

WARHAMMERTM
FANTASY ROLE PLAY

Something Rotten In Kislev

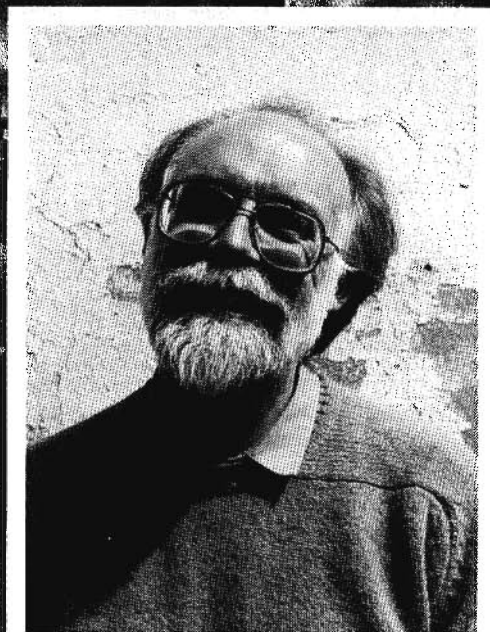


BY KEN ROLSTON
AND GRAEME DAVIS

**THE ENEMY
WITHIN
CAMPAIGN**

WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLE PLAY

Something Rotten In Kislev



DESIGN

Ken Rolston

COVER ART

Richard Dolan

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

Graeme Davis

INTERNAL ILLUSTRATION

M Martin McKenna, H H

I Ian Cooke, B Paul Bonner,

M Maz Shepherd, P Tim Pollard.

PRODUCED BY THE GAMES WORKSHOP DESIGN STUDIO: Managing Director: Bryan Ansell; Studio Manager: Tom Kirby; Design Manager: Alan Merritt; Art Director: John Blanche; Print Buyer: Bob Mulin; Assistant Print Buyer: Steve McGowan; Editorial Manager: Phil Gallagher; Assistant to the Editorial Manager: Simon Forrest; Production Co-ordinator: Tony Correll; Assistant to Art Director: Tim Pollard; Graphic Design: Mark Craven, Brian George, Bill Sedgwick; Designers/Developers: Mike Branton, Graeme Davis, Richard Halliwell, Jervis Johnson, Sean Macterson, Paul Murphy, Rick Priestley, Nigel Stillman; Photographer: Phil Lewis; Artists/Illustrators: Tony Ackland, Gary Chalk, Colin Dixon, Darren Matthews, Mike McVey, Sid Cridel; Designers: Kevin Adams, Mark Coppock, Joe Goodwin, Bob Oley, Alan Perry & Michael Perry; Plastic Development Team: Bob Maimith, John Thornehill, Dave Andrews; Typesetting: Dawn Duffy, Lindsey D le Doux; Proof: Studio Assistant: Alan Balderson; Finished Artists: Suzanne Bladen, Katy Briggs, David Clements, Chris Colston, Dave Lead, Tony Osborne, David Oliver, Nick Ord, Lacie Richardson, Richard Wright; Advertising: Andy Jones; Administration: Susan Barton, Heather Nicholson.

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SOMETHING ROTTEN IN KISLEV

Welcome to **Something Rotten in Kislev**. In this **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** supplement, adventurers travel from The Empire to Kislev, at the behest of no less a personage than the Graf of Middenheim.

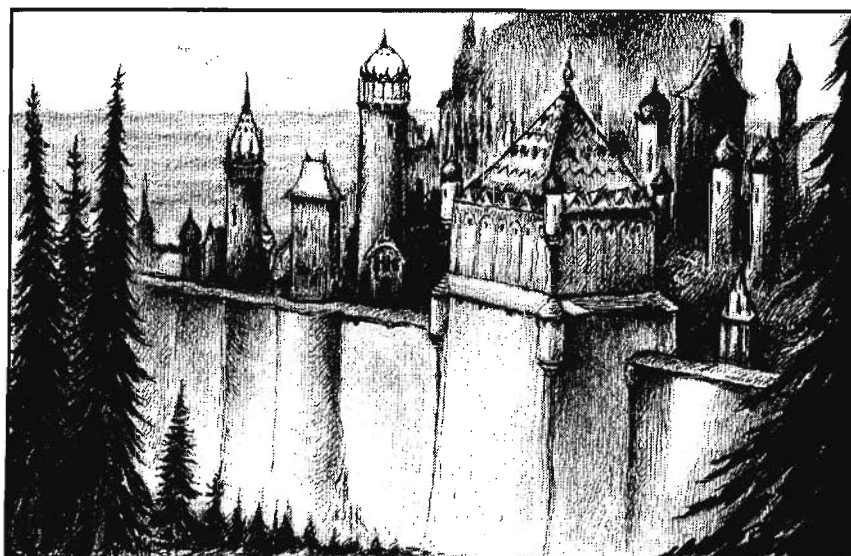
The Tsar of Kislev has a problem - a renegade city with reports of dead people walking the streets. Sounds bad. And the Graf of Middenheim owes the Tsar a favour. So when he asks Middenheim to send a force of Knights Panther, the Graf does not hesitate. He scourges the jails, rounds up a likely-looking group of scum, and inducts them into the Knights Panther without delay...

ABBREVIATIONS

A	Number of attacks in melee
AP	Armour points
BS	Ballistic Skill
Cl	Cool
CR	Complexity rating of lock
D	Damage
Dex	Dexterity
DOTR	<i>Death on the Reik</i> adventure
EP	Experience Points
ES	Effective Strength of missile weapons
Fel	Fellowship
GC	Gold Crown
GM	Gamesmaster
I	Initiative
Int	Intelligence
Ld	Leadership
M	Movement
MP	Magic Points
NPC	Non Player Character
P	Parry
PBT	<i>Power Behind the Throne</i> adventure
PC	Player Character
R	Range of missile weapons
Rld	Reload rate of missile weapons
S	Strength
SOB	<i>Shadows over Bögenhafen</i> adventure (Warhammer Campaign)
T	Toughness
TEW	<i>The Enemy Within</i> campaign sourcepack (Warhammer Campaign)
W	Wound Points
WC	<i>Warhammer City</i> sourcebook
WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay rulebook
WP	Will Power
WS	Weapon Skill

Note: where applicable, weapons listed among an NPC's possessions are followed by details of modifiers to *Initiative*, *Weapon Skill*, *Damage* and *Parry*. Note that *Hand Weapons* (one-handed axes, swords, clubs, maces and hammers) have no modifiers.

An asterisk (*) after a characteristic in the profile of an NPC means that the effects of a skill such as *Very Strong* have been included in the score.



WHAT THIS BOOK CONTAINS

Something Rotten in Kislev is made up of the following elements:

- source material on Kislev, providing essential background detail for this new area of the Old World and complementing the information provided in the rulebook;
- information on nature spirits and connected magic, as practised in rural Kislev;
- Six pregenerated intermediate-level player characters, complete with backgrounds and ready for use;
- Three complete adventures with all necessary maps and handouts.

The Three Adventures

The Beast Child

A remote farming village is threatened by Beastmen. Unknown to most of the inhabitants, the village has the key to its own salvation. Can the adventurers uncover the secret and deal with the threat?

Death Takes a Holiday

Vital information must be gained from a renegade Wizard. The town where he lives is under siege. So are the besiegers. And that's just the beginning...

The Champions of Death

A town is in revolt. The dead walk the streets. Something is seriously wrong. Not the least of it is that the townsfolk are perfectly *happy* to have the dead walking the streets. What is going on? And why? What can be done? These are just some of the mysteries the adventurers must solve.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Something Rotten in Kislev can be used in a number of ways:

1. *To continue the Enemy Within campaign:* At the end of *Power Behind the Throne*, the adventurers are quite likely to have been thrown in jail in Middenheim while the Graf and his advisers consider what to do with them and their dangerous knowledge. The introductory material on p5 provides a link between these two adventures.
2. *As a mini-campaign in its own right:* The three adventures in this book are designed to be run in sequence. Using the alternative introduction on p4 and (if you wish) the six pregenerated player characters supplied with this book, *Something Rotten in Kislev* can be played as a three-part mini-campaign or a campaign start for intermediate-level characters, in their 2nd-4th careers.
3. *As a series of one-off adventures -* the three adventures in this book can be played equally well as one-off adventures, independently of any campaign sequence, or as episodes which can be dropped into an ongoing campaign where player characters have completed at least two careers.
4. *As a Kislev sourcebook -* the material in this book will be valuable regardless of how the adventures are played, and should be sufficient to allow a Kislev-based campaign to be set up. This can either be developed from the adventures presented here, or be started with new characters, leading up to these intermediate-level adventures in due course.

The following material contains two different introductions. The first assumes that you are using this book as the start of a new campaign, with the pregenerated player characters supplied in the tear-out section at the back of the book. Note that advances which have already been taken are marked “*”

The second assumes that you are using this adventure as part of the *Enemy Within* campaign, following on from *Power Behind the Throne*.

You may need to alter certain details slightly to fit your own game - feel free to do so if necessary.

If you intend to use this book as a series of unconnected one-off adventures, you will not need an overall scene-setting introduction. Simply refer to the notes at the beginning of each of the three adventures.



THE KISLEV CAMPAIGN

GM'S INTRODUCTION

If you are using the pregenerated player characters supplied with this book, they all meet up for the first time in a cell in the city of Middenheim. Give the players their character sheets and background notes from the tear-out section at the back of the book, and let them introduce themselves to each other. After about ten minutes, proceed with the events in the *Players' Introduction* below.

If you are using other characters, you must arrange for the party to be arrested and thrown into a cell in Middenheim, minus all weapons, armour and other equipment. How you bring this about is up to you - you might have them mistaken for a notorious group of Outlaws by the Roadwardens or the City Watch, or implicated in a crime they didn't commit, or anything else you like. Give them a couple of days to cool off, and then proceed with the events in the *Players' Introduction*. Have a look at the pregenerated characters anyway - we rather like them, and you might even be able to use them as NPCs sometime.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

A key turns in the lock of your cell with a grating sound, and the door opens to admit a tall man in full plate armour. He holds an elaborate helmet under his arm, with a tall crest representing the head of what looks like a Beastman. The drink-sodden jailer fawns round him as if he were royalty - which he might well be, for all you know - and beyond him, in the passage, you can see several more men, identically armoured. He looks you up and down with an expression of disgust, then turns to the jailer.

“This the best you've got?” The jailer somehow manages to cringe and grin at the same time.

“Oh, the werry best, may't please yer lordship, the werry best. 'Course, they looks a bit rough, but give 'em a wash down an' some fresh clothes, an' I think yer lordship'd be surprised. An' yer should've seen the gear they 'ad when they was taken - not yer ordinary criminals, yer lordship, an' no mistake.”

The man tosses the jailer a handful of gold coins, and motions you out of the cell. In the passage, you are surrounded by a dozen heavily-armed men, and marched across the Square of Martials to a solid-looking building with the sign of a panther's head hanging outside - the headquarters and barracks of the Order of the Knights Panther.

You are marched into a large room, hung with banners and with racks of weapons lining the wood-panelled walls. Only when you are there does the man deign to address you directly.

“I am the Ritter Eberhardt von Kreuzzug,” he says, wasting no time with preambles, “You will call me Sir. I have the honour to serve the ancient and noble Order of the Knights Panther in the capacity of adjutant, and you ...people have been discharged into my care. From the time you left your cell, you have been under martial law.

“I am aware of your crimes, your abilities and the equipment you owned when arrested. As your jailer said, you are not ordinary criminals. But you are criminals nonetheless, and I have the power to have you summarily executed here or returned to your cell to await execution in due course. Remember that.

“I also have the power to offer you an amnesty. It pains me to waste it on scum like you, but if you're the best Middenheim can offer, so be it. If you accept the amnesty, you shall be inducted into the Order - at the lowest level, I'm glad to say - and you shall await further orders in the quarters which have been set aside for you. Of course, you have the option to refuse the amnesty, and allow the process of law to take its natural course. The choice is yours.”

Some choice, you think.

GM: allow the players to react to von Kreuzzug as they wish - some of the characters (Ruby in particular) may have quite a lot to say to him and about him, and you must react on his behalf. Bear in mind that he is a Knight and a professional soldier, he is dealing with criminal scum, and he has upwards of a hundred fully-armed Knights on call. It is anticipated that the PCs will eventually agree to his terms, albeit with some misgivings.



THE ENEMY WITHIN CAMPAIGN

GM'S INTRODUCTION

By the end of *Power Behind the Throne*, the PCs will probably have amassed a great deal of embarrassing information about various dignitaries in the city of Middenheim. Despite the fact that they will have been instrumental in saving the city from the machinations of the Cult of the Purple Hand (and, in all probability, they will have saved the life of Graf Boris Todbringer as well), there is a good chance that they will end up being thrown in jail while the Graf and his advisers decide what to do with them. The basic options are given on p93 of *Power Behind the Throne*.

If the PCs have ended *Power Behind the Throne* in jail, use *Players' Introduction 1* below. If they have not been thrown in jail, use *Players' Introduction 2*. Don't be afraid to alter minor details to fit in with the state of affairs that exists when you start playing *Something Rotten in Kislev*.

If you have not played *Power Behind the Throne*, and would rather get straight on to Kislev - well, we think you're missing out on something good, but you can do it if you really want to. Simply arrange for your PCs to be arrested and thrown into jail in Middenheim, and use the section headed *The Kislev Campaign* on page 4. You may need to change certain details to fit your PCs, but it's nothing that the average brilliant and inventive GM can't handle.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION 1

You sit in your cell, reflecting bitterly on the injustice of it all. If it weren't for you, who *knows* what could have happened to Middenheim, and Graf Boris Todbringer - and The Empire itself, come to that. And what thanks do you get for your pains? A cold, damp, musty cell, hard bread and brackish water, that's what. Still, what was that proverb about trusting the gratitude of princes?

You should have known, really. You managed to uncover enough dirt on enough people to bring the city crashing down around their ears. They must be worried about what you might do if you turned against them. Well, they're going the right way about turning you against them, that's for sure.

Your musings are interrupted by the grate of a key in the lock. The door to your



cell swings open, and the grimy and flea-ridden jailer beckons you outside.

"Come along, me beauties," he cackles, his breath foul with the smell of wine and rotting teeth, "*Them Upstairs* wants a word with you, they do!" You briefly consider making a break for it, but discard the idea as a dozen fully-armed Knights Panther fall in around you.

GM: now continue with Players' Introduction 2

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION 2

After a couple of days with everyone being kept well away from you, you are escorted up to the great Throne Room on the ground floor of the Palace, where the Graf awaits you with his remaining advisors. Beneath the veneer of rank and power, you can plainly see that some of them are nervous. Law Lord Ehrlich steps forward.

"We - ah - regret the necessity for keeping you incommunicado over the last few days, but there were some very far-reaching issues of security that needed to be discussed before anything further happened..."

In other words, they're worried about how much you know, and they have finally decided what to do with you. Ehrlich continues.

"...And you must appreciate that the security of the City-State, and by extension the security of Nordland and the north of The Empire as a whole, must of necessity take precedence over the interests of any individual or group of individuals..."

How long has he been rehearsing that little lot, you wonder. Well, what it boils down to is that you don't matter, not when all the high-ups are busy covering their own backs. You could have told them that - and in fewer words, too.

"...But at the same time, we can hardly overlook the enormous debt of gratitude that we, and the City-State itself, owe to your actions..."

Ah, so they've found a way of getting rid of you without actually killing you, and they're going to make it look like an honour.

"...And in recognition of your invaluable services to Middenheim, it has been decided to accord you the honour of induction into the ancient and noble Order of the Knights Panther..."

Knighthoods all round, eh? Hmmm, the three Midden Marshals don't look too convinced. Wonder how long it took to talk them into that? All right, then - where's the catch?

"...Middenheim, as you may be aware, has a number of treaty obligations to the Tsar of Kislev, including military aid in time of need..."

Here it comes.

"...And in view of the exceptional - and somewhat unusual - abilities you have recently shown, you are to fulfill our treaty obligations in Kislev at the personal request of the Tsar himself."

Aha. Well, it could be worse. Serves you right for choosing the adventuring life. Kislev, eh? From what you've heard, it's cold, miserable, always raining unless it's snowing, and they're all completely mad... It'll be different, if nothing else.

STARTING THE ADVENTURES

ONCE A KNIGHT...

Before the first adventure gets under way, the PCs are billeted in a small barracks-block (set away from everything else) in the headquarters of the Knights Panther, where they find all their equipment, plus a change of clothes. They are ordered to clean themselves up and report to the main hall in an hour.

It is possible that some characters may try to escape at this point, but the Panthers' headquarters is well-guarded and the sentries are just itching to prove that they are not merely decorative. One way or another, all the PCs will be assembled in the main hall at the appointed time.

The induction is hurried and sparsely attended, consisting of the PCs taking the oath of the Knights Panther, and completely lacking in pomp and ceremony. The players should form the impression that the Knights Panther would really rather not be doing this.

the oath of the knights panther

I, (name), swear before Sigmar and Ulric, and in the witness of this company here gathered, to serve the ancient and noble Order of the Knights Panther truly and faithfully unto death, observing the laws of the Order:

- To serve and protect Graf Boris Todbringer, his family, his legitimate successors and his appointed officers with my life;
- To render full and unquestioning service to my superiors in the Order and to those they may appoint over me;
- Never to suffer any person or thing bearing the mark of Chaos to live while there is breath in my body.

The Order has my oath, which only death may break. Let all here present bear witness.

After each character takes the oath, a medallion on a chain is hung around his or her neck. It is of gold, and depicts a rearing panther, with the background and the panther's spots filled in with black enamel. Each medallion is worth 15GCs (perhaps more to those who could make evil use of them), but any character selling a medallion to a non-Panther will have betrayed the order - and as the last line of the oath implies, such treachery is punishable by death.

EQUIPMENT AND TRAINING

The PCs will not have enough time to undertake any training or change careers after their induction into the Knights Panther, but the Order may be willing to supply them with a certain amount of equipment for their mission. Bear in mind, though, that the order only has certain types of equipment available, and will not give a character something he/she already has - a second sword, for example. Do not allow players to make unreasonable or extortionate demands. The following equipment is available:

Horses - normal riding horses only. Mules and/or ponies can be made available for Dwarf or Halfling characters. One mount per character, no pack or draft animals. Mounts come with saddle and bridle, but no barding.

Armour - sleeved mail coat, breastplate, chain mail leggings, plate leggings, mail coif, helmet (not crested), shield. These are all Human sized, and only the coifs, helmets and shields may be used by Dwarf or Halfling characters. One of each piece of armour per character.

Weapons - sword, axe or mace, dagger, flail, lance, halberd. One of each type of weapon per character. A character must have the relevant *Specialist Weapon* skill to be given a flail, lance or halberd.

Other equipment - saddlebags (holds 150 encumbrance points, nothing larger than 18" in the longest dimension), blanket, mess tins and cutlery, lantern, 2-pint bottle of fuel oil, one-man tent.



GETTING UNDER WAY

After they have been given any necessary equipment, the party will be given a set of travel papers and letters bearing the seal of the City of Middenheim, and told to take them to the Tsar of Kislev, who will issue them with further orders. They are to set out at first light.

The journey from Middenheim to Kislev is a long one - nearly a thousand miles in all. First, there is a road journey of over 250 miles to Talabheim, and then a river journey of some 550 miles up the Talabec and the Urskoy to Kislev itself. The journey will take from three to four weeks, of which about three-quarters will be spent on the river.

The papers which the party carries state that they are on the Graf's business, and will prevent any problems arising with the Roadwardens, the River Patrol or other official bodies. They are also exempted from any tolls on their route.

How you handle the journey is up to you. There are three basic options:

1. You might simply assume that after three weeks and D8 days, the party arrives in Kislev and presents itself at the Tsar's palace.
2. You might run the journey in a semi-abstract fashion; with the occasional encounter played out in detail. Some of the ideas in the *River Life of The Empire* section of *Death on the Reik* might be used here, and the road journey might be spiced up with attacks by Beastmen or Outlaws, or other incidents of your own devising.
3. You might run the entire journey as an adventure in its own right, with various incidents, diversions and subplots of your own devising. This option demands the most work and playing time, but may be a good way to start if you intend to play *Something Rotten in Kislev* as a campaign in its own right.

The rest of this book takes up the story when the party arrives in Kislev.



KISLEV (See Map 2)

THE LAND

Kislev is a poor country, low in natural resources. It can be roughly divided into three geographical regions: forest, mountain and steppe.

The **forest** is an extension of the Great Forest and Forest of Shadows of The Empire. The soil is poor, requiring deep ploughing, and the forest is dotted with bogs and marshes, with frequent sand and clay deposits. The best settlement sites are along the river basins, where the soil is relatively good and communications are reliable. The bulk of Kislev's population is distributed along these river basins, and few care to live deep in the forests.

The **mountain** region, consisting of the northern end of the Worlds Edge Mountain range is rugged and largely uninhabited by Humans, except for the occasional trapper and adventurer. The ancient Dwarven cities and underground complexes deep in the heart of this range are variously rumoured to be abandoned or tenanted by Goblins and degenerate Dwarven clans.

The **steppe** is a vast grassland plains region east of the World's Edge Mountains. The soil is black and fertile, but the climate is harsh, and the growing season short. The Gospodar nomadic peoples originated from this region, which is now sparsely inhabited by the related Dolgan nomadic tribes and various nonhuman races, notably Goblins and Hobgoblins.

THE CLIMATE

Kislev has long, harsh, brutally cold winters, short springs, short hot summers, and wet, cold autumns. Temperatures range from 30°C in the summer to -20°C in the winter.

Much of Kislev's precipitation comes in the form of snow during the bitterly cold winter. In midwinter, though, there is little snow, since it is too cold for the atmosphere to hold a significant amount of water. At lower elevations, snow remains on the ground until late spring; in the mountains, many passes are only open for a few weeks in late summer and early autumn.

The rest of Kislev's rain falls during the short, hot summer, accompanied by fierce late summer storms which regularly flatten crops and render roads and tracks impassable. Periodic spring droughts often make matters worse; rain is scarce during the short growing season, and the autumn downpours can only harm the crops. A common saying



among Kislevite farmers is "Spring rain comes in the summer. So does summer rain and autumn rain."

RESOURCES

The mountains are supposed to be rich in mineral resources, but exploiting these has proved impractical so far. Contact with the surviving Dwarven communities in the mountains is sporadic, transport is difficult, and marauding bands of Goblinoids add to the natural hazards.

Kislev's rivers and lakes are valuable resources. Because of the gentle gradients of the forested western region, the rivers are numerous, broad, and navigable for great distances, and form the backbone of the communications system. Fish are an important resource for many remote communities, which also trade furs along the rivers to eager markets throughout the Old World. In earlier periods these rivers were also important trade routes from the Old World to the East, but current political conditions make seagoing trade more economical and secure.

FLORA AND FAUNA

The flora and fauna of the forest and mountain regions are similar to those of The Empire. To the south of Kislev the

flora tends to be mixed forest, supporting a fauna much like that of The Empire's Great Forest, with abundant deer, elk, boar and other large mammals. To the north, and along the western slopes of the mountains, the forest is predominantly coniferous, supporting a variety of valuable fur-bearing animals, and along the northern margins, vast migratory herds of reindeer are hunted and herded.

The most dangerous common animals are the pack wolf and the brown bear. Fortunately, the bear is solitary and generally shy, although a wounded bear or one with cubs can be extremely dangerous.

The pack wolf is another matter. As well as preying on domestic animals and unwary travellers, they are domesticated by the Goblinoid races. The rarer great wolf is similar in disposition, but its greater size and strength make it a far more dangerous threat.

The grasses of the steppes support a variety of herd animals, the most important of which is the plains bison. The Dolgan nomads depend on the bison for most of their material needs. The Dolgans also domesticate several breeds of large dog - which they use in herding, hunting, and raiding - and the sturdy plains pony, which is generally inferior to the Old World horse, but better adapted to the harsh climate of the steppes. The steppe Goblins also domesticate the plains wolf.

TRANSPORT AND COMMUNICATIONS

The bureaucracy has decreed that all travellers in Kislev must have identification and authorisation to travel, but only members of the peasant class, outlaws, dissidents and adherents of political factions currently in disfavour have trouble obtaining the necessary papers.

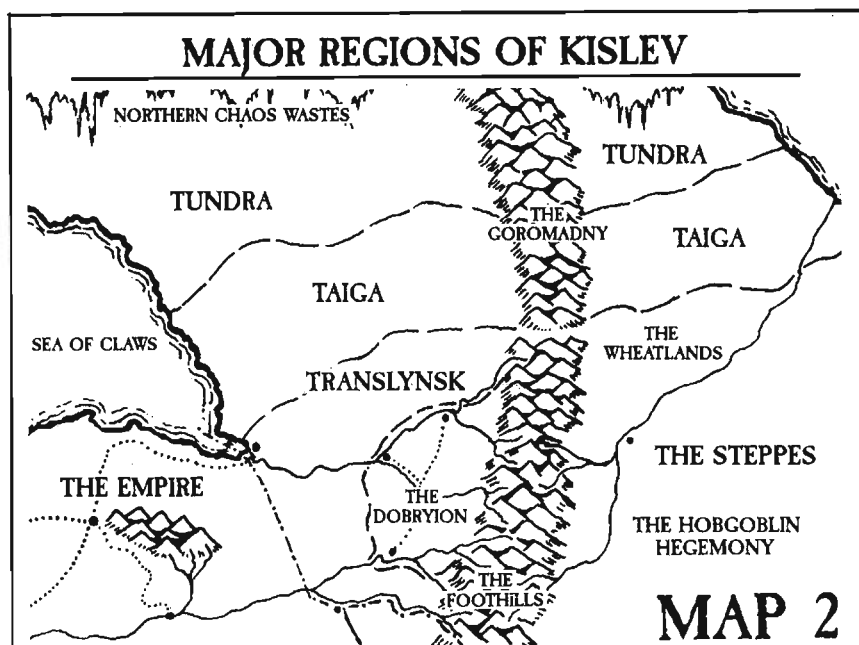
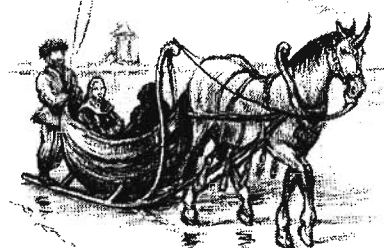
Travel is actually more reliable in the winter - road surfaces are frozen hard and smooth with packed snow and ice, and frozen rivers provide easy passage for sleigh and sledge traffic. Timber felled in winter is dragged to the frozen rivers and floated downstream on the white water of the spring thaws.

Long-distance transport is predominantly along the excellent river systems of Kislev - by boat in the summer, and by sledge in winter. In spring and autumn, the treacherous condition of the half-frozen rivers keep communications to a minimum. The harsh winters and wet summers, and the vast bogs and marshes of the western forests, make roads largely impractical for long-distance communications. The only major road between Kislev and The Empire is the road from Middenheim to Erengard through the Forest of Shadows, and frequent reports of attacks by mutants, Goblins and Beastmen have made this an unpopular route.

In western Kislev, each town has a network of roads and tracks connecting satellite villages, farm communities, and colonies, but rivers are still the most convenient and economical means of communication over longer distances. Most peasants own draft animals and wagons, but riding horses are generally restricted to the wealthy and those whose profession demands them.

In addition to the roads, there are many less formal paths and tracks between settlements, and the woodsmen and trappers follow well-established foot and horse trails into the deeper woods and the mountain foothills. Such wayfarers tend to travel in well-armed groups.

In the steppes, most travel is by pony, although some Dolgan tribes favour small hide-covered boats for river travel. Even the poorest Dolgan owns his own pony; a traveller on foot is regarded with open scorn.



THE TUNDRA

This vast frozen plain supports only the hardest of plants and shrubs along the northern margin of the taiga, and further north, lichens clinging to the sunny side of rocks are the only natural vegetation.

Because the Tundra borders on the Chaos Wastes (indeed, it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins), it is possible to find all manner of creatures of Chaos there as well as Chaos warbands and the kind of chaotic terrain covered in Realm of Chaos. Although the adventures in this book do not stray into the Tundra, there is great potential for you to set adventures of your own there.

THE TAIGA

This region of coniferous forest is inhabited only by trappers, adventurers, and creatures of Chaos. Attempts at colonisation have failed because of poor soil and climate, not to mention attacks by mutants, Beastmen, and others, in addition to the region's natural dangerous fauna - wolves and bears.

There is a steady demand for adventurers in the Taiga; hunters and trappers can make a good living if they can survive the natural and unnatural hazards of the region, and there are almost always opportunities for guard and mercenary work with trading posts and fur traders.

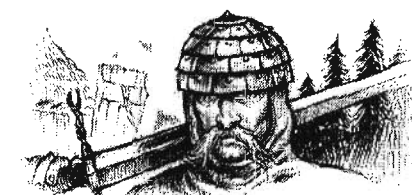
Being located close to the edge of the wastes, the Taiga is also an ideal hunting-ground for Witch-hunters and others of similar disposition; there are rumours of actual Chaos enclaves hidden deep in the forest - fortified settlements from whence Chaos Warriors, Beastmen and other atrocities come forth to raid and destroy.

THE TRANSLYNSK

A little north of the river Lynsk, the southern edge of the Taiga gives way to mixed forest. Various colonies have been established, exploiting the comparatively fertile soil and tolerable climate. Fur trading is still important, and together with a good river transportation network, these advantages have enabled some colonies, such as Bolgasgrad, to prosper. However, the increasing frequency of Chaos attacks from the Taiga now threatens the security of these colonies, and the present running-down of Translynsk garrisons does nothing to ease the situation.

Some of the more prosperous colonies are now recruiting mercenaries and other warrior-types on their own account, and a party of adventurers might find employment as recruits or advisors to one of these militias. Some bolder forces have even been known to mount search-and-destroy patrols in the southern fringes of the Taiga.

Some colonies have been abandoned or destroyed, and various rumours about lost treasures are in circulation throughout the Translynsk. Some may even have a basis in fact. Additionally, there are families and mercantile organisations in Kislev proper who might be prepared to pay for an armed reconnaissance of an abandoned or razed colony, either in search of people or objects, or to assess the potential for resettlement.





THE WHEATLAND COLONIES AND THE STEPPES

Periodic attempts to colonise this fertile region of the steppes just east of the mountains have met with limited success, mainly because of Dolgan and Hobgoblin raids, and a lack of real support from the state. Colonists make little distinction between Human and Hobgoblin nomads, since both raid in equal measure, and the Hobgoblins are very civilised by Goblinoid standards.

The Dolgans, under pressure from Hobgoblin expansion from the Dark Lands on one side and Kislevite colonists from the other, greet strangers with suspicion. Co-operation between the Dolgans and colonists varies with the personalities and attitudes involved, though the groups occasionally unite against the Goblinoids.

In times gone by, the great overland trade routes to Cathay and the east ran across the steppes; many indeed are the merchants who dream of the route re-opening, and the profits which would come to anyone who could achieve this are literally incalculable. Of course, protecting the route from Dolgan and Hobgoblin raiding would be a problem, but this might be reduced by treaties and diplomacy, while there would be a thriving market for caravan guards.



THE GREAT FOREST

This is a continuation of the mixed forests of the Empire, and is even less desirable for cultivation, with numerous bogs and marshes, poorer soil, and more dangerous wildlife. As in The Empire, bands of Goblinoids and Beastmen still lurk here.

As well as the potential for Chaos-hunts, there are rumours of ancient Elven and Dwarven ruins in the forest, predating the first Human occupation of the region (see pp40-46 for one example); Human scholars might pay highly for plans, artifacts and other information while Elves and Dwarfs may have their own reasons for seeking out such ancient sites. The rumours are suitably spiced with ghosts, daemons, servants of Chaos, uncountable treasures, explorers who never returned, and so on.

THE DOBRYRION

This region of long-established agricultural settlements and tamed forestlands is home to the vast majority of Kislev's population. Towns and villages along the road from Kislev to Praag form the backbone of the region, with innumerable small settlements spreading westward to the borders of The Empire and eastward to the Worlds Edge Mountains.

The servants of Chaos must work secretly in this region, but, as in The Empire, corruption has found its way into all levels of society, and traces of secret cults may be uncovered. Increased Chaos activity in the forested regions has led to a general nervousness which means that caravan guards and other mercenary types are in constant demand - attacks on road and river traffic are more frequent than they used to be.

THE FOOTHILLS

Rugged and forested, the hills are sparsely settled along the edge of the Dobryrion, and almost uninhabited along the lower slopes of the mountains. The few settlements are currently in desperate straits with a recent increase in Goblin raids. Goblins seem to be migrating westward from the mountains and settling in the hill regions, with the gloomy prospect of future raids into the more settled regions of Kislev.

What is causing the migration, and whether it can be turned back, is unknown, and government bodies - or even concerned powerful groups such as mercantile concerns - may pay well for information and evaluation. Local powers are beginning to mount punitive raids and recruit militia, and adventurers of almost all kinds may be able to find employment. Various mines and ancient Dwarven sites will have been taken over by the Goblins, and may require clearing and exploration.

THE GOROMADNY

This northern extension of the Worlds Edge Mountains has been abandoned by the Dwarfs and occupied by Goblinoids for centuries. The Goblin migrations suggest that something significant is happening here - precisely what is anyone's guess.

Powerful, well-equipped and well-organised parties of adventurers may be able to get into this region, explore and investigate, and get out again in one piece. If so, their information could be of the utmost value both to Kislev and to the security of the northern Old World as a whole. Also, there is the possibility of finding and clearing lost Dwarfholds, or contacting holds that have been isolated for centuries.



KISLEVITE NATIONAL IDENTITY

The Gospodars have never had a coherent cultural identity. Each clan was organised around its clan chiefs and elders, and their shamanistic religion had no central authority. Only in times of war would a strong chief unite a group of clans, - and seldom effectively, as is witnessed by the successive waves of Gospodars driven from the steppes into the forest regions and dispersed in lands unsuitable for their nomadic, herd-dependent culture.

The Ungols had a more coherent cultural identity, but one based around the concept of their war-chief, the Khan. The Khan had absolute authority over all Ungol clans, and maintained it with an iron hand and considerable imagination. Stories about pyramids of skulls and the devastation of whole villages are still used to frighten wayward children. However, when the Ungol hordes no longer moved from place to place, raiding and making war, the Ungol war-chiefs lost their authority. The Ungol warrior class disappeared, blending into the culture of their Gospodar subjects.

The Kislevite Norse culture remains distinct only in the north along the Lynsk, and particularly in Erengard, where the Norse aristocracy still maintain close ties with their Norscan relations. Throughout Kislev, Norse racial features predominate in the aristocratic and military classes, and the Gospodars perceive them as a benign, but distinctly separate ruling minority.

Three elements serve to bind the various peoples of Kislev into a nation: the priesthood, the Tsar, and external threats.

The priesthood played an important role in uniting the Gospodars when they settled in the forest regions centuries ago. The Ungol conquerors interfered little with the workings of the priesthood, permitting it to remain a source of comfort and security for the peasant class. Now the priesthood and the Tsar are mutually supportive, forming the central political and ecclesiastical authority of metropolitan Kislev.

The Tsar is a national embodiment of the patriarchal model of authority familiar to all Gospodar nomadic peoples. Like a patriarch, the Tsar is perceived as the absolute authority (in fact, the owner) of his land and family, the lands and peoples of Kislev. The normally cynical Kislevite peasant has a peculiarly romantic view of the Tsar as a wise, benign, and courageous protector, and tends to ascribe the evils of his everyday life to the corrupt bureaucracy and arrogant aristocracy rather than to any fault of the Tsar.

But more than any other factor, it is external threats which hold Kislev together as a nation. All the mutually hostile social classes and political factions close ranks into a coherent nation of unified will when faced with a foreign invader. As a result, the periods of greatest national, social and economic development often coincide with devastating wars. When the invader disappears, so does the consensus, and the people are left with the bitter taste of a devastated homeland and a slow recovery to a pre-war standard of living.

This periodic waxing and waning of the national will, along with the inherent agricultural poverty of western Kislev, accounts in large part for Kislev's relatively slow political, economic, and technological development when compared with The Empire, which has enjoyed an unprecedented stability and political coherence for the last two centuries.

SOCIAL STRUCTURE

In Kislev, racial heritage and social class are very important. Race and class stereotypes run true to form; Kislevites see one another clearly in these terms:

"Whining Gospodar. One hand clutching your knees and the other knifing your back."

"Bah, he's just a typical bureaucrat. Can't trust the scheming rat - except to be greedy and lazy."

"An Ungol? Work? When he could get his woman to do it? Phfah!"

THE RACES OF KISLEV

The Gospodars

Driven about, dispersed, enslaved and scorned by more aggressive peoples throughout history, the Gospodars see themselves as victims or unwilling partners in society, and the Norse aristocratic minority as rich bullies. Their traditional response to oppression is passive resistance or evasion. Famous for laziness and dishonesty, they respond to all authority with distrust and cynicism disguised with ill-natured co-operation. Cunning and deceit are honoured weapons for meeting challenges.



Gospodars see themselves as harsh realists; principles and ideals are looked on as childish fancies. For example, consider these Gospodarc maxims:

"Another's tears are water."

"Fear not devils - fear your neighbour."

"An honest man, like a fool, is a menace to his friends."

"Beat your own people and others will fear you."

Gospodars are also great sceptics in matters of religion, though immensely superstitious and fearful of sorcery. They observe a multitude of rituals in placating the various spirits and supernatural entities of the natural world, while dutifully but insincerely attending temple service and mouthing platitudes at their priests' command.

The Gospodars comprise most of the peasant class and urban lower classes. More successful individuals sometimes enter the bureaucratic class, where they express their cultural personality in the surly and uncooperative passive aggression of bureaucrats. Others occasionally enter the priesthood, bringing their talents for political intrigue and insincerity.

Gospodars are generally 5'0" - 5'6" tall, with a few as tall as six feet. Build varies widely from lean to heavy, and hair colour tends to black or dark brown, with sparse facial hair. In the cities, most speak Old Worlde with only a hint of Gospodar dialect; in the provinces the dialect is stronger, and hard for non-Kislevites (and indeed non-Gospodars) to follow.

The Ungols

Though the Ungol hordes once ruled a sizeable portion of the world, their descendants are accorded scant respect from modern Kislevites. The virtues of the Ungol warrior have little place in modern Kislevite society.

The place where the Ungol heritage should be an asset is in the military class, particularly in the cavalry, but the traditional strengths of the Ungol horseman - great mobility, superb archery, subtle and unconventional tactics - have been forsaken even there, in favour of more prosaic use of massed heavy cavalry. Many trappers, traders, and other independent adventurers are of Ungol descent, and they have a reputation for a resilience, self-reliance and ruthlessness that serves them well in the wilderness.

The majority of Ungols, however, form the lowest tier of whichever class they inhabit. They may be found in all classes (though they are rarely aristocrats), sometimes in positions of authority, occasionally distinguish themselves through individual feats of heroism or industry in the military or bureaucracy. They are more successful than most in dealings with the Dolgan nomads.

In religious matters, the Ungols tend to be superstitious but irreligious. They share the awe of the supernatural which is characteristic of the Gospodar, but seldom make any pretence to piety in the state cults of Ulric, Taal, and Rhya.

Like the Gospodars, Ungols are usually 5'0" - 5'6" tall, with black or dark brown hair. Most are lean and wiry of build. They have darker complexions, and moustaches and beards, when worn, tend to be long and straggly. Ungols maintain their culture and traditions more carefully than Gospodar or Norse, and have their own version of the Gospodar Old Worlde dialect. This is spoken with a strong Eastern twang, and has an extensive additional vocabulary, particularly concerning horses and cavalry warfare.

The Norse

The traditional ruling aristocracy of Kislev is drawn from Norse roots. Always a minority, the warlike Norse have nonetheless ruled the Gospodars and Ungols in the north since the 1500s and over all of Kislev since the reign of Igor the Terrible four centuries ago. In the past two centuries, however, the bureaucracy and priesthood have from time to time been controlled by Gospodars, leading to occasional tension.

The rest of the Old World is usually thinking of the Norse military class when it thinks of the bold Kislevite warrior. Indeed, Norse Kislevites are among the most formidable Human troops in the Old World. However, they are only a minority in the armies of Kislev, serving either as officers or in elite units of well-armoured, superbly-trained medium infantry.

Norse Kislevites are generally self-assured and contemptuous of other racial groups, indigenous and foreign, holding only their Norscan relatives as equals. They respect two kinds of social prominence: firstly, wealth and rulership; and secondly, martial prowess, as personified in the Norse berserker.

By the same token, they tolerate a wide range of anti-social behaviour - drunkenness, insolence, fits of sullen depression and manic enthusiasm - if it is balanced by the virtues they respect. Woe to the peasant or foreigner who runs afoul of a berserker when he is in his cups.

Norse Kislevites are generally taller and broader-built than Gospodars and Ungols, and have thick blonde or red hair. Hair is worn long, and almost all males cultivate long, dense beards. Many Norse Kislevites speak both the Gospodaric and Norse dialects of Old Worlde; Norse is regarded as the aristocratic dialect, and aristocrats will often emphasise their Norse accents to remind other natives and foreigners of their place in society.



The Dolgans

The Dolgan peoples are a group of plains barbarian clans living in the Wheatlands Colonies region.

In the steppes, Dolgan culture centres around the herd and horse. Herders concentrate on preserving the tribe's animals and supplying the tribe's needs - a respectable but unglamorous business.

Horse warriors are the aristocratic elite of the Dolgans. Though they help keep the herd together on the move, they have no other mundane responsibilities. Their main concern is to keep themselves at the peak of fighting condition, so that they can protect the tribe from raiders and acquit themselves well in the martial contests which take place during the summer clan encampments.

Horse warriors are normally over six feet tall, compared with the average height of 5' 6" to 6'. They tend to be loud, boastful, arrogant, and exasperatingly cheerful - like the spoiled, adolescent thugs they are.

Dolgans are seldom encountered west of the Goromadny. They have little use for western Kislev, and western Kislev has little use for them. The exception is the Dolgan *lichnostyob* (translated as 'superfluous lout' or 'picaresque homicidal maniac adolescent'), a horse warrior either too violent or too cheerful for the tribe to put up with. Such young warriors are sent out from the tribe to lead a life of heroic adventure somewhere else, and such outcasts may be found making life difficult throughout western Kislev. As mercenaries and adventurers, they have their uses, but they are generally more trouble than they are worth.

The Dolgan language is distinct from Old Worlde, but has some slight similarities with the Ungol dialect.



Date- (Imperial Calendar - IC)		Event		
-6250		The western primeval forests are settled by Elves. Mountains and steppes uninhabited.		
-6000		Mountains colonised by Dwarfs.		
-4500		Collapse of Warpgates. First major Chaos incursion.		
-3500		Elven colonies established along coast. Dwarfs expand into Worlds Edge and Black Mountains and begin river trade with Elven culture. <i>Traces of the Elven colony at Erengard are scarce, presumably covered by later structures or subsided in marshy ground.</i>	-1000	Goblin culture established throughout western forest and mountain regions, extending into forests of the modern Empire. Centres of demon worship established on ancient Elven and Dwarven sacred ground. <i>Many centres of modern Chaos-god worship are based on ancient demon-worship sites.</i>
-3000		Elves and Dwarfs exploit the western forest. Minor settlements grow up along rivers. <i>Ruins from this period are scarce.</i>	-500	Tribes of Human barbarians move from south into western forests of modern Empire. Large settlements are established along rivers and coastlines. Goblins withdraw into forest wilderness, but continue to raid Human settlements.
-2150		Increasing tension between Elven and Dwarven cultures. Major Dwarven and Elven fortifications along river routes contest freedom of movement in forest region. <i>Ruins of Dwarven river fortresses may be found along the Urskoy and Upper Talabac.</i>	0	Goblin armies are driven into the mountains by united Dwarven and Human forces. Isolated Goblin tribes survive in the deep forests, but substantial Goblin settlements disappear east of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Sigmar Heldenhammer grants Krugar, chief of the Talabec tribe, sovereignty over lands along the Talabec "as far as the Eastern Mountains, where springs the mighty Talabec." The mountains remain the nominal holdings of the Dwarven Warlords. In fact, the forest and mountain regions are inhabited only by Goblins.
-2000		Dwarven expeditionary forces drive Elves from forest region and besiege Elven coastal colonies.		
-1600		One by one the Elven coastal colonies are destroyed, their refugees withdrawing into the forests. As the Dwarfs prepare to reduce the great Elven fortress at L'Anguille, they receive reports of Goblins invading the northern Worlds Edge Mountains. The Dwarven forces are immediately recalled, but are decimated on route by starvation, Goblin raids, and brutal winter storms. <i>Dwarven adventurers still search for the remains of the Second Army, said to have been isolated and destroyed along the Urskoy.</i>	500	Unsuccessful attempts by Krugar's descendants to exploit the forest lands. Modest trading posts established at the sites of modern Kislev and Erengard, but the region remains without substantial Human settlement.
-1500		Dwarven realm shattered by volcanic activity in the south and Goblin incursions along the length of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Isolated Dwarven kingdoms survive, or migrate to Black and Grey Mountains. Gradually the surviving Dwarven trading settlements	1000	Plague and civil disorder in The Empire make plans for colonising the forest region impossible. Trappers and adventurers travel extensively along rivers as far as the headwaters of the Talabec. Imperial culture and authority is represented by missions of
				Taal and Rhya along major rivers, often at sites of former Elven and Dwarven settlements.
	1500			First wave of Gospodar peoples driven through the Northern Pass from Farside by pressure from Ungol moving into the steppes from the region of northern Cathay. Contact with monastic missions provides nomadic Gospodars with agricultural technology and a core of cultural unity. Norse princes of the Ropsmenn peoples raid Gospodar settlements along the Lynsk River and establish themselves as a ruling minority in Erengard.
	1750			The Ungol hordes move into the western forest region. They are subdued by Norse princes in the north, but become rulers along the Talabec and Urskoy. Cult of Ulric is established under Prince Vermund in North, while priests of Taal and Rhya remain dominant under Ungol aristocracy. Talabheim faction of the Empire maintains empty pretext of Kislev as an eastern frontier province, but without any real power.
	1900			In the north, a loose confederation of states develops, ruled by Norse Ropsmenn princes and centred on the city-state of Erengard under Ingjald the Red. Ungol warbands threaten Talabheim. The Emperor in Talabheim acknowledges the sovereignty of the Ungol chief Utila over all lands east of Talabheim. The Ungol capital, Dorogo, becomes a cosmopolitan city, with overland contacts with Araby, the Dwarven realms and Cathay.
	2000			The Ungol aristocracy is slowly assimilated into the Gospodar culture. The Ropsmenn principedoms establish overland trade with Dorogo.
	2100			Igor the Terrible, prince of Erengard, cordially invites the Prince of Dorogo to join the Confederacy of Kislevan States. When the prince politely declines, Igor sends an army to reduce Dorogo. Igor

FOR KISLEV

renames the city Kislev, and embarks on a forty-year consolidation of the various minor states and principalities of southern and central Kislev, uniting the region under a single name and ruler for the first time. Over several decades Igor builds the Kremlin, the prince's fortress on the Hill of Heroes in Kislev overlooking the Uorskoy River.

2134 Igor's campaigns of conquest and consolidation are stalled in the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains and in the Farside steppes region. Nonetheless, Igor declares both territories part of the Confederated States of Imperial Kislev, and proclaims himself and his progeny Tsars of all Kislev.

2247 After several increasingly weak and ineffectual Tsars, a coalition of government bureaucrats and priests conspires to govern Kislev through puppet Tsars. The first agricultural colonies are established in Farside, with mixed success.

2300 An entrenched bureaucracy and a priesthood increasingly concerned with temporal power contributes to the general deterioration of the central government. Remote principedoms and Erengard continue to enjoy relative prosperity. Raids by Dolgans and Hobgoblins cause failure of all but strongest colonies in Farside.

2302-3 Chaos hordes pour across the Lynsk. Praag falls, Erengard survives with the aid of allied Norscan princes, and an army of mutants and Beastmen besieges Kislev. Emissaries from Tsar Alexis appeal for aid to Magnus the Pious, Emperor in Nuln. After two years of campaigning, the Imperial army under Magnus turns the tide in the crucial battle of Grovod Forest, and the siege of Kislev is lifted. Then, with Kislevite forces and Norscan allies, Magnus drives the Chaos armies across the Lynsk into the Chaos Wastes. Tsar Alexis declares Magnus a Hero of the People and swears everlasting brotherhood between the peoples of the Empire and Kislev.



2300-2400 During this period of relative stability, central and southern Kislev prosper under the Romanoff dynasty. The north is slow to recover from the Chaos incursion, and continues to be plagued by periodic external and internal conflicts with Chaos-inspired forces. The last of the Farside colonies is abandoned.

2400-2475 Erengard and other major urban centres along the Lynsk gradually recover. Colonies are re-established north of the Lynsk. These colonies, designed to serve as buffers against future Chaos incursions, are heavily fortified with substantial military garrisons. A series of Romanoff Tsars of varying ability culminates in the psychotic Ivan Romanoff, who is murdered by a fanatic priest. Radii Bokha rises to power with the support of the military

and the aristocracy, despite the opposition of the conservative priesthoods and the bureaucracy.

2475-present Chaos activity north of the Lynsk increases steadily. The princes of the northern colonies appeal to the central government for additional troops and funds for fortifications. Troops are withdrawn to deal with large bands of Beastmen and mutants raiding central and southern Kislev. Bolgasgrad, the largest trans-Lynsk colony, protests and secedes from the Kislevan confederacy. Increased Goblin activity along the Worlds Edge Mountains. The Dolgans unite under War Chief Darok Hookhorn and declare war on all Goblinoids. Endless and inconclusive raids and reprisals ensue, with no peaceful resolution in sight.

SOCIAL CLASSES

The Aristocracy

This is predominantly Norse, with exceptional Ungol military and ruling families dating from the period of Ungol dominance.

The aristocracy of Kislev is in decline. The bureaucracy and priesthood are growing in influence over the Tsar, and aristocratic families have begun to find their hereditary landholdings lost to rising government and priestly power brokers. They retain great traditional prestige, however, and can continue to look down their noses at the *nouveaux riches* from other classes.

The wealth of the aristocracy in agricultural Kislev resides in their great estates. Both in the towns and the

countryside, it is the aristocracy who own the land, and they order the lives of the tenant farmer, labourer, artisan and merchant on their estates. The Tsar's estates are administered by Imperial bureaucrats, a class of civil servants which apes the privileges and culture of the aristocracy, but which is held in contempt by the old Norse families.

The Military

The military was once an aristocratic preserve, a gentleman's army occasionally swelled with peasant militia. Now, in the modern army, the infantry is increasingly important, and the military is now open to the sons of the bureaucratic and peasant classes. The officers, heavy cavalry, and elite heavy infantry are still predominantly Norse aristocrats, while Gospodars and Ungols are the foot-sloggers.

There are still elite units of Ungol light horse-archers, but they have become largely ornamental, since the type of warfare they were designed for - swift raids, daring skirmishes, and elaborate manoeuvres - has been replaced by large, disorganised shock assaults in difficult wooded terrain.

Since the Chaos incursion of 2302, various religious-military orders dedicated to the eradication of Chaos have developed in Kislev.

The Order of the White Wolf has expanded into Kislev from The Empire, where it is well-known as a chapter of elite Templars of Ulric. In Kislev, scarcely less ferocious, Templars of the White Wolf tend to be loosely-organised groups of berserkers - indifferent to tactics, but impressive in hand-to-hand combat.

Another elite military order is the Brotherhood of the Bear, an order of Ranger-Templars following Taal and specialising in skirmish actions in forests and rough terrain. Surprisingly, this consists largely of Gospodars.

The Gryphon Legion was an elite cavalry unit formed during the war against Chaos, but has since won most of its battle honours as a mercenary force in the employ of The Empire. It is sworn to return to Kislev if the Tsar should so command, but the general feeling in the Kislevite military hierarchy is that the time and distance involved would make this option practically useless.

The Priesthood

Traditionally a land of few gods but much superstition, Kislev has two main cults; that of Ulric (also known as Olric), introduced by the Norse, and that of Taal and Rhya, whose presence dates back beyond recorded history.

The cult of Ulric is preferred by the military and the aristocracy, while the cults of Taal and Rhya maintain close ties with the peasantry. However, religious faith is in decline. Lip-service is still paid to these two cults, but Gospodar cynicism ensures that religious devotion is mostly perfunctory and lacking in conviction. The priesthood has become increasingly political, and generally little more than an extension of whichever faction it supports at the moment.

The greatest weakness of the priesthood is its failure to protect its followers from famine or Chaos. It preaches that the droughts and Chaos hordes are an admonishment for lack of faith, that these natural and unnatural disasters are tests of the peasants' piety, which will be rewarded in due course. The peasants have little reason to praise the gods as their children starve and the Chaos hordes rampage all but unchecked.



The Bureaucracy

Originally just an extension of the Tsar and the aristocracy, the bureaucracy has built its own independent power base - a vast, convoluted and glacier-slow civil service. Nothing can be done in Kislev without an army of scribes, clerks, inspectors and - most important - tax collectors. Anything you can buy or sell, or even look at, has a tax on it. These taxes are nominally the rightful bounty of the Tsar, who is, after all, the owner of the nation of Kislev. The practice falls some way short of the theory.

The power of the bureaucracy has waxed and waned over the last two centuries. Weak, passive Tsars allow the ambitious to entrench themselves with loyal supporters and decrees favourable to their interests. Strong, energetic Tsars maintain control with shrewd politics, careful appointments, secret agents, and ruthless purges from time to time.

The current Tsar, Ralii Bokha, rose to power with the aid of the military and the aristocracy, despite the opposition of the priesthood and the bureaucracy. Bokha dedicates the bulk of the tax revenue to campaigns against Chaos hordes, mountain Goblins and plains Hobgoblins. Since these campaigns are largely unsuccessful, the bureaucracy sees this as an opportunity to undermine Bokha's power base and try to install someone more sympathetic to their aims.

The bureaucratic class is busily trying to gather unto itself some of the glamour and prestige of the aristocracy. However, since the wealth of the bureaucrats is neither hereditary nor rooted in the land,

its appearance is most evident in conspicuous consumption. Bureaucrats often dress in ostentatious, expensive clothes of dubious taste, in imitation of styles from The Empire, and especially Bretonnia. They throw huge feasts and balls, decorate their homes lavishly and garishly, and waste money on luxuries and frivolities. The aristocracy look on these gross displays with patronising contempt; the peasants regard them as depraved.

The Intelligentsia

This small group represents the elite thinkers and artists of Kislev, including clerics, scholars, physicians, mages, and other educated and professional people. They are often individually powerful or wealthy, but, since the intelligentsia generally views politics with contempt, it has relatively little effect on government policy. The only thing members of this class seem to have in common is their vague notion of the necessity for improving the quality of life - an ideal which jars strangely with their well-known and thinly-disguised contempt for the other classes. Otherwise, race, culture, wealth and personalities vary immensely.

The Freeman

The freeman class includes adventurers, frontiersmen, mercenaries, colonists, traders, itinerant artisans and other individuals of low social status who travel for a living. Among the freemen are the more adventurous and ambitious peasants, who leave the land in the hope

of improving their status. Most, however, are individuals who prefer the freedom and challenge of road and wilderness, and who hate the routines of rural and urban life.

Members of this class occasionally remain in colony settlements for short periods, or take temporary employment with established mercantile concerns, government agencies or individuals, but they are footloose and restless at heart. They take great care not to become too dependent on the luxuries of civilisation or the generosity of their employers, taking pride in their independence and their ability to live off the land.

With the ever-present threat of Beastmen, mutants, and Goblins abroad in the forests and foothills, the freemen make a habit of avoiding conflict or attacking from ambush. This style of warfare contrasts with the current military style of direct, ferocious assault, and there is a great degree of mutual contempt between the military and freemen. Freemen have also been known to adopt the methods of the hostile groups they confront - terrorist brutality, grisly trophies, midnight raids and so on - "fighting fire with fire", as they see it. Some say that they are little better than the beasts and monsters they fight.

"Says that, does they? Well, send a few of them out here without their polished armour and their lackeys and their hordes of troops. See how well they do when it comes down to basics. Then maybe they'll speak more respectful of those that know the ways of the wild."

The Peasantry

Traditionally, the Kislevite peasant had an unlimited right to travel as they pleased, and if a landlord was too harsh, or rent too high, they were free to set off in search of a more reasonable and generous master. In practice, this meant that the peasants tended to stick where they were, because the risk of wandering into a worse situation was so great, and because of the natural pessimistic fatalism of the class.

Nowadays, the peasants are increasingly restricted by the bureaucracy's decrees. They must obtain the Tsar's permission (ie the bureaucracy's permission) to travel or obtain a new landlord. This permission is theoretically available to anyone, but in practice it is very hard to obtain - the process requires peasants to confront their landlord with specific complaints, and substantiate them before a board of examiners.

The personality of the peasant is the personality of the Gospodar (see above). Cynical, deceitful, and fatalistic, they expect little good from their gods, their masters, or their fellow man.



THE LIFE OF THE KISLEVITE PEASANT

Normally the peasants work the fields in the spring, summer, and autumn, struggling from dawn until dusk to make best use of the short growing season. They wear long linen shirts, tied at the waist, with loose linen trousers and boots of bark or felt. In winter, they wear great sheepskin coats against the biting winds. The women's garb varies only in the substitution of a generous linen skirt for the trousers, and the colourful kerchief over their bound-up hair.

During the short growing season, the peasant works long hours in the field for the *Vladely* (Master or Steward), tending his own vegetables in the dim light of dusk. As the light dies, he may gather with his neighbours to gossip and to grumble about the weather or the *Vladely* and his overseers.

In the long winter, the peasant spends most of his time in his small cabin, gossiping and grumbling, and seeking distraction in *kuvas* - a modestly vile spirit made from fermented bread.

GM: The drunken peasant, insolent and sure of doom, is a commonly-encountered NPC in rural villages beset by the forces of evil or Chaos. When drunk, the peasant speaks more carelessly to foreigners - and more informatively. See p19.

In summer and autumn the peasant's diet is enlivened by fresh vegetables from his garden, but during the rest of the year he dines on bread, cabbage, beet soup, and cucumbers. The fast days ordained by the cult of Taal and Rhya at the summer and winter solstices are seen as a great hardship, and honoured more in the breach than in the observance.

The peasants' log cabins are simple and sparsely furnished, with a table and a few benches. The peasants sleep on large earthen stoves gathered around the sunken central hearth, where fires burn all night during the winter. The cabins have no chimney; the smoke drifts out through a hole in the centre of the roof.

One corner holds a shrine dedicated to Taal and Rhya; this is referred to as the 'red corner' or 'beautiful corner' because it is often the only spot of colour in the cabin. No entering guest may speak until he has made obeisance to the shrine by bowing deeply and pressing a bit of the earthen floor to his lips.

GM: This ritual is an official cult adaptation of the older rituals revering the Domovoy (see p25). A careless reference by a peasant to "Grandfather Spark" during this common ritual might provide an introduction to the Kislevite ancient spirits for an inquisitive foreigner.

Many customs reveal the peasant preoccupation with social place and precedence. A social superior (the *Vladely* or his overseers, an itinerant priest, or a revered village elder) is referred to as *olet* ('father') - "Good day, *Olets Pyotr*". An equal or inferior is referred to as *brat* ('brother') - "Hey, *brat*, watch where you're swinging that scythe!" When greeting a superior, it is customary to bow - the deeper the bow, the greater the honour shown. Equals, friends, and distant relatives receive only a perfunctory duck of the head.

GM: Peasants may use these customs to insult bureaucrats and foreigners subtly, with ironic or perfunctory gestures accompanying apparently deferential language.

The peasant's faith in the cult of Taal and Rhya is superficial and pragmatic. When he prays, fasts, makes sacrifices, pays respect to the beautiful corner, he expects results. When nothing happens - when famines and droughts grind on regardless, Beastmen and mutants continue their raids, and the hard lot of the peasant continues to worsen, the cult priests just preach humility and passive acceptance of fate. On the other hand, he is earnest in their superstitious reverence for the ancient spirits of the field, river, and woodland (see p25).

Hospitality to strangers - or even relatives - is not an element of the peasant ethos. When life is so hard, open-handed generosity may mean starvation for your own family, and others are expected to look out for themselves.

Paradoxically, though, the Kislevite peasant is capable of great compassion for the wretched and helpless. Stories of kindness to the sick, the lost, and the destitute abound in Kislevite folklore. A poor peasant takes on the burden of another more miserable than himself, at the risk of the whole family starving; the benefactor is repaid ten-fold when the wretched starveling is revealed as a prince, or the guardian of a hidden treasure, or a deity in disguise, searching for (and rewarding) Human virtue.

Such compassion may even extend to blameless mutants; if a mutant can still be perceived as Human, the peasant may see its plight as even more wretched than his own. This is one reason why the persecution of mutants has not assumed the same proportions in Kislev as it has in The Empire, and why "harmless" mutants like Georgiy Pyotrovitch (whom we will meet shortly) are allowed to live.

GM: Exploit this narrative element in Kislevite campaigns, presenting PCs with chances to befriend the wretched, then rewarding them later with triumphantly revealed wizards, heroes, or messengers of the gods who help the PCs in their hour of greatest need.



THE BEAST CHILD

INTRODUCTION

"My peasants are terrified," says Ivan Ilyitch Hertzen, Steward of the Tsar's estates in the village of Voltsara. "They cower in their huts, and the fields lie unploughed. Even their vegetable-plots lie untended. A brother and sister found; insides scooped out like fruit. Two more children missing. If I don't get a crop in, the folk starve, and I get fried on a grate."

"If you'd seek the wild men in their forest, you'd best speak with the charcoaler Pyotr Pyotrovich," says Oleg the Overseer. "They say his boy is one of them - the touch of Tzeentch on him, sure, and his whole family. 'Set a stoat to catch a stoat,' they say, but a bad business it is, sure."

In these hard times, hard men are needed. Seeking the Beastmen in their forest sanctuary is bad business indeed, but that's the business of freelance adventurers, agents of the Tsar, and sworn enemies of Chaos.

SUMMARY

The village of Voltsara is under attack from a band of Beastmen. Their lair, deep in the forest, is practically impossible to find unaided, and the adventurers must obtain the help of a peasant family in contacting their son, a mutant who lives wild in the forest. Through this Beast Child, the adventurers may locate the encampment of the Beastmen who have been preying on the villagers.

First, however, the distrustful peasant parents must be persuaded to help. Then the adventurers must learn first-hand about the ancient spirits of nature worshipped by the Kislevite peasants, and obtain their aid in locating the Beast Child. Once found, he must be persuaded to overcome his suspicion and fear of all Humans. And even if the adventurers can persuade the Beast Child to aid them, they may need the aid of the darkest, most perilous forest and water spirits to deal with the Beastmen.

This adventure is also an opportunity to learn about the Kislevite peasant, his way of life, his personality and his superstitions; this information will be vital to the adventurers' success. A number of essays are presented in the course of the adventure, to help the GM run the adventure and to serve as reference material for campaigns based in Kislev.





STARTING THE ADVENTURE

This adventure can be started in a number of ways, according to how you are using it:

The Enemy Within Campaign or The Kislev Campaign

When the PCs arrive in Kislev, the papers they are carrying, and their Knights Panther insignia, will ensure that they have no trouble in reaching the Tsar's palace. Assuming that they still have them, of course - if they have been lost or stolen in the course of the journey, feel free to hold things up for days as the bureaucracy looks into the matter. But in the end, they should be able to verify that the PCs are who they say they are, and they will be granted an audience with the Tsar himself.

Tsar Radii Bokha is a big-built man in his fifties, with a thick moustache and collar-length black hair. He seems unimpressed as the PCs are shown into his throne room, escorted by a dozen knights of the Kislevite Order of the White Wolf. If any of the PCs tries to address the Tsar directly, or speaks before being spoken to, one or more knights will jab them in the ribs with a sword-pommel. If they persist, the sharp end of the sword may come into play.

The Tsar looks at the adventurers narrowly for a few moments, and then turns to the little cluster of advisors ranged around and behind his throne. There is a low conversation - too low to hear, but it seems clear that he is somewhat disappointed in the 'Knights Panther' from Middenheim. Any character with *Acute Hearing* or *Lip Reading* skill and the ability to understand the Kislevite dialect of Old Worlder will be able to overhear the following on a successful *Int* test:

Tsar: Vladimir Ilyitch, who are these people? Are you absolutely sure that their papers were in order? Is there a chance that they might have stolen them?

Advisor 1: It seems not, Father of the People. We must conclude that these ... *people* are either the Knights Panther you requested from Middenheim, or forgers of exceptional ability...

Advisor 2: And the facts seem to point to the former conclusion, Father of the People. For if they were clever enough to forge their documents and insignia, they would surely be clever enough to present a more convincing appearance.

(Murmurs of agreement)

Tsar: Hmmm. Our Brother of Middenheim shall hear more of this. Giyorgi Petrovitch, it seems to me that they will not be suitable for our problem. Since they are here, though, what can be done with them?

Advisor 2: Well, Father of the People, there has been a petition from one Ivan Ilyitch Hertzen, Steward of your estates at Voltsara. There have been some killings there, and the peasants are all terrified of Beastmen.

Advisor 1: And, Father of the People, that will allow us to judge their abilities. In case their appearance is deceptive.

Tsar: Good. Let it be done.

With that, the PCs are ushered out into a side-room, where one of the Tsar's advisors will come to them after a few minutes. He addresses them in lightly-accented Old Worlder.

"Tsar Radii Bokha, Tsar of all Kislevites, Father of the People, instructs me to bid you welcome, honoured Knights Panther..."

It may be no more than his accent, but there may have been a hint of sarcasm in his speech.

"...To the east of here, about three days' journey along the river, is an estate called Voltsara, under the Stewardship of one Ivan Ilyitch Hertzen. Something has disturbed the villagers there - you will report to the Steward for your orders, and resolve the situation there in a satisfactory manner. Having done so, you will return here to report and receive further instructions. My name is Vladimir Ilyitch Bogdanov, and you will report to me personally."

Bogdanov will entertain no questions, responding to enquiries by suggesting that the PCs will find better answers in Voltsara than he is able to give. He will give the PCs a document which proves that they are agents of the Tsar, and point out that their boat leaves in an hour, so that this would be a good time to eat and prepare for the journey. His suggestions are given the force of commands by the dozen Knights of the White Wolf who attend the party at all times.

As an Isolated Adventure

In Kislev: There are two main possibilities here, and you may be able to devise others if you need to:

The Tsar (or his ministers, or his agents) hire or draft the adventurers in the city of Kislev, promising a healthy reward for loyal service, then dispatch them by boat to Voltsara - the last couple of paragraphs above can be used for an introduction, with little alteration.

Ivan Ilyitch Hertzen, Steward of the Tsar's estates at Voltsara, advertises in the surrounding area for "*Bold adventurers and doughty Chaos fighters, wanted to rid Voltsara of the scourge of mutant raiders. All expenses covered, reward on successful completion.*"

Elsewhere: Rural life in Kislev is little different from rural life in forested areas of Bretonnia, the Wasteland or The Empire. Replace the Tsar's Steward with a local landowning noble, and change the names to suit the culture. The ancient spirits would be known by other names in other countries, but would have similar personalities and powers. The Dwarven temple and its subsequent Goblin occupation are plausible in any of the countries listed above.

THE VILLAGE OF VOLTSARA (See Map 3)

The village of Voltsara, like most rural villages in Kislev, sprawls along a wide, unpaved road. Small cottages - no more than one-room log cabins - lie along the road, with individual vegetable patches behind. At the end of the road, at the top of a rise, is the Steward's substantial Manor house, the barns, farm outbuildings, beehives, orchards and artisans' shops.

At the foot of the rise is the village shrine to Taal and Rhya, where village elders preside over festivals and services, where sacrifices of grain and livestock are made, and where itinerant priests hold ceremonies during their periodic visits. This sacred ground protects the village from the malicious actions of the ancient spirits - or so the priests say.

Nonetheless, the peasants are careful to honour the ancient spirits in the fields of rye - the source of the estate's wealth - which surround the village.

About a mile from the village is the River Urskoy, a dock, a few small boats, and storage and work sheds.

At the edge of the fields are light woods, where woodcutting, charcoal-burning and hunting are the main activities. They are open and well-lit; sunlight filters through the forest canopy onto glades and light undergrowth, and well-worn paths wind among denser thickets and stands of older trees.

Beyond lies the darker, older forest. No sun reaches the damp, littered floor. Corpse-white fungi bloom from rotting, fallen trunks, and dense undergrowth makes travel almost impossible away from the few tracks and paths. Some paths lead to other villages, some to abandoned settlements, some to quarries, and some to ancient clearings, ruins and stone monuments of obscure origin. It is here in the deep forest that the ancient malevolent spirits abide, and the servants of Chaos lurk.

THE STRANGERS ARRIVE (See Map 4)

The easiest way to reach Voltsara is by boat along the Urskoy. Footpaths run parallel to the river, but carry the risk of attacks by Beastmen and other forest denizens.

*GM: Feel free to improvise night attacks on the adventurers' encampment and other incidents. If your players are fond of a fight, a river ambush by Beastmen - like the incident **Messing About on the River in Death on the Reik** - is a good open-with-action encounter to get their juices flowing.*

The arrival of strangers in Voltsara, or in any remote Kislevite estate or village, is normally a big event. If the visitors are expected, someone from the Manor will be waiting at the boat-houses to greet the visitors. Even if they arrive unexpectedly, children playing by the river will dash to the village with the news, and a crowd will gather to gawp at the travellers.

However, as the adventurers approach the village, the area appears deserted. Any native Kislevite, and any Ranger character, will realise that this is unusual - other characters will realise on a successful **Int** test. Kislevite NPCs - boatmen, guides, hirelings - will wonder out loud what has happened - plague? special festival? massacre? The adventurers must make their way up the road to the village on their own. The cottage doors and shutters are all closed and barred, and no one is working in the fields - very unusual for this time of year.

Approaching a Peasant Cottage

If the adventurers approach a peasant cottage, their reception depends on their apparent social class and their behaviour. The door will not be opened unless violence or a report to the Steward - the *Vladely* - is threatened.

If the adventurers are firm and self-assured, they will be treated as social superiors - "Aye, *Olets*, the house on the hill and the *Vladely* you'll be wanting."

If threatened, the peasants co-operate sullenly, but remind the adventurers (through barred doors) that the *Vladely* won't take kindly to the harming of his labourers. "Naught of my affair, Brat. Up the road. And take care with my door, please, 'less you're ready to fix it after."

If the adventurers are too polite or deferential, the peasants will be bolder, and make snide comments about their ignorance. "I can see how you might think that the *Vladely* lives here. Easy mistake. All rich folk live in little shacks. Everyone knows (snigger)."

If the PCs enquire about the village's problem, the peasants are fairly tight-lipped, insisting that they talk to the *Vladely*. However, they will let slip these few details:

- twelve peasants have been killed, several in broad daylight, but no witnesses to the attacks have survived;
- the killings were grotesque and brutal, evidently carried out by something with very great strength;
- everyone agrees it must have been a band of Beastmen.

The Drunken Peasant

As the adventurers make their way up the road toward the Manor, a cottage door opens and a peasant half-falls out, running backwards at high speed, arms windmilling for balance, laughing uproariously. He slams into the PC of your choice (ideally the one most likely to take offence), bounces off, and collapses on the road. The PC must make an **I** test to remain standing. If the test is failed, then the road *has* to be muddy, or dotted with less pleasant substances. This will not make a very good impression at the Manor.

The peasant makes several unsuccessful attempts to stand, talking all the time:

"Ah-hah-hah-ha! Humble greeting, *Olets* Furriners, and welcome to..." (*sweeping gesture*) "...the doomed village of Voltsara."

Attempts to bow low, and plunges face-first into the road surface. Continues talking.

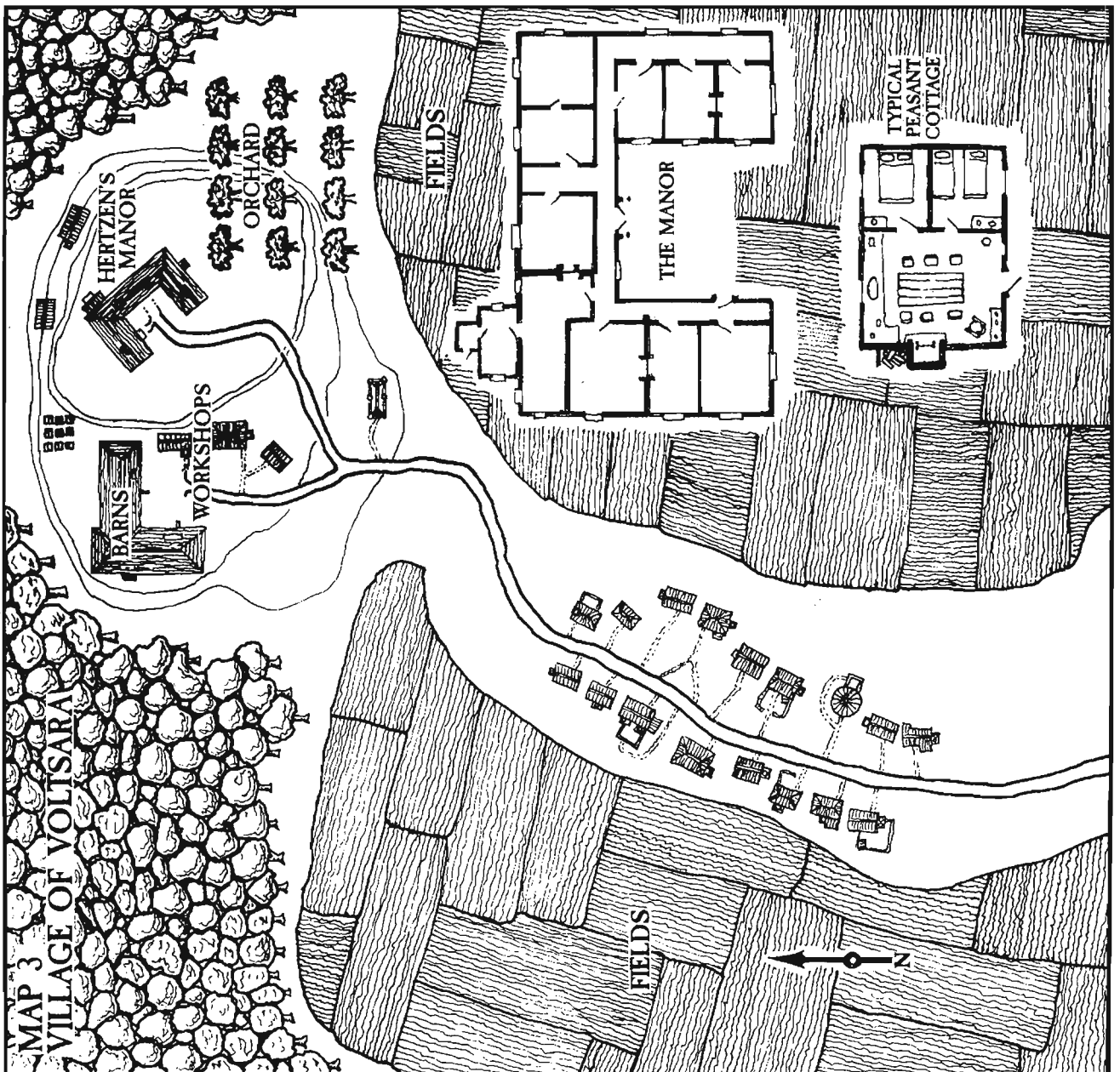
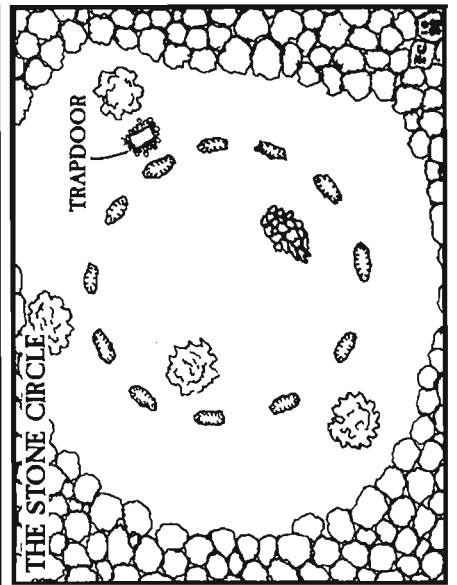
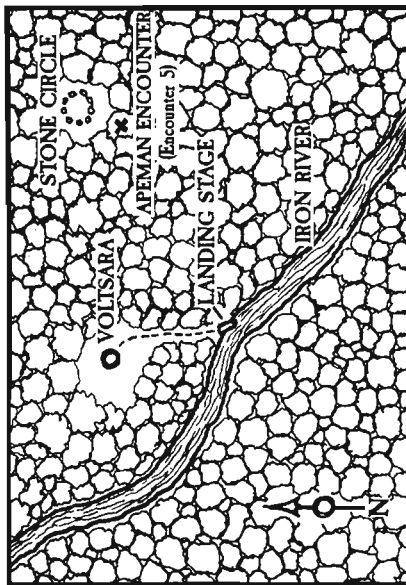
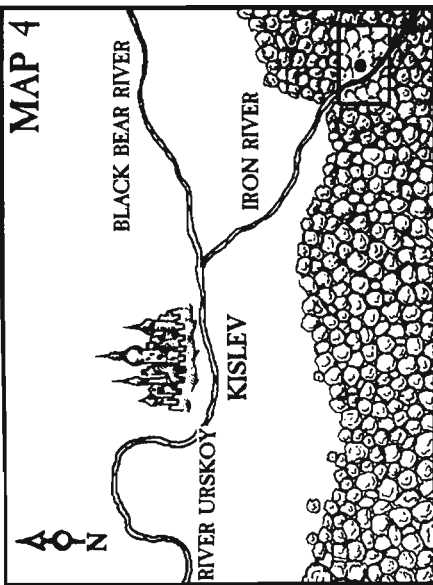
"Come to get your arms pulled off, eh? Well, you've come to the right place. And why worry? Old Tzeentch is glad to grow you a couple of new ones - any size and colour you want."

Belches loudly, looks surprised, then pleased with himself. Laughs briefly, then scowls at the PCs.

"Don't know why everyone's so gloomy. Priests say everything is under control. No problem at all, no, my good fathers. Taal and Rhya protect us poor peasants. Sure. Sure."

If the PCs try to question him, he laughs very, very hard, halts abruptly in mid-laugh, coughs, looks distressed, then deposits his lunch on a convenient pair of PC boots and passes out.

GM: This encounter is strictly to annoy the PCs and give a hint of danger to come. The drunken peasant has no information that could not be obtained more easily and reliably from Herten at the Manor. However, if the PCs do not kick his teeth in for his churlish behaviour, you may decide that he is so grateful (after sleeping off his stupor and realising that he might have died), that he offers his services as a bearer. If so, he is the only peasant willing to aid the adventurers, and he manages to do so only by fortifying his courage with kvas. Such a colourful, drunken NPC may be of little use, but can be entertaining and - who knows - may be drafted in an emergency as a replacement PC, transformed by a personal crisis of courage into hero material.



THE MANOR

The adventurers should continue to the Manor and confer with Herten (see below).

If they have been sent here by the Tsar, the terms of their service are already arranged, but they were ordered to report to Herten, and will find him and his staff valuable sources of information.

If they are here as mercenaries, they should arrange a contract for their service. Herten will open with an offer of 50 gold ruples (the same value as Imperial gold crowns), but may be bargained up to double this amount. Give the PCs a +10 bonus to their *Bargain* test if they've spoken with peasants and learned the seriousness of the problem, since Herten initially tries to understate the problem to keep his offer low.

The Steward's Tale

Ivan Ilyitch Herten greets the adventurers on the spacious porch of his Manor (with only a modest amount of fussing and preening) and explains the recent events that require the adventurers' services. Attempts to interrupt are met with polite bewilderment - *no-one* interrupts the *Vladely* - and immediate resumption of his narrative, with no acknowledgement of any comment or question.

After terms have been settled (if necessary), Herten will brief the PCs as follows:

"So good of you to come. Things are a bit of a mess here, you know - peasants with bits torn off, half-eaten tots floating in ponds, beehives apparently gobbled whole - quite disconcerting. The Lady and I have been quite concerned. Handy as I am with a blade (*demonstrating with a few broad flourishes*), I doubt I'd be much good against hordes of Beastmen and worse. The priests assure me that we're safe here with the Manor's shrine to Taal and Rhya - a certain protection against the servants of Chaos, they say - but nonetheless, we're a bit... bothered, don't you know.

"It really started about three months ago, when Alexis - my foreman as was, rest his soul - came back saying he'd found an old stone circle. Never said where. He was digging around, looking for a good site for a charcoal-pit, when he fetched up some stonework, he said. Came home at dark, and set off again the next morning at first light. Never saw him again. Sent four overseers and a team of labourers, but we couldn't find Alexis or the place. I was sorry to lose Alexis, but there wasn't much I could do. A lot can happen in these woods, you know.



"Nothing happened, not right away. Then, four weeks ago, we found the mutilated corpses of several woodcutters. 'That's what got Alexis,' we said, and started keeping a watch, and restricting travel in the Old Woods. Since then we've lost twelve people: five of them children, two of them men taken in broad daylight. No-one has seen anything - at least, no-one who lived to tell about it - but the hoof-marks and torn brush look like Beastmen. Little else with the power to rip limbs off and scoop the guts from a man, except bears, and this is too regular to be bears.

"We've not much idea of even where to start looking. Oleg - one of my overseers - has this idea that you should talk to the charcoaler Pyotr Pyotrovich. Says his son is one of them, good chance, and could

lead you to the monsters. Not too keen on the idea myself - Pyotrovich is old and senile, and not likely to set you on his own son - but I said I'd mention it to you, and so I have."

Herten arranges for the adventurers' accommodation, and has the overseers inform the peasants of their status.

"These people are in my service. Obey them as you would obey me, or answer to me for it."

Normally, adventurers will be housed in outbuildings and fed with any artisans or overseers who don't live with their families in the somewhat nicer cottages near the Manor. Any adventurer clearly of superior status (Initiates, Scholars, Wizards, Nobles, etc) will be offered lodgings in the Manor, and fed with the Steward's family.

Ivan Ilyitch Herten, Steward of Voltsara (Noble)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	30	3	3	7	43	1	38	52	34	39	31	43

Skills: Blather, Charm, Etiquette, Heraldry, Luck, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride - horse, Specialist Weapon - Fencing Sword, Wit.

Possessions: As necessary.



The steward of the Voltsara estate is a rising member of the bureaucratic class. Such *nouveaux riches* tend to dress ostentatiously in highly ornamented, embroidered garments of fine linen, and affect the elevated diction and manners of the upper class - generally achieving a rather tasteless and unintentionally-comic parody of the aristocratic style.

To stage this, a Monty Python-style upper-class-twit manner of speech is effective, with wide, flamboyant gestures and a mock-modest style of politely but deprecatingly calling attention to the luxuries and extravagant crudities they surround themselves with. "Sorry to greet you in these old rags, (*rattle of jewellery, pluck at the fine lace of the sleeves*) but I've only just been informed of your arrival."

To Business

After telling his story, Herten invites the adventurers to go directly to work. He expresses little interest in plans - "No, no, don't bother me with details, just do it."

If the adventurers request help or equipment, he arranges to provide it through his overseers, if the request is reasonable (ie, easily replaceable, inexpensive, close to hand, and plausibly useful). For example, riding horses are not available (except, perhaps, to gentlemen or others of comparable station), but draft or pack animals would be no problem.

Additional hands are another matter. The peasants refuse to go out of the village, day or night. They might be forced by threats or violence, but would be of little help, sneaking off at the first opportunity, and certainly no use in a fight.

However, if an adventurer of great personal charisma and heroic stature wishes to persuade a peasant to willing service, test on (PC's **Fel** + **Ld**, minus peasant's **Int** + **WP**: *Blather* +10, *Charm* +10), Herten will gladly grant permission for the peasant to go with them. Herten might be persuaded to order an overseer to accompany the

adventurers, but a *Loyalty* (to Herten) test must be taken before the overseer agrees to come, and the test must be repeated whenever something unpleasant, mysterious, threatening or terrifying occurs (with healthy penalties, as you see fit). Profiles for typical peasants and overseers are given on pp139-140.

ENCOUNTER SEQUENCE

The adventure is conceived as a sequence of encounters, each leading to the next and/or providing useful information or other resources, leading finally to a dramatic climax with lots of hewing and cleaving, horrible monsters, dreadful magical creatures, and ancient loot. The sequence of encounters and resources to be gained are as follows:

- 1. Pyotr Pyotrovich.** His co-operation teaches the adventurers about the ancient spirits.
- 2. The Spirits.** Successful dealings with the spirits can guide the adventurers to the Beast Child, and provide potential allies against the Beastmen. On the way, this may lead to...

3. Father Bear. A one-sided contest to settle a bet between two of the Spirits.

4. The Beast Child. Honourable and compassionate dealings with the Beast Child may earn his trust, producing information about the location of the Beastman encampment, and possibly winning his aid against the Beastmen.

5. The Stone Circle. A stealthy approach may permit the adventurers to pick the first few Beastmen off one by one. They must face the Chaos Warrior and his pet Daemon - or be content to let these formidable enemies escape. Or, the PCs can opt for a straight assault on the Beastmen - probably resulting in the loss of some adventurers and the failure of the mission.

6. The Dwarven Temple. Once the Chaos Warrior and his Daemon are taken care of, the PCs can cleanse the old Dwarven ruin and lay to rest the ghosts that haunt it. They can investigate the Goblin burials there, and possibly recover valuable treasure.

While it will be easier for the PCs if the players tackle things in this sequence, it is quite possible to bring things to a successful conclusion another way. So don't worry if the players miss something or insist on doing things their own way.



ENCOUNTER 1: THE PROUD FATHER

Pyotr Pyotrovich and his wife Annya Ivanova live in an old, ramshackle cottage on the edge of the fields, to the north of Voltsara and the river. For decades, they have worked as charcoal-burners, supplying the cooking stoves of the village.

Pyotr has been touched by Chaos, though in such a mild form that its only manifestation is eccentricity in behaviour, a fault that could easily be passed off as the curse of old age.

Of course, there is also his son, Georgiy Pyotrovich, the Beast Child. Georgiy is 35 years old, and scarcely changed since he fled the village 23 years ago. Georgiy was always slow-witted and uneasy in Human Society, but no-one ascribed his defects to the taint of Chaos. Now that the servants of Chaos plague Voltsara, its folk imagine they always saw the touch of Chaos in Georgiy, and, for that matter, in his father as well.

Pyotr is over 80 years old, and Annya nearly 70, but both are fit and wiry, and remarkably spry for their age. Annya almost never speaks - she never talked very much, and she's not about to start now. Pyotr is just the opposite - incessantly chattering to himself and to anyone who will listen about the weather, the decline of the aristocracy, the hardships of old age, and the foolishness of priests. There's nothing he loves better than a long chat about theology, but all his conversations tend to turn into monologues.

Pyotr is quite an authority on the spirits of nature that inhabit the fields, forests, and waters around Voltsara. Such knowledge has been all but lost over the past two centuries - the priests have managed to wipe out the last vestiges of nature-worship in most peasant communities. Pyotr doesn't talk very much about it, though, and only the oldest men of the village might

remember - on days when their minds were clear - that Pyotr was once something of a warlock.

Unlike the other peasants of the village, Pyotr isn't cowering behind barred doors; he's out in the forest, as usual, with his axe and his mule, chopping wood for charcoal. Annya is bustling about doing her ordinary chores. Both seem to have an almost supernatural energy for their age.

GM: The players may well make too much of this. Pyotr and Annya are simply unusually spry old birds. But if the players want to see Chaos or sorcery at work here, let them.

Pyotr and Annya believe that they are protected from Beastman attacks by their son, who ran off into the forest 23 years ago. They believe that he is the leader of the Beastmen who are now attacking the village. The truth is that they have just been lucky in escaping the attention of the Beastmen - so far.

Pyotr and Annya go through three phases in their reaction to the adventurers:

1. Amiable but casual sociability:

Annya offers the visitors a cup of *kvas* and asks them to wait until Pyotr returns from the woods to eat. Pyotr chatters pleasantly with the adventurers when he returns to the cottage.

"Well, well. Travellers from the great world outside. Welcome indeed. What is the news in Kislev? Is Raddi still Tsar? Pah! Waste of good cabbage, that man. I could make a better Tsar from a sheep dropping."

2. Suspicious hostility: When Pyotr and Annya realise that the adventurers are on the trail of the Beastmen, and are looking for their son, they immediately assume that Georgiy is in danger, and become formally polite but unco-operative.

"No. No idea where he is. Been missing for twenty-three years this spring. Haven't seen him at all."

3. Cautious, sceptical co-operation:

If the adventurers persuade Pyotr and Annya that the survival of the village is at stake, and that they are responsible for protecting their neighbours from the marauding Beastmen, Pyotr will tell what he knows about his son. If the

adventurers are shrewd enough to swear by all the gods at once (or on some other equally solemn oath) not to harm Georgiy, Pyotr and Annya will be particularly cooperative.

If the adventurers persuade the couple to help them, here's what Pyotr can tell about his son. The notes in italics are for your reference only.

- Georgiy is a good boy, just a little dull-witted.

Essentially true. Georgiy is no threat to other people. He is dull-witted, but his gift with the spirits of nature compensates somewhat for his mental incapacity.

- Pyotr and Annya haven't seen Georgiy for years, but they sense his presence around them, as though he were right in the room with them, and he is protecting his parents from any Beastman attacks.

Partly true. Georgiy keeps a watch on his parents from the forest, and his acute senses and sensitivity sometimes seem almost magical. However, he has nothing to do with the raiding Beastmen - Pyotr and Annya have simply been lucky in avoiding attack so far.

- Georgiy is the leader of the Beastmen.

Untrue, and even admittedly illogical, if Pyotr is forced to consider the contradiction between his assertion that Georgiy is a good boy, and that the Beastmen are slaughtering children.

- The only way to communicate with Georgiy is through the spirits of nature which govern his wild home. Pyotr has taught Georgiy everything he knows about the spirits, and with Georgiy's special gifts, he is more in tune with nature than ever Pyotr was.

Dead on.

Pyotr offers to act as an intermediary with the spirits of nature.

"Used to be quite a warlock, you know. Probably a bit rusty. And all I can do is call the spirits for you - they may come or they may not - we've not spoken for years. Can't say whether they'll be friendly. They've been neglected, I'm afraid. The priests forbid the old magics. I dare say I'm the only one left who knows the observances."

"But I warn you - the stronger the spirit, the more greedy. A little house spirit is grateful for stewed grain and cordial respect. The Forest Lord wants a bit more than that for his services - sparing your life is generous, in his book."



ENCOUNTER 2: THE ANCIENT SPIRITS



Give the players the *Ancient Spirits* handout (p127) and let them digest it, or present the information as a monologue by Pyotr. In either case, make sure the players have the handout as a reference; they must make decisions based on their knowledge of the ancient spirits, and having the information before them may inspire them to enlist the ancient spirits' aid in later encounters.

WHERE TO START

When the PCs have had their basic introduction to the ancient spirits of Kislev, they need to consider the process of contacting the Beast Child. They don't know which spirits are likely to be helpful, or what the costs and risks might be. The most practical and cautious method is to start with the weakest, least threatening spirit, working their way up the power/risk

scale until they find someone who can help them for a reasonable price. If asked his opinion, Pyotr suggests this procedure.

Cheerful and impulsive players may choose to start at the top and work their way down. The personalities of the powerful spirits and the bargains they offer may discourage them a bit.

Staging Spirit Encounters

The spirits are colourful NPCs as well as potentially valuable sources of aid. Milk them for all they're worth. Specific ideas are given below for playing each spirit, but here are a few general tips:

1. The weaker the spirit, the lighter the presentation. Domovoy and Maciew are cute, cartoonish characters, a bit peeved at being neglected for so long, mischievous in spirit, but basically friendly to Humans. There's nothing funny at all about the Poleviki and Vodyanoy - they are cruel and sinister.

The Leshy is the most subtle in tone - he's comic in speech and manner, but his insensitivity to the pain and death about him should be slightly chilling.

2. Use Pyotr to guide the adventurers if they are confused or careless. Pyotr expects the adventurers to do all the bargaining and pay the spirits' prices, but he's basically kind-hearted, and doesn't want to see anybody ripped in half for approaching a Vodyanoy tactlessly.

3. Initially, the adventurers are only interested in getting help in making contact with Georgiy, but this is a good opportunity to put notions into their heads about potential resources for later encounters.

4. Each type of spirit is given a distinctive style of verbal delivery. The more hammed-up your delivery is, the more clearly the individual spirits' characters are defined in the players' minds. Put on a good show.

THE ANCIENT SPIRITS

Summoning Spirits

Any character can automatically learn the rituals required to attract the attention of the Ancient Spirits. No magic points or special ingredients are required, but due reverence and respect must be paid, or the Spirits will simply not appear.

Note that no profiles are given for the ancient spirits. This is because they should never be needed. If you want a spirit to be able to do something, then it can do it; if any character is so foolish as to attack a spirit, the spirit will disappear, probably leaving a few unpleasant spell effects behind in its wake and returning later to take a suitable revenge. Remember that spirits are not monsters, to be dealt with according to the PCs' abilities; they are immortal beings - albeit weak ones - and mortals should treat them with due respect.

DOMOVOY (Grandfather Spark)

Powers

Petty Magic: A Domovoy can cast the following spells, at will and with no Magic Point cost: *Zone of Warmth*, *Magic Flame*, *Glowing Light*, *Zone of Warmth*.

Special Magic: A Domovoy can summon a Fire Sprite (size 1 Fire Elemental) at will and with no Magic Point cost. Fire Sprites have the following profile:

M	W	S	S	T	V	I	A	De	Id	Int	C	W	Fe
1	9	9	1	1	9	9	1	9	9	9	9	9	-

The Fire Sprite is always under the Domovoy's control when it appears. See **WFRP** p 254 for full rules for Elementals.

GMing Notes

Domoviye are primarily useful in the defence of hearth and home, though they may be convinced to travel by playing on their tender hearts and their hunger for human warmth and affection.

Verbal Delivery: high, squeaky, pixie voice; sulky when neglected or treated harshly, bright and excited when folks are nice and complimentary.

Adorably Cute Dialogue: Grandfather Spark is cute. Way too cute. Make the players sick. For instance:

Krogar the Barbarian: "Ugh. Little squeaky thing. What magic you do? Make fireball bake pony - poof? Make enemy sleep so throat slit easy?"

Grandfather Spark: (*high-pitched squeak*) "Oh, no! Spark make home warm! Spark keep milk fresh. Spark warn people about leaky roof. Spark keep stove clean. Spark guard babies from rats. Spark do nice things for nice people. Spark like doing nice things."

Krogar: "Huh. Dumb spirit. Maybe bore enemy to death. Yuk, yuk."

Locating Georgiy: (*squeaking sorrowfully*) "Oh, Georgiy has gone away, far away from home, far, far away. So sad, so sad. So far away, so sad, so sad. No, no, can't help. Sorry, sorry. (*Brightening*) But find bread crust Pyotr lost, yes, yes, can help, see?"

The Domovoy will be little help in locating Georgiy; he stays close to the house. However, playing on the sentimental theme of helping Pyotr find his long-lost-son might persuade the normally timid Domovoy into accompanying the adventurers in their search for Georgiy. His abilities are very limited, but he'll give freely of them when the mission is the preservation of home and family.

MACIEW (Grandfather Barn)

Powers

Beast Empathy - an ESP-style ability to communicate with domestic beasts and beasts familiar with man (ie rats, crows, etc). He can understand their motivations, see through their eyes, hear through their ears, and request services, which are generally granted if not too difficult or dangerous.

GMing Notes

The Maciew is generally useful only in defence of beasts or farm. If one appeals to his sense of mischief, he may be persuaded to pester one's enemies.

Verbal Delivery: high-pitched voice, but abrupt and old-mannish; clears his throat and *brrumpfs* a lot; sharp and scolding when complaining about neglect; sour and grudging when making a deal; completely deadpan when he plays his practical jokes, making it difficult for the players to decide whether he's just kidding around or really being plain nasty.

Impish Mischief: Throughout the dialogue with the Maciew, little annoying things happen to the characters - a little pinch, a belt buckle unfastens, objects seem to move around inside pouches, and so on. The Maciew stonefacedly pretends complete





bewilderment if the characters mention these events, and indignantly rejects any suggestion that he is responsible. However, a solemn promise to dance and sing at the full moon causes the tricks to stop.

Locating Georgiy: (*high-pitched*) "Hrrumph. Boy's been gone for ages. How do you expect me to know where he is? Think I have time to wander about? Got work to do here with the animals. Hrrumph. And little thanks I get for it, too. Bah. No respect for tradition, these days."

The Maciew is no help in finding Georgiy, and is absolutely unwilling to leave the barn.

POLEVIK (The Grainfathers)

Powers

The Pleviki have the power to bless weapons (see below). They can also bestow a *Curse*, causing the victim to cut himself whenever he fails a 'to hit' roll by 20 or more when using a sharp weapon.

GMing Notes

The Pleviki are modest but bloodthirsty spirits, with a nasty, impatient disposition. They are risky to deal with unless the summoner is prepared to sacrifice his blood.

Verbal Delivery: a sinister, rhythmic, droning, whispered chorus, often repeating a phrase to emphasise the rhythm; when answering specific questions or making proposals, one Plevik speaks alone, while the others murmur unintelligibly behind him.

Whispering and thirsty: When the Pleviki are summoned, the wind rises, whipping the grass at the edges of the field. The Pleviki appear as hundreds of stalks of grain with faces, arms and legs, stepping just to the edge of the grass, murmuring quietly with a sound like the wind rising and falling across a field of tall grass.

Locating Georgiy: The Pleviki cannot help the characters find Georgiy, but they will never admit it as long as they believe they can use the situation to gain more blood sacrifices - 'harvests' as they call them.

Pleviki: "Harvest come? Harvest come? Earth is thirsty. Why this call?"

PC: "Can you tell us where we can find Georgiy Pyotrovich?"

Plevik spokesman: "Where is Georgiy? Little Georgiy? We know where. We hear the wind."

PC: "Can you call him to us? Can you help us find him?"

Plevik: "We can do so, come the harvest" (*Others join in*) "Come the harvest, earth is thirsty, feed us, feed us and we'll tell."

PC: "If we give you the harvest, can you locate Georgiy?"

Plevik: "Bring the harvest, talking later. Feed us, feed us and we'll tell."

(*When a sacrifice of blood has been made:*)

Plevik: "Georgiy sleeps with Father Tree, sleep in peace with Father Tree. Thirsty, thirsty, more of harvest. We shall make your weapons keen. We shall make your blade-cuts clean."

PC: "So where's Georgiy?"

Plevik: "Thirsty, thirsty, more of harvest. We shall make your weapons keen. We shall make your blade-cuts clean."

And so on, endlessly repeating the request for 'harvest,' and ignoring the characters' questions.

The Pleviki reveal that Georgiy is in the forest - the only useful information they have. However, each character who offers 2 W points of blood sacrifice may have one weapon blessed so that it can wound any creature normally immune to non-magical weapons and cause an additional +1 point of damage until sunrise the next morning. This should prove useful in any encounters with the Beastmen.

Any character who threatens or verbally abuses the Pleviki earns the Pleviki curse so that any hit roll missed by 20 more means the character cuts himself. The only way the curse can be lifted is to atone with a major blood sacrifice (D6 W) to the Pleviki.

LESHY (Lord of the Forest)

Powers

Elemental Magic Spells: *Assault of Stones, Clap of Thunder, Cause Rain, Banish Elemental, Become Ethereal, Create Quicksand, Dust Storm, Summon Air Elemental.*

Illusion Spells: *Bewilder Foe, Confound Foe, Illusionary Woods, Illusion of Mighty Appearance, Illusion of Darkness.*

Druidic Spells: *Animal Mastery, Heal Animal, Giant Animal Mastery, Hail Storm, Tanglethorn, Animate Tree, Create Bog.*

Father Bear

Father Bear is Leshy's constant companion. He speaks and reasons like a human - or a spirit - for the Leshy's amusement, conversation, and flattery. Father Bear takes the form of a huge brown bear, and is a spirit being himself.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dev	Id	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	70	10	5	5	40	50	3	20	50	60	80	90	50

Leshy can give Father Bear any or all of his magical powers at will.

Gming Notes

An exceptionally powerful and dangerous character to deal with. In impish good humour he could squash you like a bug, or leave you stuck in quicksand, chuckling to himself about his sense of humour. If you run the style of campaign where characters occasionally need the help of demigod-level beings, Leshy is a good choice - dangerous and callous enough to discourage players from over-using him, but powerful enough to be worth the risk when you're in a tight spot.

Verbal Delivery: booming, cheerful, lordly; speaks in gracious and courtly diction, as befits a king; apparently jolly and good-natured, but instantly roaring and growling when offended or annoyed; stand, lean over the players, and speak too loudly at them, patting them on the head and smiling just-a-bit-too-broadly.

The Lord and His Chamberlain: Once the summoning ritual is completed, there is a brief silence, then the sound of something massive making its way through the undergrowth.

The Leshy is preceded by his servant and companion, Father Bear, who suddenly plunges into view before the characters and rises threateningly on his rear legs. Then the Leshy arrives behind the characters, appearing silently and towering over them like Godzilla. The Leshy appears to be substantial, but he moves through the forest without disturbing a leaf. He stands over thirty feet tall, but leans over the characters and peer at them intently during the audience.

Father Bear: "His majesty, the Lord of the Forest, and Ruler of all he surveys." (Pauses briefly, nodding significantly to the characters - their cue to do some serious bowing and scraping)

PC: (Bowling low) "Greetings, your majesty, and best wishes for your health from myself and companions. We come to you on a mission of great urgency, and feel fortunate that you have been so gracious as to give us audience."

Leshy: "Quite so, quite so. Ho, ho, ho. Now, stop all this bother about bowing and scraping and tell me what you desire."

PC: "The least of favours from your puissant highness. We beg your aid in locating one of your subjects, a Georgiy Pyotrovich, whom we are told is in your domain."

Leshy: "Ah, Georgiy. Excellent fellow. A bit daft, you know, and doesn't speak a word - but terrific with animals. Simply terrific." (Looks about) "Let me sit down." (Grabs a metre-thick tree-trunk, snaps it like a twig, and sweeps it back and forth through the stand of timber, shattering trees and crushing an assortment of cute woodland creatures - squirrels, raccoons, and perhaps a Bambi-like fawn - then plops his massive haunches down on the resulting heap of debris. The fawn's legs poking out under one haunch is a nice detail) "Now, about our mutual friend?"

PC: "(Gulp) Ah - do you suppose you could call him here so we could have word with him?"

Leshy: (Sky darkens, forest falls silent. Leshy leans forward and peers exceptionally intently into the PC's face) "Is there any question about whether I could call one of my subjects?"

PC: "Oh.... Oh, no, no, no! A mortal's foolish choice of words, sire, forgive me. Would you call him here?"

Leshy: "Much better." (Leaning back) "Now, I suppose I could be convinced to do this. Of course, I might require a small service of you, first..."



Locating Georgiy: The Leshy has a standing bet with his friend the Vodyanoy that Father Bear can beat any ten mortals with one paw tied behind his back. He thinks he can get the bet doubled for a smaller number of mortals - say, a party the size of this one.

Leshy offers to find Georgiy and bring him to the adventurers if they'll help him out with the wager on Father Bear. And if - implausible as it seems - they win, his Majesty offers to grant them one further favour - subject, of course, to his judgement of the propriety of the favour requested.

If the PCs want to find Georgiy, they have no choice. Since it's a 'friendly' fight, all combatants are fighting to stun (WFRP, p125). Even though, the chance of death is significantly reduced, but the players may be understandably reluctant to accept the conditions of the bargain.





Leshy is surprised if the characters are reluctant to accept his generous offer - perhaps they think they are going to die on the spot for a second - then he graciously offers to let them think it over, and return the next day if they're still interested.

Here are the conditions of the fight. The characters would be smart to ask for the conditions beforehand, but they're going to have to accept them anyway, so no harm done if they neglect to ask.

1. No armour or weapons. Father Bear gets to use his fingernails and teeth, just like the PCs, but everyone is fighting to stun.
2. Father Bear has one paw tied behind his back.
3. No spells - Father Bear would have an unfair advantage.
4. There is a time limit of five minutes (30 rounds).
5. The arena is marked out with stripped sapling poles, the terrain to be agreed on by Leshy and Vodyanoy (see p29). Any contestant leaving the designated square is disqualified, and may no longer take part in the contest.
6. Victory conditions are as follows: the first side to disable or remove or drive the contestant(s) of the opposing side out of the square is the winner; if neither side can achieve this in the five minutes, the contest is declared a tie.

VODYANOY (Grandfather Drowner)

Powers

Petty Magic: *Sounds*

Battle Magic Spells: Level 1 - *Wind Blast*; Level 2 - *Hold Flight, Mystic Mist*; Level 3 - *Cause Fear*.

Elemental Magic Spells: Level 1 - *Breathe Underwater, Walk on Water*; Level 2 - *Cause Rain, Clap of Thunder, Part Water*; Level 4 - *Antimate Water, Summon Water Elemental*.

Illusionist Spells: Level 1 - *Assume Illusionary Appearance, Bewilder Foe*; Level 2 - *Hallucinate*.

Charm: make a successful WP test or accept Vodyanoy's appearance and statements as real and reliable.

GMing Notes

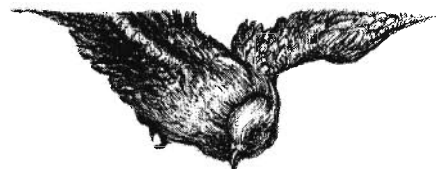
A Vodyanoy is a tool more dangerous to the wielder, unless the wielder's purpose or personality is as evil as the Vodyanoy's. Any deal made with a

Vodyanoy is likely to have been made under the effect of his *charm*, and will turn out badly for the bargainer. Those who have made deals to serve Vodyanoy are villains or fools. Vodyanoy works on a smaller, more personal scale than the Gods of Chaos, but he is every bit as evil - a good choice for the power behind small-town, Stephen King-style horror tales.

Verbal Delivery: always smiling, speaking ever-so-softly-and-sweetly, with an exaggerated rising-and-falling tone of voice:

"It's EVER so nice to enjoy the CHARMing visits of our little MORTAL friends, YESsss..." (*leaning very close to the faces of the players, batting the eyelashes charmingly, rubbing the hands compulsively*); when offended or annoyed, suddenly exploding into a flurry of verbal and physical violence. The quiet tone is meant to make the players nervous and suspicious - so exaggerated and polite that it must be insincere.

An All-Around Rotten Guy: When summoned, Vodyanoy's blandly-smiling face rises to the surface of the water slowly, as if from a great depth. He paddles around like a fat European banker, doing a lazy backstroke and playfully splashing the adventurers. He is ever so polite and reasonable; his mask never slips. That's his trademark - he never has witnesses to his evil acts. His victims die in solitary agony, battered to death with his gaily-ribboned club, or held beneath the water by his puffy, fish-belly hands. This is the old Edgar Allan Poe trick - the horror you never see, but know it lies there lurking...



Locating Georgiy: Vodyanoy doesn't know where Georgiy is, but he won't let on - he knows he can probably find out from Leshy. He offers to help find Georgiy - in return for a little present - say, a nice looking girl, young, shapely, sweet disposition...

His intentions are honourable; he just wants to drown the young lady - the equivalent of a proper marriage ceremony for a Vodyanoy. He won't admit it, of course, but Pyotr will take the characters aside and whisper an explanation. Hopefully, the characters will decline this offer; if so, Vodyanoy will propose a contest identical to the one offered above by the Leshy. If the characters agree, Vodyanoy summons his friend Leshy, introductions are made, and the contest is begun. See above under *Leshy* for details of the contest.

ENCOUNTER 3: WALTZING WITH FATHER BEAR

Setting Up

Pull out maps 5A and 5B on p142, and p143 of the pull-out section. Place map 5B to the right of map 5A and match them along the seam. Refer to this two-piece map as you read the staging directions.

GENERAL NOTES

Skills and PC Actions

If a PC attempts an action that requires a skill he does not have, make his life miserable. Make him explain precisely what he does, then find some reasonable excuse to hose him. When I say *hose him*, I mean he makes the test at some minute fraction of some appropriate attribute (eg, when hiding in a thicket, test at *Int* -50).

Why be so nasty? So the skills become valuable, and the characters develop a burning desire to acquire them. Then it's a big deal when a character enters a new career and gains some new skills. A fervent interest in acquiring skills and careers keeps players interested in playing **WFRP** a lot and developing their characters - so you won't hose them the next time they get in a tight spot.

Scouting the Contest Area

The contestants are not allowed to examine the contest area before the event. Any sneaky attempt to do so will be discovered by Leshy and punished (see *Cheating*, below).

Improvised Weapons

The conditions are 'no man-made weapons', but if the PCs pick up rocks and throw them, or pick up tree limbs and use them as clubs, that's fine by Leshy and Vodyanoy. PCs must first make a successful *I* test to locate a suitable weapon. This is summarised in the Terrain Chart at the end of this section.

Clubs: Once you've found a club, you can continue to whack with it until you succeed in hitting, when you make a *Risk* test. If it fails, the club breaks and you have to get a new one.

Clubs are useful. With a club, PCs don't suffer the -20 penalty to hit, and can parry at a +10 bonus, though damage is still with the -2 penalty.

Rocks: Throwing rocks is less impressive than using a club, though it may be done from a distance, which can be appealing.

Each time you want to throw a rock, you first have to test against *I* to find a suitable



missile. Then there are annoying penalties for improvised weapons; -10 to hit, short range - 2 yards; long range - 5 yards; extreme range - 10 yards, to-hit and damage penalties for long and extreme range and for intervening cover (see *Damage* and *To Hit Modifiers*, **WFRP**). In addition, using the attacker's *Strength* vs Father Bear's *Toughness* means the player has to roll high to cause any damage at all.

Nonetheless, throwing rocks is good therapy for frustrated characters, and a lucky roll could make it all worthwhile.

Fighting in the Pond or Stream

Characters (or bears) attempting to fight in the pond or the stream must pass a terrain test at the beginning of the round. If they fail the test, they may not attack, and they suffer penalties as though they were moving at the highest allowable movement rate for that terrain.

All attacks in the pond (shallow or deep) also suffer a -10 to hit penalty and a -1 damage penalty, because it's tough to get in a real blow in the water.

Evicting Characters from the Contest Area

The adventurers are not going to push Father Bear anywhere. Period. Unless your players are cleverer than I am.

Father Bear need only succeed in a grapple, then drag a victim over to the boundary and toss him out. Once Father Bear has succeeded in a grapple, he may move at *Standard* rate, dragging the character with him.

Father Bear can throw characters a distance of 9 yards. To throw a character, Father Bear must pass a *Grapple* test. If the victim also passes a grapple test, he is only thrown 1D6+3 yards. If this means that he falls inside the area boundary, he gets a chance to flee - if he

can pass an *I* test and land on his feet. Otherwise, he just lies there for the rest of the round. In the following round, he can get up and move normally - and may escape Father Bear if he has a better *Initiative*.

Special Notes for Father Bear

Father Bear is not subject to *frenzy*. He is way too polite and civilised for that sort of behaviour.

Don't forget, Father Bear has his left paw tied behind him. Reduce *WS*, *I* and *DEX* by 10, and *S* and *T* by 1 - (p27). When engaged by multiple attackers, Father Bear can only attack victims to his front or right flank.

Father Bear is a gentleman. He will never kill when he can disable. Wherever possible, he tries to shove or toss his opponents out of the area rather than batter them.

Cheating

If Leshy catches someone cheating, the culprit is turned into a donkey for the duration of the contest. The character retains all his normal attributes, except he cannot use improvised weapons, and must make all attacks as an unarmed man.

Cheating includes using man-made weapons, shield, or armour.

Setting everything on fire is also a popular trick. Leshy, Lord of the Forest, takes a dim view of such tricks. *Phut* - Donkey time.

Leshy appreciates ingenuity and a certain low cunning, so he may not punish particularly clever cheating. On the other hand, a really boring performance might strike Leshy as cheating.

WARNING: Don't get too cute with Leshy intervention. Leave the cute stuff to the players.

MAP KEY

Read the italicised text aloud for the players. Do not elaborate, except to offer interesting but irrelevant detail to shut them up. The only way they'll really know the ground is when they can get out on it.

Trail: *A rough, ancient trail, cluttered with roots, loose stones, and clumps of weed.*

Unlucky runners may trip and fall prone.

Clearing: *Wild grasses and weeds up to a foot tall, slightly uneven surface.*

Weeds and grasses may hide potholes and damp spots to trip a runner.

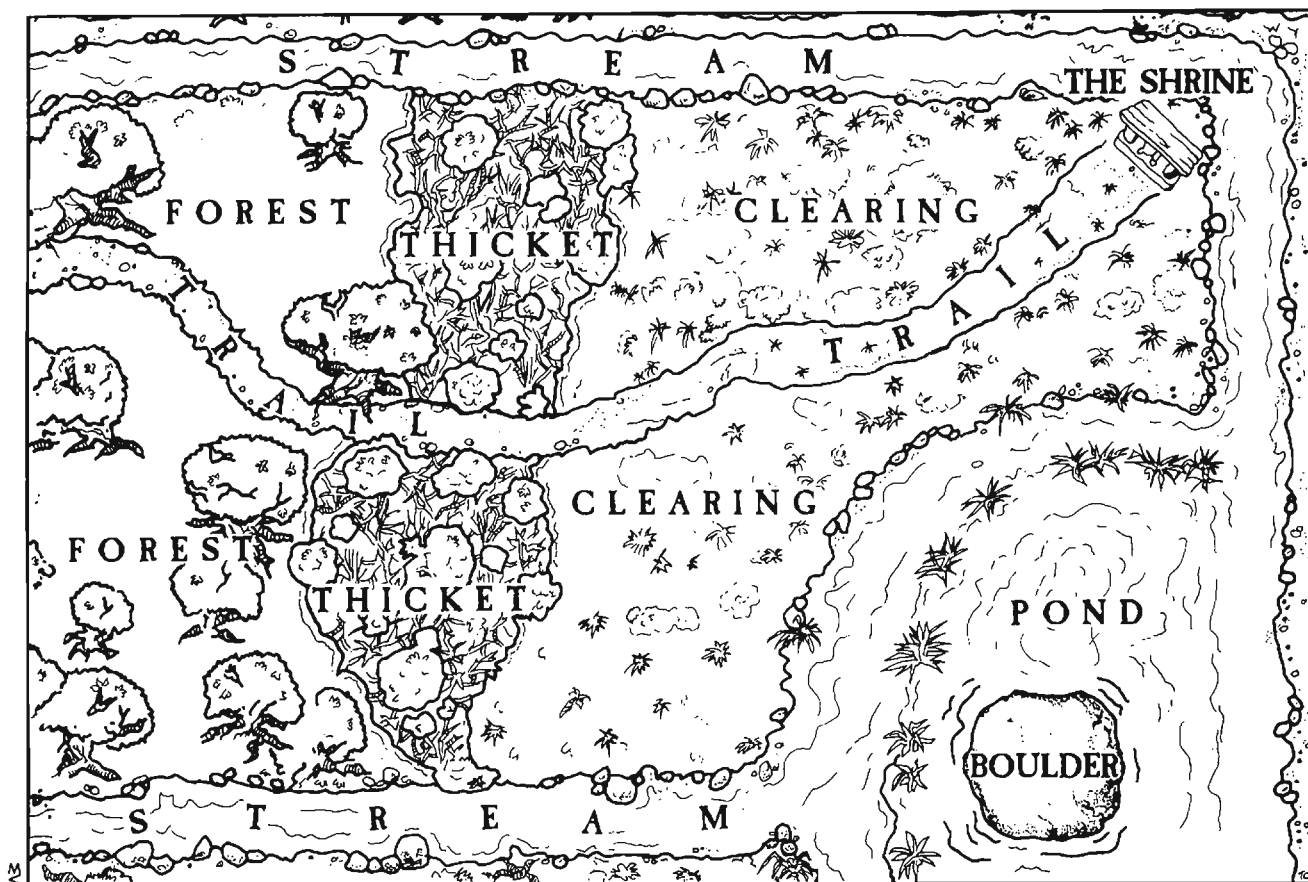
Forest: *Several old oaks with fat, twisted trunks rising only 20 yards above the forest floor. However, the leafy branches form a canopy that blocks light, and only a few small shrubs, young oaks, and clumps of low grass clutter the ground.*

Moving along the forest floor is only moderately difficult - but it's still no place to run safely.

Climbing trees is moderately risky, but a good strategy, considering that the bear has a paw tied behind his back. However, Leshy and Vodyanoy consider tree climbing boring - therefore, cheating. They permit Father Bear to climb the tree as though he had both paws available. The characters may complain, but there's little they can do about it.

The Shrine: *A small ancient wooden shrine to Leshy. Four old logs support a wooden roof over the yard-tall altar with its carved wooden figure. The structure looks rather rickety.*

The wooden figure is so worn and poorly-carved that it is unrecognisable. The figure is supposed to be Leshy, and the shrine supposed to be dedicated to Leshy, but it is so old and decrepit that Leshy doesn't care what happens to it. The shrine has T 4 and D 10 (WFRP, p 77). Hiding behind it is a bad idea, because Father Bear will knock it over in short order. Climbing on top of it is even a worse idea; it falls over immediately, resulting in a fall of two yards.



Stream: *A swiftly-moving, shallow, rocky stream, with low banks covered with cobbles and gravel.*

Certainly a better route than running through dense thickets, though it may not appear so on first glance.

Thicket: *An exceptionally dense thicket of woody shrubs 5-8 feet tall. Dense undergrowth includes vines and briars.*

Very tough going, but excellent for hiding - +20 bonus for those with *Concealment Rural* skill (in addition to other bonuses listed on p 48 of the rulebook). Make the test privately and do not announce the results to the player - let him sweat it out.

Pond: *A brown, muddy pond, with clumps of reeds growing along the north and west banks. A briskly flowing stream flows into the pond from the west and out to the east.*

The clumps of reeds indicate shallow water of 1-2 feet in depth (Int test). Until they get in and move around, they will not be able to guess the depth of the water elsewhere. The shallow part of the pond is mucky, and the footing treacherous. The deep part of the pond is seven feet deep, with a stony bottom.

Boulder: *The boulder is only a yard above the pond surface at its highest, but it looks smooth and slippery.*

To climb onto the boulder, a *Risk* test must be passed. Unlike failure of a test to enter other terrain, failure to climb the boulder means you remain in the water at the same spot. Climbing onto the boulder is automatically successful if aided by someone on the boulder.

Characters may make running Leaps from the boulder (See *Leaping*, WFRP, p 75). Characters test upon landing for new terrain entered (shallow or deep pond, according to the length of the jump).



MOVEMENT NOTES

No changing rates in the middle of a round. Whatever rate you begin the round with is the rate at which you enter terrain throughout that round. The reckless will go far and fast if they're lucky, and will fall down a lot if they're unlucky. The cautious will not go very far but will not fall down as much. We could have used more complex, realistic rules, but it would slow up play. All we

wanted was for folks to fall down for dramatic purposes, and these rules do that just fine.

You need not move your full rate. If you wish to stop before entering difficult terrain and making tests, that's fine.

Test after covering 2 yards (1") of any terrain. If you pass, continue normally. If you fail, end movement after 2 yards and undergo any penalties indicated.

Test also when entering different terrain. If you pass, continue normally. If you fail, move 2 yards through the new terrain and undergo any penalties indicated. Exception: *Whenever you fail a test while on the boulder or climbing onto the boulder, you end up in a deep pond next to the boulder.*

Characters pushed back into new terrain in combat must test for the terrain they enter. The test is made as if moving at the maximum rate allowable.

FATHER BEAR VS THE BOLD ADVENTURERS: TERRAIN CHART

Terrain	Max. Move	Test	Penalties	Improvised Weapons	Notes
Trail, Clear	run standard cautious	I + 50	stumble none none	rocks none	
Pond (Shallow)	cautious ½ cautious	I	stumble none	none	
Pond (Deep)	swim (¾ cau) drown (2yd/rd)	T	none flounder	none	
Boulder	½ cautious	Risk	fall and flounder	none	see <i>Climb</i> , WFRP
Stream	standard cautious	I	stumble none	rocks	
Heavy Brush	cautious	S	entangled	none	
Forest	standard cautious	I + 30	stumble none	clubs	
Great Oak	½ cautious	Risk	fall	none	see <i>Climb</i> , <i>Fall</i> , WFRP
Shrine	½ cautious	Risk	fall	none	see <i>Climb</i> , <i>Fall</i> , WFRP

Notes on the table

Stumble: fall prone; I + 50 test to rise next turn, then move normally.

Entangled: S test to move next round.

Fall: into water; no damage, but *floundering*, if no *Swim* skill.

Flounder: pass T test and move 2 yd/rd; fail and no move; non-swimmers in deep water are *drowning* (**WFRP**, p 74). floundering character may be automatically dragged from deep water to an adjacent shallow pond or boulder space. Neither the floundering victim nor the rescuing character may perform any other action during that round. Can't let those little Dwarfs drown, can we?

ENCOUNTER 4: THE BEAST CHILD

RECOVERY AND RECRUITMENT

If the adventurers are healthy enough after the contest with Father Bear, go directly to this encounter. If not, allow them some time to recover. Leshy graciously offers to summon Georgiy for them when they're feeling better, and the winner of the bet may decide to heal the adventurers if they have put up a particularly good (ie, entertaining) show. Herten's wife has the *Heal Wounds* skill to speed the process, if no PC is so blessed.



Dead adventurers may be replaced in the following ways:

NPCs from Voltsara: Herten may order or permit overseers, peasants or craftsmen to join the party in protecting Voltsara. After the adventure, such characters may obtain permission to continue as adventurers, may sneak off without permission or may return to the status of NPCs. Appropriate careers include: Labourer, Servant, Fisherman, Gamekeeper, Herdsman, Hunter, Woodsman, Artisan's Apprentice, Scribe. Established NPCs include the drunken peasant from p19 (Labourer) and Oleg the Overseer (Bodyguard, ex-Labourer).

Newly created characters "just passing by": The more time the characters need for healing, the more plausible the coincidental arrival of other travellers along the river. Almost any career might be appropriate, with a proper rationale provided by the GM and player.

Newly created characters sent for by the adventurers or Herten: If the characters spend a week or more healing, enough time passes for a message to be sent downriver and a summoned individual to arrive by boat. Again, almost any career is plausible.

LESHY'S GIFT

Depending on how successful the adventurers were in the contest with Father Bear, Leshy is either cheerful and generous or sour and grudging in making good his promise. The following example assumes that the characters won; Leshy lost his bet with Vodyanoy, and - owing them a favour in addition - is in a nasty humour. If the adventurers lost, Leshy is all smiles and sunshine, fulfilling his end of the bargain with good-humoured generosity.

Leshy: (Sulking, plopped down on a thicket of crushed fir trees, grumbling to himself) "Can't trust foreigners. Always cheat. Sneaky tricks, can't fight fair like decent folk... Oh. There you are. Come to collect, eh?" (Grumble, grumble) "Well, then, let's get it over with."

Leshy reaches up, plucks a bird out of the air, and hands it to an adventurer. It is profoundly dead, squashed flat.

"Pfeh. Bother." (Reaches up again and grabs a bird a trifle more gently, and hands it to an adventurer) "Here. And don't lose it." (Gets up and starts to leave)

Adventurer: "Er, ahem. Uh, excuse me, sire. Uh... how does it work?"

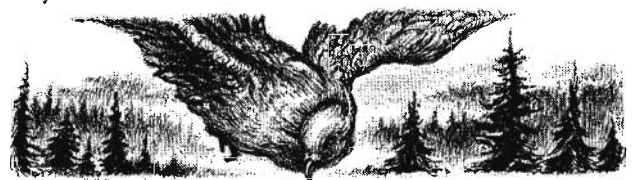
Leshy: (Leans over threateningly) "WHAT?"

Adventurer: "Um... work? How does the little bird work?"

Leshy: "WHAT? ARE YOU AN IDIOT AS WELL AS A CHEAT? DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?" (Pause; continues as if explaining to a very small child) "Just whisper his name, and the bird will go and find him, and then he'll come to you. If he knows what's good for him." (Snarl) "Hope you lose the bird. Serve you right." (Turns and stomps off into the forest)

Leshy has magically transformed the bird into a paging device, which can find and summon any of Leshy's subjects who understand Human speech. If your players are prone to experimentation with devices like this, you may prefer to limit contact to Georgiy, Father Bear, and Leshy himself. Only Georgiy automatically comes when called. Father Bear *might* come, depending on the circumstances. Leshy is very likely to come - if only to teach the mortals a lesson for their presumption.

More adventurous GMs may give the bird the ability to contact other spirit beings like Vodyanoy, and creatures like the Beastmen - Leshy considers them his subjects because they live in his domain. You might improvise a variety of nature spirits (Father Tortoise, Grandmother Trout, Mr Beaver, etc), and have wandering Druids and Druidic Priests within calling distance. Bear in mind, though, that the only designed function of the bird within this adventure is to summon Georgiy. Broadening the scope of this magical paging device might be lots of fun, but if you let things get out of hand you're on your own.



If Leshy is peeved with the PCs, he doesn't explain the bird's abilities beyond telling them to speak Georgiy's name. If he's pleased with them, he may describe its workings in more detail, and warn them against paging anyone but Georgiy, unless they are willing to pay the price of the summoned party.

SUMMONING GEORGIY

This is extremely simple. Stand in the forest anywhere and whisper Georgiy's name into the ear of the bird. Since Georgiy has been nearby all along, tracking his father, he appears on the spot in seconds. If the players infer some magical instant transportation, let them. You're not misleading them. Not really.

Georgiy appears, poking his head through the undergrowth about 25 yards from the characters. Pyotr, seeing his son again for the first time in decades, is shocked into immobility by Georgiy's naked, bestial appearance. He steps forward, his son withdraws a step, and the tableau freezes again.

Georgiy Pyotrovich

A baby-faced wilderness hermit in his late thirties, Georgiy appears to be an idiot. Clad only in hair and dirt, crouched like an animal, Georgiy's half-human appearance is almost more monstrous and shocking than that of a Goblin or Beastman. He doesn't seem to focus on or recognise objects or people, and he doesn't appear to pay attention to words spoken to him. He timidly withdraws when anyone comes closer than a few yards from him, and he has a way of slipping out of sight when not carefully watched.

GM: As Georgiy, your head is constantly bobbing and weaving, looking anywhere but at those speaking to you. Never make eye-contact with the players. Speak not a word; answer all questions with gestures, emphasised with grunts and murmurings. The more exaggerated and eccentric your performance, the better - Georgiy is a mental defective, a hermit, and in intimate contact with The Beyond. If the players don't quite know what to make of you, you're on the right track.

Georgiy Pyotrovich - the Beast Child

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5*	25	25	2	3	6	55	1	35	25	25	21	25	05

Skills: Acute Hearing, Charm Animal, Concealment Rural, Dodge Blow, Excellent Vision, Flee!, Fleet Footed*, Follow Trail, Night Vision, Silent Move Rural, Sixth Sense.

Possessions: Nil

Although Georgiy does not speak and is slow-witted in Human terms, he has an almost supernatural degree of perception and sensitivity. His *Sixth Sense* is remarkably developed, to the extent that he can sense the proximity of living creatures, and of things which are 'wrong', such as Beastmen.

His lack of verbal communication has sharpened his other faculties, and he can read body language with a precision that almost amounts to mind-reading. Any conscious or subconscious display of anger or aggression on the part of the PCs will intimidate him, and if he becomes frightened he will run off into the forest, returning only when summoned with the bird.

While Georgiy does not possess the *Demon Lore* or *Magical Awareness* skills, he can often sense things as if he had them. All he will be aware of, however, is that he has suddenly developed a good or bad feeling, and he will act accordingly. The key to Georgiy is his timidity and his rapport with nature - he is always nervous and uneasy in the presence of other Humans, and it takes little to make him run off.



ESTABLISHING TRUST

The presence of Pyotr is enough to reassure Georgiy that the adventurers mean him no harm (false though that impression may be). However, at the first sign of hostility, or the first strongly-expressed assertion that Chaos creatures must be exterminated, Georgiy senses hostility and darts away into the forest. He has learned to associate the word 'Chaos' with himself and the fact that other Humans don't like him.

GM: Since Georgiy senses intent and not action, this requires careful judgement. If, for example, the party includes a Witch Hunter, you might rule that Georgiy senses this character's hostility to Chaos, no matter how the character may behave outwardly - unless the player clearly and emphatically stated an intention to remain open-minded beforehand. Likewise, if a character has always been compassionate, even to Chaos beasts, an aggressive statement or action might not alarm Georgiy.

As long as Pyotr is with the PCs, and they do not display hostility, Georgiy accepts and trusts them. If the characters summon or encounter Georgiy later, when Pyotr is not present, the condition of trust and acceptance will continue.

However, Georgiy flees from any sign of hostility. He may be summoned again and again, but each time he is slower in returning and more reluctant to help. If Pyotr is convinced that the adventurers are trustworthy, he may intervene on their behalf after a misunderstanding, but, if he suspects that they intend to harm Georgiy, he will refuse to help them any further, and will warn Georgiy not to trust them.

If the adventurers willingly alienate Georgiy, it does not mean that the adventure has failed. Georgiy will still lead the adventurers to the Beastmen - but he won't bother to warn them about the Beastmen on watch or the Warrior of Chaos and his Daemon pet.



Georgiy's Story

When the adventurers ask Georgiy to help them find the Beastman lair, he goes through a pantomime. He understands Human speech, but he doesn't talk. Ever. Pyotr can help resolve any breakdown in communications, but don't let him do all the work for the PCs - let them interpret Georgiy's pantomime themselves, using Pyotr only if they are completely stumped.

Running this encounter requires you to leap about like a mute wildman as you use Georgiy's pantomime to communicate with the players. Loosen up. The more undignified your performance, the more convincing.

Scene 1: Alexis's Murder

Shamble cheerfully along with an imaginary shovel resting on one shoulder. Stop, look down, kick something, dig. Look up, watch sun run across sky from east to west. Dig some more. Look up, shrug shoulders, put shovel on shoulder, walk away.

Shamble back cheerfully with shovel. Dig some more. Suddenly pitch forward as if hit from behind, turn, lift arm to ward off blow, smashed flat to ground. Lie still as if dead.

Rise to full height, look powerful and menacing. Signify great sword and horned helmet with hand gestures. Gesture as if commanding other creatures. Signify follower, dashing off into the forest, sweeping brush and leaves with hands, apparently obscuring a trail or tracks.

The creature with sword and helmet again. Peer closely at the earth, then gesture to a follower. Follower again, scratching and scrabbling at the soil.

Leader again, opening a trapdoor. Descend a spiral staircase, walking in circles and gradually crouching until almost kneeling.

Repeat spiral stairs, carrying a large burden on shoulders. At bottom, reach overhead as if pulling a trapdoor closed.

This is Alexis discovering the stone circle - Georgiy was an eyewitness. Alexis dug all day, went home, returned the next day, continued digging, was attacked by Beastmen and killed almost instantly. The Warrior of Chaos ordered his followers to obscure Alexis's tracks. He then searched for and found the trap door, where he descended with Alexis's body.

Scene 2: The Beastman Band (see p38)

Hold up one finger. The Chaos Warrior again, gesture height about 6' 6" (*Granax Blood-drinker*).

Two fingers. Indicate big teeth, long snout and tail. Height about 5' 10" (*Snarler*).

Three fingers. Indicate curling horns. Height about 6' (*Goatface*).

Four fingers. Indicate short, square muzzle with teeth, flex arm to indicate strength. Height about 5' 8" (*Pugface*).

Five fingers. Crouch over and scamper along on all fours like an ape, stopping and scratching under an arm to make the ape image clear. Indicate long, curling horns high above head. Height about 6' 2" (*Apeman*).

Scene 3: The Beastman Encampment and Routine

Georgiy grabs twelve stones and arranges them in a rough circle, using leaves for trees to make a rough copy of the map on p20. Keep some objects handy for this, like dice or chunks of chocolate. Then he scratches a square beside one stone, and mimes opening a trapdoor.

At a distance of twice the circle's diameter, Georgiy places a leaf, then mimes a tree with many branches, using sweeping, arching hand gestures. Then he holds up two fingers, gestures a long snout with a hand, and points up into a nearby tree.

Snarler is the main lookout, in a tree near the Stone Circle.

Georgiy indicates with sweeping hand motions a series of paths that go around and through the circle, over and over again. He holds up five fingers, crouches like an ape, then repeats the series of hand motions indicating the paths.

Apeman walks regular patrols. If the adventurers wonder about time and schedule of patrols, Georgiy is puzzled, and can't seem to figure out what the characters want. Apeman doesn't ever sleep, so he is constantly patrolling.

Georgiy then indicates Goatface and Pugface, then points at a number of places inside the stone circle, away from the trapdoor.

Finally, Georgiy indicates the big sword and horned helmet, then points at the trapdoor and mimes opening it and closing it behind him.

The Warrior of Chaos stays underground while the other two Beastmen alternate watches within the circle.





Scene 4: The Pet Daemon

Then Georgiy looks thoughtful - a bit frightened. He shudders, then pantomimes the Chaos Warrior towering over an imagined victim. He then falls to the ground and pretends to be the victim - Apeman. He then stands up and is the Chaos Warrior again. The Chaos Warrior holds one hand threateningly over his head, then sweeps it diagonally to the ground nearby. Georgiy then dashes to the indicated spot and crouches into a ball. He begins to unfold, his face contorted in a hideous leer, and his arms and legs bent grotesquely. Georgiy reaches out with one horribly twisted hand, as though to touch the cowering Beastman victim - then Georgiy suddenly becomes Georgiy again, and dashes full speed into the forest. When he returns he looks shaken, and holds his hands over his eyes.

Georgiy witnessed the Chaos Warrior threatening Apeman with Gnawvenom, a lesser Daemon of Khorne bound to his service. Georgiy fled in terror.

Did the Chaos Warrior or Daemon notice Georgiy fleeing? That's up to you. If you want the encounter to be tough, then they are aware that a Human knows of their location, and the Beastmen on watch are extra vigilant. If the adventurers need every break they can get, the Chaos Warrior and Daemon were too distracted to notice Georgiy's panicked flight.

FURTHER QUESTIONS

If asked where the Stone Circle is, Georgiy points vaguely north, away from the river to the south, then pantomimes leading the characters to the site. Georgiy can't make a map reliable enough for them to locate the spot without his help.

If the adventurers want to know what is underground, Georgiy shrugs. He doesn't know, and is not particularly interested.

If asked if he will help to slay or drive off the Beastmen, Georgiy nods vigorously - he does not like them at all.

If asked what he can do to aid the adventurers, Georgiy is a little more tentative. He figures he'll just lead the adventurers to the Beastmen, and they'll do the rest. He is particularly terrified of the Chaos Warrior and Daemon.

Georgiy as a Resource

Georgiy has zero offensive potential. He runs. He would only fight if something were chewing on him, and even then he might faint instead.

Georgiy *is*, however, a superb scout and surveillance device. He can generally come and go without being seen as long as there is enough forest cover or darkness, and he knows instantly if he has been spotted.

Georgiy cannot volunteer to perform these services. He simply doesn't understand. To exploit his abilities, the adventurers must tell him what to do specifically and in detail. For example:

PC 1: "Georgiy, go and scout the Beastman camp."

Georgiy: "Ughn?" (*Head cocked to one side inquisitively*)

PC 1: "Go and see what they are doing."

Georgiy: "Ughn." (*Trots off into forest. Doesn't come back. Must be summoned with the bird.*)

PC 1: "Why didn't you come back and tell us what they were doing?"

Georgiy: "Ughn?" (*Head cocked inquisitively*)

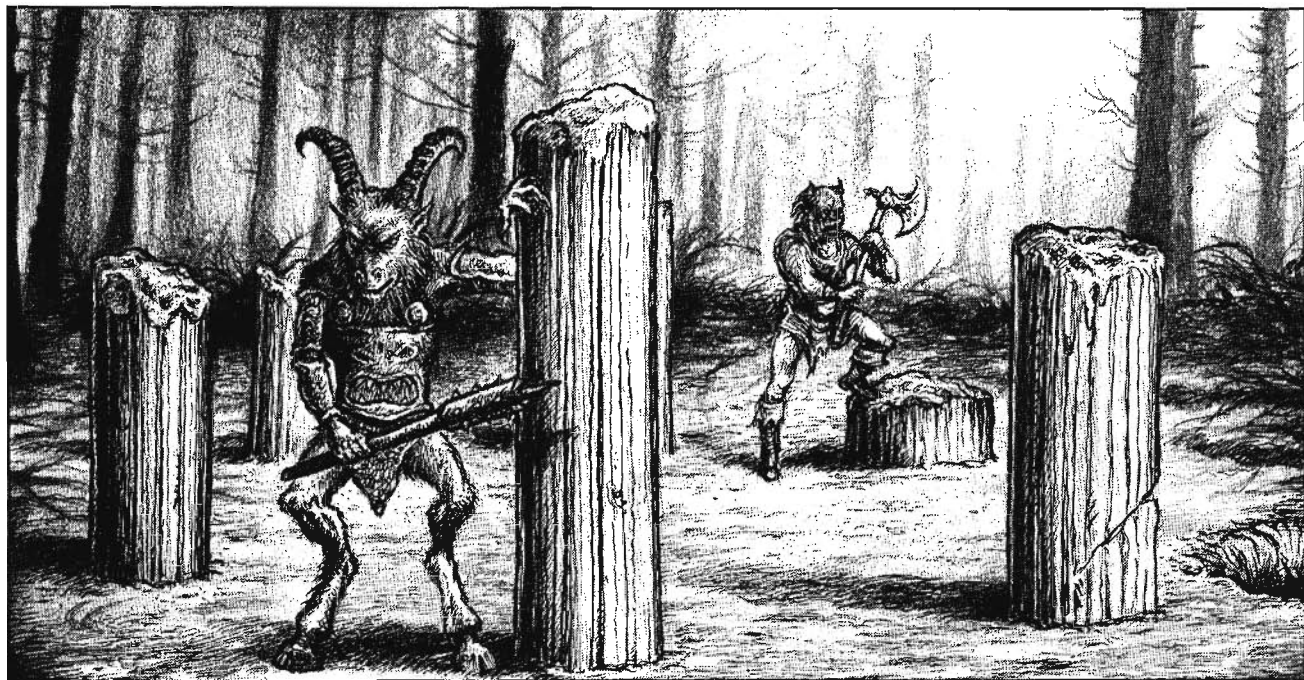
PC 2: (*administers scholarly smack on back of head to PC 1*) You told him to go and see. He did. You didn't tell him to come back and report. He didn't."

PC 1: "Phah! Chaos-tainted imbecile..."

Georgiy suddenly looks warily at PC 1, then darts off into the forest and must be gently coaxed to return.



ENCOUNTER 5 TACKLING THE BEASTMEN



If they want a long life and a happy retirement, the PCs are going to have to be very organised about this.

Ideally, they should eliminate the first two Beastman sentries - Snarler and Apeman - without letting them sound an alarm. Then, they want to take on Goatface and Pugface at the Stone Circle, while keeping the Chaos Warrior and his pet Daemon trapped underground. Finally, they should get the drop on the Chaos Warrior before he and his Daemon can reduce them to a stain on the floor.

That's the theory.

To achieve this, the PCs have the following resources:

Georgiy

Georgiy can lead them to the location of each Beastman and - provided no-one sneezes or steps on a twig - let them set up surprise attacks. Or he can help the PCs set up ambushes and traps and lead the victims right into them.

Ancient Spirit Allies

The PCs might have to con the ancient spirits into cleansing their land of the vile Beastmen. The spirits will cheerfully observe that they might as well cleanse their land of vile Humans. They don't particularly prefer Humans over Beastmen. While Humans do sometimes have an appealing sense of humour, Beastmen are much more entertainingly murderous and violent. The PCs won't get anything for free - they will need to make deals with potential spirit allies.

The PCs can make deals with the following spirits:

The Poleviki

The Poleviki can enchant one weapon per PC for 24 hours, in return for 2 W points of blood sacrifice (see p26). Weapons enchanted by the Poleviki will be able to wound creatures which are immune to non-magical attacks, and will cause +1 damage per hit.

Leshy

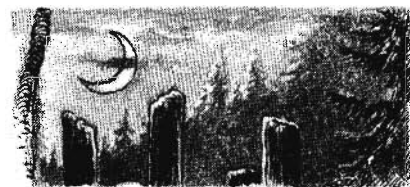
Leshy and Vodyanoy are gamblers, and will probably be willing to bet on the outcome of the contest, if the stakes and odds are attractive. Leshy is more likely to wager against an oath of fealty, obligating the loser to serve him for a year and a day. He might be willing to help in *one* of the following ways:

- Loaning the party Father Bear's services for an evening (or the aid of one or more of Leshy's other animal subjects).
- Using any of his magical spells or powers to attack the Beastmen. Leshy is not very generous in this kind of favour - too unimaginative for his tastes.
- Using any of his magical spells to pull a prank on the Beastmen. This is much more to Leshy's taste - he may even be generous if the plan is entertaining and brutal enough.
- Making a personal appearance to scare the Beastmen to death. This will appeal to his ego and his sense of humour. He won't actually interfere - beneath his dignity, you know - but hanging around and looking awesome - that's classy.

Vodyanoy

Like Leshy, Vodyanoy will be attracted by a wager. He is only interested in Human sacrifice; no matter how minor the favour, he expects payment in Human souls if the PCs lose. If the PCs don't survive to pay off, he'll accept their service as undead. Either way, they're out of the game. He might provide similar services to those listed above for Leshy (except granting the use of his subjects), but you should remember that his tastes run to the brutal and grotesque. His price is high, but if you want top-drawer slaughter, Vodyanoy's your best choice. Too bad you can't trust him. Some examples of proposals he might accept are:

- Engaging the Daemon in a personal duel. No contest. Vodyanoy is out of the Daemon's league. This essentially leaves the PCs vs. the Beastmen - a reasonable proposition.
- Joining the PCs in his fatman form or in any shapechanged form they choose. He's certainly a formidable fighter, but he may lose interest in the middle of the battle, or decide that watching a PC being pulled apart might be amusing, or he might even join the other side if he thinks the sides are uneven - or not uneven enough.



Other Possibilities

Local Talent

Hertzen might be willing to provide reinforcements from among his overseers and workers. Treat Hertzen (and his son, if you choose to improvise one) as Noble and Squire NPCs. Hertzen can muster two overseers (treat as Artisan's Apprentices) and 10 labourers (treat as Yokels). They are not adventurers, and have little aptitude for warfare. They should die like flies. They also decrease the chance of a successful surprise attack - they will almost certainly insist on setting out with torches and dogs and a lot of shouting. If they do fight, and die, let them die nobly and pathetically, and make the PCs feel responsible for their deaths. Poor, brave fools.

Send for the Cavalry

The PCs may decide this is too big a job for them, and call for help. This is so sensible - and so unheroic - that you can't let them get away with it. The Beastmen sink every boat sent on the river, and eat every foot messenger.

THE CONFLICT

Refer to the map on page 20. You can either set up the scene with miniatures, scribble rough maps on scrap paper, or run the combats abstractly.

If the players do a good job of planning to handle Snarler and Apeman separately, you can run those combats as free attacks by all concerned for the first round, automatically winning and conferring the +10 bonus for the second round. These combats could be over quickly.

On the other hand, the battle at the Stone Circle probably should be set up with figures and markers, because so much depends on keeping the trapdoor closed while the PCs deal with the two Beastmen on the surface. If the Chaos Warrior and Daemon join their colleagues in a spirited defence, things could look grim for the PCs.

Here are some tactical notes for each of the opponents (detailed on pp38-39):

Snarler

He perches in a tree and snoozes most of the time. However, he has very keen hearing, and wakes at the slightest sound. *Silent Move Rural*: test once when approaching the tree and once if trying to climb the tree. To climb the tree a *Risk* test is also required; falling makes a lot of noise automatically.

Snarler's call is remarkably similar to that of a fox. How unfortunate - his colleagues do not recognise his cries as an alarm until they see him running toward them. The distance from the tree to the circle is 100 yards; his colleagues

can't see him until he is within 35 yards of them. Therefore, the PCs have time to run him down before he spreads the alarm. If they have deployed between the tree and the circle, they will almost certainly succeed in silencing him before the alarm is raised.



Apeman

He provides all the meat for the camp during his wanderings. Each time he goes out, he brings back something - squirrel, rabbit, deer, etc. Because he always follows the same route, a trap may be set for him. The effect of the trap depends on its type; a deadfall, for example, might kill him instantly, while a snare might simply trap his leg or snatch him up into a tree. Use of the *Set Trap* skill gives him a -20 penalty to notice the trap.

Apeman's screech is easily recognised as an alarm by the other Beastmen. However, in each round that he is hit - whether wounded or not - he is too distracted to screech. In the first round after being attacked that he is not successfully hit, he screeches his head off - and there goes the element of surprise. Nonetheless, a good plan - either a trap or a thumping-good ambush - should prevent the alarm being raised.

Goatface and Pugface

These two will be difficult to ambush, because one of them is always actively watching. They will try to raise the alarm as soon as they realise that something is seriously wrong - when confronted by superior numbers, for instance. The PCs' best option is to cut them off from reaching the trapdoor, weakening them with missile fire and fighting hand-to-hand only as a last resort. If the situation looks hopeless (if the trapdoor is blocked and the PCs have a plan that takes good advantage of their numerical superiority), they take off into the woods and will hang around just out of sight (unaware that Georgiy can track them), and will return if the tables turn, or if the PCs leave themselves open to counter-attack.

The Warrior of Chaos

It takes the Chaos Warrior five rounds to make it up the stairs to the trapdoor after he hears the alarm. He summons the Daemon while he's on the way (costing him 4W points), and the two of them reach the trapdoor together.

Because of the way the stairs are situated, only one creature can push up on the door at a time. The Chaos Warrior is the first to reach the trapdoor, and it never occurs to him to let the Daemon try.

Each character trying to open or close the trapdoor must make a *Strength* test each round. If at least one character above succeeds, the door stays closed. If all characters above fail, and the opponent below succeeds, the door is opened partway - a second success is necessary to open it completely. You may modify tests if the PCs have spiked the door shut, used a spell like *Magic Lock*, piled rocks on it, or done anything similarly devious.

When the trapdoor is opened partway, it is open about one foot. Once the door is this far open, the one below gets a +30 bonus to throw it all the way open in the next round. Even if he fails, it still remains partially open until the Chaos Warrior fails a test and one or more characters above succeed.

After 5 rounds trying to push his way out, the Chaos Warrior loses his temper, and tries to smash his way through the door. See *WFRP*, p 77 for smashing through doors. This trapdoor has T 4, D 8.

Once the door is partially opened, a maximum of one character can attack the Chaos Warrior with a hand-to-hand weapon or with magic. He will probably ignore these attacks and continue trying to open the trapdoor so his Daemon can be brought into play. However, if Father Bear is attacking, for instance, the Chaos Warrior may defend himself.

If the Chaos Warrior loses half his *Wounds* points before he even gets out of the trapdoor, he retreats back into the underground temple, there to make a last stand with his Daemon.

If he gets out of the trapdoor, he fights to the death with his Daemon pet beside him. When the Chaos Warrior dies, the Daemon wails in desperation, and immediately vanishes - if it has not already succumbed to *instability*.



THE BEASTMEN

THE BEASTMEN

Beastman 1 - Snarler

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	3	5*	11	60*	2	30	29	24	29	24	10

Mutations: Tail; Agility (I + 30*); Bestial Face (dog - bite attack); Blood Rage (T + 1*, and see below).

Equipment: Mail shirt and helmet (IAP, body and head); shield (IAP, all locations); axe (hand weapon).

Special Rules: *Blood Rage* - subject to *frenzy* if there is a wounded creature (including self) within 24 yards. Frenzy lasts for 2D6 turns, even if no blood is to be seen. If there are no enemies in sight, then the frenzied Beastman must make a successful Cl test or attack the nearest friend. The test may be repeated if this opponent is slain.



Beastman 2 - Goatface

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	3	4	11	30	2	30	29	24	29	24	10

Mutations: Bestial Face (goat - gore attack); Cloven Hooves, Magic Resistant (+20 bonus to all *Magic* tests).

Equipment: plate breastplate, backplate and armpieces (IAP body/arms); 2-handed mace (I -10, Dam +2).



Beastman 3 - Apeman

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	71*	25	3	5*	11	30	2	30	29	24	29	24	10

Mutations: Bestial Face (Ape); Horns (*gore* attack); Resilient (T + 1); Weapon Master (WS + 30*); Magic Immune (see below).

Equipment: shield (IAP, all locations); sword.

Special Rules: *Magic Immune* - all *Magic* tests are passed automatically. Also, the Beastman is allowed a *Magic* test to withstand the effects of any spell which does not normally permit a *Magic* test. Magical weapons used against the Beastman count as non-magical.



Beastman 4 - Pugface

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	25	4*	4	11	30	1	30	29	24	29	24	10

Mutations: Bestial Face (dog - bite attack); Strong (S + 1*).

Equipment: axe (hand weapon).



Granax Blood-drinker - Warrior of Chaos

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	59	49	7*	3	10	60	2	89	89	89	89	89	18

Chaos Gifts: Chaos Armour (2AP, all locations, and see below); Irrational Hatred - wizards (see below); Strength (S +3*); Skin of Khorne (bright red skin); Mark of Khorne (skull-rune on forehead); Magic Resistant (+20 bonus to all *Magic* tests); mark of Khorne (duplicate - given to Apeman).

Equipment: Chaos armour (2AP, all locations, and see below); non-magical shield (1AP, all locations); Chaos sword (see below); skull chalice (see below).

Skills: Granax has no remaining skills - all have been lost in his service of Chaos.

Chaos Armour:

Granax' Chaos armour counts as magical armour, giving him 2AP of protection on all locations. It does not encumber him at all.

In addition to its protection against physical attacks, the armour gives Granax a +10 bonus to all *Magic* tests. This bonus is cumulative with the +20 bonus for his *magic resistant* gift, giving him a total bonus of +30. This gives him an effective **WP** of 119 for *Magic* tests. If he rolls 00 on a *Magic* test, he should test again, trying to roll 19 or less. Of course, his chance of success may be reduced by the expenditure of additional magic points, in the normal way.

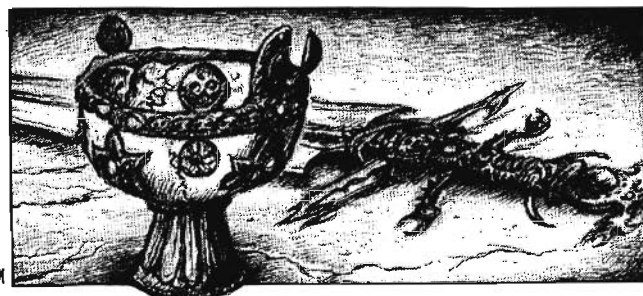
If Granax is killed, and any other character attempts to use his armour, it will function only as magical armour with 2AP on each location. The armour will only fit a Human character between 6ft and 6ft 2in tall and of *average* or *heavy* build. Adventurers who use the armour may find that walking around looking like a Warrior of Chaos can lead to some unpleasant misunderstandings...

Chaos Sword:

Granax' Chaos sword is a *Deathdealer* (see **Realm of Chaos - Slaves to Darkness**, p84), enchanted to deal death to spellcasters of all descriptions. A spellcaster wounded by the blade is automatically killed outright - only Fate Points can prevent this happening.

Skull Chalice:

The skull chalice is a special item from which Granax has gained his nickname. As well as being usable as a normal (well, *almost* normal) drinking-cup, it may be used once per day to summon Gnowvenom, a lesser Daemon of Khorne which has been bound to it. To do this, it must be filled with 4 **W** points of fresh blood; the Daemon appears through a small temporary gateway created in the chalice itself, seeming to form itself out of the blood. The summoning is automatically successful and without risk to the summoner, although - if the summoner is not a follower of Khorne - the Daemon will attack him/her as soon as it appears. Having been summoned with the chalice, Gnowvenom must check for *instability* every round.



Dethlaeziou'aoer (Gnowvenom)
Blood-Letter - Lesser Daemon of Khorne

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	42	4	3	5	60	2	89	89	89	89	89	01

Special Rules: Gnowvenom is invulnerable to non-magical attacks, and its own attacks count as magical. It has 6 daemonic Power Points to spend on creating Magic Saving Throws for itself (only permissible for those spells which allow *Magic* tests - see **Realm of Chaos**).

Gnowvenom is subject to *instability*.

Gnowvenom is subject to *frenzy* and subject to *hatred* of creatures and followers of Slaanesh and other spell casters, but is immune to all other psychological effects except those caused by greater Daemons and deities; it has a +10 bonus to all *Fear* and *Terror* tests except those caused by Khorne's greater Daemons, the Blood-Thirsters. It causes *fear* in living creatures.

Gnowvenom regenerates in the same way as a Troll (**WFRP**, p 229).

Gnowvenom attacks with *weapon/claw* or *claw/bite*. Its bite is poisonous, and it can spit poison up to 10 yards. The poison affects all creatures as the most appropriate toxin (**WFRP**, p 82); the bite carries D6 doses and the spit D3. A separate *Poison* test is allowed for each dose.

Gnowvenom is armed with a *Hellblade*; a razor-edged magical short sword. This terrible weapon does quadruple normal damage; on a successful hit, roll 4D6 instead of one. When used against followers of Slaanesh, a Hellblade drains 2D6 Magic Points or Daemonic Power Points (as appropriate) from its victim on a successful hit. When the bearer of a Hellblade is slain, the weapon dissolves into a reddish slime, evaporates, and is gone.

ANCIENT RUINS IN THE NORTHERN OLD WORLD

The ruined temple featured in this adventure is an example of the Dwarven ruins to be found throughout Kislev and the northern Old World, dating from the period of Dwarven and Elven co-operation before the disastrous Dwarf-Elf Wars of -2000 to -1600 IC.

There are few remains above ground from this period. The Elves built in wood, except along the coasts, so nothing has survived. A handful of sites protected by Elven magics are known to scholars, however, and others may remain to be discovered. Even the stone architecture of the Dwarfs has largely disappeared from the surface, although remnants may be found where Dwarven structures were incorporated into later Human structures.

On the other hand, Dwarven tunnels and underground complexes may be found wherever the underlying rock permits their construction, and many of these sites remain largely intact, though many more are lost and forgotten. Dwarven records at Caraz-a-Carak list many names and places, some familiar and some forgotten, but these documents are not generally available for study except to Dwarven scholars.

GM: We thought you might be grateful for an excuse to litter the Old World with the dungeons that made this hobby great. We expect you to furnish them with history and contents in keeping with the generally high tone of the WFRP campaign, but... well, we can't keep an eye on you all the time.



ENCOUNTER 6: THE DWARVEN TEMPLE (See Map 6)

THE TEMPLE'S HISTORY

Origins

When the Dwarfs had trading posts along the Urskoy five thousand years ago, this was a small, isolated stone temple, built on the only substantial outcrop of bedrock near a small trading settlement. The foundations of a dozen or so stone buildings are now all 10-15 feet below modern ground level.

The temple was modest by Dwarven standards, except for the two remarkable glass lenses - one set in the dome, the other set at the bottom of a shaft - designed to divert sunlight deep underground to the chambers dedicated to five minor spirits of the Dwarven pantheon, each the patron of a specific precious stone.

In their day, these chambers were richly ornamented in the stone sacred to their respective spirits. However, construction was interrupted by the outbreak of the Dwarf-Elf War, and the temple was used as a fortified supply depot. Work continued fitfully, and regular worship was maintained, for several hundred years.

Then, about -1600 IC - the time of the Dwarven withdrawal to the mountains in response to the increased Goblinoid activity before the Goblin Wars - construction halted altogether. The temple was abandoned, and everything of value was removed.

Goblin Occupation

Sometime in the 8th century before Sigmar, the site was occupied by Goblins. During the 75 years or so of the Goblin occupation, the temple was re-dedicated to an assortment of Goblin deities. Four Goblin chieftains were buried in state in four of the radial chambers, with their armour, weapons and other valuables. As is the custom, slaves were sacrificed to guard their master's wealth, and the Goblin shamans placed various traditional signs on the tombs to protect them.

To consecrate the tombs, a Dwarf prisoner named Gruffneck was tortured and sacrificed on the lower lens of the lighting device. His Ghost continues to haunt the site.

The site was abandoned when the residents were driven away by a more powerful Goblin tribe. The newcomers avoided the site altogether - perhaps because of its reputation for being haunted. There were some attempts to rob the tombs during this period -

witnessed by pick-marks on the tomb walls, abandoned tools, etc - but the would-be robbers were scared away by the Ghosts of the Dwarf and the sacrificed Goblin slaves.

The Temple at Present

The dome and supporting arches, exposed to the elements, collapsed about two thousand years ago, covering the site with rubble and fragments of the upper lens. The ground-level construction sealing the main shaft remained intact, with the trapdoor covered by debris. The stumps of the twelve pillars supporting the dome have weathered severely, and now resemble the crude stone circles erected by the early Humans. Within a few centuries, the site would have been all but undetectable, and the temple has not been disturbed since its collapse.

Alexis came across the pillar-stumps while searching for a site for a charcoal kiln, and mistook them for an ancient stone circle. By chance, he discovered the trapdoor beneath the jumbled rubble, and had just finished uncovering it when the leader of the Beastman band chanced upon him and killed him.

The Beastmen's Excavations

With the aid of his Daemon, the Chaos Warrior has broken into the tombs of two of the four Goblin chieftains buried here, but has touched nothing. Neither is much impressed by the Ghosts in the tombs - they have grown accustomed to them, and realise that they pose no physical threat.

COMBAT IN THE TEMPLE

It is possible that the Chaos Warrior will stay in the underground chambers when the PCs attack the Beastmen (see p37). In this case, the PCs have several options:

Go Down After Him: Hooray for the heroes. And good luck. See below.

Seal the Trapdoor: If they seal the Chaos Warrior underground, the PCs may decide that they've done enough. However, the Chaos Warrior will eventually escape, given time. He may well risk everything in a carefully-planned attack on the PCs, with his Daemon.

Seal the Trapdoor and Go for Help: Depending on how they seal the door, how tough a guard they leave, and who they expect to help, not a bad plan. Boring, but sensible.

We can't let the players do something boring, no matter how sensible it is. Sets a bad precedent.

So, in this case the Chaos Warrior makes a special plea to his god. In a few hours, a column of red light stabs down from the heavens, dissolving the trapdoor and everything on it and forcing the guard (or guards) to make a *Terror* test. The Chaos Warrior escapes, swearing vengeance on the PCs.

Seal the Trapdoor, Hang Around in Force to Guard the Site, and Go Down After Him After They've Rested: Sensible *and* heroic. See below.

Going Underground

The Chaos Warrior may be a follower of Khorne, but he's not stupid. He knows that the PCs will probably come down after him, so he sets up a trap.

He hides in the dark just inside Radial Chamber 1, and his Daemon hides in the dark just inside Radial Chamber 5. They wait until the PCs enter the central chamber, where they face the Ghost of Gruffneck. Under cover of this convenient diversion, they charge the hapless PCs.

Once the trap is sprung, the Chaos Warrior does his best to fight clear of the underground chambers, cutting a way through anyone between him and the stairs; the Daemon does likewise. If they make it to the surface, they run for the deep forest. The PCs may pursue, but they will eventually outdistance them and escape. Even horses will give the PCs no advantage - the Chaos Warrior knows the forest well, and can move through dense undergrowth where horses would be slowed to a walking pace.

Curtains for Our Heroes?

Looks like the PCs are goners?

Well, if they aren't very careful, yes. There are a few useful things they can do - and a few lucky things a generous GM can offer - that may help them out.

Georgly

Georgly will need some persuading, but he is willing to accompany the party down the stairs *if* he can go at the back of the group. He can be persuaded by reassurance that the party will protect him, or by chiding him for leaving his father and Voltsara menaced by the Beastmen. He will not be persuaded by threats and accusations of cowardice.

If Georgiy descends the stairs, he will be overwhelmed by the emanations of the Chaos Warrior, the Daemon and the various Ghosts. The ghosts terrify him; he grabs the nearest PC and gestures desperately for the party to leave at once. If they leave, Georgiy may be questioned on the surface. Otherwise, try to answer questions, but refuse to descend any further.

When questioned, Georgiy can point out the rough positions of the Chaos Warrior (hand gesture for sword and horned helmet) and the Daemon (contorted, leering face). More importantly, he indicates the presence of a ghost by doing the old 'Oooh! Ooooooooooh!' routine, a rising and falling voice, and swooping about with arms outstretched like a cartoon ghost. He then looks thoughtful, and repeats his ghost routine, then scampers over and grasps a PC's hand, shakes it for a second, then scampers away again. This is probably the first time Georgiy has voluntarily touched a PC. Emphasise the uniqueness of the event by commenting as Pyotr, if the players miss the significance.

Georgiy is trying to indicate that the Ghost of Gruffneck is a friend. If any player remarks out loud that there may be a friendly Ghost in the underground complex, the PCs will be immune to the *fear* and fleeing effects of Gruffneck's ghostly presence.

Is There a Dwarf in the House?

If there is a Dwarf in the party, Gruffneck senses his presence as soon as he sets foot on the stairs. He calls out in Khazalid:

"Know, O Dwarf, that this was a temple of your ancestors, before the Greenskins used my life to dedicate it to their filthy gods and before the coming of the Beasts. Redeem it, and release me. STONE AND STEEL!"

As Gruffneck raises the battle-cry, the Dwarf feels a powerful tingling, with every hair standing on end. This is a Blessing from Grungni - the character gains *Frenzied Attack* skill and an extra *Attack* for the duration of the battle.

If there is no Dwarf in the party, and you can't stand missing out on the "Blessing" trick to give your players a big magical boost for the coming heroic combat, then assume that the Dwarven deity, Grungni chooses a Human - ideally one who has shown friendship to the Dwarfs in the past. A disembodied voice sounds in the character's head:

"Greetings, (name) Dwarf-friend. For the friendship you have shown my people, you have my blessing. Aid them now by cleansing this temple of its centuries of filth."

The character then receives the blessing as above.

Spirit Allies

Any weapons enchanted by the Poleviki will still be good for an underground battle, if the PCs don't wait until dawn.

Vodyanoy will absolutely refuse to go underground. However, if things are going spectacularly badly for the PCs you might decide that he gets bored waiting on the surface and decides to flood the whole of the underground complex. Water starts gushing up from the floor, and any living creature underground has 3 rounds to make it to the top of the stairs. They might be treated to a brief image of Vodyanoy paddling about in the rising water and laughing delightedly to himself.

Leshy might be prevailed upon to help in some way, but this will constitute yet another favour and must be negotiated as before (see p36). He might have tree-roots erupt from the walls of the complex, bringing whole areas down (PCs must make a *Risk* test or take a S4 hit from falling masonry), or he might summon a Swarm to invade the complex. Needless to say, the Swarm will affect PCs in the complex normally, if they are slow in leaving.

Note that Father Bear will take no part in an underground battle, although he will be happy to wait at the trapdoor for the Chaos Warrior and his Daemon to come out.

Other Good Ideas

Concentrate on the Chaos Warrior: When the Chaos Warrior dies, the Daemon is automatically sucked back into the realm of Chaos. This information is available to any spellcaster, or any other character with *Demon Lore* or *Theology* skill, on a successful *Int* test.

Carry lots of light: Each light source after the first gives the PCs a +5 bonus to any *Fear* tests made against Ghosts.

Run for it if things go badly: Arrange for the toughest party members to cover the retreat, get back out, and sit on the trapdoor.

Remember, at all times, that the GM's role is not to wipe the party out. Certainly, careless or idiotic actions should lead swiftly to their inevitable reward, but don't kill *everybody*. Just make them *think* you're going to - and then the players will feel so happy and clever when they win free, that you'll become their favourite GM.



THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBERS

The following notes presume the area is being examined in poor light - torchlight or magical light. If there is no light at all, the areas must be searched by touch, and the descriptions improvised accordingly. If you are using figures, you should make up suitable floor plans to represent the temple complex (see *Map 6*, p141).

Information is divided into four levels - that taken in at a *Rapid Glance*, the results of a *Careful Look*, further information revealed by a *Rapid Search*, and detailed information revealed by a *Full Search*. The last two categories take the indicated amount of time, and require successful tests to be made (see *WFRP*, p 71).

You may decide to allow relevant skills (eg *Mining*, *History*) to modify *Search* tests for the purposes of revealing specific information; for example, a character with *Mining* skill might notice constructional detail while overlooking other things if a borderline result is rolled for his *Search* test.

For the Radial Chambers, *Rapid Glance* assumes that no character actually enters the chamber; *Careful Look* assumes entering the chamber and looking or feeling around; *Rapid Search* assumes that objects are examined, but not moved; *Full Search* assumes that objects are picked up and/or removed to the central chamber where they can be examined under better light.

The Central Chamber

Rapid Glance: (as viewed where the stairs enter the central chamber) This circular chamber is about 30' in diameter, with walls rising as a vertical shaft for 50' into the darkness. A translucent hemisphere 6' in diameter rests on a polished circular platform in the center of the chamber. Five archways are spaced regularly along the wall. Clockwise from the stairs, arches 1-2 are partially unblocked, arches 3-4 are completely blocked, and arch 5 is completely unblocked. A hazy formless film, like smoke, hangs above the hemisphere.

Careful Look: A ghostly Dwarf, his face distorted in the agony of death, lunges from the centre of the chamber and suddenly fills your field of vision.

Encounter the ghost of Gruffneck the Dwarf. Make any *Fear* tests. Those who fail are paralysed with fear - no action this round, and no action in succeeding rounds until a successful *Fear* test is made see *WFRP*, p 68).

Gruffneck - Dwarf Ghost

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	0	0	3	17	30	1	-	18	18	18	18	29

Gruffneck is subject to *instability* outside the temple, but is immune to psychological effects. He causes *Fear* in living creatures (but see the notes on p42). He is immune to non-magical weapons, and cannot cause physical damage himself; any living creature 'hit' by him must make an immediate *Ld* test at a -10 penalty or flee.

Rapid Search: (10 minutes; presumes *fear* has been overcome) The stonework is generally of high quality, probably Dwarven. It has been covered with clay and painted, but most of the clay has fallen from the walls, revealing Dwarven inscriptions.

Archways 1-2 lead into long, dark chambers. They were sealed with inferior stonework, and recently broken open.

Archways 3-4 are likewise sealed with inferior stonework, and still sealed.

Archway 5 has never been sealed.

The translucent hemisphere is apparently made of glass beneath the obscuring dark stains. The pedestal has been

crudely plastered and painted with crude Goblin script. Where this plaster has fallen away, a dark, red-and-white sworled marble, etched with lengthy Dwarven inscriptions, is revealed.

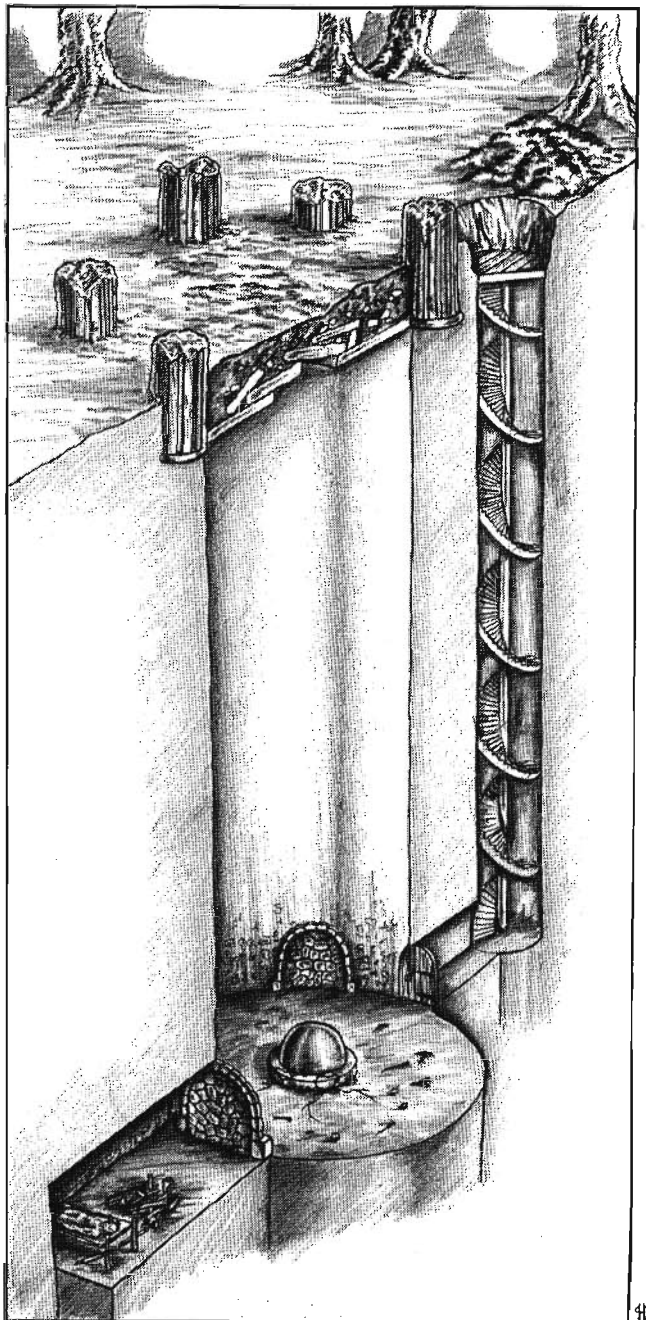
Full Search: (30 minutes) But for the crude plaster that has fallen from the walls, nothing of interest is found on the floors.

Concave facets on the hemisphere correspond with the archways. It is otherwise unblemished, and extremely hard. There is no evidence that it is a secret door or otherwise movable.

Among the rubble on the floor are ancient tools - picks, shovels and the like - their handles apparently rotted away.

The Dwarven stonework on the walls was once ornamented with an inlay, now missing. There are also numerous sockets where decorative gems may have been removed. There are no traces of the missing materials among the rubble.

The temple is probably older than the oldest Human buildings the characters have ever seen. Characters with *History* skill may convince themselves on a successful *Int* test that it predates Human occupation in this region).





Radial Chamber 1: The Tomb of Zoobag the Great

Rapid Glance: A 4' x 4' hole has been made in the stonework blocking the archway. Light seems unable to penetrate the darkness behind - no detail can be perceived, even with *Night Vision*. The air inside is very cool, causing condensation on the surrounding stone. Objects thrown into the space disappear soundlessly. *Magical Sense* indicates the presence of unearthly beings within.

Careful Look: A mass of horribly mutilated Goblins presses upon you. One reaches inside your chest and squeezes your heart.

When the chamber is entered, make *Fear* tests. Those who fail drop as though dead, their hearts stopped - briefly - by fear. Those who pass black out briefly, but awaken still standing, still seeing the ghostly Goblins, but convinced of their insubstantiality.

Goblin Ghosts

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	0	0	3	17	30	1	-	18	18	18	18	29

The mass of ghostly Goblins counts as one entity, with the profile shown above. They are subject to *instability* outside the radial chamber, but are immune to psychological effects. They cause *Fear* in living creatures, are immune to non-magical weapons, and cannot cause physical damage; any living creature 'hit' by them must make an immediate *Ld* test at a -10 penalty or flee.

GM: If Gruffneck has befriended the party, you might decide that he takes on the ghostly Goblins. Run the combat between Gruffneck and the Goblins as a normal combat - they can wound each other normally - giving each side *S* 3 and giving Gruffneck the benefit of his racial Hatred of Goblins automatically (cannot be forced from combat, always presses attacks, and causes +1 damage on each hit). Although neither side is armed, ignore the normal unarmed combat penalties for this combat.

Lights of any kind will not shine in this cursed chamber. Examination must be done by touch.

Rapid Search: The walls bear the remains of inscriptions and tracteries like the walls of the central chamber. Near the rear wall is a delicate pile of debris (*I* Test to avoid stepping in it) - the decayed remains of the sacrificed slaves. No artifacts accompany the remains.

At the rear wall is a bier. Delicate remains lie on the bier, along with the remains of ornamented leather armour, a shield, a sword, and three pieces of jewellery.

Full Search: Zoobag has been reduced to a skeleton, and his leather jerkin crumbles to dust at a touch, as do most of his bones - only *D6* teeth and a few fragments of the skull remain. His shield, of wood and leather, also crumbles at a touch. Nothing remains of the scabbard and fittings which presumably once accompanied the sword, and the sword itself is pocked with rust (-1 damage, roll *D6* each time the sword hits anything, on a 6 it shatters). The three pieces of jewellery are a silver nose-ring - blackened by tarnish - worth 5 GCs, a gold cloak-pin set with garnets worth 25 GCs, and a carved amber arm-ring worth 7 GCs. On the floor by the side of the bier is a single iron spearhead - the shaft has long since rotted away.

Radial Chamber 2: The Tomb of Dunggrub the Spellchucker

Rapid Glance: A light shining through the hole in the masonry reveals a bier at the far end of the passage, as in Radial Chamber 1. On the bier lies the corpse of a Goblin, strangely dressed. Its robe has faded to the same green-brown as its withered flesh, and rotted through in places, but an assortment of bones can be seen, still stitched to the fabric with leather thongs. Beside the bier are three leather bags; one of them has rotted through, and a Human skull can be seen grinning out of it.

Careful Look: This will broadly confirm the results of the Rapid Glance above. There appears to be a skeleton on the floor of the chamber beneath the bier.

Rapid Search: The bones stitched to the Goblin's robe are of all shapes and sizes, and a character who has followed a career as a Physician, Physician's Student or Grave Robber will realise on a successful *Int* test that some are humanoid, and some are apparently Human. Others seem to come from a variety of animals. Under the bier is the complete skeleton of what appears to be a Goblin - closer examination is impossible without moving it. The walls were apparently once decorated with gems and inlays like the rest of the temple, but these have all been removed

GM: You may like to frighten the players with tricks of the light in this chamber. There are no weapons around, and the PCs may conclude - correctly - that the Goblin buried here was a shaman. They may also conclude - incorrectly - that the shaman may still be mobile. Their flickering torchlight will cast weird shadows on the walls of the chamber, and if one of the PCs thinks he saw the mummified corpse move, let nature take its course.

Full Search: Everything in this chamber will crumble to dust at a touch. There is nothing of value here.

GM: If you played with tricks of the light earlier, then the odds are that the PCs will have done something rash like attacking the corpse in some way. This, of course, will cause everything on and around the bier to fall to dust, which will hang in the air for a while. In the flickering torchlight, it may seem to coalesce, and form itself into weird shapes. We know there's nothing dangerous in here, and Magic Sense skill will reveal nothing, but the dust will take a good ten minutes to settle - and in that time the PCs will always have a bad feeling about this chamber... Enjoy it.

Radial Chamber 3: The Tomb of Shagrack the Toad-Eater

Rapid Glance: Nothing is visible until the blocking is removed. The masonry has T 6, D 10, but 5 D will create a hole large enough for a Human-sized being to crawl through. A light shining through the hole in the masonry reveals a bier at the far end of the chamber. On the bier rests the body of a Goblin; it appears to be perfectly preserved, but its clothing has decayed almost to nothing. On the floor of the chamber is a pile of bones and debris.

Careful Look: The mass of debris contains crumbled bones, fragments of leather and fabric, and the occasional piece or corroded metal. As soon as any living creature enters the chamber, it gathers itself together into four Goblin Skeletons. This process takes one round (during which the Skeletons are treated as *prone*), and then the Skeletons attack. The corpse on the bier never moves.

Goblin Skeletons

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	17	3	3	5	20	1	18	18	18	18	18	-

The Skeletons are subject to *instability* and *stupidity*, but immune to all other psychological effects. They cannot be forced to leave combat. They cause *fear* in living creatures. Wounding hits from Skeletons have a 35% chance of causing infected wounds.

Rapid Search: There is little in here except dust and a perfectly-preserved Goblin corpse. Any clothing it might have had has rotted away, leaving only mouldering scraps and the occasional corroded piece of jewellery. Again, the walls bear the marks of stripped-out ornamentation.

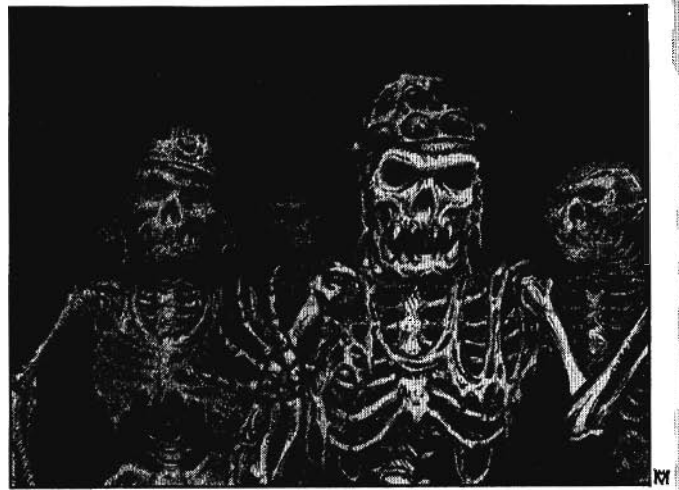
Full Search: The Goblin corpse wears a tarnish-blackened silver ring set with a polished yellowish-white stone. There is also a pair of gold sword-fittings, worth 10 GCs each or 35 GCs as a pair. The sword to which they once belonged is now rusted beyond use.

The ring is an *Amulet of Enchanted Jade*; although it could not prevent the demise of its wearer, it has kept the body in good condition down the centuries - the Goblin appears to have been dead for no more than a couple of hours. When the ring is removed, the body will begin to decompose normally.

Radial Chamber 4: The Tomb of Ragzod Bonechewer

Rapid Glance: Nothing is visible until the blocking is removed. The masonry has T 6, D 10, but 5 D will create a hole large enough for a Human-sized being to crawl through. Unfortunately, the creation of a hole will also disturb the Red Mould which is growing in the chamber. A cloud of red spores billows forth 3 yards from the hole, obscuring vision into the chamber and causing anyone in the way to make an immediate I test or be blinded for 2D6 hours (WS, I and Dex reduced by 25 each, opponents gain +25 to hit in any combat). Human and Halfling characters affected by the spore cloud gain 1D6 Insanity Points.

The spores hang in the air for 3 rounds before settling. Once they have settled, a light shining into the chamber will reveal that the walls, floor and ceiling are densely coated with moulds and fungi of various colours, and at the far end (which appears to be damper than the rest of the complex) is a shapeless mass of multicoloured mould which may once have been a bier and a body.



Careful Look/Rapid Search: Any character entering the chamber will automatically disturb some of the mould at almost every step; roll on the following table each turn for each character who enters:

D10 Roll	Mould Type
1-3	Harmless
4-5	Purple Mould
6-9	Yellow Mould
0	Fluorspore

Note that spore clouds near the doorway may spill over into the main chamber. See **WFRP**, p 237 for spore effects. It's quite possible that the players will come up with something clever, like using a *Flight* spell, to avoid disturbing the fungus. This is fine, but remember that Fluorspore and Purple Mould are triggered by proximity rather than contact.

A careful look/rapid search will confirm the impression that the chamber is full of various moulds and fungi. The outline of a body on a bier can just be made out beneath the blanket of mould at the far end.

Full Search: A full search carries the same dangers as a rapid search. If the party persists, then the body on the bier will fall to dust the moment it is touched. This will cause an immense cloud of spores to erupt, filling the entire chamber and billowing out into the main chamber to fill the air within a 2-yard radius from the doorway. Anyone caught in the cloud will suffer the effects of all three kinds of spores at once - characters in the main chamber are allowed an I test to dodge the cloud, characters in the radial chamber are not. Serve them right.

In theory, there is no way that the PCs will be able to search this chamber, short of doing rash things with fire (remember, though, that at the far end of the chamber the mould is *damp*) and coming back in a couple of hours after things have settled down. If, through extreme cleverness or sheer, dogged persistence, the PCs succeed in searching the chamber, they will find D6 Goblin teeth intact, a rusted and useless sword, and a plain gold ear-ring worth 5 GCs. Players may complain long and loud, but hopefully they will learn that some things are best left alone, and reward is not necessarily in proportion to risk.

Radial Chamber 5: Shrine of Llabella Amethyst

This chamber is completely empty and featureless, having been stripped of everything valuable when the temple was abandoned by the Dwarfs. As in the rest of the complex, there are signs of gems and inlays having been removed, and various smearings and other graffiti left behind by the Goblins.

ESTIMATING THE TEMPLE'S VALUE

Apart from the (almost negligible) intrinsic value of the artifacts in the Goblin tombs, this site is of considerable value to Dwarfs, and scholars of any race who are interested in Dwarven history. Knowledge of the temple's location, backed up with plans of the underground complex and rubbings or tracings of the vanished decoration, might fetch a considerable price from such parties. This is left to you to handle, but if the PCs manage to find a prospective buyer, a final price in the region of 500 GCs for the temple's location would not be out of the question. Note, however, that few Dwarfs would stoop so low as to sell this knowledge to fellow Dwarfs, and that selling it to Humans would be a minor betrayal of the whole Dwarven race and its heritage. So if a PC Dwarf is overcome by avarice in this deal, other Dwarfs will react accordingly. Grungni would not be too happy, either - and might exchange the blessing (p42) for a curse (see **WFRP**, pp 194-195).

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

This adventure can end in one of two main ways:

If the Beastmen have been dealt with successfully: Herten will make good any promise of payment. He may also entertain the PCs to a lavish banquet, at which they will have ample opportunity to raise eyebrows by using the wrong cutlery and so on, and chatter incessantly until everyone is bored to tears. If the adventure forms part of the campaign sequence, the PCs will be sent back to Kislev to report to Bogdanov; if not, they are free to go on to their next adventure.

If any of the Beastmen has escaped: Herten may insist on a few days spent fruitlessly searching the forest, leaving you free to invent further incidents. The Chaos Warrior and his pet Daemon may still be around, and may take any opportunity for revenge. Herten may decide to withhold some or all of any promised payment until he is satisfied that the threat has been dealt with. At last, though, the PCs will be sent back to Kislev or allowed to go on their way.

Reporting to Bogdanov

The PCs' journey from Voltsara to Kislev should be fairly free of incident, although the Chaos Warrior may stage an attack if he is still alive.

Bogdanov will see the PCs almost immediately, and will listen to their report, nodding in the right places but giving little away. If you wish to continue with the next adventure in this book, carry on to the Players' Introduction on p48; if not, you can have Bogdanov send the PCs into the next adventure, whatever it might be.

Experience Points Awards

The following experience points awards should be made at suitable points during the adventure - either at the end of a playing session, or at the end of the adventure itself.

Roleplaying

Each character may be awarded up to 100 EPs for good roleplaying, bright ideas, and so on. Aim for an average of about 50 EPs each, awarding 100 only to characters who have been astoundingly resourceful and well-played.

Plot Objectives

Winning the trust of Pyotr and Annya -
50 EPs each

Dealing successfully with nature spirits:

Grandfather Spark (the Domovoy)

- *10 EPs each*

Grandfather Barn (the Maciew)

- *10 EPs each*

The Grainfathers (the Poleviki)

- *25 EPs each*

Uncle Water (the Vodyanoy)

- *25 EPs each*

Lord of the Forest (the Leshy)

- *50 EPs each*

Defeating Father Bear - *50 EPs for each character still in play at the end of the contest, 20 EPs for characters out of play*

Not defeating Father Bear - *10 EPs each*

Winning Georgiy's co-operation - *50 EPs each*

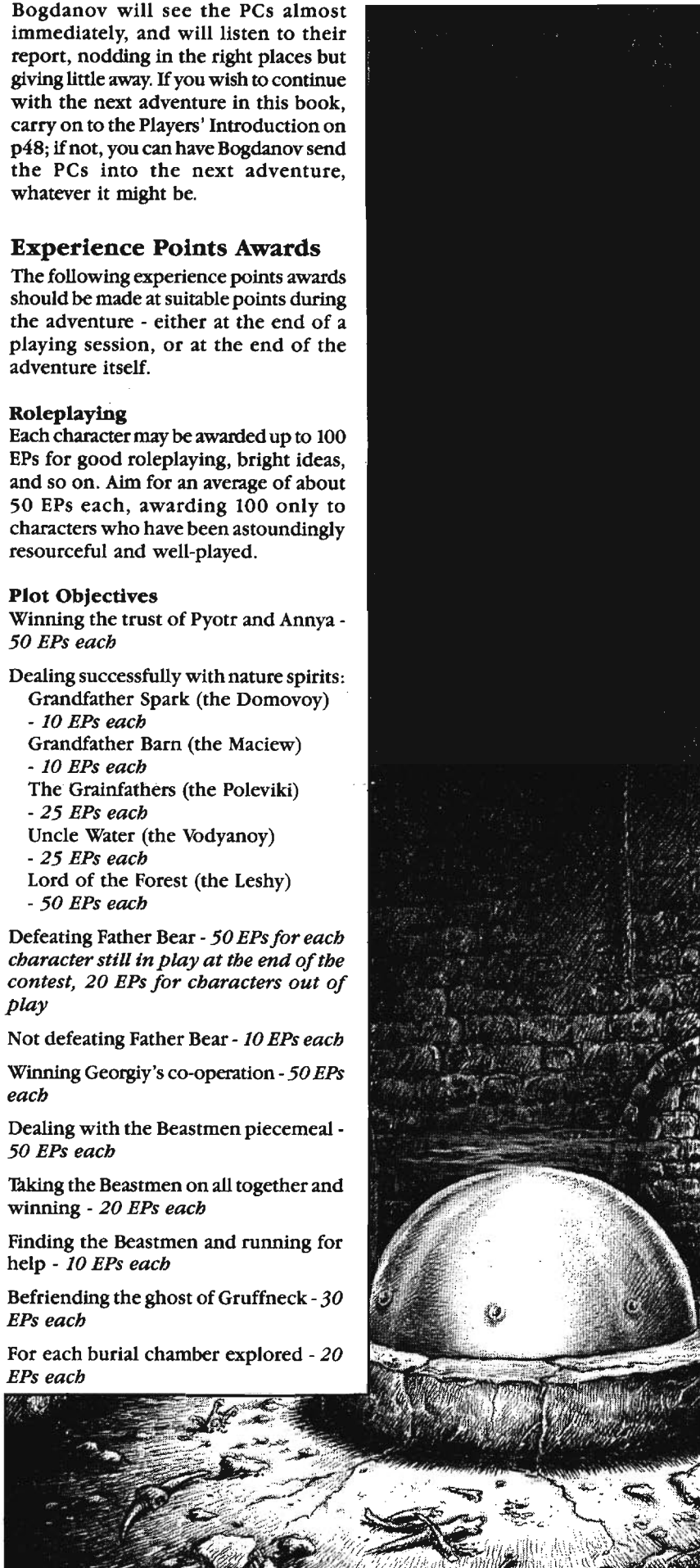
Dealing with the Beastmen piecemeal -
50 EPs each

Taking the Beastmen on all together and winning - *20 EPs each*

Finding the Beastmen and running for help - *10 EPs each*

Befriending the ghost of Gruffneck - *30 EPs each*

For each burial chamber explored - *20 EPs each*





DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

INTRODUCTION

On a bluff overlooking the Zapadryek River in the midst of which stands the island bearing the walled town of Chernozavtra:

Scabback settled down with his bowl of gruel, gesturing over one shoulder at the town walls of Chernozavtra on the island across the ford.

"Strange lot, them," he said, "All runnin' round like Snotlings on Gigglespore - an' all deader'n Duggrat's muvver. Sum all wet an' dangly, sum all dried up an' leathery, bits o' meat danglin' all about. 'Orrible. Ol' Chuff sez 'e seen 'em at all hours of the night, dancin' an', clackin' 'etr teef and moanin'. Glad I got river 'tween 'em and me, damn sure."

Scabback's companion nodded vigorously in agreement, "Yeab!" he said, splattering Scabback with bits of gruel, "Mus' be sum reel bad necro-wotsit in der."

"I dunno about no necro-wotsit," snarled Scabback. "If yer asks me, it's magic, dat's wot it is!"

He thrust a spoon of gruel in his mouth. "Akk! Pthui! S'orrible! Wonder where Ol' Chuff gets this meat..."

Meanwhile, at the Dolgan camp beside the walls of Chernozavtra:

"Dafa say burn ghosts out," said Kahu as he combed his pony's mane. "Arda laughs. 'Fire no good last time Dafa try it,' say Arda, 'why should it work now!' Arda laugh some more, then take his braves back to camp. Council argue all night, but no Arda and braves, no point to talk."

"So, we sit here, city of ghosts in front, army of greenskins behind, supplies running short, and chiefs squabbling like children. Clanfathers must weep to see it."

"Yes, moy brat." Kahu nodded sadly. "Not for nothing is this place called Chernozavtra - The Town of the Black Tomorrow. When the dead walk the streets, it can mean only one thing - the day of reckoning is coming. Soon, soon we will weep alongside our clanfathers."

"That may be, my friend," said the other "But at least we can take some of the Greenskins with us..."

SUMMARY

Chernozavtra was one of Kislev's Wheatland Colonies, on the eastern side of the World's Edge Mountains. Plague claimed the entire population, but most of them are still up and about thanks to the Necromancer Annandil, also known as Gurthgano Gorthaudh, the only living inhabitant of Chernozavtra.

For one reason or another - outlined in the following sections - the PCs must enter the lost colony and find Gurthgano. They must overcome several obstacles:

Firstly, the colony's dead population has a standing instruction to take any living people who enter and turn them into more undead.

Secondly, Chernozavtra is about to become the centre of a battlefield; on opposite sides of the ford by which it stands, a large group of Dolgans and a band of steppe Goblinoids led by Habblo's Hobgoblin Heroes stand eye-to-eye, each waiting for the other to make the first move.

The PCs must first make their way through or past the Hobgoblins, where they may become embroiled in the controversy which is currently raging - wipe out the Dolgans, or should they let them pass on payment of a toll?

Next, there are the Dolgans - and they are bound to be suspicious of a group of non-Dolgans coming from the same direction as the Hobgoblins. The PCs will need Dolgan help to get into Chernozavtra, but again they will be caught up in a controversy - one faction wants to rid the colony of its undead inhabitants, and - hopefully - gain divine favour for a battle with the Hobgoblins, while the other wants to ignore the dead people (who, after all, never venture outside the walls) and concentrate on the Hobgoblin problem.

Having made their way through a series of diplomatic minefields, the PCs must enter Chernozavtra and find Gurthgano, dodging the undead guards whose sole aim in unlife is to convert all living matter within reach to unliving matter like themselves.

All going well, the PCs will obtain an audience with Gurthgano, and may receive information and materials which will be valuable to them later. They may also win his aid in escaping the city - possibly a harder task than getting in.

STARTING THE ADVENTURE

The Enemy Within Campaign or The Kislev Campaign

Returning from Voltsara, the PCs report to Bogdanov at the palace. After hearing their report, he tells them of their next mission.

"On the edge of the Steppes is a colony called Chernozavtra. You will be supplied with a map and any guides that are necessary. You will set out for Chernozavtra at first light tomorrow, and when you get there you will seek out one Gurthgano Gorthaudh. Give him this message - Sulring Durgul is involved in Bolgasgrad. He will instruct you further."

This is all the information that the PCs will be given. Bogdanov will say no more, but characters who are able to speak Elthárin will recognise that the name Gurthgano Gorthaudh is in that language, meaning "Death Commander of the Dread Mound".

They set out early the next day, so there is no time to learn skills, but any experience points earned in Voltsara may be spent on characteristic advances at this time.

As an Isolated Adventure...

In Kislev

Here are two possible introductions to this adventure; you may be able to devise others if necessary:

An entrepreneur hires a group of adventurers to recover a few objects from the ruins of a colony wiped out by disease several decades ago. The entrepreneur fails to mention that the inhabitants of the colony - though quite dead - are still up and about.

The bureaucracy wishes to investigate garbled reports of life - or undead - in a lost colony. It hires a group of freelance adventurers, not wishing to draw attention to the exercise. They have a brief to investigate and report - and to remove any threat they find.

Elsewhere

Chernozavtra can be set in any remote frontier of the Old Worlds. The Hobgoblins and Dolgans can be replaced by any moderately civilised but mutually hostile bands of Goblinoids, humans, or other intelligent creatures.

CHERNOZAVTRA

THE COLONY OF BLACK FORTUNES

HISTORY

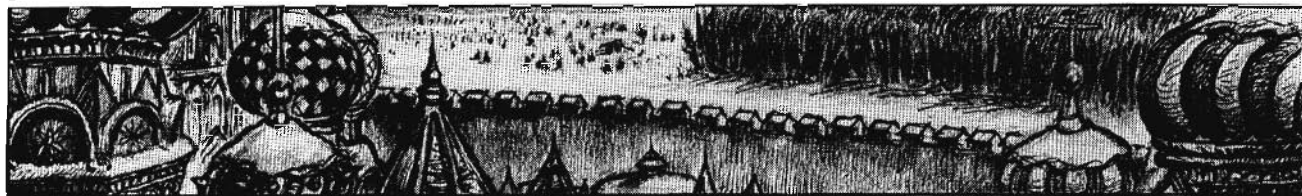
Founded in 2252 IC, the colony of Chernozavtra had everything necessary for success. The island on the Zapadryeka River was a perfect site - convenient for river travel and trade, easily defended from Dolgan or Goblinoid raiders, and surrounded by the dark, fertile soil which gave the colony its name - "Black Tomorrow". The name proved all too apt, but not in the way intended.

Throughout its first five decades, the colony showed promise, but was plagued by Goblinoid and Dolgan raids. When the town walls were finally completed in 2270, the colonists hoped that things would look up.

By the end of the century, Chernozavtra was among the richest and most successful of the Wheatlands colonies. Its position was strengthened by a treaty with the neighbouring Dolgan tribes, allowing the Dolgans to hold their traditional clan gatherings upon the island so long as they maintained good relations with the colonists.

Then, in 2302, Chaos poured from the north. As the Wheatlands and steppes were cut off from the rest of Kislev, the nearby Dolgan tribes fled to the walled colony for protection. The combined forces of the colonists and the Dolgans managed to hold out for nearly four months before the Chaos hordes finally stormed the walls. There were no survivors.

After Chaos was beaten back in the 23rd century, Chernozavtra stood empty and in ruins. A hundred years later, the colony was re-established, and within a decade or so, Chernozavtra seemed back on the road to success. Then, in the winter of 2478, plague struck. The population of the island was all but wiped out. Chernozavtra's isolated position gave the plague no chance to spread, but the colony was abandoned once again. The dead were left where they fell.



The Coming of the Necromancer

Annandil The Necromancer, heard of the disaster of Chernozavtra, and established himself there immediately. With an almost unlimited supply of tireless undead labourers, he soon put the town to rights. Because of the cold, none of the corpses had decomposed significantly, and they were ideal for his purposes. Soon, the dead colony had been transformed into a perfect base for his operations. In time, he adopted the name Gurthgano Gorthaudh in honour of his power.

When the Dolgans returned, they were immensely surprised to find signs of life in the colony. Venturing closer, they were even more surprised - and horrified - to see the familiar faces of colonists they knew had died in the plague.

The strictures of Zemlya, one of the stronger nature spirits in the Dolgan pantheon, are clear on the practice of necromancy. This travesty of nature had to be ended immediately. After strengthening their courage through prayer and heavy drinking, the Dolgans prepared to assault the colony of the dead.

For almost twenty years, they have been trying. However, most of those who have attempted to enter the town have never returned... well, not *alive*, at any rate. The holy battle against undeath has run out of steam, and most of the clan gatherings are spent arguing over what probably-futile move to make next.



HOBGOBLINS OF THE STEPPES

The Hobgoblins of the steppes are the most culturally advanced of the Goblinoids in regular contact with Humanity; indeed, some go so far as to claim that they are closer to Humanity than they are to the other Goblinoid races.

THE HOBGOBLIN HEGEMONY

In the centuries since the Goblinoid races were pushed eastwards across the Worlds Edge Mountains at the end of the Goblin Wars, certain racial groups have made significant cultural, socio-economic and military advances, competing with Humanity and other races all the more effectively. The most successful group is the Hobgoblin Hegemony, which has risen to dominance over the northern part of the Dark Lands, and is extending its influence into the steppes of eastern Kislev.

The Hobgoblins have become a very effective military elite, ruling a slave-based society where the lesser Goblinoids have been forced to learn aspects of agriculture and herding copied from Human cultures. The level of efficiency does not approach that of Human agricultural and pastoral societies, but this is still a great revolution in Goblinoid terms.

From this simple but far-reaching economic advance, the Hobgoblin Hegemony has gone on to encourage the development of craftsmanship, and has begun to trade slaves and other goods to eastern Human societies. The habitual raiding which effectively closed the overland trade route between the Old World and the far east has lessened as the Hobgoblins begin to realise the value of trade.

The Hobgoblin Hegemony is an efficient, if harsh, regime, although it cannot validly be judged in Human terms. Seen in the context of Goblinoid history, it counts as a major advance on every front. The Hegemony consists of a limited (but occasionally variable) number of tribes, each ruled by a hereditary chief.

STAGING THE HOBGOBLIN ENCOUNTER

(See Map 7)

WARBAND POLITICS

Habblo's Hobgoblin Heroes are officially on a punitive mission, sent by Chief Grunguts of the Grag-A-Mugar Clan in reprisal for Dolgan raids on Hobgoblin trade and slave caravans. However, Habblo wants to extract a toll from the Dolgans, along with oaths to refrain from raiding in future. A practical soul, he prefers getting rich to fighting any day, and he suspects that the Chief will approve.

However, the four junior officers on this expedition lack Habblo's subtlety. They are ambitious, and eager to gain battlefield reputations. They believe that Habblo is past his prime, that he has lost his stomach for battle, and that he should hand over command to a more vigorous successor - one of themselves.

Habblo is in a delicate position. It might be safer to go along with the hotbloods, but he is too proud to allow his juniors to force his hand. Also, he knows that - privately - Chief Grunguts would like to cool down the war with the Dolgans and get back to the business of extending the clan's wealth and influence by trade. His problem is, how to resolve things satisfactorily while avoiding a mutiny.

THE PCs

The PCs' arrival brings the political tension in the warband to a head. Habblo would be content to extract a piratical toll from them in return for permission to cross the ford, but his lieutenants will take every opportunity to goad the PCs into a fight.

If a PC attacks any Goblinoid, the band will respond by attacking all the PCs. Swift action by other PCs may or may not prevent disaster, depending on the circumstances. For example, if a PC simply punches a Hobgoblin lieutenant, and is immediately grabbed by his mates, the PCs will be taken into custody and brought before Habblo, who may be sympathetic, or may be bought cheaply. On the other hand, if a Hobgoblin lieutenant is slain, even Habblo may be unable to prevent the slaughter of the PCs.

If, however, a PC challenges a Hobgoblin, the Hobgoblin is honour bound to accept the challenge. As Habblo, you determine the conditions of the challenge combat. Remember, Habblo would not be unhappy to see one of his troublesome subordinates humbled or killed by a mere Human (or whatever) - a sign of weakness on their part would undermine their position and strengthen his own.

ROLEPLAYING OPPORTUNITIES

The primary problem-solving, action-adventure element of this encounter is the conflict between the PCs and the belligerent lieutenants.

However, the real fun of this encounter is an opportunity to roleplay a meeting of two traditionally hostile cultures - Human and Goblinoid. The PCs arrive at dusk, and the decision about whether

to let them cross the ford is postponed until the next morning. During the evening, the PCs have ample opportunity to wander around, examine the Hobgoblin camp, and chat with the personnel.

Scholarly PCs can learn a lot about Goblinoids at first hand. Warrior types will be interested in the unit's organisation, and the quality of its soldiers. Students of novel experiences and storytellers will be interested in chatting with creatures seldom encountered in so peaceful an atmosphere.

Here's an opportunity to award lots of experience points for roleplaying. Don't miss it.

And be honest. GMing Goblinoids is fun. What refreshingly crude and cheerful creatures they are.

GOBLINOID ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Here are some roleplaying tips for each of the Goblinoid types in the warband.

Habblo

A tough, shrewd, war-weary line officer, loyal to the chief who keeps him and his family well-fed and well-respected. His growling tone and uneducated accent are pure Goblinoid, but his personality and character have some almost Human facets. He always appears to make instant decisions, but on close examination these decisions are usually parries to give him time to weigh things up. As a successful leader, he is loved and trusted by the rank-and-file, but the contempt of his lieutenants could spread into mutiny, and he knows it.

Habblo would be content to charge the PCs a crippling toll for crossing the ford. He would also like to give them a message for the Dolgan leader, stating his terms for allowing the Dolgans to cross - one bison for every five people, and an oath sworn by each tribal leader to abstain from raiding Hobgoblin caravans for one year. These terms are steep, but they are modest compared to the losses involved in forcing a crossing against the Hobgoblins.

Habblo will try to protect the PCs from the bullying of the lieutenants - the last thing he wants is an incident that might stir up outside trouble - but he mustn't appear to be coddling them, or the lieutenants will accuse him of being a "Humie-lover".

Sample Dialogue: "Humph. Tryin' to sneak across in the dark, eh? Lock 'em up, an' bring 'em to me first thing in the morning. First thing, y'hear? Or heads will roll."

The Lieutenants

These hot-bloods are like young, swaggering samurai - loud, aggressive, abusive, impulsive, interested only in warfare and dominating others. They are feared and hated by the rank-and-file, but their tough image is generating a measure of respect for them. Habblo hopes they will live long and hard enough to learn wisdom.

They hope to spark an incident that will stir the warriors to battle-fervour. If the PCs can be goaded into a fight, the Hobgoblin band will get their battle-blood going, and Habblo will have a hard time restraining them from outright war.

Sample Dialogue: 'Hah. Typical Humie - natter, natter, natter. (*Poke in belly*) Soft. (*Squeeze jaw*) Good talkers. (*Squeeze arm*) No fight. (*Poke at nether regions*) Nothing there."

Hobgoblin Regulars

These troops are something like American football players or Marines. They are strongly built, towering over the Goblins who serve them and taller than many Humans. Off-duty, they are approachable, even friendly to those they consider their equals. In battle, they are dedicated to being the toughest, the meanest, the most vicious.

At all times they are competitive and mindful of reputation, and banter endlessly among themselves, sometimes indulging in friendly fighting. They are casually contemptuous of puny Humans, and think only slightly better of the hot-blooded lieutenants. Habblo ("the Boss") is admired, trusted and respected, and the lesser Goblinoids are treated by turns as children or as inanimate objects for kicking, throwing, playing catch with, and so on.



Sample Dialogue: "Oy, Muggerlips, getcher face out that pot an' pass it round! Okay, Humie, so you've come to learn how to fight, huh? Best place for it. Starters, we're bigger'n you. An' tuffer. An' meaner. An' badder. An' greener..."

Other Hobgoblins put in various words, until the conversation shifts into a locker-room chant - "We're mean green killin' machines, the baaadest muthas you ever seen..." The chant goes on for as long as you can continue to improvise words for it, and breaks down into much back-slapping and drinking.

Goblin Wolf Riders

Lean, quiet, competent - the hard-bitten Hollywood cowboy type. Wolf riders are rough and uneducated, but surprisingly intelligent and thoughtful. They stick together when off-duty, and use a few, well-chosen words when addressing outsiders. They have an even and professional attitude toward leaders and other Goblinoids.

Sample Dialogue: (*Long pause*) "Dolgans raid us, we raid them. They stop, we stop. (*Pause*) Got to look after ourselves."

Wagon Crews, Cooks, and Labourers

These are skilled workers, therefore valuable and decently - if roughly - treated. They tend to be nervous, intimidated by the rough horseplay of the Hobgoblins. They will bait and mock the Humans - from a safe distance - but if challenged, they run away. They divide their time between avoiding the larger Goblinoids and tormenting the smaller ones.

Sample Dialogue: "Oi, Humie!" (*Accompanied by clod of earth, or something less savoury if possible*) "Not so brave now, iz yer? Not now yer seen greenboyz yer own size an' bigger, eh?" (*Laughs all round*) "Scared you'll get smacked? Better talk nice, or the bigguns'll smack yer!" (*Laughter, more missiles, gestures, etc*)

Lesser Goblins

These are unskilled slaves. Always cringing, scuttling to obey, fawning in the hope of escaping worse mistreatment. Play these repulsive little beasts for sympathy value. Make players want to free them from their torment - but make them realise that a bitten hand is the best thanks they could expect. These slaves are also a reminder that, for all their Human-like aspects, Goblinoids are cruel and callous creatures, beyond the Human capacity for such vices.

Sample Dialogue: "Me do, me do! No smack little (*name*). Good Gobbo, do quick, do right, no smack!"

THE GOBLINOIDS

Habblo

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	63	44	4	5	17	60	3	49	49	44	44	44	18

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Speak Additional Language - Old Worlder, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Sleeved Mail Coat (1 AP, body/arms/legs), Mail Coif (1 AP, head), Helmet (1 AP, head), Mace, Sword, Dagger.

Psychology & Special Rules: Subject to *frenzy*, and *animosity* to other Goblinoids. Night Vision 10 yards.

Krowbag - Habblo's Aide

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	45	4	4	10	40	1	28	28	48	28	28	28

Skills: Speak Additional Language - Old Worlder.

Possessions: Leather Jerkin (0/1 AP, body), Sword, Dagger.

Psychology & Special Rules: *Animosity* to other Goblinoids, *Hate* Dwarfs, *Fear* Elves unless outnumbering them by 2:1 or more. Night Vision 10 yards.

Habblo's Hobgoblin Heroes

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	14	3	4	7	30	1	29	29	24	24	24	18

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1 AP, body/arms), Shield (1 AP, all locations), Helmet (1 AP, head), Hand Weapon, Dagger.

Psychology & Special Rules: Subject to *frenzy*, and *animosity* to other Goblinoids. Night Vision 10 yards.



Hobgoblin Lieutenants (4)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	24	4	4	7	40	1	29	29	24	24	24	18

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Speak Additional Language - Old Worlder, Specialist Weapon*, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: Mail Shirt (1 AP, body/arms), Helmet (1 AP, head), Two-handed weapon*, Sword, Dagger.

*Lieutenant no. 1 has a 2-handed flail, 2 and 3 both have two-handed swords, and 4 has a two-handed axe. All have the necessary *Specialist Weapon* skills to use them.

Psychology & Special Rules: Subject to *frenzy*, and *animosity* to other Goblinoids. Night Vision 10 yards.

Goblin Wolf Riders

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	25	3	3	7	20	1	18	18	18	18	18	18

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training - wolf, Marksmanship - short bow, Ride - wolf, Speak Additional Language - Old Worlder, Specialist Weapon - Lance (Relates to use of spear from wolf-back only).

Possessions: Wolf with saddle, Spear, Short sword, Dagger, Short Bow, Leather Jerkin (0/1 AP, body).

Psychology & Special Rules: *Animosity* to other Goblinoids, *Hate* Dwarfs, *Fear* Elves unless outnumbering them by 2:1 or more. Night Vision 10 yards.

Goblin Troops

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	45	4	4	10	40	1	28	28	48	28	28	28

Skills: None relevant.

Possessions: Leather Jerkin (1 AP, body), Shield (1 AP, all locations) or short bow, Hand Weapon, Dagger.

Psychology & Special Rules: *Animosity* to other Goblinoids, *Hate* Dwarfs, *Fear* Elves unless outnumbering them by 2:1 or more. Night Vision 10 yards.

Lesser Goblin Slaves

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	25	2	2	5	40	1	24	18	18	18	18	18

Skills: None relevant.

Possessions: Nil.

Psychology & Special Rules: *Animosity* to other Goblinoids, *Hate* Dwarfs, *Fear* Elves unless outnumbering them by 2:1 or more. Night Vision 10 yards.

HOBGOBLINS AT THE FORD

APPROACHING CHERNOZAVTRA

The road to Chernozavtra follows the Zapadryeka river south along the high bluffs overlooking the river. Neglected since the colony was wiped out, the road is overgrown and faint. There are, however, signs that heavy wagons have passed this way recently. Characters with *Follow Trail* skill may make an *Estimate* test at +10 to estimate the nature of the Hobgoblin force that passed this way (see p51).

The first sight of Chernozavtra is from

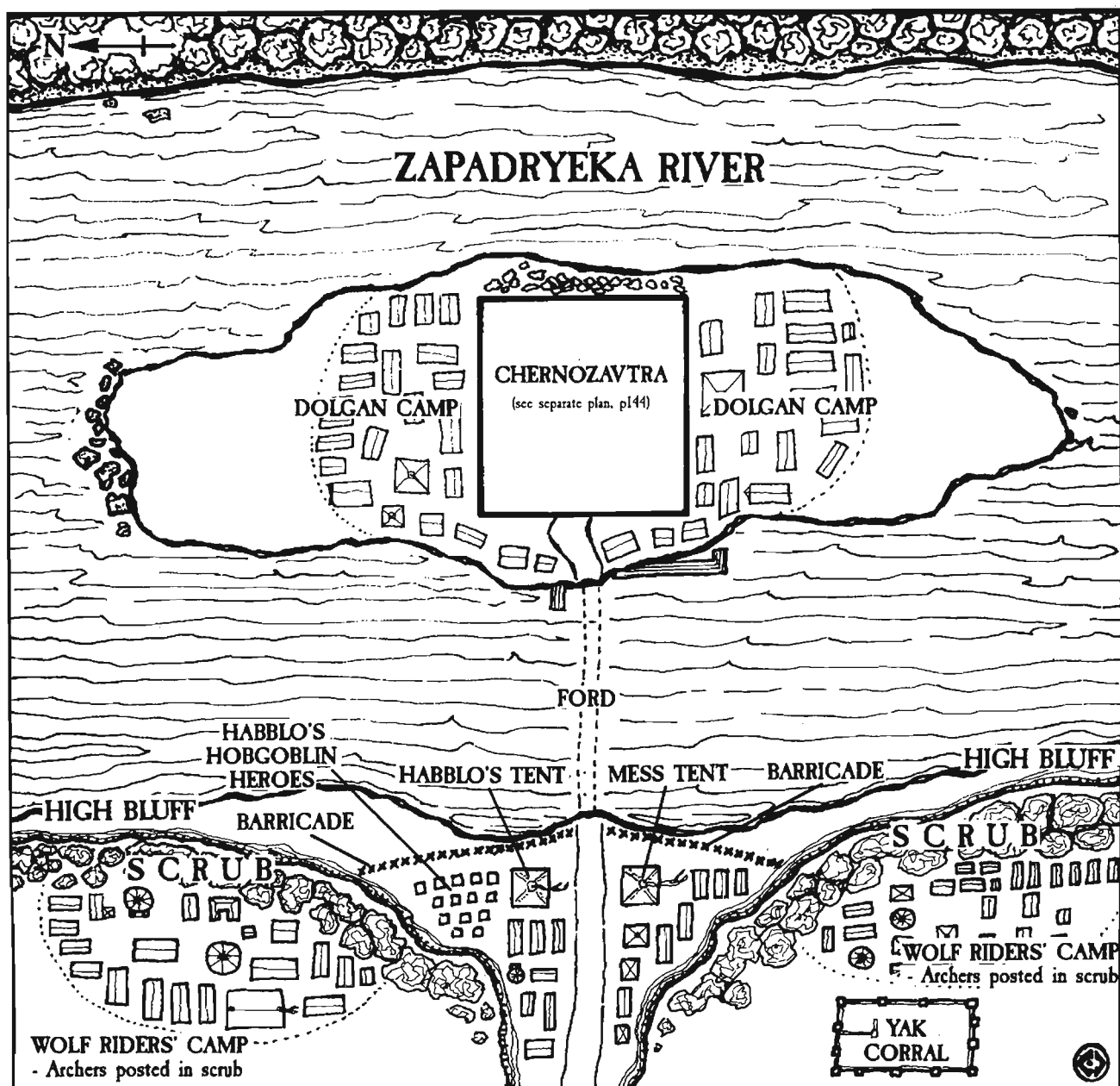
a high bluff along the river, half a mile north of the island (see Map 7). The PCs can see the Dolgans encamped before the walls. Figures can be seen moving about both inside and outside the walls, but no-one enters or leaves the town. The Hobgoblin camp is not visible.

Habblo has posted Wolf Rider lookouts round the Hobgoblin camp, and the PCs will be spotted unless they are very cautious, successfully using skills such as *Silent Move/Concealment Rural*. The Wolf Riders report to Habblo, who sends them to apprehend the Humies and puts the camp in a state of readiness.

Attempts to Scout and Avoid the Ford

Successful use of *Silent Move/Concealment Rural* and other relevant skills will allow the PCs to scout the Hobgoblin camp unnoticed. The scout must approach in heavy cover along the river beneath the edge of the bluff to avoid the Wolf Rider lookouts. If the scout understands the Goblinoid tongue, he may pick up snatches of conversation (Listen test - *soft noise*) which can provide an inkling of the situation, as described on pp 47-48. Otherwise, he may only report on the nature and disposition of the Hobgoblin forces.

MAP 7 - THE HOBGOBLIN AND DOLGAN CAMP



There is no safe or practical way to approach the island except across the ford. The rapid current around the island makes swimming dangerous for those with *Swim* skill, and deadly to those without it. No small boats or canoes are available. It would be impossible to cross the river unnoticed by the two forces which are now glaring at each other across it.

Having said that, truly ingenious and determined characters could find a way to avoid the Hobgoblins, but it should be risky and uncertain in prospect. For example, building a raft is a crackpot idea. Do they have axes? Rope to lash the wood? Do Goblin patrols see or hear them at work? Can they control the rafts on an unfamiliar river?

In general, avoiding the ford should be more risky and difficult than encountering the Hobgoblins, but let the PCs try, if they have a plausible plan. Then, when the plan fails, let the Hobgoblins capture them, and get the victims back on track.

A WARM WELCOME

Five Wolf Riders, armed with spears and bows, approach at a leisurely trot. Four halt thirty yards away, and the fifth proceeds to within comfortable hailing distance. They are cautious, and will return to the camp for reinforcements at the first sign of hostility.

If the PCs do not attack, the fifth rider addresses them in heavily-accented Old Worlde:

"Welcome, travellers. What want here?"

If the PCs state their business, the rider proceeds with his formal invitation and warning. If they refuse to state their business, they only get the warning.

Invitation: "Follow please. Captain Habblo want talk. Put away weapons. No harm, Captain says."

Warning: "This land under protection of Habblo's Heroes. Habblo say jump, everyone jump. You start something, we finish it."

His message delivered, the rider waits briefly for the PCs to follow. If they decline to follow, he withdraws with his fellows, but the PCs are watched constantly thereafter by this Wolf Rider squad. Suspicious activities are immediately reported, and two squads of Wolf Riders are dispatched to challenge or attack, according to circumstances. If the PCs insist on turning down the Hobgoblins' invitation, you might have them suddenly find themselves surrounded by a horde of Goblinoids with no chance at all of fighting their way out. Then the messenger rides forward again.

"Captain Habblo wait. You come now."

THE HOBGOBLIN CAMP

Whether under the escort of the Wolf Riders, or approaching the ford on their own, the PCs' first view of the camp will be as shown on Handout 2.

The road to the ford leads down through a narrow defile, and two Wolf Rider camps occupy commanding positions on the scrub-covered cliffs above. Archers at these points are in soft cover, and have a clear line of fire to the ford and the road.

Set back from the cliffs on either side of the road are corrals for the Yak herd which supplies the Goblinoids on the march. Close to each corral are the quarters of their Goblin handlers.

Behind a barricade are the tents of the main Hobgoblin encampment. Two large tents stand on either side of the road; on the right the mess tent, and on the left Habblo's staff tent.

The PCs' escort will cheerfully point out the disposition of the camp. Make sure you do this, for three reasons:

First, to impress the Goblinoids' strength upon the players and dispel any idiot-heroic notions they may be hatching;

Second, so that they will know that the Dolgans would be slaughtered attacking from the ford - this knowledge will be important later on;

Third, as the PCs talk with their escort, the players should begin to realise that the Goblinoids are not just a nonhuman rabble little better than animals, but an organised force, and a dangerous, competent foe to be respected.

The Reception

As the PCs enter the camp, they are faced with a silent crowd of Goblinoids in full battle-array, gathered along the road in poses of idle menace and curiosity. A short way into the camp, the four lieutenants step out of the crowd and confront the PCs, ordering them off their horses if they are mounted. They make the most of this opportunity to goad and insult the 'Humies', much to the amusement of the crowd. For example:

"Halt! Drop yer weapons!" (*Picking one up*) "Hah, call this a sword?" (*Smashes it on a rock*) "Pah. No good, is it?"

"Ugh. You female?" (*Prod*) "Dear oh dear. Your lot got no future, then."

"Right, strip 'em off, see wot they got. An' mind yer look *everywhere*." (*Grin*)

Continue this abuse long enough to allow the players to develop an abiding hatred for the lieutenants. If a fight or challenge develops, good. If the PCs keep their temper, or give as good as they get, good for them. If a player is so clever

that his character goads a lieutenant into attacking, give him a gold star - Habblo will publicly announce a challenge match to settle the matter, and will then chew the lieutenant out in private for undignified conduct.

After a few minutes, Habblo, hearing the disturbance, leaves his staff tent. He speaks in the Goblinoid language, quietly but with authority. Everyone is immediately silent. The lieutenants glower impatiently. If no PC understands his tongue, replace the italicised text with improvised Goblin gobbletalk.

"Woz goin' on? I sed bring 'em ter me straight off. You four better watch yerselves or I'll nail yer to a board an' use yer fer shields. Orright, wot you lot gawpin' at? Atincher got work ter do? Get goin'."

Then Habblo turns to the PCs, speaking in heavily-accented Old Worlde.

"Foller me. Bring yer gear."

Habblo takes the PCs into the tent and questions them in private about their business. He listens to everything they have to say, no matter how ridiculous, and does not speak until they have finished.

"Orright," he says at last, "Yer stayin' 'ere overnight." He offers no explanation and brooks no argument, simply ignoring any interruptions.

"There's rules", he continues. He counts them off on his fingers with an ease the PCs will never have seen in a Goblinoid.

"One: yer weapons stay wiv me. Yer gerrem back when yer go.

"Two: One o' my boyz'll look after yer. Wiv 'im, yer safe. Wivout 'im, yer dead. Maybe eaten, too.

"Three: I say c'mere, you c'mere. Runnin'. No talk, no nuffink.

"Four: Keep away from them four bossboyz. They gimme enuff trubble wivout you lot addin' more."

Habblo ignores any questions about Chernozavtra or the Dolgans.

"Talk ter Krowbag 'ere. 'E don't tell yer, yer don't need ter know. Geddit?"





Exploring the Hobgoblin Camp

Krowbag, Habblo's aide and escort to the PCs, is an old and scarred Goblin. He speaks Old Worlder quite fluently, with only a slight trace of an accent, and will be the most cultured Goblinoid the PCs have ever seen - in some ways. He will give the answers below if asked the right questions. If pressed further, he smiles, shrugs and says "Can't say." End of discussion. Krowbag lets the PCs go where they like, and answers all questions about the warband. He has been ordered to impress the PCs with its strength, since Habblo hopes that they will provide useful messengers to the Dolgans.

Krowbag's answers are as follows. The italicised text is for your eyes only.

Chernozavtra: "Been abandoned for decades. It belongs to no-one."

Habblo would like to occupy Chernozavtra as a military outpost, but doubts that he could keep the supply line open to it. Since he can't occupy it, he intends to deny it to the Dolgans.

Gurthgano Gorthaudh and Animated Dead in Chernozavtra: "There have been rumours. No-one knows for sure. We see Humans walking about on the walls, but no-one goes in, no-one comes out."

Habblo has never heard of magical power sufficient to animate a townful of dead people, but he doesn't dismiss the possibility. If the rumours are true, all the better - he doesn't have to keep the Dolgans out of the town. If not, then Habblo is interested in talking to whoever's in charge of the town, with hopes of striking a deal to keep the Dolgans out.

The Dolgans: "We're not at war with them - for starters, they're all still alive, know what I mean? They just keep attacking our caravans. If they keep it up, we'll rip 'em."

The Hobgoblins have staged two successful raids on Dolgan encampments, slaughtering the inhabitants and stealing the herds, and have challenged several Dolgan warbands in indecisive skirmishes. But they don't consider this to equate to a state of war - in their eyes, it is legitimate reprisal. Krowbag knows Humans well enough to realise that they wouldn't see things in this light, and will not tell the PCs the full story.

The Current Situation: "We got the word, we say who goes and how much for. The Dolgans can cross in peace if they want, provided they meet the terms. So far they ain't even tried to talk."

The PCs will not be told about the terms. Habblo has not communicated with the Dolgans because he has not decided what he wants to do. He will do nothing until he has made up his mind, and he knows that the Dolgans will not attempt to open any negotiations - they may attack, but that is a different matter.

The Hobgoblin Forces: As mentioned above, Krowbag will happily tell or show the PCs anything about the Goblinoid force. You should improvise this, referring to Map 7 on page 52.

More Abuse from the Lieutenants

At some during the PCs' tour of the camp, they run into the lieutenants again. This time, they find the PCs alone with Krowbag. There is an exchange in the Goblin tongue:

Lieutenant: "Hab! Look wot we got 'ere!"

Krowbag: "You 'eard the Boss. Leave 'em alone, 'e sez."

Lieutenant: "Zog off, Gobbo - you ain't tellin' us wotter do."

(Then, to PCs, in heavily-accented Old Worlder:) "Allo, Humies. Boss not 'ere now. Oh dear. Fun before. Wanna do summink about it?"

It is now the PCs' move; they have been challenged to a formal combat. As the challenged side, they have a good position to dictate terms; since the lieutenants forced the confrontation, they would lose face by haggling too much over terms.

Obviously unfair terms will be dismissed summarily ("How about us six, in full armour, against three of you, without armour?"), but modestly uneven matches will be accepted ("Fine. Krogar, barehanded and no armour, against any one of you, barehanded and no armour. Fight until disabled or surrendering. Any blow struck after surrendering is foul, and we'll kill you all. Krowbag is witness. Swear?").

If the PCs don't offer terms, the weakest lieutenant challenges the weakest human, full weapons and armour, no holds barred. If the PCs refuse, the lieutenants try another torrent of abuse, then depart after spitting on the toughest PC. Lacking any response from the PCs, the lieutenants will leave them alone for the rest of the day. If they accept, one lieutenant slips off to sneak the challenged PC's arms and armour from Habblo's tent.

Krowbag does nothing to stop the fight. He knows that Habblo will be told what is happening fairly soon, and suspects he will welcome the excuse to discipline the lieutenants for disobeying orders - the traditional penalty for which is a slow death. Besides, the Humans were warned.

Use the standard critical hits table unless the PCs have specified that the fight is won when one combatant is disabled or surrenders.

The Hobgoblin is a straight-forward, unimaginative fighter. "Strike early, strike hard, strike often" is his motto. The PCs' best bet is unconventional tactics. The lieutenants may unconsciously consider some tactics unfair (throwing rocks, climbing trees, using magical weapons or spells), but the PCs can use any tactic that does not violate the agreed terms.

On the other hand, if a PC is a physical match for the Hobgoblin, the PC may feel honour-bound to fight fairly. This will earn the respect of the spectators, and will earn a favourable report from Krowbag.

After a few rounds (five to ten, depending on how the combat is going), Habblo arrives, furious.

In Goblinoid: "WOZZIS DEN? I TOLD YOU FOUR ALREADY. GET BACK TER YER TENTS AN' DON'T EVEN BELCH 'LESS I TELL YER!"

In Old Worlder "Humies. Krowbag. My tent. Now."

At Habblo's Tent

The PCs are disarmed (if necessary) and left with a dozen Hobgoblin guards while Krowbag reports to Habblo. After about half an hour, the PCs are summoned before Habblo, with their guards, at swordpoint.

"Right," he says, clearly still fuming, "I bin sweet as Yakliwer ter yers. An' wot 'appens? Yer go an' make me want kill yer. Slow. You tell me why not." He sits back.

He has already decided what to do with the PCs, but for now he is going to enjoy the spectacle of them pleading for their lives. You should enjoy it, too. Go on - make the players entertain you for once.

After a suitable interval of pleading, Habblo silences the PCs with a gesture.

"Yer stayin' 'ere the night. One more peep out of yer an' yer gets tied up. Sunup, yer pays three golds each an' goes 'cross the river."

At any breath of protest, Habblo snaps "Old 'em" in the Goblinoid tongue. The PCs are securely held by their guards while Krowbag systematically removes *six* GCs (or the equivalent) from each of them. Habblo continues:

"Now, in return fer not killin' yer, you lot do a little job fer me." He hands a scroll to one of the PCs.

"Thassa message fer the Dolgan Boss. You give it to 'im, an' if 'e can't read, you read it to 'im. Yer *can* read, cantcher? Wrote it in your natter an' all." If none of the PCs can read, he makes them memorize the message, which is given in Handout 3.

"Could be they won't like the terms, but that's up t' them. They can starve over there, they can come over 'ere an' get ripped, or they can do things nice. All the same t' me. You seen the boyz, you know 'alf them Dolgans won't even make it 'cross the river. Don't want kill 'em all, but I can if they push it."

Habblo ignores any further questions and sends the PCs off to spend the night under heavy guard. The guards will miss nothing, and any misbehaviour by the PCs will lead to their being bound hand and foot and tethered to a stake in the middle of the tent.

WADING THE FORD

Next morning, the PCs' equipment is returned to them and they are marched to the water's edge, where Habblo and two squads of Hobgoblins are waiting. Unless the PCs have already paid, Habblo loudly demands the three gold coins apiece. If the PCs resist, the Hobgoblins hold them down while Krowbag digs it out of their gear.



Then the PCs are marched into the water. The Hobgoblins make it clear that they will not be allowed back on this shore.

Well, they did *want* to go to Chernozavtra...

THE DOLGAN PEOPLES

Dolgan - meaning "the Real People" - is the name by which the various Human nomad tribes of the steppes call themselves. Related terms are *chegan* ("worthless people") referring to non-Dolgan Humans, and *chetegan* ("worthless beasts") referring to non-humans. Each tribe carries the name of the chief spirit honoured by their shamans - for example, the Heama Dolgan revere Heama, one of a number of fire spirits.

The Dolgans of the western steppes are generally called "River Dolgans" by the Kislevites. This is because their comparatively short seasonal migrations (100-300 miles) follow the rivers of the western steppes for part of the way. Occasionally, there is news of inter-tribal war further to the east, but the River Dolgans are peaceful by comparison with the eastern tribes. Certain tribes have even come to terms with colonists over rights of way and traditional encampment sites.

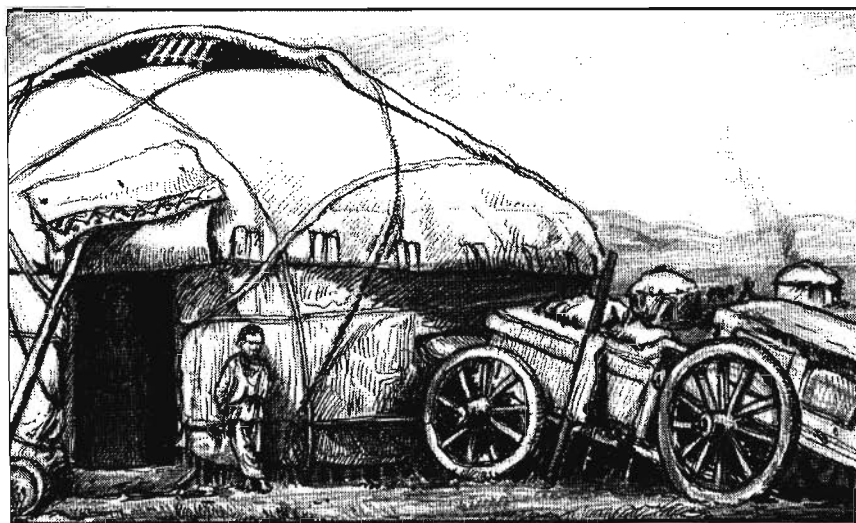
Nomadic Life

The Dolgans depend on their herds of cattle and bison for meat. Goats provide milk and cheese, and wild grain, root vegetables and berries are gathered.

The tribe travels in horse-drawn wagons, setting up camps every week or so, while the riders range with the herds, moving them daily to new pastures. A typical camp consists of a ring of tents, with corrals for goats and horses outside the ring, and cooking and working areas inside. Tents are rectangular, made of leather sheets over light wooden frames, and are about 15-20 feet long.

The morning meal is cheese and meat left over from the previous night. The herd, scattered in the night, is rounded up and moved on, travelling 10-20 miles in a day. Herders take a light meal of dried meat, cheese and black bread in the saddle. Toward the end of the day, a beast or two are cut out from the herd and slaughtered. The prime portions - the "riders' cut" - are cooked and shared out immediately, then the carcass is taken back to camp for the evening meal.

Daytime activity at the camp includes repair and maintenance of equipment, food gathering, milking, cheese-making and the weaving of the thick rugs and blankets that furnish the Dolgan tents.



The evening meal is a leisurely, social affair, with meat, bread made from wild grain, vegetables, cheese and *haakt*, a liquor made from milk fermented with crushed roots, fruits and herbs. The entire tribe gathers for the meal, and it is here that matters of family and tribal business are discussed. The chief and Elders may make decisions immediately or may withdraw to the chief's tent after the meal for further discussion.

After the meal, watches are set, and the rest of the tribe retires to sleep.

Society

Dolgan culture respects strength, courage and horsemanship. Dolgan boys are trained to ride, fight and shoot as soon as they can walk, and the tribal leader is often chosen from among the mightiest warriors.

Girls are normally taught to find and prepare vegetables, tend goats, repair tents and perform similar tasks. Those who show fighting spirit and horsemanship may become riders, but the fierce competition and emphasis on physical strength means that female riders are a minority - albeit one regarded with awe. Female chiefs are not unknown, especially among the less warlike tribes.

A tribe can consist of from five to twenty families, each of six to twelve adults, children and elders. In times of prosperity, tribes may grow and divide; in hard times, related groups may reunite and pool their herds.

Chiefs are elected by a meeting of the tribe, and are advised by an informal council of elders headed by the tribe's shaman. Sometimes a separate Warchief may be elected to lead the tribe in battle.

Shamans and Religion

The Dolgans worship a bewildering array of spirits under a wide variety of names, with no apparent distinction between nature spirits and ancestral spirits. Each tribe takes its name from one spirit, called the *clanfather*, which it especially reveres.

The typical Dolgan knows little of the spirits; dealing with them is the role of the shaman. The shamans guard their mysteries jealously. Each tribal shaman has several apprentices, who are gradually trained to succeed him.

Dolgan shamans have magic use similar to that of Druidic Priests. Typically their spells include Petty Magic and the following level 1 and 2 Illusionist spells: *Assume Illustory Appearance*, *Bewilder Foe*, *Camouflage Illusion*, *Cloak Activity*, *Confound Foe*, *Ghostly Appearance* and *Hallucinate*. Further spell use will depend on the precise

nature of the clanfather spirit, but will be drawn from the lists of Elemental and Druidic spells. As GM, you will have to design clanfather spirits and shamanic spell use as you need them, using the character of Dafa in this adventure as an example.

Raiding

Herd-raiding is an accepted Dolgan tradition, serving several purposes: as a controlled outlet for tribal rivalries, as practice for warfare, and as a source of fresh blood for the herd.

Traditionally, raids were a test of stealth and cunning rather than martial prowess. The ideal raid is discovered only when the victim counts his herd in the morning, and most involved more posturing than fighting. The Kislevite settlers and Hobgoblins with whom the Dolgans came into contact neither understand nor appreciate the tradition, and now the raids often turn into battles. Relations between the Dolgan tribes and the rest of the world are almost permanently strained.

Inter-tribal relations are also ailing. The more settled tribes blame their fiercer cousins for provoking wars with their raids. Inter-tribal raids have become increasingly violent, with crippling fatalities and some tribes seriously weakened. Some tribes have adopted raiding as their main occupation, preying on colonists, travellers and Hobgoblin caravans, while their herds are neglected. Raiding parties increase in size, tension mounts all round, and though the chiefs and elders are worried, they have not yet discovered a solution.

Warfare

Traditional Dolgan weaponry consists of short sword, spear, shield and short bow. Though thought to be descended from the Ungol Hordes, the Dolgans no longer fight great wars under great Khans, but restrict themselves to skirmishing.

Tactics are simple and opportunistic. Attacking horse-archers ride up to the enemy, fire arrows, jeer and ride away, hoping to provoke a pursuit. If this fails, a general mounted charge and melee follows. Defensive tactics rely on circled wagons, massed bowfire and spirited mounted sallies. The advantage in such battles is to the defender, but while camps may easily be defended, herds are more vulnerable unless terrain is ideal - valley ends, islands, river loops, etc.



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FORD

MID-RIVER CHALLENGE

The PCs are marched into the river by the Hobgoblins, carrying Habblo's terms to the Dolgans. If they manage to survive the next few minutes, they may actually get to visit Chernozavtra like they wanted to.

As they are about half-way across the ford, a group of horsemen leave the Dolgan main body and gallop to the river bank. They dismount, and after a rapid discussion in Dolgan, they unlimber their bows and start to fire on the PCs.

These are warning shots, intended to make the PCs stop where they are. For the moment, none of the arrows will hit anything. Roll a lot of dice anyway, and make the players understand that they had better be very careful.

So there Our Heroes stand, knee-deep in the middle of a river, with barbarian archers in front of them and cheering, grinning Goblinoids behind them.

Now what?

Well, the PCs might think of shouting to the Dolgans, explaining that they're friendly. What happens next depends on the language that they use:

Dolgan: Whatever is said, the Dolgans stop firing, assuming that someone sensible - at least a furriner who can speak real Dolgan - is approaching the island. They remain cautious, however, and insist that the PCs keep their weapons sheathed and their hands in sight. When they arrive on the island, the PCs are disarmed, to await the arrival of Someone Important.

Old Worlder: The Dolgans have no idea what's being said. They stop shooting and start shouting - but the moment a PC takes a step forward, the arrows start flying again. After a while (long enough for the players to reach the point of despair but not long enough for them to do anything desperate), one of the archers steps forward. He points to the PCs, holds up one finger, and beckons. One spokesperson is being invited to go and talk - if more than one PC moves, the arrows start to fly again. One PC is allowed to the bank and disarmed to await the arrival of Someone Important.

Any other language: The Dolgans start shooting for real, assuming that the PCs are dangerous furriners. This ceases the moment someone demonstrates an ability to speak in a civilised tongue (Dolgan or Old Worlder).

THE DOLGANS

Dolgan Horsemen

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Id	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	3	7	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Trainer - horse, 25% chance of Marksman - short bow, Orientation. Ride - horse, 50% chance of Strike Mighty Blow, 25% chance of Trick Riding, 25% chance of Very Strong, 25% chance of Very Resilient.

Possessions: Riding Horse, saddle and harness, Hand Weapon, Short Bow and ammunition, Dagger, Leather Jerkin (0/1 AP, body/arms), Helmet (1 AP, head).

Dafa the Shaman - level 2 Elementalist

Even by Dolgan standards Dafa is an imposing character. Standing well over 6 feet tall, his lean, angular frame is made even taller by his headgear - a fur hat with a huge pair of bison horns - without which he is seldom seen.

His fur-trimmed tunic is decorated with numerous symbols and runes - showing his rank and lineage as well as providing him with protection from the more malicious spirits with whom he communicates.

Full of his own self-importance, he has no patience with fools. The rest of the tribe are in complete awe of his powers and would not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for his sake.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Id	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	3	4	10	50	1	39	39	49	39	39	29

Skills: Blather, Cast Spells (see below), Dance, Divining, Dowsing, Identify Plants, Magic Sense, Meditation, Public Speaking, Read/Write Old Worlder, Speak Additional Language - Old Worlder, Story Telling.

Possessions: Helmet (1 AP, head), Leather Jerkin (0/1 AP, body), Hand Weapon, Dagger, Assorted bones, spell components etc.

Spells

Petty Magic: *Glowing Light, Magic Flame, Marsh Lights, Sleep, Sounds, Zone of Silence, Zone of Warmth.*

Battle Magic, level 1: *Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball, Wind Blast.*

Elemental Magic, level 1: *Blinding Flash, Cloud of Smoke, Hand of Fire.*

Battle Magic, level 2: *Lightning Bolt, Mystic Mist.*

Elemental Magic, level 2: *Cause Fire, Extinguish Fire, Resist Fire.*

Magic Points: 32.

Dafa's Apprentices

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Id	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	3	7	30	1	39	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Animal Trainer - Hawk (Apprentice 1 only), Cast Spells - Petty Magic, Divining (Apprentice 2 only).

Possessions

Apprentice 1: Axe, Hawk, bag of spell ingredients.

Apprentice 2: Extensive collection of bones.

Spells

Apprentice 1: *Magic Flame, Marsh Lights, Zone of Warmth.*

Apprentice 2: *Glowing Light, Magic Flame.*

Magic Points: 5 each.



SOMEONE IMPORTANT

After a few minutes waiting, a strange entourage approaches the riverbank. It is led by three outlandishly-dressed figures - important people obviously, - and a number of Dolgans who are apparently following them to see what they will do. The leading figure is a lean middle-aged man wearing a fur hat decorated with huge bison horns, and a tunic with various strange symbols dyed into it. Behind him are two younger men; one dressed almost entirely in fur, with a hawk on his wrist, and the other with elaborately-stiffened hair who appears to be an avid collector of painted bones.

If a Dolgan or native Farsider is among the PCs, the little troupe is identifiable as a particularly powerful and/or influential tribal shaman. Otherwise, the PCs will have to draw their own conclusions.

The leader of the entourage walks up to the PCs, slaps himself on the chest and says "*Dafa*". Then, he speaks - in Dolgan if the PCs have demonstrated the ability to understand it, in the Kislevite dialect of Old Worlder otherwise.

Interrupting Dafa is a bad idea. He gestures with a glare, and suddenly the sky rumbles as if the greatest thunderstorm in history were about to break on the interrupter's head (the Petty Magic spell *Sounds*). His followers flinch and look around nervously.

Dafa's Speech

"The spirits have sent you to do their will. My prayers, and the prayers of my tribe, have been answered. All praise to the Spirits of the Earth, Sun, Wind, and Fire!"

Entourage and bystanders murmur, "All praise! All praise!"

"You have travelled far to us. You have come at the bidding of other men, but you do not know their true intentions. You seek to challenge dark sorcery, but you do not know its power. You are full of the strength of the spirits, but you are empty of wisdom."

"I shall give you that wisdom. Before you are tested, you must be taught. Come, sit at the feet of the master, if you would learn."

Dafa steps forward, rests his hand on the shoulder of the toughest-looking PC, and gestures over his head, gently directing the character to follow.

If the character follows, fine. The entourage, the PC and Dafa are headed for Dafa's tent. The other PCs, hopefully, will follow. Otherwise, they stand around and wait under guard until the other PC returns. If the character doesn't move, Dafa makes a pass with his hand in front of the character's face (*Sleep* Petty Magic spell). You may give the PC a *Magic* test or not, as you prefer. If the character falls asleep, Dafa beams broadly.

"Fathers!" he exclaims, "The visitor has been summoned to Dreamland, to receive his education before the spirits. Bear him to my tent, so I may watch over his dreaming."

If the character doesn't fall asleep, and doesn't offer to follow Dafa, the shaman marches off to his tent with his entourage - the PCs will be left standing until they go to visit Dafa in his tent. Impatient or belligerent characters may start a fight, but there are plenty of Dolgans on the island, and if a PC kills a Dolgan, this adventure becomes a fight for survival. You could simply let the Dolgans wipe the PCs out, but it's far better to have them overpower them and deliver them to Dafa trussed up like turkeys.

Dafa the Showman Shaman

Dafa has an intuitive grasp of the mumbo-jumbo and showmanship that can turn a competent shaman into a mighty leader. He has a talent for improvisation and a sense of timing which any stage performer would envy, and - combined with his actual magical powers - these talents make him a real force among the Dolgans.

GMing Dafa

- Always pretend you know *exactly* what's going on. When confused, narrow your eyes a little and nod sagely.

- Speak in vague terms that can be interpreted in various ways, according to circumstances as they develop. Make everything sound portentous. For example: "*You know you face death, but you do not yet know its face.*"

- Use your omniscient (heh, heh) perspective as GM to anticipate developing situations, and pass the knowledge on to Dafa. He couldn't possibly have known without magical powers - could he?

- Always allow Dafa to buy time (to figure out what to do next, to avoid difficult questions, or whatever) by withdrawing to the inner part of his tent to meditate.

"WELCOME, WHITE-EYES..."

Once one or more PCs are ushered into Dafa's tent, Dafa dismisses his advisors and apprentices. "We shall be in communion with the Great Spirits. Let us not be disturbed."

When only Dafa and the PCs remain, Dafa casts a *Zone of Silence* spell for privacy.

Before offering his aid, Dafa would like to know as much as possible about the PCs. The more he knows, the better his bargaining position. As long as the PCs talk, he'll ask questions - "Who sent you? What do you know about the cursed town? How do you plan to deal with Dead-Who-Walk?"

If the PCs hesitate or refuse to answer Dafa's questions, Dafa will simply smile and say, "I know things of the Dead-Who-Walk. Also, I can stop the four tribes of Heama Dolgan killing you".

If the PCs are still uncooperative, Dafa will help them get into town anyway, because it's in his best interests, but he won't tell them anything about the town or the Dolgans' experience there, and he'll forbid other Dolgans from speaking with the foreigners on pain of the shaman's curse.



Once Dafa knows why the PCs want to get into Chernozavtra and has a rough idea of their abilities, he offers to aid them. "I will tell you of the Dead-Who-Walk."

The Dolgans and Chernozavtra

For the last 20 years, the Dolgans have been trying to rid Chernozavtra of the Dead-Who-Walk. Dafa has been no more successful than his predecessors in ridding Chernozavtra of the undead, but he has been far shrewder in justifying his failure as The Will of the Great Spirits.

Dafa will share his knowledge about the Dolgan's attempts to deal with Chernozavtra's undead. In addition, he provides the PCs with a crude map of the town and offers to take the PCs on a walking tour around the walls.

Anecdotal Information

Here's what Dafa tells the PCs about the Dolgans' experience of Chernozavtra's undead. Comments in italics are for your eyes only. Remember, they only know Annandil by that name.

"Fire doesn't work. Wood and thatch burn for a moment, smoulder, then go out. Dead men don't burn - like wet wood."

Water elementals move from wells to walls in one round to smother fires. Each zombie is preserved and strengthened by a frozen water elemental that inhabits the zombie's body, so fire cannot burn them.

"Can't kill dead men. Must disable by shattering limbs. Even then, parts still move about."

Chernozavtra's undead can't be "killed" by reducing their Wound points, see p62.

"Dead men don't have weapons. Grab and drag - where? We don't know. Next day, new dead man on the walls. Not a mark on him."

Annandil's orders are to preserve the victim's body from harm. Zombies drag victims to the cold storage pit (see map key) where they freeze to death.

"Arrows useless. Stones bounce off"

Frozen water elementals make zombies very durable.

"Dead men sometimes seem to think. Avert eyes from religious symbols. Mumble almost like words. But even when head knocked off, seem to find victims - maybe dead sense life."

Zombies do have faint glimmerings of intelligence, but never enough to come to full consciousness. They do indeed sense life instinctively, even when they've lost the body's organs of perception. For example, severed hands crawl toward living victims.

"Dead men seem too heavy - like two men in one. Hard to move. Tried roping and dragging one off wall - like dragging a tree."

Frozen water elementals make zombies dense and heavy.

"One brave chopped an arm off and threw it down before he was dragged away. When it hit the ground, it stopped. Arm was cold - like frost, but warmed quickly, then began to rot."

The walls are the outer boundaries of the enchantments. Outside the walls a zombie loses its frozen elemental, its animating enchantment, and its contact with the necromancer.

"Hear horrible voices in strange tongues late at night inside walls. Demons, perhaps."

At night, Gurthgano's lieutenants confer with the water elementals in the wells. Occasionally, the Dolgans overhear.

"Old woman, foreigner, tall, dressed like trader, heavy backpack, came here five years ago. Came on foot. Stayed two weeks. Ate with braves. Walked around walls, made writing. Did no magic, but smell of magic was strong on her. One morning, was gone. Sent braves to search for trail, but they found no trace."

Sulring Durgul (see page 67) visited briefly in disguise, but chose not to reveal himself to Annandil.

"Beastmen were here, many years ago, but no Chaos now."

PCs may speculate on Chaos taint as the source of the undeath curse, but Dafa has seen no evidence of it.

"The spirit world here is disturbed. Spirits will not draw nigh while such evil forces prevail here. If the stinking greenskins didn't block the ford, I might seek a more tranquil spot to work my magic."

This is Dafa's excuse for his inability to communicate with the spirits which are the source of his magical power. As GM, you must decide if this is just a charlatan's excuse, or an accurate account of the situation.

"Dolgan braves have entered the town - over thirty since I have become Spirit Leader. One named Apa even entered and escaped. The others have joined the dead on the walls. Getting in is not so hard. A group of us stand near the walls and draw the dead to one side, then a brave climbs the other side. Apa, the Mad Hare, said there are many dead within the fort. He ran from house to house, but all were filled with the dead. He said he was filled with fear and cannot remember his own name. Apa has gone in search of his ancestors to atone for his shame. If you wish, we will help you enter the town."

Apa was driven from the tribe for the shame of being so terrified it drove him mad.

This tale foreshadows the hostile reaction the PCs will receive if they leave the town alive without ridding it of the undead. If they leave alive, but fail to cleanse the town, the Dolgan presume the PCs are cowards at best, or in league with the necromancer, and react accordingly.

The map Dafa gives the PCs (*Handout 4*) is based on a map made by an old man who remembers having visited Chernozavtra in his youth. The map is generally accurate in what it depicts, but Annandil has altered the interior of the tower and barracks.

Other Questions

Dafa will also answer questions on Dolgan and Hobgoblin culture, though with a decided bias in favour of the Dolgans. He'll be vague and evasive about his own powers and abilities; if asked to aid the PCs in any scheme, he'll decline, saying his powers are disrupted by the evil magics emanating from the town.

And what does Dafa know? He has led the unsuccessful efforts to cleanse Chernozavtra during the last twelve summer encampments, and was present as an apprentice shaman for the preceding eight years. He was fortunately not present when plague struck twenty summers ago, but he had visited Chernozavtra with the tribe during summer encampments since he was born 38 years ago. He learned the early history of the settlement from older tribe members who had spoken with learned settlers; his recollection is hazy on details, but correct in outline.

What doesn't Dafa know? He doesn't know that someone (Gurthgano) took up residence in Chernozavtra in the winter after the plague. He doesn't know anything about the inside of the town (other than what is on his map). He doesn't understand any magic apart from the spells he knows.

The Hobgoblins and Their Offer

Dafa is very interested in any details the PCs can give about the Hobgoblins' strength and deployment. He offers to pay well (a couple of bison each) if the PCs aid the Dolgans in getting rid of the Hobgoblins.

If the PCs mention the terms Habblo has offered for letting the Dolgan tribes leave, Dafa immediately dismisses the offer with scorn. However, he knows the Dolgans cannot afford a fight with the Hobgoblins, so he begins scheming a way to accept the offer without the appearance of a cowardly submission to the Hobgoblins.

A Walk Round the Walls

After the PCs have asked and answered any questions, Dafa leads them on a circuit of the town walls. As they walk, he will be happy to answer any further questions that may arise, passing on information as given above.

Walking corpses shamble along the wall-top, moving endlessly back and forth like patrolling sentries.

"See?" says Dafa, "Dead town-people, dead Dolgans - even dead greenskins."

And he's right. All shapes, all sizes, all ages are there. Feel free to improvise details - an eye hanging out here, a missing arm there - so that the players can get a feel for what their characters are seeing.

"They know life," he continues, "They are drawn to it somehow. When you walk close to the wall, they smell you and follow. We can use this to draw them to one side long enough for a brave to climb the wall, but new dead arrive quickly to fill the gaps."

Dafa will call the PCs' attention to the walls themselves, indicating the inscriptions cut into the mortared stone.

"The old woman looked at these, made much writing. Cut deep, through clay into stone. Braves try to cut with knives, nothing happens. Can't even scrape off red colour."

As the PCs and Dafa stroll along the east wall, they come upon a large pile of earth and rubble.

"Dead men throw earth from the walls at night sometimes," says Dafa. "Started twelve years ago. Maybe they dig inside. Strange - outside, you dig only a few feet to reach water, same level as the river."

THE PCS SCOUT THE TOWN

Typical PC Plans

Prudent PCs may be looking for a tricky way to avoid going into a walled town where there are lots of dead guys. They may cook up schemes to drag all the zombies off the wall, destroy them with fire arrows, crush them with thrown rocks, burn down the whole town, tunnel under the walls, or pull the walls down stone by stone.

It is your job to frustrate their clever plans and force them to go inside the walls where they can get chased around by zombies and have lots of fun and excitement. Of course, you also want your players to enjoy cooking up clever schemes, so give them a good show before their plans fail.

Here are some things the PCs may try, with some suggested responses:

Setting fire to a zombie with a fire arrow or magic: Zombie looks vaguely surprised. Fire smoulders for a round or two, then goes out.

Setting fire to a thatched roof with a fire arrow or magic: The fire burns for a round or two, then goes out.

Lassoing a zombie and pulling him over the wall: Clever PCs will have enlisted a mounted Dolgan to haul on the rope. Zombie slams against the wall, then falls down, out of sight behind the parapet. The weight is immense, and even a horse cannot haul that dead weight up over the wall. If the PCs go whole hog - like they hitch the entire Dolgan tribe to one zombie - then let them drag the zombie over the wall. It twitches, then begins to rot quickly. Lughom (p71) orders all zombies on the wall to crouch so they can't be seen or lassoed. If necessary, Lughom may call Annandil to discourage persistent PCs by tossing some serious magic from the tower top.

Burning down the gate: "We tried that," says Dafa, but he dutifully demonstrates. The Dolgans build a big fire at the gate. The gate smoulders a bit, like soaked wood, which it is.

Yelling for Gurthgano: Nobody answers.

Aerial reconnaissance: Good idea. Give the PCs details of numbers and position of all zombies out-of-doors.



Zoom-in-and-out scouting: As above, so long as the PC are not siezed by the zombies (see p62).

Tunnelling under the wall: First, make sure the PCs brought digging tools. Then, they go out and dig. The zombies pelt them with rocks. The PCs dig two feet down and hit the river level. The hole fills with water.

Pulling down the walls: The walls are strengthened by the enchantments Annandil has placed on them, but given time, an army of sappers could bring down the walls. Don't give the PCs time. If they start to set up an operation that looks like it will take three or four days, the Hobgoblins start raiding the Dolgans, the Dolgans leave the island, the Hobgoblins take possession, and they forbid the PCs' from any more heavy construction work. Perhaps, enraged at the PCs uselessness as negotiators, Habblo has a bunch of Hobgoblins throw the PCs over the wall. Then they *have* to get on with it.

Dolgan Assistance and Encouragement

As the task of cleansing Chernozavtra is a holy one, the Dolgans will be more than willing to help the PCs.

Trappings: The PCs are welcome to borrow anything the Dolgans might have. They don't have much more than their horses, tents and weapons. But anything they might reasonably be expected to have, they will happily lend to the PCs.

Volunteer Labour: If the PCs need help on projects that can be completed outside the town wall, the Dolgans are energetic and enthusiastic. Since they are trapped here by the Hobgoblins, there isn't much else to do but watch the furriners, so the PCs always have a large and vocal audience cheering them on. A request for a hand with a ladder will bring a dozen Dolgans scurrying to help.

On the other hand, Dafa refuses to let any Dolgans accompany the PCs over the walls.

"We have tried for may years without success. Perhaps you are chosen. We must not interfere."

However, if you feel the PCs need help, a boastful brave might be persuaded in private that this is a blessed and honourable quest, and may ignore the shaman.

The Gallery: For the Dolgans, this little band of furriners is as entertaining as a circus. An interested crowd forms as soon as the PCs start to do anything. They are very vocal in their commentary and support.



"Hey, look! They're building a ladder! Great idea. Hey, let's help them tie it together."

"Oh, good. Good. See, he fell all the way from the top of the wall and didn't even let go of his sword. Well done, well done..."

"Hey, LOOK OUT! The dead thing behind you! Jump! JUMP!"

Whenever the PCs are inside the walls, but high enough to look out over the walls, they'll see the Dolgan audience still sitting patiently, waiting for something to happen. If the Dolgans see the PCs, they wave and cheer, offering advice and encouragement.

You can play this for laughs, as a device for making GM suggestions and comments, or both. If the PCs are timid and indecisive, the audience tries to goad the PCs into action. If the PCs are clever and intrepid, the Dolgans cheer wildly.

Routine Events

The PCs may spend some time observing the town before they take any action. If so, here are some events they may notice while watching from outside the walls. These events can also be used to complicate things after the PCs have entered the town and are running around dodging dead guys. Details of all the NPCs are given on p71.

The Changing of the Guard: Lughom and Ologhugi change the zombie shifts between wall-patrol and digging at about noon each day. Two undead Hobgoblins, dressed up in gaudy necromancer outfits five sizes too small for them, ordering the dead guys around should give the PCs plenty to talk about.

Tour the Troops: Every hour or two Lughom or Ologhugi take a stroll around the town. Lughom always takes this opportunity to argue with the Water Elementals, leading to some loud and venomous arguments in pidgin Magick tongue; PCs can't make out a word that's said, but the tone is unmistakable, and the voice of the Water Elemental sounds like the roaring of ocean waves played at high speed on a tape recorder. Sometimes Lughom and Ologhugi walk the rounds together and bicker in the Goblinoid language.

Night Shift: Annandil doesn't sleep - he doesn't need to, and he doesn't like the dreams he has, anyway. Instead, he works 24 hours a day in the lab. Thus, the lamps burn all night on the top floor of the tower. Sometimes, he talks to himself as he works, chatting merrily in all the various arcane tongues.

A Walk with Lady Amrunmiriel: Occasionally in the evening Annandil will leave his work for an hour and take the Lady for a little tour around the ramparts. Only PCs who watch with endless patience should be treated to this charming spectacle. Of course, who knows what they'll make of a short, clean-shaven figure in long robes dragging a tall, elegantly dressed zombie lady around the top of the walls. Remember, they think they're looking for an *Elven* necromancer named Gurthgano Gorthaudh. They never see any Elves, unless they get a good look at the Lady, and she's too stiff and mortified to look like a master necromancer.

INSIDE CHERNOZAVTRA

Once one or more PCs manage to get into Chernozavtra one way or another this part of the adventure is best played with floorplans. The town can easily be represented by elements from Games Workshop's Dungeon Floor Plan range. Set the zombies up in their starting positions (see *Map 8*, p63), using miniatures, and do the same for the PCs. Use this display to deal with any out-of-doors action in the town itself, treating each square as 2 yards.

THE WALKING DEAD

On the whole, these animated corpses are pretty much like Zombies, which they closely resemble. In fact, they've been referred to as zombies (with a small 'z') throughout the last few pages. However, there are certain important differences between these things and the standard rulebook Zombie:

1. They can *sense life* at a range of 6 yards (3 squares on the town display). If they spend a round thinking about it, they can distinguish animal life from Human and other intelligent life.
2. They never move at faster than *cautious* rate - 8 yards (4 squares on the town display) per round.
3. As soon as a zombie senses life, it waits for one round to make sure. On the next round, it moves directly towards the life, and attempts to grapple it. The zombies never fight, only grapple. They are utterly indifferent to any damage they take.

4. They cause *fear* in a slightly different way to normal Zombies. A *Fear* test is necessary whenever a PC comes into physical contact with a zombie (being grappled, jumping or falling on top of one, etc). Once a character makes a *Fear* test successfully, no further tests are necessary.

Zombie Grapple Attacks

Each zombie has a 25% chance of grappling a victim; characters with *Dodge Blow* skill may avoid a grapple on a successful *Initiative* test. Note that a zombie may only grapple a character in an adjacent square.

If a grapple attack succeeds, both combatants must make an immediate *Strength* test. Results are as follows:

Both succeed or both fail: Neither party moves; they are still grappling and must repeat the test next round.

Zombie succeeds, PC fails: The PC is dragged 2 yards (1 square) in the direction of the cold storage pit.

PC succeeds, zombie fails: The PC wriggles out of the hold.

Damaging Zombies

The Walking Dead of Chernozavtra are extremely durable, thanks to the various enchantments which Annandil has used in their creation.

Determine success, hit location and damage normally. Attacks which cause 1-4 **W** points of damage simply have no effect. Attacks which cause 5 or more points may affect a zombie; roll on the *Sudden Death Critical Hit Table* (WFRP, p 125), using the +1 column for a 5-point blow, the +2 column for a 6-point blow, and so on. If a **K** result is obtained, the body area in question is destroyed. The effects of destroyed body areas are as follows:

- Head No effect.
- One Arm . . . Grapple chance reduced to 10%.
- Both Arms . . Grapple chance reduced to zero.
- Body Move reduced to 2 yards (1 square) per round if at least one limb is still intact, or to zero otherwise.
- One Leg Move reduced to 4 yards (2 squares) per round.
- Both Legs . . . Move reduced to 2 yards (1 square) per round if at least one limb is still intact, or to zero otherwise.

Reroll all hit location rolls which indicate a body area which is already destroyed - for example, if the head has been destroyed, no further blows can hit it, so reroll all further head hits.

TOURIST GUIDE TO CHERNOZAVTRA

The Walls

Mortared stone, 18 feet high, with a walkway 14 feet high, reached by stone steps.

The Buildings (Map 8A, p132)

Houses 1-10

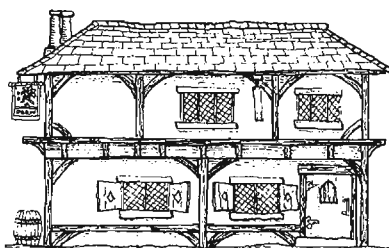
Timber-framed, mud-brick structures. Plank doors (T3, D7). Gently-sloping thatched roofs, 16 feet high at the ridge (*Initiative* test each round or fall through: 3 yards).

Each house has four zombies lying down on the dirt floor of the ground level. If the PCs enter, the zombies take one round to stand up, then shamle after them. At Lughom or Ologhugi's orders, these zombies rise and march outside to chase intruders. If any PCs fall through the roof into the upper storey, the zombies take one round to rise and then climb the stairs to grab them.

Ground floor storage and workshop areas may contain, at your discretion, farming, blacksmithing, carpentry, stoneworking, or other craftsmans' tools, as well as any goods listed as *Plentiful* in WFRP, pp293-297. Remember, this stuff has been sitting around for twenty years, and may not be in the best of shape.

The upper levels were living quarters, but none of the zombies have gone upstairs in two decades, so these areas are just the way the tenants left them - a table, some stools, a few trunks full of clothes and modest possessions, and some rotted bedding. Among these personal effects may be found D6 GCs worth of coins and trinkets. PCs who tumble through the thatched roofs or run up here may be able to hold off attackers for a while, since only one zombie can clump up the stairs at a time.

The Inn (Map 8B, p131)

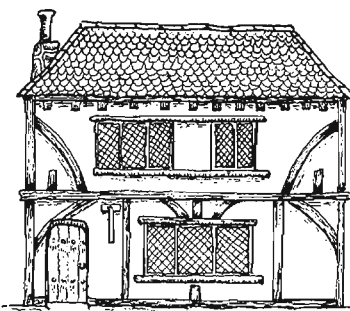


Like the houses, the inn is a brick-and-timber building with a gently sloping thatched roof, 16 feet high at the ridge. Characters on the roof must make an *Initiative* test each round; failure indicates a fall of 3 yards to the upper floor. Most doors are T3, D7.

The lower level is a combination tavern-and-kitchen. All the food or drink has rotted or been eaten by rats, but there's plenty of crockery and metalware lying around. The strongbox still sits behind the bar, containing 6 GCs 10/4. The zombies of the six most dedicated drunkards of the town still gravitate to the tavern, sitting at the table and lifting the empty tankards to their lips from time to time.

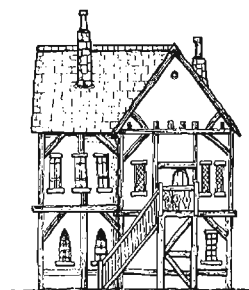
Upstairs are the innkeeper's private quarters. The innkeeper's bedroom contains a trunk of clothes with 80 shillings hidden in a false bottom. The doors to the innkeepers' rooms are quite sturdy and may be barred (T4, D10), perhaps giving a PC some time to smash his way through the thatched roof (T2, D5) with a stool and make an escape over the wall.

Outfitter (Map 8C, p132)



The construction of this building is similar to that of the houses and the inn. Six zombies are getting their beauty rest on the dirt floor. The lower level is a general store for a frontier town whose citizens made their livings by hunting, trapping, trading and farming. At your discretion, PCs may find anything useful in those pastimes, as well as anything listed as *Common* in WFRP, pp293-297. Upstairs is the comfortable residence of the former store owner and his family. A hoard of silver and gold worth over 300 GCs is concealed beneath a loose plank under the four-poster bed in the bedroom.

The Manor (Map 8D, p130)



This was the residence of the Governor-General of Chernozavtra, a member of the corporation that rebuilt the town.

This is a brick-and-timber structure with a thatched roof 16 feet high at the ridge. The doors are a little sturdier than elsewhere in the town (T4, D10).

MOVEMENT IN CHERNOZAVTRA

Special Rules

Climbing Walls: without other aids, requires *Scale Sheer Surface* skill. With ropes and/or ladders, move at $\frac{1}{2}$ *Cautious Rate* (takes 6 rounds), or move at *Cautious Rate* and make a *Ris  * test (takes 3 rounds). Meanwhile, the Zombies gather to greet the climber at the top...

Streets: littered and irregular surface. *Standard* or *Cautious* - no penalty. *Run* - I test or stumble and fall.

Inside Buildings, On Ramparts, Porches, or Timber Roofs: *Cautious* - no penalty. *Standard* - I test or stumble. *Run* - I test at -40 or stumble.

On Thatched Roofs: *Cautious* - I test or slide off roof. *Standard* - I test or fall through roof. *Run* - I test at -40 or fall through.

Zombie Routine

1. Sense Life
2. Move towards Life
3. Grapple
4. Drag grappled victims at 2 yards/round
5. Lugholm and Ologhugi arrive with reinforcements (sic 'em); then move from hut to hut, calling out reserves from tower.

Manor: Brick with shingle roof. Wide, shuttered windows on upper floor; tall, narrow, shuttered windows on ground floor.

Ground floor: stables, storage, and servants' quarters.
Upper floor: *Governor's residence*: open porch, sitting/dining room, bedroom.
Upper floor, town administration: staff living quarters and town office.

Outfitter: Brick walls, thatched roof.

Lower floor: general goods and supplies.
Upper floor: storekeeper's residence

MAP 8: CHERNOZAVTRA

Scale: $\frac{1}{4}$ " = 2yds

Positions of Zombies: ● ●

Tower & Barracks: Mortared stone with white-washed, clay plaster. Tall, narrow, shuttered windows. Tower height - 30 feet.

Ground floor: storage and stables.

First floor: barracks.

Second floor: watch room.

Roof level: timber floor accessed by trap door; 4-foot crenellated wall.

Inn: Brick walls, thatched roof.

Ground floor: kitchen and tavern.

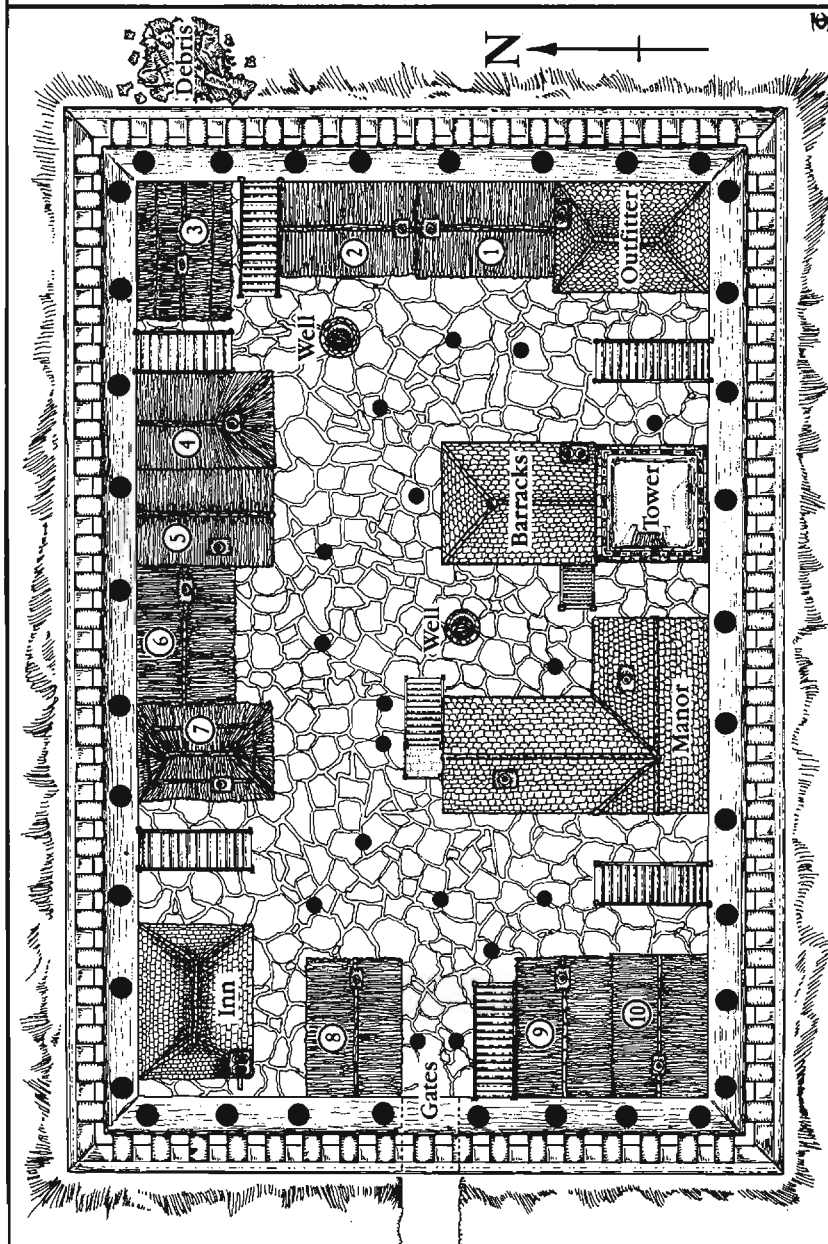
First floor: Sleeping quarters.

Houses 1-10: Brick, two-storey dwellings. Low-peaked, thatched roofs (16-foot high at the apex). Tall, narrow, shuttered windows.

Ground floor: storage and workshops.

Upper floor: living quarters.

The Walls: Mortared stone, 6-foot thick, 18-foot high. Wooden rampart, 14-foot high, accessed by wooden steps. Inscriptions on outside wall etched into stone and highlighted with a reddish stain (blood?).



On the ground floor are stables, a tack room, a storage room, and the servants' quarters. In the stables four poorly-preserved zombie horses stand in their stalls. Four zombies stand around looking busy, polishing buckles and harness. Ologhugi stands around to make sure they're working hard. When he hears a commotion outside, he runs out with his four zombies. Ologhugi appears outside the stable door at the beginning of round five; in round six he begins giving orders to his zombies; by round seven he is running around ordering zombies out of the other buildings and into battle.

Saddles, bridles, and other gear are in the *tack room*. The *storage room* contains chests of summer and formal clothing and the other spare trappings of a poor noble, all mildewed and worthless, except for buttons and ornaments worth 3GC. The *servant's quarters* contain small tables, stools, rotted bedding, and chests of servants livery, each with 10-100 (D10x10) Brass Pennies hidden amongst the garments or bedding.

The southern half of the first floor is the *residence of the Governor General* - a porch reached by an outside staircase, a sitting room, a bedroom, and the Governor's personal office. This area is now the home of Lady Amrunmiriel and her two ladies-in-waiting.

The Lady sits before a mirror in the bedroom and combs her tresses (which Annandil patiently glues or staples back in after she tugs them all out). Her two ladies-in-waiting are two rather plain-looking female zombies in ill-fitting, tastelessly misarranged, but expensive-looking garments. Neither the Lady nor her ladies-in-waiting will chase the PCs; they are exceptions from the general zombie commands.

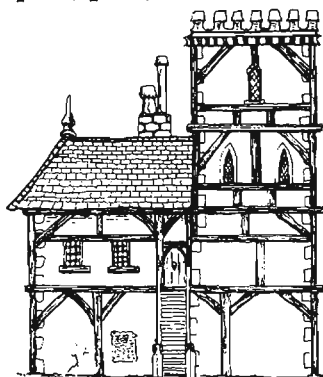
Note: Any PC who bothers the Lady Amrunmiriel with an axe or broadsword is not going to be popular with Annandil. This is his girlfriend, remember. Besides, she's not doing anyone any harm...

The *Governor's personal office* connects with the bedroom and with the staff offices next door. In this office are the personal papers of the Governor, his diary, which gives a full account of the last days of the colony, and various official documents. In a wall safe concealed behind a painting are 500 GC and an Imperial seal of the Tsar of Kislev (the possessor of this seal could forge some pretty interesting documents, I'll wager).

The northern half of the first floor contains the *business offices* of the Governor-General. Here the Governor and his staff ran the affairs of Chernozavtra and the surrounding region.

There is nothing of value here except for three history books and two collections of Kislevan fables, somewhat mildewed but still worth 20-40 GC each.

The Guard Barracks and Tower (Map 8E, p129)



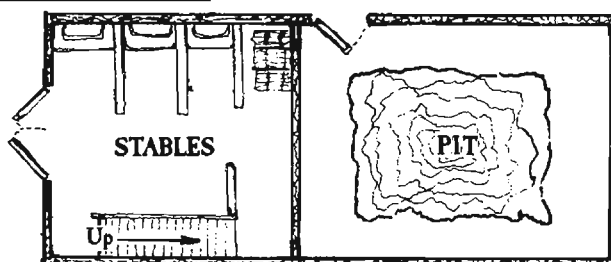
This building is more solidly built than the others - timbers are thicker and bricks are larger, giving an impression of solidity. It is also more difficult to reach the roof from the walls. The tower is about 30 feet high at the parapet, and while the guard barracks has a thatched roof just like the others in the town, it can only be reached by jumping from another roof.

This requires an *Initiative* test with a -10 penalty; if the test is failed, a second test must be made, without the penalty. If this second test is successful, the character has stayed on the roof but fallen through 3 yards to the upper floor; if the test is failed, the character has fallen 5 yards to the street below. If necessary, one or more zombies will break the character's fall, reducing damage to 1 point (and adding +10 to their next round's grapple attack). After all, braining yourself on the cobbles is not a suitably heroic way to die.

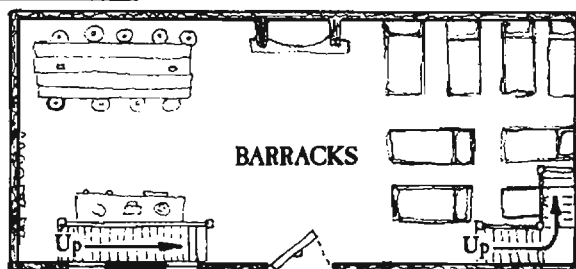
Beneath the guard barracks is a *stable*, *tack room*, and *storage area*. Six zombie horses stand in the stables. Six zombies stand around waiting for orders. The storage area contains ten sets of shield, sword and spear for a guard unit, and forty spears and shields for a militia unit, along with any other equipment a frontier guard unit might need. A door leads to the Tower and stairs lead up to the barracks.

The *Guard Barracks* above the stable and lower level of the tower sleeps 30 troopers and 10 officers. A trooper's trunk might contain from 10-50 Brass Pennies in coin; an officer's trunk might contain 5-10 Shillings.

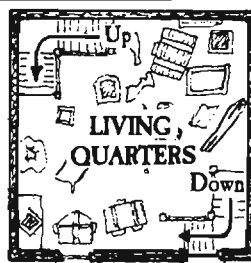
GROUND LEVEL



UPPER LEVEL



TOWER LEVEL 3



TOWER LEVEL 4



ladder to trapdoor in roof

The ground floor of the Tower was once a guard station and barracks for ten guardsmen, but it has been excavated as a *cold storage pit* (see below). The walls of this pit are kept frozen by water elementals; this permits the zombies to dig below the water level. Captured victims are dragged here and dropped in the pit, where they freeze to death.

Annandil has found that death by freezing does the least harm to the tissues, producing a superior zombie. Further, the soul of a freezing victim is not as traumatized as the soul of more violent deaths. This gives Annandil a good chance to summon the original soul back into the original victim for binding, thus producing a zombie with most of his original mental faculties.

Lughom is here supervising 10 zombies digging in the cold storage pit. If he hears a commotion outside, he calls the zombies out of the cold storage pit, tells them to follow him, and goes out to the courtyard to see what's going on. Lughom appears outside the tower door at the beginning of round five. In round six he starts giving orders. By round seven, he is running around other buildings ordering zombies into combat.

Stairs lead up from the ground floor to the *Guard Barracks* (see above). Stairs from the barracks area continue up to the second floor of the tower, *Annandil's living quarters*. Since Annandil spends almost no time here, the area is quite a mess. The only time he comes here is when he wants to dig something out of a trunk, and he generally leaves everything lying just where he tossed it. All he has saved from his former life are his own favourite clothes (Elven tailoring cut down to Dwarf size), ten or eleven trunks of the Lady Amrunmiriel's and a few odds and ends and mementoes from his foster parents. The rest of his stuff - two wagon-loads of medical, magical, and necromantic reference books, laboratory equipment, and the various magical equipment, weapons, armour, tomes and what-have-you he's collected over the years - is upstairs in the lab.

Stairs continue up from Annandil's living quarters to the upper floor of the tower, *Annandil's laboratory*. Stuff hangs from the walls and ceilings in gay profusion. Several partially dismantled zombies lie on four tables in the center of the room. You can almost see the floor around these tables, and little paths lead into the heaps of apparatus, bizarre tools, piles of notes, stacked reference books, and trunks, crates, and cases heaped around the outer edges of the room.

If tidied up, disinfected, organised and catalogued, the contents of this room are worth 20,000-50,000GCs to another Necromancer. On the open market, they might earn 500 GCs and a free trip to the gallows.



Access to the roof of the tower is through a sturdy, barred trap door (T5, D20). The timber roof (T7, D30) is surrounded by a four-foot-high parapet. On the roof are four zombies.

The toughness and damage points are given here because it is a standard PC trick to try to smash their way through the roof of the tower. Annandil, who is working just downstairs, is likely to be annoyed by such rude behavior, but they'll find out about that soon enough.

ENCOUNTERING ANNANDIL

The PCs may get an interview with Annandil in one of three ways:

1. They may be grappled and dragged to cold storage by zombies, where Lughom, noting the distinctive nature of his captives, decides to check with Annandil before leaving them to die. Intrigued, Annandil grants the PCs an audience in his laboratory.
2. They may cause such a fuss that Lughom or Ologhugi summons the Master to deal with the intruders. After chastising the PCs and eliminating threats to his town and zombies, Annandil invites the PCs to an audience in his laboratory.
3. They may elude the zombie hordes and seek Annandil in his tower laboratory. Confident of his powers, Annandil refrains from blasting them until he has found out why they are here.

1. Meat Locker Madness

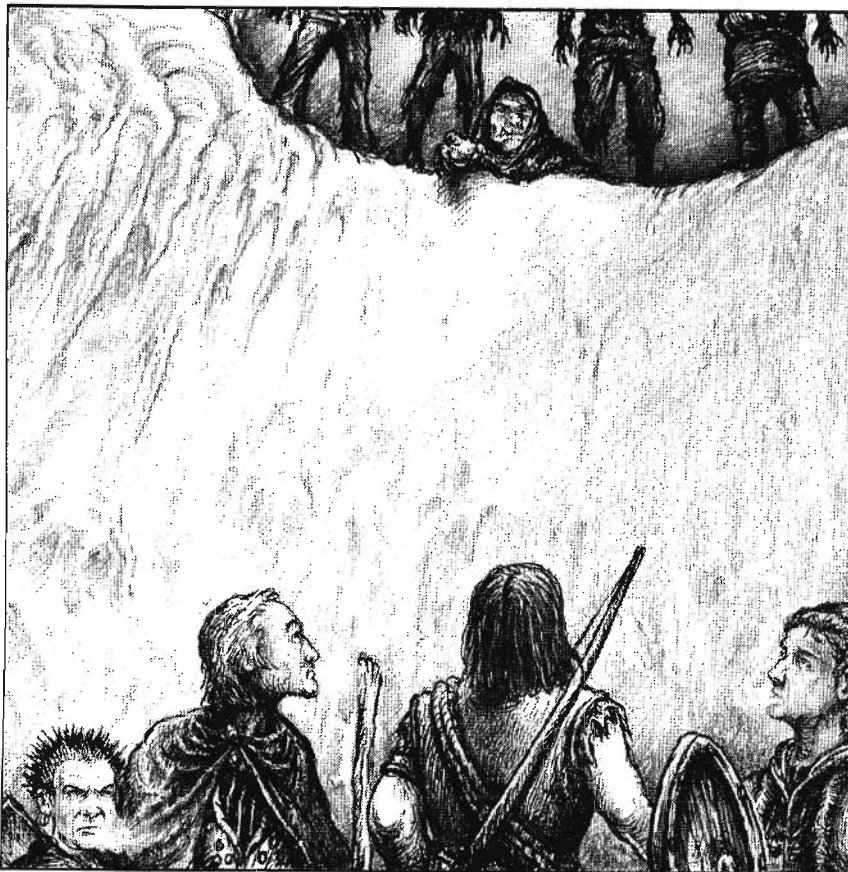
Once a PC is surrounded by two or three zombies, he's a goner. Sooner or later they'll succeed in grappling him, and as one or two make successful grapples, others show up to help. Up to four zombies can grapple an individual PC at once, and all grapples must be broken for the PC to win free. So it's off to the tower.

Captured PCs are dragged into the ground floor of the tower and dropped into the cold storage pit. The pit is 15 feet (5 yards) deep and sheer-sided, with ice-coated walls. Only characters with *Scale Sheer Surface* skill may even attempt to climb out, and they must make a normal *Risk* test unless they are using spikes or pitons of some kind. Twenty or so zombies stand around the top of the pit to make sure nobody escapes.

Curious PCs may marvel at the icy walls around them. *Magical Sense* indicates that magic is at work, sure enough.

Lughom arrives, and peers down into the pit to exchange witty remarks with the PCs once things are quiet in the courtyard. "Nice day, eh? Cold enough for yer? So what brings you folks to Chernozavtra?"

This is the PCs' opportunity to ask some questions or make some empty threats. Lughom doesn't hesitate to tell the PCs everything he knows; he doesn't expect anyone to leave here alive. Here are some sample responses to likely PC questions. "Is Gurthgano Gorthaudh here? Can we speak to him?"



"Oh, yeah, the Boss is called by that name sometimes - but he answers to 'Annandil', mostly - leastways round 'ere. I dunno. He's pretty busy. Why would he want to talk to you lot?"

"Why are we in this pit?"

"Re-fit. First, yer freeze t'death, then the Boss catches yer souls an' sticks 'em back in, an' does some necro-summink-or-uvver, an' then y'll be Grade A deadboyz jus' like me. Then the Boss'll give yer a job."

"You're dead?"

"Yer. 'Urts a bit at first, but yer get used to it. The Boss sez I'm one of 'is better jobs - could last a couple 'undred years. Can't be bad, eh? Bit slower than I yooster be, but then I got lots more time now, eh?"

"Please tell your Boss that we're here to talk to him about Sulring Durgul."

"Huh?"

"Sul-ring Dur-gul. He's someone the Boss knows. Just tell him, right?"

"Yer, s'pose so. Don't go 'way now, hur, hur."

Obviously, some of this dialogue will change if you're not playing this adventure as part of the campaign sequence, but if the PCs make an intelligent attempt to persuade Lughom to let them talk to the Boss, you should let it succeed.

Even if the PCs don't try to question Lughom or discuss their mission, he will note that this is an interesting bunch of captives, and report to Annandil before letting them freeze to death. So after tormenting them for a few minutes, Lughom leaves, returning about ten minutes later. He looks vaguely perplexed.

"Right, you lot," he says, "The Boss wants a word, right? Now you all drop yer weapons, right? All of 'em. An' then I pull yer up on the block'n'tackle one at a time, right? An' I tie yer 'ands, right? An' anyone tryin' anyfink funny goes back in the 'ole, right?"

Lughom is as good as his word, hauling the PCs up one at a time and searching them and tying their hands. Then, he and a guard of twenty or thirty zombies march the PCs upstairs for an audience with Annandil.

2. Pest Control

Shrewd, dedicated and destructive PCs may cause more trouble than Lughom and his zombies can handle. For example, a party could stand inside a *Zone of Sanctuary* spell for an hour, burning and smashing things, and none of the zombies or Elementals could do very much about it. Or the PCs might occupy a fairly secure defensive position with limited access, and start methodically chopping attacking zombies into pieces as they approach one at a time.

If Lughom feels that he can't cope, he will run off and get Annandil. Annandil activates his *Invisibility Spell Ring*, grabs a couple of his *Jewels of Power* (multiple spell jewels, each loaded with one *Flight* and two *Sleep*), and goes to the roof of the tower. There, he takes in the situation, and starts flying around putting the troublemakers to sleep. If necessary, he will use a few *Steal Mind* or *Cause Panic* spells to keep PCs off-balance, and then close in with the *Sleep* spell.

Once his victims are sleeping peacefully, Annandil sends a few zombies to drag them to the lab for a little chat.

3. Uninvited Guests

If the PCs are trying to break into the tower through the trapdoor or the roof, or if they have entered Annandil's private quarters without invitation, Annandil's first reaction is surprise, then indignation. he calls to the rude PCs in Fan-Eltharin, the Wood Elf language:

"What do you think you're doing?" PCs with Dwarf or Elf language skills should note that the voice is clearly Dwarven, but the language is clear, unaccented Wood-Elven.

Annandil can understand any response in Old Worlder or any Eltharin dialect. If the PCs adopt a polite, apologetic tone, he is easily mollified, and invites the PCs in.

If the PCs don't respond, or are aggressive or threatening, Annandil becomes angry. He becomes invisible and uses the tactics described in the last section to put his unruly guests to sleep. Then he has them delivered to his lab where he can give them a good tongue-lashing for their terrible manners.

4. Unspeakable Acts

If the PCs have done something awful like chopping Lady Amrunmiriel into little bits, well... things will be a bit sticky. By rights, you could have Annandil kill all the PCs, animate them, and kill them again, over and over until he thinks of something worse to do to them. But it would be a shame for it all to end here.

One alternative is that Annandil has a hysterical breakdown; he flies around and sleeps all the PCs as described above, shrieking wildly about making them pay for their crimes with torments beyond their wildest dreams. Then, when the PCs awake, they find themselves in Annandil's lab. Annandil has cooled off, has realized that his obsession for Lady Amrunmiriel has driven him mad, and has decided to forgive the PCs for their actions. Or perhaps he has managed to repair the lady, cooled down a little, and decided to let the PCs off with an earbending.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE MASTER

The precise course of the interview will depend on why the PCs come to Chernozavtra in the first place, which in turn depends on whether you are playing this adventure as part of the campaign sequence.

The Enemy Within Campaign or the Kislev Campaign

The interview with Annandil proceeds in six phases:

1. Annandil Invites the PCs to Tell their Story

If they don't volunteer any information, Annandil specifically asks them what they are doing here and why. As soon as the name of Sulring Durgul is mentioned, Annandil strokes his chin.

"Well, well," he says in a slightly distant voice, "That's a name I haven't heard for a long, long time." Suddenly he snaps back to reality.

"You have told me all I need to know," he says, "Now I shall tell you a few things. I should make yourselves comfortable, as this may take some time."

Use this opportunity to get the players to state in their own words how their characters decided to come to Chernozavtra and why. This reminds them of the objectives of their mission, which they may have forgotten in the excitement of investigating and entering the town.

2. Annandil Tells his Story

Give the players a summary of the information headed *The Ugly Elfing* (page 134), with a few words like, "Here's a summary of the long tale Annandil tells. When he finishes his tale, the sun is coming up. Annandil brews a cup of tea for everyone."

After Annandil has handed the cups of tea around, he finishes with a short speech.

"Everyone says necromancers are evil. I don't know. Perhaps I *am* evil, but I'm no worse than the princes, emperors and tsars whom the people honour and obey, or the priests of the cruel gods that rule this world. You have come to me for information and assistance. I have no assurance that you, or those you serve, are not more evil than I am. I'm not hurting anyone here. These corpses don't object. Some - like Lughom - are actually thankful.

"The Dolgans? They're just superstitious savages. What claim have they to this town? They'd leave it deserted and rotting for three-quarters of the year if they *did* have it. I just want to be left alone. Is that a crime?

"Therefore, I will only help you on condition that you swear that not to reveal what I shall tell you to those who have already judged all necromancers evil, and that you shall not use your knowledge against any necromancer unless you have earnest proof that that necromancer is evil.

"I warn you. Do not swear lightly. The spell I shall use to bind the oath will visit a curse on any who prove false of their word.

"Well? What say you?"

Those who refuse to swear are forced to leave the room in Lughom's custody. Those who agree to Annandil's terms may remain and receive his aid.

3. Annandil Tells of Sulring Durgul

"When I was learning about medicine, I became interested in the writings of a scholar named Justif ibn Haroon. The name, as you will notice, is from Araby, but at that time - a couple of centuries ago - he lived in a town called Parravon, on the Bretonnian side of the Grey Mountains. His knowledge of the medical arts was profound, and it seemed also that he had an uncommon knowledge of alchemy.

"I corresponded with the man for several years before I learned his real name - Sulring Durgul. He explained that he had taken another name to escape the results of some past indiscretions... He didn't go into details, and I didn't ask.

"When Amrunmiriel died, in great desperation I turned to my friend Durgul for advice. He revealed that he had some knowledge of the necromantic arts, and he offered to share them with me if I would keep his secrets. He was able to refer me to certain individuals practised in the arts, and arranged for priceless reference texts to be placed at my disposal. It is not too much of an exaggeration to say that I owe all of this" (gesturing around the laboratory) "to Sulring Durgul.

"My correspondence with Durgul ended when I revealed to him that I was not of the Elven race, that I was in fact a Dwarf. I had instinctively avoided mentioning this in my letters before. After the letter in which I revealed my parentage and past, I never heard from Durgul again. However, briefly thereafter, I was forced to flee Talabheim, so perhaps the failure of our correspondence was not altogether his fault.

"The following details about Durgul I think are most important. He claimed to be over 5000 years old. He demonstrated a knowledge of wizardry, necromancy and alchemy far beyond my meagre learning, and had apparently travelled widely in the Old World and abroad. He frequently expressed his hatred and contempt for his own Elven race, but, at the same time, his statements often revealed a deep reverence for the cultural achievements of his ancestors.

"Durgul's personal obsession was his search for the secret of immortality. He assured me that the problem was a scientific one, not a religious one; he scoffed at the worship of gods, calling them no more than particularly powerful and egotistical wizards and demons.



4. Annandil Offers Some Undead Lore

Annandil offers the PCs a few brief tips "...in case you ever come up against a real evil necromancer."

Note to the GM: Don't get the mistaken impression that the following are "rules." These are just charming notions we're putting into the player's heads. They can be true or false, just as you like. Suppose Annandil tells the PCs that you can melt a zombie by putting salt on it. Maybe that happens in your campaign. Maybe it doesn't happen. Maybe it depends on what process was used to make the dead guy (alchemical engineering, sorcerous animation, necromantic conjuration, etc). It's up to you. Also, let the players make notes during Annandil's little lecture - and let them get by with just that later on. If they've written something down wrongly or misinterpreted an important point, that's their problem.

The Three Basic Technologies of Necromancy: "The first type is meat animation. That's one of my specialties. Just about anything can be animated using more or less the same technique: stone, wood - or meat. You can either use enchantment - pure magical force, articulated through runes, spells or whatever - to do the animation, or you can bind a spirit to your matter. Enchantment is more complicated and time-consuming, but the practice is pretty well established and documented. The spirit binding process is actually much quicker and easier, but it's not at all popular - but I'm getting ahead of myself.



"The second type of necromancy is conjuration. This is basically summoning undead from other dimensions. This type of necromancy is popular for military applications, because it's very quick and requires relatively little equipment or training. It does require a lot of energy, and it doesn't last long. I don't go in for conjuring - useless for long-term projects.

"The third type - as I mentioned before - is spirit summoning and binding, which is my specialty. Some say this is a sub-discipline of demonology and theology, considering demons and gods as spirits on a larger scale. I don't bother too much with the theory - but I'm totally convinced that in practice there's a considerable difference between the humanoid, animal and ethereal spirits I use and the great big hairy ones that demonologists mess around with.

"For example, the zombies you have seen here are all animated by spirits, many of them by the original spirit that inhabited the body in life. In some cases - as with my lieutenant Lughom - the spirit was only separated from the body for a brief time, so there is minimum trauma in rejoining the body and spirit, with the result that the zombie retains most of the personality and skill - and sanity - of the original being. Good work, that. I'm quite proud of it; don't know any other necromancer who's been so successful with this process.

"By the way, the reason this summoning process is not more well-known or popularly-practiced is that it requires some fairly exotic apparatus, much of it enchanted by fairly obscure rune magics, to perform the procedures with any reliability. Without the apparatus, and the appropriate literature on rituals and safety procedures, the spirit is just as likely to possess the summoner."

Sense Life Abilities of the Undead: "Not a lot of people know this, but most undead, regardless of their origin, seem to have the ability to sense life. Further, it seems that the undead can distinguish between various forms of life. They can be briefly confused by larger mammals, but they quickly home in on intelligent human or human-like life. I've done a few experiments to determine range - about six yards - and materials that block the sense ability - only very solid or very thick substances. I haven't decided quite how it works, but it seems to be more than just line-of-sight. One day I'll have time to sort that one out..."

Undead Controllers: "Most folks have this idea that undead need a necromancer to tell them what to do, or they become quite useless. Nonsense. You only want a controller if you want

to control them, say, for military purposes, where it's important that they take orders. If all you want is for them to wander around and indulge their own bizarre impulses, they do just fine without controllers.

"Controlling undead is a two-part matter. First you have to communicate with them. The type of communication depends on the type of undead. Most undead can't hear, or can't make sense of what they hear, or something. So, with bound-spirit undead you need to use a sort of telepathy to communicate directly with the spirit; with animated meat undead, you need to invest them with some kind of artificial senses and intelligence - which can be tricky.

"Having communicated, you have to persuade the undead to take notice. If you want to give orders, it's best to use some sort of compulsion magic; all necromancers and cult undead controllers have some sort of magical ritual or spell that handles this. If you understand undead psychology, and are content to persuade rather than command, you don't need magical compulsion. All my Chernozavtra undead are under a general compulsion enchantment field generated by the runes on the walls, but with smart zombies like Lughom, I get better performance and motivation if I explain what I want, rather than give specific commands."

Combat Tips: "A few things to bear in mind:

1. "Fire is not a very effective weapon against most undead. They don't feel pain, and fire doesn't disable the body



very quickly. However, more intelligent and aware undead may retain a fear of fire from their earlier lives, and may avoid it, so you can use it as barrier in some cases.

2. "Often it is quicker and more efficient to encumber or restrain undead than to destroy them. Many are so dumb they can't open a closed door. Hang a rope across a corridor, and they may only be able to break through it by sheer mass - they may never think to go around or under it.

3. "Use the zombies' sense life ability against them. Bait them into shambling into traps and mud and other inanimate menaces.

4. "When in doubt, go for the legs. If they can't move, they're no more than a nuisance. Halberds are quite handy at this.

5. "With summoned undead, keep away from them. Let instability do your work for you - sooner or later they'll vanish.

6. "Animated meat-style zombies are very durable, and therefore quite dangerous when properly commanded. Try to slow them down, and outflank them to get at their controller.

7. "Bound-spirit zombies are generally as durable as standard dancing-meat types, but may also have varying levels of intelligence. Theoretically, right up to all the mental and physical faculties they had in life. I'm nowhere near that level of achievement myself, but who knows what other researchers may have achieved.

8. "Most of the extant scholarship and technology on necromancy comes from

centuries-old Elven research. I've considered a visit to Lothorn, but I doubt they'd be welcome a Dwarf.

9. "I've read nothing on the subject of Chaos and undead - for instance, what kind of undead would you get from a Beastman? It's an interesting subject, but hardly safe to study.

10. "Any creature can become undead, provided that it has been alive at some point. Oddly, there's relatively little knowledge on the subject, but the principles are fairly simple. No reason why you couldn't have an army of undead elephants - if you could find enough dead elephants.

5. Annandil Offers Specialist Equipment

"These odds and ends aren't much use to me any more, but you might find them useful."

The information in italics is for the GM's eyes only, at least until the players have worked out what each item does. If asked about the properties of any item, Annandil will simply say "It will help - what do you think it will do?" rather peevishly.

A sword, with a pommel of solid jet and the guard set with carnelian and chalcedony. Any character who wields it will realise on a successful test against WS that it is superbly balanced.

The wielder of the sword is immune to all psychological effects caused by undead while he/she is holding the sword drawn. This immunity extends to such abilities as the hypnotic stare of a Liche, and so on. The reason for this

immunity is that the sword's wielder becomes unable to see or hear any undead creature upon drawing the sword, and accordingly incurs a -20 'to hit' penalty. When the weapon hits an undead creature, however, it causes double normal damage.

A wand of black wood, carved to as to resemble a crow sitting atop a stake or post.

Any corpse touched with the wand becomes completely useless for any necromantic purpose, including being broken up for ingredients for necromantic spells. The wand cannot undo what has already been done, so it has no effect on undead, or upon body parts which are ingredients for spells already in operation.

A talisman of carved jet, T-shaped with a broad loop through which a silver chain passes.

The character wearing the amulet gains a +20 bonus to all tests made as a result of undead, except for magic tests against spells cast by undead spellcasters. Additionally, the wearer is permitted an unmodified WP test to avoid loss of Strength points to Wights, Wraiths, and other undead with similar abilities.

A quiver of six arrows, whose heads have been dipped in silver and inlaid with a strange symbol in gold.

These magical arrows have no 'to hit' bonus, but will cause any undead creature they hit to make an immediate instability check. The check must be made regardless of any protections that the creature may have



against instability. Rolls of 1-4 have their normal effect, but on a roll of 5-6 the creature does not become stronger - instead it suffers normal damage from the arrow.

Unconnected Adventure

At the beginning of this adventure we listed a couple of reasons for the PCs to be sent to Chernozavtra without involving Bogdanov, Sulring Durgul and the main thread of the campaign sequence. If you have taken up one of these reasons, or invented one of your own, then obviously the interview with Annandil will go a little differently. In any event, he will be quite happy to sit down with the PCs and tell his story over a cup of tea - see the section headed *Annandil tells his story* on p67. Annandil's reactions to a few possible PC motivations are covered below.

The PCs have been hired to recover objects

"No problem at all," says Annandil. "Have a look around, take as long as you like, and if you can find it, you're welcome to it. Hmmm - I'd better have Lughom go with you, though, otherwise the zombies will keep on catching you and returning you to the ice-pit. And Lughom will be able to get some of the brighter ones to help you search, if you want - some of them may even have seen what you're looking for."

It is up to you to decide whether the PCs will be able to find whatever they are looking for. Things to bear in mind are where they are looking and how likely the thing is to have survived. For example, they will be more likely to find official documents in the Governor's business offices than in a stable, and documents in a safe or chest are more likely to have survived than documents lying loose on a desk.

Once the PCs have found what they came for, or once they have given up looking, they will be free to leave Chernozavtra; this is covered in the next section.

The PCs are ordered to investigate and report

Annandil listens intently as the PCs explain that they will have to make a report about the situation in Chernozavtra.

"Fine," he says at last, "If those are your orders, then you'd better carry them out. Of course, I'll be long gone by the time anyone comes here to act on your report. There are other places." He pauses in thought for a second.

"Hmmm - I suppose that if people came here to check out your report and found no trace of zombies and necromancers, they might conclude that you're lying and you might get into trouble. I could always leave a letter behind, explaining that you were telling the truth - would that help at all?"

Annandil will make no attempt to detain the PCs, and they are free to leave Chernozavtra, as covered in the next section.

The PCs are ordered to clear the town of undead

This is clearly impossible. If the players haven't worked this out for themselves by this stage, Annandil will take them aside and gently point out that he'd be rather upset if they indulged in such vandalism.

"I'm doing no-one any harm here," he says, "And I honestly think that you'd have some difficulty in destroying all my zombies and myself as well. I suggest that you go back wherever you came from and tell them that there are too many undead here for you to cope with. They might mount an expedition or something, but by the time they get here we'll all be long gone. There are other places."

If the PCs insist on trying to destroy all the undead in the town, or if they attack Annandil, he will react as described on p66, capturing the PCs, giving them a good talking-to, and then suggesting rather pointedly that they ought to leave. Leaving Chernozavtra is covered in the next section.



THE INHABITANTS OF CHERNOZAVTRA

The Zombies

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	25	3	3	5	10	1	10	43	14	14	14	0

Psychology & Special Rules: See p61.

Lady Amrunmiriel

Annandil's lady love is a well-preserved elven zombie, preserved by a frozen water elemental like the others. Unfortunately, she deteriorated before Annandil perfected the process. She still has her gorgeous strawberry blonde hair, but her skin is grey, wrinkly, and flaccid.

The Lady is on auto-pilot now. All she does is sit around in the bedroom of the governor's manor, gazing into a mirror and combing her hair. Sometimes it comes out in clumps, but Annandil glues it back in.

She is tended by two ladies-in-waiting, the two most beautiful zombies of Chernozavtra (which is not saying a great deal). These lady zombies just stand around looking cute and gathering dust.

The Lady may be observed by anyone who looks through the windows into the manor bedroom. She also may be observed taking her midnight promenades with Annandil (see *Routine Events*).

Lughom and Ologhugi

These Hobgoblin zombies are Annandil's undead lieutenants. They are brighter than normal zombies (indeed, they are quite difficult to tell from normal Hobgoblins, since Annandil bound their own spirits back into their bodies shortly after death). Lughom was captured while looting Chernozavtra nearly twenty years ago. He knows that Annandil can turn him off like a light, so he is ever obedient to his master's every wish.

Ologhugi, a more recent zombie, is physically better preserved than Lughom, but was incredibly stupid even before his brain died. He's quite powerful, but he requires very specific directions to perform even the simplest tasks.

Annandil has empowered his lieutenants to command the walking dead of Chernozavtra. He leaves the day-to-day affairs of Chernozavtra in Lughom's hands, including supervising the Water Elementals in their duties of preserving the zombies and protecting against fire, and the zombie work crews excavating the cold cellar beneath the Tower.

Lughom takes great pleasure in ordering the dead guys and Water Elementals around. Ordering Ologhugi around, on the other hand, is exhausting and frustrating. Ologhugi is an exceptionally stupid zombie Hobgoblin, but his personality also retains the stubborn arrogance common in tough, powerful Hobgoblins. Lughom is convinced that Ologhugi *intentionally* misunderstands commands, and given the perversity with which Ologhugi follows orders, he may be right.

As a theatrical flourish, Annandil has garbed his two Hobgoblin lieutenants in fancy hooded robes with all the legendary trappings of necromancers (big gaudy rings, skull-and-bone embroideries, and so on). Since these garments and trappings were originally designed for Annandil's Dwarven frame, they look a bit comical on the hulking Hobgoblins. If confronted by the PCs, Lughom might initially pretend to be the big necromancer, though a casual interrogation reveals him as an impostor. Ologhugi is too dumb to lie.



Lughom and Ologhugi may be observed going about their daily routines (see *Routine Events*). They will probably be encountered by PCs once they are overpowered by the zombies on watch.

Lughom

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	29	14	3	3	6	20	1	20	36	19	19	19	10

Ologhugi

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	29	14	3	3	6	20	1	20	26	10	19	19	10

Special Rules

Both Lughom and Ologhugi are subject to *instability* when outside the walls of Chernozavtra. They are also subject to *frenzy* and *animosity* against other Goblinoids. They have *night vision* to 10 yards, and do not need to be controlled. They can control the other zombies of Chernozavtra.

The Water Elementals

Upon arrival at Chernozavtra, Annandil animated the corpses of the plague victims, then, using one of his extensive collection of magical items, summoned two Water Elementals to preserve the zombies and provide additional animation and durability.

Annandil summoned these two Water Elementals, bound them to his service, then ordered them to summon their own elemental vassals to provide the preservation and animation for the Chernozavtra zombies. The tremendous magical energies necessary to maintain control over these elementals are provided by the enchantments inscribed in the walls around Chernozavtra. The Elementals are forbidden to leave the area enclosed by the walls.

Elementals are typically resentful and uncooperative servants, and twenty years of slavery have done nothing to improve the temperament of these two. Nonetheless, they follow Annandil's orders, since he has threatened to vapourise them. Further, if they perform satisfactorily, Annandil has promised to release them and summon up a new pair of Elementals in a decade or so.

The Elementals do *not* like being bossed around by Hobgoblin zombies. They are initially pretty ill-mannered with the PCs, but may aid them just to satisfy their defiant resentment of their unwilling servitude.

PCs may overhear the Lughom arguing with the Elementals (see *Routine Events*). The Elementals may also be encountered by PCs investigating the wells or thrown as captives into the Cold Cellar.

Water Elementals, size 10

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
9	90	90	9	9	90	90	9	90	90	90	90	90	-

Special Rules

See **WFRP**, p254. The Elementals are each in control of a large number of lesser Elementals (size 1). These are sent out to deal with fires and similar threats in the town.

LEAVING CHERNOZAVTRA

Well, things haven't turned out too badly for Our Heroes, have they? There they were, thinking that you were inexorably railroading them into taking on a whole townful of very-hard-to-kill zombies - I wouldn't be surprised if a couple of the players came right out and accused you of trying to wipe the party out. Sigh. But now the PCs are equipped with all kinds of top-drawer information on undead, and a small armoury of bits and pieces for dealing with them. And they didn't get wiped out. They're probably feeling very good about it all.

There's just one tiny little problem. How are they going to get out?

You see, the Dolgans are still outside the town. They think that the PCs went in to deal with the undead once and for all. Now if the PCs *haven't* wiped out every last undead thing in the town, and yet they come out alive, the Dolgans will naturally conclude that the PCs have probably changed sides. So they will kill them.

It would be churlish to spoil their moment of triumph, so let the players discover this for themselves. Let them come up with various plans for getting out; if they come up with something that absolutely can't fail, fine. Here are a few of the ideas they might have:

Sneaking out at night won't work, because the Dolgans have a 24-hour watch posted - being caught between Hobgoblins and undead, they are understandably alert.

The PCs will probably be able to arrange a diversion if they try, but there are an awful lot of Dolgans outside the town, and they won't *all* look the wrong way at just the right time.

Sneaking out invisibly might work, *provided*: (a) there is enough invisibility magic to go around; (b) everyone keeps *very* quiet; and (c) the PCs figure out a way to avoid leaving footprints in the soft sand or disturbing the water as they wade across the ford.

After two or three plans have failed, Annandil offers to help. He will help earlier if asked, but won't actually volunteer until Our Heroes have re-entered the town hurriedly a few times, amid a hail of arrows. He will gather together the remains of six horses from around the town, and animate them for the PCs to use as mounts. The horses all have a full set of legs, but apart from that their condition leaves varying amounts to be desired.

Characters without *Ride* skill need have no fear, for Annandil will helpfully incorporate the upper half of a Human skeleton into their mounts, which will hold them firmly in the saddle so that they need not make a *Risk* test.

Once the PCs and their equipment are loaded onto these strange mounts, Annandil will go up to the parapet of the town wall, directly above the main gate, and cast a *Wind Blast* spell on the area directly in front of the gate and across the ford. Two zombies will stand in front of him, to shield him from any incoming missile fire.

As soon as the spell takes effect, the gates will be opened, and the PCs' mounts gallop out of the town and across the ford, assisted by the magical tailwind. The wind also pins down the Dolgans and Goblinoids, and prevents any missile fire against the PCs.

Annandil will drop the spell as soon as the PCs are clear of the Goblinoid encampment. By the time the first wolf riders set out in pursuit, the PCs will have a lead of about 150 yards. If nothing goes wrong, they should be able to get away.

However, there are a couple of things that can go wrong. The wolf riders are shooting arrows at Our Heroes - with more enthusiasm than accuracy, it has to be said, but you never know. And then again, now that the undead mounts are outside the walls of Chernozavtra with their anti-instability enchantments, there's every possibility that they might go unstable right there in the middle of the steppes. Which could be embarrassing.

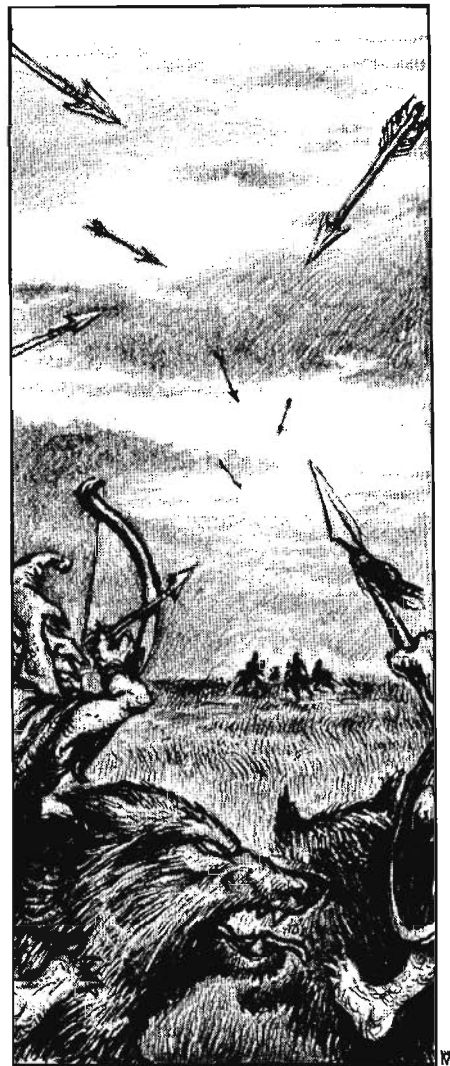
You can play this all out in detail using the standard rules if you want. But if that sounds too much like hard work, you can use this streamlined blood-and-thunder last-reel chase system to round off the adventure with a bit of excitement.

The Chase Display

You'll find this on p133 of the pull-out section at the back of the book. It is marked off in 10-yard intervals, representing distance from the pursuing Goblins. Cut out one of the blank counters for each PC and write the PC's name on it. Then, put all the PC counters in the '150 yards' space.

This system works in 1-minute turns. Each turn, we need to know four things:

- how well each PC has managed to keep ahead of the pursuers;
- whether the Goblins have hit anyone with the arrows they are firing wildly after the PCs;
- whether any of the PCs' mounts has gone unstable;



- whether the Goblins have given up and broken off the chase.

Each PC takes an individual turn, running through the following turn sequence from beginning to end. The character with the highest *Initiative* score goes first, the lowest last.

Movement

At the beginning of the turn, the player nominates a number of squares, from 1-6. This is how far his character will push his mount, in an attempt to pull ahead of the Goblins. The further you push your mount, the greater the risk that it will stumble.

Roll a D6. If the result is *more than* the number of squares you want to move, you move forward as planned - steadily widening the gaps between you and the pursuing Goblins.

If the result is *equal to* the number of squares you want to move, you do not move - the gap stays the same.

If the result is *less than* the number of squares you want to move, you move *back* that number of squares - you have pushed your mount too hard, it has stumbled, and you've lost ground as a result.

Missile Fire

The Goblins are firing wildly as they gallop along in pursuit of the PCs. This missile fire is more worrying than dangerous, but there's always the chance that someone might get hit.

After moving, each player rolls D100. On a roll of 06 or less, one arrow has hit! Roll a D6. On a 1-3, the PC is hit; on a 4-6, the undead mount is hit.

Mount hit: each time a mount is hit, roll a D6. On a roll of 1-5, the beast is unaffected by the arrow; on a roll of 6, the arrow has done some damage - roll on the following table:

- 1-3 Mount slowed; move back 10 yards
- 4-5 Mount severely slowed; move back 20 yards
- 6 Mount destroyed

PC hit: Roll D100 for hit location, and calculate damage as normal. The hit is at S3.

Instability

Each turn, after firing, damage and movement have been worked out, have each player check their character's mount for instability by rolling a D6. On a roll of 6, the mount is affected by instability; roll on the following table:

- 1-2 mount crumbles
- 3-4 mount loses 10 yards
- 5-6 mount gains 10 yards

Breaking off Pursuit

Finally in each turn, after all the characters have moved, been shot at and had their mounts fall to pieces beneath them, you must check to see whether the

Goblins give up the chase. Look at the position of the hindmost character; the number at the top of the display is the number *under* which you must roll on a D10 for the Goblins to give up the chase. Note that they will never give up while one or more PCs are within 150 yards.

Mounts Destroyed

Any character whose mount is destroyed must hop on the mount of the nearest other character - place the two counters together, at the position of the hindmost character. No mount may carry more than two characters.

Getting Away

Once the Goblins give up, the chase is over, and we have come to the end of the thrilling conclusion to this adventure.

There - wasn't that exciting?



CONCLUSION AND EXPERIENCE POINTS

Once the PCs have got away from Chernozavtra and its problems, they can do various things, according to how you're using this book:

Enemy Within or Kislev Campaign: the PCs' best option is to make their way back to Kislev to report to Bogdanov once more. The journey is just as long going back as it was coming, of course, and this time they will have to avoid the Hobgoblins and Dolgans, who will be after their blood. You could enliven the journey further with incidents and encounters of your own devising, as you wish.

Your own campaign or isolated adventures: at this point, the PCs are fleeing for their lives, probably not too concerned about where they are heading so long as it's away. It should be easy to set them up to walk straight into the next adventure you have lined up for them.

EXPERIENCE POINT AWARDS

Roleplaying

As always, you should reward good roleplaying and bright ideas - an average character should get about 30 points per session for good roleplaying, going down to zero for bad or uninspired play and up to 100 for excellent play.

Plot Objectives**At the Hobgoblin Camp**

- Avoiding a fight with a lieutenant 50 EPs each
- Winning a challenge fight with a lieutenant 75 EPs
to the character(s) concerned
- Each piece of information obtained from Krowbag 10 EPs each

At the Dolgan Camp

- Each piece of information obtained from Dafa 10 EPs each
- Each failed attempt to get into Chernozavtra 10 EPs each

In Chernozavtra

- Succeeding in getting into Chernozavtra 50 EPs each
- Each zombie put out of commission 10 eps
to the character(s) concerned
- Talking Lughom into fetching Annandil 50 EPs each
- Getting to Annandil's lab under their own power 100 EPs each
- Learning about undead from Annandil 50 EPs each
- Each failed attempt to get out of Chernozavtra 10 EPs each
- Succeeding in getting out of Chernozavtra
without Annandil's help 100 EPs each
- Getting away from the pursuing Dolgans 50 EPs
per surviving character

THE CHAMPIONS OF DEATH: A CHOICE OF EVILS IN BOLGASGRAD

INTRODUCTION

"I account myself a man of education and experience. I learned my letters and counting in the temple of Verena. I've stood among the ruins of Praag, traded in the markets of Altdorf, taken ship to Araby and Cathay. But I had never seen the dead walk."

Koraski drank evenly of the brandy. He held the glass up to the light, studied its colour, then set it down again. Around the dinner-table, no-one stirred.

"A tower-flanked bridge crosses the Lynsk to the lower gate of Bolgasgrad. I arrived at night; the bridge was torchlit. The coach stopped, and a man leaned in to see my papers. Behind him, there stood - another."

"He never moved. He didn't just stand still, he never moved. I couldn't see his face clearly - for which I'm thankful. The arms holding the spear were bound with cloth. Where it had torn and unwound, I could see skin, with an oily, bluish-white sheen. Where the skin was torn, there was darker...meat...beneath."

"The smell was ...indescribable. The locals pretend not to notice, but you'll see them edge upwind, almost without thinking. They call them 'deaders,' or 'dead ones' - they no longer have names or identities. But sometimes you'll see an involuntary flash of recognition."

I didn't stay there for a minute longer than I had to, I can tell you. And who's responsible? Ulric only knows. But there's naught between Bolgasgrad and the Chaos Wastes save the peasants of the Taiga, and precious little between Bolgasgrad and Kislev itself - God Save The Tsar! I tell you, the thought of our first line of defence against raiders from the Wastes being a city full of -, you know, keeps me awake at nights. Who's to say which side they'll be on if it comes to it?"

Koraski looked across the flickering candles at his dinner-companions. Then his eyes dropped abruptly to his glass. Silence stretched across the table like snow on the steppes.



SUMMARY

The colony of Bolgasgrad has seceded from the Tsar's rule, apparently under the influence of one Sulring Durgul. The adventurers are to contact - or discover the fate of - Julius Olvaga, an agent of the Tsar in Bolgasgrad, whose reports have suddenly stopped after a tantalising mention of the Temple of the Ancient Allies. The PCs must investigate, report and take what action they can to destroy Durgul or thwart his plan.

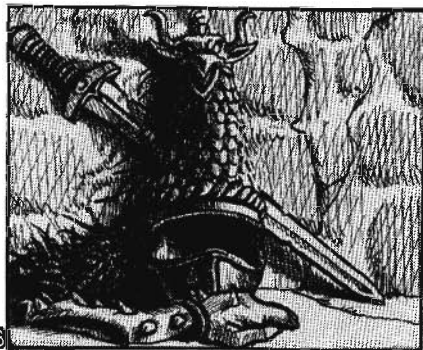
Like all the Wheatlands colonies, Bolgasgrad is constantly threatened by Chaos. Repeated appeals for troops have had no effect, and the citizens are desperate. The ancient sorcerer Sulring Durgul, now a servant and priest of the Renegade Chaos God Necoho, has offered them an army of tireless, fearless undead warriors to guard their gates and drive Chaos from their lands. It was an offer they could not refuse...

Once they establish the facts, the adventurers are faced with a choice:

Attacking Durgul could be suicidal; even if an attack succeeds, Bolgasgrad will be stripped of its undead guardians and left wide open to the forces of Chaos.

Reporting to the Tsar might be no less dangerous. Even if the adventurers can survive the consequences of telling a powerful ruler that a colony has rebelled because of his inadequate protection, it is unlikely that they could dissuade him from sending a punitive force. This force would be severely weakened in destroying the undead, and would be unable to stand against the hordes of Chaos, which would surely not miss such an opportunity to attack the weakened border.

The simplest answer is to leave Durgul and Bolgasgrad to their own devices, and go somewhere a long, long way away. Can the PCs live with the knowledge that they have left a city ruled - albeit benignly for the present - by a Necromancer and his undead minions? Probably. Explaining to the Knights Panther why they chose to desert in the course of a mission may be more of a problem - and once they fail to report back, the Knights Panther will be *very* interested in finding them...



STARTING THE ADVENTURE

The Enemy Within Campaign or the Kislev Campaign

The adventurers return from Chernozavtra, and report to Bogdanov as ordered. Again, they are ushered into a small side-room of the Tsar's palace. Bogdanov hurries in, clearly preoccupied with something else. He stops abruptly.

"Where's Gurthgano Gorthaudh?" he snaps. "You mean, you didn't bring him back with you?" He closes his eyes and mutters something rapid and inaudible - but clearly heartfelt - in the Kislevite dialect of Old Worlder. His mood will not improve if the PCs point out that they were ordered simply to convey a message.

Bogdanov listens closely as the PCs relate what happened in and around Chernozavtra. He questions them in detail about the Goblinoids - their strength and organisation, where they came from and their intentions - but appears not to be worried about the prospect of a Dolgan-Hobgoblin war or a lost colony full of undead.

"There will be another time for dealing with that," he says, "And at least the Dolgans and the Greenskins will keep each other occupied until Kislev is free to act. But I was counting on you to enlist Gurthgano's aid - are you sure he didn't mention *anything* about going to Bolgasgrad?"

There is a pause as Bogdanov paces up and down the room. As soon as a PC begins to speak, Bogdanov cuts him short with a gesture.

"Well," he says, "I don't see any other remedy. You'll have to go to Bolgasgrad yourselves. You say he gave you some equipment? I just hope it works. Very well. You people get some rest and prepare yourselves for the journey. I will speak to you again tomorrow."

The PCs are billeted in a stable belonging to the Order of the White Wolf. The stable has been cleaned hastily, and a bunk for each character has been moved in, but that is all. The PCs are fed in the servants' hall, and have the opportunity to replace any equipment they lost in Chernozavtra.

Shortly after dawn the next day, a dozen Knights of the White Wolf rouse the PCs and escort them to the chamber where Bogdanov is waiting.

"Very well," he says, with a slight air of resignation. "This situation is not of my choosing, but we shall all have to make the best of it."

"Over recent years, the Wheatlands colonies have made repeated demands for additional troops to protect them from Chaos, and some have even raised their own militia. But Bolgasgrad has gone too far. Dead men are said to walk the streets alongside the living. Either Bolgasgrad has fallen to Chaos from within, or it has made the most perilous allies. Embassies were sent to the Prince of Bolgasgrad, ordering him to put an end to this business, deliver the Necromancer for trial and reaffirm his oath of allegiance to the Tsar - all were politely, but firmly, refused. Technically, Bolgasgrad is in revolt."

"Because of the - ah - strain on Kislev's military resources at present, we are not able to send a punitive force. Instead, an agent in the town was ordered to keep an eye on the situation and report regularly. His reports gave us the name of the Necromancer Sulring Durgul, and established that the dead were indeed walking the streets of Bolgasgrad. He hinted at some connection with the Temple of the Ancient Allies, and promised further information. Then - nothing. That was almost three months ago."

"You are to discover what happened to our agent. His name is Julius Mikhailovitch Olvaga. If he is lost, you will replace him. Observe, report and take what action you can. If you are able to deal with Durgul yourselves, do so; otherwise, do what you can to stop him or delay his plans - whatever they might be. At the very least, we must know his strengths and weaknesses."

Bogdanov pauses for a moment, and takes a sheathed dagger out of one of the deep pockets of his robes.

"I have one thing which may help you. Sulring Durgul is an Elven name; this dagger is enchanted to be certain doom to all Elves."

This is the Black Dagger, a further magical item to help the PCs in their mission. It is described on p76.

With that, the PCs are dismissed. They are provided with a guide to take them within sight of Bolgasgrad, and it is clear that they are expected to leave the following day.

An Isolated Adventure...

In Kislev

The PCs might become involved in this adventure in a number of ways. Here are three suggestions:

1. The PCs might be recruited as a special mercenary force by the Tsar's agents. The second part of the introduction above can be used as it stands, and in addition the Temple of Mórr in Kislev will supply certain specialist equipment (see below).

2. The PCs might be set on Durgul's trail by another wizard, or possibly a cleric of Mórr, with whom they have recently had dealings. This NPC gives them the gist of the story as above, and offers to equip them with various magical items; he/she cannot accompany them in person because the mission relies on surprise - Durgul would be aware of this NPC's presence in Bolgasgrad almost immediately, and would take appropriate measures.

3. Mórr himself might speak to a character in a dream - ideally a character who has shown promise as a destroyer of undead and a champion of Mórr's principles. This adventure would be highly appropriate for a trial or penance set to a follower of Mórr.

The dreamer stands before a hill in the fork of a great river. Suddenly, the hill spews forth a dark brown tide, like lava from a volcano - a dark mass of seething flesh, with limbs and faces forming and dissolving. The smell of death pours from each mouth. The dreamer sinks in the tide, then falls - seemingly forever - before stopping with gut-wrenching suddenness in front of a stone portal, with no doors. The character awakes suddenly, sweating; it is just before dawn. On the windowsill perches a raven, unusually large; it stares unblinkingly for a few seconds, and then takes off, flying to perch on top of the local temple of Mórr.

The clerics at the temple have been told to expect the character. A briefing at the temple passes on all relevant information, and the clerics supply certain specialist equipment.

Elsewhere

It is hard to imagine the voluntary acceptance of necromantic practices on such a large scale in the Old World except as a desperate defence against Chaos. Kislev's border with the Chaos Wastes makes this adventure feasible there, but in other parts of the Old World there is not such a direct threat from the Chaos Wastes.

To relocate this adventure elsewhere, you must tweak Sulring Durgul and his minions in the direction of an evil or chaotic alignment, and directly enforce the acceptance of undead upon the citizens of Bolgasgrad - either by some form of magical mass mind control, or by the threat of the undead troops which Durgul controls. This will entail a certain amount of work on your part, and will change the adventure from a moral dilemma with grim/comic overtones to a straightforward kill-the-evil-necromancer exercise.

The introductions above, though designed for an isolated adventure set in Kislev, may be used in any setting, with a certain amount of adaptation.

Magical Equipment

The magical equipment supplied by the clerics of Mórr will be the same as that given to campaign PCs in Chernozavtra. In addition, the character will be given the Black Dagger (see below) with the explanation that the necromancer they seek is of the Elven race.

The Black Dagger

This is a plain dagger of black metal, with a glowing design inlaid into the blade near the hilt; a Dwarf, or a character who has completed an *Artisan's Apprentice - Armourer* or *Blacksmith* career will recognise the workmanship as Dwarven on a successful *Int* test. Characters may attempt to *Estimate* the dagger's age - it is around 4,000 years old.

Magical Sense skill will reveal that the dagger is magical. A character with *Rune Lore* skill will be able to identify the rune as a Lesser Death Rune versus Elves.

The glow of the active rune is quite distinctive. In dim light, the dagger must be sealed in thick, opaque material (leather, wood, metal, etc) or the glow is easily seen.

Since Sulring Durgul is an Elf, the purpose of this item is obvious. Arranging for an opportunity to use it, however, will be a challenge.

GM's Notes

1. Unknown to anyone still living, this dagger was made towards the end of the Dwarf/Elf War by an artisan belonging to a fanatical cult of Dwarven assassins. This cult worshipped Krignar - a Dwarven deity of war and racial pride - but had become corrupted by Khaine, the god of murder, one of whose demons had appeared to them posing as Krignar. Any character carrying the dagger will receive no benefit from any blessings of Mórr, or from spells cast by followers of Mórr. However, the character will have a dream in which a raven flies down, steals the dagger, and flies off with it - a hint to ditch the item.

2. Since Sulring Durgul no longer inhabits the body of an Elf, this item will have no special effect on him. Hopefully, this will occur to the characters before they try to use it.

3. Sulring will want this item the moment he sees it or hears about it. He's not particularly eager to use it, but he is an avid collector of runes and rune weapons.



HURRIED PREPARATIONS

Since they have a little time in Kislev before setting out for Bolgasgrad, the PCs are able to seek guidance and advice at various temples. The temples in the city of Kislev are listed below, together with the things that might be gained from each.



The Temple of Mórr

This low, solid building of black basalt stands almost at the very summit of the Hill of Heroes, fronting the *Geroyon* or Memorial of Heroes, a cenotaph carved from the rock of the hill itself to commemorate those who died fighting off the Chaos Incursion of 2302-3 IC.

Questions and Answers

Enquiries here will be handled in the first instance by Olga Pochorovna, the initiate on duty. The PCs will be permitted to pray in the Temple (see *Prayer* below), and Olga will answer any questions as best she can. She can give accurate answers on general points of the theology and ritual of the cult of Mórr, but little else. If the PCs mention that they are to set out for Bolgasgrad on official business, Olga will realise their importance and arrange for them to see Grigoriy Smertovitch, the chief priest. If the PCs do not mention their mission, but ask many penetrating questions about undead and necromancy, Olga will become somewhat uncomfortable and refer them to the chief priest anyway.

Grigoriy Smertovitch Moryevitch (all clerics of Mórr in Kislev take his name as an additional patronymic) is a tall, heavily-built man in his early forties. His slightly bushy black hair is cut short, and he has a formidable beard, reaching almost to his waist. He is unhurried of speech and action, and has a very deep and resonant voice. His responses to some common questions are as follows:

Can you help us? "You have been given the Black Dagger by the Tsar's servant? Yes? Good. I trust it will help you, although I must admit that for reasons I don't quite understand, I have an uneasy feeling about that weapon. In material terms, we have nothing else that we can give you - although of course, you are welcome to pray here and prepare yourselves spiritually for your task."

GM: *Grigoriy will pray with the PCs if requested to do so. See below for the effects of this.*

Will you come with us? "Were it for me to choose, I should be happy to do so. When I first heard of this abomination I sought guidance of the Lord of Dreams, hoping to be chosen, but he gave me to understand that my place was here, looking after the people of the city and easing their passage to him. Lions would come, he told me, in the clothing of mongrels - your pardon, friends, they were his words and not mine - and these lions would cleanse Bolgasgrad."

What do you know about the cult of the Ancient Allies? "No more than you, my friends. I am sorry."

What do you know about Sulring Durgul? "Only a collection of fragments and rumours. We do not know for sure whether he truly exists. He is said to be a powerful Necromancer, and to be many times older than is seemly for a mortal. He is sometimes said to be of the Elven race. He is rumoured to be

active in Bolgasgrad at present, but no confirmation or description of him has reached us. That is all."

General information: If you are not playing this adventure as a sequel to *Death Takes a Holiday*, you may want to take this opportunity to pass on some of the undead lore that appears in the mouth of Annandil on pp67-69.

Mission Objectives

After the PCs have finished any prayer or other preparations, Grigoriy Smertovitch will take them aside before they leave.

"I realise that you take your orders from the Tsar and his agents," he says, "But there are questions raised by this business to which our Temple would very much like to have the answers. And indeed, finding the answers will probably help you to carry out the Tsar's orders."

"Firstly, what is the nature of the necromancy at work here? If you can find out how it works, you can find out how to counteract it - and it goes without saying that the Temple of Mórr would be most interested in new necromantic techniques and the means by which they might be countered."

"Second, this cult of the Ancient Allies. What is it, who leads it, what does it preach? What is its stance on necromancy? And on the rights of the dead to an undisturbed rest? We have been able to find out nothing. What hold does it have over its members, to enforce this secrecy? The use of powerful necromancy implies the existence of a library, and we have further proof in that the man Olvaga worked as a librarian prior to his disappearance. They must have ritual documents of some kind - the more of those you can recover for our inspection, the better. What you cannot recover, destroy."

"Finally, I would just point out that there are ways to destroy an organisation without killing. Such killings would only swell the realm of the Jealous Brother."

(GM: *PCs may make an Int test to realise that this is a reference to Khátne - Theology skill give a +10 bonus. Followers of Mórr understand the reference automatically).*

"Far better to sow doubt, undermine confidence, and thus turn people from their misguided evil, that they may know the peace of Mórr in later days."

Prayer

The PCs may pray for guidance or blessing in the Temple of Mórr if they wish; they will receive no further information, but their chances of gaining a blessing are as follows:

Base chance	1%
Initiate of Mórr	2%
Cleric of Mórr, level 1	3%
level 2	4%
level 3	5%
level 4	6%

Hours spent in prayer (not cumulative):	
1	+1%
2	+2%
3	+3%
4	+4%
all-night vigil	+10%

Grigoriy prays with PCs +5%

You should also take into account each character's past actions, and how well they accord with the precepts of Mórr's cult - adjust the chance of a blessing by up to 5% either way. Note, however, that Necromancers and characters of Evil or Chaotic alignment will not receive a blessing under any circumstances. A blessing will last for D6 uses, rather than for 24 hours after it has been received.

The Temple of Taal & Rhya

At the foot of the Hill of Heroes is a small walled park, a remnant of the forest which stood on the site before the city was built. A collection of circular drystone buildings in a clearing at the centre of the park forms the chief temple of Taal and Rhya in Kislev.

Questions and Answers

Enquiries here will be met by Magda Irenovna, one of the senior Clerics of the cult. She is a slightly plump, matronly-looking woman in her forties, with a permanent twinkle in her grey eyes and a speed and precision of gesture and movement which is seldom seen in those of her age and build. Her answers to common questions are as follows:

Can you help us? "Well, so far we've had trouble even helping ourselves. Our mission has ceased to exist in Bolgasgrad, and we can't seem to do a great deal about it. I expect the Tsar's people will have briefed you fairly thoroughly, and of course the Temple of Verena is the best place to go for information. We're relying on you people to help us, rather than the other way around."

What do you know about the cult of the Ancient Allies? "They're against nature, for a start. Death's a part of nature, and when people start messing about with the dead it's against nature. Of course it is. They've got a tight hold on their followers, too - not a word's come out about what they teach and what they do. I should try the Temple of Verena - if there's any more information going, they'll have it."

What do you know about Sulring Durgul? "Who? Oh, yes - that wizard or whatever he is. Almost nothing. I should try the temple of Verena."

General Information

The PCs will quickly realise that there is very little new information to be gained here. Magda will be happy to allow anyone to pray here, though, and will pray alongside any follower of Taal or the Old Faith if requested. If there is a Druidic Priest in the party, she will be aware of his or her spirit familiar, and the familiar will take to her immediately. She gets on particularly well with cats, squirrels and otters.

Prayer

Any character may pray for a blessing in the temple; the chances of obtaining a blessing are similar to those given for the Temple of Mórr above. If Magda prays with the PCs, she adds +5% to their chances. Again, blessings last for D6 uses rather than for a fixed time.

The Temple of Ulric

The main Temple of Ulric in Kislev is within the palace complex, at the heart of the barracks of the Knights of the White Wolf. The domed roof rises above battlemented walls, each decorated with a wolf's-head relief in the centre. The PCs will be allowed to consult and pray here, but - as always in the palace complex - they will be escorted by a dozen fully-armed Knights of the White Wolf.

Questions and Answers

Enquiries here will be met by Valentina Lupovna, one of the junior Clerics. She is about thirty years old, with dark brown hair that is beginning to show flecks of grey and light brown eyes. She is of medium height and compactly built, and wears a black cloak trimmed with grey wolfskin. Her responses to some common questions are as follows:

Can you help us? "You have already been given all the help that is available. Beyond that, you must rely on your own resources."

What do you know about the cult of the Ancient Allies? "Little. It is a closed organisation, and members are committed - or impelled by some means - to give themselves over to it body and soul. After a member's death, their body continues to serve. There is an oath of secrecy, which is enforced by a curse of some kind. The temple is guarded by live and undead guards. Our agents have been unable to penetrate their security. The Temple of Verena is the best source of information."

What do you know about Sulring Durgul? "An Elven name, apparently referring to an ancient sorcerer. Again, the Temple of Verena is the best source of information."



General Information: The Order of the White Wolf favours a direct assault on Bolgasgrad - perhaps not surprisingly - but the Tsar has made it clear that troops are not available. Little information is available here, and the priests will not generally be amenable to interrogation. Those who wish to pray here, however, are quite welcome to do so.

Mission Objectives

After the PCs have finished asking questions, Valentina Lupovna looks each of them in the eye, and says with quiet intensity:

"Find the heart of this cult of the Ancient Allies. Find it and cut it out. Destroy everything you can. Let the world see how the White Wolf deals with rebels."

Prayer

Any character may pray in the Temple of Ulric. The chances of obtaining a blessing are the same as given for the Temple of Mórr. Note, however, that no priest will pray with the PCs; the cult of Ulric in Kislev is even more individualistic than elsewhere in the Old World, and the PCs are expected to trust in their own prayers alone. Blessings, if received, last for D6 uses rather than for a fixed time.

The Temple of Verena

This colonnaded building stands almost directly opposite the Tsar's palace. The Tilean-style architecture characteristic of the Temples of Verena contrasts strangely with the other buildings.

Questions and Answers

Enquiries here will lead to the Chief Librarian, who is introduced merely as Brother Stefan.

Stefan is a small man of at least seventy, but the brightness of his button-black eyes and the birdlike swiftness of his movements are somewhat at odds with his venerable appearance. He greets the PCs briskly and cheerfully.

"Ah, the Tsar's agents - welcome, welcome! I've been preparing a few snippets for you!"

If the PCs express surprise that Brother Stefan knows who they are without being told, and that he seems to have known they would visit the temple, he smiles a slightly mischievous smile.

"Well, really," he chuckles, "The Temple of Verena failing in knowledge? That would never do would it? Dear me, no."

With that, he leads them into a small book-lined office to one side of the annexe which houses the temple's library. He sorts rapidly through a small stack of papers, and then launches into the following discourse:

"Map, one copy." (GM: *give the players Handout 7*) "About a hundred years old, I'm afraid, but it should give you the general idea. The Lynsk forks here (*point*), and the town is in the fork, protected by the river on two sides. The Erengrad road, here (*point*) isn't much more than a track these days; I assume that's the way you'll approach. The south fork (*point*) is only navigable for a few miles east of Bolgasgrad, but the north fork (*point*) goes clear to Praag; it's an ideal site for a trading colony, apart from the threat from the Chaos Wastes.

"The town sits in a little hollow between two hills (*point, point*). Temple grounds on the west hill, Prince's manor, stockade and watchtowers on the east. The ground drops off sharply to the north, south and west, with marshy land along the river. East and south beyond the river is passable farming land, I'm told.

"The bedrock is a softish sandstone. Early settlers dug little caves in the hills, but they're almost all abandoned in favour of cosy stone houses.

"Walls and towers were all timber when last we heard. Timber is cheap and plentiful, and stone walls don't keep Chaos out any better. It seems they've put a pair of towers up on the bridge over the south fork (*point*) since the Secession - looks like they're more afraid of armies from the south than the hordes of the north.

"Two inns, here and here (*point, point*). Both supposed to be tolerable - if you don't mind dead people handling your food (*chuckle*). Yes, they do all the menial work, it seems. Incredible, eh? Waiter, there's a thumb in my soup - *HA-ha-ha*... ahem. Seriously, though, some travellers have found the water disagrees with them, so be prepared to have the runs for a couple of days.

"You can also stay at the temple of the Ancient Allies (*point*) - dull, but cheap. Seems you have to sit through all their mumbo-jumbo looking polite. The Prince is also said to welcome guests of education and breeding... (*looks PCs narrowly up and down*) "...hmmmm. Since the Secession, he's probably had few aristocratic visitors, so he might be quite hospitable to strangers with news.

"Condensed history, one." (GM: *give the players Handout 8*) "I've written in Reikspiel, so you should find it easy to read, if a little dry. Read it at your leisure, it may help or it may not. Right - any questions?"

Sample answers for common questions are given below; despite his manner, Stefan knows little more than he has already told.

Do you have any more information?

"Well, I've put together what I can from the library and records office here; it's not much, but it's all we've got. I could cast around the other Temples of Verena, and see if anyone else has anything, but it could take weeks. And it's unlikely to turn up anything new - we're nearest to the site, you see, and we're the mother temple for Bolgasgrad, so all information should come to us first."

What do you know about the Cult of the Ancient Allies?

"What I've told you. From the lack of information, we can infer that they are secretive. Which leads to the supposition that they have something to hide. Beyond that, it's all meaningless conjecture."

What do you know about Sulring Durgul?

"Linguistically it's an Elven name linguistically, and it's been linked with several necromantic incidents - mostly of a minor nature - over the last few hundred years. One source dates the first appearance of the name at five thousand years ago - an outstanding lifetime, even for an Elf. Sulring Durgul could be one person, or a succession of people using the same name. What does that give us? An Elven Necromancer - or one using an Elven name for some reason - maybe several thousand years old, maybe not. You knew that already. In fact, we don't know for sure that he's involved in this business. All we *know* is that he's in Bolgasgrad - the rest is conjecture."

Mission Objectives

"As you can see," says Stefan, growing suddenly more serious and intense, "We know very little of what is happening in Bolgasgrad, or why it is happening. We know little of this Sulring Durgul and little of the Cult of the Ancient Allies.

"If you can uncover any information - anything at all - that will fill the gaps in our knowledge, lose no opportunity to do so. If you manage to bring the situation to a satisfactory conclusion, the information you bring back may allow us to identify similar problems before they arise, and enable us to take appropriate action to prevent them. If you cannot resolve the situation yourselves, your information will be of inestimable value to us in deciding what to do next.

"I fully appreciate that you are agents of the Tsar, and answer to him. He has given you his orders already. But where you can do so without compromising those orders, please find out and bring back everything you can. Documents of any kind would be particularly valuable."

Prayer

The PCs may pray for guidance and/or blessings in the Temple of Verena if they wish. No further information will be forthcoming, but the chance of obtaining a blessing is the same as given above for the Temple of Mórr (p78). Again, a blessing will last for D6 uses rather than for a 24-hour period.

PREPARING THE COVER STORY

It should be obvious that the PCs will need a plausible cover story, rather than simply marching into Bolgasgrad unprepared. If they overlook this, a suggestion from Bogdanov is in order.

The cover story should give the PCs a good reason to visit Bolgasgrad. They may travel as a party, or as several groups of individuals. Any equipment which might arouse suspicion must be concealed, or in keeping with the cover story. The Tsar is footing the bill, so the PCs can be fairly lavish in the trappings they request. Any necessary documents will be provided.

One possible cover story, using the PCs provided with this book, is given below. You should encourage players to come up with their own cover stories, making suggestions through an NPC only if you think it's vitally necessary.

Rolland: a merchant in the fur and rug trade.

Walter: Rolland's business partner and travelling companion.

Guido: servant and valet.

Ruby: servant and cook.

Dolgan Jim: driver and animal handler.

Krogar: bodyguard and labourer.

Necessary Trappings: at least one wagon for goods and shelter, tents, horses, rugs and furs, money, appropriate clothing, and coaching from merchants in the fur and rug trade.

In the course of preparation, each character makes one Int test. If the test is successful, the character gains one skill from an appropriate career. For example, in the cover story detailed above, Rolland might gain *Haggle* or *Evaluate* skill.

The players may spend more time on this exercise than you expect, but you shouldn't worry. They will enjoy being spendidly devious, you shouldn't have to do anything more exhausting than watching and chuckling, and everyone should be happy. When you feel like getting the adventure back on the road, you can always have Bogdanov or someone like him pop up and tell the PCs to get going.

THE JOURNEY TO BOLGASGRAD

As always, you can play the journey out in full, adding one or more sessions to the playing time of the adventure, or you can simply tell the players that the journey is uneventful and get straight down to business. We'll assume that you're going for the latter option, but feel free to make up any incidents or encounters you like.

ARRIVAL (Map 9)

The first sight of Bolgasgrad will be from the Erengard Road to the southeast. Here the South Fork is a rapid, deep river with marshy banks covered in high grass. If anyone mentions that their character is keeping an eye on the grass, give them an *Observe* test to spot the occasional movement.

The PCs may decide to try and sneak into town undetected. However, Bolgasgrad expects Chaos raids or reprisals from the Tsar almost daily, and preparations have been made:

Thirty zombies (identical to those encountered in Chernozavtra - see p71) sit in the long grass, at random. They *sense life* at 20 yards (*Hide* tests have no effect on this), and move to grapple (Use the rules on p61). Grappled characters are dragged to the bridge and dumped at the feet of the waiting guards. Each sneaking character has a base 75% chance of being able to evade them, modified as you see fit according to the character's actions.

In daylight, a character who is within sight of a tower must make a *Hide* test at -20 or be spotted by the sentry in the tower.

At night, dogs are released into the marshes. They always find intruders, if the zombies don't find them first. Approaching characters should roll a D6 each round. A roll of 6 indicates that D3 dogs have spotted the character, and attack immediately; a further D3 dogs arrive every round, attracted by the noise. After D3 rounds, the zombies arrive in force and grapple the characters; the dogs leave, being trained to avoid zombies.

These defences are for use only if the PCs persist in trying to sneak into town. You should encourage them to stick to the road, so that they can encounter the farmer (see below) on the way. Besides, sneaking in like thieves or spies would blow the elaborate and exquisitely detailed cover story they spent so long concocting.



Let them try sneaking in a couple of times, and drop hints about the defences. Let them catch glimpses of what looks like an army of zombies hiding in the grass. If they wait for darkness, let them hear the riverbanks resounding to the howls of the guard dogs as they catch some hapless small animal.

Or let them hear a call from a tower:

"Ho, strangers! For your own safety, stay on the road! There is a defence cordon in the long grass! And by the way, there are now two dozen crossbows pointing straight at you! Advance to the bridge, if you please!"

Okay, two dozen crossbows may have been a slight exaggeration. But the PCs won't know that. The guard wants them to come quietly along the road to the bridge, and if that means telling a little white lie, so be it.

By whatever means, then, let us assume that you've persuaded the players to keep to the road.

Encounter on the Road

The road is blocked as a flock of sheep is herded across by a tattered and moderately decayed figure. Puffing on his pipe, a contented-looking farmer leans on the open gate. In the background, a horse draws a plough (or harvesting scythe, according to the time of year), guided by another stiff-legged figure. The farmer pulls on his pipe and addresses the characters affably:

"G'day, Olets furriners. Sorry to keep ye, but they'll be moved on soon enough." (*Gestures with pipe-stem at shepherding zombie*) "Ye'll not ha' seen workin' deaders afore, I'll wager. Right handy, an' no mistake. Slower'n a good dog, and not so bright, but the sheep, they thinks it's man, and they pays it heed by instinct." (*Gestures at zombie in field*) "No pay nor fodder needed, never tires nor goes poorly. Goes on day an' night, 'appen ye wants 'em to. Lasts a goodly time, an'all - had that'un a year and more and still 'e keeps goin'. Say what ye likes, I can see the good on 'em. They do say 'orses'll be next - now that'll be a thing, right enough. Them as says it's wrong never done a day's work, that's what I say."

The last sheep wanders across the road ahead of the zombie shepherd, and the farmer swings the gate closed.

"Well, g'day to ye. An' a good stay, an'all. You just be sure to tell the folk where ye came from what a blessin' it is, t'have deaders doin' the work. Better yet, tell 'em t'come an' see fer theysel's!" (*Gives the zombie a pat on the back like a faithful dog*).

The farmer is quite willing to stand and chat. He knows little about the middle and upper classes of Bolgasgrad, but he knows the town routine, the defences, the inns and the general layout of the town. He's a member of the Cult of the Ancient Allies, and is happy to tell about how his boy was cured of Chaos taint (*"Eyes out on stalks, he had, just like a snail, but they priests soon got 'em back in's head where they belong"*), and how he delivered his father's body to the cult for consecration and animation.

"Just meat, they priests says. Pa's got no further use fer it, an' 'appen he'd not mind his body bein' useful to them he's left behind. Better'n shovin' it down a hole in the ground, right enough. Waste not, want not, says I. Makes a change, 'avin' priests do the ordinary folks a good turn, an' no mistake. Didn't seem right at first, like, but when ye thinks it through an' gets used to the idea, I wonder why we didn't do it donkey's years ago."

Challenge at the Bridge

The one-wagon-wide wooden bridge is flanked by enclosed three-storey timber towers on each side of the river. Each tower door is guarded by two zombies armed with spears. The top floor of the tower is open, and is manned by one crossbow-armed guard. The spears are for show; the local undead generally don't know how to handle weapons unless they had such skills in life.



The smell is quite distinctive. The undead of Bolgasgrad are treated with a varnish-like preservative that is moderately successful. The mixed aroma of this and decaying flesh is overpowering at first, but one soon becomes accustomed to it. Thereafter, there may be bad moments when the smell is accentuated by wind currents or a particularly ripe corpse, but the PCs are more or less unaffected, if constantly aware of the odour.

The PCs are met at the bridge by Katya Villanova, the equivalent of a customs/border inspector. In good weather, she is lounging in the sun; in poor weather, she sits at a table under a wooden porch or huddles in warm furs inside the tower. In her late twenties, she is of medium height, solidly built but not quite plump. Her strong, bony face is framed with a square-cut, shoulder-length mane of black hair, topped by a circular fur hat with a brass badge bearing the town's crest of a bear holding a log.

"Welcome to Bolgasgrad. Your papers, please?" (studies them casually) "Ah. Citizens of The Empire. You are aware that Bolgasgrad is a free city, with its own laws? Good. Most of our laws are identical to the Tsar's laws. We respect your status as Imperial citizens; you'll find life here is pretty much like outland Imperial colonies..." (*smiles*) "only better, of course. But a few warnings are in order:

"The laws against disturbing the dead have been extended to protect the animated dead that guard our town and perform other useful tasks. It is a crime to interfere with them. If you have strong feelings about necromancy, it is best that you keep them to yourself. There's no law against free discussion, but the people of Bolgasgrad have had enough of preaching from outsiders.

"The only temple here is that of the Ancient Allies, but you are free to practice your own faith in private. You're welcome to visit the temple, but we expect you to abide by the restrictions it places on non-believers.

"All are welcome in Bolgasgrad for one week. You will report to me each day, either here at the bridge, or after dinner at the Prince's house. For a longer stay, you will need the Prince's permission; appointments are arranged through me.

"You'll find that the citizens of Bolgasgrad are proud of their town, and interested in keeping it clean and quiet. This badge" - (*points at hat*) - "means that I am an officer of the town militia; our duty is to keep the town as the citizens like it. Anyone wearing this badge is entitled to the full co-operation of all citizens and visitors.

"I have to make certain things clear because of the circumstances. I hope you do not feel intimidated or insulted. If you are courteous and civil guests, you will find Bolgasgrad an excellent host. There are no taxes or tolls on entering. Enjoy your stay."

Katya is friendly and helpful provided the PCs don't preach or complain. She can tell them where to find any shop or service in the town, and offers diplomatic but fair assessments of places to stay. If the PCs are pleasant, she will share local gossip, but will not mention anything that might put the town in an unfavourable light or be used against it - such as Alexis II's illness or Alexis III's eccentricity. She praises the Chokins, Father Barismann, the other brothers of the Ancient Allies and their supporters for making Bolgasgrad the safest and most prosperous settlement in Kislev. She knows Julius Olvaga - "Lovely old fellow, but quite ill, I'm afraid. His sister's looking after him, but they say he'll not survive the winter."

THE TOWN OF BOLGASGRAD

The notes on Bolgasgrad are not exhaustive, since we don't intend this to be a 'town adventure' in the same way as *Shadows over Bögenhafen* or *Power Behind the Throne*. However, they should be sufficient for you not to be caught off-guard if the PCs decide to explore or turn the place upside-down in a misguided search for something or other. And, of course, there's nothing to stop you putting in some extra work and covering the town in super-detail.

We have also included some sample encounters, exploiting the novel effect of a town where zombies walking around is the normal state of affairs. Feel free to amend or ignore these, and to come up with your own. This is a unique opportunity for the PCs to learn about undead without having to fight for their lives all the time. Make the most of it.

BOLGASGRAD

This section details several locations of interest and importance in the town. The numbers refer to the GM's town map (p83).

1. THE PRINCE'S MANOR

Set in extensive walled grounds, this imposing two-storey building stands on the eastern hill. The gatehouse is manned day and night by four of the town's militia, and strangers will not be admitted unless they are accompanied by Katya Villanova (see p81)

Prince Alexis II lives here with his wife, her sister, and seven servants. All the residents here are well-versed in the *Etiquette* skill, and characters without this skill may have to make frequent *Fel* tests when dealing with them. The Prince is more tolerant and worldly than the others, and will have more patience with outsiders and members of the lower orders - although this patience is not limitless.

Sneaking around the manor looking for clues is not a good idea. Even if the PCs manage to avoid the ever-watchful servants, there are no clues here. All records, documents and other clues relating to recent events are stored in the temple. Of course, the PCs don't know this, so they will be quite likely to try some subtle (or not-so-subtle) investigation.

If you are a really cruel GM, tell any players characters sneaking round the place, to search the room you are playing in, letting them think that this is a staging trick to lend a bit of live, real-world action to the adventure. It is, really, just that. There are no clues, and the player is looking for them. When he comes back empty-handed, tell him that his PC comes back empty-handed as well. *Never* let on what you're really doing; players can sometimes get upset at this kind of trick, and once you've explained it, you'll never be able to use it again.

Prince Alexis II is a spry-looking, alert 86-year-old whose demeanour gives no hint of the fact that he is suffering from a terminal disease. The doctor (see 6 below) is a notorious blabbermouth, and everyone in town knows, but no-one would tell a stranger.

The Prince has been educated as an engineer, and is skilled with firearms - he owns two pistols. As a charter member of the Conventicle, he knows all its secrets, and the identities of the other members, but he would never reveal a thing to an outsider. He does not lie; he simply says, "It would be



Alexis Chokin II, Prince of Bolgasgrad

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	4	4	9	50	1	49	49	29	39	39	39

Skills

Blather, Charm, Engineer, Etiquette, Heraldry, Luck, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride - horse, Specialist Weapon - fencing sword, Specialist Weapon - firearms, Wit.

Possessions

2 pistols, fencing sword, dagger, the full resources of Bolgasgrad.

The Ladies - Princess Annya Dobryovna-Chokin and Countess Magda Dobryovna

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	20	25	3	3	7	40	1	39	40	29	35	29	43

Skills

Charm, Etiquette, Heraldry, Luck, Read/Write, Wit.

Possessions

As GM chooses.

The Servants - Ilya Broninko, butler, Olga Bortschova, cook, Katya Balyenka, ladies' maid, plus four scullions

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	3	8	35	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills

As appropriate.

Possessions

As GM chooses.

improper for me to discuss these matters with you," or "Without a fuller knowledge of the subject, I cannot comment," and that's that.

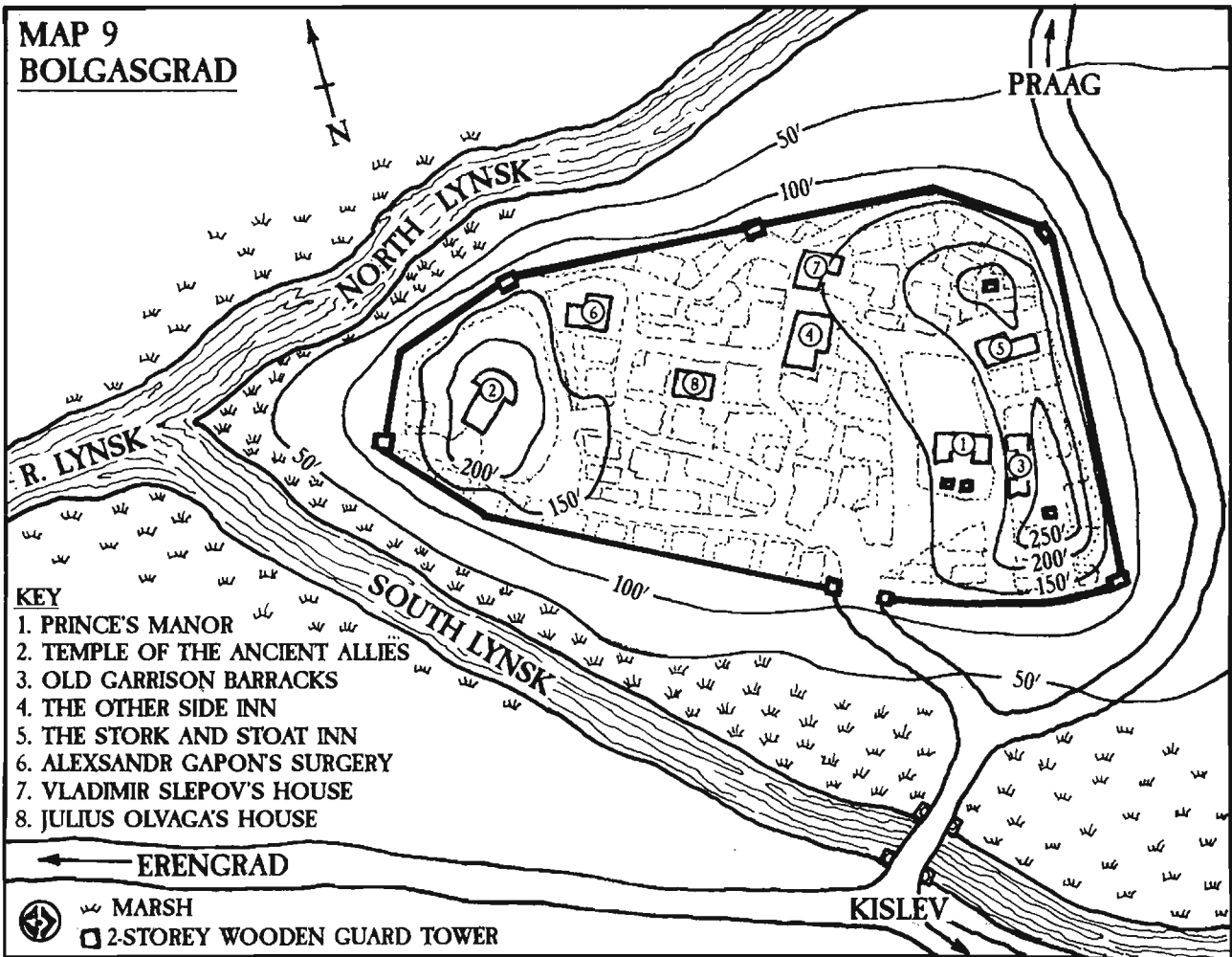
The other members of the household (Alexis' wife, sister-in-law, and servants) are normal gossips, but they know nothing of significance. They will not discuss the cult of the Ancient Allies, and wouldn't breathe a word that might hurt the Prince or Bolgasgrad.



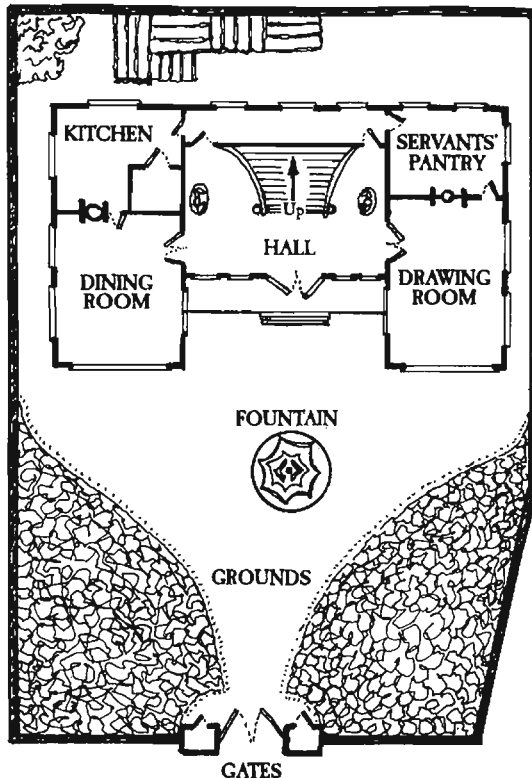
2. THE TEMPLE OF ANCIENT ALLIES

This is the key location for the adventure. See p89 for detailed notes.

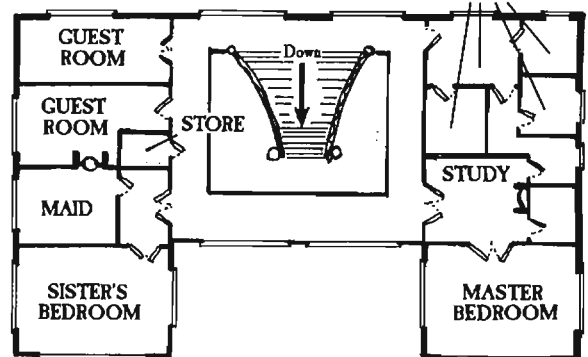
MAP 9 BOLGASGRAD



GROUND LEVEL



UPPER LEVEL



⊕ LOCATION 1 : THE PRINCE'S MANOR

3. THE OLD GARRISON BARRACKS

This single-storey stone building used to house the town's garrison before it was withdrawn by the Tsar. After the secession, it was refurbished as the Militia barracks and offices for the small staff of town officials - the clerk, the bailiff, and the Militia Captain.

Enquiries here may arouse suspicion, but will achieve nothing else - the Militia as a whole is as tight-lipped as Katya Villanova (p81). Searching the barracks will be extremely difficult; a successful search might turn up a few records, but they will be so sketchy as to be utterly useless.

The PCs might find the cellar, which is hewn out of the sandstone. Its coolness and even temperature make it ideal for storing zombies, and a reserve of fifty or so is kept here in case of emergency. Some are in near-perfect condition, while others are damaged and crudely repaired. Stacked close together like shop-window dummies, they are animated but inactive, awaiting orders. They will react if the PCs try to destroy them, however, and will grapple their attackers (use the rules on p61) and deliver them upstairs to the Militia.

If the authorities find it necessary to lock the PCs up, this cellar will be their prison. If this happens, the PCs must escape, or the adventure will bog down. Not only that, but after their escape they must make straight for the Temple of the Ancient Allies to avoid further run-ins with the people and authorities of Bolgasgrad; these may well be fatal,

second time around. If the PCs have trouble at this point, Vladimir Slepov (see 7 below) can be used as an NPC ally to help them escape or point them at the temple.

The Captain of the Militia is Grigor Kyriakin, a small, wiry man with an air of constant alertness. Like all the town Militia, he is a member of the cult of the Ancient Allies, and will say nothing to an outsider which might be used against the cult, the town or the Prince.

4. THE OTHER SIDE

Most of the townspeople have had the obscure reference of the inn's name explained to them, and not all of them think it is in good taste. That is hardly surprising, since the innkeeper, Mikhail Naryshkin, is seldom considered a person of good taste.

Mikhail, a stocky man with a bald head, small, twinkling black eyes and a black walrus moustache, is one of those Bolgasgradniks who see the walking dead as a subject for black humour. Mikhail has an undead barman and an undead cook. Neither is particularly proficient, but they certainly provide a novel experience for visitors, especially when Mikhail gleefully offers 'a stiff drink'. Some visitors are offended and leave immediately, but those who remain seem to enjoy Mikhail's bizarre sense of humour.

Otherwise, this is an undistinguished inn. The food is so-so at best, and the rooms are ill-kept and barely hygienic.

Like most of the other townspeople, Mikhail is a member of the cult of the Ancient Allies, and while he is always friendly and ready to gossip, he will not say anything to the detriment of the town, the cult or the use of undead. In fact, if given the chance he will wax quite effusive about undead labour - at least partly because it gives him the chance to use some of his favourite jokes. For example:

"Wouldn't be without them. Dead useful." (*chuckle*) "A bit on the slow side, of course. Not a lot of sparkle. A very grave demeanour." (*chuckle*) "What d'ye think of Bolgasgrad, then? Bit quieter than the big city, eh? Bit of a dead and alive hole!" (*chuckle - bellows at barman*) "C'mon Grandad, look alive!" (*guffaw*) "Tried 'im cleaning the floors once, but he kept kicking the bucket!" (*guffaw, knee-slap, falls off chair*)

Play Mikhail for all he's worth - no good at all as a source of information, but strangely fascinating for his complete lack of taste and his appalling sense of humour. Prepare a few more tasteless jokes in advance, and when you run out, keep repeating them. Mikhail does.

No NPC details are given here, but if you need them, Mikhail has a standard Human profile with a selection of skills like *Blather*, *Brewing*, *Comedian*, *Evaluate* and anything else you think reasonable.

5. THE STORK AND STOAT

The nicely-painted sign with a rampant stork standing over a stoat on its hind legs is a hint of the inn's quality. Innkeeper Daryenka Alendrova and her plain but cheerful daughters are fine cooks and housekeepers. All are members of the Ancient Allies cult.

The girls are a bit less guarded with their gossip than most townsfolk, particularly when dazzled by the attentions of dashing foreigners. They might let slip that folks think the eccentric Alexis III may have been 'put away' by his father, or speculate about the daemons rumoured to provide the magical power to fuel the army of walking dead. Most of this is fanciful rubbish - they would never reveal anything they thought was *true*, for fear of breaking their oaths and being punished by the oath curse. And if any of the male PCs are considering being cads, Mother Daryenka has a strong right arm and would cheerfully beat such types to death with a skillet.

No NPC details are given here, but if you need them, all three ladies have standard Human profiles with a selection of skills as you see fit.

Grigor Kyriakin - Militia Captain

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	53	45	4	4	11	56	2	39	45	40	37	41	35

Skills

Disarm, Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun.

Possessions

Bastard Sword, Dagger, Shield (1 AP, all locations), Sleeved mail shirt (1 AP, body/arms), Helmet (1 AP, head).

Typical Militia Officer

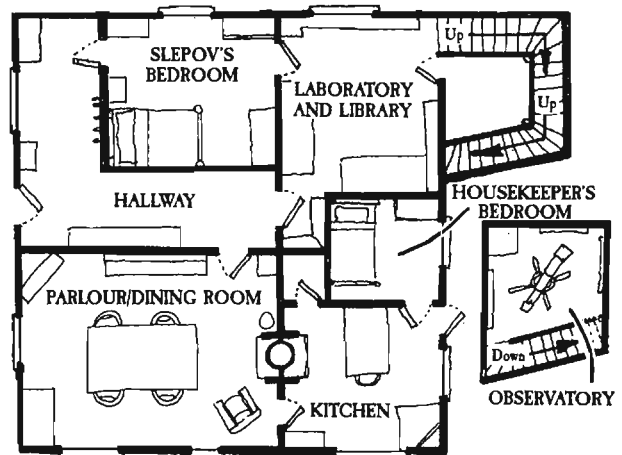
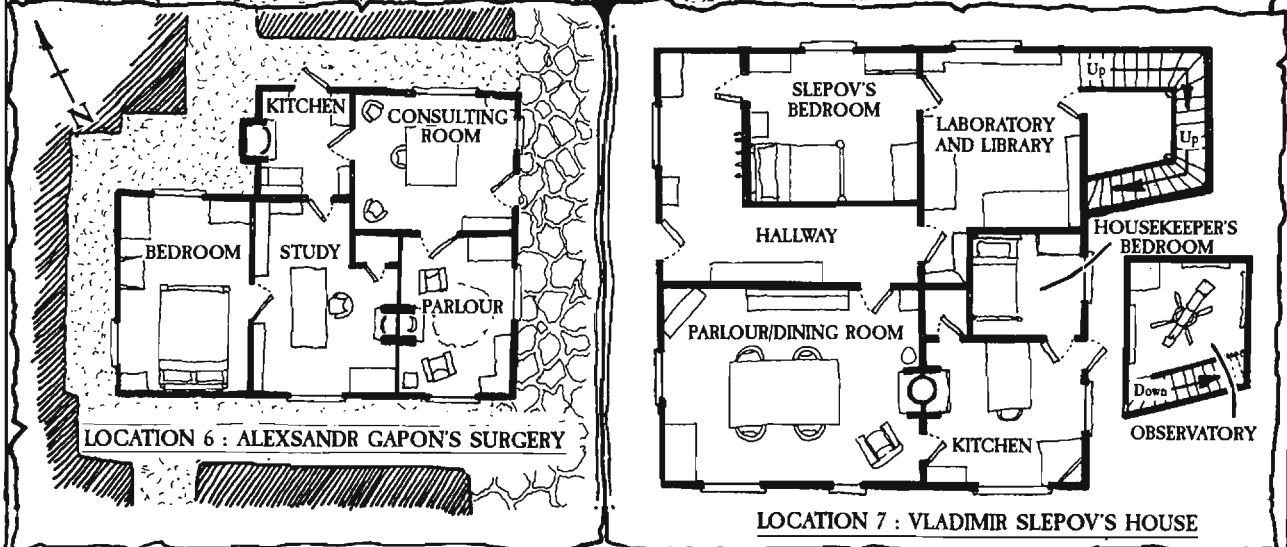
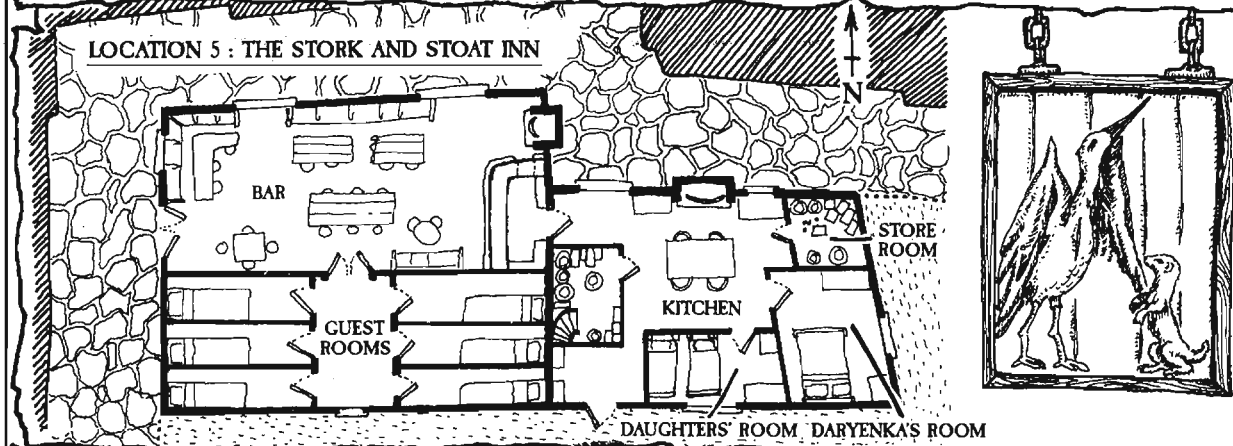
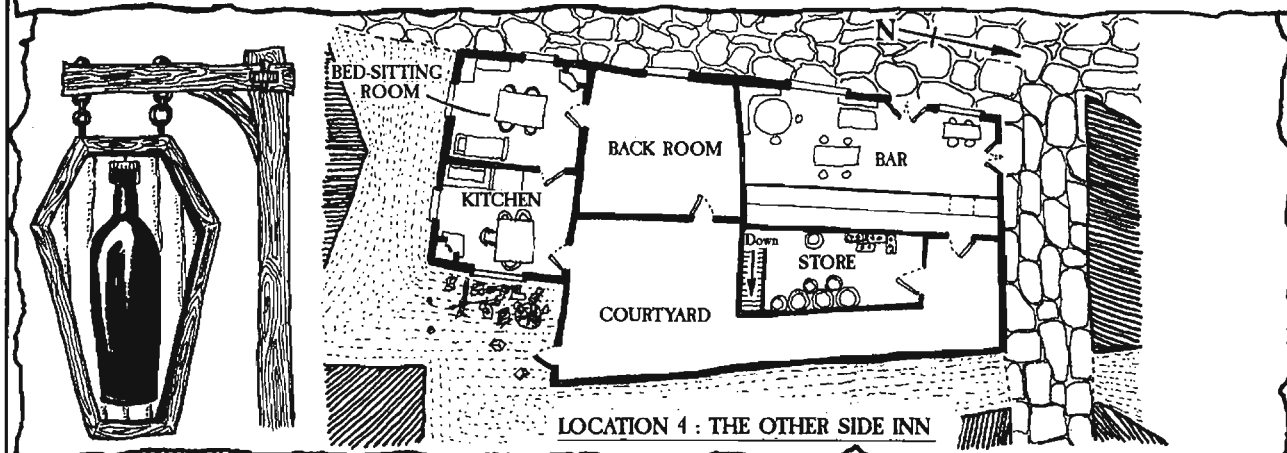
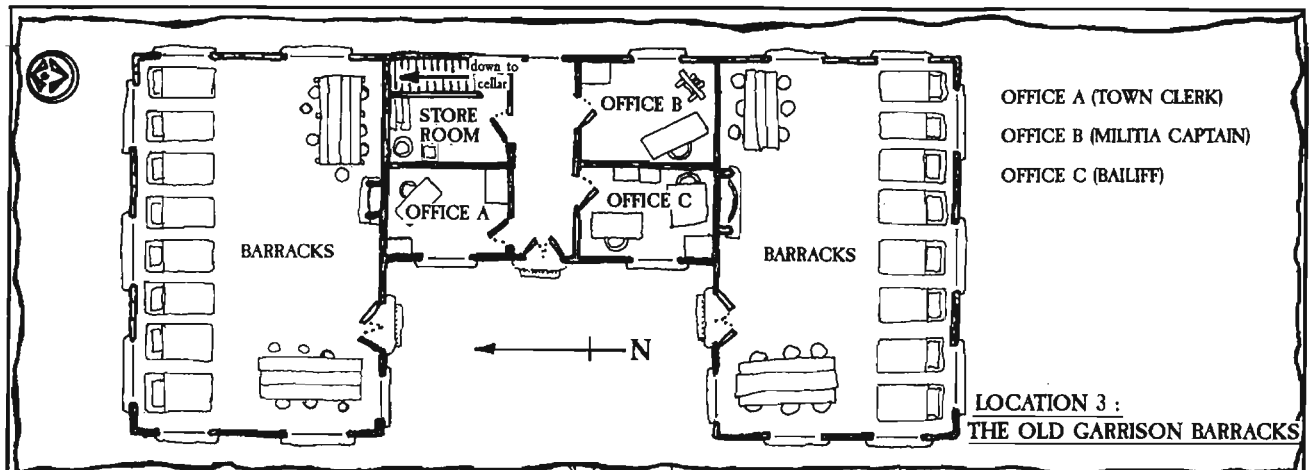
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	4	3	9	40	2	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills

Dodge Blow, Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions

Spear, Hand Weapon, Sleeved mail shirt (1 AP, body/arms), Helmet (1 AP, head).



LOCATION 7 : VLADIMIR SLEPOV'S HOUSE



6. THE PHYSICIAN

Aleksandr Gapon is the local vet and zombie repairman as well as the only doctor. He's good enough by rural standards, and pleasant-natured.

Alex is in his fifties, slightly below medium height, and of medium-heavy build. He has shortish grey hair and a neatly-trimmed moustache. When the PCs arrive, he has a zombie with a shattered leg laid out on the table, and is experimenting with splints, wire and bolts, trying to get the deader back in working order.

Alex is quite happy to chat to the PCs as he works, mainly about the fascinating opportunities his work with zombies has given him. He has an exceptional practical knowledge of mechanical anatomy now - "One day I'll write it all

up in a book - could be invaluable to physicians everywhere."

Alex may comment as follows on the health of these citizens:

Alexis II: "Fit as a fiddle - for such an old man, of course. Got quite a few years left in him, if he takes care of himself." (*a lie to protect Alexis and the town*).

Alexis III: "Haven't seen him since he took his vows and retired to the temple. Nothing wrong, I'm sure, or I'd have heard." (*Mostly true, though it glosses over his suspicions about Alexis III's mental health*).

Julius Olvaga: "Some kind of seizure, I think. Hard to tell. He's in a bad way. I can seldom make out what he's saying, if he's saying anything at all. Could hang on a bit, or go tomorrow. You never really know in these cases."

Aleksandr Gapon - Physician

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Rel
4	33	25	3	3	7	30	1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills

Animal Care, Carpentry, Cure Disease, Heal Wounds, Manufacture Drugs, Prepare Poisons, Read/Write, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Surgery.

Possessions

Medical Instruments.

7. VLADIMIR SLEPOV, WIZARD AND DIVINER

Slightly larger than the other houses of the town, Vladimir's residence is distinguished by the small tower which has been built onto one side. Vladimir is a rangy, hawk-featured man in his forties, with long, straight black hair and penetrating dark eyes. His moustache is very long and straight, the ends reaching a few inches below his chin, which lends him an almost oriental appearance.

Vladimir receives a handsome fee for his services as the magical arm of the town's defences, and supplements his income with a little fortune telling, insomnia treatments (*Sleep* spell) and other magical odd jobs. This leaves him ample time for his studies and experiments, but he feels somewhat in the shadow of the power that provides the town with its undead troops.

Vladimir is one of the few residents who do not belong to the cult of the Ancient Allies - 'Never have anything to do with an oath curse, Vladimir,' my old teacher said. 'Tricky business, a lot of fiddling and interpretation.' Besides, cults and gods - you never know when priests are putting words in their mouths to suit their own purposes.'

Vladimir, a very modern thinker, thoroughly approves of Bolgasgrad's posture on politics and necromancy. "The Tsar says look after yourselves - fine, but we'll do it our way and he can't change his mind later. Besides, the priesthood - they preach against Chaos, but what real effect have they had over the centuries? No, we need some fresh thinking. Their solutions have failed - they should stand aside with good grace and allow other avenues to be explored." The Historical Extracts (in *Handout 8*) fit in with his attitudes on the situation.

"Would I practice necromancy myself? Not without proper training. And the priesthood has driven that underground very effectively. Result - a small number of half-trained deviants with only half an idea of what they're at, running around causing all sorts of grief. Which reinforces the association of necromancy with evil, which drives it further underground. The whole thing feeds off itself. I thought about joining the Ancient Allies cult, just for the training possibilities - there's a very gifted necromancer in there somewhere. But they insist on this oath curse before you even find out what you're getting into. I'm not going into it blind - would you?"

Vladimir has made an extensive study of the undead of Bolgasgrad, and can fill the PCs in on any details they may have missed if they express an interest.

Vladimir Slepov - level 2 Wizard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Id	Int	Cl	WP	Rel
4	36	32	3	4	11	48	1	46	37	48	41	45	32

Skills

Arcane Language - Magick, Cast Spells - Petty, Battle 1-2, Divination, Evaluate, Herb Lore, Identify Plants, Magical Sense, Magical Awareness, Meditation, Rune Lore, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical.

Possessions

Working laboratory, Spell components for D10 castings of each spell known, Spell Book (see below), Scroll - *Flight*, Potion of Water Walking (2 doses), Amulet of Thrice-Blessed Copper, Sword, +3 damage, bane weapon (Elves), Jewel of Power - *Become Ethereal*, Wand of Jade.

Magic Points: 27

Spells Known

Curse, Gift of Tongues, Glowing Light, Magic Alarm, Magic Lock, Marsh Lights, Produce Small Creature, Protection from Rain, Reinforce Door, Remove Curse, Sleep, Sounds, Zone of Cold, Zone of Silence, Zone of Warmth, Aura of Resistance, Cause Antimosity, Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball, Flight, Hammerband, Steal Mind, Strength of Combat, Aura of Protection, Cause Frenzy, Cause Hatred, Cause Panic, Hold Flight, Lightning Bolt, Zone of Sanctuary, Zone of Steadfastness.

Vladimir is also very interested in the PCs. Before they leave, he will find some excuse to step into the back room for a minute - "Got a potion on the back burner... I'll be right back." Then he will use his *Magical Awareness* skill to find out if there are any spellcasters or magical devices in the group.

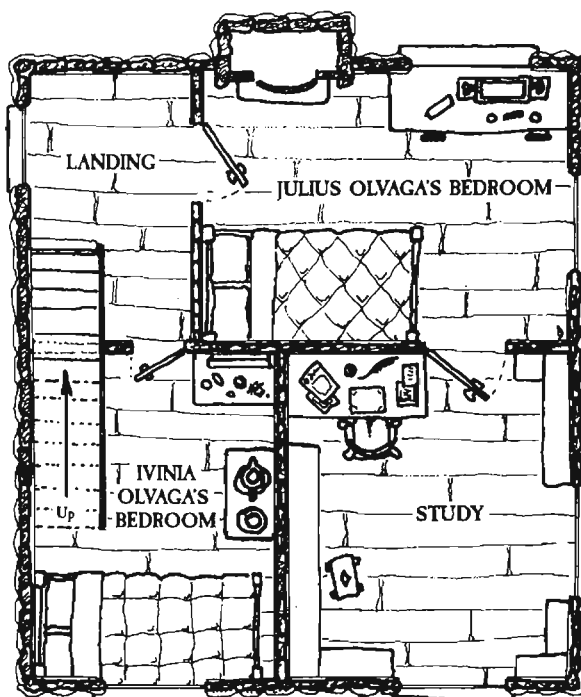
Vladimir can be a very useful NPC later on, challenging the PCs, telling them that he knows they're not what they claim to be, and demanding to be cut in on the deal. If the PCs get locked up, he can spring them, and if they need a shove in the direction of the temple of the Ancient Allies, he can provide it.

Vladimir would also make a suitable player character replacement or supplementary NPC. He won't approve of the party's motives or politics, but he is obsessed with curiosity about the magic behind the cult and the walking dead, and the possibility of necromancy without evil. And, of course, he would not be averse to acquiring any magical hardware that might be lying about - the necromancer's spell books, for example.

Vladimir may also be persuaded to let spellcasters learn spells from his book, sell spell ingredients, sell or trade magical items, and so on. He will make sure never to come off worst from any deal.



GROUND FLOOR



UPPER FLOOR

LOCATION 8

JULIUS OLVAGA'S HOUSE



8. JULIUS OLVAGA, TSAR'S AGENT

This is a typical example of the smaller cottages which make up the bulk of the town's buildings. Julius Olvaga came to Bolgasgrad 50 years ago as a clerk for a fur merchant. Since Julius' hobbies were history and languages, the temple authorities of Ulric and Taal-Rhya were happy to have this dull but hard-working layman spend time in the temple library. In time, he was generally acknowledged as the chief authority on the temple's collections of religious texts and historical records.

When the state cults were renounced, Julius was given the choice of joining the new cult of the Ancient Allies or being forever banned from the library he had grown to think of as his own. Despite deep personal misgivings, he became a member of the Ancient Allies cult.

Julius confessed his misgivings in a letter to an old friend living in the capital. After high-level deliberations in the government and priesthood, he was contacted by one of the Tsar's secret agents and persuaded to act as an informer. Fearful of the curse attached to Ancient Allies' oath, he revealed none of their secrets, but he has otherwise been an excellent source of information.

Several years ago, the elderly Julius, anticipating his death from old age, decided to prepare a complete report on the Ancient Allies cult, to be sent after his death when the oath curse could no longer hurt him. He began preparing a detailed map of the temple, working on it alone, at home, late at night. Three months ago, while walking back from the temple to the cottage he shares with his sister, Julius suffered a massive seizure. Aleksandr Gapon, the town doctor (see 6 above) examined him, but was unable to provide any cure for his condition. Since then, Olvaga has been little more than a vegetable, lying in bed unable to move or speak.

OTHER LOCATIONS

It is quite conceivable that the PCs will wander around Bolgasgrad in search of specialist goods or services. The following craftsmen are available in Bolgasgrad. They generally live in quarters above their shops or workshops. Other services and craftsmen might be available, at your discretion.

One brewer; one carpenter/builder and apprentice; one boat-builder; two fishermen, with rowing boats; three fur buyers (merchants), all from Kislev; one tailor; one horsebreaker-cum-blacksmith, with a forge, a small stable and an apprentice.

OLVAGA AND THE MAP

Whatever else the PCs might decide to do in Bolgasgrad, they must obtain the map of the temple of the Ancient Allies which Julius Olvaga has started to prepare (*Handout 9*). This is in his house and the PCs' instructions to find out what has happened to Olvaga should encourage them to visit him.

Here are a few things to bear in mind:

1. Olvaga's sister Ivinia does not know that he has been reporting on events in the town or making a map of the temple, but she noticed that he had been working on something private just before the seizure. She doesn't know what it is or where it is. Suspicious of strangers and protective of Julius, she'd never mention this to strangers unless their cover story were particularly clever. For example, "We're friends of Julius' from the old days in Kislev. He said he had something important to show us when we came to visit. Do you know anything about it?"

2. Olvaga's brains are scrambled. Magical attempts to read his mind will yield results like a television tuned to a dead channel - white noise, the occasional snatch of drowned-out gobbledigook, and random patterns in white, grey and more white.

3. One version of events is detailed below, where the PCs get the map with Olvaga's help. You don't need to do things this way; if they want to search the house, they can find the map for themselves.

4. Profiles and other details shouldn't be necessary for Olvaga and his sister. If you need them, use the standard Human profile, giving them any skills you think are appropriate. You might like to reduce the profile slightly to reflect their age and infirmity.

GETTING THE MAP

There are various ways in which the PCs can handle this situation:

Open Visit

If the PCs visit Olvaga's house openly, Ivinia comes to the door. The PCs should have devised some excuse to see Julius. If she is convinced, Ivinia takes them upstairs and stays with them while they try to talk to Julius. Julius is moaning quietly to himself, and a *Listen* test (30% for a *soft* noise) is necessary to make out what he is saying.

Among various incoherent ramblings, it is possible to make out snatches of sense: "Uhhh... passages... secret passages... false closet... robes... where's my map?... wall... not right, not right." Ivinia becomes afraid that Julius will reveal something about the Ancient Allies cult and bring the oath curse down on himself, so she immediately tries to hustle the PCs out of the room.

If the PCs resist, Ivinia screams for help. A couple of neighbours (unarmed standard Humans) come to investigate in a minute (6 rounds); in two minutes an armed Militiaman arrives. The PCs are firmly told to leave the house immediately.

If they leave, the PCs' reputations are ruined in Bolgasgrad ("Terrorising old Ivinia? What cowardly thugs!"), and the only inn that will take them is the Other Side (4).

If they refuse to leave, things become serious. Militia reinforcements arrive, with Vladimir Slepov (7) and a squad of zombies, and a mob gathers. It may take a while, but with these odds it's only a matter of time before the PCs are dead, imprisoned in the old barracks (3) or chased out of town as outlaws. Imprisonment is by far the most preferable of these options; either encourage the PCs to surrender by stressing the size of the mob, or have them fight down to zero *Wounds*, spend a Fate Point, and regain consciousness in the old barracks. From here, the only way to continue the adventure is for the PCs to escape from imprisonment and go straight for the temple.

The best that the PCs can hope to get from an open visit is an idea of the layout of the house; they will have to work harder than that for the map.

On the other hand, if you want to cut the business in the town down to a minimum and get on to the action adventure in the temple of the Ancient Allies as soon as possible, then you could maybe let Ivinia know of the map's whereabouts (but not what it is), and give it to the PCs if they can convince her that this is what Julius intended. Completely up to you - you bought the book, you do what you like with it.

Breaking In

After a polite but frustrating first visit, the PCs may resort to breaking and entering, or they may take it as a first option. In either case, you can make it hard or easy for them as you prefer.

If you want to streamline the town business and get on with the adventure in the temple, then Ivinia is off at the town market getting some fresh vegetables, the house is not locked, the neighbours are looking the other way, and the map is easy to find.

If you want to make the players work for it, then Ivinia never leaves the house (kind neighbours do all the shopping for her), the doors and windows are all bolted from the inside, and the map is concealed under the mattress of Julius' bed.

A compromise between hard and easy might make it challenging to break into the house, but when the PCs enter Olvaga's room, he seems to recognise them, and reaches weakly towards them.

"The map..." he murmurs, "Under the mattress.... must get the map to Kislev..." Then, whether from the effort of speaking or because of the oath curse, he expires.

Ignoring Olvaga

If the PCs fail to visit Olvaga, or if they fail to follow up with a search of his house after visiting, Olvaga comes to them to deliver the map. Sure, the seizure's made him little more than a vegetable, but we can get him on his feet for one last big scene. Play this big-bulging eyes, mouth slackly open, stiff limbs and everything.

Julius appears at the inn (or wherever the PCs are staying), barefoot, dazed, dressed in his nightshirt and clutching a rolled-up parchment. Perhaps he manages to wander up to a PC's room while the other occupants of the inn are busy, or perhaps he totters over to them in the middle of the evening meal, with several other guests as witnesses. Perhaps no-one notices, mistaking him for a zombie.

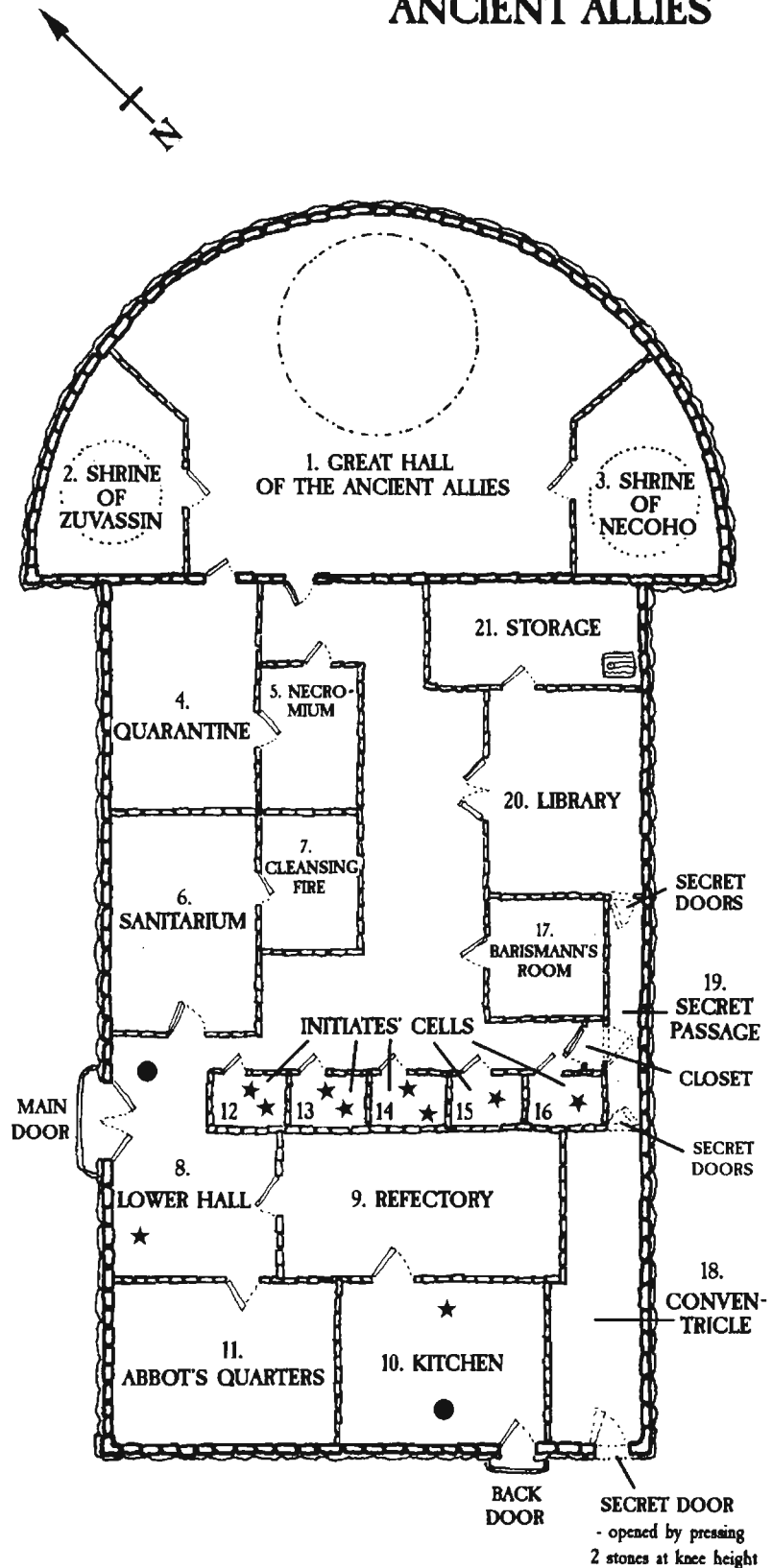
Olvaga holds out the rolled-up map, mumbling incoherently. Then he keels over.

If there are no witnesses, the PCs can ditch the body and look innocent if anyone questions them.

If there are witnesses, the PCs will have to hide the map quickly, convince the witnesses that there was no parchment, and persuade them that Olvaga had no special reason for dropping dead on top of them. This won't be easy, so give the players the benefit of any doubt. After all, no-one in Bolgasgrad knows that Julius is a spy or that the PCs are his contacts. On the other hand, if the players insist on being clumsy about things, or if they are good at fast talking, you might want to make them sweat a little. But you should make sure that, one way or the other, they get the map. They will need it for the adventure in the temple.

If the PCs are caught with the map, the locals realise that espionage is afoot, the Militia and a squad of zombies are summoned, and the party are politely but firmly taken to the old barracks for questioning.

MAP 10: THE TEMPLE OF THE ANCIENT ALLIES



★ = INITIATE
● = ZOMBIE GUARD



THE TEMPLE OF THE ANCIENT ALLIES

By now, the PCs should have done a little basic scouting, and found out that no-one talks to strangers about the cult of the Ancient Allies. They should have come to the conclusion that the only way to find out about the cult of the Ancient Allies is to get inside the temple. To help them in this, they should also have acquired a partial map of the temple from Julius Olvaga.

GETTING INTO THE TEMPLE

Getting into the temple of the Ancient Allies is easy. They welcome visitors, and even provide a limited amount of guest accommodation, as Brother Stefan pointed out back in the capital. Leonid Barismann, a leading priest of the cult, will be happy to talk to the PCs and tell them anything they want to know.

However, non-members are not allowed in the inner parts of the temple, and they are not allowed to be present when services are in progress. And Barismann will be very selective about the kind of information that he passes on to non-members. So in order to gain any useful information about the cult and the temple, the PCs will have to do one of two things: either join the cult, or break into the inner temple. Both these options are dealt with below.

Leonid Barismann (p119)

Barismann is in his early fifties, a tall and strongly-built man with bushy grey hair, an impressive beard and startlingly blue eyes. He is always pleasant and courteous, and is happy to talk to newcomers about Bolgasgrad and the cult of the Ancient Allies. However, the information he will give is limited to that given below; if the PCs ask more probing questions, he will reply simply that they can find out more by joining the cult, which always welcomes new members.

The History of Bolgasgrad

'As far as I'm aware, the site goes back about six hundred years - there was an old trading post, which gradually expanded into the current town. There used to be a hermitage of Shallya on the site of the temple - it grew into a shrine and hospital over time, and some of the older parts of the temple are the remains of those buildings.

"Then there was the great Incursion of Chaos two hundred years ago. Some buildings were left standing, but the town was abandoned for about a century.

"Just over a hundred years ago, Prince Alexis Chokin I was put in charge of establishing a fort here under the Tsar's Chaos Forts policy. The colony was re-established, and the shrine to Shallya was rebuilt. It seems that it couldn't be re-occupied, though, because followers of Shallya who stayed on the site experienced terrible dreams. The cults of Ulric and Taa-Rhya were successfully re-established, though.

"In 2451, the Tsar withdrew the garrison, instructing us to look to our own defence. This was happening a lot. Like the other colonies, we protested. Like the other colonies, we were ignored. Alexis Chokin I, with his son and grandson Alexis II and III, looked into certain defensive measures, and - to cut a long story short - Bolgasgrad decided to go its own way. The state cults were renounced and replaced with the cult of the Ancient Allies. A few emissaries came with official protests and veiled threats, and we received them politely, listened politely and sent them politely back to the capital.

"There have been various threats since then, but so far no action. Which is fair enough - they told us to look after ourselves, and that's just what we're doing. They might not like *how* we're doing it, but that's not our problem. And what would they gain by sending an army here? Nothing but the weakening of their own forces and the destruction of a useful buffer.

"In 2488, Alexis III led an expedition across the river on a Chaos-hunt. Yes, he actually went out looking for them, which is more than the Tsar ever did. A stack of Beastman skulls was displayed in the town, as witnessed by a number of visiting merchants. Later, it came out that part of Alexis' force was undead. This caused a certain amount of confusion and worry - after all, it's a shock to find your Prince doing business with necromancers - but the people realised that he had their interests at heart. And it had *worked*.

"Also, we began to have a great deal of success in treating mutations among our people - again, something no-one had managed under the old regime.

"We know that a lot of outsiders don't like what we're doing. But it's working. And we were left to fend for ourselves - some would say we were abandoned - so really no-one can complain. Besides, while Bolgasgrad stands, then Kislev has a certain amount of protection from Chaos. People have a habit of forgetting that fact when it suits them.

"The cult of the Ancient Allies has done the people of Bolgasgrad far more good than the official cults ever did. Ha, ha, of course I'd say that - I *am* a cleric of the cult of the Ancient Allies, after all. But you've had time to form some impressions of the place, and you can judge for yourselves. The spiritual and practical support of the cult, and the daring and foresight of the Chokin princes, have kept us safe so far. Even allowed us to turn Chaos back, in our own small way. Given the choice between the way things are now and the way they were before, with the state cults preaching piety and patience as the Beastmen tore our heads off, I don't think it's surprising that our citizens are happy.

"If you really want to find out more, of course the cult of the Ancient Allies is always happy to receive new members."

Joining the Cult

It's quite possible that the PCs will try to bluff their way into the cult in order to get a look around the temple. They will be able to join the cult, sure enough, but things will not work out exactly as they planned. The cult has had enough time and experience to be on the lookout for infiltrators and to have developed means of dealing with them.

A PC who expresses an interest in joining the cult will be given a one-to-one interview by Leonid Barismann, usually the following day. Barismann explains about the oath of secrecy and the oath-curse, and tells the PC that there will be a further interview in two days' time, at which the candidate is given a truth potion and questioned about his motives for joining the cult.

Most characters will realise that they will never pass the interview, and will look for other ways to enter the temple. Some, however, may be rash enough to go through with the second interview. The truth potion compels the candidate to answer all questions with the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so the game will be up. It's up to you whether you simply say that the character has confessed to being a spy or whether you play the second interview out in full, asking questions as Barismann and giving the player a chance to answer - truthfully, mind you - for his character.

In theory, any character who is foolish enough to submit to the truth potion will not be able to help giving the game away. However, we all know that players - especially those who realise they are faced with a 'this is clearly impossible' statement - can be a fiendishly inventive lot. So we can't discount the possibility that a player will discover a hitherto unsuspected way of getting past this fail-safe system.



When the oath curse operates, the afflicted character suffers a sudden seizure. If you are dealing with minor NPCs, then they die. Eyes bulging, red-faced, thrashing and twitching at the feet of the PC who led them to break the oath. Wring out every bit of guilt you can.

When you're dealing with PCs and major NPCs who might be useful later on, then perhaps you ought to allow them some chance of survival. If you really, really want to. If you are feeling mean, have the character roll on the *Sudden Death Critical Table*, using a D6 to decide which column to use. Even if the character survives, he or she will be suffering the effects of a *Steal Mind* spell (with no *Magic* test), until a *Remove Curse* spell can be cast on him or her by a spellcaster of 4th level. If you are feeling lenient, you might simply smite the character with the *Steal Mind* effect and leave it at that. Either way, a character who survives the effects of the oath curse gains 2D6 Insanity Points from the experience, permanently.

Barismann can lift the curse from a surviving character automatically, but he'd need a very good reason, such as wanting to question the character. In such an event, the character would wake up in the Holding Cell (see *The Game is Up* above), the worse by 2D6 Insanity Points, disarmed and chained to the wall as Barismann begins his questioning. Eventually Barismann will go away, leaving the character in the cell, and escapes can be arranged to get the adventure back on track.

Forcing a Way In

This may not be the smart way to get into the temple, but it may be in character for your adventurers.

You'll have to play this one out as a standard roleplaying combat. Review the *Temple Defence Tactics Chart*, and be prepared to improvise responses if the PCs pull something wacky, like setting fire to the temple, or smashing a hole in a roof, or herding a crowd of local hostages in front of them.

Using their own resources well, taking full advantage of the element of surprise, and armed with Olvaga's map, an organised party has a good chance to blast their way past the undead and living guards and into the Catacombs.

A less well-organised party may be delayed long enough for Barismann, Alexis III and undead reinforcements to arrive - ten rounds after the first alarm is given. Such a conflict is likely to result in a stalemate, which will last at least the ten minutes necessary for the Militia and other townspeople will respond to the alarm. Then the PCs must either stage a fighting retreat, die fighting or be captured and imprisoned in the Holding Cell.

Of course, Barismann will be prepared for all the usual ruses. His eyes will not leave the character as he takes the potion; he will watch for the character to swallow and he will make sure that the goblet is empty before continuing. His scrutiny will prevent any attempts to switch the potion for something harmless. The character is not permitted a *Poison* test, and Immunity to Poison spells and skills will not reduce the potion's effects. Barismann will use his *Magical Sense* skill to determine whether the candidate is under any enchantment before the potion is administered, and this will detect things like pre-cast *Camouflage Illusion* spells. After the potion has been administered, he will use his *Magical Sense* skill to determine whether the candidate is indeed under the influence of the potion.

The Game is Up

If, as seems most likely, a character is revealed as a spy by the second interview, he is taken prisoner and locked up in Holding Cell in the Catacombs (see p 104). The Holding Cell is the standard place to send characters who have been caught sneaking into the temple, and the place from which they may be permitted to escape in order to continue the adventure.

Getting Away With It..?

In the unlikely event that a character manages to come through the second interview without revealing his or her true intentions, Barismann will administer the oath and bind it with the curse as usual. The character may have been able to fool Barismann, but fooling the curse is another matter, and it will take immediate effect. Once Barismann realises what has happened, the character will be taken to the Holding Cell as above.

The Oath Curse

Obviously, the Petty Magic spell *Curse* is going to be scant deterrent when it comes to an oath as weighty as this. And we've already seen what it might or might not have done to Julius Olvaga. So we need a special, custom-made curse here, something people can rightly be afraid of.

Now in a perfect world, you would never need to use the oath curse. We've already dealt with poor old Julius, and the other cult members are far too scared of the curse to even think about breaking their oath. This fear would even override all normal forms of magical compulsion. But it's not a perfect world, and there is always the ghost of a chance that you might need to invoke the curse after all.

The Temple Defence Tactics Chart (Defenders' Profiles on pp119-120)

	Arrival at Alarm Site	Tactics/Orders
Undead Guards (D4)	Immediate	Don't leave post without orders. Grab life and don't let it move.
Live Guards (D4)	Immediate	Don't leave post without orders. Sound alarm and attack intruders.
Undead Servants (10)	Roll D20: 1-3 - round 4 4-6 - round 6 7-20 - round 8	When summoned by an initiate, move to grab life and hold it.
Initiate 1	round 2	Go to alarm and summon undead servants.
Initiates 2-5	round 6	Follow abbot's orders.
Abbot	round 6	Improvise defence using initiates to command undead.
Barismann	round 10	Command undead bears; take charge of defence.
Undead Bears (2)	round 10	Rip life apart.
Alexis III	round 18	Leave undead reserve to block passage to Catacombs; wade into intruders and kill!
10 Undead Reserve	round 18	Grab life; keep it from moving past into Catacombs.

The abbot's official objective is to capture or kill any intruders, but he will be content to pin them down with zombies until Barismann and Alexis III arrive. If he is convinced that the temple is in real danger - for example, if the PCs waltz in and start throwing zombies around like daisies - he hesitates for two rounds, and then throws all his resources into the battle. The abbot's own most effective tactic is using his *Wind Blast* spell to delay and disorganise intruders.

None of the initiates has had any formal combat training, but they have all participated in Alexis III's Chaos-hunts, and they know how to command their undead to pin the enemy until the real force arrives (namely Barismann, the undead Bears and Alexis III). The Abbot may send initiates to the Shrine of Zuvassin to pray for a blessing - namely, a Daemon or two to protect his temple. This has a 1% chance of success per initiate (unless you decide otherwise, naturally...), and - if successful - it will provide a single Lesser Daemon (equal chance Khorne or Slaanesh), which will act as it sees fit in the defence of the temple.

Full details of the profiles and skills of the Temple's inhabitants can be found on pages 119-120. Detailed information about the Cult's two Renegade Chaos Gods (Zuvassin and Nechoho) appear on pages 97-98.

Ploys and Ruses

It is quite probable that the PCs will spend a lot of time thinking up fiendishly cunning tricks to get them into the Temple and/or the Catacombs without having to fight. It is even more probable that they will come up with some extremely obvious tricks.

Posing as a cult member is one possibility, but won't work because the members all know each other by sight. And disguising six people is much harder than disguising one.

Another approach might be to enter for a service, hoping to pass unnoticed in the crowd. There are only two services for lay members during the week. At noon on Festag, there is an hour-long service to Necoho. At midnight on Backertag is the much-less-popular service to Zuvassin. At the beginning and end of these services, the main entrance is open, but members come bareheaded, and initiates greet each member personally at the door.

A third alternative is to find some lay member who makes regular visits to the Temple, and work on a really good impersonation. There is only one such character - the surgeon Aleksandr Gapon (see p86), who comes once or twice a day to examine patients in the Sanitarium or make repairs on corpses in Quarantine. Impersonating such a

well-known member would be extremely difficult; he is nearly always accompanied by one or more initiates while within the Temple, and it will be obvious almost straight away if an imposter lacks his skills.

Local farmers and traders make regular visits to the kitchen door, but business is conducted outside. Other members may make occasional visits to see sick relatives and friends or to seek the counsel of the abbot or Barismann, but such visitors are always escorted by initiates or the abbot, who would be quick to notice any irregularities.

The Secret Door

If the PCs have Olvaga's map, this is the obvious way in. Though they don't know the route is unguarded, they will probably have realised that the secret door will give them access to the areas they are most interested in visiting - the library, and a likely entrance to the Dwarven Catacombs that Olvaga suspects lie under the temple.

Temple Security

The entrance and kitchen doors are kept locked and barred (T 4, D 10). A 6' x 6' shuttered window permits the guard to identify visitors, shining a lantern out if necessary. Visitors who are unwilling to show their faces clearly will arouse suspicion.

The guards are encouraged to check with the abbot if in doubt; they have been warned that magic and disguises may mask a visitor's identity. During the night, when visits are rare, guards are extremely cautious (+50 to *Observe* tests), but during the day they are more likely to accept appearances (no modifier).

If summoned to examine a visitor, the abbot asks questions that only the real person could answer (eg, "When was the last time you saw me?"). If still in doubt he summons Barismann, who uses his *Magical Sense* to check if any spells are operating.

If a visitor is found to be an imposter, the guard or the abbot stalls while Barismann is summoned. He then decides whether to take the visitor for interrogation, or whether to refuse entry and have a guard follow him and determine his identity.

The secret door to the Conventicle Chambers is locked by a massive bolt mechanism. To unlock the secret door, two stones six feet to the right of the door at knee height must be pressed simultaneously. The door and locking mechanism are rarely used, and there is a -50 penalty to spot footprints or other signs of use unless Olvaga's map is available; this has both door and mechanism clearly marked.

MAP KEY *(see Map 10)*

General Notes on the Temple

Characters who desecrate shrines, altars or magical vessels dedicated to Zuvassin (by vandalising the silver foil of the Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin in location 7, for example) are visited by a distinctly hostile Daemonette of Slaanesh. Zuvassin doesn't have many Daemons of his own, but he's talked a surprising array of other people's Daemons into working for him on an occasional basis.

Necoho, on the other hand, is not terribly upset when PCs desecrate his shrines or altars. He appears personally to the culprit:

"Hello there. Now, I must say you've put me in an interesting position here. Normally, nothing makes me happier than to see mortals running around desecrating altars and throwing temples down. After all, what is religion but a mechanism to oppress ordinary people, and thereby give priests a fat and easy living? What are deities, in that case, but patsies for their mortal priests? Sooner or later, you mortals are going to wise up and see that the whole business simply isn't worth it. And that day can't come soon enough, believe me.

"However, what to do when it's *my* altar that's desecrated? That's different. Well, as a Chaos God, I suppose I'm entitled to my little contradictions. And I had to put a lot of thought into that altar. It's been centuries - if not millennia - since I had to tell people what to put on an altar. Not that it matters in practical terms, but people are so disappointed if you don't give them a design you thought up yourself.

"Anyway, the long and the short of it is this; you have one week to build a suitable replacement for the sanctuary you ruined. I understand you may not have the skill or talent that went into the one you wrecked, but do your best. In one week, I'll come and have a look, and if I don't like what you've done, I'll peel you like an onion.

"Now you must understand, I'm not doing this out of spite. As I say, normally I'd applaud your action. But you know how it is - these people decided to worship me as part of the ...Old Friends? Ancient Allies, that's right, yes, thank you. So you see, I have to do this for *them*. Personally, I don't give a Nipponese coin with a hole in the middle, but you know how these things are. Or rather, you don't. I'm sure you'll take my word for it.

"See you soon. Try to take this in the proper spirit, and enjoy your work. Good luck."



Necoho is supremely calm and reasonable as he delivers this threat, and you should use his calm, friendly manner to unnerve players as much as you can. Actually, Necoho cares as little for his own sanctuaries as he does for those of other deities, and there is only a 10% chance that he'll bother to come and check that the work has been done. If anything has been done at all, the odds are he'll criticise it a little and then say that he supposes it will do; if nothing has been done, he might turn the PCs into earwigs - all the time explaining very reasonably that he doesn't really mind himself, and they must understand that he's not doing this for spite - or he might laugh out loud, congratulate them on not being bullied by a deity, and give them a blessing each. As GM, you should decide what he'll do, according to what you think would be most entertaining, and then roll a lot of dice secretly so the players are happy.

1. The Hall of the Ancient Allies

The hall is dominated by a great wooden dome, rising almost 90 feet above floor level; elsewhere, the ceiling is 35 feet high. Benches are arranged in a T-shape centred on the dome, beneath which stands the main altar.

The altar is shaped like an inverted V and decorated with simple geometric carvings and inlays, similar in design to those on the wooden altars of Ulric, Taal and Rhya in Kislevite temples, but simpler.

The dome is supported by sweeping arched beams of dark-stained, highly-polished wood. The dome itself is a hemisphere of louvered wood that permits sunlight and moonlight to filter down onto the altar.

Both the Festag noon service to Necoho and the Backertag midnight service to Zuvassin, as well as many of the private meditations of the temple's priests and initiates, take place in this hall.

Eavesdropping

Observers stationed on the roof near the domes might eavesdrop on a service. Of course, this won't be entirely without risk - any clumsiness in getting to or from the dome could result in a probably-fatal 30-yard fall, and at the very least will reveal the eavesdropper to the assembled faithful.

If a character does succeed in overhearing a service, and manages to get away undetected, the PCs may be able to work out the basic precepts of the Cult of the Ancient Allies. An *Int* test (+10 for *Theology* skill) will give the eavesdropper the information contained in *Handout 10*. Even if the test is failed, the character shouldn't go unrewarded for all that hard work and foolhardy courage - at least the names of the two deities and their basic doctrines might be discovered.

2. The Shrine of Zuvassin

This hall is a smaller version of the Great Hall. Under the dome is a sandstone altar, whose top is carved into Zuvassin's double-Y symbol. Each fork of the Y surrounds a depression cut into the sandstone - thereby rendering the symbol imperfect - each of which is stained dark with blood and ashes, where those warriors dedicated to Zuvassin burn trophies hacked from their Chaos victims in tribute to the Renegade God.

Though a number of cult members have made offerings of Chaos victims here to acknowledge the healing of loved ones stricken by Chaos plague, or to give thanks for good hunting on anti-Chaos expeditions, only Alexis III, a Chaos Warrior dedicated to Zuvassin, is a regular visitor to this shrine. Any person who stands before this altar, makes a token offering of his blood and pledges himself to serve Zuvassin and destroy Chaos may be accepted as a follower of Zuvassin. Even if not accepted as a follower, a sincere Chaos fighter may receive the blessing of Zuvassin (see p98).

3. The Shrine of Necoho

Like the shrine to Zuvassin, this hall is a smaller version of the Great Hall. There is no altar here, only a single octagonal block of wood under the dome, with the symbol of the star and crescent moon inlaid in silver.

Necoho only gives his blessings to those who mock the gods. Since such disrespectful treatment of the gods generally brings bad luck, Necoho doesn't have many dedicated followers. And that's just the way Necoho wants it.

But any person who's suffered at the hands of the righteous is likely to earn Necoho's sympathy. An appropriate blessing might be automatic success for one *Magic* test against any clerical magic effect, or automatic success in any *Fear* or *Terror* test induced by a divine or daemonic power.

The Hospital and Lower Hall

The massive sandstone walls of this building date back 400 years to the construction of the shrine and hospital of Shallya. The crudely-shaped stones of these walls contrast sharply with the more durable, finely-crafted stones used in the Temple Staff Quarters and the Library. Gutted by fire in the Chaos incursions two centuries ago, the roof and interior of the building were restored by Alexis I in the 2410's.

4. Quarantine

This chamber is painted white, and consists of a shelflike walkway around a rectangular central pit. The dead are brought here for animation; most are members of the cult, though a few corpses of travellers, adventurers, and superficially normal mutants, and occasional skeletons of older burials, are also raised and animated here.

Corpses suitable for raising as undead guardians range from the young but full-grown to elderly people in moderately good physical condition. The physically less capable - decrepit geriatrics, victims of wasting diseases, victims of violent death, and so on - are either animated as guardian reserves or stored as spirit power reservoirs.

The process of raising the dead follows the following sequence:

1. The corpse's spirit (or another suitable spirit) is magically summoned, then bound in. At this point, the corpse is technically a zombie.
2. The binding of the spirit to the corpse is strengthened and refined by enchantments, then linked to magical power sources with further enchantments.

3. The substance of the body is preserved with enchantments.

4. The contacts with the undead's controllers (clerics, wearers of the Militia emblems and other necromantic adepts) are strengthened and linked to sustaining magical power sources.

The procedure varies considerably in details and duration according to the condition of the corpse, the period of separation of the body from the spirit, whether the corpse's original spirit is available for the animation and other considerations. Generally, within two or three weeks, the undead guardian is ready for service.

When the PCs arrive, a middle-aged man (cause of death undetermined) and a young woman (drowning) are being raised. Both are animated. The man has proved to be a strong manipulator of spirit power, and is being given special attention to achieve the greatest exploitation of his potential. The young woman is not a pretty corpse, and the original spirit is resisting binding into its old body; apparently, her death was quite traumatic.

5. Necromium

The power source, governors and magical paraphernalia for producing Bolgasgrad's undead is located in this combination shrine and magical workshop. The principle source of power and enchantment is the altar-runestone. Blessed by Necoho and Zuvassin, and worked with Sulring Durgul's enchantments and rune inscriptions, this is a magical locus of exceptional power and complexity.

The altar-runestone is made of a substance resembling white marble with red and green impurities, but it is a liquid at room temperatures, and is held in shape by enchantments. Personnel are protected against accidental exposure to this substance by a durable force field. However, the force field only restrains organic material (like the PCs); metals, for example, go right through.



Anything that touches the altar-runestone itself is instantly transformed into pure magical energy. Most of this is absorbed by the stone, but a fraction is released as light. Viewers are instantly blinded; eyesight returns in a few minutes, but *Magical Sense* and *Magical Awareness* do not return to normal for hours. Characters may not be able to distinguish between magical and mundane objects, and may completely misinterpret the details and significance of the blurred and distorted impressions they receive.

The altar-runestone is magically engraved with an incredible profusion of runes and extensive inscriptions in Magick, Arcane Elf, an obscure form of Old World Classical and an unfamiliar language similar to Daemonic Magick. Characters with good memories or sketches may recognise several runes similar to those worked into the walls of Chernozavtra.

The Magick inscriptions include many Necromantic and Elemental spells, as well as dozens of other spells unfamiliar to the PCs, but phrased in a strange and unfamiliar way. The Arcane Elf inscriptions (other ancient Elven spells) cannot be read by the PCs. The obscure Old Worlde Classical dedicates the altar to Necoho and invokes his aid and protection for those employing the magicks in this room; PCs with *Secret Language - Classical* skill recognise the word 'Necoho' if they've seen or heard it before, and understand the basic purpose of the inscription. The language resembling Daemonic Magick is a form of Chaos tongue, and dedicates the altar to Zuvassin; PCs with *Arcane Language - Daemonic Magick* language skill understand this, but nothing of the details of the dedication.

A huge brazier stands to the right of the altar-runestone, burning brightly but without heat. An assortment of rounded, knobby metal bars shaped like flattened dumb-bells or bulbous spanners rest in the cold fire. The handles of these objects are worked with a variety of unfamiliar runes. These tools are used in the various rituals and procedures involved in raising, preserving and powering the undead. Though their purpose and function are obscure to the characters, any initiates could explain how they are used. Unless the tools are used in conjunction with the altar-runestone, as the initiates might further explain, they don't work - or they melt, or suck the magical energy from all magical items in a two-mile radius, or whatever strikes your fancy. PCs have more important things to do than fooling around with this stuff, so don't be afraid to make them pay for wasting time.

6. Sanitarium

This is a small hospital for cult members. Originally intended for the treatment of Chaos-derived mutations and diseases, it is also available for the victims of other afflictions when the surgeon feels that regular care and nursing is necessary. It is also used for patients recovering from the effects of the Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin (7).

Infants of cult members are brought to the temple, where the parent accepts the oath curse in the infant's name, thereby making the child a cult member. Then the child is brought before the Shrine of Zuvassin (3), where any taint of Chaos is revealed after a short ritual. If the child bears a Chaos taint, it is exposed to the Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin. Likewise, any member of the cult suspected of a Chaos-related mutation or disease is brought before the Shrine of Zuvassin, where the taint is revealed, then exposed to the Cleansing Fire.

At present, the Sanitarium is unoccupied.

7. The Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin

The door to this room is locked at all times. It has T 4, D 10.

The room is completely unlit - there are no windows, light slits or provisions for lamps or torches. Set in a stone plinth is what appears to be a giant barrel, seven feet deep and five feet wide. A wooden beam over the barrel carries a rope sling and winding mechanism for lowering people into the barrel and getting them out again. The interior of the barrel is covered with thick, hammered silver foil, and there is a lid, also covered in silver foil, which seals the barrel almost - but not quite - perfectly.

Around the lip of the barrel, inscribed into the silver foil, is a series of words in a language which resembles *Arcane*

Daemonic Magick - any character with the skill can make out, on a successful *Int* test, that the barrel is dedicated to Zuvassin, and that it undoes the doings of Chaos.

To cleanse a victim of Chaos taint, disease, or mutation, the victim is placed inside the barrel, the lid is sealed and the Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin is invoked by a short ritual (see below).

8. The Lower Hall

This is the temple's entrance hall. A zombie and an initiate are always on duty here to receive members and protect the temple from intruders.

The initiate sits at a table where he may read, write or attend to bookkeeping or other duties. The zombie stands at the door. When it senses life through the door, it shuffles to a position where it can grab any being that enters. Its motion warns the initiate that a visitor has approached the door.

Normally the visitor is a member, who knocks, identifies himself and states his business. If the visitor does not knock or identify himself, the initiate is to assume the visitor is an intruder, and report to the abbot or sound the alarm, whichever seems appropriate.

The Temple Staff Quarters

The south and east walls were built as part of a temple to Shallya 600 years ago. The builders used fine-crafted, durable sandstone blocks salvaged from the Dwarven ruins on the site. These buildings were gutted by fire during the last Chaos Incursion and reconstructed by Alexis I almost a century ago.

General Routine

When the PCs arrive, two initiates are on guard duty at the doors and the rest are in their cubicles, meditating or sleeping. This isn't very realistic, but it's simpler than worrying about where everyone is.

If the players get inside and start asking where all the staff members are, have the initiates get out and wander around a bit, polishing the silver foil in the Cleansing Fire or saying prayers in the Great Hall.

9. The Refectory

This is little more than a large room with a series of tables and benches. When the PCs arrive, the only occupant is a little mouse hunting for scraps. In a melee, the trestle tables and benches are good to run around or overturn. Sneaky PCs can crawl under them and hide.

10. The Kitchen

At various times of the day initiates prepare vegetables, cook meals, bake bread, wash dishes and attend to other kitchen duties. One initiate is always here, day or night, keeping the ovens going and watching the kitchen door. A zombie stands at the kitchen door to 'announce' visitors through its *sense life* ability (see 8 above).

11. The Abbot's Room

The abbot (Viktor Stragoff, p119) is always found in his quarters, because it's easier to stage that way, but you can have him wander around attending to duties, supervising the meal preparation or yelling at the initiates if it suits you.

12-16. Initiate Quarters

Two initiates bunk in each cubicle, but one of the pair is often on guard duty, doing chores or attending to other temple business.

17. Leonid Barismann's Quarters

When the PCs arrive, Barismann is in the Catacombs, meditating in the Spirit Reservoir Gallery (see p100). The door to this room is locked (T 3, D 7). The room is smaller than the abbot's quarters, since the abbot is the nominal head of the temple, even though Barismann is senior to him in the cult. The following will be seen in the room:

Rapid Glance: The room is not occupied. There is a single bed, neatly made, a table and bench. An unlit lamp and an open book are on the table. There is a bear-skin rug on the floor. Two trunks stand near the bed.

Careful Look: (2 minutes) The trunks contain clothes. The book is actually a notebook full of disorganized, scribbled notes in tiny script. *Magical Sense:* No magic in the room.

THE CLEANSING FIRE OF ZUVASSIN

The Cleansing Fire is not gentle. The barrel is something like a magical microwave oven that causes the stuff of Chaos to overheat and boil away. It might even be able to destroy Warpstone, although no-one has tried this. The more Chaos there is in the victim, the greater the heat and the greater the stress. The heat leaves no physical burns or other marks, but works inwardly, causing a high fever with delirium, aching joints and acute weakness.

The Cleansing Fire causes D6 W (regardless of T, armour or other considerations) for each mutation it burns away. If the Fire is treating a creature or follower of Chaos, such as a Chaos Warrior, Beastman or Harpy, it causes an additional 4D6 W. This additional damage does not apply to members of the cult of the Ancient Allies. Victims taken below zero W must roll on the *Sudden Death Critical Hit Table* (WFRP, p 125). Survivors gain one Insanity Point for every W point they lose to the Cleansing Fire.

After the Cleansing Fire has taken effect, what is left - be it dead or alive - is completely free of Chaos. Even a Beastman will be completely Human after the Fire has cleansed it.

Rapid Search: (10 minutes) The notes concern the history of Bolgasgrad, but are personal notes, not prepared for a reader, and difficult to follow.

Full Search: (30 minutes) The walls, floor, and ceiling are apparently solid. The notebook belongs to a Leonid Barismann, curate of the temple, and apparently a second level Cleric or higher. One section of the notebook is a summary chart of Bolgasgrad's history. *GM: Give the player handout 11.*

18. The Conventricle

The secret door to the Conventricle is locked by a massive bolt mechanism. To unlock the secret door, two stones six feet from the door at knee height must be pressed simultaneously. These are marked on the temple map. The door and locking mechanism are rarely used, and there is a -50 penalty to spot footprints or other signs of use unless Olvaga's map is available; this has both door and mechanism clearly marked.

In this secret room, the original members of the Conventricle of Chaos met to discuss heresy and rebellion. The room was also used as a shrine for the invocation and worship of Zuvassin and Necoho before the official break with the state cult.

There are no lamps or torch holders in the room, so the PCs must provide their own light. Several wooden vegetable crates containing old temple chronicles are stacked against the wall by the secret door.

If the PCs provide their own light, or if they enter the temple in daylight, use the first *Rapid Glance* description. If they can't see what they're dealing with, read the second *Rapid Glance* description.

Rapid Glance 1: When the key stones are pressed, the secret door slides open with a loud squeal. A chest-high stack of vegetable cartons totters, then tumbles away from you. Declare intents for this round. Passed *Initiative* tests let the PCs grab the cartons before they fall. Otherwise, the cartons crash and shatter; proceed as below.

Rapid Glance 2: When the key stones are pressed, the secret door slides open with a loud squeal. Something moves in the darkness. Declare intents for this round.

Unless someone makes a lucky guess and responds, the crates tip over into the room, shattering and spilling their contents. The initiate in the kitchen hears the crash, ponders for two rounds, then gets up and peeks out of the back door.

Smart PCs jump into the room and close the secret door behind them. The initiate sees nothing interesting, shrugs, and goes back inside.

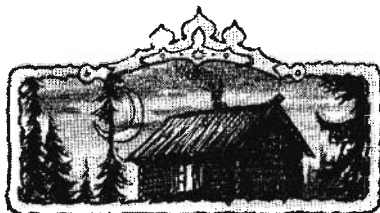
Dumb PCs are standing there with the secret door still open when the initiate peeks out. The initiate sounds the alarm, and the game is afoot.

Careful Look: (requires light, takes 2 minutes) The air is stale and musty. The crates contain stacks of paper, apparently daily logs dating from the 2480s and '90s. The opposite wooden door is closed. Eight chairs are stacked carelessly atop a table pushed against a wall. A cloth covers a pile of objects in the northwest corner. *Magical Sense:* The cloth-covered pile contains something with a faint magical aura, and the room itself feels as though it has been used as a magician's workshop or a shrine.

Rapid Search: (5 minutes) The wooden door has no lock, and there is no light or sound from beyond it. The objects covered by the cloth are apparently old altar gear, including two small carved figures: one a kind of spanner-shape, the other a dark wooden cylinder inlaid with a crescent moon and star in a lighter wood. *Magical Sense:* These are the source of the faint magical aura. They feel like holy objects, but the aura is very weak.

These items were originally used to invoke and worship Zuvassin and Necoho, but they have been replaced with the more elaborate Shrines (2-3). The objects might still be used to communicate with the two Renegade Gods, but the chance of a response is almost nil.

Full Search: (30 minutes) The objects are either so tediously mundane, or so hopelessly obscure because you know so little about the cults, that you can get almost nothing from them. The name 'Zuvassin' recurs - characters with *Theology* skill are permitted an Int test to recognise the name as belonging to an obscure Renegade Chaos God.



19. Secret Passage

Since the walls of the passage are old stone, even an Orc might guess that the two wooden panels are secret doors. To unlock a panel, feel around for a depression in the floor at the base, stick a finger in, push down on a thin metal rod, and the latch at one side of the panel is released. Now the panel can be pushed 18" into a recess, permitting characters to squeeze through into the cupboard beyond. To close a panel, slide it back until you hear a click. Opening a panel takes three rounds the first time, and two rounds thereafter.

For those who prefer the less subtle approach, each panel is T 2, D 6.

20. The Library

The door to the library is unlocked.

The following presumes 2-4 people with *Read/Write* skill are doing the searching. Various skills or shrewd guesses may speed the process.

Rapid Glance: The room is lined with bookshelves; there contents appear to be as follows: west wall - several hundred bound books; south wall - folios and large manuscripts; east and north walls - stacks of parchment and paper and small, manuscript-sized boxes tied with ribbon. In the centre is a desk with a chair, and there are two smaller tables in the north-west and south-west corners. There are a few papers on the desk.

Careful Look: (2 minutes) None of the folios or manuscripts is labelled, but each bears a catalogue number. Most of the books concern the state cults, farming and animal care, engineering and health care. Two smaller collections have historical and theological themes. *Magical Sense:* Nothing.

Rapid Search: (10 minutes) All but five or six bound books are at least fifty years old. A catalogue of manuscripts sits under one copy desk. *Observe* test: The handwriting matches Olvaga's annotations on his map.

Full Search: (30 minutes) The catalogue lists no references to magical or necromantic references, nor are there any mentions of a Sulring Durgul. The state cult references haven't been touched in years. Two catalogue references, labelled 'Local History' and 'Cult References', lead you to two interesting sheafs of manuscript. *GM: Give the players handouts 10 and 11.*

21. Storage

(Entry to the Catacombs)

The floor is covered with crates and chests full of old state cult gear - wall hangings with Ulric and Taal-Rhya motifs, vestments, altar dressings, old melted candles, stale incense, holy emblems and so forth. Four chests filled with lace hangings and other light gear sit in the western half of the room; these are bolted to the trapdoor beneath. The trapdoor lock is released by opening the south-west chest lid and pressing a button in the bottom of the chest. The trapdoor swings upwards, and is hinged along its southern edge.

You can make the PCs search around for the trapdoor and its locking mechanism, or, if you can't wait to get them into the catacombs, the last clown through left the trapdoor ajar. Up to you.

THE CULT OF THE ANCIENT ALLIES

Faced with the ever-present threat from the Chaos Wastes and the apparent indifference of the Tsar, Alexis Chokin I and other Bolgasgrad luminaries formed the Conventricle, a secret society which met to consider remedies for the town's problems.

The culmination of their meetings was a bold and drastic step, which has served Bolgasgrad well so far. First, a pact was concluded with a Renegade Chaos God named Zuvassin the Undoer, who undertook to undo any influence of Chaos in Bolgasgrad and its environs. To counter any threat of corruption from the alliance with Zuvassin, a pact was concluded with another Renegade God called Necoho the Doubter. Together, these two gods are worshipped as the Ancient Allies.

Zuvassin is content to allow Sulring Durgul's necromantic practices, as they undo the laws of death to a limited extent, and has allowed the cult the use of the Fire of Zuvassin, a magical process which undoes the effects of Chaos in those tainted by it. Necoho, for his part, acts to prevent Zuvassin from gaining a dangerous amount of influence over the cult members.

Special Skills and Spells

Barismann, the abbot and the initiates of the cult of the Ancient Allies have some non-standard spells and skills among their abilities as shown on p119. These are as follows:

Invoke Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin

Spell Level: 1

Magic Points: 1

Range: must be in the room with the apparatus (7 on temple map)

Duration: special

Ingredients: see p95

This spell calls down the Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin to undo the effects of Chaos, as explained on p95. Before the spell is cast, the patient must be inside the apparatus and the lid must be closed.

Detect Chaos Taint

Spell Level: 1

Magic Points: 1

Range: touch

Duration: permanent

Ingredients: none

When this spell is cast, the caster instantly becomes aware of each and every effect that Chaos has had upon a single creature. This includes all mutations, all psychological effects (such as Insanity points gained from encounters with Chaos), and the effects of Radici's potions (see p101).

Control Undead

This skill simply allows a character to control the undead in the temple and catacombs as if he or she were a Necromancer - see **WFRP**, pp 175-176.

THE RENEGADE GODS

It is in the nature of Chaos to carry the seeds of its own destruction among its unending possibilities. The group of Chaos Gods known as the Renegade Gods are all opposed to the spread of Chaos - some because the victory of Chaos would in itself lead to a state of affairs which was constant, and therefore not truly of Chaos, and others for various other reasons. In order to protect itself from Chaos, Bolgasgrad has allied itself to two Renegade Gods: Zuvassin the Undoer and Necoho the Doubter.

ZUVASSIN THE UNDOER - RENEGADE CHAOS GOD

Description

Zuvassin is a spoiler, constantly striving to undo the things which others have done and to spoil the things which others seek to do. His brand of Chaos leads him to ensure that nothing turns out as expected, and that plans always go awry. He does not confine his sabotage to Chaos, but will quite cheerfully spoil anything for anyone; however, because he is a Chaos God who acts against Chaos, he has been classified by Human scholars as a Renegade God. He may appear to his followers in a variety of forms, often choosing the form of the thing they fear most, or a member of their own race who is hideously deformed. In any form he takes, he is always laughing.

Alignment: Chaos.

Symbol

Zuvassin's symbol is a double-ended Y-shape, normally incomplete or incorrectly drawn in some way; a part may be missing, or something may have been added.

Area of Worship

While his chief success to date has been in Bolgasgrad, Zuvassin has a handful of cults worshipping him throughout the Old World. Wherever people want things to go wrong, he is there to offer his services - and to make *their* plans go wrong in the process. He has even been known to take over cults which think they are worshipping other Chaos Gods, in order to revel in the confusion and misery of letting them down.

Temples

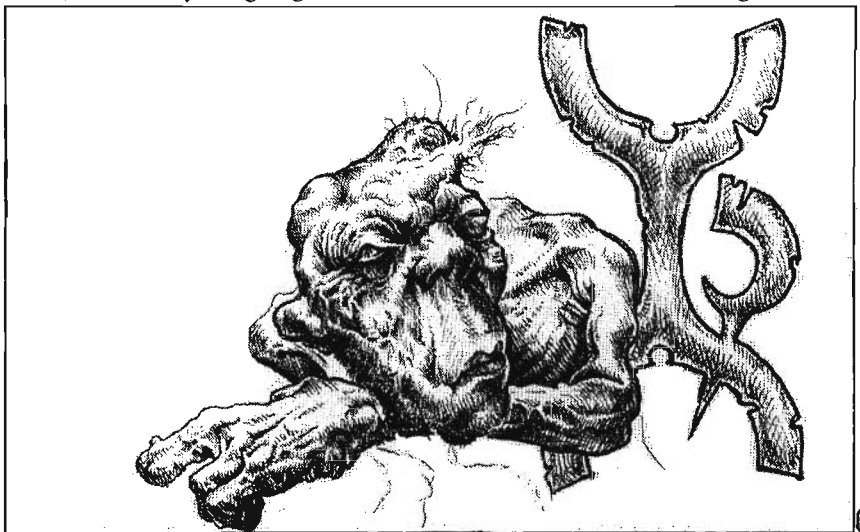
Like most of the other Chaos Gods, Zuvassin is worshipped secretly for the most part, in makeshift temples hidden in cellars or woodland clearings. The Temple of the Ancient Allies in Bolgasgrad is the only known temple to him in the Old World, but - as always - this does not mean that there are others as yet undiscovered.

Friends and Enemies

Zuvassin is nominally an enemy of all Chaos, including the other Renegade Gods, but he has been known to ally himself with other Gods of Chaos in order to spoil plans elsewhere; for instance, he might decide to help Khorne thwart Slaanesh (or vice-versa), if one of the Chaos Gods has a scheme which looks like it can't fail.

Holy Days

Zuvassin has no holy days as such, although in Bolgasgrad a regular service to him is held on Backertag.



Cult Requirements

Like most Chaos Gods, Zuvassin will never refuse anyone who is foolish enough to offer him their loyalty; even the most exhaustive of terms will not worry him, as he is confident of being able to make things go wrong if it suits him to do so.

Strictures

Zuvassin imposes no strictures upon his followers, since any character who is truly imbued with his spirit would be able to make any instruction misfire.

Spell Use

Spellcasters following Zuvassin may use spells of any kind, but whenever one of his followers casts a spell there is a 5% chance that he may cause it to go wrong in some way. In such a case, roll on the following table:

D6 roll Result

1-2	Nothing
3-4	Reversed
5-6	Different

Nothing: Nothing happens, but the spellcaster loses Magic Points as if the spell had been cast successfully.

Reversed: The spell is cast, but its effect is reversed in some way. For example, a *Fire Ball* spell will go off in the caster's face, a *Cure Wounds* spell will cause wounds instead, or a summoning spell will produce a summoned creature with an abiding hatred for its summoner.

Different: A different spell, randomly selected from the same level and type of magic, is cast instead of the intended one. This need not be a spell which the caster actually knows, and Magic Points are expended as if the intended spell had been cast.

Skills

There are no special skills associated with Zuvassin. Instead, whenever one of his followers advances a level, they must lose one skill, selected at random.

Trials

Zuvassin does not set trials for his followers. When a trial is indicated by a roll on the *Cleric Advance Table*, the result should be treated as a roll of 06-10.

Blessings

Zuvassin hardly ever gives blessings to his followers. On the rare occasions when blessing are given, they generally take the form of the blessed character's enemies automatically failing all tests for one hour. Sometimes, the blessed character may automatically fail all tests for the same hour, or for the hour directly afterwards.



NECOHO THE DOUBTER - RENEGADE CHAOS GOD

Description

Necoho's Chaotic nature manifests itself in a contradiction which should logically make his existence impossible: he is a deity who stands against the whole idea of gods and religion. Needless to say, this means that his following is extremely small, even for an obscure Renegade Chaos God, and his name is only found in the oldest and most obscure of forbidden tomes. No doubt, this is the way Necoho likes it. As might be expected, Necoho almost never manifests himself in the physical world; if he does so in this adventure, he will take the form of a short slightly plump old Human man, with a permanent expression of ironic amusement.

Alignment: Chaotic.

Symbol

Necoho has no known symbol.

Area of Worship

As far as is known, Bolgasgrad is the only place in the whole of the Old World where Necoho is worshipped.

Temples

As far as is known, the Temple of the Ancient Allies in Bolgasgrad is the only one. Certainly it seems (from what little is known) that Necoho is as opposed to the idea of temples as he is to the idea of deities.

Friends and Enemies

Necoho is generally opposed to all other cults of all kinds, although it is suspected that from time to time he may help one cult or hinder another if doing so would undermine the cult's credibility or status among its mortal followers.

Holy Days

None. Every day is equally non-holy in Necoho's eyes.

Cult Requirements and Strictures

Necoho requires nothing from his followers; indeed, it sometimes seems that he would rather not have any at all.

Spell Use

Necoho certainly wouldn't *give* spells to his followers, although he doesn't appear to object to their using spells that they already know.

Skills, Trials and Blessings

Again, Necoho offers nothing to his followers, and asks nothing of them.

THE CATACOMBS

Long buried by rubble, the ancient Catacombs entrance was revealed to the Conventicle by Necoho, and excavated by initiates in 2464. The doors remained sealed by ancient rune magics until the arrival of Durgul, who broke the enchantments. The entrance chamber is now guarded by an exceptionally powerful and durable undead bear - just the thing to give the PCs a nice workout before they enter the lower dungeon levels.

Originally a series of sanctuaries and sacred galleries, the upper level is currently occupied by the Spirit Reservoir Gallery, the Chaos Herb and Vegetable Garden, and the laboratory of Radici the Alchemist. When the PCs arrive at the temple, Barismann is meditating in the Spirit Reservoir Gallery, and Radici is busily engaged in weird science in his laboratory. The only guardians are ancient dwarven skeletons, animated primarily for use as gardeners, but also directed to detain intruders.

The lower level - the former Catacombs proper - now includes an improvised Holding Cell for prisoners, an ancient gallery now used by Alexis III for his meditations and studies, a cosy niche for Creetox, Surling Durgul's pet Midget Dragon, and the private residences and study of Sulring Durgul. From this level, there are secret exits leading to the sandstone cliffs overlooking the river, permitting Sulring and Creetox to come and go as they please, without attracting the notice of the locals. When the PCs arrive at the temple, Sulring and Creetox are out on an expedition, the Holding Cell is occupied by an undead Witch Hunter (yes, that's what I said...), and Alexis III is meditating in the central sanctuary.

STAGING THE CATACOMBS

If the PCs enter the Catacombs without alerting the temple staff, they can waltz right in and surprise the Catacombs' denizens.

On the other hand, if an alarm has been sounded, the Catacomb folk will be on the move as indicated in the Temple Defence Tactics Chart (page 92). Depending on how many rounds have elapsed since the alarm was sounded, the PCs may meet Barismann and the undead bears, or Alexis and the undead reserve along the way. Don't be too fussy about where and when their paths cross; just make sure Barismann and the bears are encountered first, then Alexis and his shambling second-stringers five-to-ten rounds later.

If the PCs manage to get themselves captured and put in the Holding Cell, everyone goes back to their normal activities, confident that Alexis III will keep an eye on his prisoners, while negligent Alexis III is casually examining the PCs' gear in his ancient gallery, thereby facilitating their escape and the continuation of the adventure.

CATACOMBS MAP KEY (Maps 11 and 12)

Entrance Chamber

The foundations of the modern temple rest on the ruins of the ancient Dwarven temple. The excavated stone walls and iron doors of the Entrance Chamber itself are of classic High Dwarven design and craftsmanship, contrasting sharply with the cruder stonework of the modern temple foundations.

The Chamber is unlit, and guarded by a dead black bear - cheap to feed, very obedient and a bit tougher than a living bear.

Don't *tell* the players that it is an undead bear. Just say they see a bear and need to make their *Fear* checks. Thereafter, occasionally mention the smell, and how odd it is that the bear doesn't grunt or growl or cry out if they wound it. If PCs get a close look in good light, they may notice that flaps of skin are torn and hanging loose, or that the creature is not breathing.

If they do realize the bear is undead, they can save themselves a lot of trouble by using necromantic spells or magical devices to ward off or destroy the undead beast.

The bear has been directed to attack and pursue all living intruders, but it recognises Alexis III and Barismann, and does not attack them.

Engraved magical inscriptions on the iron doors in Arcane Dwarf were intended to seal the doors against intruders and to curse those who would disturb the Catacomb sanctuaries. Sulring broke the enchantments - the inscriptions are worn and charred as if they have been sandblasted, and then subjected to intense heat. The perfectly-balanced doors swing open at a touch, revealing a spiral staircase carved into the sandstone. This staircase leads down to the upper level of the Catacombs.

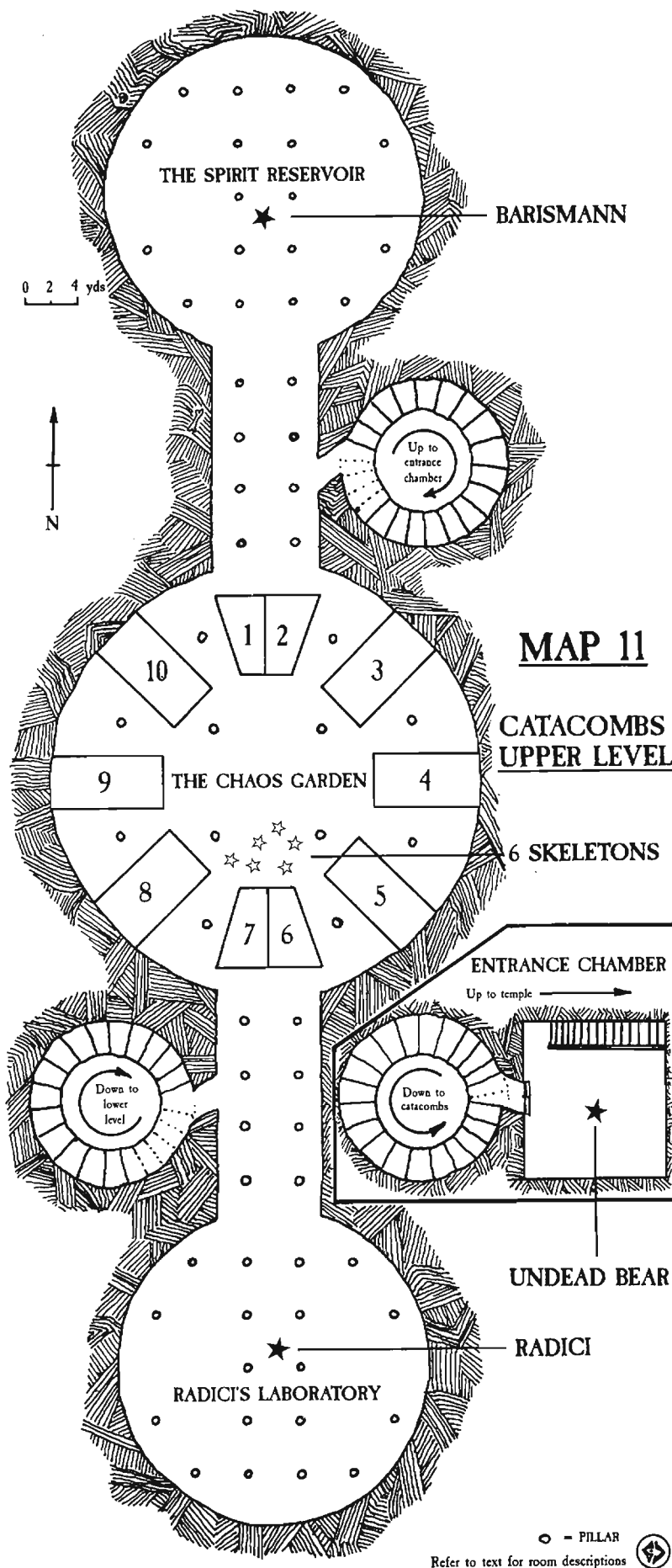
The Galleries

The corridors between the large rooms are galleries, with the low ceilings supported by squat columns. The walls and columns were once apparently covered with carved and painted panels and designs, but the soft sandstone has crumbled over the years, and all details have been lost. Sound is muffled by the soft sandstone walls and it is difficult to understand speakers only a short distance away. All *Listen* tests are made at -20.

Entering the Upper Level

When the PCs arrive on the Upper Level, down the gallery to their right they can see flickering reflected light from Barismann's candle in the Spirit Reservoir, and they can hear an echoing and indistinct murmuring from Radici's labs to the left. *Magical Awareness* reveals strong sources of enchantment in both directions.





MAP 11

CATACOMBS
UPPER LEVEL

The Spirit Reservoir

The ceiling here is a dome supported by sandstone columns, ten feet at its highest in the centre. Around the outer edge of the room are arranged over 75 elongated bundles, 4-6 feet long, wound in long strips of white linen. The linen is coated with laquer, then densely inscribed with repetitive phrases of magical runes. *Magical Awareness* reveals powerful and complex enchantments on each bundle.

These are the undead remains of those found to have magical talent, enchanted as magical storage engines and power boosters and transmitters. When Bolgasgrad's undead armies leave the town on Chaos hunts, this spirit reservoir provides the magical energy to preserve and power the undead, and to maintain control over them.

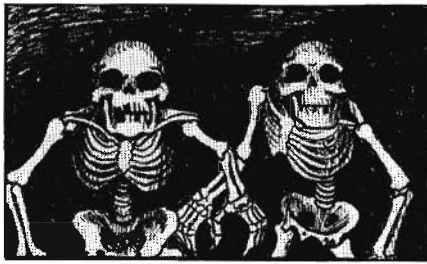
Destroying these bundles will deprive Bolgasgrad at least temporarily of its ability to campaign against Chaos outside the town walls. Shattering or burning the laquered, inscribed linen breaks the enchantment and causes the bundles to putrify abruptly. All characters in the chamber must make a standard *Toughness* test or become nauseous (-10 to all percentage characteristics). Those who fail by 30 points are violently ill, and their CI is temporarily halved, until you feel they've had time to recover from the shock and horror.

Barismann (p119) is seated on a portable stool here, using the surplus power in the atmosphere to intensify his mystical visions. While in a trance, he is unlikely to notice the PCs' presence unless they make a lot of noise or touch him. What a perfect opportunity for them to capture and question the priest!

But don't worry - Barismann is a tough, loyal fanatic and he won't reveal anything to aid invaders. This is a good opportunity to make a sympathetic case for the practice of necromancy in Bolgasgrad through the mouth of a practical, plausible and honourable man. If you haven't already used Barismann's speech from p90, you can do so now.

Barismann tries to persuade the PCs that they are tampering with forces they don't understand, and are threatening the security of hundreds of innocent townspeople. He'll explain the tenets and objectives of the Ancient Allies cult and try to convince the party that he and his fellow cultists are not evil, just desperate people fighting evil with practices forbidden by ancient superstitions.

The Chaos Garden



Radici uses this chamber to cultivate the Chaos-tainted plants he uses in his alchemical potions.

Foreshadowing: As the PCs approach the set of columns just north of the garden, they still cannot see clearly into the chamber, but - between periods of murmurings coming from Radici's lab beyond - cautious, quiet PCs might notice occasional rustling noises inside the chamber, like persons periodically moving about (*Soft* noise; 30% chance to hear).

At this point, visitors notice a tickle in their throats, and must make a successful *Toughness* test or have a brief fit of coughing. If players express curiosity, say "Well, it could be dust..." Passing a *Toughness* test in a subsequent round lets the character control his coughing, or a drink or damp cloth held over the mouth will also stop the throat irritation.

The PCs have just been exposed to some very interesting spores broadcast by one of the plants in the Chaos garden. Full details are given below, but - for your information - the PCs have been exposed to Undeath Plague. Don't tell anyone yet - all will be revealed in the fullness of time...

Rapid Glance: The chamber is not illuminated. To see, the PCs must provide their own light. The plants in the Chaos Garden seem to need no light at all.

The floor is divided up into ten garden plots, each containing its own weird, unfamiliar variety of plant. Each plot is marked with a hand-scrawled label.

Careful Look: As you enter the chamber, six short skeletons emerge from the darkness to the south and attack - profiles on p120.

For details on the contents of the garden and the natures of the individual Chaos plants, see page 102.

Radici's garden is tended by six ancient Dwarven skeletons animated by Durgul. They are directed to follow Radici's orders - keeping plots separate, plucking out mutants for Radici's inspection, making cuttings, feeding bits of meat and bone meal to the more aggressive plants, and so forth. When the PCs first approach the room, the skeletons are hidden in darkness in the southern part of the chamber, but they pop out and attack when the PCs start to look around.

Staging Skeleton Combat: Everybody makes *fear* tests; those who fail are paralysed with fear. Thereafter, any fearful character touched by a Skeleton (automatic hit, but no damage) turns and flees in terror - running right through a section of the Chaos garden. Since plots 1 and 2 are right in the fleeing PC's path, you can roll randomly to choose either, or use common sense - or, if you're really a rat, have the victim run around in circles through all ten plots. Don't overdo it, though. The PCs can con Radici into giving them antidotes, if they have a satisfactory encounter with him, but too much Chaos-plant-exposure could cripple the party in short order.

The skeletons have been directed to attack intruders, but - given the frailty of their ancient bones - they are hardly a crack fighting force. Treat as standard Skeletons, fighting unarmed (-20 to hit, -2 to damage), and ignore wounds. Instead, whenever a Dwarven skeleton is hit in combat (or grappled), roll for hit location, and that location is pulverized, shattered or popped off.

Use common sense to decide when the skeleton is no longer a threat to the PCs. For example, if one has lost its arms, but still has a skull with nasty teeth, it still attacks - but if a leg gets whacked, it may have a hard time keeping up with a mobile PC. In any case, the parts keep moving around until each bit is smashed - when Durgul animates a skeleton, he does a thorough job.

Fortunately, unless the PCs howl or fire pistols or something, the sound is so muffled here that Radici won't be alerted to their presence.

Once the PCs have destroyed all the skeletons, they can continue their tour of the garden.

Brief Search (10 minutes): The plot labels are in the Tilean dialect of Old Wordler; unless someone can read Tilean, the scrawled labels are unintelligible. Refer to page 102.

If the PCs touch or otherwise disturb any of the plants, check for additional details or possible untoward consequences.

To the south, the PCs can hear someone singing and speaking, apparently to himself. The accent is Tilean, but it's impossible to make out the words at this distance.

Magical Awareness reveals all the plants, and any moving Skeleton bits to be magical.

Thorough Examination (30 minutes): The Skeletons are apparently dwarven, and of great antiquity. Tracks around the plant plots reveal that the Skeletons probably served as gardeners as well as guardians.

Radici's Laboratory

This chamber is Radici's combination apartment/alchemy laboratory. Because Radici is so engrossed in his work, the PCs get a good look at the room before they enter.

The west side of the chamber is tastefully and luxuriously decorated. The sandstone walls are hung with superb Tilean tapestries and expensive furniture, and bric-a-brac from all over the Old World is jammed in every available space. The stone floors are carpeted with several layers of beautiful rugs imported from distant Araby. *GM: Durgul keeps Radici happy partly by regularly bringing him these exotic furnishings for his apartment.*

The east side of the chamber is splendidly outfitted with first-class alchemical apparatus. The library is small, but the bindings look expensive. Several overflowing notebooks are stacked on shelves near the books. *GM: These are Radici's own scribbings.*

Cauldrons are bubbling merrily away, fluids are flowing through complex labyrinths of glass tubing, and collecting in various beakers and sealed jars.

One tall cabinet is filled with tiny drawers with hand-scrawled labels (*dried specimens and potion ingredients*). Samples of plants from the garden are drying in tall wall racks. *GM: Only samples of plants 1-9 are hanging on wall racks; samples of plant 10 are drying in a lead-lined compartment in the tall cabinet.*

A low cabinet with double doors sits next to the large cabinet. *GM: This contains Radici's supply of prepared potions.*

In the midst of this a man dressed in a white lab coat and cap (Radici) is whistling and singing to himself as he bustles about, working with the alchemical apparatus.

Radici is working on a batch of Anaclea potion for Durgul, who hopes that Radici will eventually develop an Anaclea-based potion that will suppress mutations entirely. Radici's present potions reduce incidence of mutation by around 75%.

Radici's other main project is developing a hardy strain of *Protorbis minor*. Unfortunately, *Protorbis* requires exactly the right soil, temperature and feeding, or it refuses to germinate or dies within hours. With a hardier strain of *Protorbis*, Durgul could revolutionise the necromantic arts. For details of Durgul's plans for *Protorbis* and the Undeath Plague, see *The Holding Cell and Handout 12* page 104.

Staging the Encounter with Radici:

Picture Radici babbling cheerily in Tilean as he stirs bubbling goo with glass rods and peers into swirled beakers full of steaming, violet substances. He's so engrossed in his work that he doesn't even notice the PCs until they do something obtrusive, like poke him, address him loudly or push over a couple of racks of glass beakers.

Characterize Radici as a cross between a cheery mad scientist and an eccentric Italian chef. Radici speaks Old Worlder with a very thick Tilean accent, which you can conveniently portray as a thick Italian accent. "Say, whatta you do here? You a looka for little Alexis, he'sa downstairs, I tink."

Radici works for Durgul because Durgul pays well and gives Radici almost complete freedom to work on his own pet projects. Radici couldn't care less what Durgul does with the products of Radici's craft - "Thatsa not my problem, I'ma justa doin' ma job, see?" Sure, it's dark and lonely down here in the Catacombs, but that suits him fine - "Who needsa lotta company? Yattatayattata alla time, talk about wives and kiddies, phooey. Here, I getta lotta work done, sure."

Radici isn't at all security-conscious. He's a little puzzled by the PCs' presence, but fast talk easily distracts him. If the PCs show interest in his work, he'll chat merrily. If the PCs have gotten into any trouble fooling around with the Chaos vegetables, Radici will bustle about looking for antidotes, chiding the PCs' for their ignorance - "Whattsa matta for you, you don't know trembleseed when you see it? Easy, easy, we take-a care-a you right-a way." If the PCs wander in, look around, chat for a bit, then walk out, Radici will go right back to work and never give the incident a second thought.

If the PCs enter aggressively, or try to get tough, Radici explodes indignantly. "Whattsa matta for you? Get outta here, you hoodlums, or I blow you to kingdom come!" He goes to the potion cabinet, grabs a few *Tirillus* potions, and throws them at the PCs. Splatters from the first potion set the luxurious furnishing on fire, and in seconds the room is a blazing inferno. Radici (and anyone one else left behind) gets roasted to death, and the contents of the room are utterly destroyed. Nobody else in the Catacombs notices anything out of the ordinary - thick smoke and horrible odors frequently issue forth from Radici's lab, and everyone knows to stay clear.

Otherwise, if prevented from reaching the cabinet, Radici fights unarmed until

'killed' or overcome; thereafter he refuses to speak or cooperate, no matter what the PCs do to him. Since his services are valuable to Durgul, Radici might make a nice hostage, but he's nothing but trouble as a captive, struggling and cursing and generally kicking up a fuss, until the PCs knock him out or 'kill' him.

So why do we put quotations around the word 'kill'? Well, remember, Radici has been exposed to Undeath Plague. If he's roasted, that finishes off him and his disease, but if he's just killed in some other fashion, he goes on making a fuss just like he wasn't dead. Which he isn't - in a way.

The PCs will have to draw their own conclusions, since Radici isn't going to explain anything to them. Maybe they'll decide he was never really alive, or that he's immortal, or that he's Durgul in disguise or something. Hardened PCs may experiment with the undead Radici, chopping off limbs or using necromantic spells on him. For details on how Undeath Plague victims handle this sort of thing, see the *Holding Cell* section (p104), where Undeath Plague and its more charming features are explained in detail.

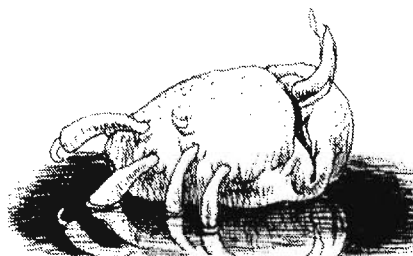
Notes on Chaos Plants and Potions

These plants are found growing in labelled plots in the Chaos Victory Garden. Radici also has specimens drying on labelled racks in his lab.

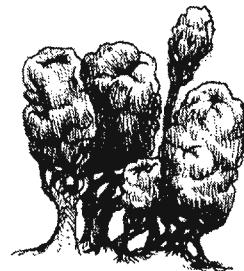
The potions made from these plants are stored in the short cabinet. Three of each potion are found in glass bottles, labelled with the proper and common name of the plant, and stoppered with corks sealed with wax. Unless stated otherwise below, treat these potions as indicated in *WFRP*, p186, with durations of 1D6 x 10 turns.

1. *Sigurya natans*. When disturbed, these bulbous yellow floating plants yield fine spores, which, if they are inhaled or are in skin contact, cause a strong allergic reaction (T test or all characteristics halved until D6x10 rounds after exposure ceases).

The prepared potion is a thick, soupy green, smelling like water hyacinths. It gives a +30 bonus to all *magic* tests.



2. *Giraluna minor*. These pulpy, grey, fungoid cylinders have clusters of pea-sized, jelly-coated spores in a shallow depression at the top of the cylinder. Skin contact with these spores causes a nerve-poison to seep through the skin, entering the bloodstream and affecting the whole body (*Poison* test or develop stage 1 *Palsy*, see *WFRP*, p138).



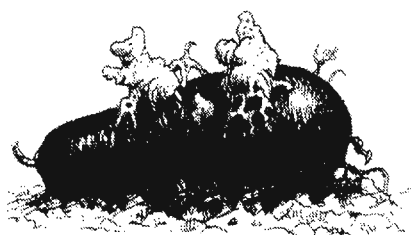
The prepared potion is a thick, clear liquid with a slight scent of rotting plant matter. The drinker becomes subject to *frenzy*.

3. Strangler tirils. Contact causes the delicate, curling tendrils of this plant to wrap around nearby objects (*Constriction* attack at S 2 - see *WFRP*, p214). In process of removing the tendrils, the subject may (*Dex* test) prick himself on the poisonous spines hidden in the hairs coating the tendrils. The poison causes depression (see *WFRP*, p85).



The prepared potion is watery, odourless fluid. It causes immunity to all psychological effects.

4. "Cumbumbra" germinants. These parasites are transmitted to the host plant (usually vegetables like cucumbers) by spores which tunnel into the vegetable's surface then bloom, sending out root feelers and bulb-like protuberances. Contact with the plant itself has no unusual effects.



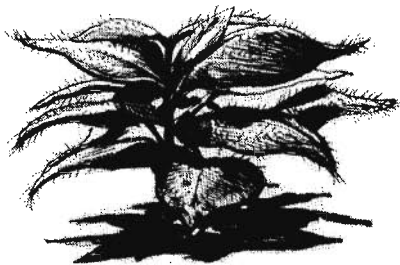
The potion is a clear, odourless liquid. To be effective, the potion must be taken internally, but it is undetectable when mixed with most beverages. It causes sleep as the Petty Magic spell of that name.

5. *Artisia*. The slimy, pulpy surface of the curling white-grey-mottled fronds of this fern-like plant is repulsive, but harmless.



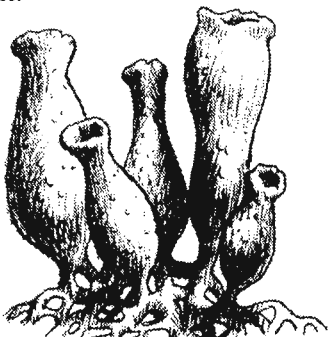
The prepared potion is odourless, but has an intensely nauseating taste. After drinking the potion, the subject makes a *Toughness* test each round; until the test is passed, the subject can take no action other than gagging and making horrible faces. As soon as a test is passed, the drinker's M and A scores are doubled for the duration of the potion's effect.

6. *Camporana*. Tiny hairs on the thick leaves of this plant are covered with a highly-toxic oil that acts as a single dose of Manbane (WFRP, p82).



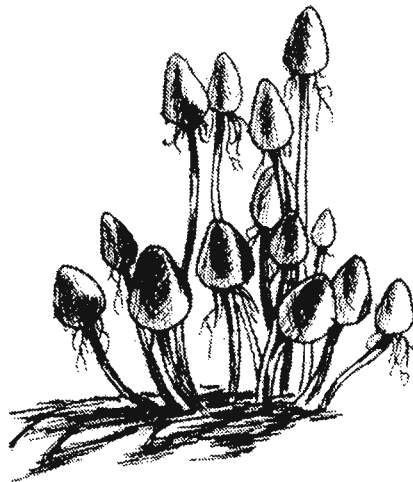
The prepared potion is a thick, brown, tarry substance smelling like lamp oil. When used as a blade venom, it has the effect of two doses of Manbane (see WFRP, p82).

7. *Tubolara*. Drinking the fluid that collects in the bottom of the tubular stems of these rubbery white plants has the same effect as the prepared potion. Other contact with the plant has no effect.



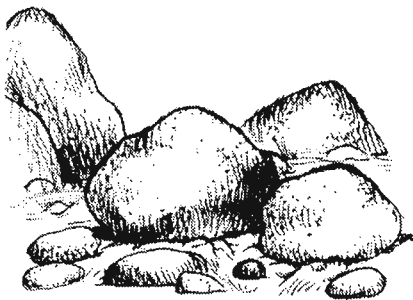
The prepared potion is a thin, watery, sweet-smelling-and-tasting clear fluid. It causes *dementia* (WFRP, p84).

8. *Proturbis minor*. Contact with these delicate mushroom-like vegetables releases a shower of tiny spores. In contact with mouth or nasal tissues, the spores release an oily, toxic substance which causes immediate and profound depression of the nervous system, leading the victim to contract the Undeath Plague (see p104).



The prepared potion is a bitter, odourless, clear, watery liquid. It has the same effect as inhaling the spores.

9. *Tirillus mimeticus*. This plant has the ability to mimic rocks. Visual inspection cannot distinguish between the plant and neighbouring rocks, but the plants are soft and pliable like sponges. The surface of the plants is covered with a highly volatile oil that bursts into flame on contact (treat as burning oil - WFRP, p80). The flame does no harm to the plant, and disappears in seconds. After flaming, a plant requires 7-10 days to build up the necessary reservoir of oil to flame again.



The prepared potion is a colorless liquid like water, but removing the stopper or shattering the bottle causes the potion to ignite instantly like a *Fire Ball* spell so much for sniffing or tasting *this* potion. Heh, heh.

10. *Anaclea taludensis*. The shiny black flowers of this plant emit a radiation similar to that of warpstone. Contact has no effect, but prolonged exposure (24 hours or more within 5-10 yards, regardless of any shielding organic material between the flowers and the subject) may cause mutations (5% chance - check once per week of exposure). Stone and metal enclosures of 1" or thicker block the dangerous radiation. The specimens drying in Radici's lab are kept in a special lead-lined box in the tall cabinet.

The prepared potion is an odourless, shimmering, silver-black substance like mercury. Radici and Durgul are hoping to use it as the basis of a medicine to cure Chaos mutation, but at present it has no detectable effect on the drinker.



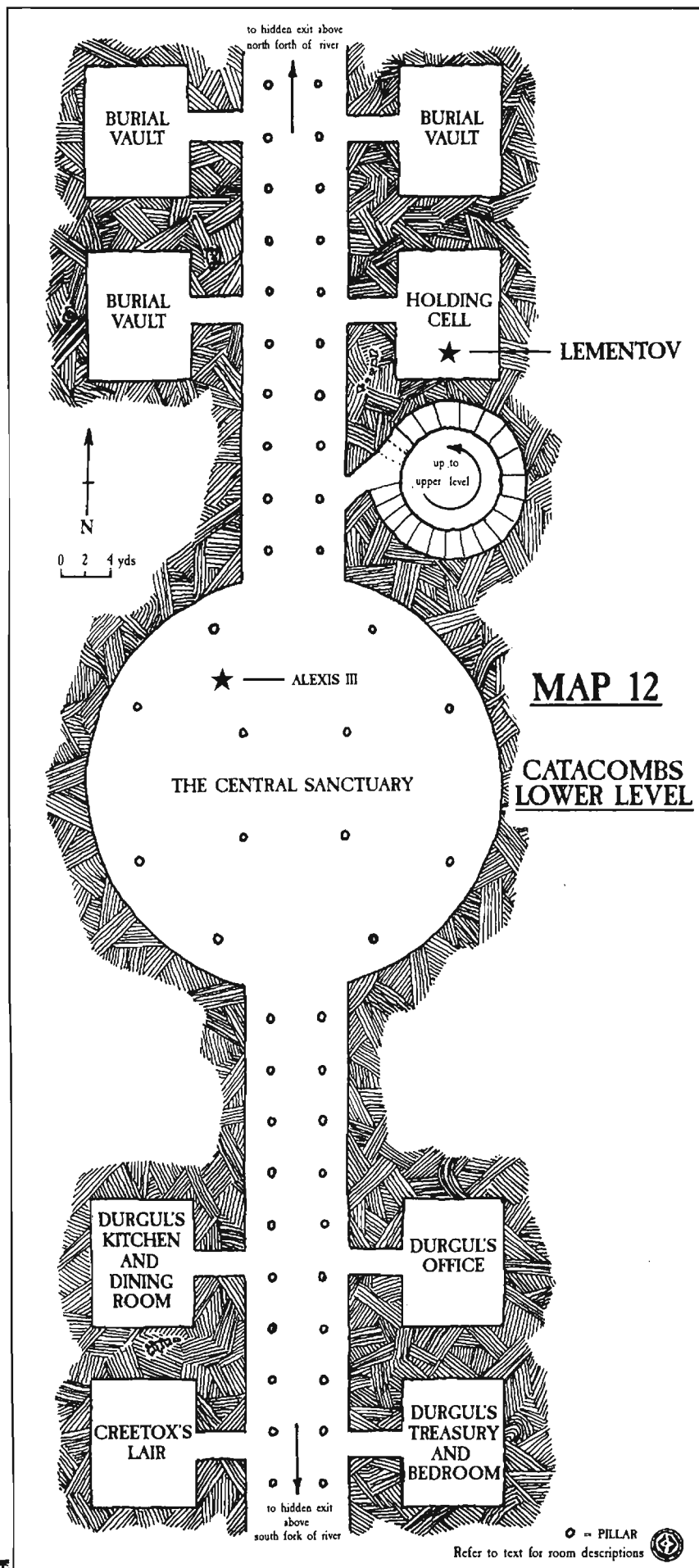
LOWER LEVEL (Map 12)

The rooms on this level were originally burial vaults for the ancient Dwarfs. One of these rooms has been adapted as a cell for prisoners. Durgul lives and works in three others, while another is the residence of Creetox, Durgul's pet Midget Dragon. The central sanctuary chamber currently serves as a warehouse for several score ancient Dwarven skeletons and as a private retreat for Alexis III, the Chaos Warrior.

When the PCs arrive, the cell has an interesting prisoner, and Alexis is studying his notes in the central sanctuary. Sulring and Creetox are out on a little excursion, but the PCs will have an opportunity to meet the necromancer and his pet if they wait a while.

Burial Vaults

Each room has forty burial niches, once occupied by the ancient Dwarfs whose animated skeletons now stand in the central sanctuary as a frail reserve against intruders.



Of the treasure that was interred with the ancient Dwarfs, none remains here in the Catacombs. Most of the gold and silver has been melted down and used to fund the cult's activities and the expensive researches of Radici and Durgul. The few remaining valuables have been removed by Durgul and Creetox for "safe-keeping".

The Holding Cell

The entrance to this vault has been blocked by a wooden door with a small barred window, and serves as a prison for Mikhail Lementov (see p120), a Witch-Hunter advanced somewhat beyond middle age. Mikhail is deadlier than a door nail, but you'd never know it to see him pacing about.

Mikhail is a victim of Undeath Plague. He managed to sneak into the temple, and - once he had discovered the various secret doors - he made his way into the Catacombs. There he came into contact with *Protorbis* spores. He was finally discovered by Alexis III, who ran him through with his two-handed sword. Alexis dragged Mikhail off to the Holding Cell before he had a chance to recover from the shock of surviving his own death, and he has been imprisoned for about three months.

Radici and Durgul stop by regularly to study Mikhail's physical and psychological reaction to being dead. From their conversations, Mikhail has a shrewd idea of what has happened to him.

During his imprisonment, Mikhail has begun to decompose - albeit slowly in the cool, dry air. His flesh has pretty much dried out, but the flesh hangs loosely on his bones, and there are spots - particularly where Alexis III chopped and skewered him - where he's having trouble keeping everything held together. He uses his clothing and bits of cloth torn from his cloak to bind himself up as best he can, but you wouldn't invite him to dinner in his present condition.

Mikhail has mixed feelings about the fact that he did not die from this traumatic wound. "It's not that I object to surviving, you understand - not in itself. But this has to be some kind of necromancy, and it's - well, *embarrassing*, to say the least. Early on, I considered committing suicide, but then I thought, what if I *couldn't*? What if I stayed alive and just kept pulling bits off myself?"



Mikhail has been unable to break this mental deadlock, and has pretty much lost interest in the whole business. He hasn't got a very fertile imagination or much of a sense of humour, so he can't appreciate the more philosophically stimulating or bizarrely amusing elements of his fate. He just sits around waiting for something different to happen to him, with no expectation that the something different is going to be pleasant or interesting.

Staging Mikhail the Undead Witch-Hunter

Mikhail is an all-purpose NPC informant. Anything interesting the PCs have missed in Bolgasgrad, the temple or the upper level of the Catacombs? Use Mikhail to fill them in. For example, the PCs may not have had a chance to study the fascinating magical stuff in the Quarantine, Necromium, Sanitarium and Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin - here's your chance to describe it in the person of Mikhail, eye-witness and first-hand reporter. If you've ever had a bunch of PCs stroll unwittingly straight past your greatest design masterpieces without a second glance, you'll appreciate an opportunity like this.

Mikhail is also the PCs' prime informant (and illustrative exhibit) on the Undeath Plague. See below for a sample Mikhail monologue on the topic. He has had plenty of time to speculate on the significance of this disease and Durgul's interest in it, and - if the PCs are slow to recognise the potential uses and misuses of the disease - Mikhail notes how it can be used to create instant undead armies or to make a solid promise of immortality for the faithful. When it comes to helping the PCs, Mikhail is pretty apathetic. He hasn't got much to look forward to personally other than watching himself fall to pieces, and he's no longer convinced that the Ancient Allies and Durgul are evil - in fact, he recognises that they may have a very effective plan for dealing with the Chaos menace. Mikhail doesn't mind talking to the PCs - he hasn't got any other pressing business - but he doesn't feel like *doing* anything. "Ah," he shrugs, "what's the point?"

If the PCs have been captured and imprisoned here, Mikhail will stir himself to help them escape. If they can't figure out a better way, Mikhail suggests that if they pull off one of his hands, it might be able to crawl out of the barred window and get the keys which are hanging on a hook on the wall next to the door. Given Mikhail's unique perspective on his body as a resource, there are a lot of unusual jailbreak tricks they could try.

Mikhail on Undeath Plague

"I overheard some babbling Tilean guy and the Durgul woman - yes, she's a

woman. Of *course* I'm sure! No, no, not an Elf - perfectly normal ears, at least.

"As I was saying, the Tilean and the old woman were talking about spores of some protuberance plant or something. Said I must have breathed them in upstairs, in the room with all the strange plants. The Tilean said I had the plague, all right, and burst into a fit of giggles. Strange fellow.

"I asked them, what kind of plague lets you wander about with a hole like *this* in your chest? And without breathing? The Durgul woman said I wasn't breathing because I was *dead*.

"I needed a little time to take that in. When I came right out and charged the pair of them with necromancy, the Durgul woman just smiled, but the Tilean seemed a little put out and informed me rather sharply that he was an alchemist. Then it struck me that I was a Zombie.

"They were very nice about that, I must say. Apparently I'm not a Zombie at all - although I am undead as a result of this plague thing. A Zombie, according to Durgul, is a lump of meat with some magical force keeping it going - she seemed very contemptuous of what she called the lower forms of necromancy - whereas *I* am a dead body still inhabited by its original spirit. I suppose you could say I'm haunting myself.

"They're still trying to work out why I can't feel anything - not that I mind not being able to feel ragged great holes like this one in my chest, I can tell you - but apparently it's quite normal. Everyone exposed to the spores loses feeling, taste and smell, and can't eat or breathe or heal any more, but keeps on moving and speaking and seeing and thinking just as if they were alive.

"Pardon? Contagious? Damned if I know. But, chances are, if you were upstairs near the funny plants, you'll have caught it all by yourselves already. Well, I don't suppose there's any help for it now - and at least you know there won't be any pain..."

The Central Sanctuary

As the PCs approach from the north, they can see a dim light flickering from the eastern part of the chamber, and hear an occasional rustling of paper.

First Glance: To the right, hundreds of Skeletons stand close together near the wall. To the left, a man in full plate armour - including the helmet - sits at a table, looking through some papers. The armour's heavy construction and multiple flanges makes him look like a Chaos Warrior.

If the PCs were careless in their approach or made a lot of noise, Alexis III turns around immediately, and the PCs have no chance to withdraw unobserved. On

the other hand, if precautions were taken and appropriate skill tests passed, PCs might approach, look around and withdraw without being noticed.

Careful Look: The Skeletons are Dwaven, and standing on their own, but do not appear to be animated or aware of the PCs' presence.

Alexis Attacks: If the PCs have not been noticed, they may withdraw or continue observing. After an hour - unless the PCs make their presence known before - Alexis apparently senses something. He attacks as soon as he becomes aware of the PCs' presence.

As soon as he becomes aware of the PCs, Alexis reaches into a drawer in the table and pulls out two potion bottles. He downs the first in one gulp and rises from his chair. In the second round, he draws his sword, shatters the remaining bottle and pours its contents on the blade. In the third, round he charges the PCs.

Alexis wants to destroy the intruders, and he's superbly qualified to do it. The *Artisia* potion will ensure that he can catch any PCs who try to run away, and he will simply keep hacking away until there is no more resistance.

This is a battle to the death - and beyond. Alexis has contracted Undeath Plague (see above), and so, in all probability, have the PCs. So the combat continues until one side or the other is disabled. Review the critical effects as they are received, and use common sense to judge how they will affect the participant's ability to continue the combat. For example, if one arm is chopped off, the character can keep fighting with the other, but if the skull is pulverised, loss of vision will cause the character to wander around, swinging wildly. Note also that the Undeath Plague robs its victims of feeling, so that they will never be disabled by the pain of a critical hit.

Magic spells or potions stolen from Radici might alter the balance of the combat significantly; a *Sleep* or *Steal Mind* spell might let the PCs take Alexis captive, or finish him off, and a couple of *Tirillus* fireballs might cook him once and for all. Tactics will also play a great part - for example, all the PCs might grapple him at once and concentrate on separating him from his sword.

On the other hand, if the PCs are less-than-inspired in their tactics or dice rolls, they could be mincemeat in no time at all. In which case, Alexis drags the still twitching remains off and locks them up in the Holding Cell. Fortunately, since the PCs are only mangled, and not unconscious, the scenario continues. There's a chance that they'll last long enough to chat with Durgul and perhaps even escape, even though they're technically dead.

Sulring's Residence and Labs

When the PCs arrive, Sulring and Creetox are out on an excursion, so once they have dealt with Alexis III - they're free to poke around in Sulring's quarters to their heart's content.

But Creetox and Durgul are coming right back. If the PCs aren't dead already, fooling around with their private possessions is a good way to get dead quick.

So the PCs can look around, then run away if they're afraid of messing with an ancient and incredibly powerful sorcerer. That's what sensible folk would do.

When the PCs have had a chance to wander around, look in the rooms and get themselves into trouble, Durgul and Creetox will come back from their outing..

See *Anyone for Tea?* below.

Durgul's Quarters

The Office: This where Durgul works. The interior of the room looks like a giant organic balloon was inflated until it filled the room, then billions of long, stringy leech/slug/earthworm-type creatures crawled inside, consumed the contents of a couple of paint stores, wiggled up on the inside of the inflated balloon, tied themselves in knots, then exploded. Oddly, it smells wonderful inside, like the essence of a spring day, and a soothing hum - like the murmuring of bees - fills the room.

The only furnishings in the room are Daemons. They form themselves into whatever shapes Durgul requires on command. At the moment the demons are in the form of a marble table, a chair, a massive lectern and the huge tome it bears, an armchair the size of a farm tractor, and a six-foot-tall bookcase with feet like a millipede.

On the shelves of the bookcase are an assortment of several hundred pint-sized Daemons. These Daemons have memorized all the texts, manuscripts, notes, maps and other sources of information that Durgul has collected in the past few thousand years. Durgul keeps them hidden in little caches all over the world. All Durgul has to do is reach out, squeeze a Daemon and ask for the information he wants. The Daemon can recite, or materialise lavishly-illustrated hardcopy in any known language.

On the marble tables are a few notes in Arcane Elvish - shopping lists for Creetox and Barismann - and some incomprehensible doodles.

Anyone using *Magical Awareness*? This room thrums with magical power. The PC tests for *Fear*, overloaded by the sheer volume of magic. Even if he passes, he stutters for the rest of the adventure - maybe the rest of his life.



Anybody who touches a piece of furniture or stuff on the bookshelf releases the appropriate Daemon to attack. The books are Lesser Daemons, the furniture are Greater Daemons.

Forgive us if we don't take up a page or two detailing these Daemons. Don't get caught up in the details - use the standard descriptions (*WFRP*, pp255-257) and get on with the rest of the adventure.

The Treasury/Bedroom: In the centre of the room is Durgul's favorite bed. He got it in Cathay two centuries ago. Anybody who messes around with it is in serious trouble when Durgul gets back.

Around the bed are shelves holding an assortment of odd items of various sizes, shapes, and colours. These are Durgul's trophies and momentos of centuries of travels and adventures. Their value is personal, not monetary - most of this is the kind of junk you keep about the place, and just can't force yourself to throw out. Nothing in this room is magical.

So where are all Durgul's magical treasures? Hidden somewhere safe where the PCs will never find them.

The Kitchen/Dining Room: If Durgul's bedroom is a testament to all the old, familiar things he likes to keep around him as stable elements in his life, the Kitchen/Dining Room is a testament to Durgul's obsessive need for novelty in cuisine.

One wall is covered with mundane shelves holding innumerable little bottles and boxes of spices and condiments. Durgul tried Daemon shelves, but they kept sampling the wares. Another wall is covered with cookbooks of all nations. Along another wall are lined several cupboards holding elegant glass, china and silverware.

In one corner is an ordinary, ancient charcoal stove, with an abundant supply of charcoal to hand. Durgul swears by this stove and won't use any other.

Scattered around the room are racks and cupboards holding fresh and dried fruits and vegetables, and - on a chopping board - sits tonight's dinner, a couple of joints of lamb magically kept cool to preserve their fresh flavour.

The table is set for two, one seat for Durgul, the other for Creetox. Creetox's chair looks like it was designed to hold an 800-pound midget Dragon.

The only magical objects in the room are the lamb joints. Hopefully, the PCs won't mistake these for magic wands or something.

Creetox's Lair

Imagine the PCs' surprise when they find a heap of treasure of the floor of this room. Since they haven't heard anything mentioned about a Dragon, they may just naturally assume the treasure belongs to Durgul. However, the walls and ceiling have little patches of soot - Creetox snores, popping little puffs of flame - and the room smells vaguely of sulphur and brimstone. Remember, though, that Undead Plague may have robbed the PCs of their sense of smell. Also, there is a nice, comfortable depression in the middle of the treasure heap, right where a Dragon would sleep.

Also, when the PCs examine the treasure hoard closely, they may justifiably doubt whether such would interest a sorcerer of Durgul's stature.

Creetox's inferiority complex impels him to demand the perquisites of full-scale Dragons, including a hoard of treasure. Fortunately, Creetox is not too bright, and Durgul has manage to satisfy the needs of Creetox's bruised ego at a bargain price.

The floor of Creetox's lair is heaped with 24,000 brass pennies (about 400 GC), sprinkled liberally with chips of tin, chunks of quartz and glass, some costume jewelery, and twenty or so gaudy but cheap weapon and armor pieces. The whole thing cost Durgul about 500 GC to provide. From a distance and in the poor light, it looks pretty impressive, but a casual inspection should cool the ardour of the ecstatic treasure hunter.

By the way, disparaging remarks about the hoard in Creetox's presence could cause some trouble. Durgul will quickly explain that the PCs must be powerful magicians who have transformed Creetox's treasure into worthless junk, and then the PCs are in deep trouble.

Staging the Encounter

After the PCs have looked around in Durgul and Creetox's rooms and had time to discuss what to do next, the necromancer and Dragon return, carrying a small sack of fresh mint.

Time to Think: We're coming up to the climactic encounter in the adventure. The PCs need some time to figure out what they're going to do:

Attack Durgul?

Get as much information as they can, then leave?

Try to persuade Durgul (by logic or force) to stop practising necromancy in Bolgasgrad?

Leave everything alone, rather than mess with something they can't judge or understand?

Go back to Kislev with the truth, the partial truth, or a pack of lies - or not go back at all?

Join the Ancient Allies in their attempt to Save the World from Chaos through Enlightened Necromancy?

The opportunity to look around in Durgul and Creetox's rooms should function as a tension-releaser. It's time to take stock of their objectives and resources, and decide how they're going to resolve this mission to Bolgasgrad.

Don't be shy about calling this to your players' attention in your GM persona. "Okay, folks. It looks like Durgul isn't in right now. What a lucky break. This



gives you a chance to think over what you've seen and learned since you got yourselves involved in this little mission. Maybe it's pretty clear what you have to do. Maybe it's not so clear, and you ought to discuss it while you've got a chance. But, whatever you do, don't forget you have no idea when Durgul might show up, and you'd better have everything sorted out if and when he does."

Durgul's Return

After you've given the PCs time to think about where they are and what they're doing, and after they've had time to poke around in Durgul's apartments and get into all sorts of trouble, Sulring Durgul and Creetox return from their little outing. The exact timing of this is completely up to you - they might return just as the PCs are doing something incriminating or embarrassing, before they have a chance to indulge in any vandalism or at any other opportune moment.

Durgul and Creetox enter the complex from the concealed entrance on the cliffs above the south fork of the river and stroll back to their apartments, chatting happily as they go. The sound of this is somewhat muffled by the soft sandstone, so PCs who are engrossed in something else will only have a 10% chance of hearing the two coming. PCs who are actively listening have a 25% chance of hearing them, and PCs who are on watch in the passage have a 25% chance of seeing them coming.

Durgul and Creetox are allowed normal *Listen* tests to hear the PCs moving about in their rooms. As soon as Durgul notices that there are strangers wandering about his home, he will turn both himself and Creetox invisible and surround them with a *Zone of Silence*. They will suddenly appear in the room which has the most PCs in it.

You're Durgul?

At this point, there is something you must know about Sulring Durgul. He's no longer an Elf, and he's no longer male. Because of creeping mutation from his experiments with Chaos, he is obliged to move into a new body every so often (see Handout 12), and his present abode is the body of a robustly-built Human woman in her early sixties. This may come as something of a surprise to the PCs, although Mikhail the Witch-Hunter (p105) has been primed to break this news to them gently.

Despite the outward appearance of his present body, Durgul still has the accent, mannerisms and attitudes of an incredibly ancient male High Elf, which the PCs may find a little disconcerting. If they still have the Black Dagger (see p76), they can certainly *try* to kill

Durgul with it (although this may precipitate *The Final Conflict*), but since he is not in an Elven body at the moment, the rune will have no effect.

We'll carry on referring to Durgul as *he* and *him* - he certainly still *thinks* of himself as male, despite the gender of his current body, and it's less confusing than changing things at this stage.

Anyone for Tea?

When Durgul and Creetox appear in their rooms, Creetox will be all for killing them there and then - "Look! Burglars! Can I rip 'em to bits, Sulring? Can I?"

Durgul smiles and shakes his head.

"Now calm down, Creetox," he says with a smile. "And I think we should call them visitors rather than burglars. At least until we've found out what they're doing here." (*turning to the PCs*) "Do excuse Creetox. He does get a little excitable at times. Now - why don't I make us all some tea, and we can sit down and talk it all over. Hmmm?"

Durgul is never less than calm and reasonable, and it is clear that he doesn't feel threatened or endangered by the PCs. Have a look at the section headed *The Final Conflict* if you want to know why. Durgul's calmness should begin to worry the players.

If the PCs have made a mess of his apartments, Durgul looks around sadly and tells them in gently chiding tones that he really wishes they'd shown better manners. He waves his hand in a suitably wizardly manner. Everything that has been broken pieces itself back together. Some of the items of furniture begin to move around the room, picking up the objects that belong on or in them. The room generally sets itself straight in a flashily magical manner.

If a PC is doing something he doesn't like, Durgul will ask him to stop. He will be very patient and courteous, saying please and thank you and not raising his voice. If this doesn't work, Durgul will repeat the request with a little more force. Failing this, he will slap a *Stand Still* spell (level 4 Battle Magic) on the offending character, expending an extra 20 Magic Points to make sure it works (see *Spell/Test Enhancements*, *WFRP*, p 135).

Durgul's patience is not inexhaustible, however. If it becomes clear that reason is not going to get him anywhere with the PCs, he will proceed to *The Final Conflict* (p109).

Talking It Over

The discussion and negotiations between the PCs and Durgul proceed in three steps. If the PCs become persistently uncooperative or aggressive

at any time, Durgul may be provoked to attack. However, he remains patient and persuasive as long as he has some hope of convincing the PCs to do as he wants, and as long as it doesn't compromise his defensive position. For example, he will not let the PCs sneak up on him from behind. Any time they draw weapons, begin casting a spell or produce an item that might conceivably be a magical weapon, Durgul goes to battle stations.

Step One: What Are You Doing Here?

After retiring to the kitchen, boiling water with a wave of the hand, telekinetically laying out the tea service, and setting the tea to brew, Durgul politely inquires as to the PCs' business here.

Durgul will accept any of three presentations - the truth (after 5000 years' experience, Durgul recognizes the truth when he hears it), an exceptionally clever and plausible lie, or a transparently false but polite and diplomatic lie. Durgul prefers the truth - he likes to deal with honest folk - but he recognizes that fearful Humans are taught to misrepresent themselves in difficult situations.

Durgul will not accept a clumsy lie or a refusal to explain. A clumsy lie insults his intelligence, and refusal to explain is an inexcusable lapse of manners. Durgul will gently chide the PCs, explain why their response is unacceptable and give them a second chance. If the PCs fail to satisfy Durgul after a direct threat and a third chance, hostilities commence.



Step Two: What Would You Like to Know?

Once satisfied by the PCs' explanation of their presence here, Durgul asks them if there is anything they'd like him to explain to them. He is sincerely willing to tell them the truth about everything, including his abilities and true motives, because he doesn't plan to allow the PCs to leave alive unless they've sworn a binding oath of secrecy. He'll tell them this, too, if they ask. The information which Durgul has to pass on is contained in *Handout 12* - which is for your eyes only!

On one level, this is an intelligence test. If the PCs ask intelligent questions, Durgul is further inclined to spare their lives and convince them to join his team. If the PCs ask stupid questions or don't ask questions at all, Durgul is inclined to consider them dull and expendable.

On another level, this is the PCs' first chance to persuade Durgul to do what they want him to do. If they ask questions that show that they might have some good ideas for achieving his own goals more effectively, Durgul is inclined to take the PCs seriously.

For example, the PCs may ask why Durgul hasn't posed as an evil necromancer living in the wilderness. That way he could use his undead army to protect Bolgasgrad, yet Bolgasgrad wouldn't suffer the displeasure of Kislev and the Tsar. Perhaps Zuvassin and Necoho prefer a confrontation with the Tsar, but the idea has merit, and shows the PCs are sympathetic with Durgul and Bolgasgrad's needs.

Step Three: What Do You Expect Me To Do?

This is Durgul's indirect way of letting the PCs explain why he shouldn't kill them.

"You've put me in a difficult position. I'm responsible to Zuvassin, Necoho, Bolgasgrad and - not least - to myself. I wouldn't mind being helpful to you - as long as it doesn't conflict with my other interests. What is it that you want me to do, and why should I do it?"

Durgul listens to the presentations for five or ten minutes, then he interrupts apologetically. "I'm sorry. I'm a bit pressed for time. Could you each - one after the other - make a brief statement about what you'd like me to do, and explain why it is in my best interest to cooperate with you?" (*Glances at the stupidest-looking PC*) "Could we start with you, please?"

The players should realise that this is the critical moment. Prompt each player in turn for his presentation. When they are finished, Durgul considers their statements, and makes his decision.

Deciding the PCs' Destinies

If Durgul is generally satisfied with the PCs' proposals, he offers to sit down and work out the details - if the PCs agree to join his team and the Ancient Allies cult.

If Durgul is only partially satisfied with the PCs' proposals, but he feels they might be open to persuasion, he offers to discuss the issues further - if the PCs agree to join his team and the cult.

If Durgul is completely dissatisfied with the PCs' proposals, if he is unable to come to a compromise with with them, or if they refuse to join his team and the Ancient Allies cult, he says regretfully, "I'm sorry, but our objectives appear to be mutually incompatible. I'm afraid the best I can offer you is the choice between death or staying here for good. As I'm sure you'll understand, I can't let you go now, with everything you've found out. Would you like a few minutes to discuss the choice among yourselves?"

This is likely to lead directly into *The Final Conflict*.

What is an Acceptable Proposal?

Any proposal that ensures the security of Bolgasgrad against Chaos invaders, acknowledges the right of the Ancient Allies to remain as Bolgasgrad's official cult, permits Durgul to remain true to his contract with Zuvassin and Necoho (thereby protecting him against mutations), and ensures that the PCs reveal nothing of what they've learned, is satisfactory to Durgul.

Ideally, Durgul hopes the PCs will join the Ancient Allies and work for him. If they have some ideas about how he can achieve his objectives without openly supporting necromancy, Durgul is willing to listen.

At the minimum, Durgul doesn't care whether the PCs agree with him or offer to work for him, as long as they agree to join the Ancient Allies cult, swearing not to reveal its secrets on pain of the oath curse. As long as the security of Bolgasgrad, the Ancient Allies and Durgul can be assured, the PCs are free to leave.

If the PCs refuse to join the Ancient Allies and swear the oath curse, Durgul must destroy them.

If Durgul judges that the PCs may be allowed to live, go to *Swearing the Oath* p111.

If Durgul decides that the PCs must be destroyed, go to *The Final Conflict*.

THE FINAL CONFLICT

And so, Our Heroes have decided to take on an incredibly ancient master sorcerer and his pet Dragon, on their own home ground.

This really isn't very bright. However, PCs sometimes try the most spectacularly stupid things, so we have to allow for the possibility.

Now, we could take up several pages detailing precisely what Durgul can do, what magical equipment he has, what spells he knows and so on. But it would all boil down to the fact that he's a super-powerful NPC, and you should have picked up that impression already. So should the PCs, but if they can't take a hint, that's their problem.

STAGING SUPER-POWERFUL NPCs

The following notes should be useful when dealing with those outrageously powerful NPCs - the type that needs the whole of a small notebook instead of just a character sheet. But only use this method on really special occasions - like this one - or you'll end up with a wipe-out every time.

Firstly, don't worry over details like profiles, spell lists and Magic Points.

Durgul isn't going to use much of his profile in this little skirmish anyway, as you'll see.



If he wants to use a spell, he'll *use* it; if it's not one he knows himself, then he'll either have it in a spell jewel or one of his Daemon furnishings will supply it for him. One way or another, he has access to *all* the spells in the **WFRP** rulebook. If you're prepared to do a little conversion work, he also has access to any spells you fancy from any other games you happen to own.

He doesn't need to worry about Magic Points, either. He has a stock of his own, of course, but between his extensive collection of energy jewels and the various Daemon minions at his command, he's not going to run out in a hurry. As a matter of course, he'll expend an extra 20 Magic Points on each spell he casts, thereby reducing the victim's *Magic* test significantly (see **WFRP**, p135). He'll also spend enough Magic Points each round to raise his own *Magic* test to 105. Sulring Durgul is a professional - he's going to deal with the troublesome PCs quickly and efficiently, with no messing about.

You should be very careful not to let the players know how shamelessly you're fudging this combat - you know how humourless and sulky they can get in situations like this. So - before the combat - you should make sure that you have an enormous stock of dice, at least one notebook and several pencils. And a pocket calculator. When things start cooking, do a little roleplaying yourself.

Furrow your brow as if you're under immense mental strain. Roll dice frequently and in great handfuls. Keep scribbling unintelligent notes and punching numbers into your calculator. Occasionally, repeat a calculation, curse softly under your breath, cross one of your scribbles out and write something else. And, above all, keep leafing hurriedly back and forth through both this book and the **WFRP** rulebook. It's important that you do this convincingly, so the players have the comforting impression that the shredding they're going through is being run according to some kind of rules. You, of course, know different...

SELECTING A TONE FOR THE DEBACLE

Here are some suggestions for staging the final conflict. We give you a brief review of the kinds of tactics Durgul might use, with options for how you feel at the time: kind, mean or downright horrible. Finally, we encourage you to develop your own ideas for this final scene, because this is an opportunity you won't get too often, to present a spellcaster with almost unlimited power. Make the most of it.

Snuff 'em With Style

If your players appear to realise that their actions are suicidal, but they are cheerfully embracing their fate as a gesture of supreme roleplaying, let them go down fighting in a final battle of epic proportions.

Durgul teleports from spot to spot and ambushes the characters one by one, using a different magical effect each time to isolate one of the PCs from the rest of the group and finish him off.

For example:

Ping Durgul disappears.

The PCs wander around, looking for Durgul, or for a way out.

Ping Durgul appears in the midst of them and grabs a PC from behind.

Ping Durgul and the PC both disappear.

At this point, take the relevant player into another room, along with the rulebook, his character sheet and a few dice. Oh, and take this book as well. No disrespect to your players, but some people just can't be trusted.

Durgul and the hapless PC materialise in a sealed burial vault, where Durgul arranges for thirty or so ancient Dwarven Skeletons with a *Summon Skeleton Horde* spell. The Skeletons leap on the PC in a mass, and soon he is immobilised and disarmed. If the player protests, have him make thirty or so tests based on the average of Sx10 and I, one to avoid each grapple - if by some freak of chance he makes all of them, he has about half a round to do something before the Skeletons leap on him again. And again.

Of course, when Durgul grabbed the character in the first place, he activated a special spell jewel which has knocked out all the PC's magic items for 24 hours - so undead-repelling magic items should make no difference.

Durgul now has the option to kill the pinned and helpless PC - he'd probably use something like repeated applications of *Hand of Dust* - or give him a good talking to, or simply leave him there while he sorts the rest of the party out.

Don't worry about taking some time over this. The other players will be sitting there in the other room, wondering what's going on and convincing themselves that it's not good, which will put them in just the right frame of mind for whatever you do to them next. They may even be doing a little thinking. They may even be coming to the conclusion that this isn't going to be as easy as they thought. They might go so far as to consider surrendering. Don't be afraid to give common sense a little time to work.

When each PC is finished off, the player is permitted to return to sit with his fellows, but is told not to divulge the details of the encounter, since it occurred out of the other PCs' presence.

Life in Prison

If your players are resigned to attacking Durgul because they feel it is in character for their PCs, but clearly don't want to lose their characters in a hopeless battle, you may want to soften their defeat.

In this case, the plot basically follows the sequence described above, but everyone finally ends up in the Holding Cell (p104) where Mikhail the Undead Witch Hunter is resting.

For example:

Ping Durgul appears and takes a victim off to a remote burial chamber.

Durgul summons a horde of Lesser Daemons, then directs them to take the PC prisoner, striking only to stun. After a chorus of groans and whining protests (*'Aw, c'mon, can't we rip his lungs out? Can't we, please, please?'*), the Daemons resentfully surround the PC and half-heartedly try to avoid killing him while they take him prisoner.

After Durgul gives the helpless PC a good thrashing or a good talking-to, **ping** the PC is suddenly in the Holding Cell (p104).

Thus, after each player is taken into a separate room for his character's thrashing, he is sent into a third room, where he may confer with the victims who preceded him into the Holding Cell. Doubtless, they will begin to plan their escape at once.

When all the PCs have been disabled and conveyed to the Holding Cell, Durgul appears as a projected illusion in the air before them. "I'm ever so sorry about this little misunderstanding. I'll have to ask you to accept my hospitality for an indefinite period. I have some pressing business to attend to, but I'll return as soon as possible to see if you have reconsidered my offer of acceptance into the cult of Ancient Allies. If you'll excuse me..." And Durgul turns, with a gesture sealing the Holding Cell by summoning a wall of magic-proof stone. Then he **pings** out, leaving the PCs to cool their heels for a few cons.

Ask your players to make up new characters for the next game session. "Oh, your characters are just fine - they get plenty of medical attention - if they need it - and lots of food and some Daemons to play with. But Durgul isn't letting anyone out without joining the Ancient Allies." If anyone wants to plot an escape, fine, but such a futile gesture is the mark of an incurable optimist.

Battering Into Submission

Whether you *snuff 'em with style* or give them *life in prison*, you'll end up with a series of one-on-one battles between Durgul and each PC. In the examples above Durgul summons Daemons or Skeletons to do his dirty work. Here are four ways for Durgul to slaughter or subdue a hapless PC personally.

1: Animated Swords

Best against warrior-types. Durgul animates four or more swords in as many rounds (see the Level 3 Battle Magic spell *Animate Sword*). The profligate expenditure of Magic Points implied is an instructive display of Durgul's power, and the melee with four or more animated swords can be a prolonged, colourful and ultimately hopeless gladiatorial event in the tradition of Christians vs lions. To subdue rather than slaughter, Durgul directs the swords to strike to stun.

2: Fireball Fricasse

Durgul alternates between ground-zero *Fire Balls* (Level 1 Battle Magic), *Hand of Fire* (Level 1 Elemental), and *Breathe Fire* (Level 3 Elemental) to roast his victim. Needless to say, he has a warding ring which keeps him completely safe from magical fire.

3: "Elementally, My Dear Watson"

Durgul summons four Elementals - one of each variety - sets them loose in the same room as the PC, then becomes ethereal so he can watch the proceedings. Review the panoply of Elemental Magic Spells for details and flourishes.

4: Shapechange

This routine is pretty flashy magic-wise, but not particularly awesome visually. It's best for dealing with weeder PCs who wouldn't last long under the other three routines.

After applying one of the defensive magical effects listed below, Durgul uses the Level 2 Druidic spell *Shapechange* to change into one of the following nasty critters: bear, boar, dog (war), horse (war) or wolf (great). See the Bestiary for stats. For example, Durgul might cast an *Aura of Invulnerability* (Level Four Battle Magic) on himself, then shapechange into a warhorse. Trample, trample, trample.

Defensive Routines

To keep Durgul from being embarrassed by a shrewd or lucky PC, take any of the following defensive precautions you feel appropriate. Remember that since Durgul can teleport, he can **ping** off, cast a defensive spell or two, put on mithril armour, then pull out a magical weapon and give it explicit instructions to parry all attacks. He's far too shrewd to be less than fully prepared.

Useful defensive spells: *Aura of Invulnerability* * (Level 4 Battle Magic); *Aura of Protection* * (Level 2 Battle Magic); *Camouflage Illusion* (Level 1 Illusion); *Clone Image* (Level 1 Illusion); *Zone of Life* (Level 1 Necromantic; a great crock if a PC has contacted the Undeath Plague).

*Note: Auras are dispelled by other auras, magical weapons and *Dispel Aura*, so they may not be useful against some better-prepared PCs.

Armour, etc: Durgul could be wearing robes embellished with Armour Runes, or carrying a magical weapon with the *Protection* special ability.

Healing: If things look tough, he teleports out and swigs a couple of *Potions of Healing* or casts *Cure Severe Wound* (Level 4 Battle Magic) before returning to the fray.

In addition, Durgul can always summon up Daemons or Elementals to run interference for him, or use a *Illusionary Enemy* (Level 3 Illusion) to summon up some bogus minions.

Creetox (p120)

Durgul will probably prefer to keep Creetox out of the final conflict, since the hot-headed young Dragon is just as likely to foul things up as he is to actually do any good. However, Durgul won't hesitate to use Creetox as a distraction if he needs to.

Creetox himself will be beside himself with glee if any trouble starts. He will launch himself at the nearest PC, laughing at Durgul and yelling "Shoulda let me kill 'em! I told you!"

Creetox is not a subtle fighter - he simply selects a PC and rips into him with every attack form he can use. Once he gets started, Creetox will keep fighting until he is dead, the PCs are dead or out of reach, or Durgul teleports him out of harm's way.

One final note: if the PCs manage to kill Creetox, they are in *big* trouble with Durgul.



SWEARING THE OATH

PCs who wish to avoid the unpleasantness we've just detailed have to accept the oath curse and be accepted as members of the Cult of the Ancient Allies before any further discussions with Durgul.

Since Durgul is on a first name basis with Zuvassin and Necoho, there's no fuss about swearing before the shrines of the two Gods, as most cult members must. From among the objects in his bedroom Durgul takes a miniature - and slightly imperfect - double-Y shaped ebony plaque inlaid with an ivory crescent moon and star. Holding it to his chest, he simply invokes the two Chaos gods by name. He then hands it to each character in turn and requires them to pledge the following oath:

Should I by any means whatever reveal the mysteries of the cult of the Ancient Allies, may my soul suffer in retribution. I so swear by the names of Zuvassin and Necoho. Thus may I be ever hereafter and henceforth numbered among the elect of the Ancient Allies.

The fate of those who transgress against this oath depends on who's on Oath-Breaking-Punishment-Duty at the time. Zuvassin tends to devise hideous, painful, but swift deaths; Necoho prefers long, lingering afflictions with relatively mild symptoms, but complete disruption of normal mental activities (strokes, amnesia, dementia, senility, etc). See *The Oath Curse*, p91, for some ideas.

Making Peace with Durgul

Once the PCs have sworn the oath, Durgul is content to let them go on their way, without further ado. However, Durgul says that if the PCs have nothing else to do, he can probably find some interesting and well-paying errands for them. "How about a little hike into the Chaos Wastes? Are any of you folk familiar with Dwarven ruins of Karak-Kadrin? I have a spell-component-collection concern down in Araby that could use some looking after. And I'm really not up on events in Lustria, and can't afford the time to pop over and have a look around myself. Anyone interested?"

As far as payment goes, Durgul can offer cash or magical treasure - "I have quite a little stash hidden away. What strikes your fancy?" - and he can offer training in any magical discipline from alchemy to Daemonology.

This can provide a smooth transition to your next **WFRP** campaign sequence. Durgul has business and contacts all over the globe, a perfect rationale for sending the PCs to the *Warhammer Fantasy* setting of your choice.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE

This adventure can end in various ways, according to what has actually happened:

The PCs may have gathered what information they can from Bolgasgrad, avoided a confrontation with Durgul, and returned to Kislev post-haste to report;

They may have met Durgul, joined the Ancient Allies, and then returned to Kislev having accepted the oath curse;

They may have met Durgul, refused to join the cult, and escaped back to Kislev by some means;

They may have met Durgul, joined the cult, and decided to work for him.

These endings assume that the adventure has been played as a part of the *Enemy Within* campaign or the Kislev campaign. If it has been played as an isolated adventure, certain details may need changing slightly to take account of the means by which the PCs were introduced to the adventure (see p75). However, this shouldn't be too difficult for the averagely brilliant GM.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED... IN A FASHION

If the PCs used their common sense and left the temple before the showdown with Durgul - or if they met Durgul and somehow managed to escape without taking the oath and subjecting themselves to the curse - they will be able to return to Kislev and report on what they found in Bolgasgrad.

Since the authorities in Kislev know almost nothing about the cult of the Ancient Allies and events in Bolgasgrad since the secession, anything the PCs decide to tell them will be greeted with great enthusiasm. Go to the section headed *Return of the Heroes*.

If the PCs met Durgul, joined the cult of the Ancient Allies, and took the oath with the curse, things will be a little different. Go to the section headed *We Have Ways...* (p114).

Return of the Heroes

On their arrival in Kislev, the PCs will be pounced upon by Bogdanov and a large squad of Knights of the White Wolf, taken to a suite of rooms in the palace and exhaustively debriefed over a period of several days. They will be treated well, and allowed almost anything they desire, but they will not be permitted to leave until Bogdanov is convinced that he has

pumped every last drop of information from them. He may even go so far as to use hypnosis and truth potions, explaining all the while that they won't do any harm, and they might help the PCs to recall vital details that had slipped their memories.

After Bogdanov has finished with them, the various temples from whom the PCs begged information at the start of the adventure (pp77-80) will send representatives crowding round, wanting to know all about the cult of the Ancient Allies, the chances of re-establishing the state cults in Bolgasgrad and what the PCs have done towards this goal already. And, of course, the temples will expect the return of any magical equipment that they lent to the PCs.

After about a week of non-stop questioning, the PCs will be given expensive court clothes - doublets, breeches, hose and jerkins for male characters, dresses for female characters - told to put them on immediately, and bustled into the throne hall of the place, into the presence of Tsar Radii Bokha. As always in the palace complex, they will be escorted by a dozen Knights of the White Wolf and stripped of weapons and spell components before they are allowed into the Tsar's presence.

The Tsar rises, and pulls a roll of parchment from a sleeve of his robe. Everyone in the throne hall bows; the PCs are encouraged to bow, if necessary, by a sword-pommel in the pit of the stomach. There is a respectful - and ruthlessly enforced - silence as the Tsar addresses the PCs. He reads from the parchment, and his Old Worldier is understandable despite his heavy Kislevite accent.

"Honoured Knights Panther:

"Kislev is greatly in your debt, for you have achieved great things on our behalf. Our brother of Middenheim shall hear of the valuable services you have rendered our country. He has cause to be proud of those who serve him.

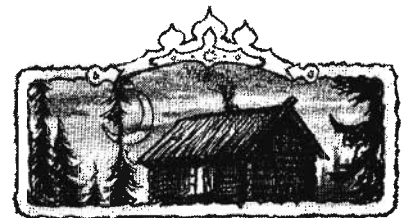
"We are now faced with the difficult task of adequately expressing our gratitude for your services. While, no doubt, you may protest that you were doing no more than your duty, we have decided nonetheless that we must express our gratitude and satisfaction with your service in some way."

The Tsar gestures to an advisor, who gestures to a lackey, who gestures to a door-guard, who opens his door and gestures down a corridor. There is a slight pause - just long enough for

avaricious visions of monetary rewards to start building up in players' imaginations - before a lackey enters with a small, silver-inlaid wooden box, about the size of this book but slightly thicker. The lackey gives the box to the advisor, who opens it and holds it in front of the Tsar - just high enough so that the PCs can't see what is in it. The Tsar speaks again.

"The highest honour that Kislev can bestow is investiture in the Order of the Star of Kislev. This honour has never before been extended to foreigners. It is my great pleasure to invest you each with the Order of the Silver Star of Kislev, by which you shall be known throughout the states of Kislev as Heroes of the People. Second Class."

Then, the PCs are motioned to advance one at a time to the foot of the dais on which the throne stands, and to bow their heads while the Tsar places a silver star medal on a brightly-coloured ribbon around the neck of each.



In addition to this honour, PCs may gain other advantages, according to their career or career class:

Warriors

Warrior-type PCs will be invited to become honorary members of the Kislevite Order of the White Wolf, with the honorary rank of *Nachalnik Kavalyerov* or Knight Commander.

Being an honorary rank, this confers no actual powers or privileges, but it allows the honorary officer and any companions to stay at the White Wolf barracks free of charge at any time, to train with the Knights and to draw equipment for himself *only* from the Order's armoury at any time. The training opportunities will allow any warrior-class character to enter the career of Free Lance, gaining all the trappings and as many skills and advances as the character can purchase with his current experience points total. At your discretion, other skills may also be available, from such careers as Mercenary Captain and Templar.

The Star of Kislev

The highest honour which Kislev can bestow on military personnel, the Star of Kislev was instituted by Tsar Alexis in 2303 to honour the many heroes who helped turn back the tide of Chaos. Tsar Radii Bokha is mistaken in saying that it has never before been bestowed on foreigners, since it was among many honours heaped upon Magnus the Pious after the Battle of Grovod Forest.

The order of the Star of Kislev has three levels - Gold, Silver and Bronze - and is represented by a star-shaped medal of the appropriate metal, hung on a multicoloured ribbon. The Gold Star has only rarely been awarded since the Incursion of Chaos, and is generally reserved for members of the Tsar's family who distinguish themselves in military careers. The Silver Star is given more frequently, in recognition of outstanding gallantry and valuable military service. Kislevite generals are invariably awarded the Silver Star on retirement. The Bronze Star is much more common, being awarded to long-serving military personnel of all ranks, Kislevite ambassadors to other nations, even to mercenaries and militia captains with outstanding records of service.

Holders of the Star of Kislev gain a bonus to **Fel** when dealing with members of the Kislevite military classes: +50 for the Gold Star, +25 for the Silver Star and +10 for the Bronze Star. This bonus applies only if the decoration is actually worn, or if the NPC knows of it by some other means, when any tests are made.



In addition, honorary members of the Kislevite Order of the White Wolf will gain the following modifiers to **Fel** tests:

- +30 when dealing with Kislevite Knights of the White Wolf;
- +20 when dealing with Imperial Knights of the White Wolf;
- +40 when dealing with non-military, non-noble followers of Ulric anywhere;
- +10 when dealing with Knights of any Old World order;
- +15 when dealing with the nobility of Kislev;
- +10 when dealing with other Old World nobility;

These modifiers are *not* cumulative; use the most advantageous in any case.

At your discretion, characters following the more martial ranger careers may be invited to join the Order of the White Wolf as well.



Rangers

Ranger PCs will be invited to join the Brotherhood of the Bear, with the honorary rank of *Kapitan Broydag* or Ranger Captain. Again, the honorary rank confers no powers or privileges, but it offers the same residential and training opportunities as membership of the Order of the White Wolf, and allows characters to gain additional skills from the *Ranger Skill Table* and from careers such as Scout.

In addition, honorary members of the Brotherhood of the Bear will gain the following modifiers to **Fel** tests:

- +30 when dealing with full members of the order;
- +40 when dealing with non-military, non-noble followers of Taal and/or Rhya anywhere;
- +20 when dealing with NPC rangers of any type;
- +10 when dealing with followers of the Old Faith;
- +5 when dealing with Knights of any Old World order;
- +15 when dealing with the nobility of Kislev;
- +5 when dealing with other Old World nobility;

Again, these modifiers are *not* cumulative and should only be applied with NPCs who might reasonably be expected to have heard of the Brotherhood.

Academics

Academic characters will be granted honorary doctorates from the University of Kislev. This institution is small compared to those of Nuln and Altdorf or to the Collegium Theologica in Middenheim, but this is an honour nonetheless. The character is entitled to accommodation in the University whenever he wishes, and unrestricted use of its small library.

If you are looking for an excuse to put an adventure hook in front of your players, you could do worse than use the library. Who knows what obscure tomes, maps, and son on, it might contain.

All academics will have the opportunity to train as Alchemists, Physicians or Scholars, while spellcasters will have the opportunity to advance one level, or to reach level 1 in a new specialisation - either Elemental Magic or Illusion. The University can provide tuition up to level 4 in Battle Magic and up to level 3 in either of the two specialisations. As always, a character must spend experience points normally in the course of this training.

In addition, honorary doctors of the University of Kislev gain the following modifiers to **Fel** tests:

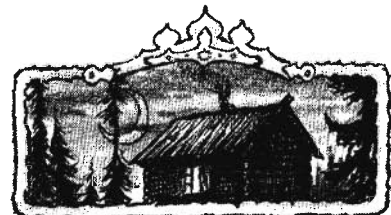
- +30 when dealing with a member of the University of Kislev;
- +15 when dealing with a member of another university or college;
- +5 when dealing with NPC academics of any other type;

These modifiers are *not* cumulative; use the most advantageous modifier in any case.

Clerics

Clerics of Ulric, Mórr, Verena, Taal and Rhya will be offered all the necessary facilities to advance one level (to a maximum level of 4 in all cases), subject to normal experience point expenditure. Rolls on the *Cleric Advance Table* are made as normal.

Clerics of other deities will be allowed (if they think of *asking* - this will not be offered!) to found a shrine to their deity in the city of Kislev. Note, this does not apply to followers of Chaos Gods (including the Ancient Allies) and other proscribed religions. Kislev will not pay towards the founding of such a shrine - permission to found it is enough of a boon - and the founding character must tend the shrine himself until a priest can be sent to take it over. The first time the founding character prays for a blessing at the new shrine, the chance of success is 10%; on the second occasion, this is reduced to 9%, on the third occasion 8%, and so on. In addition, you may decide to reward the founding of the shrine with a few experience points.



Rogues

No particular honours (beyond investiture with the Star of Kislev) will be extended to rogue characters, although for a period of one month after the investiture you should give rogues a +20 bonus to all **Fel** tests when dealing with the authorities in the city of Kislev - but don't tell the players this.

After the Ball

After a week or two, all the fuss surrounding the PCs' return will die down, leaving you with the question of what happens next. There are three basic options:

Going Home

This option is only available if you have been following the campaign sequence in this book, either on its own or as part of the *Enemy Within* campaign.

The Tsar sends the PCs back to Middenheim, with letters for Graf Boris Todbringer saying how happy he is with the service he has received from the Knights Panther Graf Boris sent him. Like the outward journey, the journey home can be handled abstractly, played out in full, painstaking detail, or any blend of the two.

What happens when the PCs return to Middenheim, though, is another matter, and one which is dealt with in *Empire in Flames*, the final part of the *Enemy Within* campaign. Of course, you can insert some adventures of your own between the end of this adventure and the start of *Empire in Flames* if you want to.

Stop the Rot

The PCs are, of course, Kislev's leading authority on what is happening in Bolgasgrad, so it might be natural for the Tsar to attach them to a massive punitive force sent out to destroy the cult of the Ancient Allies and raze the rebel colony to the ground. If you are familiar with the *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* rules

and *Warhammer Siege*, you might be able to develop some interesting and enjoyable tabletop action from this idea.

A Couple More Things...

It is quite possible that the Tsar will decide that the PCs can help him out with a few more little problems, leading on to more adventures in Kislev. In this way, you can develop a longer-running campaign in Kislev, or extend the PCs' stay there before continuing with *Empire in Flames*.

We Have Ways...

The PCs met Durgul, submitted to the oath curse and joined the cult of the Ancient Allies, and then returned to Kislev, they are going to run into a few problems.

They may be able to convince the Tsar and his advisors that they had no choice but to submit to the curse, but as members of the cult of the Ancient Allies themselves, they will now be under deep suspicion.

The PCs will be disarmed and imprisoned while the Tsar and his advisors try to come up with some way of getting hold of the vital information which is locked away in their memories. They won't give up easily, so the PCs can look forward to a hair-raising few days as they become unwilling guinea-pigs for a series of experiments in magical bomb disposal. They will be split up for questioning, so that if - regrettably - one line of endeavour should prove to have fatal shortcomings, the loss of valuable informants will be minimised.

The effects of the oath curse are detailed on p91, and the wording of the oath itself is on p111. You may find it handy to copy both pieces of information out for ease of reference.



Non-classified Data

One early approach will be to ask a PC to tell everything he thinks he can tell without invoking the curse.

The PCs can explain about the existence of the curse, and what they think it did to Julius Olvaga, without any danger to themselves. It's only when the topic of conversation shifts to the cult of the Ancient Allies that things may become a little sticky. As explained on p91, the oath curse prevents a member of the Ancient Allies cult from revealing any information about the cult to a non-member. That still leaves some useful information which the PCs can pass on without bringing the curse down on themselves.

This will satisfy Bogdanov and friends for a little while, but not for long.

By the way, you should be prepared to be an Utterly Ruthless and Nasty GM while playing out these questioning sessions. If a player says something, then his character said it, and if it's out of line, then down comes the curse - no second chances.



The Off Switch

One of the first things the players might think of is to have the oath curse lifted by the most powerful wizard in Kislev. Unfortunately, the most powerful wizard in Kislev is Sulring Durgul.

The oath curse can be lifted by a *Remove Curse* cast by a level 4 spellcaster. How difficult you make it to find a level 4 spellcaster in Kislev is up to you. Of the Clerics with whom the PCs might have had dealings at the start of the adventure, Grigoriy Smertovitch Moryevitch of the temple of Mór is level 3, as is Magda Irenovna of the temple of Taal and Rhya. The PCs have not met the head of the cult of Ulric in Kislev, who might be level 4, and Brother Stefan of the temple of Verena is certainly venerable and wise, and might conceivably be level 4 as well. There might possibly be a level 4 wizard attached to the Tsar's court or to the University of Kislev.

It all depends on how easily you want to let the PCs off the hook. If you want to bring things to a swift conclusion, then Bogdanov will have no difficulty in rustling up a level 4 spellcaster from somewhere, who can lift the curse. Then, simply and painlessly, the PCs are given an intensive course of hypnosis and truth potions and tell Bogdanov everything he wants to know, and that's it. If anyone expresses surprise at how easy it's all been, simply point out that the oath curse is adequate to keep the citizens of Bolgasgrad under control, which is all Durgul intended it for; when the full might of Imperial Kislev comes into play, it's a different matter. If people persist in questioning the logic of this, helpfully offer to reinstate the curse on their characters. That should stop their griping.

If, on the other hand, you want to play the oath curse up to its full potential, then a whole world of possibilities opens itself up to you. If you like, you can have the curse hanging over the PCs for years - or at least, for several more playing sessions.

For one thing, level 4 spellcasters aren't exactly crowding the pavements, even in Middenheim, so finding one in the comparative backwater of Kislev might prove to be impossible. Remember, level 4 is as high as spellcasters go, and NPC level 4s are few and far between.

If you're not happy with making level 4 spellcasters as rare as gold dust, then perhaps the oath curse has a few tricks and dodges in its magical wiring that make it a bit of a devil to turn off; a level 4 spellcaster examines the PCs using *Magical Sense*, furrows his brow a lot, mutters to himself, then shakes his head.

"Tricky one, that," he says, "Very tricky. I'd like to meet whoever designed this little beauty. Or... maybe I wouldn't. There's what looks like a very nasty little sub-curse in there, which takes any attempt to lift the main curse as intention to break the oath, so the curse goes off right away. Now, normally, I could take the sub-curse out, and then proceed to the main curse. However, there are three of these sub-curses in position, and - as well as keeping an eye on the main curse - they're all watching each other. So, at the least sign of any tinkering, down it all comes - wallop! It's a very, very nice piece of design. Damned if I know how to shift it."

So how are the PCs going to get out from under the curse? Durgul, of course, could turn it off like turning out a light, but actually persuading him to do so could prove a little tricky.

Annandil is the only person the PCs know who understands anything about Durgul and his magical methods, so they might trek all the way back to Chernozavtra, braving Dolgans and Hobgoblins on the way. Then they'd have to persuade Annandil to lift the curse - assuming he knows how.

Or, you could sent them on a desperate quest somewhere else to get the curse lifted - perhaps Ar-Ulric back in Middenheim could do it, or maybe it would take the Grand Theogonist himself, or perhaps only the head of the cult of Verena in the Old World has the necessary knowledge. If you want to send the PCs somewhere - anywhere - here's an easy way to do it.

Alternatively, you might decide that it is fairly easy to get the curse lifted, but that something goes wrong in the process - after all, the oath was taken under the auspices of Zuvassin the Undoer. In such a case, the oath curse can be lifted by a level 4 spellcaster using the *Remove Curse* spell, but it is not *completely* lifted. Unknown to the PCs, in each case there is one trigger word remaining, and every time the character says his or her word, a remnant of the curse descends, striking the character deaf, dumb, blind and paralysed for a week. Interesting words to use include *Bolgasgrad*, *Durgul*, *Zuvassin*, *zombie*, *Chaos* and *temple* - or if you're feeling really mean, try *and*, *but*, *the*, *yes*, *no* and *him*. If you like fancy GMing tricks, you might obtain a small gong or bell, to use whenever a player uses his character's trigger word.

When (if?) the PCs finally sort the curse out and tell Bogdanov everything he wants to know, you can proceed with the happy ending detailed in the last few pages.



Another Little Problem

If the PCs ventured into the Catacombs before returning to Kislev, then there is a fair chance that they will have contracted the Undeath Plague (see p104). If so, they will probably be looking for some kind of cure. As with the oath curse, you can play this out for as long as you like.

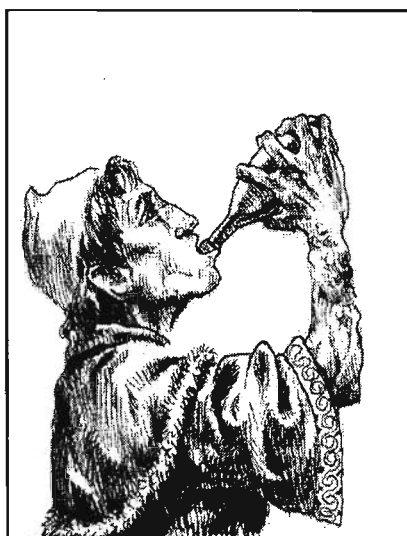
Convincing the authorities that the plague is not contagious will probably call for a good deal of fast talking; the PCs' knowledge will keep them alive - but strictly quarantined - for a while, but after that things might become somewhat difficult.

The first problem, of course, will be to find out exactly how to get rid of the disease. No mortal physician has ever encountered the Undeath Plague before - apart from Sulring Durgul, who can't be described as mortal in the strictest sense of the word - so some kind of divination will be necessary. And it will be necessary to interpret the results of the divination and - perhaps - experiment a little with various cures.

As with the oath curse, the PCs could always try to persuade Sulring Durgul to lift the Undeath Plague from them - although even he doesn't know everything about it, which is why he's keeping Mikhail the Witch-Hunter for study. Annandil might be able to make a fair stab at curing the disease, if the PCs can get to Chernozavtra without falling foul of Dolgans, Hobgoblins or decomposition along the way, and if he's still there when they get there.

Mundane Cures

There are two mundane avenues which can be explored here; herbalism and medicine. In either case, the PCs will have to find someone to diagnose and treat the plague. The NPC must have *Cure Disease* skill in order to diagnose the plague, and all Int tests are made at a -20 penalty because of the plague's rare and exotic nature.



Next, the herbalist or physician must decide on a course of treatment. A course of drugs is probably the most promising, but there could be the need for expensive and/or exotic ingredients, which will have to be obtained from somewhere - giving you another opportunity to send the PCs off on a desperate quest. And the treatment itself might be almost as bad as the disease - for example, it might involve near-fatal doses of Graveroot (WFRP, pp 81-82) to counteract the undead-ness in the patient's system.

Of course, it may be that the Undeath Plague can never truly be cured, and the only thing to do is to suppress it with drugs. In which case, the PCs are going to need a supply of these drugs for the rest of their lives. If the supply ever runs out for some reason - or if they miss a dose - then there could be a tendency to go a bit crumbly round the edges. So they can never go too far from a herbalist or pharmacist who can maintain their supply, and if they get captured or otherwise separated from their equipment, things could get a little sticky. You can use this option to make their lives hell for some time to come.

Magical Cures

As with the oath curse, you can decide how easy it is to get rid of the Undeath Plague by magical means, and how easy it will be to find NPCs who can pull it off. It all depends on how long you want to play things out for.

The first thing is to decide what it will actually take to cure the Undeath Plague. For example, *Cause Instability* to loosen the undead-ness followed by *Cure Severe Wound*, *Treat Illness* or *Heal Injury* to get things back to proper working order. Or it may be necessary for a character to wear an *Amulet of Enchanted Jade* while being struck repeatedly with *Annihilate Undead* spells or an *Undead Bane* magic weapon. The PCs will need to assemble all the equipment and personnel they need, and give it a try.

As with drug treatments, it may turn out that the plague - or at least the decomposition it causes - can be kept under control by magical means, but that the PCs will have to get regular treatment for it; say every month or so. Again, though, you have to be careful that this dependence does not become too much of a handicap.

Or it might be that there is some fabled artefact somewhere which will be the answer to all the PCs' problems. This might make an interesting quest-type adventure, since it has the added tension of a time limit - the PCs need to find the cure before they decompose away to nothing. Of course, the less enlightened people they run into along the way might mistake them for *real* undead and subject them to all kinds of unfair and bigoted attacks.

Divine Cures

It may seem to the PCs that only a miracle can free them of the Undeath Plague, and certainly there's nothing to stop them praying for a miracle if the players think of it. The two deities to approach are Mórr, who has a large temple in Kislev, and Shallya, who has a shrine in a side chapel of the temple to her mother Verena.

Prayers at the temple of Mórr have a base success chance of 1-10%, depending on your estimation of how well the PCs served him in the course of this mission. This is modified as follows:

- Character is a follower of Mórr: +1%
- Character is an Initiate of Mórr: +2%
- Character is a Cleric of Mórr: +2%, +1% per level
- Others are praying with/for the PCs:
 - Initiate of Mórr..... +2%
 - Cleric of Mórr, level 1..... +3%
 - level 2..... +4%
 - level 3..... +5%
 - level 4..... +6%

Hours spent in prayer:
..... +1 per person per hour,
maximum +10% per person.

Thus, if there are 6 PCs, and they have done well enough in Mórr's eyes to merit a 10% base chance, and they then persuade Grigoriy Smertovitch (level 3 Cleric of Mórr) to pray with them for 10 hours, their total chance of success is calculated as follows:

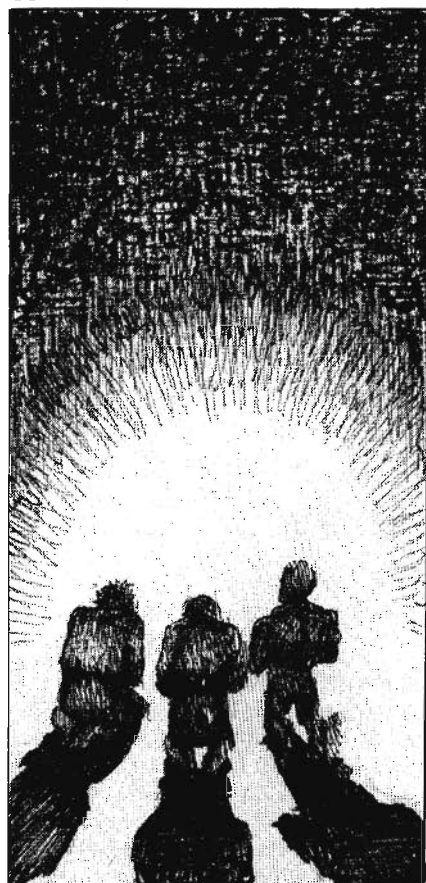
Base chance	10
7 people praying for 10 hours: +70	
Level 3 Cleric of Mórr	+ 5
total	85 %

Prayers at the Shrine of Shallya have a base success chance of 1-10%, depending on your estimation of how well the PCs have served her purposes in the course of this mission. Although Shallya was not formally a patron of the mission and has no especial interest in necromancy and undead, it should be obvious that she will be less than willing to grant miracles to characters who have spent most of their time acting directly against her interests.

As in the temple of Shallya, the base chance is subject to a set of modifiers. Most of these are similar to those given above for the temple of Mórr; the shrine has three attendant Clerics of Shallya (one level 2 and two level 1), as well as four initiates. Further modifiers - which apply *only* to prayers to Shallya - are as follows:

- For each 1% of the PCs' total personal wealth given for the relief of the poor and sick: +1%
- For each day the PCs pledge to working for the relief of the poor and sick: +1%
- For each character who has followed, or is following, a career as a herbalist or physician: +5%
- For each character who swears to become a follower of Shallya and train for the priesthood: +10%

Note that characters who break promises to Shallya may find themselves facing *The Wrath of the Gods* (WFRP, pp195-195).



If a blessing is obtained, it will be the complete and permanent removal of the Undeath Plague from every character in the temple who is smitten with it. Others will be cured only if the PCs mention them by name in their prayers.

If a blessing is not obtained, but you want to get things sorted out quickly and neatly - or if the blessing was so nearly obtained that you feel guilty about withholding it - then Mórr or Shallya might grant one of the PCs or one of their own followers access to a non-divine means of curing or suppressing the plague, in a dream or by some other means (see *Oracles and Other Marvels*, **WFRP** p 194). In return, of course, they might well ask/demand for a small service...

Other Cures

Players can always be relied upon to come up with solutions to problems which no-one else would think of in a thousand years, so this section cannot hope to be exhaustive. However, here are a couple of other things they might try, with some notes for the beleaguered GM.

The Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin (p95) will certainly get rid of the Undeath Plague in the same way as it gets rid of all other influences of Chaos. Treat the plague as a single mutation. Of course, the PCs will probably have some difficulty in persuading Sulring Durgul, Leonid Barismann or the Abbot of the temple of the Ancient Allies - the only people who know the correct ritual - to administer the treatment to them. Durgul knows that he can keep the plague under control for as long as the PCs work for him, and he's astute enough not to fall for any fast talk unless it is particularly inspired. The other two will always seek clearance from him before treating the PCs, if they know of his interest in them.

Prayer in the temple of the Ancient Allies might produce a favourable result, if the PCs can make out a good case for curing them of the plague. Zuvassin might be swayed by suggestions that the plague is a product of Chaos, and one which might serve Nurgle, the Plague God, particularly well, or by promises from the PCs to dedicate their lives to eradicating Chaos from the world. Necoho, on the other hand, will be almost impossible to stir into any godlike action; he will almost certainly not believe any promises which will involve the PCs in spending the rest of their lives destroying temples and suchlike.

SELLING OUT

Of course, if the PCs have decided to accept Durgul's offer of employment instead, this adventure will end quite differently. They will stay in Bolgasgrad doing various odd jobs, and will have the chance to train up to level 4 in any wizard specialisation. Durgul might even send them on errands around and about Bolgasgrad, and they might even still be there when the Tsar gets round to sending a military expedition to raze it to the ground. However, as far as adventuring goes, the PCs will be firmly tied to Durgul as a patron - although they may get the chance to escape back to Kislev at some time.

Some GMs might get really excited at the prospect of running adventures for a bunch of PC zombies who are bound in service to a mega-powerful Necromancer. And, as we've already said, it's certainly a great excuse for sending them all over the globe - to Lustria in search of Old Slann artifacts, across the Steppes to Cathay to re-open the land trade routes, to Araby for obscure magical paraphernalia, and so on. So, feel free. Be creative. Unfortunately, there's just no way we can cover all these possibilities in future adventure supplements, so you're on your own if you try anything this ambitious - but we're sure you can cope!



EXPERIENCE POINT AWARDS

Roleplaying

As always, you should reward good roleplaying and bright ideas - an average character should get about 30 points per session for good roleplaying, going down to zero for bad or uninspired play and up to 100 for excellent play.



Plot Objectives

Concocting a reasonable cover story - 10-50 EPs each, depending on your estimation of the story.

Getting Olvaga's map without help from the GM and without causing any unpleasantness - 50 EPs each

Getting Olvaga's map without help from the GM, but causing trouble in the process - 20 EPs each

Needing help to get Olvaga's map, and/or making a real mess of things in that direction - 5 EPs each

Getting locked up in the barracks cellar and escaping all by themselves - 20 EPs each

Getting locked up in the barracks cellar and needing to be rescued by Vladimir Slepov - 5 EPs each

Getting an audience with the Prince and behaving well - 20 EPs each

Getting an audience with the Prince and disgracing themselves - 5 EPs each

Getting into the temple of the Ancient Allies by means of some brilliant ruse - 50 EPs each

Getting into the temple of the Ancient Allies by violent means - 20 EPs each

Recovering documents from the temple - 20 EPs for each character who thinks to do so

Finding out about the cult of the Ancient Allies - 20 EPs each

Getting into the catacombs without raising the alarm - 50 EPs each

Cutting a way into the catacombs through the temple's defenders - 20 EPs each

Getting locked up in the holding cell and escaping all by themselves - 20 EPs each

Getting locked up in the holding cell and needing Mikhail's help to escape - 5 EPs each

Finding out about the Undeath Plague from Mikhail - 20 EPs each

Defeating Alexis III - 50 EPs for each character involved in the combat

Not defeating Alexis III - 10 EPs for each character involved in the combat

Avoiding the Undeath Plague - 50 EPs for each character who does so

Getting samples of Chaos-warped plant life from Radici's lab or the Chaos Garden - 20 EPs per sample for each character who does so

Stopping the Spirit Reservoir working - 10 EPs each

Reconnoitering Durgul's apartments - 20 EPs each

Talking to Durgul and finding out what is going on - 50 EPs each

Attacking Durgul at any time - 5 EPs each

Being defeated by Durgul - 10 EPs to each survivor

Meeting Durgul and escaping without joining the cult - 100 points each

Meeting Durgul, joining the cult and escaping - 50 points each

Meeting Durgul, joining the cult and staying with him - 25 points each

Getting the oath curse lifted - 50 points each

Getting the Undeath Plague cured - 50 points each

Final Awards

If the PCs have managed to bring back information to Kislev which will result in the overthrow of the cult of the Ancient Allies, they may each receive 200 EPs and 1 Fate Point.



THE TEMPLE OF THE ANCIENT ALLIES

NPCs and Creatures

Leonid Barismann - Level 3 Cleric

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	43	35	4	4	11	50	1	49	67	55	51	62	60

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick, Cast Spells - see below, Control Undead (see p97), Identify Undead, Magical Awareness, Magical Sense, Manufacture Scrolls, Meditate, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Theology.

Possessions: Robes, spell components.

Magic Points: 32

Spells

Petty Magic: Curse, Glowing Light, Magic Lock, Marsh Lights, Reinforce Door, Remove Curse, Sleep, Sounds, Zone of Silence.

Battle Magic, level 1: Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball, Hammerhand, Steal Mind, Wind Blast.

Battle Magic, level 2: Aura of Protection, Cause Panic, Hold Flight, Lightning Bolt, Smash.

Battle Magic, level 3: Arrow Invulnerability, Cause Cowardly Flight, Cause Fear, Cause Stupidity, Dispel Aura.

Ancient Allies Special Magic: Invoke Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin, Detect Chaos Taint (see p97).



Viktor Stragoff, Abbot, Cleric Level 1

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	3	9	40	1	29	30	37	42	39	41

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick, Cast Spells - see below, Control Undead (see p97), Meditate, Read/Write, Secret Language - Classical, Theology.

Possessions: Robes, Staff, Dagger, Spell components.

Magic Points: 11

Spells

Petty Magic: Curse, Glowing Light, Magic Lock, Marsh Lights, Reinforce Door, Remove Curse, Sleep, Sounds, Zone of Silence.

Battle Magic: Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury, Steal Mind, Wind Blast.

Ancient Allies Special Magic: Invoke Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin, Detect Chaos Taint (see p97).

Initiates

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	25	3	3	8	40	1	30	30	40	40	40	30

Skills: Control Undead, Read/Write, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Theology.

Possessions: Robes, Staff, Dagger.

Undead Guards

These are identical to the Zombies of Chernozavtra - see p61.

Undead Bear

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	0	4	5	15	10	2	-	10	10	10	10	-

Psychological Traits: Not subject to *Frenzy*. Causes *Fear* because of its bear nature (no extra *Fear* check for being undead, unless you're a really evil-hearted GM).

Alexis Chokin III, Chaos Warrior of Zuvassin

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	59	49	4	4*	10	60	2	89	89	89	89	89	18

Mutations: *Skull Face* and *Very Resilient**.

Equipment: Chaos Armour - 2 AP to every location, no encumbrance, +10 bonus to all *Magic* tests.

Chaos Two-handed Sword - made of a mass of fused Human bone, and enchanted by Sulring Durgul with help from Zuvassin, this sword gives its wielder the following advantages: cause *Fear* in all living creatures; immune to all psychological effects; immune to all poisons except Graveroot (*WFRP*, p 82), which affects the wielder as if he or she were undead.

Artisia potion - (taken) doubles *Attacks* and *Movement*.

Comporana blade venom (applied to sword) - works as a double dose of Manbane (see *WFRP*, p 82) for the first blow only.



S'siss's'ex - Daemonette of Slaanesh

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	57	42	4	3	5	60	3	10	89	89	89	89	89

Special Rules: Two *claw* attacks and one *tail-lash*. Subject to instability outside the shrine. Causes *fear* in living creatures under 10 feet tall. Immune to psychological effects except when caused by deities or Greater Daemons, cannot be forced to leave combat except by such beings.



Blood-Letter - Lesser Daemon of Khorne

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	50	42	4	3	5	60	2	89	89	89	89	89	01

Special Rules: Invulnerable to non-magical attacks; its own attacks count as magical. It automatically passes all *Magic* tests required as a result of spells cast at it.

Subject to *Instability* and *Frenzy*. *Hates* creatures and followers of Slaanesh. Immune to all other psychological effects except those caused by greater Daemons and deities; it has a +10 bonus to all *Fear* and *Terror* tests, except those caused by Khorne's greater Daemons, the Blood-Thirsters. It causes *Fear* in living creatures.

Regenerates in the same way as a Troll (WFRP, p 229).

Attacks with *weapon/claw* or *claw/bite*. *Bite* is poisonous, and it can *spit* poison up to 10 yards. The poison affects all creatures as the most appropriate toxin (WFRP, p 82); the bite carries D6 doses and the spit D3. A separate *Poison* test is allowed for each dose. *Claw* attacks have a 25% chance of causing *infected wounds*.

Armed with a *Hellblade*; a razor-edged magical short sword with a +10 'to hit' bonus. This terrible weapon does quadruple normal damage; on a successful hit, roll 4D6 instead of one. When used against followers of Slaanesh, a Hellblade drains 2D6 Magic Points or Daemonic Power Points (as appropriate) from its victim on a successful hit. When the bearer of a Hellblade is slain, the weapon dissolves into a reddish slime, evaporates, and is gone.

Mikhail Lementov, undead Witch Hunter

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	65	57	4	5	15	67	3	43	53	51	58	56	44

Skills: Ambidextrous, Cryptography, Demon Lore, Identify Undead, Law, Magical Awareness, Magical Sense, Manufacture Scrolls, Marksmanship, Meditate, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride horse, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon - Net, Specialist Weapon - Lasso, Specialist Weapon - Crossbow Pistol, Specialist Weapon - Throwing Weapon, Strike Mighty Blow, Torture.

Possessions: none.

Special Rules: Mikhail is suffering from Undeath Plague - see p104.

Dwarf Skeletons

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	17	3	3	5	20	1	18	18	18	18	18	-

Psychological Traits: cause *Fear* in living creatures, immune to all psychology rules.

Special Rules: while in the temple and catacombs, the Skeletons are not subject to *Instability* and do not need a controller.

Sulring Durgul

Refer to *Staging Super-Powerful NPCs*, p109.

Creetox the miniature Dragon

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	59	0	6	6	20	60	6	33	89	41	89	89	24



Chaos Attributes: Creetox has the Chaos attribute *Shrink*, making him one-third the size of most Dragons. His other attributes are *Fast*, raising his M to 5, and *Strong*, which raises his S score to near that of a full-size Dragon.

Psychological Traits: Creetox's diminutive stature makes him less frightening than his full-sized cousins, and as a result he causes *Fear* rather than terror. Creatures larger than Human-size gain a +10 bonus to their *Fear* tests.

Creetox is very sensitive to comments about his size. When someone brings up this subject, he becomes subject to *Frenzy*.

Special Rules: Like a full-sized dragon, Creetox attacks with four *claws*, one *bite* and one *tail-lash* per round. His scales are just as hard as those of a full-sized Dragon, and give him 2AP on each body location. He has Night Vision to 20 yards and flies as a *swooper*, owing to his reduced weight.

Creetox can breathe fire once per turn as a normal Dragon - covering a cone-shaped area 24 yards long and 8 yards wide as the far end. All creatures within this area take 2D6 automatic Wounds at S 7 (ie, 2D6+7 damage, minus victim's *Toughness*). Armour only counts if it provides magical protection against fire. A successful I test allows a victim to dodge the worst of the blast, halving the damage. *Flammable* targets will take additional damage (WFRP, p 80). Creetox cannot breathe if he is being attacked hand-to-hand on either flank, and cannot *bite* and breathe fire in the same round.

Creetox is completely immune to normal fire. He only suffers half normal damage from magical fires.

Magical Equipment: Among the various cheap and shiny bit and pieces Creetox has been given by Durgul are some things which actually *work*; thus, Creetox wears a garnet-and-silver amulet around his neck, which functions as a *Ring of Protection* (WFRP, p 187). While wearing this, Creetox takes half normal damage from all edged and pointed weapons, and has a +10 bonus to any relevant tests (including parries and the like).

Durgul gave the amulet to Creetox because "some people only have to see a Dragon and they fall prey to a strange kind of psychosis. They just *have* to kill it. Bearing the mark of Chaos makes things doubly dangerous for Creetox, especially since he's so sensitive and tends to fly off the handle sometimes."

RACE		GENDER	
HUMAN		MALE	
CAREER CLASS		ALIGNMENT	
WARRIOR		NEUTRAL	
AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR EYES
30	5'10"	150lbs	MID BROWN MID BROWN
DESCRIPTION			
CURRENT CAREER	CAREER PATH	CAREER EXITS	
MERCENARY SERGEANT	TRAPPER - SCOUT - MERCENARY - SERGEANT	MERCENARY CAPTAIN, ARTILLERIST, BOUNTY HUNTER, EXPLORER, GAMBLER, GUNNER, JUDICIAL CHAMPION, OUTLAW CHIEF, PROTAGONIST	
LANGUAGES		WEALTH	
OLD WORLDER, DOLGAN, SECRET LANGUAGE - BATTLE TONGUE, RANGER			

PLACE OF BIRTH: DUNKELBILD
PARENTS OCCUPATION: FATHER: HERDSMAN MOTHER: OUTLAW
FAMILY MEMBERS: BOTH PARENTS DEAD. BROTHER (32): OUTLAW

PERSONALITY: *"Krogar's all right really. Good to have at your back in a fight. Trouble is, he's impulsive. Especially when he's bored. And he tends to get bored when he's not fighting. Sometimes, his impulses get him in trouble. Then things tend to get a bit unfortunate for both of us."*

"But I've had some good times with him - rarely dull, I'll say that. I'd never give it up - I mean what else is there? Regular army's too much like hard work - and can you imagine him square-bashing or peeling potatoes? No, thank you very much, I can do without that."

Jim has all the skills to be a first-class soldier, but he's too independent, and too bright to follow stupid orders. He's well travelled, speaks several languages, and is familiar with the customs of many Old World cultures, by experience as well as hearsay.

Jim has an insatiable curiosity, and once he starts on a subject, he becomes obsessive. A quick and unconventional thinker, he's seldom interested in the orthodox method, always preferring tricky or clever solutions. When a choice of tactics is necessary, he always chooses the off-beat and unexpected over the direct and conventional.

Jim would make a good officer, but his social station makes it unlikely that a commission will be offered him, and he is too impatient with fools and procedures to work his way up through the ranks. His dream is to make a name for himself as an adventurer, and somehow convert that into an opportunity to command a patron's mercenary force.

SOCIAL LEVEL		+1		RELIGION		TAAL									
PSYCHOLOGY & HEALTH												INSANITY POINTS			
COMPANIONS 6 ANIMALS		M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dev	Ld	In	Cl	WP	F
HORSE		8	33	0	3	3	5	30	0	0	10	10	10	10	0

RACE		GENDER	
HUMAN		MALE	
CAREER CLASS		ALIGNMENT	
ACADEMIC		NEUTRAL	
AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES
33	5'9"	155LBS	BLUE
DESCRIPTION			
CURRENT CAREER	CAREER PATH	CAREER EXITS	
CLERIC OF VERENA LEVEL 2	INITIATE - CLERIC 1 - CLERIC 2	CLERIC 3 WITCH-HUNTER DEMAGOGUE	
LANGUAGES		WEALTH	
CLASSICAL ARCANIC MAGICK			

PLACE OF BIRTH: ALTDORF CITY
PARENTS OCCUPATION: FATHER:SCRIBE, MOTHER:PILOT
FAMILY MEMBERS: FATHER LIVING, SISTER (38):DRUIDESS, SISTER (37):
 RATCATCHER, TWIN SISTER (33): SCHOLAR, SISTER (28): BAWD

PERSONALITY: "There has been some dreadful mistake. Surely there is no crime in serving the spiritual needs of those too wretched and too bewildered by the obscure cant of callous ecclesiasts to perceive the simple message of comfort, the soul-easing release of generous charity? And what crime is there in providing for the modest physical needs of a faithful servant of the gods?"

"I will not stoop to discuss the vile calumnies heaped upon me by those jealous of my erudition. It is, of course, untrue that I was cast out from the Brotherhood. I withdrew of my own accord to separate myself from the excesses and corruptions of the fat priests."

Rolland managed to graduate from the University of Altdorf, but only by the skin of his teeth, and not without numerous allegations of impropriety from tutors and colleagues.

Rolland is a man of obscure principles. On one hand, he waxes eloquent over the attitudes of fat and high-ranking priests, but he is not above bending the precepts of his own faith to suit his ends. At the same time, he has a powerful sense of justice and a strong belief in the essential goodness of all living things. He even troubles himself over the plight of mutants, Beastmen, and Goblins - although he is not overly solicitous when his own personal safety is involved.

At heart, he is a rootless and empty man, in search of a cause, something he can put his heart, soul and intellect into. In the meantime, he must continue to live by his wits, to do good as best as he can, and to seek Truth in all its obscure and paradoxical manifestations.

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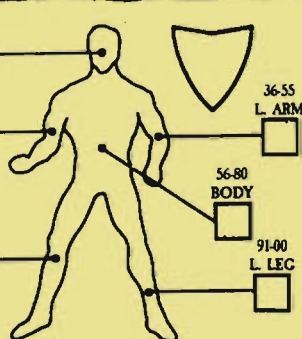
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
STARTER PROFILE	5*	30	30	3	3	6	45*	1	25	30	30	30	30	35
ADVANCE SCHEME		+20*	+20*	+1	+1*	+4*	+10* +20	+1*	+10	+10*	+10*	+10*	+10*	+10
CURRENT PROFILE	5	50	50	3	4	10	55	2	25	40	40	40	40	35

HAND TO HAND WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY
SWORD	—	—	—	—
DAGGER	+10	—	-2	-20

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD
BOW (NORMAL) + ARROWS	24	48	250	3	1 RND

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC
MAIL SHIRT (SLEEVED) SHIELD		

ARMOUR POINTS	
01-15 HEAD	36-55 L. ARM
16-35 R. ARM	56-80 BODY
81-90 R. LEG	91-00 L. LEG



MOVEMENT RATE	YDS 10 SECS	YDS MIN	M.P.H.
CAUTIOUS	10	60	2 ¼
STANDARD	20	120	4 ¼
RUNNING	80	480	18

SPELL	INGREDIENTS

EQUIPMENT/TRAPPINGS
BACKPACK (TANKARD, CUTLERY, BILLY CANS, TINDER BOX, 2 BLANKETS), WATER FLASK, CLOAK, 2 ANIMAL TRAPS, ROPE (10 yds), FUR HAT & BUCKSKINS, BOOTS, COLLAPSIBLE CORACLE

FATE POINTS
3
EXPERIENCE

POWER LEVEL
MAGIC POINTS

SKILLS
ANIMAL CARE CONCEALMENT RURAL CONSUME ALCOHOL EXCELLENT VISION FLEET-FOOTED* FOLLOW TRAIL GAMBLE LIGHTNING REFLEXES* ORIENTATION RIDE - HORSE ROW SECRET LANGUAGE - BATTLE TONGUE - RANGER SECRET SIGNS - WOODSMAN'S - SCOUT'S SET TRAP SILENT MOVE RURAL SPOT TRAP STREET FIGHTER STRIKE MIGHTY BLOW STRIKE TO STUN SPEAK ADDITIONAL LANGUAGE - DOLGAN

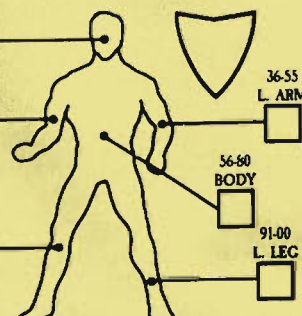
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
STARTER PROFILE	4	25	25	3	3	6	28	1	35	35	38	30	40	32
ADVANCE SCHEME		+10*	+10	+1*	+1*	+3*	+20*		+10	+10*	+10*	+10*	+20*	+10*
CURRENT PROFILE	4	35	25	4	4	9	48	1	35	45	48	40	60	42

HAND TO HAND WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY
KNIFE	+10	-	-2	-20
QUARTERSTAFF	-	-	-1	-

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC

ARMOUR POINTS	
01-15 HEAD	36-55 L. ARM
16-35 R. ARM	56-80 BODY
81-90 R. LEG	91-00 L. LEG



MOVEMENT RATE	YDS 10 SECS	YDS MIN	M.P.H.
CAUTIOUS	8	48	1 ¾
STANDARD	16	96	3 ½
RUNNING	64	384	14 ¼

SPELL	INGREDIENTS
GIFT OF TONGUES	TONGUE OF ANY CREATURE
GLOWING LIGHT	ANY OBJECT
MAGIC FLAME	NIL
PRODUCE SMALL CREATURE	NIL
AURA OF RESISTANCE	2 MAGNETS
CURE LIGHT INJURY	FLINT
STEAL MIND	VIAL OF PURE ALCOHOL
WIND BLAST	ANIMAL BLADDER
ZONE OF STEADFASTNESS	1 PINT DRAGON BLOOD

EQUIPMENT/TRAPPINGS
SHABBY GREY ROBE WALKING STAFF/QUARTERSTAFF IRON SCALES PENDANT BACKPACK

FATE POINTS
3
EXPERIENCE

POWER LEVEL
12
MAGIC POINTS
12

SKILLS
ARCANE LANGUAGE - MAGICK ASTRONOMY CAST SPELLS - PETTY MAGICK CAST SPELLS - CLERICAL 1 CAST SPELLS - CLERICAL 2 HERALDRY HERB LORE HISTORY IDENTIFY UNDEAD IDENTIFY MAGICAL ARTEFACT LINGUISTICS MAGICAL SENSE MEDITATE PUBLIC SPEAKING READ/WRITE SCROLL LORE SECRET LANGUAGE - CLASSICAL THEOLOGY

NAME **WALTER 'LUCKY' TEUFELMIST**



RACE			GENDER		
HUMAN			MALE		
CAREER CLASS			ALIGNMENT		
ACADEMIC			NEUTRAL		
AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	
25	5'6"	140lbs	CORN-BLONDE	LIGHT BROWN	
DESCRIPTION					
LARGE NOSE BIRTHMARK - CRESCENT, BETWEEN SHOULDERS					
CURRENT CAREER		CAREER PATH		CAREER EXITS	
WIZARD, LEVEL 2		WIZARD'S APPRENTICE, WIZARD 1, NECROMANCER 1, WIZARD 2		WIZARD1, DEMONOLOGIST 1, NECROMANCER 2	
LANGUAGES			WEALTH		
OLD WORLDER; ARCANIC LANGUAGE: MAGIC, NECROMANTIC MAGIC; SECRET LANGUAGE: CLASSICAL					

BACKGROUND

PLACE OF BIRTH: STIMMINGEN

PARENTS OCCUPATION: FATHER: TOLLKEEPER, MOTHER: TRADER

FAMILY MEMBERS: FATHER DEAD. NO BROTHERS/SISTERS

PERSONALITY: *"Indeed, I have been known to practice the necromantic arts - quite a knack for it, you know - but I gave it all up. Saw the light. Went straight, found a proper arena for my talents - research assistant for Lecturer Hochzauber at the Collegium."*

"How was I to know the old boy was getting dead 'uns on the sly and setting them up to run around the labs at night? Bats in the belfry all right, but no one else noticed either, and I certainly wouldn't have had anything to do with it. I've learned my lesson, sure enough."

"The old boy does a bunk, the lectors can't find anyone else to execute, so they pick me, a convenient scapegoat, former necromancer, and without a friend in the world."

Lucky is a practical fellow, hardly a haughty sorcerer-type. He views sorcery the way a gifted mechanic views machinery - obvious, really, if you think about it. He never fancied adventuring, and has never had any particularly burning ambitions, except necromancy, which he gave up in the interests of continued survival.

He did not so much want to *be* a necromancer, but the subject always fascinated him. He always loved ghost stories and lurid popular entertainments featuring ghouls and shambling corpses. He's even tried his hand at penning gothic tales, but he never had much free time to work on them. The idea of an adventure with experiences he could exploit in gothic tales... well, it would be just too good to be true.

SOCIAL LEVEL +2 RELIGION

PSYCHOLOGY & HEALTH	INSANITY POINTS
DISABILITIES: CADAVEROUS APPEARANCE; MORBIDITY; ANIMAL AVERSION, STAGE 1	2

[illegible]

NAME GUIDO VERMICELLI



RACE			GENDER		
HUMAN			MALE		
CAREER CLASS			ALIGNMENT		
ACADEMIC			NEUTRAL		
AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES	
27	5'8"	135lbs	BLACK	DARK BROWN	
DESCRIPTION					
STRAW ACCENT - -5 ON ALL TESTS ON COMMUNICATION SKILLS					
CURRENT CAREER		CAREER PATH		CAREER EXITS	
TRADER		FOOTPAD FENCE TRADER		FENCE MERCHANT THIEF CLIPPER	
LANGUAGES				WEALTH	
OLD WORLD - REIKSPIEL AND TILEAN DIALECTS				CHEAP JEWELLERY - 32GCs; CASH - 25GCs; SILK HANDKERCHIEFS - 3GCs	

BACKGROUND

PLACE OF BIRTH: TILEA

PARENTS OCCUPATION: FATHER: BODYGUARD, MOTHER: SERVANT

FAMILY MEMBERS: BROTHER (33): INITIATE (SHALLYA); BROTHER (30): RACKETEER; BROTHER (19): HERBALIST; SISTER (24): ALCHEMIST'S APPRENTICE

BOTH PARENTS LIVING

PERSONALITY: *"Thatsa right. I wasn't noplac near where they says. Itsa complete frama-job. Dambetcha.*

"That rat Emilio, he fixa de whole ting. What Imma gonna do with sixa hunert shoes? I got sixa hunert legs, it make sense, but no, so I go to jail anyways - you thinka Guard gonna b'lieve a Ttlean, huh? Nobody screw Guido Vermicelli and live to tell his kids about it."

Guido is a stereotypical Tilean immigrant in the Empire - mercurial, emotionally intense, and (he may hint occasionally) a many-times-removed relative of the *don* of a famous Tilean underworld family. He has been raised to mistrust the snobbish Imperial citizens and the laws they seem to have framed specifically for the persecution of innocent Tileans. He has seemingly endless lists of injustices, exploitations, and betrayals of the lower classes by merchants and aristocrats.

As long as he's not raving about some personal sult or social injustice, Guido is a shrewd and ingenious engineer of the social processes of lower-class urban life. He is not a thief, but not above theft. He is not an assassin, but he would not necessarily feel honour-bound to warn a victim before striking from behind, as long as 'the rat had it coming to him.' On the other hand, Guido has a queer and romantic notion of honour which occasionally impels him to heroic behavior - usually where a fair representative of the opposite sex is involved. Guido is a sucker for pretty women, and easily distracted. When he makes the effort, he's really quite a charmer.

SOCIAL LEVEL	0	RELIGION	RANALD
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PSYCHOLOGY & HEALTH	INSANITY POINTS

[illegible]

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fcl
STARTER PROFILE	4	29	31	3	3	6	33	1	26	30	38	33	27	34
ADVANCE SCHEME		+10	+10	+1	+1*	+2* ₊₃	+10* ₊₂₀		+10*	+10*	+20*	+10*	+10*	+10
CURRENT PROFILE	4	29	31	3	4	8	43	1	36	30	58	43	37	34

HAND TO HAND WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY
DAGGER	+10	—	-2	-20
STAFF	—	—	-1	—

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC

ARMOUR POINTS

MOVEMENT RATE	YDS 10 SECS	YDS MIN	MPH
CAUTIOUS	8	48	1¼
STANDARD	16	96	3½
RUNNING	64	384	14¼

SPELL	INGREDIENTS
OPEN	SMALL SILVER KEY
SLEEP	PIECE OF DOWN
FIREBALL	BALL OF SULPHUR
FLIGHT	WING FEATHER FROM BIRD OF PREY
ZONE OF SANCTUARY	SMALL SILVER PENTAGRAM
ANIMATE CORPSE	4oz FRESH BLOOD FROM RELEVANT RACE

EQUIPMENT/TRAPPINGS

ROBES, DAGGER, STAFF, COMPONENTS FOR PETTY AND BATTLE MAGIC SPELLS

FATE POINTS
1
EXPERIENCE

POWER LEVEL
26
MAGIC POINTS

SKILLS

- ARCANE LANGUAGE
 - MAGICK
 - NECROMANTIC MAGICK
- CAST SPELLS
 - PETTY MAGICK
 - BATTLE 1
 - BATTLE 2
 - NECROMANTIC 2
- CRYPTOGRAPHY
- EVALUATE
- FLEE!
- HERB LORE
- IDENTIFY UNDEAD
- IDENTIFY PLANTS
- LUCK
- MAGICAL AWARENESS
- MAGICAL SENSE
- MEDITATION
- READ/WRITE
- RUNE LORE
- SILENT MOVE URBAN
- SECRET LAGUAGE
 - CLASSICAL
- SCROLL LORE
- SIXTH SENSE

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fcl
STARTER PROFILE	4	35	25	3	3	6	30	1	25	25	30	35	35	35
ADVANCE SCHEME		+10*				+1*					+10*			+10*
CURRENT PROFILE	4	55	45	3	3	10	50	2	25	25	40	45	35	45

HAND TO HAND WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY
CLUB	—	—	—	—
DAGGER	+10	—	-2	-20

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD
CROSSBOW & QUARRELS	32	64	300	4	1 LOAD 1 FIRE

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC
LEATHER JACK		

ARMOUR POINTS

MOVEMENT RATE	YDS 10 SECS	YDS MIN	MPH
CAUTIOUS	8	48	1¼
STANDARD	16	96	3½
RUNNING	64	384	14¼

SPELL	INGREDIENTS

EQUIPMENT/TRAPPINGS

CROSSBOW & QUARRELS
CLUB
HOOD
LARGE OVERCOAT WITH MANY POCKETS
LEATHER JACK
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS
CHEAP JEWELLERY
DAGGERS

FATE POINTS
2
EXPERIENCE

POWER LEVEL
MAGIC POINTS

SKILLS

- ACUTE HEARING
- BLATHER
- BRIBERY
- CARTOGRAPHY
- EVALUATE
- HAGGLE
- MAGICAL SENSE
- NUMISMATICS
- PALM OBJECT
- SCALE SHEER SURFACE
- SILENT MOVE RURAL
- SILENT MOVE URBAN
- STREET FIGHTING
- STRIKE TO STUN
- SUPER NUMERATE

NAME RUBY DURINSDOTTER



RACE		GENDER		
DWARF		FEMALE		
CAREER CLASS		ALIGNMENT		
ROGUE		NEUTRAL		
AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES
85	4'3"	140lbs	LIGHT BROWN	MID BROWN
DESCRIPTION				
CURRENT CAREER	CAREER PATH	CAREER EXITS		
AGITATOR	GRAVE ROBBER - PHYSICIAN'S STUDENT - AGITATOR	CHARLATAN DEMAGOGUE OUTLAW		
LANGUAGES		WEALTH		
OLD WORLDER KHAZALID				

BACKGROUND

PLACE OF BIRTH: MIDDENHEIM

PARENTS OCCUPATION: FATHER: ENGINEER MOTHER: TUNNEL FIGHTER

FAMILY MEMBERS: BOTH PARENTS LIVING. BROTHER (100): TUNNEL FIGHTER, SISTER (76): BOUNTY HUNTER

PERSONALITY: "What's a matter with digging up old dead bodies of folk what's got no funder use for 'em? Nuffin' but meat, yer know. Stone me, you'd think I killed 'em with me own 'ands first."

"I dunno - there's bleedin' merchants and lawyers robbin' the poor folk blind, an' you go pickin' on the likes of me who's only trying to make a livin'. You want to catch some real criminals, you do - sort out some o' them fat boys! Hah! Not bleedin' likely, is it? Well, wotcher standin' gaupin' at, yer pasty-faced lickspittle toady? Aintcher got some important boots ter be lickin'?"

Ruby believes firmly, if somewhat incoherently, in the principle of class struggle and the liberation of the lower classes from the tyranny of the rich. Her pragmatic, down-to-earth sensibilities are unfettered by inhibiting notions of decorum and good taste. There is little she will not take in hand for the Cause. Where others fear to tread, Ruby wades in - if there's an honest job to be done.

Sadly, Ruby's notions are not often in accord with those of the establishment. Ruby fancies herself quite tidy and smartly turned out in her black leather cloak and flamboyant, multi-coloured spiky haircut - regardless of the soil, grime and other substances which cling here and there.

Ruby's simple ambition in life is to 'get on' - a notion which includes elements of hard work, fair wages, slow, steady accumulation of savings, and a pleasant place to retire in her old age. She's never travelled outside Middenheim, but she'd have little trouble applying her simple wisdoms to foreign cultures. "Hah! What else d'y expect from furriners? Prissy gits!"

SOCIAL LEVEL -1

RELIGION RANALD

PSYCHOLOGY & HEALTH

INSANITY POINTS

HATE GOBLINOIDS
ANIMOSITY VS. ELVES

COMPANIONS
& ANIMALS

M WS BS S T W I A Dev Ld In C WP

NAME KROGAR



RACE		GENDER		
HUMAN		MALE		
CAREER CLASS		ALIGNMENT		
WARRIOR		NEUTRAL		
AGE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	HAIR	EYES
24	6'8"	250lbs	BLACK	DARK BROWN
DESCRIPTION				
BARREL-CHESTED (S +1), HUGE FRAME (WEIGHT +10%), VERY TALL (HEIGHT +6", +10 Ld)				
CURRENT CAREER	CAREER PATH	CAREER EXITS		
BODYGUARD	MERCENARY - BODYGUARD	BOUNTY HUNTER FOOTPAD MERCENARY OUTLAW CHIEF		
LANGUAGES		WEALTH		
OLD WORLDER, DOLGAN, SECRET LANGUAGE - BATTLE TONGUE				

BACKGROUND

PLACE OF BIRTH: SOMEWHERE ON THE STEPPES

PARENTS OCCUPATION: NOT KNOWN

FAMILY MEMBERS: NOT KNOWN

PERSONALITY: "Krogar need horse. Horse cost plenty. So Krogar take horse. Man on horse try bit Krogar. Stupid. Krogar pull head off. Men come. Many, many, with long pointy axes. Poke Krogar, yell lots. Try take horse. Krogar fight. Friend Jim hide. Good friend, clever, but weak.

"Good fight. Men tough. Krogar have to hit some twice. Then more men come. Bring net. Catch Krogar like badger. Drag Krogar through street. Say bang Krogar. (Spits in contempt.) Fat chance. Fat neck. HAR-HAR-HAR! Krogar make joke. Good, bub?" (Peers threateningly).

Krogar is simple-minded and cheerful. Easily befriended, he is generous and loyal to companions, though instinctively homicidal when betrayed or cheated. Careless with money and possessions, he has yet to accumulate the cash to purchase a horse, the basic material need of the steppe nomad.

Krogar and his companion Dolgan Jim have been wandering around the northern Old World, working as mercenaries and seeing the sights. Krogar recently decided to see how he'd like being a bodyguard. He didn't. Now he's back with Jim, and they were looking for mercenary employment when a misunderstanding over a gentleman's horse got them both thrown in the dungeon.

Krogar wants to go everywhere and see everything. He likes food and physical challenges - especially man-to-man combat. He trusts Jim completely, and relies on him more than he would ever admit. Krogar's word is his bond, and having accepted a task or obligation, he honours it without question or restraint.

SOCIAL LEVEL 0

RELIGION TAAAL

PSYCHOLOGY & HEALTH

INSANITY POINTS

COMPANIONS
& ANIMALS

M WS BS S T W I A Dev Ld In C WP I

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
STARTER PROFILE	3	45	20	3	5*	8	20	1	30	50	35	53	55	26
ADVANCE SCHEME		+10*	+10*			+2*	+10*			+10*				+10
CURRENT PROFILE	3	55	30	3	5	10	30	1	30	60	35	63	55	26

HAND TO HAND WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY
DAGGER	+10	—	—	-20
SWORD	—	—	—	—

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC
LEATHER JACK		

ARMOUR POINTS

MOVEMENT RATE	YDS /10 SECS	YDS /MIN	M.P.H.
CAUTIOUS	6	36	1¼
STANDARD	12	72	2¾
RUNNING	48	288	10¾

FATE POINTS
EXPERIENCE

POWER LEVEL
MAGIC POINTS

SPELL	INGREDIENTS

EQUIPMENT/TRAPPINGS
BLACK CLOAK, LANTERN, SACK, SPADE, MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS

SKILLS

DODGE BLOW
FLEE!
CURE DISEASE
HEAL WOUNDS
PUBLIC SPEAKING
READ/WRITE
SCROLL LORE
SILENT MOVE RURAL
SILENT MOVE URBAN
SMITHING
SPOT TRAP
VERY RESILIENT*

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
STARTER PROFILE	4	38	25	4	4	7	25	1	31	34	22	37	40	26
ADVANCE SCHEME		+20*		+1*		+2*	+10	+1*						
CURRENT PROFILE	4	58	25	5	4	9	25	2	31	34	22	47	40	26

HAND TO HAND WEAPONS	I	WS	D	PY
2-HANDED AXE	-10	—	+2	—
DAGGER	+10	—	-2	-20
KNUCKLEDUSTERS	-10	—	-1	—

MISSILE WEAPONS	S	L	E	ES	LOAD
BOW (NORMAL) + ARROWS	24	48	250	3	1 RND

ARMOUR	LOCATION	ENC
BREASTPLATE SHIELD		

ARMOUR POINTS

MOVEMENT RATE	YDS /10 SECS	YDS /MIN	M.P.H.
CAUTIOUS	8	48	1¾
STANDARD	16	96	3½
RUNNING	64	384	14¾

FATE POINTS
2
EXPERIENCE

POWER LEVEL
MAGIC POINTS

SPELL	INGREDIENTS

EQUIPMENT/TRAPPINGS
LOINCLOTH, BOOTS, ROPE (10 yds)

SKILLS

DISARM
DODGE BLOW
DRIVE CART
RIDE - HORSE
SING
SECRET LANGUAGE
- BATTLE TONGUE
SPECIALIST WEAPON
- FIST WEAPON
- TWO-HANDED WEAPON
STREET FIGHTING
STRIKE MIGHTY BLOW
STRIKE TO STUN
VERY RESILIENT
VERY STRONG
SPEAK ADDITIONAL LANGUAGE
- OLD WORLDER

ANCIENT SPIRITS

Summoning and dealing with the ancient spirits of the hearth, barn, field, wood and water is similar to the practice of demonology. In fact, Demons and spirits are both products of the influence of Chaos, although the spirits are not allied to Chaos in any way.

Generally, and despite their similar origins, the spirits differ in personality from Demons. Where Demons are uniformly malevolent and evil, the spirits are as often neutral or positively inclined toward the fates of intelligent races.

Nonetheless, as with the practice of demonology, spirit summoning has a destructive effect on the practitioner, and the risks are considerable. Spirit warlocks are increasingly drawn into the incomprehensible world of the spirits they summon, losing touch with this reality, developing various symptoms of eccentricity and insanity, and occasionally lapsing into full-blown lunacy. Pyotr is an unusually sane representative of his class, but - fearing the personality changes he saw in himself - he voluntarily abandoned the practice of spirit summoning years ago.

SPIRIT WORSHIP IN KISLEV

Through the workings of the official state cults of Tlal-Rhya and Ulric, the practice of spirit worship and summoning has been discouraged for centuries. Wherever the more powerful gods are worshipped, the spirits withdraw from the sacred ground consecrated to the major cults. Thus, in most urban and civilised areas, the only accessible spiritual entities are those of the major established cults.

However, spirits still abound in rural and wilderness areas, and - in many cases - their worship continues, though in a much reduced and secretive form. Educated and civilised Clerics regard these practices as primitive superstition, but the peasants and other rural dwellers retain a healthy respect for the ancient beliefs.

Spirit warlocks are rarely encountered in settled regions of Kislev, and keep the old spirit observances and rituals in secrecy. The spread of the cult of Tlal-Rhya has dramatically diminished the influence of the old traditions. Many surviving spirit warlocks are old men, unable to interest the younger generation in preserving the old ways. As these old men die, much of the lore of the ancient spirits dies with them.

On the other hand, spirit worship is still alive among nomadic peoples like the Dolgans. Spirit warlocks, known as shamans among the nomads, still command the spiritual respect of the steppes clans, and cults of the established pantheons have been largely unsuccessful in converting them through monasteries, mission settlements, and itinerant missionaries.

HANDOUT 1

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DOMOVOY

Spirit of the Hearth (‘Grandfather Spark’)

The Domovoy (plural Domoviye) is the spirit associated with the home and family. He lives in the stove in households that still pay their respects, even accepting an uneasy coexistence with the shrine to Tlal-Rhya found in those households that observe the state-established cults. The primary occupation of the Domovoy is protecting the members of his household from pests, misfortune and evil spirits. A happy Domovoy is supposed to bring his household good fortune.

The Domovoy can also come to householders in dreams, warning of impending danger. Their ability to see the future is unfortunately limited to negative events, and is always couched in riddles or obscure dream symbols. The Domovoy also mourn the dying, an important sign of love and respect that is supposed to ease the dying one's passage from the world.

Observances

Keep the stove warm and clean. The customary greeting is “Welcome, Grandfather to our home,” and hosts are always supposed to ask “Are our visitors welcome?” (In some cases, this is an opportunity for the Domovoy to warn the householder of the evil intentions of the supposed guest). A proper gift is a bowl of stewed grain left by the stove at night, but the most important gift is the love and respect of the householders, demonstrated by keeping the observances and courteous speech.

Appearance

An aged human figure, a few inches tall; wears a white cloak that may flow with colours of flame, permitting him to be invisible in a fire. Often seen in the fire, if you look long and close.

Personality

Warm and friendly, the first spirit friend of man. He feeds on human passions of love, security and respect for elders. The Domoviye are saddened by the loss of human faith in spirits, and the replacement of the hearth by the cult shrine.



LESHEY

Spirit of the Forest (‘Lord of the Forest’)

Leshey is the egomaniacal sovereign of the forest and its beasts - the strongest of the ancient spirits. Sometimes neighbouring Leshey will battle one another for territory, with the contest appearing as violent thunderstorms and whirlwinds.

Leshey is generally accompanied by his patient servant, Father Bear, an enormous brown bear.

Observances

Always ask permission to bring domestic animals into his domain (eg, use of forest clearings as pasturage or bringing dogs on hunting expeditions). Wise men speak loudly and effusively in terms that flatter his power and wisdom. For example, “Lord, permit your servant passage on an errand of little importance. Your power is exceeded only by your generosity and gracious hospitality.” Lay it on thick if you know what's good for you.

Personality

Vain, fond of flattery and cheerfully perverse. He likes to lead people into swamps where they starve, sink in quicksand or wander till they drop. He has no notion of compassion at all. His moods are whimsical; he toys with humans and his forest subjects as a child toys with ants and earthworms. He is a mini-deity - capricious, perverse and vain.

He hates the cult gods - “Presumptuous upstarts!” - and mere mention of them throws him into a tantrum or sulk. The trappings of worship of other deities cause him to recoil and spark his ire.

His one predictable weakness is his fondness for gambling and contests. He never turns down a bet, though he often abuses his power to watch on a lost bet, unless the winner has the perfect balance of flattery and chiding in his remonstrance.

He also likes to drink. Getting him drunk is an epic task - about ten gallons of wine to get him mildly tipsy - but, under the influence, he is often impulsively generous.

Appearance

Like a bear with green hair, goat's feet and horns, a single eye, no eyelashes or eyebrows, and great claws like a grizzly bear, wearing a sheepskin cloak with a great bark belt; he can be any size he chooses to be, but his favourite form is as a twenty-to-forty-foot creature towering over the trees.

MACLEW

Spirit of Man's Beasts (‘Grandfather Barn’)

The Maclew lives in barns and pastures, and watches over the domestic beasts. He gives no affection and expects none, but is always treated with proper respect; upsetting a Maclew can lead to a series of practical jokes and minor accidents, as well as affecting the welfare of the livestock. The Maclew is respected and placated rather than being treated with any genuine affection.

Observances

Keep the stables clean and the animals well-fed. He likes gifts of tobacco and buttered porridge. He most particularly likes invitations to dance in the light of the moon - so much so that he will even forego his favourite pastime (playing practical jokes on humans) for such an offer. The proper phrase is "Spare me your tricks, Grandfather, and we'll sing and dance at the moon."

Appearance

An aged human figure, long and lean, a little under a foot tall, can assume the appearance of a stiff of straw.

Personality

Mischievous, prefer mild beasts to humans, as they are easier butts of their jokes; fundamentally unpleasant and mean, but only modestly so.

POLEVIK

Spirit of the Soil and Scythe (‘Grandfather Grain’)

The Polevik are bloodthirsty communal spirits that feed on the slaughter of plants (the harvest) - and which may confer benefits to those who offer them blood sacrifices. Their only interest is in the 'harvest' - the blood sacrifice which nourishes the soil, but they are always prepared to trade favours and services for the gift of blood.

Observances

The Polevik require a blood sacrifice to consecrate the scythe blade and bless the harvest. They also have been known to bless the improvised weapons of the peasant - generally farm implements - in their occasional bloody uprisings against the masters and their overlords, serving as the peasant spirits of murder, war and treachery.

To summon the spirits, call their name at the wax of the dark moon, face the moon and chant the name of the spirit, saying, "Maclet, stand before me as the feet before the grass, neither black or green, but just like me, I have brought you a red harvest." Then human blood must be poured on the soil, the quantity depending on the favour asked.

Personality

Cruel, like Khome on a modest scale; more a parasite than a friend to man; likely to punish the summoner if not well rewarded. Always whispering among themselves, and interested only in blood.

VODYANOY

Spirit of the Waters (‘Grandfather Drowner’)

A truly malignant entity, the Vodyanoy (plural Vodyanye) delights in attracting his victims by charm and gentle murmurs, then shoves them in the water, holding their heads under as he revels in the agony of their drowning. Alternatively, he sits by the waterside in the form of an old man, with a large club decorated with gay ribbons. When someone draws near out of curiosity, he clubs them to death and hurls them in the water.

Observances

Leave his victims to drown, or the Vodyanoy chooses another victim - perhaps you, or someone you love, so he can savour your horror. The offerings he favours are black pigs, oil and honey - each to be thrown into ponds or rivers.

Never wear the trappings of other deities when you swim.

When dealing with Vodyanoy, keep a hand full of dry earth in your pocket. If this is thrown in his face, it may distract him long enough for you to run out of sight of the water where you are safe - until you come in sight of water again.

Personality

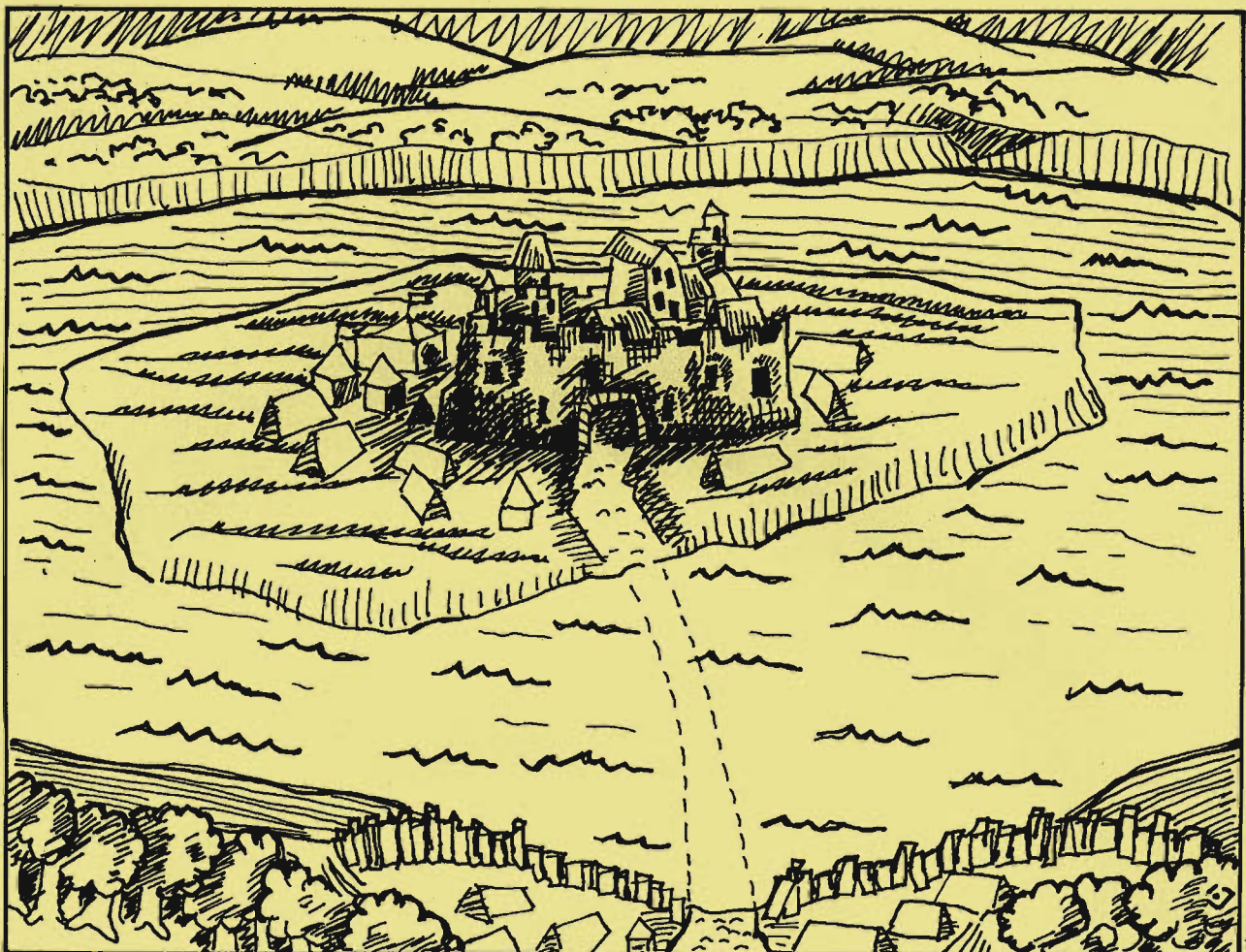
The Vodyanoy is exceptionally evil - the archetypal mad villain who delights in torture and suffering for his own sake. He does nothing but what suits his purposes, and his purposes are death and horror, particularly through the medium of water and drowning.

He only respects creatures more evil than himself, and cheerfully joins in the fun when murder is proposed. He is a little afraid of the official deities, and avoids confrontation with them or their servants, though he often strikes impulsively at their followers when enraged.

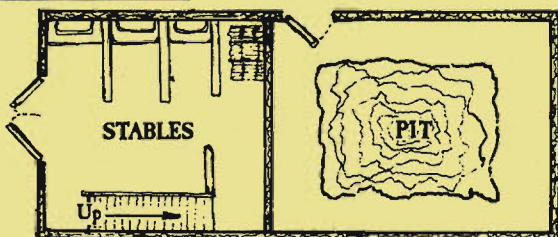
Appearance

A fat, naked old man with pallid, water-puckered skin and a puffy face - the image of the drowned corpse. Can assume a more attractive form at will, though his shirt-tails always are dripping wet, a giveaway to his real identity. He can also assume the form of any fish or water creature.





GROUND LEVEL

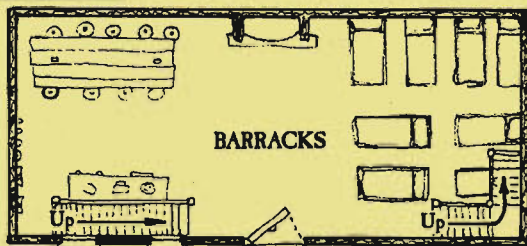


0 1 2 3 4 yds

← N



UPPER LEVEL



TOWER LEVEL 3

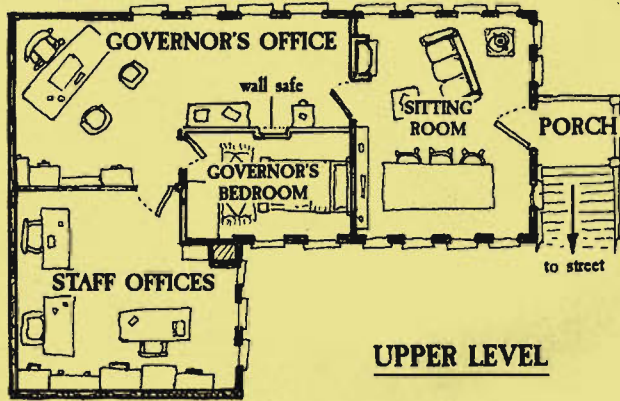
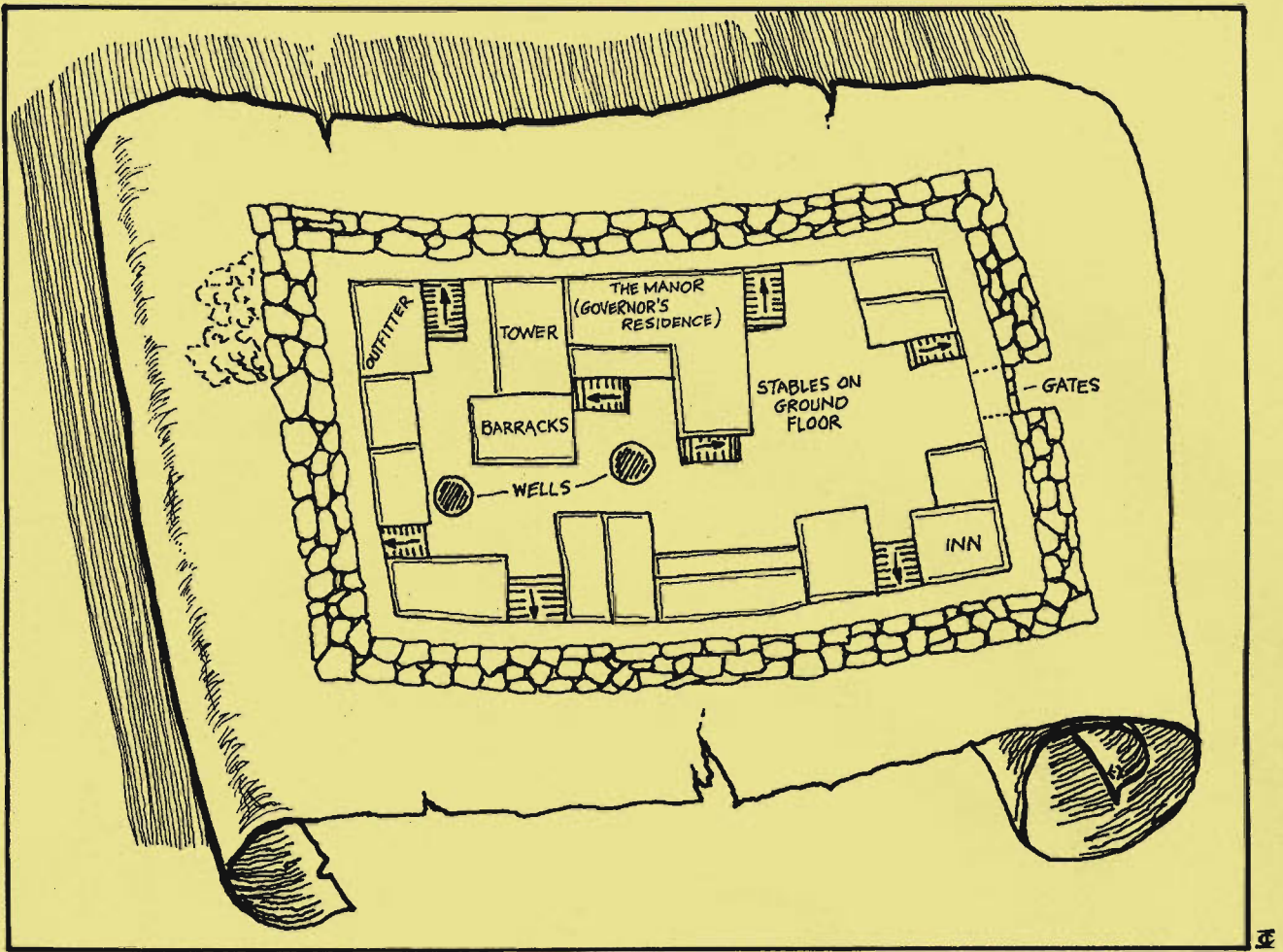


TOWER LEVEL 4

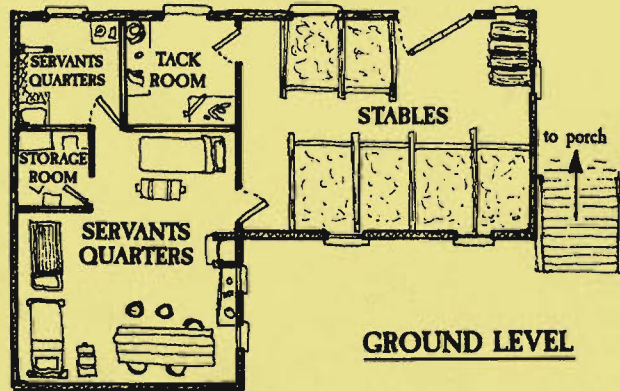


ladder to trapdoor in roof

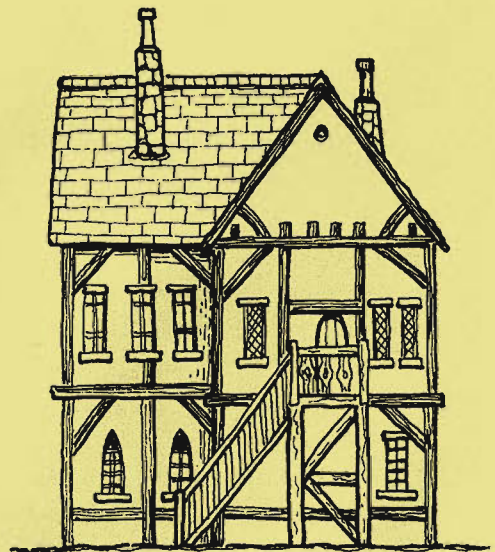




UPPER LEVEL

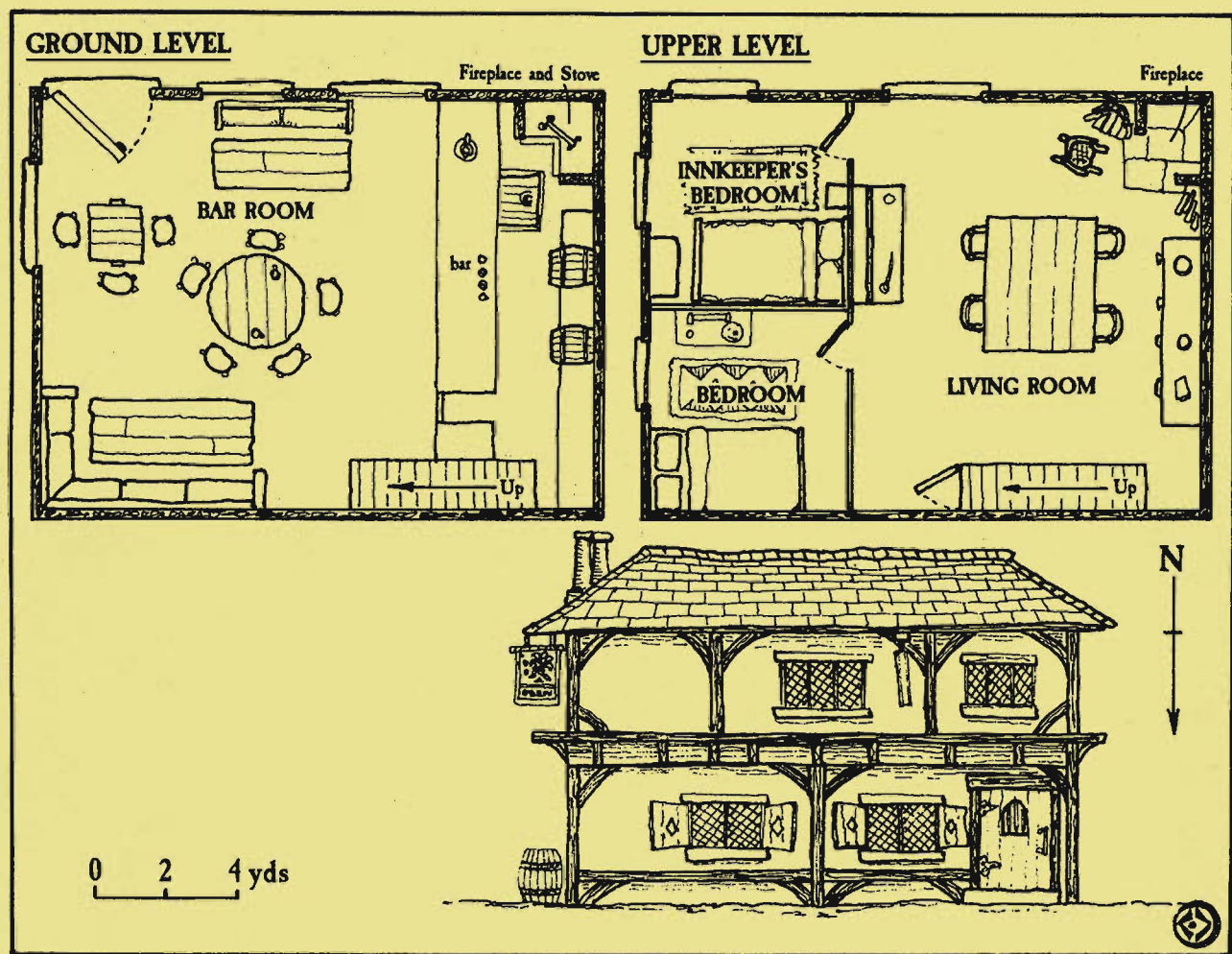


GROUND LEVEL



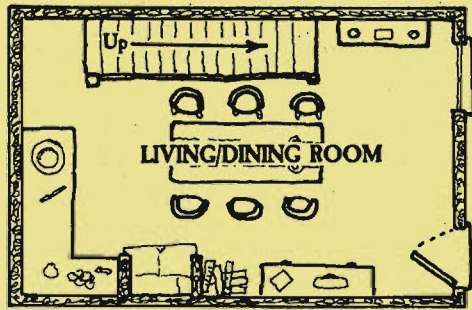
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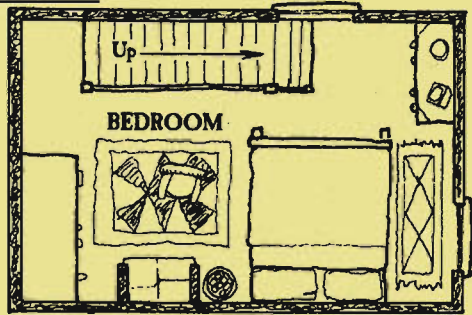


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Something Rotten
◆ In Kislev ◆

GROUND LEVEL



UPPER LEVEL



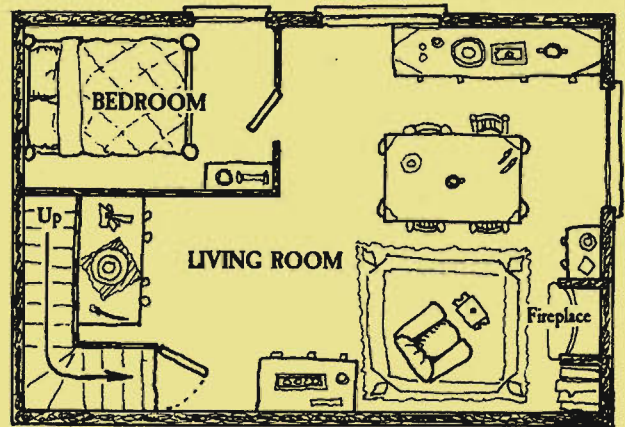
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MAP 8A A TYPICAL HOUSE



GROUND LEVEL



0 2 4 yds

UPPER LEVEL



MAP 8C THE OUTFITTER

THE UGLY ELFLING

Several centuries ago, in the Laurelor forest, a kindly but childless Elven couple discovered an infant abandoned in the woods. They adopted the foundling, and determined to raise him as their own. They named him *Annandil* - "Beloved Gift".

But as the infant matured, he appeared to be malformed. His back was short and bowed, his limbs thick and unlovely. In time, the true state of affairs was revealed - the foundling was actually a Dwarf! Despite the horror of this revelation, the couple kept the child, and raised him as an Elf.

Annandil's youth was something of a trial for all concerned. He never could get the hang of folk dancing, and his stubby little fingers were not at home on the lute. However, Annandil was a quick hand with a hammer, and even quicker to turn it upon those playmates who made sport of him. Finally, at the tender age of 48, the youth was caught digging with an improvised shovel. Without further ado, Annandil was exiled.

His parents took him to the Spring Fair at a Human village a few days' travel away, in the hope of apprenticing him to a craft and providing with some means of surviving in exile. He was eventually apprenticed to a pharmacist and alchemist from Salzenmund, who was impressed with his strength and shrewdly judged that his

combination of Dwarven blood and Elven upbringing might have given him unusual talents.

Annandil proved an exceptional student. After learning everything he could from his master, he set out on his own. In less than a decade, he was the owner of several shops, with contacts among the nobility and valuable trade in rare and arcane substances from all corners of the world.

Annandil used some of his wealth to pay for his apprenticeship to a physician in Talabheim, and once more proved a quick learner. Rapidly surpassing his teacher, he went on to poach a number of his more lucrative patients.

In his 85th year, a prominent physician and wealthy businessman, Annandil fell in love with a patient, a young Elven entertainer employed by one of the noble houses of Talabheim. Despite his tender - and eventually frantic - ministrations, the beautiful Elf-maid died of gradual wasting in a matter of months.

Deranged by grief, Annandil preserved her body in secret and sought the forbidden knowledge of necromancy. He became a recluse, discussed in whispers by the people of Talabheim. Tales began to spread of his dead love walking with him in the garden at night, and Annandil came to his senses just as the Witch-Hunters were poised to swoop. He escaped from Talabheim by some unknown means, taking the body of his love with him along with a small, but easily portable part of his fortune.

Annandil travelled east, seeking a secure place to continue his research and his desperate quest to restore his lost love to life. At last he heard of Chernozavtra, and took up residence there. Annandil continued his necromantic researches - and has done so for the last twenty years.

After such a life, it is hardly surprising that Annandil, now self-styled Gurthgano Gorthaudh ("Death Commander of Dread Mound" in the Elven tongue) is only half-sane. His deranged part is relatively benign, however; he sincerely believes that the walking dead he animates benefit by this added longevity. He sees his soulless zombies as alive in every sense, talking to them and personalising them much as a madman might treat a collection of rocks as pets.

Annandil retains many Elven traits from his early life. He is obsessively fussy about dress, colour sense, music, and the arts - although he prefers the loud and garish over the subtle and muted. He is not at all materialistic, despite his instinctive business sense; he loves giving presents. His memory is almost supernaturally sharp, though it tends to focus on the twin obsessions of his life - his love and necromancy.

His prominent Dwarven traits include his tinkering instinct and love of experimenting with machines and processes. He is certain that sooner or later his researches will bring his love back to life. He is impulsive, and occasionally violent, but his age makes him little of a physical threat, and his skills do not include Battle Magic or any other combat-oriented spells.

FREE!!

HANDOUT 3

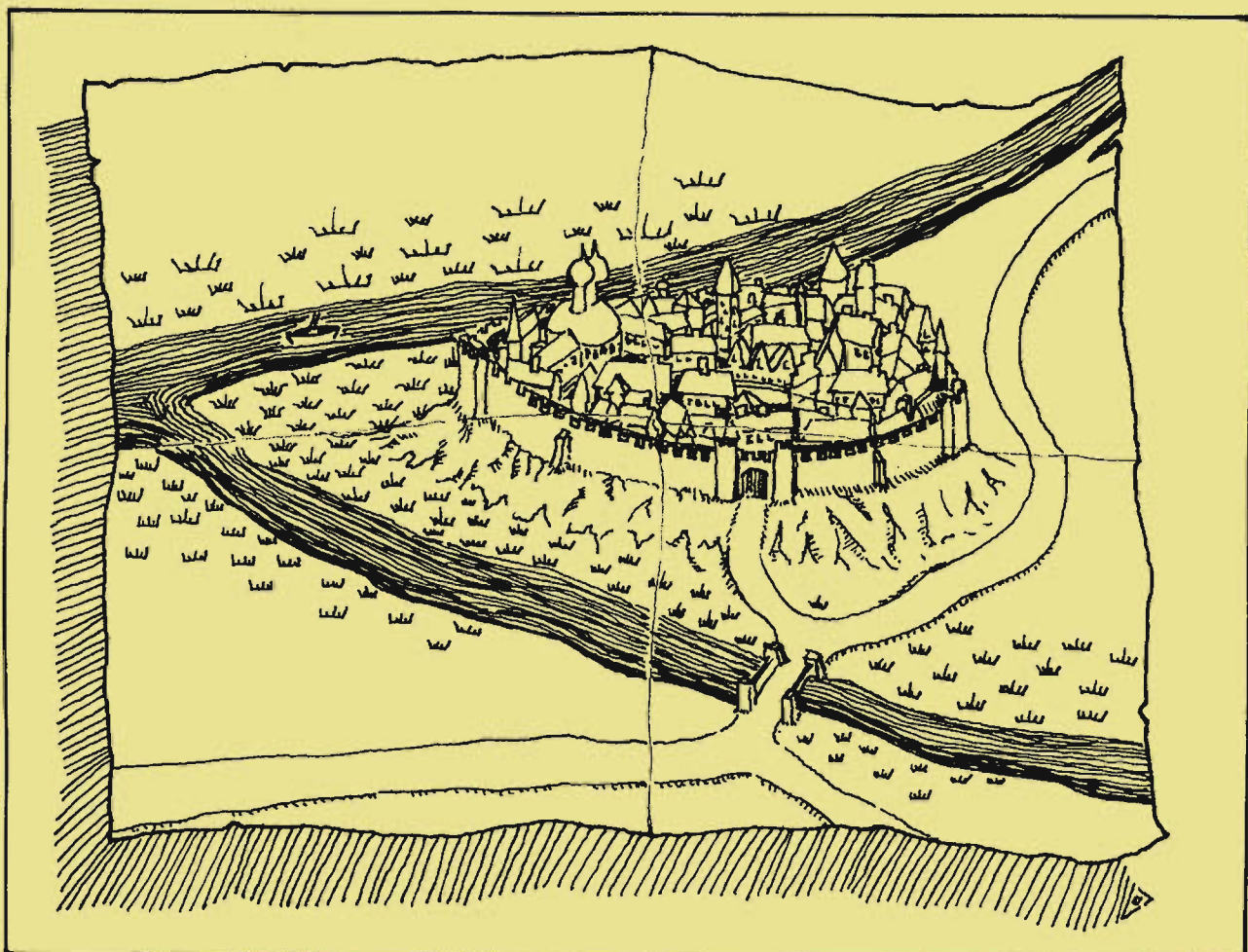
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YOUR LOT CANT GET CROSS THE RIVER LESS WE LET YE

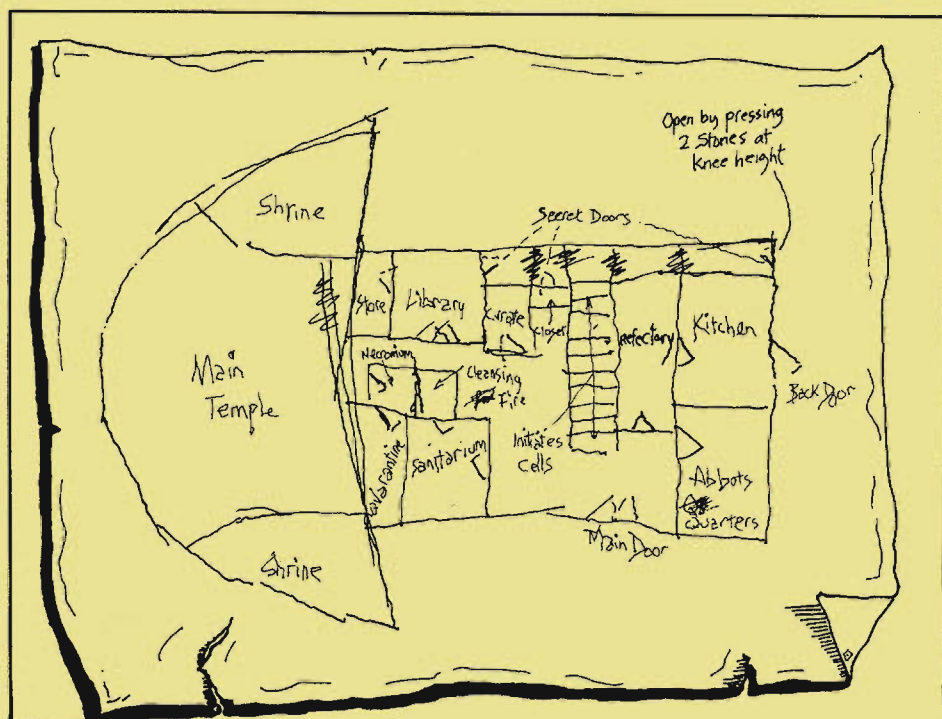
COST YE WVN BYSUN FE IIII THAT MENNY DOLGENZ TE GET CROSS
PLVS YE AN ALLYER BOSS BOYZ 5 WEERZ NO MORE RAYDIN GREENBOYZ

OR YE CAN STOP THER AN STARY
OR YE CAN CUM CROSS AN GET RAPT





OLVAGA'S MAP OF THE TEMPLE OF THE ANCIENT ALLIES



THE CULT OF THE ANCIENT ALLIES

Faced with the ever-present threat from the Chaos Wastes and the apparent indifference of the Tsar, Alexis Chokin I and other Bolgasgrad luminaries formed the Conventicle, a secret society which met to consider remedies for the town's problems.

The culmination of their meetings was a bold and drastic step, which has served Bolgasgrad well so far. First, a pact was concluded with a Renegade Chaos God named Zuvassin the Undoer, who undertook to undo any influence of Chaos in Bolgasgrad and its environs. To counter any threat of corruption from the alliance with Zuvassin, a pact was concluded with another Renegade God called Necoho the Doubter. Together, these two gods are worshipped as the Ancient Allies.

Zuvassin is content to allow Sulring Durgul's necromantic practices, as they undo the laws of death to a limited extent, and has allowed the cult the use of the Fire of Zuvassin, a magical process which undoes the effects of Chaos in those tainted by it. Necoho, for his part, acts to prevent Zuvassin from gaining a dangerous amount of influence over the cult members.

HISTORICAL EXTRACTS

Bolgasgrad was a trading post as far back as the 19th century, but it was wiped out in the Chaos Incursion of 2302. The Tsar and his allies achieved a glorious victory over the invading Chaos horrors in 2304, but Bolgasgrad was not reoccupied.

In 2411 a fortress was built on the site as part of the Tsar's Chaos Forts programme. Prince Alexis Chokin I, a young Imperial officer, was placed in charge of the project.

Alexis I was a distinguished knight and a brilliant leader of men, but also rash, conceited and disrespectful. He was assigned to the Lynsk Forks fort as a punishment for insubordination, but turned the disgrace into an accomplishment. He is personally responsible for the rebirth of Bolgasgrad, and its subsequent economic success.

In 2451, the Tsar saw fit to withdraw the garrison. Bolgasgrad, like many colonies before and since, protested strongly at having to look to its own defence.

In 2475, at the instigation of Alexis II, the temples of Ulric and Taal-Rhya were defiled and a new daemonic cult established. The Tsar withdrew his support from the colony and demanded that the sacred cults be reinstated immediately, and that daemon worship be forbidden according to the laws of the land. The Chokins refused but no action was taken against them owing to pressure on other fronts.

After the Tsar threatened military action in 2486, the three Chokins, Alexis I, II, and III, formally renounced their allegiance to the Tsar and to Mother Kislev, declaring themselves and Bolgasgrad's peoples as citizens of an independent, free city.

In 2488 reports of necromancy were added to the list of the Chokins' crimes. Traders reported zombie guards at the bridge and gates to the city. Undead were even reported labouring in the fields and inside the town.

The following year an Imperial commission visited Bolgasgrad, demanding that the Chokins and Bolgasgrad's citizens end their rebellion and reaffirm their loyalty to the Tsar. The Chokins refused.

The Tsar has prudently abstained from sending troops until the source of evil has been isolated. Conflicting reports suggested that either an ancient necromancer - possibly the shadowy figure called Sulring Durgul - or a Chaos Daemon or sorcerous servant achieved dominion over the souls of the Chokin family and the citizens of Bolgasgrad.



The Chokin Princes

Bolgasgrad has been ruled by three generations of the Chokin family: the Princes Alexis I, II and III. They are known to have employed a number of competent sorcerers, alchemists and scientists during the century of Chokin reign in Bolgasgrad. None of those whose names reached The Tsar, however, seemed to have the stature or accomplishment necessary to work magic on such a large scale as was witnessed in Bolgasgrad.

Alexis I is reported to have died and been buried in 2487, two years after Bolgasgrad's anarchist revolution.

Alexis II styled himself as a democratic leader, claiming to have been chosen by the people of Bolgasgrad. He lacked his father's energy and flair, but was more moderate and deliberate in his policies. After his father's death, he did nothing to provoke further response from the Tsar, and seemed eager to be left alone. It was thought that he might have been amenable to reason, given a pretext for returning to the fold with no loss of face and no reprisals against Bolgasgrad.

Alexis III is something of an enigma. He is never seen in public, but the proclamations and pamphlets he has had published confirm him as an anarchist in his grandfather's image. He clearly would accept no compromise with the Mother Country or the Tsar. He goes so far as to recommend that other colonies follow Bolgasgrad's example.

HANDOUT 8



HANDOUT 9

BOLGASGRAD Timeline

Timeline of Site Occupation at the forks of the lynsk, as known to Sulring, Radici, Alexis II and III, and members of the Conventricle.

-25th century IC Norse Dwarf holy ground and catacombs in the sandstone hill. Dwarven trading post (timber, now buried by river-margin marsh). Intermittent occupation, abandoned in -16th century IC.

c. 1900 IC hermitage of Shallya established on site of Dwarven holy ground, using salvaged stone and building on the foundations of the ruined Dwarven temple. Lower temple and catacomb entrance remain hidden by rubble.

A Norse trading post called Bona develops into a small agricultural settlement on the south bank of the South fork.

c. 2000 IC Bona is now a stockaded fort protecting more than 40 stone dwellings on the sandstone rise above the forks. The Erengard Road is the principle route for travel between the Norse princedoms and the Ungol administrative capital, Dorogo (later Kislev).

c. 2100 IC The Erengard Road and Bona diminish in importance as focus of development shifts to Igor the Terrible's Imperial Kislev and the Urskoy River region. A hospital is built on the site of the temple to Shallya.

2302 IC The Incursion of Chaos. Some buildings are gutted, the population disappears, but most structures remain intact.

2411 IC Alexis Chokin I establishes a fort on the site, refurbishing and reoccupying many original buildings.

DURGUL'S STORY

Durgul has no hesitation about sharing any of this information with the PCs if they express curiosity, since he plans either to kill them or to recruit them with a binding oath of secrecy. However, don't give them information unless they show an interest. They may well be planning on a violent showdown, in which case a long-winded exposition will diffuse the tension of the moment. If the players enjoy gathering information, they'll ask questions.

Personal Background

Sulring Durgul was born in the latter years of the Great Elven Civil War, in the year 3425 as reckoned by the High Elves. Sulring's father, a scholar and philosopher of modest achievements and unpopular political leanings, was banished to the New World. Sulring's mother, daughter of an aristocratic family, managed to avoid deportation, but in an atmosphere of hatred and bitterness, she and her son survived meekly at the sufferance of scornful relatives.

Sulring hated his father for abandoning him, hated his mother for failing to provide comfort and security, and hated Elven society for its unloving contempt for him. Called "Dark Elf Spawn" by contemptuous relatives, Sulring withdrew into the study of his chosen profession - sorcery. An apt and obsessive student, Sulring sought power in any form, regardless of the consequences to himself and others.

Growing tired of the short-sighted, unimaginative strictures of the academics, and of the spiteful, jealous censure of his tutors, Sulring continued his studies in private.

His mother contracted a wasting disease and, after a prolonged illness, she died, leaving a surprisingly large inheritance. This death affected Sulring, though he was too hardened to express his pain. Sulring has spent the rest of his exceptional lifespan in conquering the force that stole his mother from him.

Sulring the Master Sorcerer, Necromancer and World Traveller: Sulring is considerably less powerful in an absolute sense than most Greater Daemons, but his knowledge of the various disciplines and practices of necromancy is matched by few mortal or Daemonic intelligences. Master of alchemy, sorcery, rune magics, ritual, arcane languages, lore and history, few projects are beyond his capacity.

And what has this fellow been doing for the last few dozen centuries?

Among his contributions to history may be listed active roles in the decline and fall of the Old World Elven culture, the Elf-Dwarf War, and most of the other misfortunes visited upon the Elves of the Old and New Worlds in the past five millennia. Of course, Durgul didn't engineer these events single-handedly, but he played a significant part in each.

Fortunately, Durgul has mellowed in the last few thousand years, which he has spent primarily in traveling the length and breadth of the world. His personal vendetta against the Elven race has dissipated into a philosophical nostalgia for a High Elven culture in the Age of the Slann - a period known to him only in romantic legends collected in his travels among the degenerate descendants of the Slann on the Lustrian continent.

In the past few centuries Durgul has become interested in the Human races. Of course, they lack the culture and sophistication of the High Elves, but they have a certain primitive energy and arrogance that Durgul finds appealing.

The Touch of Chaos: In the past, Sulring declined to traffic with deities for extended periods, unreliable and self-interested entities that they are. He preferred to pay his ritual obligations for whatever power or information he needed at the moment, then go merrily on his way. Now, however, Sulring is confronted with a desperate threat to his survival, and he has yet to find the means to deal with the threat without recourse to divine aid.

After centuries upon centuries, the taint of Chaos has finally touched Sulring Durgul. Protected by his sorcery and his naturally-resistant Elven blood, Sulring has believed himself immune to the effect of Chaos. When his skin began to grow horny scales, he realised he had been careless.

After a discouraging review of the possible remedies available through sorcerous and medical technologies, Durgul devoted himself to a study of the divine remedies. None but the Chaos Gods offered a guaranteed ability to control the effects of Chaos, and Durgul was none too sure of the reliability of their promises. As a stop-gap measure, he had been shifting to a new body each time a mutation appeared. Unfortunately, shifting bodies was apparently insufficient to halt the spread of the taint: each subsequent body seemed to succumb more quickly.

2427 IC Bolgasgrad is chartered as a colony. The state cults of Ulric and Taal-Rhya are established in the rebuilt temple and hospital.

2451 IC The Tsar withdraws the garrison and directs the town to look to its own defence. The Conventicle is formed.

c. 2455 IC Alexis I forges a pact with the Renegade Chaos God Zuvassin the Undoer, against the forces of Chaos. Alexis II negotiates a contract with Nechoho, the Doubting God, to balance the risk of corruption represented by the pact with Zuvassin. Together, these two gods are worshipped as the Ancient Allies. New cult members are recruited secretly among the temple staff and townpeople.

2475 IC The state cults are renounced, and the Cult of the Ancient Allies is established as the official cult, with the support of most temple staff and a substantial minority of respected citizens, including the Chokin Princes.

2486 IC Bolgasgrad is declared an independent and sovereign city-state under Alexis Chokin I.

2487 IC Alexis Chokin I dies. Alexis II is chosen by the citizens of Bolgasgrad as his successor.

2488 IC Alexis III leads a mixed force of living and undead troops on a Chaos-hunt in the forests to the north of the town. He returns with numerous trophies and assurances that no substantial force of Chaos creatures remains within 25 miles of the town.

2513 IC The present. Alexis II is still an active social and political figure, but rumoured to be mortally ill. Alexis III has dropped out of public view, but continues to be an active presence in Bolgasgrad through his writings. The majority of citizens are members of the Cult of the Ancient Allies. Most dissenters have left, though a small but vocal minority still disapproves of the radical changes of the last several decades.

Bolgasgrad prospers, continuing to encourage independent travel and trade in its secure environs, while rejecting all diplomatic overtures and threats from the Imperial government. As the townspeople become accustomed to the presence of undead, they are used increasingly as cheap, tireless labour. The resulting leisure is greatly appreciated by Bolgasgrad's citizenry.

Durgul had become quite desperate when he decided to contact Zuvassin and see what kind of terms he could get. Zuvassin and Nechoho made the most attractive offer - in fact, the only relatively coherent one that didn't entail senseless slaughter. In principle, Sulring has no particular objection to slaughter - it was the senselessness that bothered him.

Durgul has agreed to serve as master sorcerer and necromancer for the cult of the Ancient Allies, and to tutor the priests of Zuvassin and Nechoho in the necromantic arts. He has no day-to-day management responsibilities in supervising the cult priests; how they apply their skills is a matter of little consequence to him, as long as Zuvassin and Nechoho fulfil their bargain to preserve him from mutations as long as he continues in the service of the Ancient Allies.

Durgul's Other Projects

In addition to fulfilling his contract with Zuvassin and Nechoho, Durgul is working on two other important projects with his hireling and collaborator Radici the Alchemist:

The Search for a Chaos-Mutation Vaccine: The magical properties of *Anaclea taludensis* hold promise for providing partial or complete protection from Chaos mutation. At present, the process of refining the potion is expensive and time-consuming, and it is only modestly effective. However, if Durgul and Radici are successful in developing an effective potion, Durgul can terminate his contract with the Ancient Allies and become a free agent again - something he greatly desires.

The Undeath Plague Project: This project has potential for revolutionising the practice of necromancy. Undeath Plague not only produces first-class zombies without the agency of a skilled necromancer, it also produces a remarkably intelligent and sophisticated zombie. In fact, refinements of the process may even hold promise of making a form of immortality easily and cheaply available.

Of course, social attitudes to necromancy need to change radically before this remarkable scientific advance will be generally accepted, but new technologies often precipitate profound cultural revolutions. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," says Durgul.

CREETOX'S STORY

Creetox is an offspring of an ancient mountain Dragon named Mordax. Several thousand years ago, Mordax was the victim of a Chaos-spell that affected his generative organs, and his offspring have been born warped and Chaos-tainted ever since.

Creetox is a midget - though the use of the word "midget" to describe a creature weighing nearly half a ton may seem a bit odd. At 329 years of age, Creetox is only eight feet from snout to tail. When he stands erect on his haunches, he's about five feet tall.

Being a midget has given Creetox a bit of an inferiority complex, and he has developed an exceptionally aggressive and truculent personality; given that he is little more than a toddler in Dragon terms, his aggression manifests itself in rather juvenile ways.

"Oh, yeah? Sez who?"

"Yeah? You and what army?"

"Shut up or I'll smack you so hard that when you land, your clothes'll be outta fashion."

Actually, Creetox is more mouth than action - he just doesn't have much self-confidence. But whenever someone makes a reference to his size ("Say, you're pretty small for a Dragon, aren't you?"), Creetox goes crazy. Give the offending PC one round to make exceptionally lavish and sincere apologies or excuses. Then, if you figure Creetox isn't satisfied, he is subject to *frenzy* and attacks the offending party. If Durgul is so disposed, he can hit Creetox with the 4th level Battle Magic spell *Stand Still* to give him a chance to cool down, but Durgul may shrug his shoulders and pretend to be helpless if the PCs have been rude or boring.

What is Creetox doing here with Durgul?

Well, for Creetox's part, he's hoping that Durgul will come up with some potion that will cure him of the Chaos taint that restricts his growth. Durgul says he can do it, and Creetox - after watching Durgul at work - believes he might be able to do it. Creetox also regards Durgul as a sort of father-figure, since Durgul seems so old, wise and powerful, and treats him kindly.

For Durgul's part, it's been centuries since High Elves have ridden Dragons, and Durgul is quite proud to ride around on a Dragon - albeit a small one. Further, Creetox has become Durgul's combination favourite offspring/spoiled pet. Durgul's been lonely for most of his life, and it's kind of nice to have someone to eat dinner with and to laugh at your corny jokes.

STANDARD NPCs

During the course of their adventures, characters will meet a variety of minor NPCs. These profiles cover a number of frequently encountered NPCs and can be referred to whenever required.

ARTISAN'S APPRENTICE

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	25	3	3	6	35	1	30	40	30	30	30	30

Skills

Drive Cart; 25% chance of Very Resilient; 25% chance of Very Strong; Trade-related skill

Possessions

Knife; Hand Weapon; Tools of Trade; 2D10 Silver Shillings

BEGGAR

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	35	3	4	5	30	1	30	30	30	30	30	25

Skills

Begging; Concealment Urban; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Urban

Possessions

Begging Bowl; Tattered Clothes; Stick; Knife; Fleas;

BODYGUARD (Ex-Labourer)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	25	4	4	8	40	2	30	30	30	35	30	30

Skills

Carpentry; Drive Cart; Disarm; Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun.

Possessions

Leather Jerkin (0/1 AP, body); Knuckledusters; Dagger (+10 I, -2 Dmg, -20 Pry) or Club; 50% chance D6 Gold Crowns; D20 Silver Shillings

FISHERMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	25	4	3	7	35	1	40	30	30	35	30	35

Skills

Boat Building; Fishing; Sailing; Swim; River Lore

Possessions

Leather jacket (0/1 AP, body/arms); River Boat; D10 Silver Shillings

GAME KEEPER

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	50	4	3	8	30	1	30	30	30	40	30	30

Skills

Concealment - Rural; Marksmanship; Secret Language - Ranger; Set Trap; Silent Move - Rural; Spot Trap

Possessions

Bow (Range: 24/48/250; ES 3); Sword; Leather Jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); Assorted snares; D6 Silver Shillings

HERDSMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	50	4	4*	8	40	1	30	30	30	30	30	30

Skills

Animal Care; Charm Animal; Musician - Wind Instruments; Specialist Weapon - Sling; Very Resilient*

Possessions

Sword; Pan-pipes; Sling (Range: 24/36/150; ES 3); Staff (D -1); D3 Silver Shillings

HUNTER

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	50	4	3	8	40	1	30	30	30	30	40	30

Skills

Concealment - Rural; Follow Trail; Game Hunting; Secret Language - Ranger; Secret Signs - Woodsman; Silent Move - Rival

Possessions

Bow (Range: 24/48/250; ES 3); Sword; D3 Gold Crowns

LABOURER

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	30	4*	4	7	30	1	30	30	30	30	30	30

Skills

Consume Alcohol; Drive Cart; Sale Sheer Surface; Sing; Very Strong*

Possessions

Sling bag with packed lunch; Flask of Herbal Tea; Leather Jask (0/1 AP, body/arms); D3 Silver Shillings

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE WOLF (Man-at-Arms)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	55	40	5	5	10	50	2	39	50	39	45	40	45

Skills

Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Heraldry; Ride - Horse; Secret Language - Battle Tongue; Specialist Weapon - Fencing Weapons, Two-Handed Weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun;

Possessions

Sleeved Mail Coat (1 AP, body/legs/arms); Mail Coif (1 AP, head); Helmet (1 AP, head); Shield (carried on back: 1 AP, all locations); Rapier (I +20, D -1); Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); Bastard Sword (I -10, D +1)

KNIGHT OF WHITE WOLF (Full Cavalry Knight)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	60	50	6	6	12	60	2	49	55	45	49	49	49

Skills

Disarm; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Heraldry; Read/Write; Ride - Horse; Secret Language - Battle Tongue; Specialist Weapon - Fencing Weapons, Lance, Two-Handed Weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun

Possessions

Sleeved Mail Coat (1 AP, body/arms/legs); Breastplate (1 AP, body); Mail Coif (1 AP, head); Helmet (1 AP, head); Two-Handed Sword (I -10, D +2);

SCRIBE

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	25	3	3	7	40	1	30	40	30	30	40	40

Skills

Arcane Language - Magick; Cartography; Linguistics; Read/Write; Speak Additional Language

Possessions

Knife or Dagger (+10 I, -2 Dmg, -20 Pry); Writing Equipment; Pouch with D6 Gold Crowns

SERVANT

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	31	25	3	3	6	30	1	35	25	29	29	29	35

Skills

Cook; Etiquette; Heraldry

Possessions

1D10 Silver Shillings; Others at GM's discretion.

THIEF

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	35	25	3	4	5	35	1	35	29	29	29	29	31

Skills

Concealment Urban; Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs - Thieves' Signs; 25% chance of Fleet Footed; 25% chance of Evaluate.

Possessions

Dagger (+10 I, -2 Dmg, -20 Pry) or Short Sword (equal chance of either); D6 Silk Handkerchiefs, D10 + 5 Silver Shillings, 1-2 Stolen Trinkets.

SQUIRE

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	40	3	4	9	40	2	30	40	30	30	30	40

Skills

Animal Care; Animal Training; Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Heraldry; Ride - Horse; Strike Mighty Blow

Possessions

Mail Shirt (1 AP, body); Shield (1 AP, all); Pony with saddle and harness; 2D6 Gold Crowns.

TOWNSPERSON (Middle Class)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	23	25	3	3	5	30	1	30	34	36	32	29	39

Skills

Evaluate; Haggle; 33% chance of an Artisan-related skill.

Possessions

Dagger (+10 I, -2 Dmg, -20 Pry); Purse with D6 Gold Crowns and D10 Silver Shillings; 50% chance of Bag of Shopping

TOWNSPERSON (Wealthy)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	23	25	3	3	5	30	1	30	39	36	32	29	45

Skills

Evaluate; Haggle; 50% chance of Etiquette

Possessions

Dagger (+10 I, -2 Dmg, -20 Pry); Purse with 2D10 Gold Crowns and 2D10 Silver Shillings; 25% chance of Flunky

WOODSMAN

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	40	4	3	9	40	1	30	30	30	40	30	30

Skills

Concealment Rural; Follow Trail; Identify Plants; Secret Signs - Woodsman's; Set Trap; Silent Move - Rural; Specialist Weapon - 2-handed weapons; Spot Trap

Possessions

Leather Jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); Two-handed axe (I-10, D +2).

YOKEL

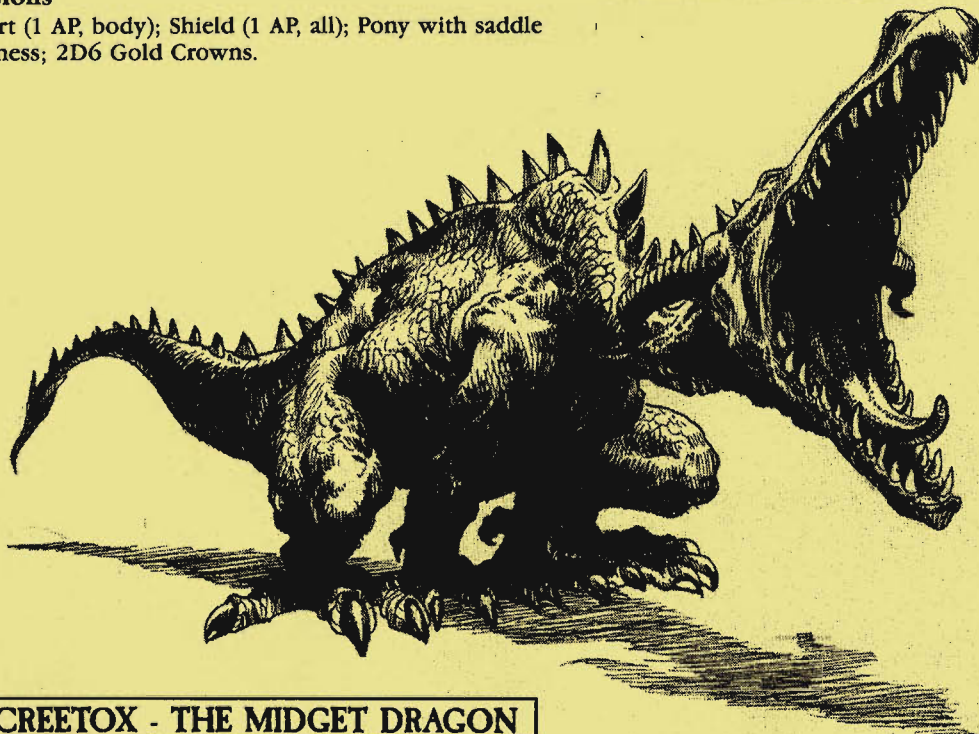
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	30	25	3	3	5	30	1	30	30	25	25	25	30

Skills

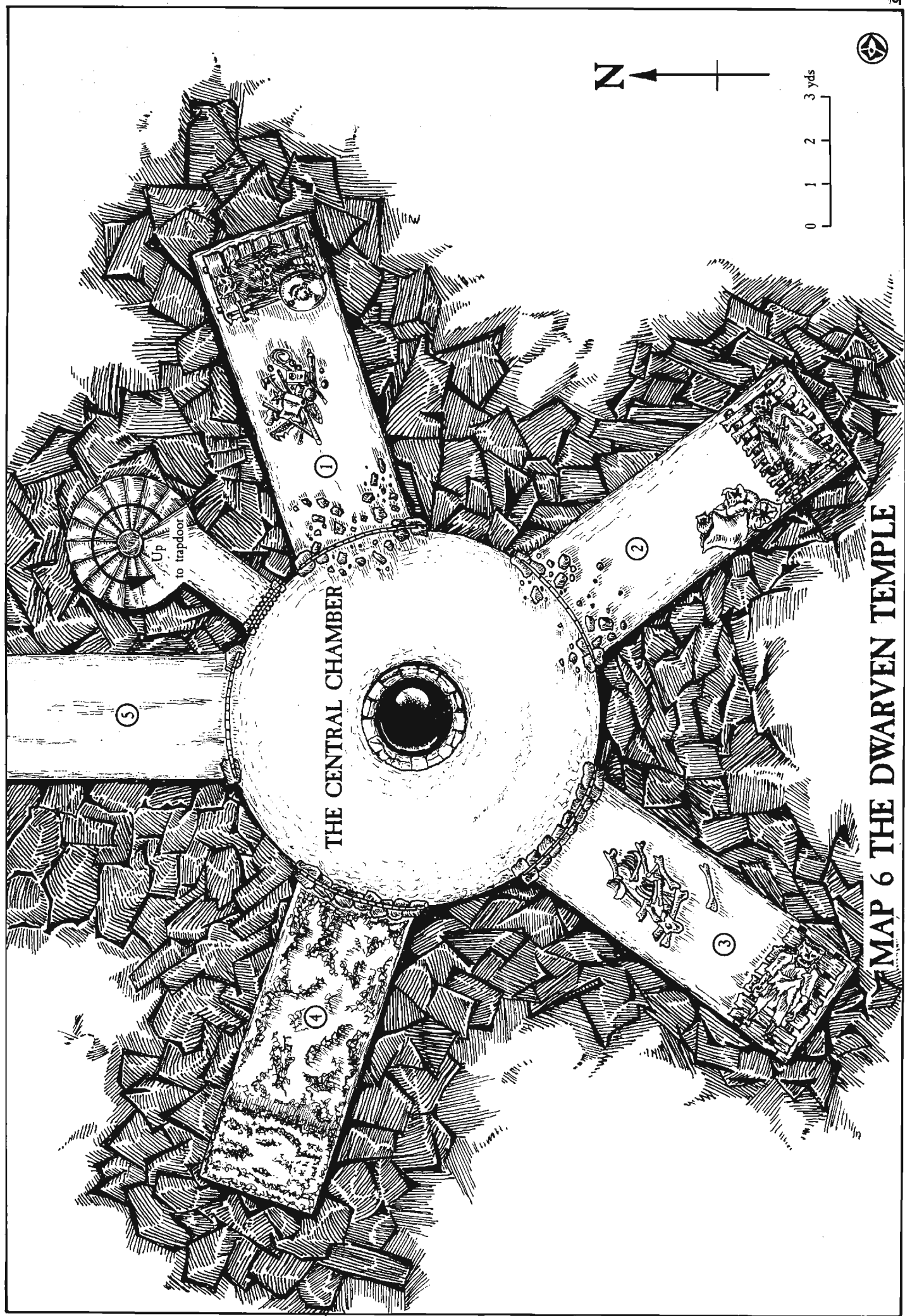
Begging; Consume Alcohol; Drive Cart; Sing; Story Telling

Possessions

Rustic Clothing; Pitchfork (or similar agricultural implement); 50% chance of pet mongrel dog/cat; D6 Brass Pennies

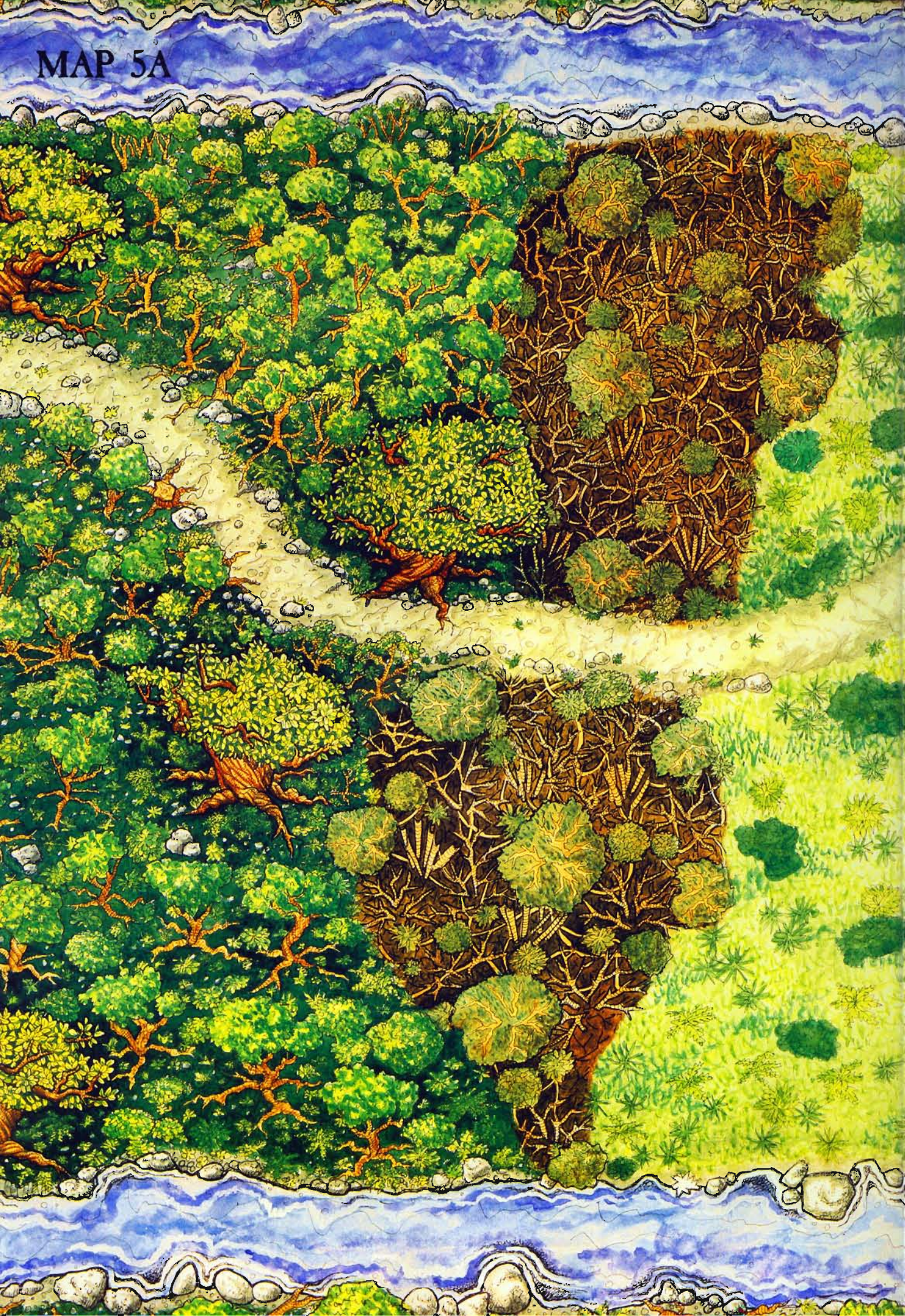


CREETOX - THE MIDGET DRAGON

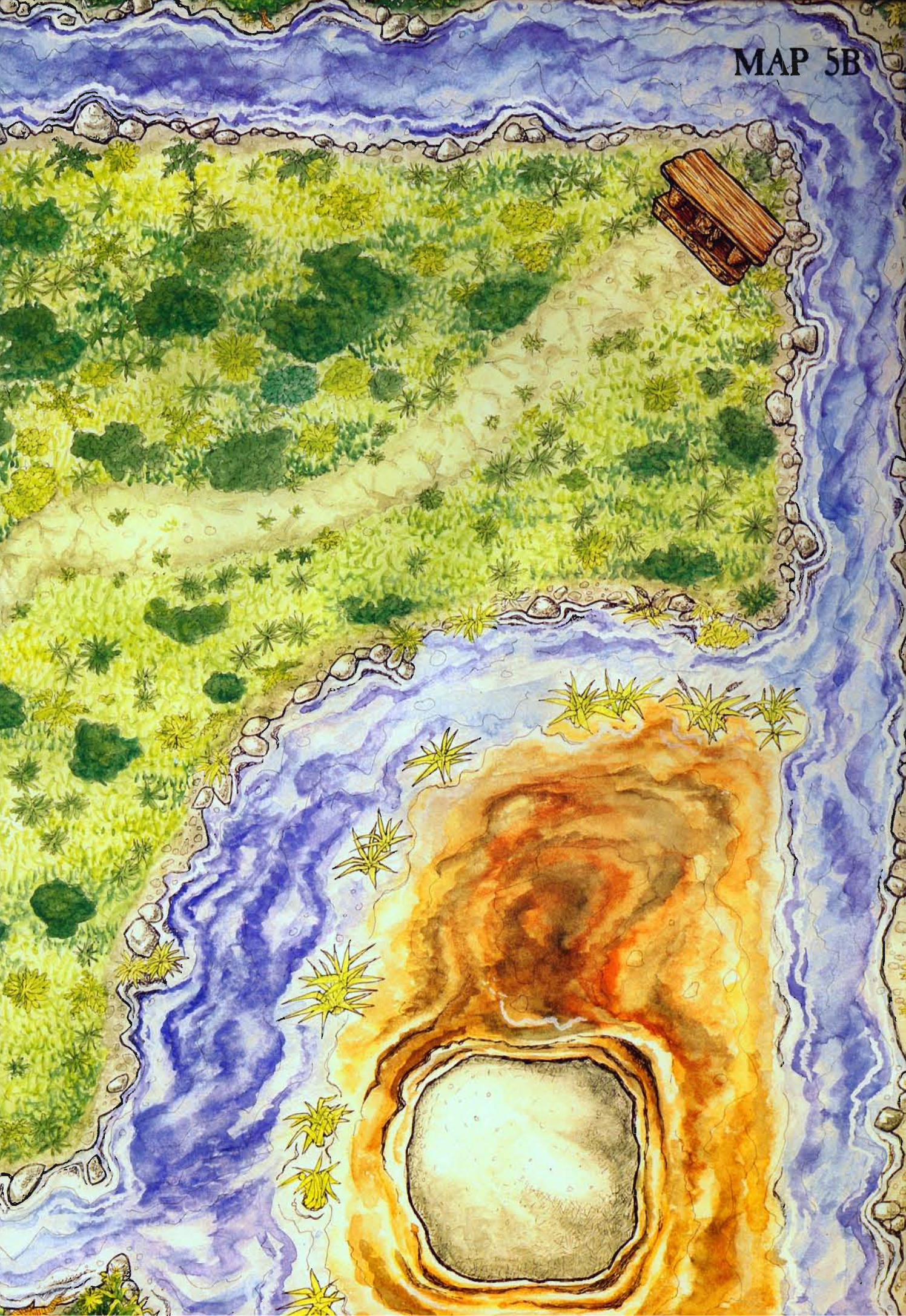


MAP 6 THE DWARVEN TEMPLE

MAP 5A

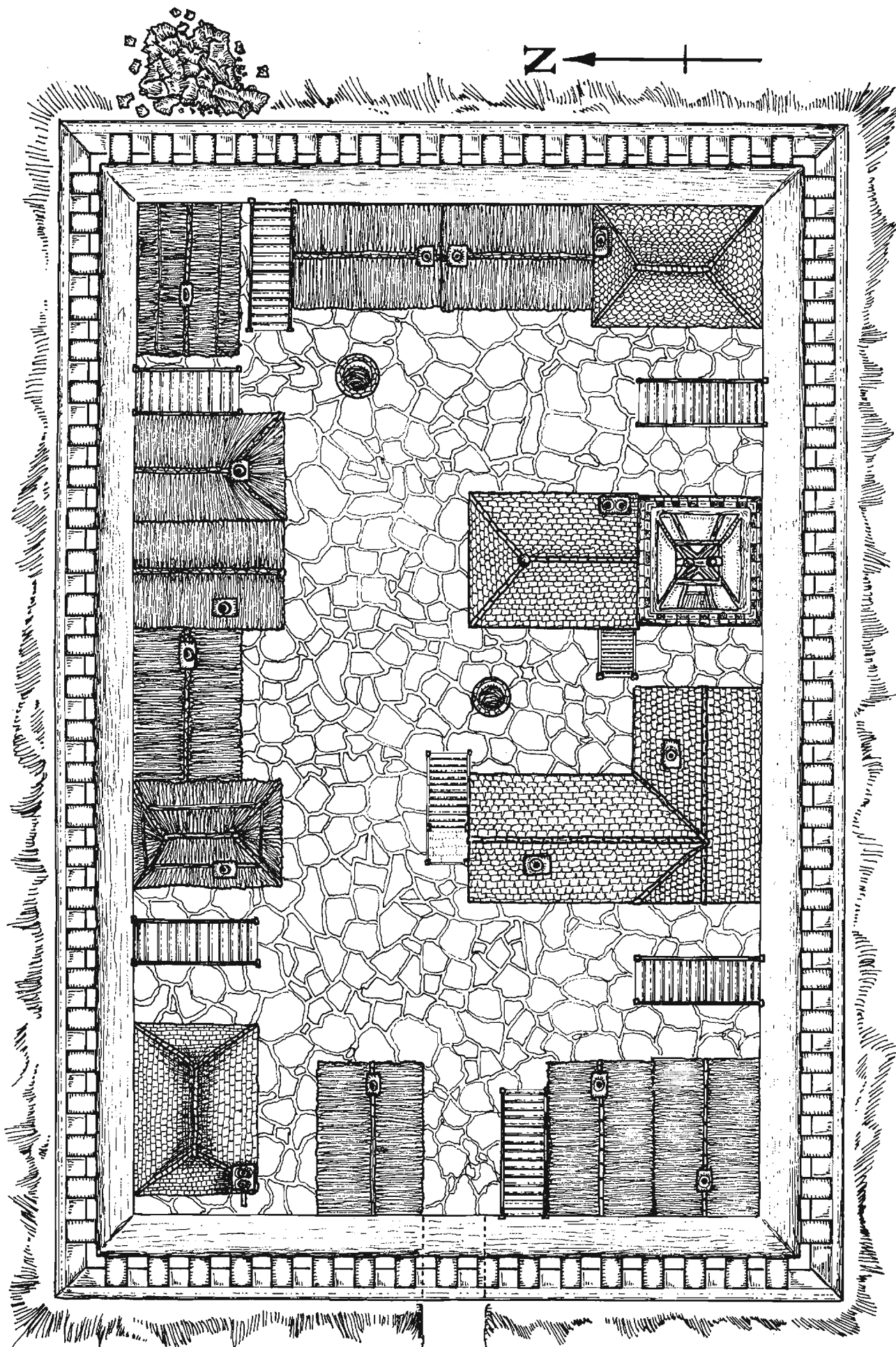


MAP 5B



MAP 8 CHERNOZAVTRA

0 1 2 3 4 5 yds



NORTHERN
CHAOS WASTES

KISLEV AND THE EASTERN EMPIRE

N

TUNDRA

TUNDRA

TAIGA

TAIGA

THE GOROMADNY

BELYEVOROTA PASS

THE
WHEATLANDS

TRANSLYNSK

ZAPADRYKA
RIVER

STEPPES

THE EMPIRE

MIDDENHEIM

MIDDLE MOUNTAINS

TALABHEIM

THE
DOBRYRION

BOLGASGRAD

KISLEV

BERGHAFEN

THE
FOOTHILLS

THE HOBGOBLIN
HEGEMONY

BORDER
Scale:
0 50 150 Miles

WARHAMMER™ FANTASY ROLEPLAY

Something Rotten In Kislev

by Ken Rolston & Graeme Davis

Something is rotten in Kislev. Beastmen are raiding, killing and burning. The dead are walking the streets. And worst of all, no-one seems to *mind* that the dead are walking the streets.

The Tsar of Kislev appeals for help to his old ally, Graf Boris Todbringer of Middenheim. He's expecting a detachment of the elite Knights Panther. Graf Boris sends the Player Characters.

Something Rotten in Kislev contains background information on the nation of Kislev and three complete roleplaying adventures, with colour floorplans and player handouts. The adventures can be played as part of the *Enemy Within* campaign, as a Kislevan campaign in their own right, or as separate, independent adventures.



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