Ostlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip *or* Outdoor Survival, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Coolheaded *or* Very Resilient, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Ostland.

Reikland

A Reiklander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Command *or* Gossip, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Savvy *or* Suave, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Reikland.

Stirland

A Stirlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training *or* Gossip, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Stirland.

Talabecland

A Talabeclander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Follow Trail *or* Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the Empire) Tests that deal with your home province of Talabecland.

Wissenland

A Wissenlander gains the following skills and talents:

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Farmer *or* Miner)
Talents: Coolheaded *or* Hardy, 1 random talent
Special Rules: You gain a +10% bonus on Common Knowledge (the

Appendix VII: Combat Action Summary

This section summarizes Basic and Advanced Actions used in combat in *WFRP*. Remember that this list isn't all-inclusive; it represents the most common actions. If you want to do something else, just tell your GM and he'll let you know what type of action it is and what (if anything) you need to roll.

— Basic Actions —

Aim

TThe character takes extra time to set up a melee or missile attack, thus increasing the chance to hit. If the character's following action is a standard attack, he gains a +10% bonus to Weapon Skill (for melee attacks) or Ballistic Skill (for ranged attacks).

Action Type: Half

Cast

The character unleashes a magic spell. If the character spends an extra half action, the Casting Roll can be augmented with a Channelling Skill Test. See **Chapter 7: Magic** in the core rulebook for more information. Casting can be an extended action. You cannot cast more than one spell per round.

Action Type: Varies

Table Appendix VI-1: Basic and Advanced Actions

Basic Actions	Advanced Actions
Aim	All Out Attack
Cast	Defensive Stance
Charge Attack	Delay
Disengage	Feint
Move	Guarded Attack
Ready	Jump/Leap
Reload	Manoeuvre
Stand/Mount	Parrying Stance
Standard Attack	Run
Swift Attack	
Use a Skill	

Table Appendix VI-2: Actions by Type

Full Actions	Half Actions	Variable Actions
Charge Attack	Aim	Cast
Disengage	Move	Reload
Swift Attack	Ready	Use a Skill
All Out Attack	Stand/Mount	
Defensive Stance	Standard Attack	
Guarded Attack	Delay	
Jump/Leap	Feint	
Run	Manoeuvre	
	Parrying Stance	

Charge Attack

The character rushes up to an opponent and delivers a single attack. The opponent must be at least 4 yards (2 squares) away from the character but within the character's charge move (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** in the core rulebook). The last 4 yards (2 squares) of the charge must be in a straight line, so the charger can build up speed and line up with the target. The charging character gains a +10% Weapon Skill bonus.

Action Type: Full

Disengage

The character breaks off from melee combat and may move away (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** in the core rulebook for distances). Difficult terrain like rubble or underbrush reduces distances moved by half (round up). If trying to move away from one or more melee opponents without using the disengage action, each opponent gets a free attack against the character before he moves away. This is a bonus attack and is made in addition to any other attacks opponent's make during their turn.

Action Type: Full

Move

The character can make a short move (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** in the core rulebook for distances). Difficult terrain like rubble or underbrush reduces distances moved by half (round up).

Action Type: Half

Ready

The character can unsheathe a weapon, or pull an item out of a convenient pouch or pocket. The character also put away an item already in hand at the same time. So, for example, a character could sheathe a sword and unsheathe a dagger as one action. A character can also use this action to take a flask or other container and drink a draught.

Action Type: Half

Reload

The character can reload a missile weapon. See **Chapter 5: Equipment** in the core rulebook for the time taken to reload different ranged weapons. Reload can be an extended action.

Action Type: Varies

Stand/Mount

A character can get up if currently on the ground, or mount a riding animal like a horse or pony.

Action Type: Half

Standard Attack

A character can make one melee or ranged attack.

Action Type: Half

Swift Attack

The character can make a number of melee or ranged attacks equal to his Attacks Characteristic. The character must have Attacks 2 or better to take advantage of this action. If making a missile attack, a character can only use this action if the weapon can be reloaded as a free action or if the character has a loaded pistol weapon in each hand. In the latter case, the character can make a maximum of 2 attacks (one per weapon).

Action Type: Full

Use a Skill

The character uses a skill, which usually involves making a Skill Test. See **Chapter 4: Skills and Talents** in the core rulebook. This can be an extended action.

Action Type: Varies.

— Advanced Actions —

All Out Attack

The character makes a furious melee attack, exposing himself to danger in order to land a forceful blow. The character's melee attack gains a +20% Weapon Skill bonus. However, until his next turn, the character cannot parry or dodge.

Action Type: Full

Defensive Stance

The character strikes no blows this round, preferring instead to concentrate on self-defence. Until his next turn, all melee attacks against the character suffer a –20% Weapon Skill penalty.

Action Type: Full

Delay

The character waits and watches for an opportunity. When the delay action is used the character's turn ends immediately, but a half action is reserved for later use. Any time before his next turn, the character can take his half action. If two conflicting characters are both trying to use a delayed action simultaneously, make an Opposed Agility Test to see who acts first. If the prepared action is not taken before the character's next turn, it is lost.

Action Type: Half

Feint

The character pretends to attack in one direction, deceiving his opponent and throwing off his defence. This is resolved as an Opposed Weapon Skill Test. If the character wins, his next attack cannot be either dodged or parried. If the character's next action is anything other than a standard attack, this bonus is lost.

Action Type: Half

Guarded Attack

The character attacks carefully, making sure he is well defended from counter blows. He makes a melee attack with a -10% Weapon Skill penalty. Until his next turn, the character gains a +10% bonus on any attempted parries and dodges.

Action Type: Full

Jump/Leap

The character jumps down or leaps across something. For details on jumping and leaping, see page 138 of *WFRP*.

Action Type: Full

Manoeuvre

The character uses superior footwork and aggression to force his opponent to move 2 yards (1 square) in a direction nominated by the player. If desired the character can advance 2 yards (1 square) as well. Manoeuvre is resolved as an Opposed Weapon Skill Test. If successful the character's opponent is moved as described. The opponent cannot be forced into another character or terrain feature (wall, barrel, etc.).

Action Type: Half

Parrying Stance

The character readies to parry an incoming blow. Any time before his next turn, the character can try to parry one successful melee attack against him as long as he is aware of the attack. Parrying stance ends at the start of his next turn, regardless of whether he parried a blow. See **Dodge and Parry** on page 129 of *WFRP* for more information on parrying.

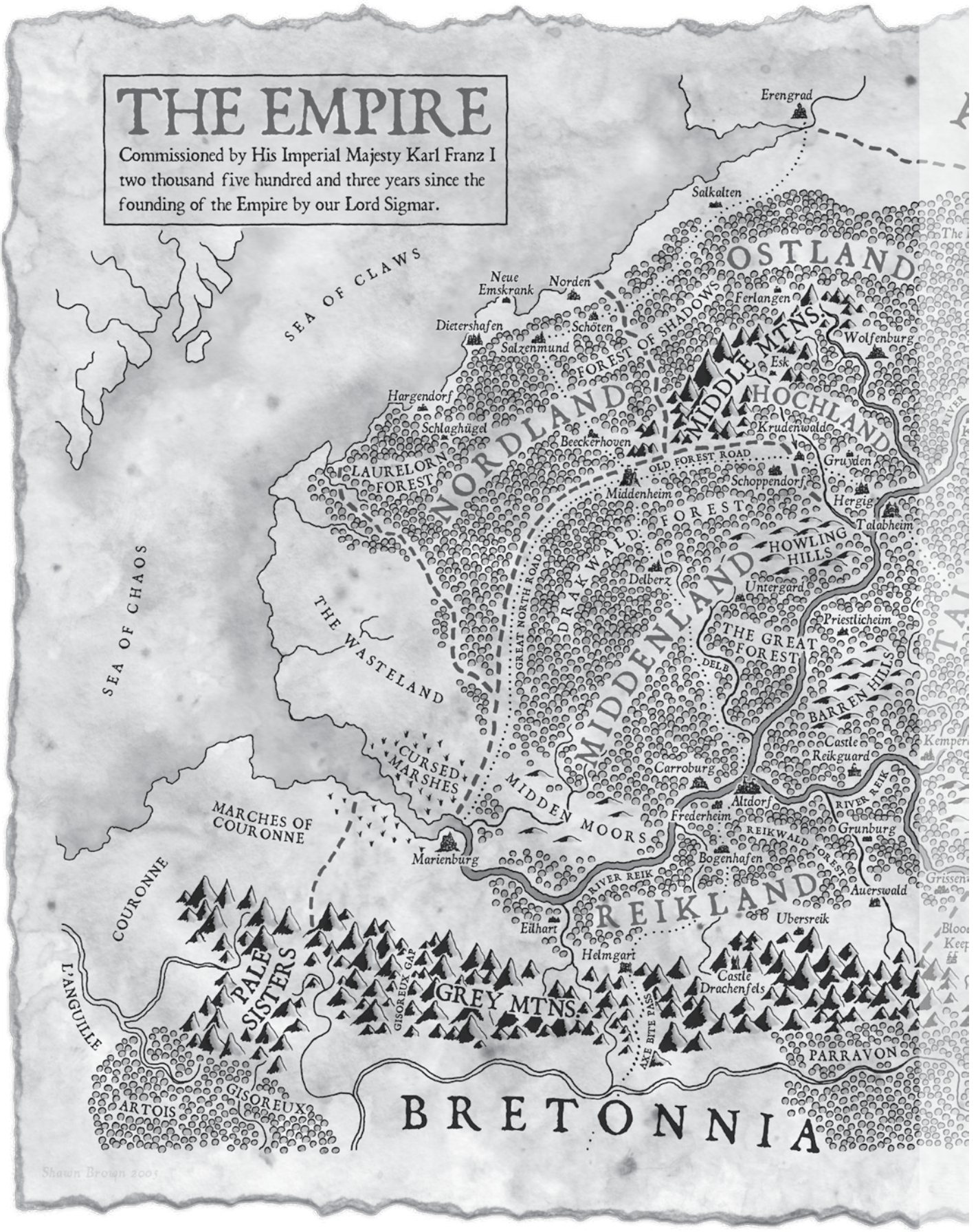
Action Type: Half

Run

The character runs at full speed (see **Table 6-1: Combat Movement in Yards** for distances). This makes the character harder to hit with missile weapons but easy prey for melee attacks because he isn't actively defending. Until the character's next turn, ranged attacks against him suffer a –20% Ballistic Skill penalty, but melee attacks gain a +20% Weapon Skill bonus. Characters cannot run in difficult terrain.

Action Type: Full




THE EMPIRE
Commissioned by His Imperial Majesty Karl Franz I two thousand five hundred and three years since the founding of the Empire by our Lord Sigmar.
Erengrad
Salkalten
OSTLAND
Neue Emskrank
Norden
Ferlangen
Dietershafen
Schöten
Salzenmund
FOREST OF SHADOWS
MIDDLE MTNS.
Wolfenburg
Esk
Hargendorf
Schlaghügel
NORDLAND
HOCHLAND
Kruden-wald
Beeckerhoven
OLD FOREST ROAD
Grudyen
LAUREL-ORN FOREST
Middenheim
Schoppendorf
Hergig
Talabheim
DRAKWALD FOREST
HOWLING HILLS
Delberz
Untergard
Priestlicheim
THE GREAT FOREST
MIDDENLAND
GREAT NORTH ROAD
THE WASTELAND
BARREN HILLS
Castle Reikguard
Carroburg
CURSED MARSHES
MIDDEN MOORS
Altdorf
RIVER REIK
Frederheim
Grunburg
MARCHES OF COURONNE
Marienburg
REIKWALD FOREST
Bogenhafen
Auerswald
REIKLAND
Ubersreik
Eilhart
Helmgart
Castle Drachenfels
PALE SISTERS
GISOREUX GAP
GREY MTNS
AXE BITE PASS
PARRAVON
L'ANGUILLE
ARTOIS
GISOREUX
BRETONNIA
SEA OF CLAWS
SEA OF CHAOS
COURONNE
Shawn Brown 2001


KISLEV
Fortenhaf
UPPER TALABEC
GRYPHON'S WOOD
The Blood Fane
Bechafen
Wurzen
Heffengen
THE GREAT FOREST
Bek
RIVER TALABEC
EIRIE DOWNS
OSTERMARK
Essen
DEAD WOOD
Küsel
KOLSA HILLS
Waldenhof
Dead City of Mordheim
Krugenheim
Ruins of Vanhaldenschlosse
Castle Drakenhof
Siegfriedhof
FARLIC HILLS
SYLVANIA
HAUNTED HILLS
Zhufbar
TALABECLAND
RIVER STIR
Leicheberg
Lieske
THE GREAT FOREST
ALTERN FOREST
Eicheschatten
AVER REACH
BLACK WATER
Wurtbad
MOOTLAND
Karak Varn (Cragmere)
Sauerapfel
Gipfel
RIVER AVER
BLUE REACH
Karaz-a-Karak
Kemperbad
Wörden
STIRLAND
STIRHÜGEL
Averheim
SILVER ROAD
OLD DWARF ROAD
BLACK FIRE PASS
Heideck
Grenzstadt
Streissen
AVERLAND
Grissenwald
Loningbruck
Blood Keep
Nuln
Steingart
UPPER REIK
Pfeildorf
Wissenburg
BLOOD PEAK
WISSENLAND
(Former Realm of Solland)
Kroppenleben
Karak Norn
Meissen
BLACK MTNS
THE DESOLATION OF DRAKENMOOR
Karak Kadrin (Slayer Keep)
WORLDS EDGE MOUNTAINS
Mount Gunbad (Goblin Lair)
Scale in Miles
0
50
100
150
200

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

CHARACTER

Name:

Race:

Current Career:

Previous Careers:

PERSONAL DETAILS

Age:	Gender:
Eye Color:	Weight:
Hair Color:	Height:
Star Sign:	Number of Siblings:

Birthplace:

Distinguishing Marks:

CHARACTER PROFILE

Main	WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
Starting								
Advance								
Current								

Secondary	A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
Starting								
Advance								
Current								

WEAPONS

Name	Enc	Group	Damage	Range	Reload	Qualities

ARMOUR

Basic Armour

Armour Type:	Armour Points:

Advanced Armour

Armour Type	Enc	Locations Covered	AP

PLAYER

Name:	Game Master:
Campaign:	Campaign Year:

EXPERIENCE POINTS

Current:	Total:

COMBAT MOVEMENT

Move/Disengage:	Charge Attack:	Run:

ARMOUR POINTS



ACTION SUMMARY

Basic Action	Type
Aim	Half
Cast	Varies
Charge	Full
Disengage	Full
Move	Half
Ready	Half
Reload	Varies
Stand/Mount	Half
Standard Attack	Half
Swift Attack	Full
Use a Skill	Varies

Advanced Action	Type
All Out Attack	Full
Defensive Stance	Full
Delay	Half
Feint	Half
Guarded Attack	Full
Jump/Leap	Full
Manoeuvre	Half
Parrying Stance	Half
Run	Full

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SKILLS

Basic Skills (Characteristic)	Taken	+10%	+20%	Related Talents
Animal Care (Int)	❑	❑	❑	
Charm (Fel)	❑	❑	❑	
Command (Fel)	❑	❑	❑	
Concealment (Ag)	❑	❑	❑	
Consume Alcohol (T)	❑	❑	❑	
Disguise (Fel)	❑	❑	❑	
Drive (S)	❑	❑	❑	
Evaluate (Int)	❑	❑	❑	
Gamble (Int)	❑	❑	❑	
Gossip (Fel)	❑	❑	❑	
Haggle (Fel)	❑	❑	❑	
Intimidate (S)	❑	❑	❑	
Outdoor Survival (Int)	❑	❑	❑	
Perception (Int)	❑	❑	❑	
Ride (Ag)	❑	❑	❑	
Row (S)	❑	❑	❑	
Scale Sheer Surface (S)	❑	❑	❑	
Search (Int)	❑	❑	❑	
Silent Move (Ag)	❑	❑	❑	
Swim (S)	❑	❑	❑	

Advanced Skills	(Char.)	Taken	+10%	+20%	Related Talents
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
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	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	
	( )	❑	❑	❑	

TALENTS

Talent	Description

TRAPPINGS

Item	Enc	Description

MONEY

Gold Crowns (gc):

Silver Schillings (s):

Brass Pennies (p):

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SPELL GRIMOIRE

SPELL NAME:

CASTING NUMBER: | CASTING TIME:

INGREDIENT:

DESCRIPTION:

SPELL NAME:

CASTING NUMBER: | CASTING TIME:

INGREDIENT:

DESCRIPTION:

SPELL NAME:

CASTING NUMBER: | CASTING TIME:

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DESCRIPTION:

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Death Offers No Release From the Cold

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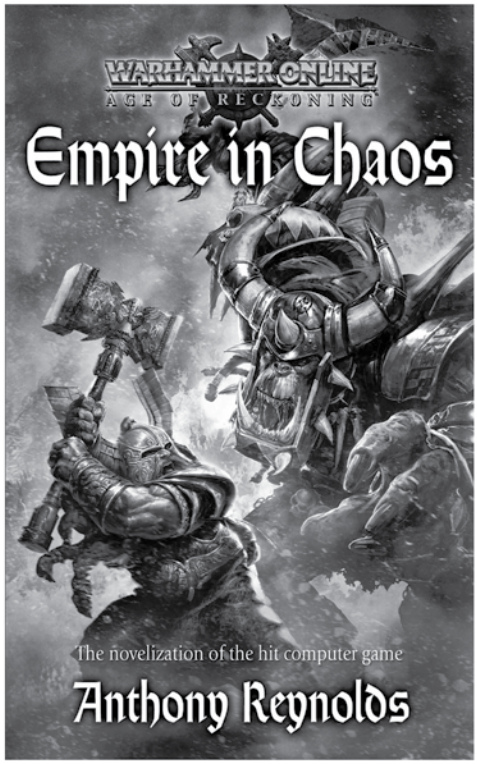
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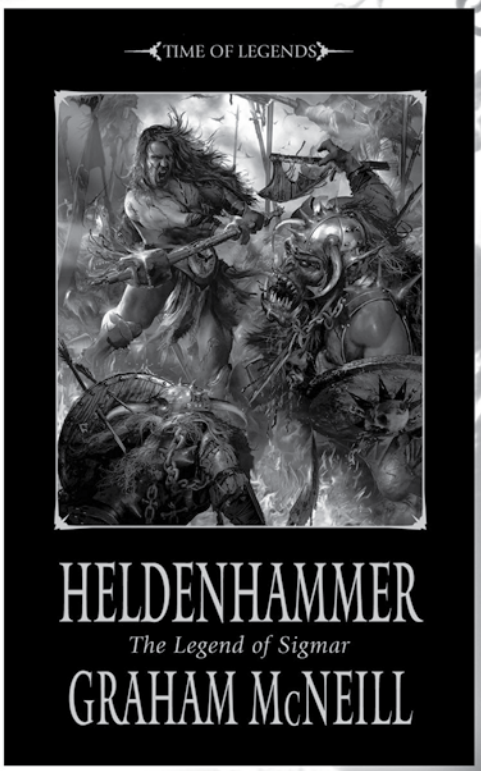
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Mild Blood
Suggestive Themes
Use of Alcohol
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