

WILLKOMM EN MARIENBURG!



The largest city and the greatest port in the Old World, Marienburg offers endless possibilities for adventure. Month by month, we will explore this great city.

So, what will we find?

Streets, for a start. Full of buildings. Marienburg has lots of buildings. Dwellings of every class

from hovel to palace. Shops selling everything from fish to diamonds, from bread to dried Vampire's blood. Workshops representing every craft and trade from alchemy to zymurgy (that's brewing to you). Inns, taverns, hostleries, dives, grand hotels and flophouses. Theatres, opera houses, cockpits, burlesques and bordellos. All you can imagine, and more.

It is said that there is no human activity which cannot be found in Marienburg – and turned to profit, at that. There are traders and artisans of every type operating on both sides of the law. If you can't buy it in Marienburg, the odds are it hasn't yet been invented! And every conceivable service can be bought and sold – necessary or unnecessary, legal or illegal, moral or otherwise. If the mind can conceive of it, Marienburg can supply it – for the right price.

And overseeing it all there are guilds, factions, political and mercantile parties, courts, councillors, lobbyists, agitators, demagogues and peddlers of influence. There

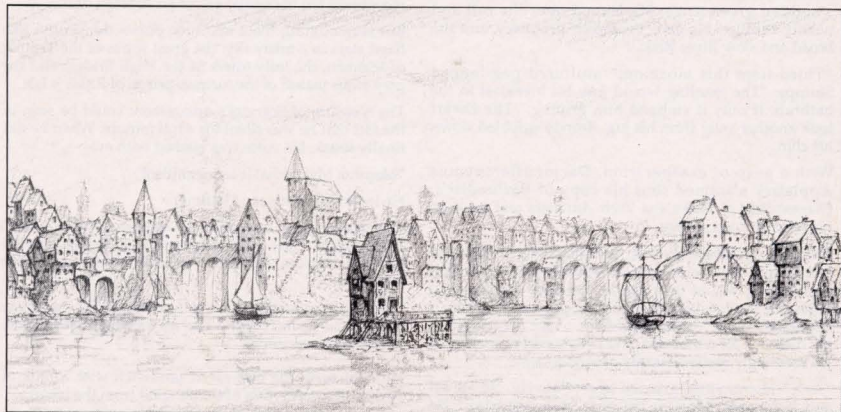
are thieves, beggars, racketeers, neighbourhood associations and local gangs. There are wizards of a dozen hues and priests of half a hundred gods. There are garrisons, watchmen, bailiffs, merchant militias and the ever-watchful Excise. Who wields the true power? It depends on what you want.

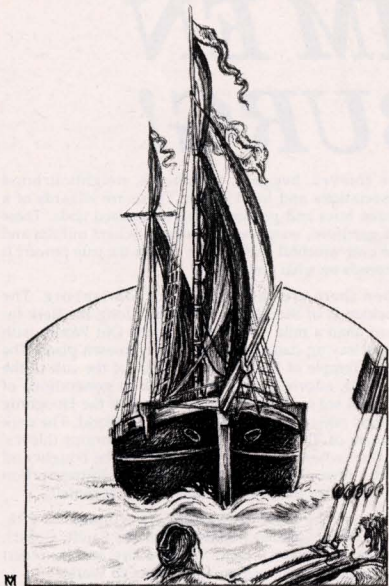
Then there are the wonders of Marienburg. The docklands of Suiddock, stretching along the Reik for more than a mile – the largest in the Old World, with ships leaving daily for nearly every known place. The great Temple of Manann – the heart of the cult of the sea-god, adorned with the wealth of generations of grateful sea-traders. The lofty towers of the Hoogbrug bridge, one of the marvels of the Old World. The dark corners of Three-Penny Bridge, the notorious thieves' kitchen where, they say, anything can be bought and sold – even a life. Rijker's Isle, the great fortress-prison looming over the river like a man-made mountain.

And not the least of these many wonders is *Sith Rionnasc* 'namishathir, "Star-gem of the Sandy Coast", known as Elftown – a city within a city, and the oldest and largest Sea Elf community in the Old World.

There are the palaces and warehouses of a score of merchant princes, stuffed with exotic treasures from the far corners of the world; the enclaves of traders from Araby, Norsca, Albion – even from distant Cathay and Nippon. Marienburgers claim they took to the seas because the Old World had nothing more to show them. They could be right.

Right then – we go in through the Oostenpoort Gate. Who's got the map?





"Eh! 'ee-RONimo! When we getta to dis bigga citta, eh? Itsa nearly three weeks since we lefta Carroburg, an' I ain't seen noplac bigger 'n a shack!"

Scarzini gestured dramatically at the bleak landscape around them.

"First, trees – everywhere trees, nothin' but trees! Then sand dunes! Now we inna middle of a stinkin' swamp! An' iffa hafta to eat-a fish one more day, I'm-a gonna..." At the mention of fish, the Tilean's swarthy face gained a sudden green tinge. He leaned over the rail and noisily fulfilled his own unspoken prophecy into the broad and slow River Reik.

"Third time this morning," muttered peg-legged Stumpy, "The manling would lose his breakfast in the bathtub. If only it stopped him griping." The Dwarf took another swig from his jug. Brandy dribbled down his chin.

With a gasp of exasperation, Doctor Hieronymus Applejack slammed shut his copy of *Pfeihandler's Pharmacopeia of Toxins and Their Antidotes* and took off his wire-rimmed glasses.

"Will you please stop your whining, you half-baked ham! I told you before we left Altdorf that the trip to Marienburg would take nearly a month. It's over 500 miles, for pity's sake!" The Halfing paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Speaking of ham..." He rummaged in his rucksack for a moment, and produced yet another of his seemingly endless supply of sandwiches.

"Aah." Hieronymus grinned appreciatively. "River eel and watercress. Must be left over from yesterday." He started chewing with gusto.

"Besides," he said through a mouthful of eel and greens, "that last merchantman we ran across said we were only a day away from Marienburg."

The Tilean hauled himself painfully upright, and cast a baleful eye at his companion.

"Three days ago we meet him, an' he was-a stinko worse'n Stumpy!" The Dwarf glowered, and muttered something into his beard. Scarzini carried on, too lost in his own self-pity to notice anyone else.

"I'ma gonna die out here, lost inna swamp," he groaned. Hieronymus patted him gently on the shoulder.

"Cheer up," he said, "I'll bet that before you can say 'Meat's on the table!' we'll be docking in ...LOOK!"

On the port bow, the towering reeds had suddenly parted.

Marienburg was huge.

The river divided into several channels, winding round rocky islets. Capped by peaked roofs, lashed together by dozens of bridges, the city looked like a grand fleet, bound together to face the sea.

"Good engineering, that's what keeps it in place." Stumpy waved towards the edge of the city. His tone had a certain pride. "My Great-grandda' told me that. Manlings couldn't manage it, but good Dwarfven craftsmen could. They built the sea wall."

"But can you fish from it?" Hieronymus tried to retain his sense of the practical. But faced with the sight of Marienburg, even his sandwich was forgotten for a moment.

And then there were the ships: scores of great tall-masted caravels which braved the seas to reach Cathay and Lustria. Far off were the white clipper ships of the Sea Elves, come to sell and buy cargoes in their own quarter of the city. And the scores of smaller craft: coastal traders from Erengard and L'Anguille; river boats from the Empire; and Marienburg harbour pilots, ready to lead a ship into safe dock for the right price. His sickness forgotten, Scarzini spat over the side as he recognised the triangular sail of an Arabian dhow.

But surmounting them all, three points dominated like fixed stars in a misty sky: the great spires of the Temple of Manann, the lofty tower of the High Bridge, and the grey stone mass of the fortress-prison of Rijk's Isle.

The measure of Scarzini's amazement could be seen in the fact that he was silent for a full minute. When he did finally speak, his voice was hushed with awe.

"Mamma Myrmdia! It'sa magnifico!"

He looked towards the Halfing.

"I'll wager they've got some superb lobster here." Hieronymus' eyes were gleaming with the thought of the local cuisine. Suddenly, a more mischievous glint appeared.

"But I'm forgetting my manners! Scarzini, my dear fellow, you haven't had a bite all morning! Have some of this while we dock!"

He held forth the half-eaten sandwich with a look of perfect innocence. Bits of eel dangled from the bread.

Scarzini barely made it to the rail in time.

GETTING TO MARIENBURG

Marienburg is probably the easiest place in the Old World to reach from anywhere else in the Old World. Here are a few ways in which your adventurers can get to Marienburg, according to where they start out:

By River

The Reik and its tributaries cover just about every part of The Empire, and the Talabec-Urskoy route links Marienburg to south-western Kislev. The range of boats plying the Reik to and from Marienburg is enormous. Passenger lines run from Nuln, Talabheim and Altdorf, and traders of various sizes travel to Marienburg from all parts of The Empire. Adventurers might buy passage on a passenger-boat, or work their passage on a trader. Wealthy characters might even have their own boat. The **WFRP** adventure book *Death on the Reik* includes a section on river travel, which you might find useful.

The first sight of Marienburg from the Reik is impressive. After days of travelling through a dreary landscape of reed-marshes, the river – which is almost a mile wide by now, and very slow-moving – rounds a bend, and the reeds part to reveal the city a mile away. Boats enter the port of Marienburg through the Strompoort, a great channel flanked by high walls and artillery towers. A Marienburg pilot will then board the boat, and steer it through the deceptively shallow and ever-shifting channels to a berth in the Suiddock.

By Road

The main overland route to Marienburg from The Empire is the road from Middenheim. This is a wide and well-maintained highway, efficiently patrolled by a large force of Roadwardens. It is an arterial route, very important to the city-state of Middenheim, and every effort is made to keep it open. Both Castle Rock and Wolf Runner Coaches run regular services between Middenheim and Marienburg, and within the last few months, the rapidly-expanding Four Seasons coaches has begun to do the same.

In addition to the Middenheim road, there is a less well-used route across the Pale Sisters to the headwaters of the river Ois. This route was more important a couple of centuries ago, when the Wasteland was practically at war with The Empire and Bretonnia became a major trading partner. Since then, though, Kings Louis IX, X and XI of Bretonnia have imposed a number of punitive duties and taxes on goods entering and leaving the Wasteland, in the hope of boosting the fortunes of their own ocean ports of Brionne, Bordeauxaux, Mousillon and L'Anguille. The Gisoreux road is little-used these days, unreliable and often dangerous, but there are some who take it.

According to where they have come from, travellers approaching Marienburg by road will enter through the Oostenpoort or the Westenpoort. These great gateways are each wide enough to admit three carts at a time, and each is guarded by well-armed militia and excise officers. Travellers are admitted free of charge if they can produce some document indicating that they have some business with one of Marienburg's great merchant families; otherwise, there is a standard gate tax of 1 Guilder per head, plus 1 Guilder per wheel, plus 1% of the value of any trade goods.

By Sea

There is, almost literally, no port in the world from which Marienburg cannot be reached by sea. Ships from Norsca and Erengard are common visitors except in the depths of winter, when northern ports are sealed by ice and the Sea of Claws becomes so treacherous that even the Norse think twice about setting sail. Traders from Albion put in every few days, and there is a regular and lucrative trade between Marienburg and the city-ports of Albion. There is also a flourishing coastal trade network extending from Marienburg along the coasts of Bretonnia, Estalia and Tilea.

But the real wealth of Marienburg lies in her long-distance trade. The occasional visitor from as far afield as the Border Princes and Araby raises no eyebrows. The great ships of the Sea Elves put into Star-gem Fortress from Lustria, the New World and the Elf Lands, and strange-looking junks and galleys bring silks, spices and other rarities from Cathay and Nippon. It is a proud Marienburger boast that they do business with everywhere except the Chaos Wastes – Imperial citizens have been known to retort that Marienburg is only waiting for Chaos to offer the right price.

Approaching Marienburg by sea, you could almost believe it was an island. The transition from sea to tidal mud-flats to reed-marsh is almost imperceptible to the eye, and the city towers over the unbroken flatness of its surroundings. Incoming ships are required to heave to by the great Lighthouse of Manann, and wait for a pilot to come aboard; there are no exceptions to this law, and any ship which tries to break it will get a shot across the bows from the battery of cannon in the lighthouse tower. Once a pilot has come aboard, the ship will be guided to a berth in the Suiddock – Marienburg's main port area. A pilot costs a Guilder for every foot of a vessel's length from stem to stern, and any master trying to bring a ship or boat in without a pilot is going to be in very serious trouble. The authorities in Marienburg do not look kindly on anyone who risks clogging their waterways with grounded shipping.



Starting in Marienburg

Of course, there is absolutely no reason why your PCs shouldn't start their adventuring life in Marienburg. It is, after all, the largest city in the Old World, and a good many of its thousands of citizens turn to adventuring rather than commerce.

There are no special rules for generating adventurers in Marienburg. Because it was part of The Empire up until so recently, the normal character generation procedure and range of careers are as valid for Marienburgers as for Imperial citizens. All careers and career classes are available, although you may decide to restrict access to Ranger careers – although Ranger-class characters may be found in Marienburg, they are rarer than in the cities of The Empire. Starting money will, of course, be in Wasteland Guilders rather than Imperial Crowns, but the amount will be the same.

ADVENTURING IN MARIENBURG

In many respects, Marienburg is not unlike the great cities of The Empire. However, Imperial characters will notice that certain things are different in Marienburg. The differences are only minor, but the similarities throw them into sharp relief.

People

"When you shake a Wastelander's hand, count your fingers." - Imperial proverb

By and large, citizens of The Empire have a distorted view of Wastelanders. For one thing, most Imperials assume that Wastelander and Marienburger are one and the same. When an Imperial speaks of Wastelanders, he is usually thinking about Marienburgers.

The Marienburger is seen as a sharp-practicing rogue, who would sell you his mother for a Guilder and then beg another ten shillings because he's an orphan. He can talk a lawyer out of his wig or a snake out of its skin, and you will never get the better of him.

Like all stereotypes, this is overstated. However, it does have to be said that Marienburg is a city which exists for trade, and entrepreneurial flair seems to run in Marienburger blood.

The Marienburger see themselves as practical. Business isn't going to wait around if you're not there to grab it. The Marienburgers see Imperials as yesterday's heroes, still living in the days of Magnus the Pious and always looking backward for glory rather than getting out and grabbing it today. They think they own the Old World, but where would they be without Marienburg? Under most circumstances, Marienburgers view Imperials with a degree of amused tolerance – after all, when the hard bargaining starts, they know who's going to win.

All Wastelanders speak Reikspiel, but they have a distinctive accent; rapid and staccato, with slightly stretched vowel sounds and very little rise and fall in tone. They are almost continually on the move. There is always another deal to arrange, another few coins to turn. According to a common Imperial joke, a Wastelander keeps moving because he's always on the run from someone he swindled.

And despite the deadly seriousness with which they approach business, Marienburgers tend to be more lighthearted than Imperials. Most Marienburgers have a strong sense of humour and a keen eye for the absurd. This often leads Imperial citizens to brand them as flippant and smart-mouthed.

Calendar

The Wasteland uses the Imperial calendar, which you will find in the **WFRP** adventure book *Warhammer Campaign*. When the Wasteland seceded from The Empire, the Council changed the name of the sixth day of the week from Konistag ("King Day") to Guilstag ("Guilds Day"). Although this change never properly caught on, Wastelanders – and especially Marienburgers – often use the two names interchangeably. Many of them will use Guilstag in the presence of Imperials, just for its annoyance value.

Money

The Wasteland uses the same monetary system as The Empire. Marienburg has its own mint, and issues its own coinage which is valid throughout the Wasteland. All Marienburger coins have the city's badge (a mermaid holding a bag of money in one hand and a sword in the other) on one side, and the coin's value and year of issue on the other.

The Wastelander gold coin is called a *Guilder* instead of a Crown, reflecting the fact that Marienburg is ruled by a Council rather than a monarch. It has the same value as an Imperial Crown. The standard written abbreviation for a Guilder is Gu – hence, 5 Gu 17/6 is 5 Guilders, 17 shillings and 6 pennies.

Marienburg is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and its traders will accept coinage from anywhere. They take nothing on trust, though, and will weigh foreign coins to establish their value. Imperial traders faced with Wasteland Guilders are more cautious – they will weigh the coins as a matter of course, but most will give only 19/- in the Crown. After all, a Guilder isn't the same as a Crown – it's *foreign*...

Some travellers arriving in Marienburg from The Empire decide – quite unnecessarily – to get their money changed by one of the moneylenders and goldsmiths who are to be found in every quarter of the city. These traders are quite happy to change Crowns for Guilders at the rate of 19/- in the Guilder, less a 10% exchange commission. The customer is always right!

Goods and Services

There is almost nothing that can't be obtained in Marienburg. All goods are one step more plentiful than stated in the **WFRP** rulebook – thus, a *common* commodity becomes *plentiful*, and nothing is *very rare* – unless you want it to be.

Most goods are cheaper in Marienburg, too. As a rule of thumb, most goods are 5% cheaper than the price in the rulebook. The exception to this is agricultural produce, foodstuffs and livestock – most of which is imported from The Empire. Fish, of course, is cheap in Marienburg.

Religion

The major deity in Marienburg is, and always has been, Manann. Most of the other Old World cults have a presence in the city, apart from Myrmdia who is principally a southern deity. The cult of Sigmar is well-established in the Wasteland, but since the secession it has been increasingly overshadowed by that of Manann, both as the sea-god and in his aspect as Rijkstrum, the god of the lower Reik.

Handrich, the deity of commerce and merchants mentioned in *Warhammer Campaign*, has a strong following in Marienburg, and there are temples and shrines to a wide and sometimes bewildering range of deities from all corners of the world.

Cults which are proscribed in The Empire are likewise proscribed in the Wasteland. These include the cults of all Chaos Gods, the death-cult of Khaine, and the wrecker-cult of Stromfels, of which we shall hear more later on.

THE WASTELAND

The Wasteland is the youngest of the nations of the Old World, having been in existence for less than a hundred years. It extends from the borders of the Reikwald Forest in the east to the foothills of the Pale Sisters in the west, from the marshes of Grootmoers to the sea.

It is a flat and windswept area, consisting of the Reik estuary and the salt marshes and sand flats around it. Most of the Wasteland is barren wilderness – farming on the sands is largely futile, and there is no shelter from the biting winds that blow down from the Sea of Claws.

In fact, the Wasteland has only one resource of any note, and that is the city of Marienburg. Over 90% of the Wasteland's 150,000 population lives or works within the city walls; the few that remain are stubborn sand-crofters, hardy fishermen, grim, closemouthed fensmen and optimistic adventurers.

At first glance, Marienburg is not in a place most reasonable people would choose to locate a prosperous city. East, West, and South, it is surrounded by mile upon mile of brackish swamp, an abysmally unhealthy delta wherein the River Reik meets the sea.

To the north lies the Sea of Claws. In winter it is churned by raging storms so fierce that, as the saying goes, "only mad Elves and Norsemen" would dare sail it. Its tides are fiendishly unpredictable, and Marienburg suffered from disastrous floods on several occasions in its early history.

Beyond the delta, stretching from the Laurelor and Drak Wald forests to the foothills of the Pale Sisters, lie seemingly endless leagues of barren and windswept sand dunes. Here and there, most often near the river Reik or by the sea, one finds isolated farmsteads and villages that have tamed a patch of land, providing a dull but comfortable life. Such settlements are few and far between, though.

Marienburg's climate is a milder version of that found in much of the northern Empire: cold and rainy in the winter, with dry, warm summers. Its closeness to the sea gives the city a more even, temperate climate than that in the heart of The Empire, so that the city is rarely blanketed by snow. Instead, it rains. And rains. And rains. "It'll be a dry day in winter when that happens" is a common Wastelander scoff.

Sitting as it does in a swampy delta, Marienburg has suffered recurring problems with disease. While sanitation here is better than in most Old World cities, outbreaks of plague and red pox are still relatively common occurrences; in the poorer districts, they are a part of everyday life.

For all its faults, though, Marienburg's location does have one great advantage: the mouth of the River Reik is the only reliable river access to The Empire and the central Old World. Indeed, in winter it is often the route of choice to reach distant Kislev, whose own port of Erengard is often choked with ice for four months of the year.

For the merchants of The Empire, Marienburg is a far more dependable gateway to the west than the overland

routes through Bretonnia. The overland traveller must brave robbers – and sometimes Beastmen or Goblinoids – in the mountains and travel by land and river for several hundred miles before reaching Bretonnia's small and often ill-managed ocean ports.

The routes to the east are scarcely better. The expansion of the Hobgoblin Hegemony across the Steppes has closed the northern overland route, while the southern route through Araby has always been uncertain since the holy wars a thousand years ago; faced with robber barons in the Border Princes, a perilous journey skirting the southern edge of the Dark Lands, and the whims of capricious and often downright murderous Arabian potentates, few travellers will venture overland to the east.

All of these things have combined to make Marienburg the gateway to the northern and eastern Old World. The Empire's wealthy desire the fabulous luxury goods of Cathay and Ind. Wizards and alchemists depend on the port for exotic ingredients unavailable in the Old World, whilst scholars will pay a high price for news and information from lands they will never visit.

All this the Marienburghers know and exploit to the hilt. And it has made their city very wealthy indeed.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MARIENBURG AND THE WASTELAND

The history of Marienburg begins many thousands of years ago. Long before the rise of Humanity, when the Elves began to explore the Old World, they built a great port and fortress on the delta. They called it Sith Rionnasc 'namishathir, "Fortress of the Star-gem on the Sandy Coast", and it formed a home base for the colonization of the inland forests, and a port linking then to the Elf Lands.

Elves and trade-goods flowed through the Star-gem Fortress in those early centuries, and despite its low-lying position, a large and prosperous Dwarven community came to settle there. They lent their skills to the Elves, trading gems and precious metals and building great towers and bastions for the city's defence. They fought and died alongside the Elves in the defence of the fortress against Dark Elf raiders during the Elven civil wars. It was the Dwarfs, too, who built the Vloedmuur, the great stone barrier to protect the city from flooding.

Then came the Dwarf-Elf Wars. Star-gem Fortress became the Elven capital in the Old World, and its armies ranged far and wide. At the height of the Elven advance, it ruled an empire stretching from the Western Sea to the Black Mountains.

But then, the tide of the war turned. Contact was lost with the forest colonies, and the Dwarfs marched against the fortress that they themselves had helped to build. The siege of the Star-gem Fortress lasted for five years, and its walls saw some of the bitterest fighting of

the war. Finally, the Dwarven blockade was broken by an Elven fleet, and the fortress-port was evacuated. The dead were left where they lay, and the last ship set sail as the gates fell.

The Dwarven victory was a bitter one. Their losses had been tremendous, and although they tried to occupy the fortress, they were continually harried by pirate raids from both Elves and Dark Elves. And Goblins were beginning to flood across the Worlds Edge Mountains in ever-greater numbers. The word went out that Zhufbar was besieged, and Caraz-a-Carak itself was threatened.

So, after less than a century, the Dwarfs abandoned the city which they had renamed Zhorak-Kuban, "Defiant Lowland Stronghold". The towers and bastions were destroyed, and the city was razed, so that the Elves could not regain it. For more than a thousand years, the ruins of the once-proud fortress crumbled in the sand of the delta.

No record tells exactly when the first Humans came there. Ancient manuscripts in the temples of Verena tell of a tribe called the Jutones, who lived among the fens on fish and fowl and fought off Goblin and Human alike. Fiercely independent, the Jutones were the last tribe to swear allegiance to Sigmar Heldenhammer when he founded The Empire. Some local legends tell of an epic duel between Sigmar and the Jutone chieftain Gulderic, which lasted three days and three nights before Gulderic conceded defeat; most Imperial historians discount these stories, although they enjoyed a popular revival centuries later when the Wasteland seceded from The Empire.

As The Empire established firmer control over its extensive territories, a descendant of Gulderic named Marius was granted the title of First Baron of Westerland. His name is variously spelled in contemporary documents, but the names Marius, Marijs, Marijks, Márus and Marjoos all seem to refer to the same individual. Marius the Fen Wolf as he became known, conducted a long-running and successful campaign against the Fimir in the marshes and the isolated bands of Goblins who still lurked among the fens. After about ten years of hard fighting in this treacherous country, Marius had completely broken all nonhuman power over a wide area either side of the river, from the forest to the sea.

During the course of his campaigning, Marius came upon the ruins of the Star-gem Fortress. The Dwarven flood-wall still protected a large area, and Marius set his capital here, calling it Marienburg, the City of Marius.

In the following centuries, the Barony of Westerland flourished. Norse raids were repulsed, and a treaty was concluded at the Althing of Traktatsey in 765 IC; the Norse came now to trade instead of raiding. A dynastic marriage with the Dukes of Moussillon in 936 IC brought a valuable connection at the end of the Grismerie-Ois-Pale Sisters route to the ocean, cutting out the Barony of L'Anguille, with whom Moussillon was at war at the time. In 1087 IC, a treaty was concluded with the eastern kingdoms of Albion, and Marienburg was firmly established as the major port of the northern Old World.

But perhaps the greatest coup was to come in 2150 IC, when a huge ship of unfamiliar design was sighted off the coast. Although it seemed to be peaceful, Baron Matteus van Hoogmans sent four warships to hail the



strange vessel and discover its intent. Later the same day, the Sea Elf vessel Lughsoill-Siaisullainn – "Jewel-gleam of Sunlight on Wave-foam" put into Marienburg, towering over the four warships which escorted it to port with their flags flying and their cannon firing in salute. The Elves had come back to Star-gem Fortress.

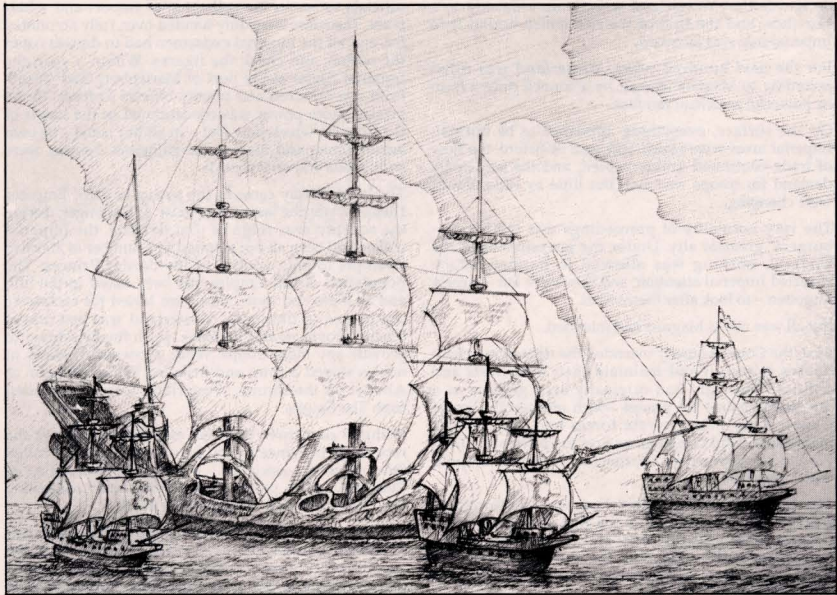
Quick to seize the opportunity of a lifetime, Baron Matteus granted the Sea Elves possession of the site of the ruined fortress and pledged Human aid in rebuilding the Star-gem. The Sea Elf leader, Wavemaster Sullandiel Fartrader, accepted the offer, and within a century the Elven town-within-a-town was restored to its present form. With the monopoly on Sea Elf trade to the Old World, Marienburg's triumph was complete – no port in the Old World could challenge her dominance.

The last Barons of Westerland were the van der Maacht family, a junior branch of the ruling house of Nordland. In 2302 IC, the last of the line, Graf Paulus van der Maacht, died in battle during the last Incursion of Chaos. He left no heir, being but fifteen years old and unmarried. Candidates for the Barony were immediately put forward by both Nordland and Talabecland, and within the month the Emperor had received petitions from nearly every noble house in The Empire. Everybody wanted control of Marienburg, for whoever controlled Marienburg would control almost all The Empire's trade.

The claims to the Barony of Westerland were various in the extreme; third cousins by marriage, great-nephews five times removed – every distant or spurious connection that the genealogists could discover or invent. Lawyers worked overtime trying to unravel all the alleged connections and claims, and spies brought in disturbing reports; some provinces were secretly arming, in case their claims should be disappointed.

It was early one evening, so the story goes, that three men appeared in the throne hall of Magnus the Pious. They were not dressed in the gorgeous silks and furs of noblemen, and they brought no horde of lawyers and lackeys, no extravagant presents and bribes. But still, the Emperor received them, and together they talked long into the night.

The names of these three men were Jan Koopmans, Pieter Winkler and Thijs van Onderzoeker. Each was the



head of a powerful merchant family in Marienburg, and they had been elected by the merchants and Burgomeisters of the city to present the Emperor with a business proposition.

The Westerland situation, they pointed out, threatened the stability of The Empire. Beneath its new-found unity, the schisms and dissensions of the Age of Wars still rankled. Without a clear successor to the Barony of Westerland, the Emperor would be forced to choose among the competing claims from all over The Empire. No matter how carefully he chose, many factions would be disappointed; and their disappointment could easily destroy the fragile new peace. But, said the Marienburgers, they had an answer to the Emperor's dilemma.

They suggested that no new Baron of Westerland should be appointed; in this way, the Emperor could avoid showing favour to one noble house and alienating others. In place of the Baron, the government of the province could be handed over to a Council made up of Marienburg's merchant princes. After all, they said, who better to rule a great trading port than the merchants themselves? As far as The Empire would be concerned, it would be business as usual; Imperial taxes would be collected as they always had, military obligations would be met, trade would flow, and so on. The only difference would be that the Emperor would be spared this diplomatic problem about the baronial succession.

Magnus the Pious thought long and hard and he prayed for guidance in the great Temple of Sigmar. Three days later, he published an Imperial decree:

BE IT KNOWN

- ✧ That in the matter of the succession to the Barony of Westerland, I, Magnus, Son of Sigmar, Emperor, Lord of Altdorf, Elector for the Grand Principality of Reikland, etc, etc, do decree as follows:
- ✧ Item – that following the heroic death of Graf Paulus van der Maacht in the defence of The Empire, his line has become extinct.
- ✧ Item – that while many claims have been pressed by the highest and most illustrious houses of The Empire, there is no clear heir to the said Barony.
- ✧ Item – that, following many centuries of war and the most recent struggles to save The Empire from the most deadly of foes, we cannot in all conscience ask any of our noble houses to shoulder this further burden of government in addition to the monumental tasks of healing ancient rifts and rebuilding The Empire's proper greatness.
- ✧ THEREFORE, it has been decided, after careful consideration of all the issues appertaining to this matter, that the Barony of Westerland shall cease to be counted among the noble offices of The Empire.
- ✧ By this decree is created the Province of Westerland, which shall be governed by an appointed Council drawn from among the burghers of Marienburg. The said Council shall retain all the duties and privileges previously invested in the Baron of Westerland, but may never seek or be granted the status of Imperial Elector and shall be chosen by appointment rather than blood succession.
- ✧ Made by me, this thirty-second day of Vorhexen, in the Year of Empire two thousand, three hundred and five.

MARIENBURG

So it was that Westerland went from a Barony to a Province, and the first of the ties which bound it to Imperial rule was loosened.

For the next hundred years, Westerland was ruled according to Magnus' decree, by a council drawn from its powerful merchant families.

On the surface, everything appeared to be normal: Imperial taxes were raised and paid as before, the flow of trade continued uninterrupted, and the occasional demand for troops was met. But little by little, things were changing.

The very normality of proceedings was the Marienburgers' greatest ally. Under the government of the Council, nothing was allowed to happen which attracted Imperial attention, and they were left – largely forgotten – to look after themselves.

But all was not as Magnus had intended.

First, the Council quietly extended the right of merchant houses to recruit and maintain their own fleets and militias. This right had originally been granted as a safeguard against the pirates which infested the Sea of Claws. After these private forces had conducted a highly successful campaign against the pirates in 1378-9 IC, the Marienburgers approached Emperor Leopold with a proposal.

The Imperial Second Fleet had been stationed in Marienburg since the end of the Age of Wars; it was a time of poor harvests and high taxation, and the Council offered to take over the maritime defence of Marienburg, thus saving the cost of maintaining the Imperial fleet.

Leopold was faced with the threat of uprisings in a number of areas. His forces were at full stretch, and on the point of mutiny themselves. He was only too happy to accept the Council's seemingly generous offer, and rid himself of one drain on the Imperial coffers. The Imperial Second Fleet was duly disbanded, and many of its ships and men found their way into the service of the merchant houses of Marienburg.

Meanwhile, the Council had also eased the burden on the Imperial Excise service by appointing its own

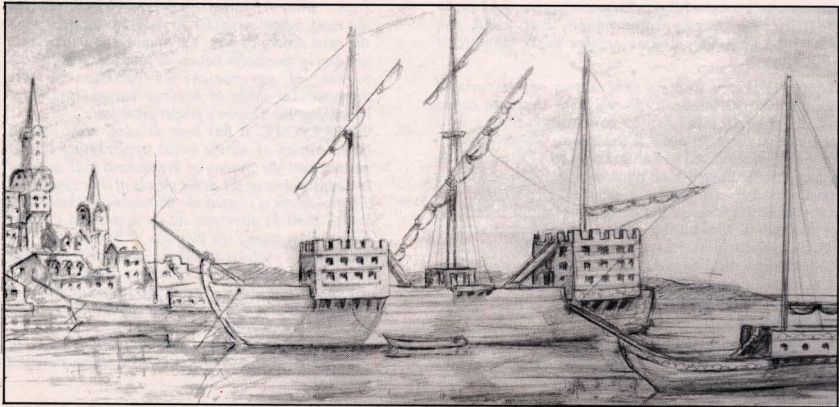
officials to see to the collection of import and wharf taxes. The sums were duly handed over, fully accounted for, and all the Imperial excisemen had to do was count the money and check the figures. Within a year, the Imperial Excise at the port of Marienburg had shrunk from one hundred and twenty officers to three. In the process more power was concentrated in the hands of the Council, which now had – in all but name – its own armed forces and its own tax-gatherers. Neither were truly under Imperial control.

The break finally came in the spring of 2429. Emperor Dieter IV was the last of the House of Unfähig; during the seventy-year reign of that dynasty, the Imperial coffers had been all but emptied in a number of abortive attempts to gain control of the Border Princes. The population of The Empire had been taxed to the hilt, and as more and more men were levied for successive campaigns in the south, Westerland was just one of several provinces and baronies which finally refused to provide any more troops. While a powerful caucus of nobles staged a coup and installed Prince Wilhelm of Altdorf on the throne, Westerland formally seceded from The Empire.

Wilhelm sent three punitive expeditions against the rebellious province which he contemptuously called "that damned wasteland" – a jibe at the local dialect of Reikspiel, which pronounced "Westerland" something like "Weysterlaand" – but all three failed.

The Imperial armies were tired and depleted after their abortive attacks on the Border Princes, and the expeditionary forces consisted largely of semi-trained and unwilling levies, who were easily turned back in the fens and marshes south of Marienburg. The decisive battle took place at Grootcher Marsh, twelve miles south of Marienburg, in Erntezeit, 2429. The Imperial expedition had been harassed all the way through the marshes by small forces of fenlanders, and was backed into a vast area of quicksands by a force of Marienburg river militia backed up by Sea Elf marines.

Finally, on Marktag 20th Kaldezeit, 2429, Wilhelm formally acknowledged the Wasteland – for the Council had turned his jibe back at him – as an independent nation.



THE SUIDDOCK

The Brunwasser Kanal is one of the few channels deep enough to handle the many ocean-going vessels that visit Marienburg. For almost a mile, both sides of the Brunwasser are lined with docks, warehouses, counting houses, mercantile offices, shipyards, taverns, and brothels. This waterfront is Suiddock – the heart of Marienburg, and the crossroads of the world. It is said that everyone and everything that moves into and out of the Old World passes through Suiddock at some point. This includes adventurers.

ARRIVING

The Suiddock is an ideal place for a band of adventurers to begin finding out about Marienburg. Precisely how you go about getting your adventurers to the Suiddock depends on how they travel to Marienburg.

If they arrive by boat, it is almost inevitable that their first landing will be in the Suiddock. Both sea and river traffic end up in somewhere in the huge docklands.

If they arrive by the Middenheim road, they will almost certainly enter Marienburg through the Oostenpoort Gate. Most of the coach services end at depots on the edge of the Suiddock, where land is cheap and the Teamsters' Guild is not far away. This gives the adventurers a trip right across the city from north to south, over canals and across bridges, as they marvel at

the size of the place. If the adventurers arrive by road from Bretonnia, they will enter through the Westenpoort Gate, which leads onto the Suiddock itself.

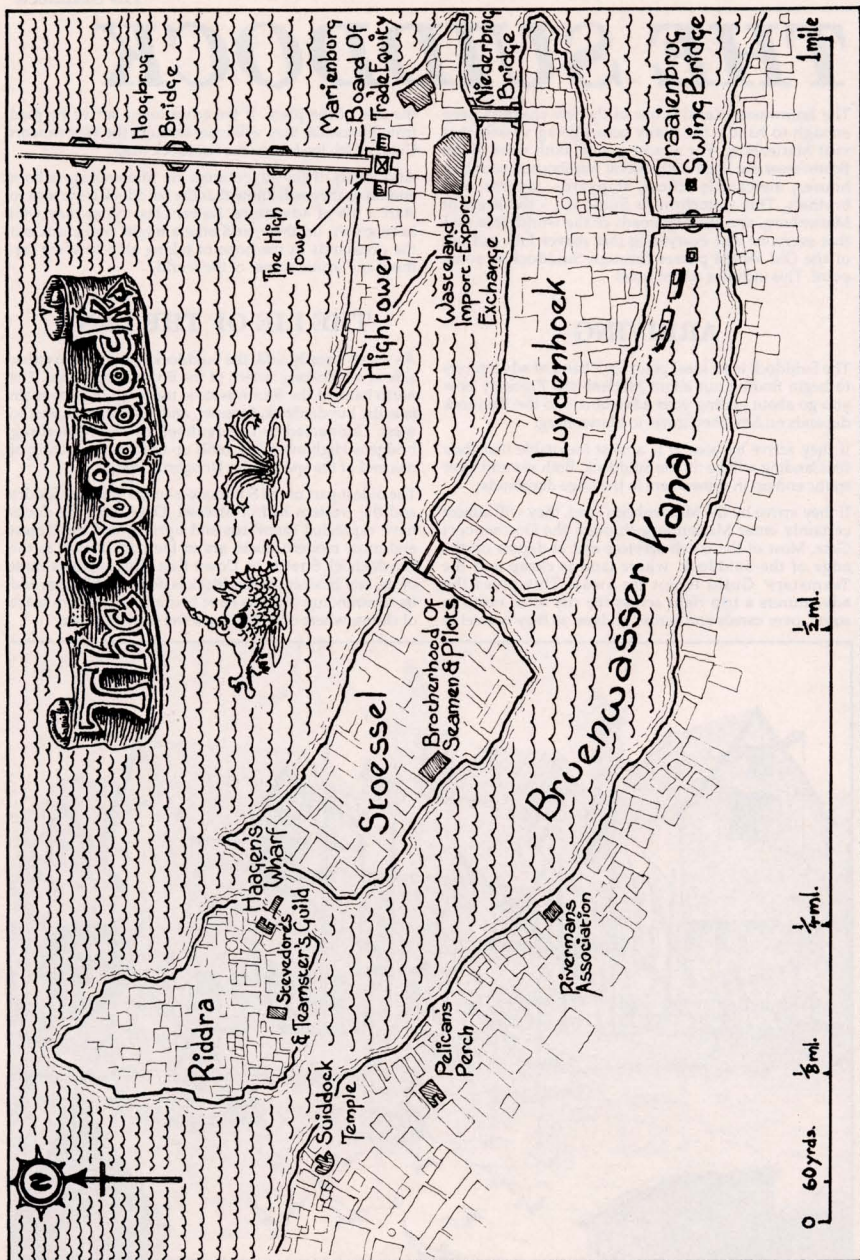
And finally, if the adventurers are Marienburgers born and bred, they will know that the Suiddock is *the* area to start a life of adventure. Lower-class types may well have grown up there, and others might well check out the docklands in the hope of taking ship to some far-flung and exotic corner of the world.

THE LIE OF THE LAND

As we've already said, the Suiddock is the area to either side of a mile-long stretch of the Brunwasser Kanal. The north bank of the Brunwasser is made up of three main islands: Luydenhoek, Stoessel, and Riddra, from east to west. Connected to Luydenhoek by the Nederbrug bridge is Hightower Isle, built up to form the footing of one end of the spectacular Hoogbrug bridge.

The oldest part of the Suiddock is in the west, by Riddra and the western half of Stoessel. Over time, the docks have expanded eastwards and upriver, and the largest and most modern docks are in the part known as the Luydenhoek Stretch, or Down East. This is where most of the real business of Suiddock is done, and Riddra and its surrounding districts have become a run-down maze of slums, where only the locals feel truly at home.





THE PELICAN'S PERCH

At the end of a narrow alley off the street that runs behind the warehouses is a large but unobtrusive hostelry called The Pelican's Perch. Every true Suiddocker knows where it is, and it is a favourite watering-hole for the stevedores and rivermen. It opens from noon till midnight.

The interior of the Pelican's Perch is larger than one might expect, having seen the modest entrance. There is a large common room, and a number of curtained booths and side-rooms for those patrons who require privacy. And, it is rumoured, there are secret passages leading to all the canals around, which are used for smuggling and other nefarious activities...

The Pelican's Perch is owned by Ishmael Boorsevelt, a former ship's mate who lost his leg (and, some say, a few of his marbles) when his last ship was destroyed by a sea-monster in the Sea of Claws. Sailors are known for being superstitious, but Ishmael is legendary. For instance, he fears being known only by his last name: "That's the mark of a dead man," he mutters, "just call me Ishmael." As a result, few people even know he has a last name.

The Pelican's Perch offers a wide range of local beers

and spirits, including the notorious *Alte Geheerentode* rum and *Braakbroew* strong ale. It also boasts an array of brandies from Bretonnia and The Empire, Kislevite vodkas, Albion *uisce beathadh* and Norse *aquavit*. The range of drink available is well-known throughout the Suiddock – as, indeed, are the prices, which are rather lower than one might expect. The Perch also offers accommodation – there is a bunkroom upstairs, with twelve bunks. Ishmael charges 3/6 per person per night, in advance, whether you get a bunk or not. Ishmael is not averse to overbooking; according to the regulars, the record is thirty-two people in the bunkroom – a total reached after a particularly successful Stevedores' Guild party.

Entertainment at the Pelican's Perch includes singers, storytellers, and exotic dancers, all on a nautical theme. There is no regular programme of entertainment – "it happens when it happens", as the regulars say. A loaded blunderbuss behind the counter prevents critics in the audience from getting out of hand.

The Perch is named after Ishmael's pet pelican, Beaky, who has free run of the place – much to the discomfiture of unwary customers!



First Floor Plan

0 5' 10'

Lean To Roof

Pillars
as on
Ground
Floor.

Bunk
Room

Pelicans
Perch

Alleyway

Ismael's
Bedroom

Parlour

Barrel Store

Back Room 1

Back Room 2

Snug 1

Snug 2

Snug 3

Snug 4

Back Room 3

B. Rm 4

Chandelier

SHOP

SHOP

GROUND FLOOR

Common Knowledge

"Nowhere to stay, eh? Try the Pelican's Perch – ask anyone where it is. Tell old Ishmael I sent you – he'll see you right. Watch out for the pelican, though."

"Old Ishmael's not as daft as he seems, you know. There's a lot more goes on at the Pelican's Perch than anyone knows."

"I'll never forget the time those three Nipponese came in. Strange lot, they were, but polite as you please. They thought Beaky was on the menu and asked old Ishmael how much he'd cost boiled with rice! I've never seen anyone go as purple as Ishmael did!"

"Whatever you do, don't whistle in the Perch. Or talk about the weather. Last time someone started whistling, old Ishmael damn near blasted 'em with his blunderbuss. He's superstitious, you see. Don't ever ask his last name, either, or tell him yours – he says only dead men are known by their last names."

"Good watering-hole, the Perch. If you can drink it, the odds are old Ishmael's got some. He's also got some stuff that's only fit for running lamps on. Last week, he had a bottle of some stuff that some mad Norseman brought back from Lustria. Made from cactus-juice, he said. It tasted like they left the spikes on, I can tell you. Mind you, it brought the silverwork on my belt-buckle up a treat."

"Keep your hand on your drink in the Perch. That bird'll have anything if you give it the chance. And don't touch the dried fish – you never know what they died of. Or when."

Ishmael Boorsevelt, Trader, ex-Seaman, ex-Mate



"I won't have that sort o' behavior in here. Agin luck, that is."

"Mark of a dead man, that is."

"Now go outside and run round the building three times with some salt in yer 'and. And mind you don't go near no cats neither..."

"Don't you mock – there's things you can do and things you can't do, an' if you go on doin' things you can't do, it's the worse for you."

"You can tempt bad luck if you want to, but not in

here. If you want to invite disaster, you go an' do it where other folks won't suffer."

Old Ishmael, as he is universally known, is a tall, lean man in his forties. His face is almost hidden by shaggy dark-blond hair, and he has an unkempt beard of the same colour. His eyes are blue, and generally rather glassy. Those who have known him for years say that he has never been the same since he lost his leg.

Ishmael's left leg is wooden from the knee down. This is reflected in his M score; in addition, all I tests for movement-based activities (eg dodging) are made with a -20 penalty. I tests for non-movement activities (eg observation) are made with Ishmael's full I score.

As a result of losing his leg, Ishmael has 4 Insanity Points and the following disorders: *hatred* of all sea-creatures larger than Human-size, and *intense superstition*. Ishmael firmly believes in every superstition you've ever heard of, plus any you care to make up – when a customer breaks a superstition, Ishmael must make an immediate CI test. If the test is failed, Ishmael becomes hysterical and throws the customer out – he'll calm down after five or ten minutes, but the customer will receive a stern warning never, ever to do 'that' (whatever 'that' happened to be) again in the Perch.

Ishmael is quiet to the point of sullenness, never using a word when a grunt will do – except when someone breaks one of his superstitions. He generally lets other people do the talking. He can never be induced to talk about his seafaring days or how he came to lose his leg – treat persistent questioning as a breach of a particularly superstition...

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int CI WP Fel
2 48 33 4 3 11 44 2 43 38 47 34 45 33

Age: 47

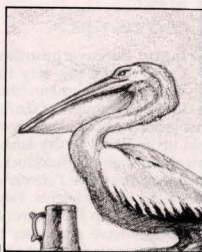
Alignment: Neutral (Manann)

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Numismatics; Read/Write; Row; Sailing; Specialist Weapon – Gunpowder Weapons; Strike Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim.

Possessions: leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); blunderbuss (R 24/48/250, ES 3, Rld 3 – kept under bar); wooden leg.

A critical hit to Ishmael's left (wooden) leg destroys it, knocking Ishmael to the ground but causing him no lasting harm.

Beaky the Pelican



"Rrrraawrk!"

Beaky is a large white pelican with a black tail and wingtips, standing about three feet high and with a wingspan of just over eight feet. Ishmael picked him up on one of his voyages, and he has become a kind of mascot for the inn.

If he feels threatened, crowded or just plain irritable, Beaky will stand

back on his webbed feet, stretch his neck to make himself taller, stretch his wings to about half-way (four feet or so), and squawk loudly. If this fails to deter whoever is annoying him, he will deliver a lightning-fast stab with his beak, which is sharp and hooked at the end.

Ishmael clipped Beaky's wings after an unfortunate incident in which the pelican tried to take off inside the bar, so Beaky cannot fly. However, by flapping his wings frantically (anyone within 3ft must make a successful I test or get a S1 wing buffet), Beaky can hop up to 3ft in any direction including straight up, giving his beak a reach of 6ft or so.

Beaky is in the habit of helping himself to the bowls of

dried sprats and rolled herring (often several days old) which Ishmael leaves on tables as bar snacks, and it is not uncommon for one or more customers to lose their drinks in the process. As Beaky lunges at the bowl, each character at the table must make a successful I test (*Dodge Blow* skill +10, regular customer +20) in order to get their drinks out of the bird's way. For more fun, drinks spill D3 feet in a random direction (roll D12, 12 o'clock is directly in front of the spilling character).

Beaky has even been known to steal a customer's drink, glass and all, flipping it expertly into the air and catching it – or most of it – in his huge beak, before hurling the empty glass or tankard across the room with a whip of his neck. He is particularly fond of beer, and generally tries to steal one or two pints a night.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
2 33 0 2 2 5 40 1 45* 14 10 14 14 -

* Beaky's Dex score is for manipulating objects with his beak – for example, when catching a thrown fish or trying to steal a drink.

Ingrid Botenverhuurder, Gambler, ex-Boatwoman



"That'll be, erm, four shillings and thruppence. No, silly me, three and eleven... I think. No. That's not right either. So it's three at seven pence and one at a shilling. Or... Ishmael, Ishmael! I'm stuck! How much is two-and-nine and one-and-six?"

"Beaky! Beaky! Fish!"

"You feeling lucky? Good. So am I!"

"Deal. Don't chat."

Ingrid Botenverhuurder came to the big city in search of excitement. She had had enough of drift-

ing up and down river on her granny's boat, and when the old woman died, she sold up and took to dry land. She got no further into Marienborg than the Suiddock, and no further into the Suiddock than the Pelican's Perch. She has found a perfect niche for her talents. Her skills as a card player (learned to keep her granny amused during long winter nights) have given her a place in the Perch for as long as she wants it. When she isn't in the Perch she can be found down the docks, sitting quietly with a fishing rod.

Ishmael and Beaky (Ingrid just *knows* that it's Beaky that runs the Perch) employ Ingrid as a barmaid, although she is only adequate in the job – she usually asks for the wrong money unless Ishmael is helping her (roll a D6: evens, she asks for D6 Pennies too much; odds, she asks for D6 Pennies too little). She just seems to have a blind spot where the everyday adding up of money is concerned. Ishmael grumbles about this occasionally, but he doesn't complain about her too much and he certainly won't listen to customers' complaints about her erratic handling of money – he has the vague suspicion that she is the Perch's 'luck'.

And Ishmael's suspicions seem entirely justified whenever Ingrid is given a deck of cards or a set of dice. The change that comes over her is remarkable: all her hesitancy with money vanishes, and she becomes a very good gambler indeed. She has an encyclopedic knowledge about games of chance and skill. If you can bet on the game's outcome, Ingrid knows all the ins-and-outs of the rules. Even more remarkable is the fact that she plays a completely honest game; even when her opponents cheat, she always manages to break even – and occasionally win! Whenever you need to determine the results of any gambling, Ingrid gets two dice rolls and chooses the best result. She can even add her +10 bonus due to her *Luck* skill to the dice roll! Other players in a game with Ingrid only get one dice roll as usual.

The regulars all know of Ingrid's remarkable skill at cards and dice, and few take her on at any game except for penny stakes. She is, however, admired for her skills (especially when she is taking some unsuspecting, wealthy visitor to the cleaners) and the regulars are rather proud of her. She is an almost permanent fixture at the Perch, although she doesn't live in the building. Among the other regulars there is much good-natured speculation about where she does spend her nights, but nobody has the heart to upset her (and possibly Ishmael, when speculation runs that way) by asking. Ingrid is quite friendly with many of the boatmen who come into the Perch, mostly because she is 'one of them'. She is also a big hit with Beaky, thanks to her habit of giving him the best of her day's catch.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 31 2 3 5 35 1 40 21 50 34 31 40

Age: 27

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Fish; Gamble; Luck; Orientation; River Lore; Row.

Possessions: pack of cards; dice; knife (I +10, D -2, Parry -20); D6 Shillings and 2D6 Pennies (Ishmael will give her as much money as she needs for a game).

The Regulars of the Pelican's Perch

Just about everyone on the Suiddock knows of Ishmael, Beaky and Ingrid and everyone the PCs meet in the docklands will have at least a 50% chance of being a regular patron of the Pelican's Perch. The locals derive a great deal of innocent amusement from Beaky's encounters with strangers, and Ishmael is regarded as a kind of eccentric uncle. There is a continuing debate as to who really runs the Perch. Any character who harms or threatens either Beaky or Ishmael will be in deep trouble with a lot of Suiddockers.

At almost any time, the Perch will have between twenty and forty locals in the bar, drinking, gossiping and relaxing. Lea-Jan Cobbuis and Big Piet from the Stevedores' and Teamsters' Guild generally drop in for a drink just after sundown, and Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Association comes in occasionally. Granny Hetta buys her rum from Ishmael, and comes in around sundown most days. Captain Valk of the Watch comes in for an hour or two on Festag nights, after he gets off-duty; about half the time, Sergeant Kuyper comes too.

The Perch's other regulars are a more-or-less even

mixture of seamen, rivermen and stevedores. Excisemen occasionally come in, and are served courteously by Ishmael but studiously ignored by everyone else. Seamen and Rivermen have heated debates about the merits of the river pilots. Very few pilots ever set foot inside the Perch for a very good reason – when they do, the result is almost always a brawl!

The Bill of Fare

The Pelican's Perch sells a wide range of alcoholic beverages, with varying prices and strengths. Here is a brief guide to what is available:

Drink	Size	Alcohol points	Cost
Small beer	half pint	.5	3d
Small beer	pint	1	7d
Local ale	half pint	1/2	5d
Local ale	pint	2	9d
Strong ale	half pint	1.5	7d
Strong ale	pint	3	1/-
Braakbrouw ale	half pint	2	1/-
Braakbrouw ale	pint	4	1/9
Reik white wine	goblet	1	1/-
Reik white wine	bottle	4	3/6
Mousillon white wine	goblet	1	1/3
Mousillon white wine	bottle	4.5	4/-
Bretonnian red wine	goblet	1.5	1/6
Bretonnian red wine	bottle	6	5/-
Tilean red wine	goblet	1	1/3
Tilean red wine	bottle	4	4/-
Imperial brandy	goblet	4	4/-
Imperial brandy	bottle	16	12/-
Bretonnian brandy	goblet	3.5	3/6
Bretonnian brandy	bottle	14	10/6
Wastelander rum	goblet	4	3/-
Wastelander rum	bottle	16	10/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	goblet	6	4/-
Alte Geheerentode rum	bottle	24	15/-
Kislevite vodka	goblet	4.5	3/9
Kislevite vodka	bottle	18	12/6
Norse aquavit	goblet	4.5	3/9
Norse aquavit	bottle	18	12/6
Lustrian mezzal	goblet	4	4/-
Lustrian mezzal	bottle	16	16/-
Albion uisce	dram	5	3/9
Albion uisce	bottle	20	15/-

When a character drinks the player must keep a running total of the alcohol points consumed. When the total of the alcohol points is divisible by the character's *Toughness*, a T test must be made, with a penalty equal to the running total of alcohol points. For example, a character with T 3 must make a T test at -3 when 3 alcohol points have been consumed, so there is a base chance of 27% (T x 10 -3) of the test succeeding; another T test when 6 alcohol points have been consumed (24% chance of success – T x 10 -6); and further tests at 9, 12 and 15 alcohol points – and possibly at larger totals!

Whenever a test is failed, the character loses 5 off all percentage characteristics. If a test is failed by more than 50, the character also loses 1 *Movement* point. When any characteristic reaches zero, the character passes out for D6+4 hours and gains 1 *Insanity* Point – the road to alcoholism beckons! Lost characteristic points are recovered at the rate of D6 per hour of sleep, and D3 per hour of activity.

Brawls

It is not uncommon for a brawl to break out in the Pelican's Perch – especially if a pilot walks in – and brawling is an accepted part of everyday life there. No-one minds an honest punch-up – a few bruises are no big thing – but anyone using, or attempting to use, weapons or magic is most definitely breaking the rules. People getting killed can open up feuds, and they can also attract all kinds of unwelcome official attention. A character drawing a weapon or using magic (or appearing to do either) during the course of a brawl will be turned on by everyone within 12ft and quickly rendered unconscious and/or bundled out. A brawl is a brawl, but no-one likes troublemakers.

INCIDENTS IN THE PELICAN'S PERCH

The Pelican's Perch is intended to be a focal point of the adventurers' stay in the Suiddock, either as a base of operations or as a regular haunt. Here are two encounters to enliven an evening in the Perch.

Waiter...

One evening, a gorgeously-dressed young man strolls casually into the Perch, and withdraws to a curtained booth with a bottle of Bretonnian red wine. After a few minutes, the curtain to the booth is thrown back, and he stalks up to the bar.

"*Innkeeper*," he says, in ringing tones and with a distinct Imperial upper-class accent, "This... substance may once have been wine, but at least three people have already drunk it!" With a deft motion, he flings the contents of his goblet over Ishmael.

The rash young man is Bernhardt von Schwerdblit, a noble and professional duellist from Nuln who prides himself on his swordsmanship and spends much of his time starting fights so that he can show it off. Having recently arrived in Marienburg after a long and tedious journey, he is deliberately trying to start a brawl for his own amusement. And he looks like succeeding as half-a-dozen stevedores rise to their feet at this mistreatment of Ishmael.

You can run this incident as a normal bar-room brawl. The adventurers can get involved on any side they want, and the brawl will probably spread rapidly across the bar-room as people accidentally hit other people on the backswing and so forth.

The adventurers will probably be most interested in von Schwerdblit. He is more than a match for any of the inn's patrons, and is probably equal to any of the adventurers acting singly. If things begin to look hopeless, he will escape by vaulting onto the bar, swinging over everyone's heads on the chandelier and running out into the street.

He can give the adventurers a hard fight if they decide to get involved, but you should always make sure that he escapes. If he is particularly impressed by a character's fighting ability, he may contact them later and offer them the chance to practice with him; he can teach the skills *Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword*, *Specialist Weapon – Parrying Weapon*, *Dodge Blow*, *Disarm*



and **Strike Mighty Blow**. He might even be persuaded to join the adventurers as a replacement character; he is not evil, but is motivated purely by boredom.

Bernhardt von Schwerdblit, Duellist, ex-Noble

Von Schwerdblit is a little under 6ft tall and slim built, with collar-length fair hair and blue eyes. He has a short scar running vertically across his left cheekbone. His face is stamped with an almost permanent expression of disdain, and practically the only time he smiles is when he is fighting. He is abrupt, high-handed and often insulting – he respects no-one who has not proved themselves against him with a sword.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int CI WP Fel
3 63 52 4 7+ 9 59* 2 47 41 52 63 56 38

Skills: Dodge Blow; Etiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Lightning Reflexes; Luck; Marksmanship; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword; Specialist Weapon – Gunpowder Weapons; Specialist Weapon – Parrying Weapons; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Injure; Strike to Stun; Wit.

Possessions: Fencing sword (with **Rune of Swiftess*, I +10); left-hand dagger (D -2, P-10); leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body); *†Amulet of Adamantine*.

A Bite to Drink

As the PCs are drinking in the Perch one evening, a stranger enters. He is tall, and heavily muffled against the fog which has blown in from the marshes. From the slightly awkward way in which he moves, he seems to be unwell. His face can just be seen – it is a little pale, with dark eyes and bushy grey hair. He heads for one of

the booths, beckoning to Ishmael who shuffles over to take his order. A bottle of Kislevite vodka is taken to the booth, and on his way back Ishmael stumps over to one of the PCs.

“Him in the booth wants yez.” He rasps. *“Summink ‘baht a job.”*

The stranger is a Vampire, who has just got off a boat after a long journey downriver. He desperately needs to feed, and is hoping to lure a lone victim into the booth. With his last remaining magic points, he will cast a *Sleep* spell on the intended victim under the guise of shaking hands. The spell is invested with 2 extra magic points, reducing the victim’s WP test by -10.

If the spell works, the Vampire will feed on the sleeping victim, and then turn ethereal and leave; if not, he will turn ethereal with his last 2 magic points, and attempt to drain the victim’s strength. The Vampire will flee after 3 rounds in ethereal form.

If the adventurers go into the booth as a group, the Vampire will be more subtle. He will introduce himself as “Radu Vrolatsin” and talk to them – in a noticeably eastern, though cultured, accent – about recovering some valuables that were stolen from his family centuries ago, and which he believes to be buried in the family vault of a family of Marienburg traders.

While he does this, he will pick out the character who appears to have the lowest WP and try his hypnotic gaze. If this is successful, the Vampire will compel that character to ‘remember’ having left something in the booth, about five minutes after the adventurers leave. The victim will then go back into the booth, and get bitten by ‘Radu’.

If the hypnotic gaze doesn’t work on his first choice of victim, the Vampire will try it once more on another character, keeping his final 2 magic points back for an emergency exit in ethereal form. If he can’t hypnotise any of the PCs, the Vampire will give them a gold coin each (characters with *Numismatics* skill are allowed an *Int* test to spot that the coins were minted in the Border Princes, and at least three hundred years old – in Marienburg each coin is worth 2 Guilders) as a token of good faith, and promise to meet them at the Perch at the same time the following night, to give them the information they will need to discover the whereabouts of the stolen valuables. Needless to say, he will not appear that night or any other.

Strange rumours of violent attacks by a large creature will begin circulating in the Perch and the rest of the Suiddock, but not until several days after the adventurers’ meeting with the Vampire. No-one the PCs talk to has seen anything, however; all the tales are second hand. After a week or so the stories stop being told.

You should, of course, ensure that the Vampire survives his first encounter with the PCs – they will be hearing of him again...

Radu Vrolatsin the Vampire

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int CI WP Fel
4 76 67 5 6 22 62 4 51 68 61 70 84 57

Magic Points: 6 (maximum 52)

Spells: Apart from the *Sleep* spell mentioned above, the Vampire does not have enough magic points to use magic in this encounter.

THE SUIDDOCK TEMPLE

SB7

At the far western end of the channel stands a semi-derelict and crumbling temple to Manann. The area around has become a squalid maze of slums and tenements, and the temple sees few worshippers nowadays.

The whole temple is filled with the kind of damp chill that sinks right into your bones and stays there; moss grows thickly on many of the walls, and in some places the floor is carpeted with lichen, making treacherous footing. Yet the temple has an air of life and vitality which is quite at odds with its derelict appearance.

The temple has only one attendant, a level 2 Cleric of Manann named Agnetha Zeetrouw. The congregation is made up largely of local down-and-outs – many of them seamen who can no longer find work due to age, injury or drink. They use the west wing of the temple as a makeshift hostel, even though the roof has recently collapsed.

Common Knowledge

"It's the oldest temple in Marienburg. They say it was founded by Marius himself."

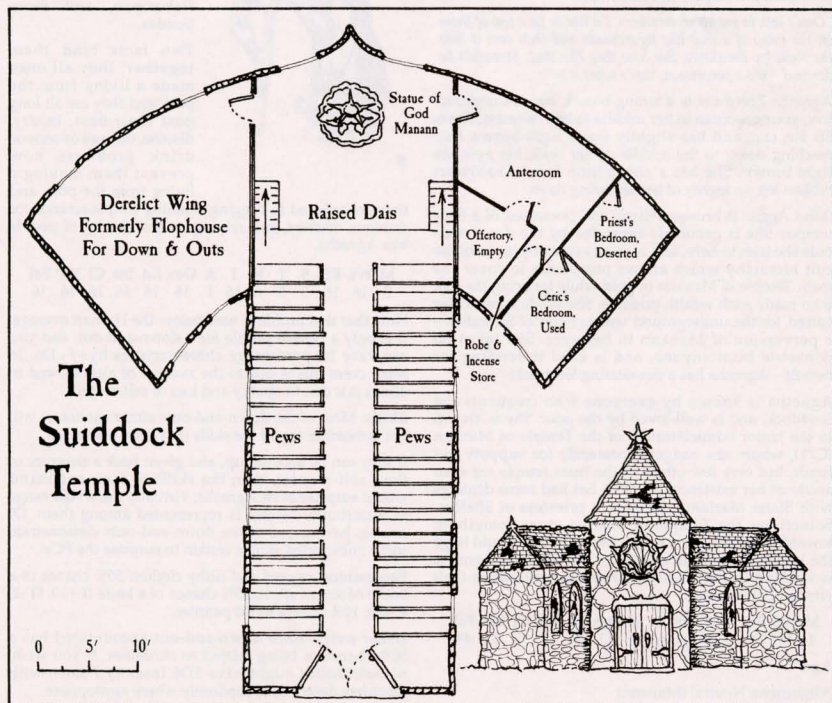
"It's run by Miss Aggie; she's the only one who cares about the poor hereabouts. She's got a good heart, but mind you don't get on the wrong side of her."

"It's run by some crazy crippled woman who won't leave. She thinks she has a mission to look after the scum in the Suiddock."

"It's derelict, I think; it certainly looks it. It must have gone out of use when they built the big Temple in the city centre."

"Nobody uses it now except beggars and drunks. They crawl in there to get out of the weather."

"That could be warehouses, and a good stretch of docks, but will those temple fools listen to a reasonable offer? No. They think that a run down dump is still a temple!"



Agnetha Zeetrouw (SB7a), Priestess of Manann, ex-Seawoman, ex-Initiate



"HOY! And why are you poking about in here? Does it look like there's much worth stealing?"

"Makes me sick. You work hard, you make a merchant rich and then they just throw you away. If I had my way, I'd bring all the fat boys down here once a week to look at the people who really made their money."

"Have a good look round - this is where it all started. They say Marius founded this temple. Marius who? Marius as in Marienburg, that's Marius who? And now look at it. Just like

everything else in this town - they've got a new one that's bigger and shinier, so they just throw this one away. You know, that great big temple covered in gold right in the middle of town - you know what they tell me? They can't spare the cash to restore this one. Can't spare the cash! They must think I'm stupid - do I look stupid?"

"Don't talk to me about wreckers. I'd like to tie a few of them on the prow of a ship like figureheads and then ram it into the rocks by Breukrots. See how they like that. Stromfels be damned - it's a perversion, that's what it is!"

Agnetha Zeetrouw is a strong-boned, but not unattractive, young woman in her middle to late twenties. She is 5ft 8in tall, and has slightly wavy light-brown hair reaching down to the middle of her back; her eyes are light brown. She has a slight limp from a badly-set broken leg - a legacy of her seafaring days.

'Miss Aggie' is brusque, direct and possessed of a fiery temper. She is genuinely respected by the down-and-outs she tries to help, and is mildly contemptuous of the cult hierarchy which allows merchants to cover the main Temple of Manann in gold while ignoring the folk who made such wealth possible. She holds a particular hatred for the underground wrecker-cult of Stromfels - a perversion of Manann in her eyes. She takes no nonsense from anyone, and is used to fending for herself - Agnetha has a devastating left hook!

Agnetha is known by everyone who frequents the Suiddock, and is well-loved by the poor. She is known to the junior administrators of the Temple of Manann (C71), whom she badgers constantly for support and funds, but very few others in the main temple are even aware of her existence. Agnetha has had some dealings with Sister Marianne (SL14a), a priestess of Shallya. Sometimes the Temple of Shallya gives something towards Agnetha's work with the poor, but by and large the local cult of Shallya assumes that because Agnetha is working in the Suiddock, they can concentrate their efforts in other areas.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 46 36 4 5* 11 47 2 43 44 42 35 52 49

Age: 27

Alignment: Neutral (Manann)

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick; Boat Building; Cast Spells - see below; Consume Alcohol; Dodge Blow; Fish; Identify Undead; Magical Sense; Meditate; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Row; Sailing; Scale Sheer Surface; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language - Norse; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Swim; Theology - cult of Manann; *Very Resilient.

Possessions: sword; dagger (I +10, D -2, P-20); silver medallion with symbol of Manann

Spells: 33 Magic Points

Petty Gift of Tongues, Magic Alarm, Produce Small Creature, Protection from Rain, Zone of Warmth

Elemental 1 Walk on Water, Zone of Hiding

Elemental 2 Resist Fire

The Down-and-Outs (SB7b etc)



This rag-tag collection of Humanity (and, for that matter, of Dwarfdom and Halflingy) come from a variety of backgrounds. Some were once sailors in Maieburg's merchant fleets, some were long-shoremen, stevedores, fishermen, and more besides.

Two facts bind them together: they all once made a living from the port, and they are all long past their best. Injury, disease, old age or serious drink problems now prevent them making a living from the port, and

they are reduced to begging, running simple errands for dubious masters, and relying on the charity of people like Agnetha.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 16 16 3 3 6 16 1 16 16 16 16 16

Note that this profile is well below the Human average. It is only a typical profile for a down-and-out, and you can vary its percentage characteristics by +/- D6. In some cases this is due to the ravages of alcohol, and in others it is due to apathy and loss of self-respect.

Skills: Most of the down-and-outs either cannot or will not remember any of the skills they once possessed.

If they can be sobered up, and given back a measure of their self-respect, then the skills at their command would surprise even Agnetha; virtually the whole range of waterborne careers is represented among them. Of course, having one of the down-and-outs demonstrate some unexpected skill is certain to surprise the PCs!

Possessions: ragged and filthy clothes; 50% chance of a bottle of rotgut spirit; 25% chance of a knife (I +10, D -2, P -20); 10% chance of D4 pennies.

Other notes: Each down-and-out encountered has a 50% chance of being subject to alcoholism. If you wish, non-alcoholics might have 2D6 Insanity Points, with disorders determined randomly where appropriate.

THE STEVEDORES' & TEAMSTERS' GUILD SR5

The Stevedores and Teamsters have offices in a converted warehouse on Riddra Isle, in the southwest section of the Suiddock. From the outside, there is little to distinguish the guildhouse from the hundreds of warehouses on the waterfront apart from the sign of three barrels which hangs over the door. Inside, though, the warehouse has been divided and converted into a series of offices, meeting-chambers and other rooms.

The guild has a complete monopoly of unskilled labour in the docks. It provides various benefits for its members, such as payment of medical costs, support for widows and orphans, and even short-term subsistence grants for members who are unable to work. At most times of the day or night, there will be up to twenty guild members in the guildhouse, dealing with some guild business or simply drinking and chatting.

Lea-Jan Cobbuis has run the guild with an iron hand for more than thirty years. Now in his sixties, he is still a feared and respected figure. And through him, the guild also takes an interest in the welfare of the Suiddock and its residents generally; since most of the working population is made up of stevedores and teamsters, this is not as surprising as it might seem.

Common Knowledge

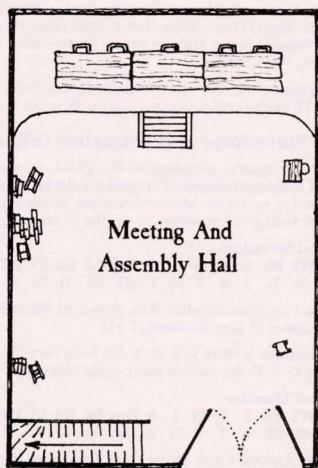
"They're the most powerful guild hereabouts. Some say they're more powerful than the Watch, and I wouldn't doubt it."

"The Stevedores and Teamsters control everything that moves in or out of the docks. If it goes on or off a boat, ship or cart, it goes through them."

"Cobbuis, the guildmaster, is a hard man. He fought his way up from the docks, and made the guild what it is today. Nobody crosses him – not unless they want Big Piet to pull their arms off."

"If you can get to talk to Cobbuis, there's nothing he can't fix on most of the docks. If he wants to."

"Sure, I'm in the guild. You don't work here if you're not. I reckon it's a good deal, though. When you're working, you put in a shilling a week, and then if you need a doctor, or if you need to stay off work, it's all taken care of. Widows and orphans are taken care of, burial fees – you never need to worry about money again. And because we're all together, the high and mighty don't muck us about. Even the Council listens to the Guild."



Ground Floor



Upper Floor

The Honourable Guild of Stevedores & Teamsters

**Lea-Jan Cobbibus, Racketeer (SR5a),
ex-Labourer, ex-Footpad, ex-Bodyguard**



"I've got a proposition for you."

"What can I say? It's a tough and dirty world."

"These people look to me. I'm like a grandfather to them. That means I look after them, offer them advice when it's needed. Like the head of the family in any house round here. It also means I keep them in line, so they don't hurt themselves and each other."

"So it's not a perfect system. You got a better one?"

"Don't disappoint me."

Cobbibus is tall and rangy, with a bony, hawklike face. Despite his age, he still looks fit and dangerous. His iron-grey hair is close-cropped, and his eyes are piercingly blue and disturbingly steady. He has a scar about two inches long, just below his right eyebrow.

Cobbibus is tough – he has to be, to keep the respect of the dockers – and brooks no interference from anyone. He believes that by taking control of racketeering in the docks he can minimise the harm it causes and turn it to good use. Cobbibus sees himself as a benevolent ruler, protecting the lower classes from those more powerful than themselves – but anyone who challenges his rule will be dealt with swiftly and brutally.

Almost everyone on the docks knows Cobbibus, at least by reputation. In the minds of most Suiddockers, Cobbibus and the Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters are one and the same. He is generally regarded as a protector of the docks and those who live and work there, and while his regime is sometimes harsh, most people would rather be ruled by one of their own than by some remote merchant or councillor. Cobbibus is also known to most of the merchant houses and several members of the Council – they would not openly admit any connection, but secretly they are well aware that to do business in the Suiddock you have to do business with Cobbibus. And for the more unscrupulous among them, Cobbibus is able to provide a ready source of muscle. He makes only one condition – that his members shall not be hired out to intimidate or oppress the people of the Suiddock.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 55 50 5* 8 40 2 31 49 26 38 33 38

Age: 62

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Carpentry; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Engineering; Haggle; Read/Write; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapon – Fist Weapon; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Super Numerate; *Very Strong; *Very Resilient.

Possessions: sword; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); pendant with guild symbol.

**Pieter de Groot (SR5b), Judicial
Champion, ex-Labourer, ex-Bodyguard**



Universally known as 'Big Piet', de Groot is a bear of a man; he is well over six feet tall and powerfully built. His sandy hair and beard are close-cropped, and his blue eyes look somehow too small for his square face. On the rare occasions when he speaks, his voice is quiet.

Big Piet is Cobbibus' right-hand man, and the chief frightener for the guild. Cobbibus is in the process of training him as a successor – for in addition to his fighting skills, Piet has a great aptitude for guild business.

Most people know Big Piet as the taciturn minder looming by the guildmaster's shoulder, and the man who upheld the honour of the guild (and the whole Suiddock) in a trial-by-combat against the champion of a Tilean merchant house a year ago. All Suiddockers know him by sight, but he keeps himself to himself, and only Cobbibus knows him well.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 71 38 6* 4 12 58 3 37 30 44 42 31 33

Age: 24

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Night Vision; Read/Write; Ride Horse; Specialist Weapon – Fist Weapon; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; *Very Strong.

Possessions: sword; club; knuckleduster; leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); iron pendant with guild symbol.

The Stevedores and Teamsters (SR5c etc)

These are typical members of the guild, who may be found busying themselves around the docks at any time of the day or night. Most encounters in the Suiddock will be with guild members or similar characters.

Typical Stevedore

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 31 3 4 7 31 1 31 31 31 31 31

Skills: Consume Alcohol; 50% chance of Street Fighter; 25% chance of Very Resilient (T +1).

Possessions: leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); packed meal; guild token.

Typical Teamster

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 41 31 3 3 8 31 1 31 31 41 31 31

Skills: Animal Care; Drive Cart; Specialist Weapon – Whip; 50% chance of Consume Alcohol; 50% chance of Street Fighter.

Possessions: leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); weatherproof clothes; sword; whip; guild token.

GRANNY HETTA_{SB26a}

Granny Hetta is one of the myriad street-people who make their living from the dockworkers, sailors and boatmen of Suiddock. She paddles her small boat up and down the Bruenwasser, tying up at various points to sell the hot drinks and victuals that she cooks on her small spirit-stove. Her wares are basic – hot sausage in a bun, hot tea and rum – but they lift the chill of a winter's day and are very welcome after a hard morning's work.

Opinion is divided over Granny Hetta. Some people think she's a poor old woman who's gone a little touched after all these years, and buy her wares as much out of pity as out of hunger. Others – the few who know her better – know that she is a sharp as ever she was, and that nothing that happens on the Suiddock escapes her notice. She is allowed to wander pretty much where she wants selling her food and drinks, and no-one takes much notice of a harmless old lady.

Everyone sees her, but no-one really notices her. As a result, Granny Hetta gets to see much of what is going on and she is therefore a wonderful source of miscellaneous information. She'll sell this to anyone for a fair price, and her activities as a lookout and listening-post for various organisations and individuals supplements her meagre income from food-vending.

Hetta's boat is a small rowing-boat about twelve feet long, with a tented awning at the back where she sleeps and keeps her few possessions. She propels it with a paddle rather than oars, although it still has a single rowlock on the port side – a relic from some previous owner.

Hetta has a good heart, sharp eyes, and is tough as nails – she has to be tough to have lived this long in the docks! She always has a handout for folk who are genuinely down on their luck.



Granny Hetta (SB26a), Trader, ex-Boat-woman, Smuggler, Burglar & Pickpocket



"HOT FOOD! HOT DRINK! Only a shilling a go!"

"What do I know? Oooh, you'd be surprised what I know, dearie."

"Ha! You should have been here in the floods of '48! You'd have seen some real water then! The water came well up over my waist, you know, even when I was standing on the quay!"

"Ah, you're too young to..." (understand, know better, care, remember or any one of a dozen other verbs).

Granny Hetta is a little over five feet tall. Her hair is grey; it is tied back in a kind of a bun, but wisps are always escaping and hanging down in her eyes, which are a faded cornflower blue. She is thin and frail-looking, but her rapid, birdlike movements belie her delicate appearance. Anyone observing her for a few minutes will realise that she's stringy rather than frail, and as tough as old boots. She wears a pair of cracked and filthy eyeglasses jammed onto her sharp nose, but she always looks over them rather than through them.

She mutters to herself constantly, and sometimes rambles when talking to other people. While she's telling you about a ship which tied up yesterday, she might get side-tracked by the memory of a similar ship which tied up at the same wharf five years ago, or fifty years ago; she can't be hurried, and you just have to be patient and wait for her to get back to the point of her story – and the wait is usually worthwhile.

Granny Hetta is a kindly soul, and will always provide a free meal for anyone who is down on their luck. She has had a number of run-ins with Miss Aggie from the Suiddock Temple, who tries to stop her giving rum to the down-and-outs who congregate around the temple. Agnetha has tried to tell Granny Hetta that the rum's no good for them, but the old woman can't see the harm in one or two small drinks, especially on a cold day.

Just about everyone on the Suiddock knows Granny Hetta, and anyone who causes her any trouble is going to make a lot of enemies very quickly. As one of the Channel Rats who form the lowest stratum of Marienburg's society, she has their protection, and she is also protected by many of the people to whom she sells information. No Suiddocker would raise a finger to harm her, and stories are still told of a Norse sea captain who pushed her over in the street a few years ago. It seems that his ship somehow broke loose and grounded on the edge of Stoessel, costing him a hundred-Guilder fine. Then, oddly, the captain himself was found (by the Watch) hanging by his feet from the underside of a quay, just minutes before the incoming tide would have drowned him.

Granny regularly provides information for Lee-Jan Cobbuis (SR5a) of the Honourable Guild of Stevedores

and Teamsters, and most Suiddockers guess that Big Piet (SR5b) was somehow behind the unfortunate sequence of events that befell the ill-mannered Norseman. She has a love-hate relationship with Agnetha Zeetrouw (SB7a) of the Suiddock Temple; sometimes Miss Aggie could cheerfully strangle Granny Hetta for handing out rum to the alcoholics at the Temple, and Granny thinks Miss Aggie should learn a little tolerance. That said, the two are kindred spirits in many ways. Borgoth the Ogre (SB17b) swears that her rum-laced tea gives him his prodigious strength, and he always buys at least three sausages from her every day, just as snacks between 'proper' meals. Granny is fast friends with old Ishmael (SB12a) at the Pelican's Perch; even Beaky (SB12b) recognises her as a friend and source of an occasional sausage; she likes Ingrid (SB12c) as well, and often points out good fishing spots to her in return for a fish or two. She often looks in at the Pilots' Guild to visit Eric Roergang (SS19b) and gossip about "the old days".

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 38 47 2 4 8 31 1 48 32 42 40 31 46

Age: 71

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Acute Hearing; Blather; Bribery; Concealment Urban; Consume Alcohol; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Excellent Vision; Fish; Haggle; Orientation; Numismatics; Palm Object; Pick Lock; Pick Pocket; River Lore; Row; Secret Language – Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs – Thieves' Signs; Silent Move Rural; Silent Move Urban; Spot Trap.

Possessions: Boat; stick (treat as club); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); small spirit stove; flask of spirit; bag of bread rolls; bag of sausages; eyeglasses.

Using Granny Hetta in Adventures

In Granny Hetta, you have a perfect mechanism for feeding information to the players. The adventurers, of course, may be slow to catch on to that she is a fine source for facts and rumours, but Granny always seems to be paddling by in her boat when something interesting is happening. She sees far more than anyone suspects. If the adventurers ask Ishmael or another NPC for information, he will simply buy it from Granny Hetta and sell it on to the adventurers at a healthy profit. Marienburg is a city where enterprise flourishes, after all.

The other side of the coin is that information flows two ways. The arrival of a group of adventurers in the Suiddock will arouse the interest of various parties. Granny Hetta is a great source of information for anyone who knows the Suiddock. Lea-Jan Cobbuis, in particular, is interested in everything that happens on the Suiddock, and will want a close watch keeping on adventurers and other especially interesting strangers.

And, of course, there are those in Marienburg who do not care for their business to be too public. Granny Hetta could easily see more than she should – and when someone turns up to silence her, the Gallant Player Characters just happen to be nearby. Granny's cries for help (and the adventurer's response) can be the start of any number of incidents. The exact nature of Granny's attackers is up to you: smugglers, cultists or foreigners – many secretive folk pass through Marienburg.

HAAGEN'S WHARF SR10

At the eastern end of Riddra Isle lies Haagen's Wharf, a small privately-owned mooring run by one of the middle-rank merchant families. The wharf is small by Marienburg standards, and dates back several centuries; it consists of a jetty built out into the Brunwasser Kanal, a pair of warehouses and a small office maintained by the Haagen family.

The members of the Haagen family rarely concern themselves with this relatively minor part of their business empire. The Riddra wharf was among the first Haagen possessions in Marienburg, but now it is just one more piece of dockland owned by the family. Money moved away from Riddra years ago, and the Haagens' main businesses went too - Riddra had become unfashionable. The wharf is now overseen by Jochen Kaaimans with warehouseman Andreas Pakuister; manual labourers are hired in from the Honourable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters.

Like many of the small, all-but-forgotten wharves along the waterfronts of the western Suiddock, Haagen's Wharf sees a certain amount of illicit activity. There is some smuggling, and some stolen goods are 'laundered' through the warehouses - stored there for a short time, and then given false documentation to make them look like they were imported legitimately. It is also used sometimes to hide people who are on the run from the law. These activities may bring the wharf to the attention of a certain type of adventurer...

Common Knowledge

"Haagen's Wharf? You'll never see a Haagen round there, dear me, no. Far too run-down and grubby for them on Riddra!"

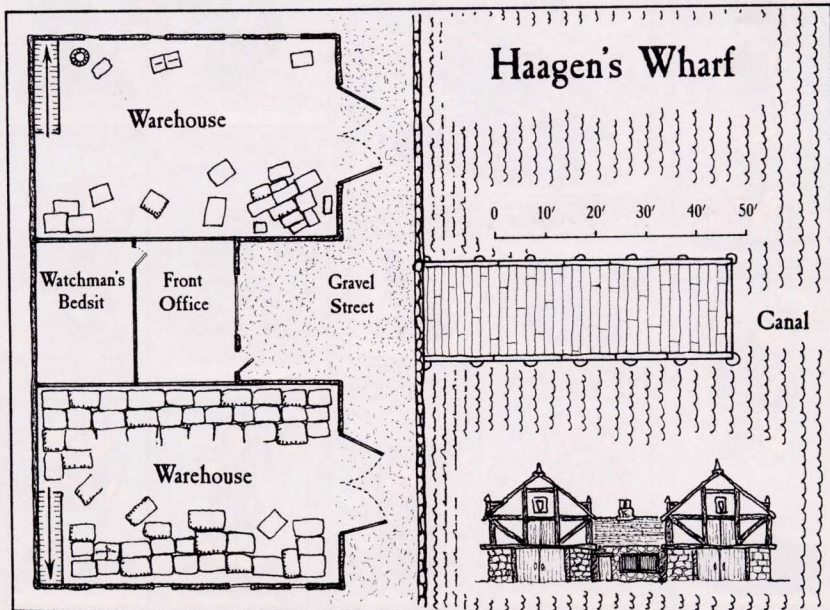
"There's plenty like it round here. Up West, the locals call it. Everything's old Up West - the Suiddock went east over the years. Sooner or later, I expect they'll pull everything down at the west and and put in some new docks and warehousing."

"It's an old wharf all right. Just look at the timberwork in that jetty. Must be five hundred years old, and it's still as sound as a Guilder. Now that stuff they've thrown up Down East, there's no comparison. That won't be around in five hundred years from now, and that's for sure."

"Haagen's Wharf? Haagen's? Kaaimans' Wharf would be closer to the truth. He runs that place, and might as well be the owner for all the notice the Haagens have ever shown. Just you watch yourself round that one. Count your fingers and your toes, if you follow my drift..."

"There's dozens of little wharves like this around here. Some are still independents, but most are owned by one family or another nowadays. Most of the families don't bother with them - the big money's Down East in the new docks."

"Smugglers' paradise, the west is. Most o' the owners don't know the 'alf on it, and them as 'as an inklin' don't care."



Jochen 'Breukrots' Kaaimans (SR10a), Merchant, ex-Trader, ex-Scribe



"PAKUISTER! Where are you, you worthless scrap of nothing!"

"I'm in charge here. I say what goes and what don't go."

"You want to watch yourself, you do. You've clearly got no idea of who you're talking to."

Nicknamed 'Breukrots' after the wreckers' rock of Marienburg, Kaaimans is a huge man, very heavily built and nearly six feet tall. His dark brown hair is unwashed, and hangs to his shoulders; his eyes are hazel, small, and

deeply sunk. He has a very loud voice, and seems unable to manage any tone lower than a shout. He spends most of his time in the office poring over his extensive collection of ledgers, getting up for a pace around the warehouses maybe twice a day. He lives on the site, and is responsible for the night-time security of the warehouses – hence his interest in firearms.

Kaaimans is a career pencil pusher, and has worked for the Haagen family for around ten years. He is happy to have charge of the wharf, since it gives him the chance to be a monarch in his own little domain. Sometimes, when he is in the right mood, he'll spend a day or so making Andreas' life pure misery, just because he can. Being left to do pretty much what he will at the wharf, he runs various petty frauds and dodges; even a cursory investigation of the ledgers by a character with a present or previous career as a Scribe, Trader, Merchant or Exciseman will reveal traces of enough malpractices to get him into deep trouble. A PC who has had one of those careers need only make an **Int** test to spot the irregularities.

Somewhere, in the lower echelons of the Haagen family's main operation, there must be someone who is aware of the existence of Jochen Kaaimans, but the family gives no sign of it. He has various illicit dealings with Thijs Modegekker (SR12a) and his smuggling gang and with Jan Omkoop (SH3f) of the Board of Trade Equity, with both of whom he enjoys a mutually beneficial business relationship. Occasionally he is called upon to do a 'favour' for Lea-Jan Cobbuis (SR5a) of the Honourable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters, providing a 'safe house' in his warehouses to hide some object, merchandise or person.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 42 41 4 5 10 44 1 39 59 63 50 51 51

Age: 35

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Ambidextrous; Blather; Embezzling; Evaluate; Haggle; Numismatics; Read/Write; Secret Language – Classical; Secret Language – Guild; Speak Additional Language – Arabian; Specialist Weapon – Gunpowder Weapons; Super Numerate.

Possessions: leather jerkin; sword; dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); blunderbuss (R 24/48/250, ES 3, Rld 3) and 10 reloads; 2 pistols (R 8/16/50, ES 3, Rld 2) and 10 reloads; ledgers; writing kit; keys to warehouses.

Andreas Pakuister (SR10b), Labourer, ex-Boatman



Andreas is a small, skinny man, known to the Suddock street brats as 'the Scarecrow'. His stooped shoulders make him seem even shorter than his full 5ft 6in, and his stringy frame belies even the small amount of physical strength that he possesses. His copper-coloured hair is lank and straight, hanging in his eyes at the front and to his shoulders at the sides and back. His eyes, when you see them, are a washed-out pale blue, and his face wears the perpetual expression of a

dumb animal that has become too used to being beaten. He moves slowly and speaks little.

Andreas is thoroughly victimised and mistreated by his overseer Jochen Kaaimans, and has taken the rap for his overseer's rackets and dodges on more than one occasion. No-one knows why he puts up with the treatment he receives – some say that he'd rather stick with the devil he knows, no matter how bad, while others maintain that he's too stupid to change. The two of them make an odd couple, but in a strange sort of way they balance each other.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 32 38 3 4 7 35 1 37 29 31 46 32 24

Age: 28

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Fish; Orientation; Read/Write; River Lore.

Possessions: leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); clipboard and papers.





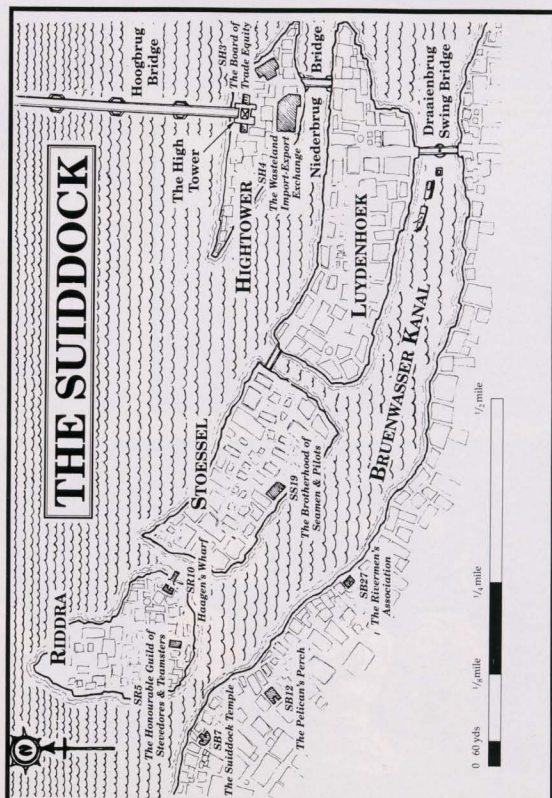
Welcome once more to the fair city of Marienburg!

This month, we move eastward along the Suiddock, to look at the Guild of Seamen and Pilots and the Rivermen's Association – two rival river guilds. We also look at the source of much of Marienburg's wealth – the bustling trading institution of the Wasteland Import-Export Exchange. All these locations – and the others we've covered in previous months – are shown on the Suiddock map.

As you'll have seen over recent months, there's a lot of potential for adventure in the Suiddock. In due course, we'll be detailing other parts of the area, along with the rest of Marienburg. But we won't cover everything – we are going to leave some 'holes' so that you can 'personalise' your version of the city. For example, we won't be publishing material about the Norddock – this is a blank area for GMs to fill up with their own ideas! So, if you want to put a special building or adventure of your own somewhere in Marienburg – feel free! The city is big enough to keep adventurers very busy!

Marienburg is only one part of the WFRP material from Flame Publications that you'll be seeing in *White Dwarf*. In the works is adventure material taken from *Drachenfels* and the other Warhammer novels and stories. Next time round, we'll take a short break from Marienburg and look at *The Emperor Luitpold*, the riverboat from *Drachenfels*.

But for the moment, let's carry on exploring Marienburg...



THE BROTHERHOOD OF SEAMEN & PILOTS SS19

In the centre of the waterfront on Stoessel Isle, this is a small but impressive-looking building with a pillared facade and a painted mermaid figurehead from an old trading ship jutting from the cornice. This guild protects the interests of the seamen and harbour pilots, and represents its members in dealings with the officials of the Lord Harbournmaster. The Brotherhood is on good terms with the local temples, and regularly makes donations. It maintains a small chapel to Manann, where members can make offerings and pray in private.

There is a traditional enmity between the Brotherhood and the smaller Rivermen's Association, which represents most of the port's river-based boatmen and lightermen. Some boatmen are members of the Brotherhood, but not very many. They are not made welcome by the 'true Seamen' of the Brotherhood, no matter what their personal skills and reputations would add to the worth of the whole Brotherhood.

The guildmaster is Albert Loodemans, a respected figure who is well-known around the Suddock. He can be found in the Brotherhood's offices on most days during daylight hours, and often well after dusk. Other members come and go in the course of everyday business.

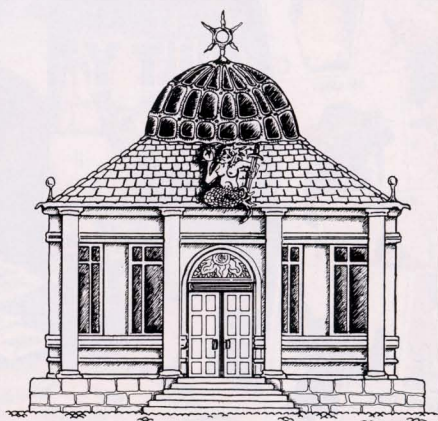
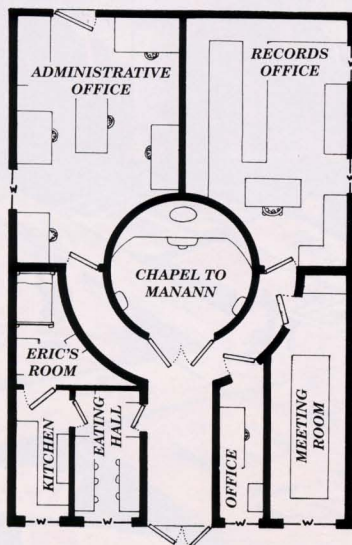
There is a small eating-hall on the ground floor, run for members by Eric Roergang, a retired ship's cook who also acts as the guildhouse's caretaker. This is a non-profit venture – Eric lives on a modest pension from the Brotherhood, and has accommodation in the guildhouse – and meals here cost half the normal price listed in the WFRP rulebook.

Common Knowledge

"It's a very effective guild. It's not a closed shop like the Stevedores and Teamsters, but just about everyone's a member. It's comforting to know the Brotherhood's behind you if you have any problems."

"Albert's got his head screwed on. You can take any problem to him, and within a few minutes he'll come up with a common-sense answer. That's how he does things. The merchants do it with money, the Stevedores do it – well, you know how they do it – and Albert does it with his common sense. Never known it to fail."

"Eric does the best pickled herring in Marienburg – and it's cheap. He runs a very exclusive place, though. If you're not a member, you don't get invited in."



0 10 20 40
Feet

THE BROTHERHOOD

Albert Loodemans (SS19a), Guildmaster, Pilot, ex-Seaman, ex-Boatman



"Let's just think about this for a few minutes."

"No sense in getting worked up, now is there?"

"What do you do? Give them a test to see who needs a pilot? Who would administer it? Who would enforce it? And, who would compensate the pilots for their lost earnings? You can see, it's a complex problem."

"I can see how galling it must be for some of the Rivermen, but we won't solve it by fighting. I've heard some ugly rumours, and if anyone proves Brothers have been involved in

sabotage, I will deal with them, I can promise you that."

Albert is a short and wiry man with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. His nose was broken years ago, leaving him with a slightly nasal voice. He speaks with the air of a man who carefully weighs every word.

Albert is intensely reasonable, and believes in Common Sense. He is scrupulously honest, a true diplomat and deeply honourable; give him a +20 modifier to Fel tests. He tries to stay on good terms with everyone – even Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Association is forced to admit that he is a 'good' man. So far, Albert has kept outright war from breaking out between his members and the Rivermen, but the situation is getting worse.

Unknown to all, Albert is a member of the Knights of Purity (C38), an ostensibly charitable, though intensely secretive, society. He likes to think of the Knights as a drinking club for 'like-minded souls'. He regularly attends Chapter meetings in the back room of the Moonbeam Inn (SS16). Although he lets his reasonable nature slip for a while in the 'drinking club', Albert shuts his eyes to the Knights' unpleasant activities.

In his capacity as guildmaster, Albert has regular dealings with many officials of the Lord Harbourmaster at the Koopvaardijvloot Hoom (SH2); many assume that Albert also has dealings with the Lord Harbourmaster in person. He knows Oodvaal van Huister (SH3a) the Chairman of the Board of Trade Equity, the various merchant families, and many other exalted people throughout the city. He manages to be on good terms with all these people most of the time. He is known by sight to most of the pilots and merchant seamen in Marienburg, and to many other Suddockers.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 43 39 4 4 11 40 2 34 32 32 43 37 38

Age: 43

Alignment: Good

Skills: Astronomy; Dodge Blow; Fish; Orientation; Read/Write; River Lore; Row; Sailing; Swim.

Possessions: Ring with guild seal; dagger (I +10, D -2, Parry -20); walking stick.

Eric Roergang (SS19b), Cook and Caretaker, Seaman (retired)



"There ye go, matey, get it down yer while it's 'ot."

"Hello, hello, look who's here! Where ye blowed in from this time? You look like ye could do with a change from salt beef and ship's biscuit."

"It's bad, this thing with the Rivermen, an' no mistake. They always stuck to the law of the river afore now. It was writ to be stuck to, so it was – someone didn't sit an' write it down to fill a rainy artemoon! So it should be stuck to, otherways who knows where it'll all end?"

Eric is six feet tall, but his age and his years in cramped shipboard conditions have given him a stoop. His hair is pure white, but his bushy eyebrows are still black. In earlier years, he was obviously powerful, and there is still little fat on his body. His eyes are hazel, but what most people notice are the eyebrows and the scar that runs under his right cheekbone, splitting his top lip.

Eric is a contented soul. He had a good life at sea, and he is happy to spend the rest of his days near the ships that mean so much to him. Running the kitchen for the Brotherhood, he is able to keep in touch with seamen and swap stories of faraway places. He also doesn't have to worry about keeping a roof over his head.

Just about every sailor and pilot in the port knows Eric. He seldom leaves the guildhouse, and is a kind of grandfather for the Brotherhood, and woe betide anyone who mistreats him.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 37 34 4 3 9 41 1 31 29 36 29 36 29

Age: 68

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Cook; Dodge Blow; Sailing; Speak Additional Language – Norse; Swim.

Possessions: Knife (I +10, D -2, P -20); wooden spoon; apron; bottle of rum.

Typical Brother in the Guild (SS19c etc)

Typical Seamen

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 41 41 4 3 8 41 2 31 31 31 31 31 31

Typical Pilot

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 31 3 3 7 41 1 41 31 31 41 31 41

Skills: Dodge Blow, Orientation, Row, Sailing, Scale Sheer Surface, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Swim, 75% chance of Consume Alcohol.

Possessions: Leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); 30% chance of sword.

THE RIVERMEN'S ASSOCIATION SB27

This is a small building, located across the channel from Stoessel. The Rivermen's Association is a bitter rival of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots, having formed as a breakaway group just over a century ago. It was founded by a group of lightermen who felt that the Brotherhood placed too much emphasis on the welfare of saltwater sailors, and did not enough attention to those who actually kept the port working. There is a tradition of antipathy between the two guilds, and disputes between Rivermen and the Brotherhood are common, regularly escalating into brawls.

A major bone of contention between the two guilds is the legally-enforced use of pilots – the rivermen assert that they know the river and the port well enough not to need pilots, and some claim that the Brotherhood has turned piloting into a kind of racket. There have been some groundings and other accidents which the Rivermen claim were staged by crooked pilots in order to discredit them.

The head of the Rivermen's Association is Axel Huurder, a man known throughout the docklands for his fiery temper and his disputes with the pilots. The Association is only a small guild, and Huurder still has to

make a living from his boat; various members try to keep the guildhouse open throughout the day, but it is often locked up and unattended.

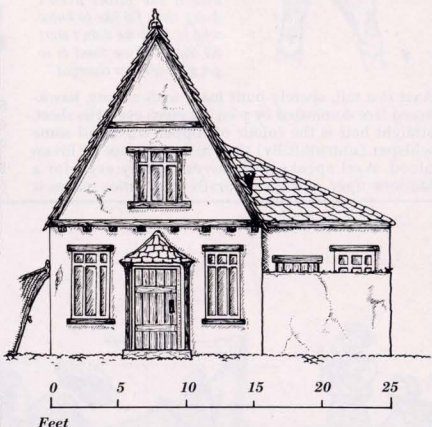
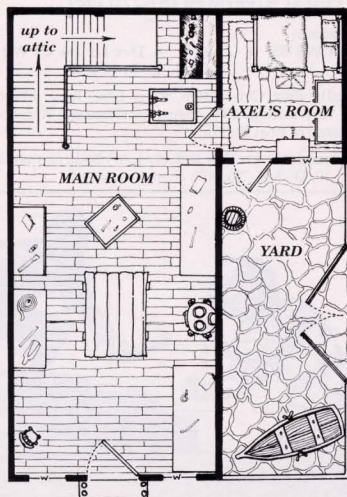
Common Knowledge

"They fight like pilot and riverman" – a common figure of speech in the Marienburg docklands.

"The Rivermen are all right, really. They've just been pushed too far. I mean, having to pay a guilder a foot for a pilot in the docks they grew up in – it's a racket, isn't it?"

"Just a couple of weeks back, a boat went aground. Right on the edge of Stoessel, it was. It's not a treacherous channel, but they still managed to ground the boat. Tied up the whole channel for near on half a day, it did – half a dozen ships from Araby and Lustria and all over, just sitting in the channel unable to dock. That's why you've got to have a pilot on board."

"A few days ago, a boat went aground, just by Stroessel. Caused all sorts of trouble. The crew say their pilot steered them wrong and then vanished. The Brotherhood says they're trying to cover up for their own mistake, but the



THE RIVERMAN'S ASSOCIATION

Rivermen's Association has been complaining of sabotage for a while. I've grown up in these docks, and I know who I believe."

"There's war brewing between the Pilots and the Rivermen. They've never been best friends, but things are going from bad to worse."

"Heard of that boat that grounded by Stroessel not long ago? I saw someone jump off just before she struck. The crew says their pilot steered them aground and vanished. The Rivermen want to take away the Pilots' monopoly. Draw your own conclusions."

"Listen. I grew up in these docks. I learned to swim in the Brunwasser. I've been working a boat in the Suiddock ever since I was tall enough to swing a tiller. Nobody can tell me I don't know the channels."

Axel Huurder (SB27a), Guildmaster, Boatman



"I don't want a guild war. My dispute is with the river laws, not with the pilots. But if they want a fight, we're not going to sit back."

"Old Loodemans has his heart in the right place, but he doesn't know what's going on. Every day – just about – my members are being overcharged, victimised... there've even been deliberate groundings, and if the pilots aren't doing that, I'd like to know who is. Now we didn't start all that – all we want is to get a bit of a law changed."

Axel is a tall, sparsely-built man, with a bony, hawk-nosed face dominated by piercing green eyes. His short, straight hair is the colour of copper wire, and some whisper (untruthfully) that he has a trace of Elven blood. Axel speaks and moves rapidly even for a Marienburger, and his naturally loud voice makes it

seem like he is addressing a meeting even when he is not.

Axel's life is dominated by the Rivermen's Association. Even though he still has to make a living from his boat, he devotes every spare moment to the cause of the Rivermen and the injustices which he feels they suffer. He speaks passionately and at great length about the pilots and the things they do to his members, but like his opposite number Albert Loodemans, he wants to avoid outright war if possible – or at least, to ensure that the Brotherhood are seen by all to be the aggressors.

Nearly all the boatmen and lightermen who work the port know Axel, no matter what their guild (the Rivermen don't represent all boatmen by any means). The pilots (SS19c) all know and loathe him, and he has a nodding acquaintance with Albert Loodemans (SS19a) – the two try to conduct negotiations from time to time, but Axel's natural impetuosity always gets the better of him when he is faced with Albert's slow, reasonable common sense. Axel sometimes drinks in the Pelican's Perch (SB12), but more regularly at the Whaler's Return (SB 14), where he has a true friend in Klaus Mannlicher (SB14b), the barman and bouncer. Klaus has pulled Axel out of a potential fight on more than one occasion.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 36 32 4* 3 7 46 1 30 43 34 41 38 31

Age: 34

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Fish; Haggle; Orientation; Read/Write; River Lore; Row; Very Strong*

Possessions: Leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); sword.

Typical Riverman (SB27b etc)

Boatman

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 41 41 3 3 9 41 1 31 31 31 41 31 31

Skills: Fish, Orientation, River Lore, Row, 50% chance of Very Strong, 25% chance of Consume Alcohol, 25% chance of Boat Building.

Possessions: Leather jack (0/1 AP, body/arms); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); 30% chance of sword.



THE WASTELAND EXPORT-IMPORT EXCHANGE SH4

This four-story stone and timber building is one of the largest structures on Hightower Island, apart from the High Tower itself. Its multiple pillars, huge windows and ornate mouldings show that money has been lavished on it, and the constant coming and going of merchants reinforces the impression that something very important happens here. If trade is the life-blood of Marienburg, then the Exchange is the city's heart; all Marienburg's bulk trade takes place here. Cargoes of all types are bought and sold within its walls.

The 'Change, as Marienburgers call it, started off as the home of the Mercantile Guild. Centuries of ever increasing trade brought changes to what was once a common-room where merchants met to talk and drink. The Guild eventually moved to its new home on Koopman Striet and the 'Change filled the whole building.

The Exchange is run by the twelve-man Commission of Overseers of Trade. Traditionally these are the heads of the twelve wealthiest trading families in Marienburg. However, since everyone claims to be extremely wealthy to impress their rivals and extremely poor to avoid taxes (usually in the same breath), the City Council appoints the Overseers once every year, rather than go to the trouble of working out who are really the wealthiest families. In practice, the result matches tradition: the current Master Overseer is Jaan van de Kuypers (C21a), reputed to be one of wealthiest men in Marienburg, if not the world.

Whoever the Overseers are from year to year, the deals struck in the opulent privacy of their Boardroom affect the economics of the City and the northern Old World. Lesser mortals, such as the Pit brokers, hear only rumours and feel the Overseers' shadowy influence.

The Pit, the 'Change's central trading chamber is, according to some, a madhouse. During trading hours, between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, the places seethes as the brokers work. Seller's agents shout offers and signal concessions, while the buyer's men scream out counter-offers, acceptances and rejections to five different sellers at once. Having done that, the buyers are just as likely to trade among themselves, exchanging contracts and promissory notes and selling cargoes that none of them will ever actually see. Paper flies everywhere, and the runners who post the latest prices on the hall's giant blackboard often have to rub out prices before they've even finished writing them up! It is said that to truly understand the 'Change you have to work there – and to work there you have to be mad!

All the important merchant families maintain offices in the 'Change. These are staffed by clerks, scribes, lawyers and messengers, who keep riff-raff (like adventurers) from pestering the merchants. They are well-paid, so there is a -20 penalty to bribery attempts.

The 'Change also includes a small temple to Handrijk (Handrich in Reikspiel), the God of Trade. Although

small, the shrine is richly appointed and well-frequented by merchants hoping to make a killing in the Pit. Indeed, each day's trading begins and ends with prayers to Handrijk, and tradition dictates that every trader in the 'Change should make a daily donation of a Guilder.

Common Knowledge

"The 'Change? That's where all the trading's done. All the large-scale stuff, anyway. Millions – millions – of Guilders a day go through that building – that's where all the serious money is made."

"That's the place that makes the city rich. Well, the merchants, at any rate. They've got all the trade sewn up tight as you like, and that's where it all happens."

"The 'Change? Bunch of overpaid 'ooligans runnin' round shoutin' at each other. They supposed to make thousands of Guilders on 'trade' done in there. One o' 'em explained it to me once – made me 'ead ache, it did. I still don't see 'ow it's done – I reckons it's some kind of dodge m'self."

NPCs in the Exchange (SH4a etc)



The 'Change is peopled by merchants of every type, from the powerful members of the Commission to the frenzied brokers on the floor of the Pit. The PCs are unlikely to meet the merchants themselves, but will certainly have dealings with their functionaries.

Merchant's Clerk

This profile is typical of the hordes of clerks, notaries, junior merchants, scribes and general lackeys who form the bulk of the population of the 'Change. These are the people with whom PCs

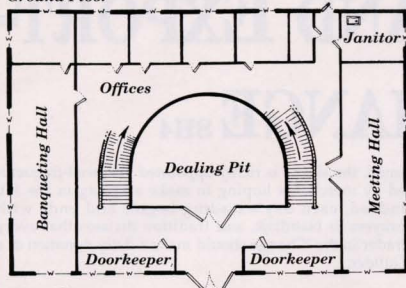
will probably have dealings in the first instance.

Skills: Evaluate; Numismatics; Read/Write; Secret Language – Classical; Secret Language – Guilder; 50% chance of Speak Additional Language – 1 from Arabian, Norse, Nipponese, Cathayan, Tar-Eltharin (Sea Elven); 25% chance of Law; 25% chance of Super Numerate.

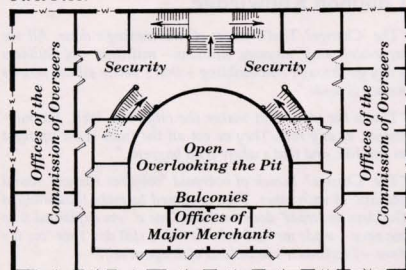
M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 31 3 3 8 41 1 31 41 41 31 41 41

Possessions: Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); writing equipment; good quality clothing; seal and sealing wax (notaries only).

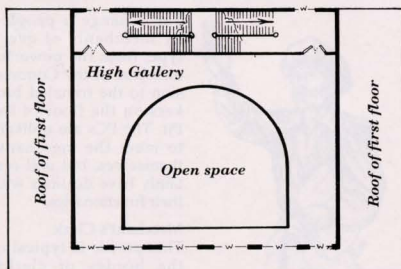
Ground Floor



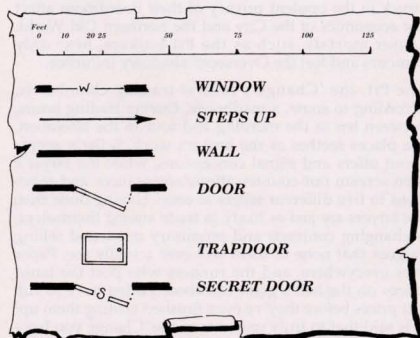
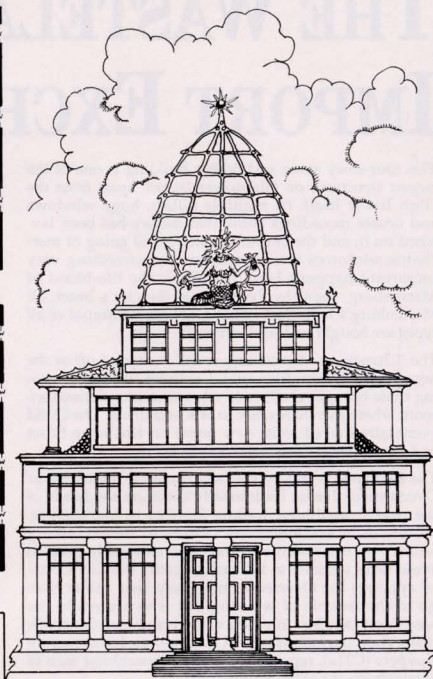
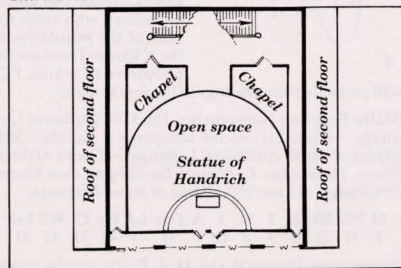
First Floor



Second Floor



Third Floor



THE WASTELAND IMPORT-EXPORT EXCHANGE

Broker

The brokers are the people who do the real business of the 'Change. Some are employed by the great merchant houses of Marienburg, while others belong to small independent firms and hire their talents out to non-Guild traders. Brokers do everything very rapidly and very loudly; they seem to live at twice the pace and twice the volume of other people.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 41 41 3 4 9 51* 1 31 41 41 41 41 41

Skills: Blather; Evaluate; Haggle; Lightning Reflexes; Read/Write; Secret Language – Classical; Secret Language – Guild; Super Numerate; Very Resilient; 50% chance of Speak Additional Language – 1 from Arabian, Norse, Nipponese, Cathayan, Tar-Elthárin (Sea Elven); 25% chance of Law; 10% chance of Lip Reading.

Possessions: Dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); writing equipment; good quality clothing; huge sheaf of papers.

Senior Merchant

Merchants frequent the 'Change, but it is often difficult to meet them, protected as they are by cohorts of loyal clerks. The profile is for a typical merchant.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 41 41 4 4 9 51 1 41 61 71 51 51 51

Skills: Bribery; Etiquette; Evaluate; Haggle; Magical Sense; Numismatics; Law; Read/Write; Secret Language – Classical; Secret Language – Guild; Speak Additional Language – D3 languages from Arabian, Norse, Nipponese, Cathayan, Tar-Elthárin (Sea Elven); Super Numerate.

Possessions: Anything that money can buy...

Trading in the Exchange

Cargoes of almost anything can be bought or sold in the 'Change. If you use the *Trading Rules*, the following notes should be borne in mind when trading there.

Formalities

The 'Change is run by - and mainly for - the Merchants' Guild, and specifically the powerful families whose representatives make up the Overseers. All trade in the Pit must be conducted through an accredited broker - you can't just wade in and start shouting prices out! So, for a fee, you can hire a broker. The major merchant houses include brokering among their commercial activities,

and there are a few small independent firms of brokers who are allowed to do business in the Pit. The 'Change provides notaries to witness transactions and attest that all taxes and fees have been paid. These charges are as follows:

Trade tax: The city imposes a 2% tax on all transactions, levied on the seller.

Broker's fee: Non-members of the Merchants' Guild must pay a broker's fee of 1% of the transaction's value.

Notary charge: No transaction is valid without paperwork provided by a notary in the 'Change. This costs 5 Guilders, regardless of the amount of the transaction.

Cult Donation: All traders (including the PCs) are expected to donate 1 Guilder per day to the Cult of Handriik. This sum is traditional, and must be paid whether a trader makes one deal or one thousand in his day in the change!

To see whether a cargo of a specific type is available, make five rolls on the appropriate column of the Cargo Table. If any roll indicates the desired cargo, then it is available. To determine cargo's size use a trade sales constant of 25000. Marienburg is a trading centre, so modify the final cargo volume accordingly.

Selling

There is always demand for all kinds of cargo. If PCs sell a cargo through the 'Change, they will always find a buyer. They must, however, accept the price decided in the 'Change - this is a condition of trading there.

Market Prices

It is not possible to haggle in the 'Change; prices are fixed by the market. Each commodity has two prices; a buying price and a selling price. These shift - often wildly - throughout the day, and should be re-calculated for each transaction. To determine the buying price of a cargo (for use when the PCs are selling), roll 3D10 and add 80. To determine the selling price (for use when the PCs are buying), roll 2D10 and add 90. These numbers are percentages of the cargo's base value, calculated according to the *Trading Rules*.

For example, a group of PCs are trying to sell a cargo of timber. The cargo is 20,000 encumbrance points, and it is autumn; this gives a base price of 2,000 Crowns - or 2,000 Guilders, since we're in the Wasteland. Because the PCs are selling, you need to generate a buying price. A 3D10 roll

"Two thousand four hundred!"

"Done! Sold to Mijnheer Stotenvark!" Marius shouted his acceptance across the floor of the trading room. His first sale. He'd done it. Sold a cargo. And for a good price too. His father would be pleased.

Now Marius knew why cousin Pieter always had that look of satisfaction on his face when a deal went through. He had it now, watching Marius at work. But it did feel good, particularly when there was real money involved. Stotenvark nodded and smiled at him.

"He thinks he's taken you for a ride. You've just sold him the load in the Norsca Lass?" Pieter asked.

Marius nodded. "He's smiling now, but I've seen

what he bought!" Pieter was suddenly concerned. "Don't worry. The goods are exactly as described: 'storm damaged'. He's just got a little greedy. He thinks it means 'a bit wet.'"

"Ah. Well, yes, all those cheeses were wet... So were the maggots that hadn't drowned or been crushed by the timbers when the hull cracked. Storm damaged it certainly was, but I must admit, I didn't fancy any cheese for days after seeing that lot... Look, let this be a lesson to you. This place is called the Pit. And, as you've just seen, you don't need to be a pit fighter to bleed a man dry. Remember that, and we'll all make a lot of money."

Pieter grinned. "And if you forget, Uncle'll have you in a pit where we can bleed for real faster than you can say 'Koopvaardijvloot Hoom!'"

scores 11; 11+80 = 91, so the market is offering 91% on the base price of timber right now. This means that the PCs will get 1,820 Gu for their cargo.

You'll notice that it is difficult – but not altogether impossible – to make money by buying and selling cargoes on the 'Change. In most cases the dice rolls used to fix the prices make it risky to play the market. The margin between buying and selling prices has to be better than 3% just to cover the various city taxes. Only then will a trader make a profit! Only really compentant merchants can make a living by trading in the Pit as things stand. Don't change the dice rolls given here – unless you want your PCs to turn from a life of adventure to one of brokering!

HANDRICH, GOD OF TRADE



Description: Handrich is the patron deity of trade and merchants. Stories about his origins are many and diverse – some sources claim he is a son of Manann, others (few of them merchants) that he is a younger brother of Ranald, the god of thieves. Other still maintain that he was born a mortal, and ascended to divine status through his supernatural skill in business. Marienburgers, not surprisingly, claim that Handrich was born in their city, and more than one of the great merchant

houses has hired genealogists and theologians to prove their descent from him. He is normally depicted as a plump and obviously prosperous merchant in early middle age – the personification of the success to which all merchants aspire.

Alignment: Neutral.

Symbol: Handrich's most commonly-used symbol is a yellow or gold circle, representing a coin. There are no markings on the coin, since this would be too limiting – all coins belong to Handrich, regardless of their place of minting. Coin blanks – which have been cut to shape but not die-stamped – are popular tokens among his followers. Another popular cult symbol is the image of two hands clasped in a handshake, representing a deal honestly struck. This is also used as a Merchants' Guild symbol in some parts of the Old World.

Area of Worship: Handrich is worshipped under a number of names throughout the Old World. Handrich is his Reikspiel name; in the Wastelander dialect this is changed to Handrijck, in Bretonnia he is known as Affairiche, and in Tilea as Mercopio. His worship is more or less restricted to the larger towns and cities, where trade is a major – indeed, vital – activity.

Temples: Temples to Handrich generally consist of a main hall with square or semi-circular apses containing private chapels and an offertory where offerings may be displayed before removal to the temple's treasury.

Depending on the size of the town or city, a temple may have a single side-chapel, used by the whole of the local Merchants' Guild, or it may have a private chapel for each of the city's major merchant families.

Shrines to Handrich may be found in Merchants' Guild-houses throughout the Old World, and aboard many merchant ships. They most commonly take the form of a model warehouse of clay or wood with doors that open to reveal a statuette of Handrich.

Friends and Enemies: The cult of Handrich is on good terms with most others of the Old World pantheon, except that of Ranald, at whose hands it has suffered too many losses and indignities.

Strangely, though, many of Handrich's devotees also worship Ranald, hoping for good luck in their business dealings. Less charitable observers see the worship of both Handrich and Ranald as making sure that customers are properly fleeced!

Holy Days: In port towns, the first day of the spring sailing season is traditionally a day of sacrifice to Handrich, in hopeful expectation of a good year's trading. Elsewhere, festivals are geared to the rhythm of trade; there is generally a major festival at the beginning and end of the trading season, with lesser holy days at the end of each week. Often market days will begin with a private ceremony at a local temple for the traders taking part in the day's business.

Cult Requirements: Handrich's cult is the exclusive preserve of merchants and traders, and in many cities it is inextricably tied up with the local Merchants' Guild. It is most unusual for anyone to be accepted into the cult who has not followed at least one career as a pedlar, merchant or trader of some kind. Within the cult, it is a merchant's wealth (earned from trade, of course) which determines his standing. Money is always important to Handrich.

Strictures: The cult bans false dealings (although *sharp* dealings are not forbidden), a pledge to deal fairly with other members of the cult, and, as a point of honour, never to let a day go by without it showing some profit. Acts of public charity are permissible, and even expected from the very wealthy. Not driving a hard bargain because of personal charity is definitely frowned upon!

Spell Use: Clerics of Handrich may use any Petty Magic and Battle Magic spells.

Skills: Skills favoured by Handrich are *Charm*, *Evaluate*, and *Haggle*. Each time a follower of Handrich advances a level as a cleric, he may choose one of these skills (which he must already have) and buy a permanent +10 bonus in the relevant tests for 100 experience points.

Trials: Trials set by Handrich can be one of two types. If a character has to prove worthiness, he may have to strike some unlikely deal or make a profit in some unpromising area – selling luxury goods in an impoverished village, for instance, or salted fish in a fishing town. A trial set as a penance might involve a long and dangerous trading expedition, or a tour of duty as a caravan guard.

Blessings: Skills favoured by Handrich are listed above. Favoured tests are *Fel* tests made in bargaining and *Int* tests to evaluate the worth of goods. A blessing from Handrich might also take the form of a temporary increase in *Fel*. ■ ■



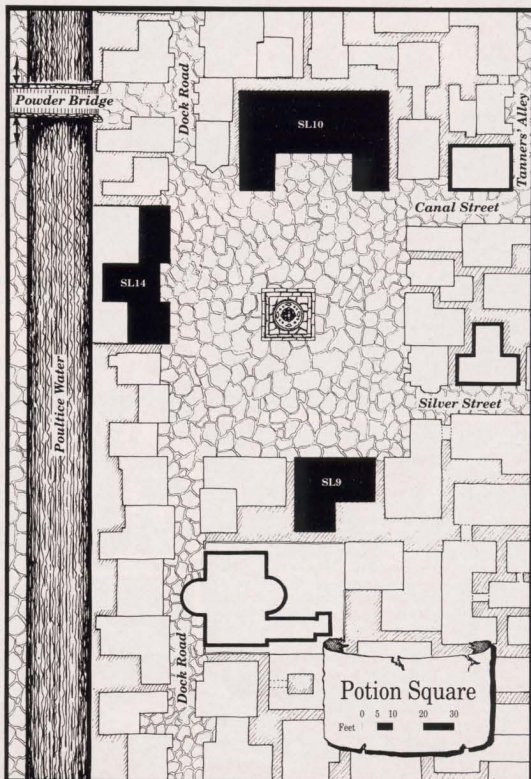
Welcome to Marienburg. This month we visit *Potion Square* on *Luydenhoek*, the largest island of the *Suiddock*.

City maps and ordnances call it 'Graf Anders Square', but this name is hardly ever used by *Suiddockers*. Ask for *Graf Anders Square* and you'll get a blank look, and be told that you want to head towards *Elftown*! Ask for *Potion Square* and you'll stand a good chance of getting the right directions.

The name comes from the fact that the Square is close to *Zegepraal Straat* – generally known as *Leech Street*, where a great many physicians and other healers live and work. The predominantly medical nature of the area is reflected in many unofficial local place-names: for example, locals know the small canal which separates *Potion Square* from *Leech Street* as the *Poultice Water*, rather than by its official name of the *Tussenkanal*.

This time, we'll visit three locations in *Potion Square*: the *Middenheim Home* for *Foundlings* (designed by *Ken Walton*), run by the formidable *Sister Marianne*; *van Arzneider's Floracoopia* (by *Claus Ekstrom* and *Graeme Davis*), where herbs and medicinal plants from all over the world can be found; and the *Edelmoed Temple* (by *Anthony Ragan*), one of the main temples to *Shallya* in the *Suiddock*. All three places are full of potential interest for adventurers, but for very different reasons.

We'll return to *Potion Square* in our next visit to Marienburg and look at *Kluger's Emporium*; *Lisette Leerer*, from the short story *The Tilean Rat*; and *Wilhelm Rotkopf*, one of the Square's many alchemists.



THE MARIENBURG HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS SL14



Known throughout the city as 'Sister Marianne's', this large building is made up of three houses knocked into one. It is the small canal known as the Poulitce Water by Luydenhoekers.

Sister Marianne looks after children up to the age of ten, or until they can be apprenticed. She is always willing to show visitors around; her star pupils chant their thirteen times table, recite the lengths of all the major rivers in the Old World, and demonstrate other feats of learning.

Sister Marianne is well-known to be full of strange ideas, but the strangest to most Marienburgers is her notion that they should give money to help those less fortunate than themselves. The older and more trustworthy children are sent out, in distinctive blue and white uniforms which immediately set them apart from the average street urchin, accosting passers-by for donations. As far as anyone knows, this is the orphanage's only source of income, and the collectors can be remarkably persistent. Some Marienburgers have been known to take to their heels at the sound of coins rattling in a tin and the sight of a child in blue and white.

Common Knowledge

"Orphanages – never had 'em when I was a nipper. Had to make your own way in those days. Some of those brats would benefit from a spell sweeping chimneys!"

"Good thing, if you ask me. Keeps the kids off the streets, puts 'em into an apprenticeship – more than most families do for their kids, really. I just wish they wouldn't keep begging for money. I mean, what's the cult of Shallya for?"

"Sister Marianne might look like a feeble, dried-up old schoolteacher, but she's tough. Don't cross her – she's got a tongue as sharp as a dragon's teeth and she doesn't miss a trick. And then there's those two half-ogres that work for her – no-one gives them any trouble."

"Sister" Marianne Liefeder (SL14a), Initiate of Shallya, ex-Physician's Student, ex-Trader

"Ah, pleased to meet you. We've got a hole in the roof at the south end which looks like it'll take twenty Guilders to patch up. How much can you spare?"

"WILHELM! Stop that IMMEDIATELY!"

"If you catch a child early enough, you can instil some sense of values and give it a decent, useful life."

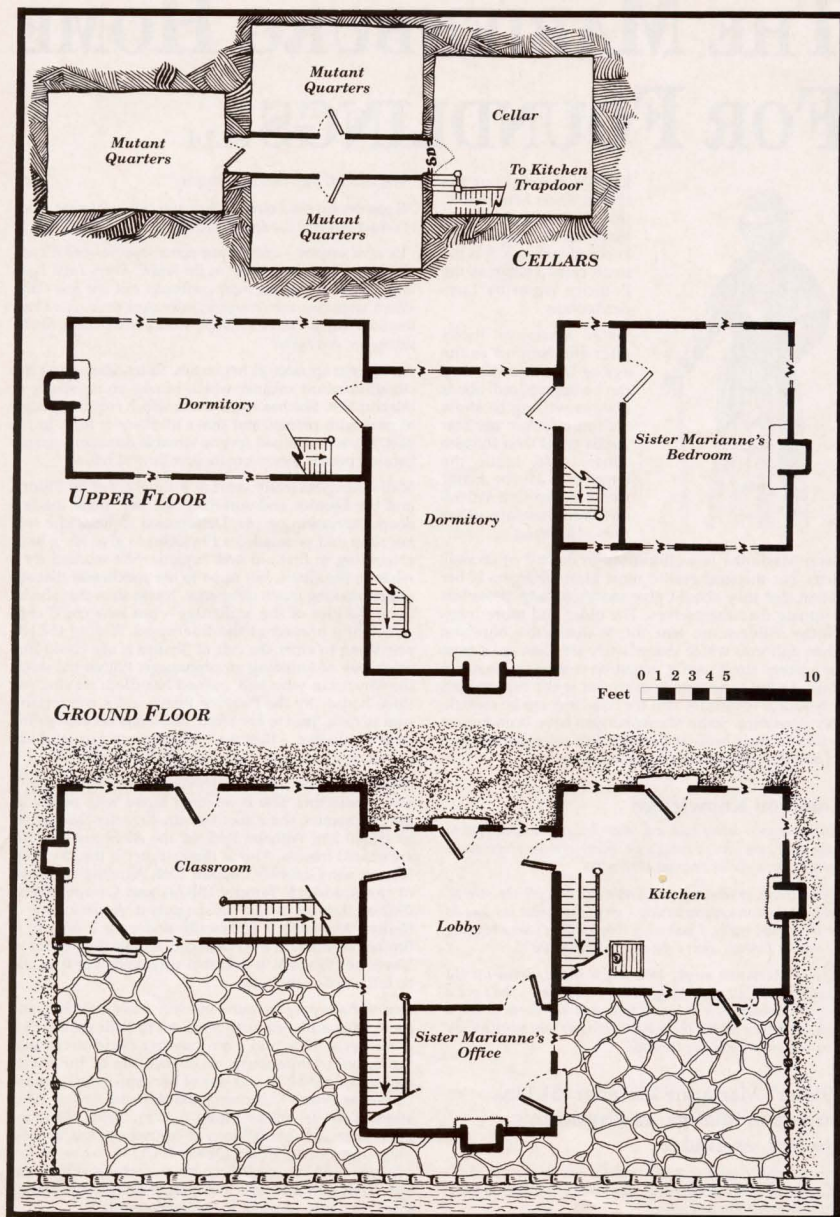
"We need support – and not just moral support. And it's not charity – it's an investment in the future. Every child I get into a trade means one more craftsman and one less thief. Which means more for everyone, more work to go round and less suffering for other children. Now I think that's worth paying for, don't you?"

An upright spinster in her sixties, Sister Marianne has a straightforward manner which brooks no resistance or interruption. She has work to do, which requires people to part with money, and that's all there is to it. In the past, she has obtained several sizeable donations simply because people weren't quite sure how to refuse.

Marianne spent many years as a shopkeeper on Riddra, and the squalor and suffering she saw there made a deep impression on her. Determined to help, she sold her shop and persuaded a Physician to give her a basic grounding in first aid and hygiene. She worked for a while in the slums, but came to the conclusion that she wasn't making much difference. It was then that she hit upon the idea of the orphanage – but how could it be done? She prayed at the Edelmoed Temple (SL10), promising to enter the cult of Shallya if she could find some way of founding an orphanage. Within the week, the Physician who had trained her died, leaving her three houses by the Poulitce Water and a comfortable sum in cash. True to her word, Marianne became an Initiate of Shallya – that was thirty years ago, and she shows no inclination to progress further in the cult.

Sister Marianne has an extensive network of contacts and benefactors. She is on good terms with nearly all her neighbours; some, like Jan van Arzneider the Herbalist (SL9a) and Wilhelm Rotkopf the Alchemist (SL12a), are trusted friends. Also in this category is the Physician Edvard van Geneeser (SL28a). Both Agnetha Zeetrouw of the Suiddock Temple (SB7a) and Granny Hetta (SB26a) "keep an eye out" as she puts it. As an Initiate of Shallya, Marianne is technically under the authority of Brother Marijkuus at the Edelmoed Temple (SL10), but he leaves her to work in her own way, knowing it would be futile to do otherwise.

Her orphans may be found in every trade and craft, and some have achieved lofty positions in their guilds. This gives her a wide and ever-growing circle of contacts throughout Marienburg. Axel Huurder of the Rivermen's Guild (SB27a) was one of her orphans, as was the carpenter Bruno Snijermans (SS14a) and Paulus Edelsteen of the Jewellers' Guild (CF7b). Sister Marianne never mentions her failures, of course; she has remarkably few, but Jeremias Qualk (SL15a) is one of her orphans who has ended up on the wrong side of the law. Even now, she tries to convince herself that he will discover a true vocation in medicine one day.



M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 28 20 2 4 3 46 1 28 40 39 44 47 45

Age: 63

Alignment: Good (Shallya)

Skills: Acute Hearing; Blather; Cooking; Cure Disease; Etiquette; Evaluate; Haggle; Heal Wounds; Lip-Reading; Secret Language – Classical; Read/Write; Wit.

Possessions: gilt-bronze dove brooch (symbol of Shallya); light walking-cane (I +10, D -2).

Gunther and Anders Grimm, Servants, ex-Footpads (SL14b&c)



"Leave 'er an' the kids alone or we'll pull yer 'ead off. Right, Anders?"

"Right, Gunther."

"She sees us right, we see 'er right. All look after each other. Just like family."

"Yer. We wuz in dead trouble, an' Sister Marianne got us off an' gave us jobs. We used to be bad lads, robbin' people an' stuff, but she changed all that."

"Now we're reformed – an' that's what the Sister says we are – we don't do them things much."

"Anymore."

"Err. Yer. Don't do them anymore."

Gunther and Anders are twins – only Sister Marianne and the orphans can tell them apart. They are both tall and heavily built, with slow and deliberate speech.

Sister Marianne rescued the twins from jail, and now they work tirelessly at the orphanage, doing odd jobs. Every few days, one of them drives Sister Marianne to market in the orphanage's donkey-cart, and they accompany the tin-rattlers in areas where there is a risk of meeting footpads. They are completely reformed characters, and view Sister Marianne with reverence; however, this will not prevent them from taking a suitably painful revenge on any unprincipled characters who try to prey on the old woman or the orphans. The brothers used to know many 'bad lots' along the Suid-dock, although have put their past lives behind them. Still, it must be admitted that the orphanage is never troubled by burglaries or other underworld. The following profile applies to both twins.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 45 32 5* 4 8 45 1 27 23 23 31 43 22

Age: 22

Alignment: Good (Shallya)

Skills: Consume Alcohol; Cook; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Silent Move Urban; Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Very Strong*.

Possessions: leather jacks (0/1 AP, body/arms; daggers (I +10, D -2, P -20); clubs.

The Children (SL14d etc)

There are about thirty children in the orphanage at any time, all between the ages of four and ten. Sister Marianne educates them as best she can, but more important in her eyes is instilling 'decent values': work hard, stay honest, and do a good turn when you can.

The children are all very well-behaved and polite, but may stick their tongues out and thumb their noses when they think no-one's looking. The following profile can be used for a typical orphan:

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 22 30 2 3 4 33 1 35 29 28 22 24 31

Age: 4-10

Alignment: (mostly) Good

Skills: Dodge Blow; Flee!; 50% chance of Read/Write; 10% chance of Super Numerate.

Possessions: the children have few personal possessions; a few have treasures such as shiny stones or dead beetles, but that is all. Sister Marianne enforces a ban on weapons – even pen-knives are handed out only for writing lessons, and counted back afterwards.

A DEADLY SECRET

The orphanage has a secret: some of its inmates are mutants. They are kept in a series of secret basement rooms, and the normal children are sworn to keep the existence of their 'less fortunate brothers and sisters' secret. The odd comment like "my best friend's a daddy-long-legs" is seen as the product of a young imagination.

Sister Marianne will have to know and trust someone completely before allowing them to see the mutant quarters. She firmly believes that mutant children, if properly brought up, can be made into perfectly respectable adults. She is even working to develop treatments for the less heavily mutated, so that they can be returned to society. She takes in mutants from across the city, and has a well-established intelligence network.

The covered donkey-cart can be seen leaving at odd hours of the day and night, returning in less than two hours with its cargo well-hidden. The following day, adventurers may hear about a mutant-raid on the slums by the Knights of Purity (C38). Astute characters may make a connection.

Adventurers attacking the cart have a 75% chance of finding only several hundredweight of mixed vegetables, unless they know when a raid is to take place.

At any time there are D6+6 mutant children in the orphanage, aged between three and fourteen. Sample mutants are presented below; if you need more for any reason, use the normal child's profile above and add 1-2 mutations. Use *Realm of Chaos – Slaves to Darkness*, or the list for Chaos Beastmen in the *WFRP* rulebook.

Hanna (SL14e)

Hanna is a beautiful five-year-old girl with long blonde hair and wide, trusting blue eyes. Her only defect is an extra finger on each hand. Sister Marianne lets her mix with the other children when no outsiders are about, and is considering a surgical cure for her condition.

Marienburg

If brutal adventurers decide to wipe out this colony of mutants and storm in with swords drawn, have Hanna wrap her arms about the leading warrior's leg, gaze up with her huge blue eyes and cry "Oh please, Master Knight, Sir, don't kill us! I'll be good, I promise I'll be good!" Wring out every last drop of guilt.

Tomas (SL14f)

Tomas is one of Sister Marianne's successes. He used to have the head of a giant spider and an extra two pairs of limbs, but thanks to a shape-changing potion he is almost normal. Apart, that is, from an extra pair of round, chitinous eyes set into his forehead. He brushes his hair forward, and wears a large floppy hat when outdoors. While he is almost normal, Tomas could never survive outside the orphanage, so he looks after the younger children. Some of them might be heard to say "I wish I had four eyes like Uncle Tommy."

Age: 17

Alignment: Shallya

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 40 3 4 4 40 1 30 27 35 29 23 31

Skills: Acrobatics; Ambidextrous; Carpentry; Clown; Excellent Vision; Night Vision; Scale Sheer Surface.

Alexander Kronstadt (SL14g)

Alexander is a personable young man in his late teens, with curly brown hair, freckles, and blue eyes. There is something slightly unnerving about his infrequent smile, but it's difficult to say why.

Close examination (if he is held down and his mouth forced open!) will reveal that both his upper canine teeth are unusually broad, and have been filed down. Originally, they were huge razor-sharp fangs reaching down to his chin.

Alexander is a regular visitor to the orphanage, and seems to be just another orphan made good. In fact, he is another arm of Marianne's intelligence network. He is not even an orphan – he comes from a moderately well-off family on the other side of Marienburg, and his brother has infiltrated the Knights of Purity in order to warn Sister Marianne about planned mutant-raids.

ADVENTURE PLOTS

Here are a few ideas for adventures featuring the Marienburg Home for Foundlings. Some arise from the secret mutant quarters, while others do not; you could use a seemingly innocent plot to have the adventurers discover the orphanage's secret, and then plunge them straight into a 'mutant' adventure!

Silent Witness

Late one night, a child is brought to the orphanage by a group of people – perhaps the adventurers themselves. The child is unhurt, but completely mute – the result of shock. He (or she) was found in the ruins of a house; everyone else – his family? – had been brutally slain, and only the withdrawn, silent child knows the truth.

Can Sister Marianne break through the wall of silence

and find out what happened? Who are the criminals? Racketeers, cultists, a hired assassin, or anything else you like. They may well try to silence the surviving witness to their crime – permanently.

Human Cargo

Although Marienburg officially ended the slave trade two centuries ago, there is still money to be made from it. Ships leave daily for all corners of the world, and in some of these places slaves are a legitimate and profitable commodity. An orphanage full of children, protected only by an old woman and a pair of dim-wits, would be a tempting target for a gang of slavers.

The slavers strike at night, relying on speed and darkness. A covered wagon draws up by one door; the lock is quickly picked or smashed; a dozen or so children are snatched from their beds; and the cart hurtles off into the night, bound for the docks and a waiting ship.

The adventurers might be in the right place to foil the raid before it happens, or they might see the speeding wagon as it heads for the docks, with piteous cries coming from within. Rescuing the would-be slaves will earn them the everlasting gratitude and friendship of Sister Marianne and the others at the orphanage.

The Chosen

Chaos cults are as active in Marienburg as they are in any city of The Empire, and such a concentration of mutants would draw them like a magnet. Some children might even have been rescued from cultists, who would see their mutations as a sign from the Powers of Chaos.

Cultists might mount a raid on the orphanage, similar to the slave-raid described above. Or they might try to break into the basement from the sewers – this part of Luydenhoek is well above the high water mark, and a proper sewer system has been dug here. The adventurers might be following the cultists for reasons of their own, or they might simply happen upon the raid. They might even disrupt a ritual and discover a mutant child who asks to be taken "home to Sister Marianne". This is one way for the adventurers to discover the orphanage's secret, if you want them to do so.

Dead of Night

The donkey-cart sets out from the orphanage under cover of darkness, passing through the city collecting mutant children. It can be encountered almost anywhere in Marienburg at night-time.

If the adventurers are on the trail of cultists and mutants, they might run across the cart from time to time – just leaving an area as they enter it, and soon lost in the darkness. On the first couple of occasions, the adventurers will have no reason to be interested in the cart – it will just be part of city life that goes on all the time. But gradually they will notice that it has a habit of turning up before them in areas where there is cultist or mutant activity. They may decide to attack it there and then, or they might follow it back to the orphanage. This is a good way to introduce the orphanage to the adventurers, if you want them to be unsure about it. On the surface it seems like a normal home for orphans run by a charitable old woman – but there are mutants too. Is it the home of a cult? How can the adventurers find out?

VAN ARZNEIER'S FLORACOPOEIA SL9

This resounding title hangs on a board outside the small herbalist's emporium owned by Jan van Arzneider, on the south side of Potion Square. Despite being a two-storey building, the shop seems somehow low and cramped. It has two windows at the front, made of bullseye glass which makes it impossible to see anything inside. On entering the shop, one finds that it smells wonderful, that the ceiling is very low (the beams reduce this to only five feet in places) and that bunches of dried herbs hang everywhere.

Common Knowledge

"Herbs, eh? Best place I can think of is van Arzneider's. If he hasn't got it he'll know where to get it. Paddle over to Luydenhoek and ask for Potion Square – van Arzneider's the name, on the south side opposite the temple."

"Could be there's a better place to buy herbs somewhere in Marienburg, but I don't know where and they'd probably charge you five times the price."

"He knows what he's at, does van Arzneider – gets a lot of stuff straight off the docks as it comes in. Things you'd never find growing in the Old World."

Jan van Arzneider (SL9a), Herbalist, ex-Alchemist's Apprentice, ex-Pharmacist



"Hm. Now normally I'd recommend a brew of Tarrabeth for that, but... here, have a chew on this. One sprig a day, and rest as much as you can. And if that swelling hasn't cleared up in three or four days, come back and we'll try something else. I've just got a shipment of something new in from Cathay, and I'm dying to try some of it out."

Van Arzneider is a short, stringy man in his thirties, who looks tanned and weatherbeaten but fit – an excellent advertisement for his own products. His

short hair is light brown, and his eyes are the same colour. His present employment is the result of a life-long fascination for mixing things together to see what would happen, and many of his preparations combine pharmacy and alchemy with traditional herbalism.

He has a number of contacts among the ship's captains who are always in and out of Marienburg, and he corresponds (albeit irregularly) with fellow-Herbalists from Norsca to Nippon. As a result, he occasionally gets hold of rare and unusual herbs from all corners of the world, and he even has some stock from darkest Lustria!

His supplies of more common herbs are very reliable, as well, even out of season, and he does business with many of the physicians and other healers in the city. He is very friendly with Brother Marijkus of the Edelmoe Temple (SL10), and occasionally provides treatment for the orphans at the Home for Foundlings (SL14) when an illness is beyond Sister Marianne's ability to treat. Van Arzneider is a member of the Guild of Physicks (C12), and wears a ring with the guild symbol.

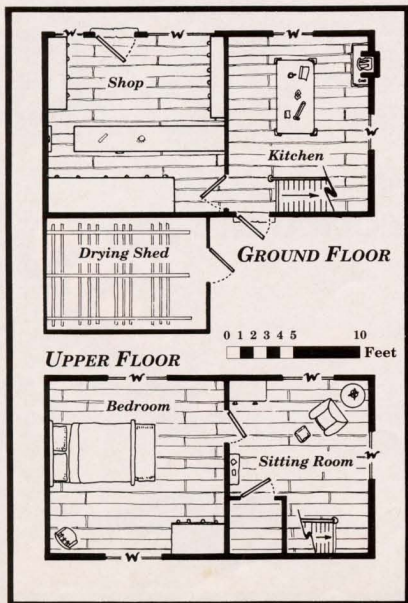
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	28	33	3	3	7	36	1	48	27	45	31	36	33

Age: 35

Alignment: Neutral, no special deity

Skills: Arcane Language – Druidic; Brewing; Chemistry; Cure Disease; Evaluate; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Manufacture Drugs; Read/Write; Secret Language – Classical; Secret Language – Guildier.

Possessions: shop and contents; leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body); dagger (I +20, D -2, P -20); gold ring with guild symbol (10 GC).



Herbs

Van Artzneier stocks all the herbs described in **The Enemy Within**, but his prices are 5% lower. In addition, he stocks the following imported herbs:

Juck

Availability: Scarce. Spring. Forest.

Price: 1 GC and 13 GC

Method of Application: Smear

Preparation: 2 weeks

Dosage: 1 day

Skills: Chemistry

Tests: Int

Effects: D6+4 minutes after application, the treated area begins to itch horribly. The affect lasts for D20+40 minutes, and in that time the afflicted character suffers a -20 modifier to all tests (halved on a successful **WP** test) owing to the distraction.

Agurk

Availability: Rare. Autumn. Grasslands.

Price: 1 GC and 5 GC

Method of Application: Inhale

Preparation: 1 week

Dosage: 1 week

Skills: None

Tests: Int

Effects: inhaling the fumes from an infusion of Agurk causes mild shaking unless a successful **T** test is made (*Immunity to Poison* +10). If the test is failed, the fumes cause mild shaking (*Dex* -20) for D4 hours.

Mage-Leaf

Availability: Very Rare. Spring. Hills.

Price: 1 GC and 6 GC

Method of Application: Ingest

Preparation: None (see below)

Dosage: see below

Skills: None

Tests: None

Effects: Mage-Leaf is eaten raw, and remains effective for three weeks after picking. As its name suggests, it is used exclusively by spellcasters. Each dose of Mage-Leaf restores one Magic Point, up to the character's power level. Roll a D6 each time a dose is taken; if the score is less than the number of doses already taken that day, the dose has no effect.

Vigwort

Availability: Scarce. Summer. Grasslands.

Price: 1 GC and 5 GC

Method of Application: Brew

Preparation: 2 weeks

Dosage: 1 day

Skills: None

Tests: Int

Effects: this herb is a mild stimulant, and increases a character's *I* score by 10 for D6+4 turns (minutes). After this time, the character must make a **T** test (*Immunity to Poison* +10) or become drowsy (as the poison effect) for 2D6-T hours.

Slowmind

Availability: Rare. Autumn. Swamp.

Price: 10 GC and 15 GC

Method of Application: Brew

Preparation: 4 weeks

Dosage: 2 weeks

Skills: Chemistry or Prepare Poisons

Tests: Int

Effects: Slowmind is a very mild nerve toxin. The infusion has a bitter taste, and if it is added to a drink there is the normal chance to detect it. A character who drinks an infusion of Slow-

mind must make a successful **T** test (*Immunity to Poison* +10) or suffer a -10 penalty to both **Int** and **WP** for 2D10+4 hours. Only one dose may be administered at a time.

Vanera

Availability: Scarce. Spring. Hills.

Price: 2 GC and 4 GC

Method of Application: Ingest

Preparation: 2 weeks

Dosage: 3 weeks

Skills: Heal Wounds

Tests: Int

Effects: Vanera is a stimulant, which removes the need for rest. It is most commonly used for convalescence, where the patient cannot rest for some reason. For D8 hours after the dose is taken, the character is treated as resting, but may undertake any kind of activity. If the character rests, the benefits of rest are doubled. When the dose wears off, the user suffers from a headache for D4 hours, losing -10 from both **Int** and **Fel**.

Spellwort

Availability: Very Rare. Summer. Forest.

Price: 10 GC and 20 GC

Method of Application: Brew

Preparation: 4 weeks

Dosage: 3 days

Skills: None

Tests: Int

Effects: Spellwort is related to Mage-Leaf, but has a slightly different effect. Instead of increasing magical energy, it interferes with it. A spellcaster who drinks an infusion of Spellwort loses D4 Magic Points (which may be regained as normal), and anyone drinking the brew enjoys a +10 bonus to all **WP** tests against spells and magical effects for the next D4 hours.

Schlafenkraut

Availability: Rare. Spring. Grasslands.

Price: 10/- and 10 GC

Method of Application: Brew

Preparation: 2 days

Dosage: 3 days

Skills: None

Tests: Int

Effects: This is a mild sedative, and is used as a sleeping-draught by insomnia sufferers. It takes effect 10+2D10 minutes after drinking, bringing on a normal sleep; for the first four hours of this sleep, the patient's chances of being woken by noise are halved. If the patient wakes within this time he will be drowsy (as if poisoned) for 3D10 turns unless he makes a successful **T** test (*Immunity to Poison* +10). After 4 hours the herb's effect wears off, and the patient is now sleeping normally. A character who wishes to resist the effects of Schlafkraut must make a **WP** test (*Immunity to Poison* +10); if this is successful a **T** test (*Immunity to Poison* +10) is still required to avoid becoming drowsy. These tests are repeated every 30 minutes for the four hours of the herb's effect.

Trinkwort

Availability: Very Rare. Autumn. Forest.

Price: 1 GC and 3 GC

Method of Application: Ingest

Preparation: 1 week

Dosage: 3 days

Skills: None

Tests: None

Effects: Trinkwort is a bitter-tasting tuber, which has the strange property of neutralising the effects of alcohol. A character who eats one tuber will suffer half the normal characteristic reductions as a result of alcohol; this effect is cumulative with *Consume Alcohol* skill.

THE EDELMOED

TEMPLE SL10

This small temple to Shallya stands on the north side of Potion Square. It is a plain but well-maintained structure, and like most temples and shrines of Shallya, it includes a small hospice and shelter for the sick and homeless.

Rasmus Edelmoed is a legendary figure. Opinions differ as to whether he was a trader captain or a privateer, but all the versions of his life agree that he was an exceptionally courageous sailor. However, it is his death that is truly notable. Shipwrecked in the Sea of Claws, he spent three weeks adrift on a raft with a fellow-survivor – a wealthy Marienburg trader. When it became clear that there was only enough food for one of them, Edelmoed, inspired by a vision, gallantly threw himself overboard so that his companion might live.

Edelmoed's companion was eventually picked up by another Marienburg ship. On his return to the city, he founded the Edelmoed Temple and entered the cult of Shallya. His experiences had left him a changed man: owing his life to an act of selflessness, he tried to spend the rest of it selflessly helping others. Such was his devotion to this ideal that his name is recorded nowhere in the temple's annals.

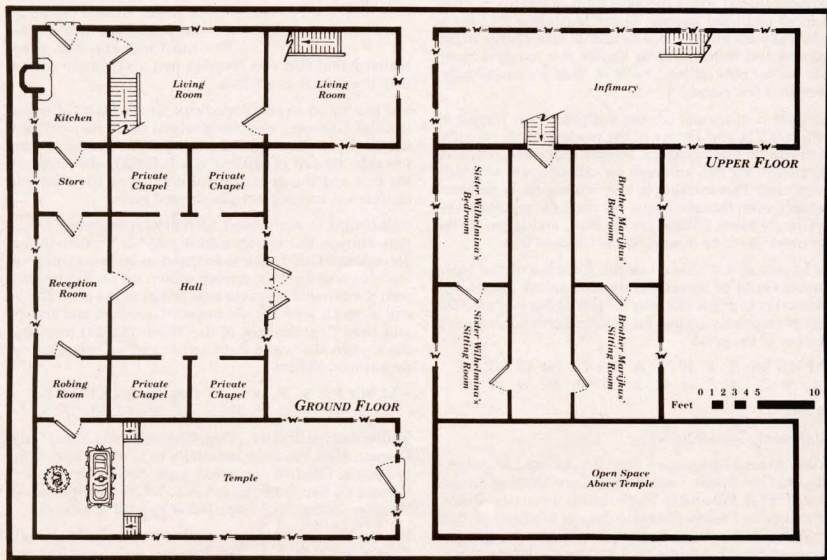
Common Knowledge

"The Edelmoed? Oh, that's the temple to Shallya on Potion Square, you mean. Named after a character from some old story, I think."

"It's run by a Brother and Sister – at least, I think they're brother and sister, as well as just by title, if you see what I mean. Good people, or so I hear. But then again, you can probably say that about all of Shallya's folk! There's an orphanage across the way, as well – I think that's something to do with the temple."

"They've got a hostel or flophouse or something built on, but they're very discreet about it. There were some worries that they'd bring drunks and tramps and who knows what else in from all over. After all, if they'd wanted to do that sort of thing they really should have built the temple on Riddra, not Luydenhoek. But they've been very good about it."

"They're a very pleasant couple – if couple's the right word. I think they're relatives rather than being married. A bit much sometimes, but then most priests can get that way. Mind you, they abide by their own sermons – one or other of them's always out among the Channel Rats, doing whatever it is they do for them."





"I'm privileged, in a way. I can mix with the highest and the lowest, being a priest. It's interesting."

"Technically, we're supposed to cover the whole of Suiddock. I don't think they know just how big the area is. Still, you do what you can - and there are some very good-spirited people helping in their various ways."

"You'll never remove poverty, illness and need, and you'll break your heart if you think you can. Our job is to reduce need, as much as we can with what we have available."

Brother Marijku is in his late forties, about 5ft 9 in tall, and slightly pudgy, with thinning short grey hair, a short beard, and twinkling blue eyes. He is softly spoken, calm, cheerful, unflappable and understanding. But, that said, he is not blind to the harsh realities of life; his broken nose and the unwavering steadiness of his eyes give the impression that he can handle any real trouble if he has to.

Marijku often discusses herbal medicine with Jan van Arznieer (SL9a) - it is the only form of treatment open to most ordinary people. Sister Marianne (SL14a) is technically his initiate, and he should take charge of her training and duties, but he knows this is impractical. "She has her own calling," he says, "and it's undoubtedly where she's best placed."

Marijku is in regular contact with the main Temple of Shallya (C21), and knows of the work done by Agnetha Zeetrouw at the Suiddock Temple (SB7) and is full of admiration for her, although he cannot spare anything to help her. This inability to help is a source of personal anguish, even though it's not his fault. He regularly visits his Granny Hetta (SB26a) on her boat, and is one of the few outsiders to be trusted by the Channel Rats.

He knows and dislikes Lea-Jan Cobbuis of the Honourable Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters (SR5a), but is reluctant to anger Cobbuis for fear of Big Piet's (SR5b) possible reprisals against his brother Bertholdt, who is a member of the guild.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 39 31 4 5 9 48 2 35 46 45 39 44 48

Age: 47

Alignment: Good (Shallya)

Skills: Arcane Language - Druidic; Arcane Language - Magick; Cast Spells - see below; Cure Disease; Dodge Blow; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Immunity to Disease; Magical Sense; Meditate; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Row; Sailing; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language - Norse; Street Fighting; Swim; Theology (cult of Shallya).

Spells: 28 Magic Points

Petty Gift of Tongues, Glowing Light, Protection from Rain, Remove Cold, Zone of Warmth.
Battle 1 Aura of Resistance, Cure Light Injury.
Special 1 Cure Poison.
Battle 2 Aura of Protection, Zone of Steadfastness.
Special 2 Treat Illness.

Possessions: leather jerkin (0/1 AP, body) worn under robes; staff (D -1); dagger (I +10, D -2; P -20); silver dove pendant (symbol of Shallya); sling bag with basic first aid kit; small boat moored at Laading's Wharf (SL29).

"Sister" Wilhelmina Pleegester (SS10b), Initiate of Shallya, ex-Rat Catcher, ex-Physician's Student



Despite rumours (which they do nothing to dispel), Wilhelmina is neither sister nor wife to Brother Marijku, and the two enjoy a friendly (but unromantic) professional relationship. Wilhelmina is a Suiddock born and bred. Her parents and several brothers and sisters still live in a little house on one of the alleys behind Fisherman's Steps on Riddra. She is of average height and build, with a plain but pleasant face. She became a Rat Catcher from a desire to improve the life of the Suiddockers, but soon

realised that she was treating just a symptom rather than the disease as a whole.

She moved on to study medicine under Mats Geneezer (SR32a). Geneezer's teaching helped her to do more, but it still wasn't enough; she felt an increasing calling towards the cult of Shallya. She is fiercely dedicated to the cult and the poor, but suffers from a basic lack of confidence, and is generally shy and quiet.

Wilhelmina is acquainted with almost everyone Marijku knows, but knows nothing of his brother in the Stevedore's Guild. She is inclined to be less critical of Cobbuis and Big Piet, having grown up on Riddra and seen the benefits his protection brings to the poor. She is still in touch with her old mentor Geneezer, and knows and likes Captain Valk of the Watch (SB25a) from the days when she was a Rat Catcher and he was a patrol Sergeant on Riddra.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 26 41 2 3 6 37 1 35 28 41 43 47 37

Skills: Animal Trainer - Dog; Concealment Urban; Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language - Classical; Set Trap; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapon - Sling; Spot Trap; Theology (cult of Shallya).

Possessions: silver dove pendant (symbol of Shallya); dagger (I +20 D -2, P -20); sling bag with basic first aid kit; small animal trap for catching rats. ■■



Welcome, once more, to Marienburg, and our second visit to Potion Square.

This time we'll browse around Kluger's Emporium – a treasure trove of rare, interesting and curious items, where almost anything can be bought or sold; the alchemical workshops of Wilhelm Rotkopf, (both by Richard Laing), and meet one of the city's foremost alchemists – a useful acquaintance indeed. Finally, there is the mysterious Lisette, a dealer in leather who is more than she seems. (written by Graeme Davis, from the *Wolf Riders* short story *The Tilean Rat* by Sandy Mitchell).

This time, we've introduced a new, formalised way of presenting NPCs. Each minor NPC is itemised into five standard paragraphs:

Appearance, which is the initial impression anyone meeting them would get – eg tall blond Elf, pale-faced, unkempt;

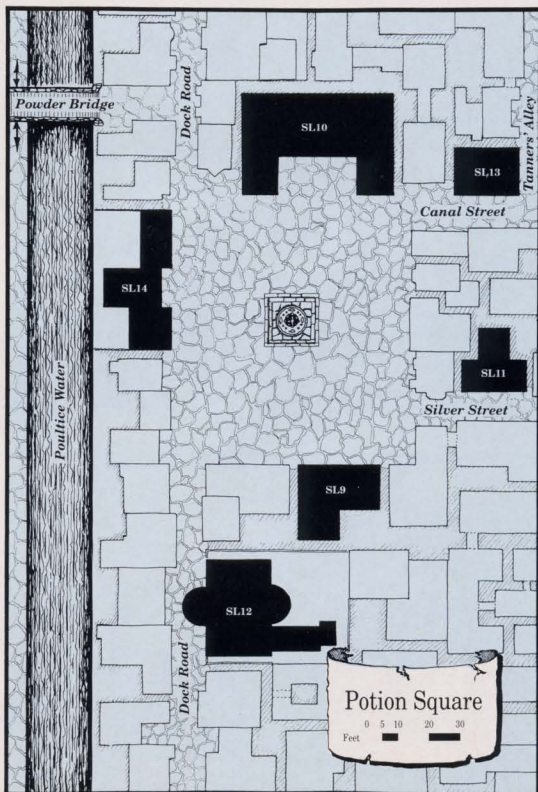
Personality, their manner and behaviour patterns – eg kind, but slightly forgetful;

Motivations, the NPCs aims and desires – eg to have fun, and control the pipeweed trade;

Catchphrases, some sample speech for GMs – eg "I 'ad a baff last monf!"; and...

People, who the NPC knows, and what kind of a relationship exists – eg hates Agnetha Zeetrouw (SB7a), scared of and respects Big Piet (SR5b).

Minor NPCs are, of course, fully defined in **WFRP** rules terms as well.



KLUGER'S EMPORIUM^{SL11}

Just off the south side of Potion Square, on Silver Street, a grimy and barely readable sign hangs outside a tall, narrow building. Upon close inspection, it reads *Kluger's Emporium - Antiques and Curios*. A small, filthy window reveals nothing of the inside.

As the door opens, it squeaks on its hinges and rings a tinny-sounding bell. It takes a few seconds for the visitor's eyes to become accustomed to the near-darkness. Near the door lies an enormous ginger cat. Small, grime-encrusted oil lamps serve only to throw weird shadows from the jumbled heaps of books, pieces of armour, pots, and other miscellaneous objects that tower threateningly over the visitor - perhaps the slightest sound or movement might start an avalanche!

The wooden floor creaks beneath underfoot, and the boards are so badly warped that crossing the darkened room is an unnerving experience. Even the shop's wooden desk has clearly seen better days. An oil lamp casts a fitful light on the open book which rests there, and on the indeterminate shape which sits reading it. A chair scrapes, and the figure rises. "Good day to you," says a strong voice, "looking for anything in particular?"

Common Knowledge

"Whose Emporium? Never heard of it."

"You never know what you'll find at Kluger's. I don't think even he knows what he's got."

"Watch out for that cat of his. It knows more than a cat ought to know, if you take my meaning."

"The Bretomnian crown jewels could be hidden in that junk and no-one would ever find them - and maybe they are!"

Hans Kluger (SL11a), Fence, ex-Thief, ex-racketeer



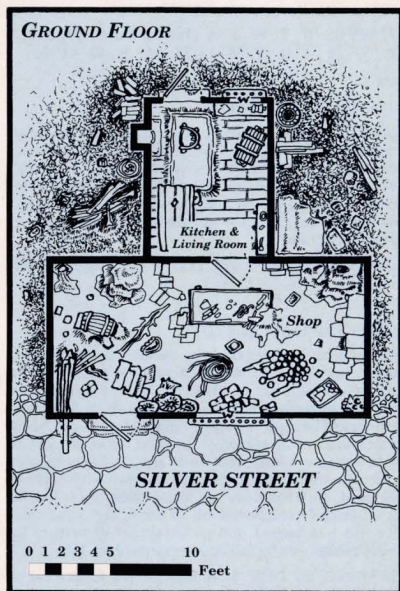
Hans is short, middle-aged, and surprisingly neat and clean - a sharp contrast with his environment. He has grey hair, but his hairline has receded beyond the top of his skull, so that at first he appears to be completely

"Hmmm. I saw something of the sort, only a couple of years ago. Over here, I think - ah, yes. Is this the kind of thing?"

"A pleasure to meet you. It's always gratifying to be recommended by a - ah - regular customer."

"Perhaps this will do..."

"Hmmm. I have to confess, I'm not sure about this piece. Very distinctive, you see. Obviously made for the tastes of one person. Very difficult to find a buyer for something like that. Still - shall we say twenty-five?"



bald. His grey eyes hardly ever seem to blink, and he always looks straight into the eyes of the person whom he is addressing. He is normally dressed in clean, if crumpled, middle-class clothes, typically a green doublet, a white linen shirt and brown breeches.

Despite the almost insane jumble inside his shop, Hans can find anything in a matter of seconds. Anyone else might spend days and never find what they were looking for. Hans is unfailingly polite, well-spoken, and talkative, but whenever he is nervous or annoyed he clenches and unclenches his fists. He is particularly fascinated by the nonhuman races, and will talk for hours about nonhuman art and antiquities. He is a superstitious character, and fears magic of all sorts.

Hans is one of the most successful fences in the city. He took the shop over from his father, who died in jail 30 years ago, awaiting trial for a murder he did not commit. Officially, he hanged himself in his cell, but Hans has his own opinions. His father's death has left him with a deep grudge against the law and its minions, which occasionally shows through his politeness.

Through his father's shadier dealings, Hans grew up with extensive contacts in Marienburg's underworld. Many of his childhood friends are now among the most respected and feared of the city's criminal fraternity. Lea-Jan Cobbis (SR05a) is a kind of unofficial uncle to Hans, whose business is carried on with his permission.

Marienburg

He also has dealings with Ruud Vilager (SR27a), Jochen Kaaimans (SR10a) at Haagen's Wharf, Jan Omkoop (SH03f) of the Excise and the smuggler Thijs Mod-egekker (SR12a), when he needs to send a consignment out of Marienburg. He also does occasional legitimate business with Neugierde's of Middenheim.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 59 36 4 4 9 58 1 52 41 39 45 41 50

Age: 56

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)

Skills: Concealment Urban; Disarm; Disguise; Dodge Blow; Evaluate; Haggle; Lip Reading; Magical Sense; Palm Object; Read/Write; Secret Language – Classical; Thieves' Tongue; Secret signs – Thieves'; Silent Move Urban; Shadowing; Specialist Weapon – Fist Weapons; Fencing Sword; Spot Traps; Street Fighting; Strike to Stun; Super Numerate.

Possessions: dagger (I +20, D -2, P -20); rapier sword-cane (I +20, D -1).

Jascha the Cat (SL11b)

Jascha is a large ginger cat, who usually lies on the floor halfway between the door and his master's desk, visible only by the glinting of his eyes. He has never been known to move out of the way for a customer, but will sometimes show an interest in goods which are being discussed. As well as being a pet and a mouser, Jascha serves Hans as a kind of security device. Many regular customers are habitually hooded, masked or otherwise disguised, so Hans does not know their faces. But he knows Jascha's reaction to all of them, and more than once this has helped him penetrate an imposture by 'undesirables' – as he calls the servants of the law.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
5 23 0 1 2 3 40 1 0 20 12 35 20 0

Skills: Acrobatics; Dodge Blow; Strike to Injure.

Trading at Kluger's Emporium

Hans will buy or sell just about anything. If strangers want his services as a fence, they must make the first move themselves. You should be careful about how this is played; direct or clumsy approaches will result in Hans doing a very good imitation of an outraged honest trader. "What manner of dealer do you take me for?" he will thunder. If in doubt, make a secret Fel test for the character who is doing most of the talking, allowing a +10 bonus for each Rogue career completed by that character, +10 for thinking of using *Secret Language* – Thieves, and up to +/-20 for how well you think the player is handling things.

Hans will buy items up to 10 Guilders in value without question. When offered more valuable goods, he will ask for some proof of ownership – "without wishing to cause offence, of course, but one has to be careful." If he is satisfied, he will offer up to 75% of the item's value. If he believes that an item was stolen, he will offer 30-60% of its value, depending on his degree of acquaintance with the customer. He can be bargained up to 150% of his original offer, but no further.

Only the smaller, cheaper stolen items are actually out in the shop. Valuable and bulky items are kept in the cellar, behind a stout padlocked trapdoor (T 4, D 10, CR 30). Such items rarely stay on the premises for more than a couple of days; Hans generally has a buyer lined up. Particularly 'hot' items are shipped out of town to contacts in The Empire, Bretonnia and Kislev.

If the adventurers want to buy something specific, you should assign an "illegal availability rating" to the item and follow the standard availability procedure in the *WFRP* rulebook, treating Kluger's Emporium as a city with 1000 inhabitants. Depending on the rarity of the item sought, Hans will take several days and a few dozen Guilders before the sale can be completed.

For a fee, Hans will keep an item 'to be called for'. This fee ranges from 3 Guilders per day to 20 or more, depending on the item's value and the status of the person from whom it was stolen. For example, an expensive ring slipped from an artisan's fat finger might be worth 5-6 Gu per day; if the owner had been the head of a powerful merchant family, it might cost 9-10 Gu per day to store. A wizard's ring, even if it is not magical, might cost 20 Gu per day, due to Hans' distrust of magic.

Making Contact

The adventurers might not find Kluger's at all unless they are looking for it. If they intend to do business there, then a recommendation is the most valuable thing they can take with them.

Beggars – always the eyes and ears of the underworld – might let slip that Kluger's is the place to find anything you want and sell anything you don't. Ingrid, the barmaid at the Pelican's Perch (SB12c) may recommend Kluger's as she overhears a lot of gossip. Granny Hetta (SB26a) uses Kluger – although she is cautious in her dealings with him. Jochen Kaaimans (SR10a) might also point adventurers toward Kluger's – but only if offered a suitable bribe. Lisette (SL 13) will send enquirers to Kluger's, once she has consulted the Guild about them. Adventurers who can tell Hans that one of his trusted contacts recommended him will be more likely to get a favourable reception.

Alternatively, the adventurers might overhear a conversation in the Pelican's Perch with a reference to 'the stuff Paal left at Kluger's', they might find themselves trying to track down a stolen item, or being used as go-betweens in negotiations for the recovery of something valuable. Shadowing a contact after a meeting might lead to Kluger's.

A Useful Acquaintance

Hans Kluger can be very useful to a group of adventurers. As well as buying and selling goods, he might be persuaded – for a suitable fee – to teach skills and train characters for career changes. Offers of money, new contacts, new goods and permanent custom will all help sway him. Of course, he can only teach skills he has and train for entry into careers he has followed. The monetary charge will be modest – 3-4 Gu per hour for skill training and 20 Gu or so per day for career training – but Hans will also ask for favours and services now and again.

Once the adventurers have got to know him, Hans can be used as a lead-in to several adventures. For example, in a simple adventure they might have to acquire a certain item which Hans has been asked to obtain. Or Hans might have been receiving blackmail threats. The only clue is the instructions for delivering the money. Who is the blackmailer? A rival fence? Someone Hans crossed in business? A racketeer trying to take over part of Suiddock? The possibilities are endless.

A more complex adventure might start when a contact Hans expected four days ago still hasn't shown up. The item in question is a talisman from Araby which is said to carry a curse. Hans wants to get rid of it, and fears for the life of his contact – this may be one of the rare occasions when he lets slip a customer's identity. Why is he late? Has he fallen prey to the curse? Have Arabian assassins struck him down? Are they now converging on Kluger's? Or is the contact fuming beside a broken coach between here and Middenheim?

WILHELM ROTKOPF, ALCHEMIST SL12



Just off Potion Square on Dock Road is a curious house on the east side of the street. The two-storey building is not of unusual size for the area, but at the top is a small turret which leans over so much that passers-by glance uneasily at it, especially when there are high winds. The turret casts a long shadow over the road for most of the day.

This is the house of Wilhelm Rotkopf, the Master Alchemist, although there are some who claim that this is the least of his accomplishments.

The two-storey tower contains a small alchemical laboratory and an observatory. There is a secret laboratory in the cellar, used for Wilhelm's less respectable activities. The entrance is via a trapdoor which is hidden under a coat-stand in the hall (T 2, D 4, CR 30).

It's unlikely that adventurers will be able to deal directly with Wilhelm; most people have to go through his journeyman, Floris Rijgpen. In the normal course of a day's business, only important or influential customers talk directly to Rotkopf.

His other assistants can be seen coming and going at all sorts of times. They help by making sure the place is tidy, stirring mixtures on the quarter hour every quarter hour, and doing the hundred and one jobs that a Master Alchemist shouldn't have to do for himself.

Common Knowledge

"You want alchemical bits and pieces, Rotkopf's your man. A bit pricey, of course, but you get what you pay for. He's got a house just off Potion Square. Great big place, it is, with plenty of servants and a tower that looks like it's going to come down any minute."

"Rotkopf? Professional clever-dick if you ask me. But his journeyman's soft as new butter."

"He's had a full life, that one, and it's getting fuller by the minute. I don't know how he fits it all in. There he is, one of the best alchemists in Marienburg, sitting on half a dozen boards and committees, and he's always got one of his people running back and forth to the orphanage or the temple or one of the saebones, doing mixtures and odd jobs for them like he'd only just set up his practice. Up all night with his telescope looking at the stars. I don't know when he sleeps – or maybe he doesn't. I don't know what he's got that keeps him going, but I wouldn't mind some for myself."

"He's got hidden depths, that one, you mark my words. Them as look most respectable on the surface always have their secrets. I'm not making any accusations – not a word of it, and if any man says otherwise he's a liar. But he has some strange visitors after dark when he's looking through his telescope, and that's the truth. Not to mention some of the strange folk he employs – that there Dwarf's an odd one for a start... and then there's that kid..."

Wilhelm Rotkopf (SL12a), Alchemist, ex-Prospector, ex-Tomb Robber

"Let's see now – calcination for three days, then fix in the tincture of mercury and sublime with three parts lead and one part bone. I wonder if the small cohobation chamber is clean. Oh! You're still here! I'm so sorry, I'd forgotten all about you. Just give me two minutes to get this over to the orphanage, then I promise you'll have my undivided attention. Floris! Floris!"

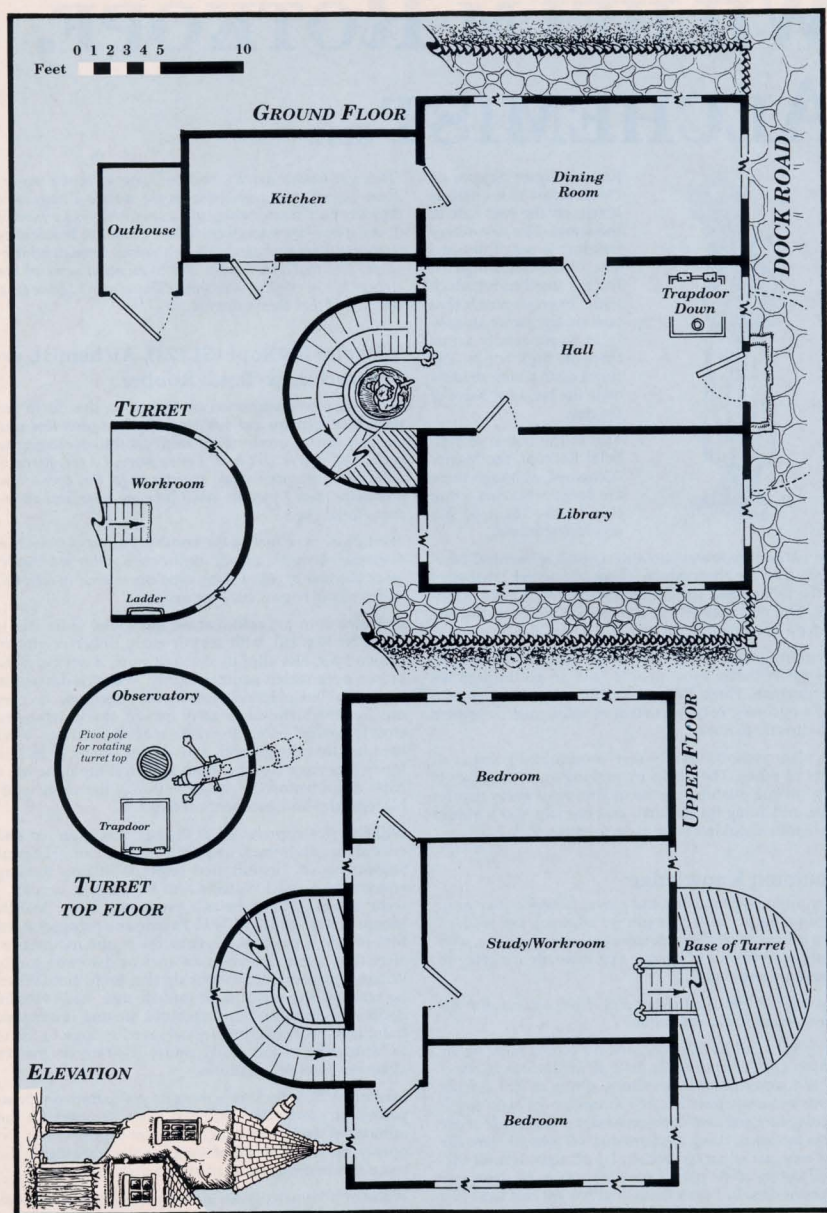
"Best if you came back in the morning. I've got a committee tomorrow afternoon, and the night-time is rather precious to me at this time of year. Do you have any interest in astronomy? It should be good and clear tonight..."

Wilhelm is in his mid-forties, but looks older. He is about 5ft 10in tall, with slightly curly, unkempt ginger-brown hair. His slightly hooked nose is set between brown eyes which squint slightly. Wilhelm dresses in expensive but practical clothes, but whenever he goes out he wears the same tatty brown cloak, wrapped closely around him. He walks quickly, with his head bent towards the ground, and always seems to be in a hurry. His voice is soft and his speech is rapid; he has a habit of muttering to himself – usually incomprehensible formulae and astronomical data.

Wilhelm was apprenticed at the age of 9 to an old and eccentric alchemist by the name of Helmut Schwarzbauch. Helmut died before Wilhelm's training was complete, and Wilhelm – to his parents' despair – went to seek his fortune as a prospector in the Middle Mountains gold rush of 2497. Failure as a prospector led him to join a band of adventurers in the mountains; after they stumbled upon an ancient dwarven tomb, Wilhelm turned to tomb-robbing as a profession. When he reached the wisdom of middle age, however, he decided to abandon this dangerous life and resume his training as an alchemist. He had saved enough to travel to Middenheim and study under the famous master alchemist Josef Schmidtturm.

Like many Suiddockers – even on comparatively prosperous Luydenhoek – Wilhelm has no respect for the minions of the law, although he never expresses this too openly. He is not afraid of stepping slightly outside the law if it is in the interests of his research to do so.

Wilhelm is knowledgeable in many subjects, and besides his alchemy he pursues astronomy, cryptography and



heraldry as hobbies, helped at times by Thadrin Thadrinson, once an associate, now a permanent guest. Wilhelm has an extensive library on these subjects, as well as a small observatory in the tower of his house. He is also interested in mutants and the nature of mutation, and will pay highly for a mutant corpse. He and Sister Marianne (SL14a) are not yet aware of each others' differing interests in this regard, but two such close neighbours dabbling in this forbidden area could spin off all sorts of adventures.

Wilhelm is a prominent member of the Wizards' and Alchemists' Guild (C22), and one of his secrets is that he is a member of the High Council. He also acts as a consultant to the Board of Trade Equity (SH3) and the Council on matters involving alchemical and magical materials. He is a pillar of the local community, and regarded as a good neighbour by everyone on Potion Square. He and Jan van Arzeneier (SL9a) do a thriving two-way trade in ingredients and preparations, and occasionally he will be prevailed upon to supply medicinal mixtures for the Home for Foundlings (SL14) and the Edelmoed Temple (SL10). Many of the better-off physicians on Leech Street also rely on him for medicinal supplies and preparations.

He does occasional (and highly secret) business with Jeremias Qualk (SL15a) and with Hans Kluger (SL11a) when he needs rare or illegal ingredients for a process.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 49 33 4 4 9 62 1 47 41 64 45 46 34

Age: 46

Alignment: Neutral (no particular deity)

Skills: Arcane Language – Magic; Astronomy; Brewing; Carpentry; Cartography; Cast Spells – see below; Chemistry; Concealment Urban; Cryptography; Evaluate; Heraldry; Herb Lore; Magic Sense; Manufacture Potions; Orientation; Prepare Poison; Meditation; Metallurgy; Read/Write; Secret Signs – Thieves; Scroll Lore; Spot Trap; Silent Move Urban.

Possessions: sword; dagger (I +20, D -2, P -20); guild symbol on chain

Spells: 25 Magic Points

Petty *Gift of Tongues, Magic Alarm, Sounds, Zone of Cold, Zone of Silence.*

Battle 1 *Aura of Resistance, Cure Light, Flight, Strength of Combat.*

Battle 2 *Zone of Sanctuary.*

TRAINING

Despite the fact that he always seems to have a hundred and one things to do, Wilhelm may agree to train adventurers in any of his skills, charging about 7 GC per hour (3 GC per hour for Astronomy, Heraldry and Cryptography, his three hobbies). He will also train suitably-qualified applicants to enter alchemical careers up to level 2; this will take a week and cost 100 GC.

He will never waive a fee – he believes in payment equalling value, and vice-versa – but he might accept payment in kind. For example, there are many adventures to be had in trying to obtain exotic ingredients for his experiments, or learned (and perhaps forbidden) tomes which he has learned have come to Marienburg.

Absolute commitment is required, and the applicant must make a successful Fel test to convince Wilhelm of his dedication. Like many experts, Wilhelm has a habit of talking down to those who seek instruction from him, but he is a good and conscientious teacher.

A new apprentice is also expected to carry out his share of menial duties around Wilhelm's laboratory. These duties take D3 hours per day, and this time must be paid for in full – fetching and carrying are vital parts of the learning experience!

Of course, Wilhelm's servants can be persuaded to do these tasks for a small consideration, usually D3 shillings per hour. This is a small price to pay for the freedom from (expensive) drudgery.

ROTKOPF'S SERVANTS

Floris Rijgpen (SL12b), Alchemist, ex-Alchemist's Apprentice

- ☐ Spotty, red-headed 24-year old; wears journeyman's clothing with Guild badge on the left breast.
- ☐ Easy going, polite, has a natural talent for business and his studies; likes gambling, sometimes to excess.
- ☐ To get on and 'inherit' Master Rotkopf's business.
- ☐ "I'm afraid Master Wilhelm is rather busy at the moment... Can I help?"
- ☐ Knows most people in the area and 'in the craft'; friendly with Jan van Arzeneier (SL9a); thinks that he is in love with Lotte Wald (SL18b), the co-owner of The Long Dragon; occasionally visits Monnik's pit fighter school (SR30) on his days off; owes 250 Gu to Frans Makreel the moneylender (SL29a).

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 25 34 2 2 6 50 1 43 24 39 24 43 43

Skills: Brewing; Cast Spells – see below; Chemistry; Evaluate; Read/Write.

Spells: 8 Magic Points

Petty *Gift of Tongues, Magic Alarm.*

Possessions: good quality clothing, dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); thick wad of appalling love poetry; 2D6 Guilders (50%) or pennies (50%), depending on his luck.

Jacob Boerenstand (SL12c), Artisan, ex-Artisan's Apprentice

- ☐ Red-nosed and ruddy-cheeked middle-aged man with broad-shoulders and powerful hands; wears leather apron, worn out with long use.
- ☐ Practical; respectful of his 'betters'; slow thinking, but gets to the heart of an idea or problem in the end; very proud of his skills; tries hard to be a 'good' follower of Shallya.
- ☐ Wants to get the job done as quickly as possible, but torn by a desire to build elaborate bits of alchemical glassware – whether they are needed or not!
- ☐ "Wellllll... end of the week do you?" and "Leave it with me, I've got just the thing for that somewhere..."
- ☐ Deeply respectful to Brother Marijkus (SL10a), Sister Wilhelmina (SL10b) and Sister Marianne (SL14a); occasionally has (legitimate) dealings Hans Kluger (SL11a); a regular at The Long Dragon (SL18); disapproves strongly of Floris' gambling (see above).

Marienburg

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 25 34 3* 3† 8 50 1 43 24 39 24 43 43

Skills: Chemistry; Drive Cart; Evaluate; Secret Signs – Artisan; Very Resilient†; Very Strong*.

Possessions: Iron shod walking stick (I -10, D -2, P +10); glass-blower's tools; leather apron; glass amulet with engraved dove on chain; D6 shillings.

Anatol (SL12d), Alchemist's Apprentice, ex-Pickpocket, ex-Seaman

- Small, rather smelly 10-year old with lank hair and a pronounced limp; always in need of at least one good scrubbing (and probably two).
- Nervous around adults and water; very conscientious in his pot-watching and fetching duties.
- To keep on the good side of Wilhelm and avoid baths!
- "I 'ad a baff last week – an' I didn't needs it!" and "I'm tryin' to 'member all them al-chemy-memikal words!"
- Slightly scared of Rotkopf (SL12a); very scared of Gunther and Anders Grimm (SL14b&c); *absolutely terrified* of Sister Marianne (SL14a) and the thought that he might end up in her orphanage! When he's not working, Anatol sees a lot of what goes on in the area; anyone who treats him kindly will make a friend – and gain an extra pair of eyes!

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 21 35 2 2 3 25 1 38 21 45 23 39 25

Skills: Flee!; Palm Object; Read/Write; Swim.

Possessions: hidden dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); dead spider in small box; 2 pennies; piece of stolen cake.

Thadrin Thadrinson (SL12e), Explorer, ex-Scholar, ex-Scribe

- Ancient Dwarf; impossibly neat at all times, as though he has just been laundered and pressed.
- Fussy, pedantic and precise; intolerant of 'fuzzy thinking'; very knowledgeable; quirky and capable of great kindness, but has a slightly cruel streak which he uses on those he considers his inferiors; vaguely cross that his life is done with so much still to see...

- To know more... and finally learn the secrets of the heavens (whatever that may be).
- "Hmmp. I learnt that 75 years ago."; "And I learnt *that* 100 years ago!" and "Try the infusion of brimstone... a sure solution to any intractable problem and stain." Advising people to try sulphuric acid as a stain remover is Thadrin's idea of a joke.
- Knows and is known by only Dwarfs beyond the walls of Rotkopf's premises; respects Rotkopf (SL12a) for the man's learning, but expects to be listened to, especially in business matters; ignores everybody else until they ask him a question and then his response is determined by the relative stupidity of the speaker.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 41 45 3 4 12 20 1 24 58 59 68 81 24

Skills: Arcane Language – Magic; Astronomy; Cartography; Drive Cart; Evaluate; History; Identify Plant; Law; Linguistics; Numismatics; Orientation; Read/Write – Old Wordler, Khazalid ; Rune Lore; Secret Language – Classical; Speak Additional Language – Old Wordler, Elthárin.

Possessions: maps and star charts; pistol (R 8/16/50, ES 3, Rld 2); powder and shot for 10 firings; 4D6 Gu at all times (privately wealthy from his investments).

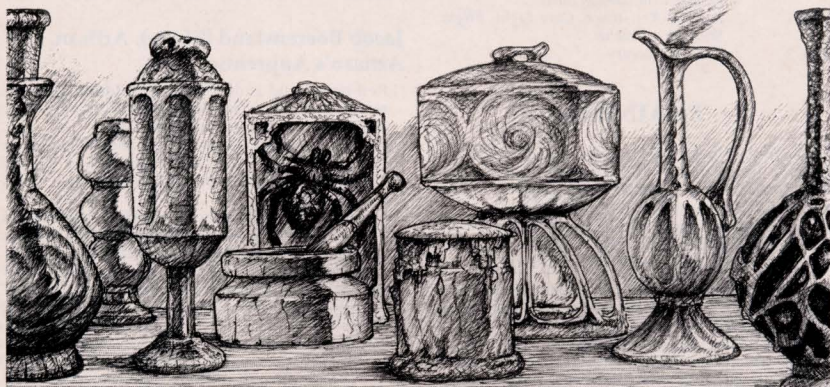
Janna Mossfoot (SL12f), Servant

- Young-ish, remarkably thin Halfling – always seems to be eating or talking about food!
- Greedy, but sees no reason why everybody shouldn't eat as well and as much as she does.
- Janna's motives are simple: eating, drinking and more of the same.
- "This one's called 'Death by Marzipan!'" and "Yummy!"
- Likes the orphans (SL14d etc) because they appreciate her cooking; knows the ins-and-outs of the families along Halfling Row (C60 onwards).

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 24 26 2 2 5 45 1 41 26 35 25 32 49

Skills: Dodge Blow; Cook; Etiquette.

Possessions: Rolling pin (I -10, D -2, P +10); two or three 'snacks'; 3D6 shillings.



LISETTE'S LEATHER

GOODS SL13

Canal Street is one of the darker, narrower side-streets leading off from Potion Square. A little way from the square, on the north side of the street, stands a small, neat shop with a sign in the shape of a cowhide.

Neatly arranged in the windows are leather goods of all kinds, from pieces of leather armour to leather tankards and jugs. Behind them, in the shop, can be seen stacks of cured hides and piles of finished garments and other leather goods.

Lisette is well-known as a dealer in hides and leather goods – she is a merchant rather than an artisan, and specialises in buying and selling rather than in actually working leather. It is no accident that her shop is close to Tanner's Alley.

In some quarters, there are darker rumours about this particular leather-merchant. It is whispered in some quarters of the Suiddock that Lisette is well-connected in the underworld organisation known simply as The Guild; some people assert – though never in her hearing – that she holds a very high position in that shadowy brotherhood. It certainly seems to be the case that things said to her have a way of getting back to them.

Common Knowledge

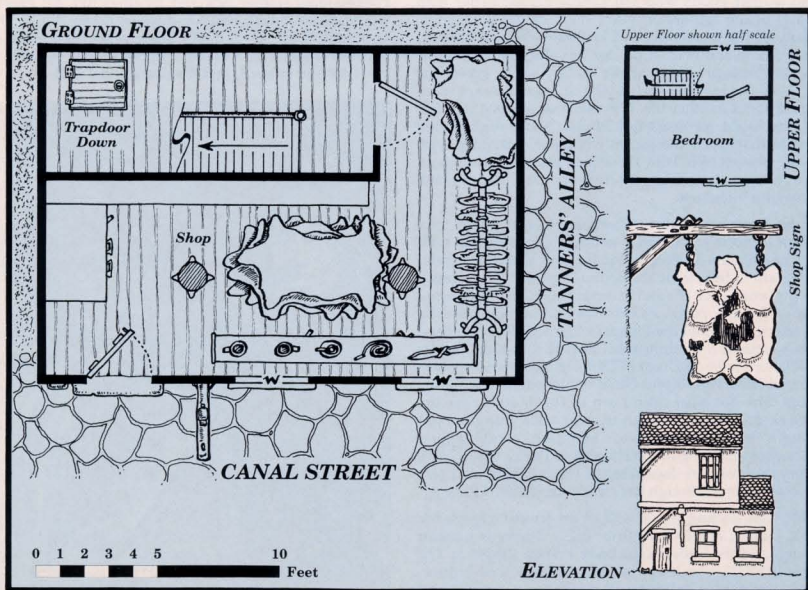
"Anything you want in leather, Lisette can supply it, or point you at a leatherworker who can. Take care with her, though – she doesn't suffer fools. You'll see what I mean."

"She knows her business, all right. Don't waste your time wandering up and down Tanner's Alley and around Shoemaker's Square, just go straight to Lisette. Don't waste her time, though. She hates having her time wasted."

"Now you know me. I've no axe to grind against women. But that one's different. Something about her – she can scare you half to death without saying a word and without getting out of her chair. They say she's a dagger for the Guild, and all I can say is I don't want to find out."

"She's a strange one. There must be more to her than the leather trade. She's got too much about her to be happy buying and selling hides all her life. Of course there are rumours – the wagging tongues will tell you she's an assassin, a witch, and half a dozen other things. Myself, when I see her I just talk about leather."

"Don't cross that one. There's something about her. Can't put my finger on it, but it's there."



Marienburg

Lisette Leerer, Assassin (SL13a), ex-Bounty Hunter, ex-Bodyguard, ex-Racketeer, ex-Thief, ex-Trader



"If you've come here to buy or sell, do it. If not, you're wasting your time and mine."

"I never discuss my business arrangements."

"Who told you that?"

Lisette is a tall, slim woman in her twenties, with dark hair and eyes. Her face, while attractive, almost never betrays any expression, and many people find her impassive face and steady eyes intimidating.

She always favours black clothes of soft, high-quality leather, and always has

a slim, silver-handled stiletto hanging from her belt.

She is softly spoken and blunt, never wasting words or movement. Everything about her says that she would be a very bad person to cross. Stories are still told about the out-of-town merchant who made unwelcome advances to her once – no-one saw her touch him, but he was unconscious for almost an hour.

On the surface, Lisette is no more than a trader in skins and leather goods who can handle herself better than many of the self-styled 'hard men' of the docklands. Many of the merchants and leatherworkers of Marienburg know and respect her for her efficient, hard-dealing business practice and the quality of the goods she deals in. But in some parts of the city, rumours are whispered about another life. It is said that she is a member of 'the Guild we don't talk about', and a high-placed one at that. Such things are whispered fearfully, with many glances over both shoulders, for the Guild has an eye in every house, an ear in every wall, and a harsh way with informers.

Apart from her business dealings, Lisette keeps very much to herself. She has a nodding acquaintance with her neighbours in Potion Square, and makes a regular donation to the Home for Foundlings (SL14) – as much to prevent Sister Marianne from constantly badgering her as for any other reason. She will occasionally slip almost unseen into the Pelican's Perch (SB7), and spend some time in a curtained booth with Lea-Jan Cobbuis (SR5a) or Pieter de Groot (SR5b), but she has no connection with the Worshipful Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters. She has also been seen in the Moonbeam Inn (SS16), and those with an eye for such things might remark that her visits always take place shortly after a back-room meeting of the Knights of Purity (C38). Once every three or four days, Granny Hetta (SB26a) will visit Lisette's shop, although she clearly can't afford to buy.

Although finding proof will be an almost impossible task – and a highly dangerous one – Lisette is a senior member of the underworld body known simply as The Guild (SB34). She keeps all her dealings well-hidden, and works as a mixture of intelligence officer and

enforcer, relaying information to The Guild and delivering warnings to those who displease it.

Rogue characters who disturb the everyday running of the seamier side of the Suiddock – robbing premises or persons who are under the protection of The Guild, for instance, or discovering and attempting to foil Guild operations – may get a visit from Lisette, masked and dressed in a black cloak. She will issue a warning and deliver terms for restitution, normally giving the offenders two days to comply. Rogue characters will be instructed to go to one of the Guild meeting-places – generally the back room of the Lighthouse Inn (SR9) – and say that she sent them. According to how the adventurers play it, this could be a valuable introduction to the Guild and the start of a series of illegal missions, or it could be the beginning of a lifetime of harassment until the adventurers comply, leave Marienburg or get killed.

Age: 26

Alignment: Neutral (Ranald)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	64	66	4	5*	13	78*	4	59	47	50	55	51	46

Skills: Ambidextrous; Concealment Urban; Disarm; Evaluate; Follow Trail; Haggle; Law; Lightning Reflexes; Magical Sense; Marksmanship; Numismatics; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write; Scale Sheer Surface; Secret Language – Thieves' Tongue; Secret Signs – Thieves; Shadowing; Silent Move Urban; Specialist Weapon – Blowpipe, Fencing Sword; Fist Weapons, Parrying Weapons, Throwing Knife; Street Fighting; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Very Resilient*.

Possessions: leather jack and leggings (01 AP, everywhere except head); knuckle-dusters; rapier (I +20, D -1); stiletto (I +20, D -2, P -20); blade venom concealed in left heel (Manbane, 3 doses, 2 applications); Amulet of Iron (WP +20 vs spells and magical effects). ■■





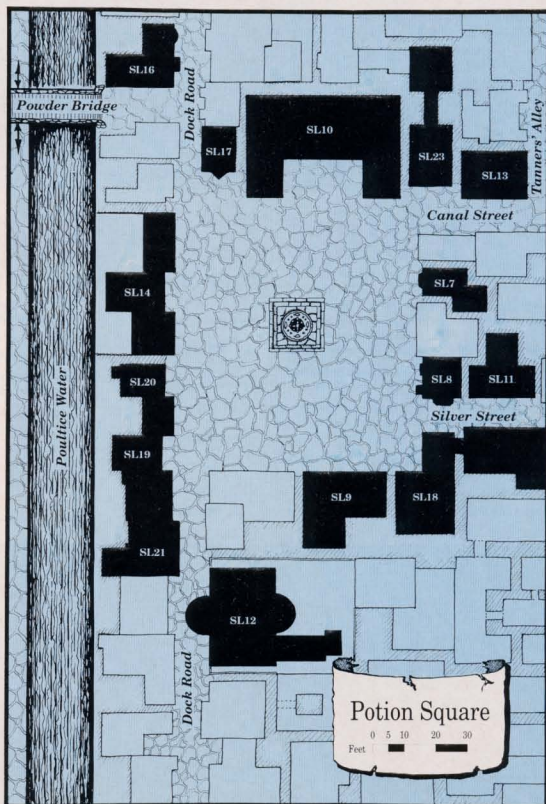
Welcome, once more, to Marienburg and Potion Square on Luydenhoek.

For this visit, we turn our attention to three of the smaller buildings around the edges of the Square, but they all will be of interest to adventurers – if only as the sort of places to avoid at all costs!

This is certainly true of Doktor Puttlangs' chamber of horrors, which he calls a surgery. Any kind of surgery in the Old World is a terrible thing for the patient: with a medical profession that has no anaesthetics and no concept of hygiene, only the lucky few survive under the knife; the unlucky ones are carried off by shock, gangrene or the ignorance of the surgeon. And that's with a *competent* surgeon wielding the blade... He may be cheap, but Puttlangs is not exactly competent – his hands twitch a little too often!

The same need to avoid unpleasantness could be equally true of Old Mother Crumhorn's shop. Perhaps the old woman isn't a witch – the Witch Hunters never seem to bother her – but then again, she just may be the genuine article...

And no free-and-easy adventurer would welcome the attention of the Watch. Suiddock Watch Station Number Four, on Potion Square, may not look like a fearsome place, but who wants to be locked up? And once the Watch have felt your collar and got you inside, where will you end up? It's only a short step from a night in the cells to the Magistrates' Courts to Rijkers Isle...



THE WATCH-HOUSE SL7

On the eastern side of Potion Square, facing the Marienburg Home for Foundlings, stands the Watch-house — Suddock Watch Station Number Four, to give it its full name. To the casual observer, it looks much like any of the other small shops and houses that surround it, until one notices the strength of the single door and the absence of windows.

The Watch-house is built of stone and timber, and is at least two hundred years old, like most of the surrounding area. It is typical of the small Watch stations that may be found scattered throughout the city. Station Number Four is manned by two local Watchmen, Dirck Nederbaar and Jan Waat, whose beat includes the whole eastern half of Luydenhoek. They report to Captain Valk at the Suddock Ward Barracks (SB25a), and can call on reinforcements from the barracks if needed.

The Watch-house consists of an office and a couple of cells, which are generally used for holding drunks overnight; occasionally, though, someone accused of a more serious crime will be held here until the necessary paperwork can be drawn up and the suspect can be transferred to the Suddock Ward Barracks.

The Watch-house is separate from the buildings around it, with no adjoining walls. The single door is strongly made of iron-bound oak (T 6, D 17); it may be locked from the outside (CR 40) or bolted from the inside (D

+6). The walls are of timber-laced stone (T 9, D 10 per yard). The two cells are separated from the rest of the building by stout iron bars (T 8, D 16). The bars are 1 inch thick and spaced 6 inches apart; a character with *Contortionist* or *Escapology* skill can squeeze through them on a successful I test (Elves +5, Dwarfs/Halflings -10). The locks on the cell doors may only be opened from the outside (-10 modifier to all attempts to pick them from the inside) and have CR 30. Each cell is equipped with a hard wooden bunk and a none-too-clean bedroll — spending a night here gives a character a 75% chance of picking up fleas (Fel -30 when dealing with members of the middle and upper classes, all tests at -5 due to constant itching, medical attention of Druidic *Delouse* spell to remove).

Common Knowledge

"Need to talk to the watch? Easiest thing in the world just get yourself a handful of stones and start throwing them through windows — ha ha ha! But then there's a Watch-house in Potion Square, opposite the orphanage. Can't miss it — it's tiny little place with no windows. 'Course, I'm not guaranteein' there'll be anyone at home."

"That Nederbaar's a hard man. He may look fat and jolly but don't you be taken in. I remember some poor drunk they poured out of the Long Dragon one night — well, to tell you the truth I was helping to carry him — Tilean, he was, just put in from Remas — and he said something to Nederbaar — couldn't make out quite what — and he started laying into that Tilean like he'd just been given a wooden Guilder! We had to drag him off in the end, before he killed the feller."

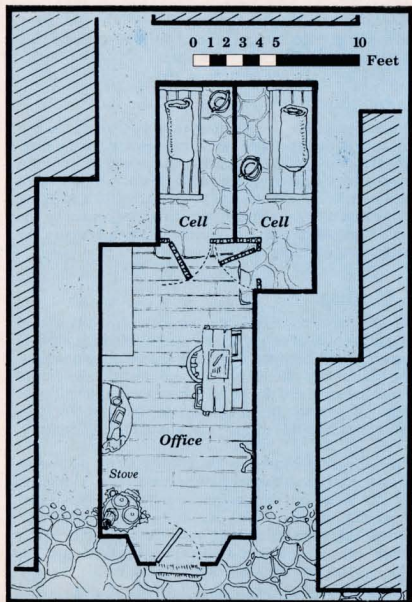
"Watch? Don't talk to me about the Watch. They spend all day bothering honest folk who just want to make a living, and when you face them with a real crime they just don't want to know. Only last week my brother's shop got broken into, and would they do anything? In a dry winter they did. Too busy, they said, got a murder, they said."

Dirck Nederbaar (SL7a), Watchman

- ☐ Tall, stout, red-faced, small blue eyes, short, slightly oily black hair.
- ☐ Genial, helpful, friendly.
- ☐ A peaceful life.
- ☐ "Don't you worry, we'll soon have this sorted out."
- ☐ Knows all the locals of Potion Square, Canal Street, Tanners Alley, Silver Street and parts of Dock Road by sight; distrusts strangers on his beat and foreigners; tries to ignore the presence of Grossbart (SL18c) in 'his' area (and mostly succeeds in doing so); accepts bribes from Jeremias Qualk (SL15a) and Lotte Wald (SL18b) and turns a blind eye to any 'irregularities' in their businesses; wary of Lisette Leerer (SL13a) and knows better than to ask after her business!

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 38 32 5* 4 8 35 2 31 36 33 28 34 37

Skills: Acute Hearing; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Very Strong*



Marienburg

Possessions: sword; club; dagger; (I +20, D -2, P -20); sleeveless mail shirt and helmet (1 AP, head/body); lantern and pole.

Notes: Many years ago, Nederbaar's elder brother was killed after getting involved with a gang of Tilean Racketeers who were trying to establish a foothold in the city. As a result, he is subject to *hatred* of Tileans.

Jan Waat (SL7b), Watchman

- ☐ Shortish, medium build, slightly bulging blue eyes, sharp nose, wavy blonde hair.
- ☐ Dynamic, incisive, sometimes high-handed.
- ☐ Get on, catch criminals, ensure that the law is respected, work by the book – but in that order.
- ☐ “Just waiting for a friend, were you? Tell me one I haven't heard.” and “Do what you like anywhere else, but this is my patch and you answer to me. And don't you forget it. And that's MIJNHEER Waat to you.”
- ☐ Knows all the locals on his beat; suspicious of Qualk (SL15a), *everybody* at the Long Dragon (SL18) and Lis-sette Leerer (SL13a), but does nothing because Nederbaar has told him that he is ‘handling those matters’; hates Gunther and Anders Grimm (SL14a&b) and is convinced that they are the worst sort of criminal; despises Sister Marianne (SL14a) for trusting the Grimm brothers. Waat is a very junior member of the Knights of Purity, in which he sees a chance for his own advancement within the Watch.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 46 41 3 4 8 44 2 43 47 45 39 41 40

Skills: Law; Read/Write; Shadowing; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun.

Possessions: sword; club; dagger; (I +20, D -2, P -20); sleeved mail shirt and helmet (1 AP, head/body/arms); lantern and pole.

BY-LAWS

A complete set of the local by-laws is kept in the front office of the Watch-house. Some refer specifically to Luydenhoek, and others to the Suiddock as a whole. As in most of the other city wards, the by-laws here are a body of legislation that has built up over centuries, and many of them are contradictory, unenforceable or downright ridiculous. Here are a few examples, which you can use to make the adventurers' lives difficult if you wish – feel free to invent others in the same vein.

Traffic

Only one cart is permitted on the Draaienbrug bridge at any time. This is at odds with the by-law on the other side of the bridge, which permits up to three. However, it has never been established into which jurisdiction the bridge itself falls, although the central bridge house and the swing mechanism comes under Port Law.

Some streets on Luydenhoek must be kept clear of obstructions – such as parked carts and tied-up horses – at all times during the day. Dock Road and Canal Street definitely fall into this category.



Carts have precedence over all other traffic on Powder Bridge, which is a main route. Technically, this means that everyone must give way to carts on the bridge, although in practice a character's social status will come into play. Quite what happens when two carts meet on the bridge is not made clear.

Horses must be ridden down some streets, and led down others. Again, this is for you to decide (and you can change your mind as many times as you want), although the broader streets will tend to fall into the former category and the narrow streets into the latter. Horses which are left unattended must be securely tied, or tethered to a vehicle such as a cart.

Loitering

This is a good law to use when the adventurers are trying to spy out the land for some operation. As elsewhere in the city, the Watch has the power to move on anyone who is loitering in a public place. A little-known local by-law (Waat knows of it!) provides for a warning on the first offence, a spot fine of 1 Gu per person on the second and third offences, and up to three hours in the stocks for a subsequent offence.

Whistling

It is an offence to whistle, sing or make any other noise of a disrespectful or jolly nature outside the Edelmoed Temple (SL10) between the hours of sunrise and sunset. The fine for this offence is 1 Gu, and the offender can be forced to ‘cease and desist his errant ways and to immediately depart the precinct and surroundings of the Temple’. In practice, this means “Get out of Potion Square.”

While Brother Marijkus (SL10a) has the power to impose this fine on the spot, he never does so. However, the City Watch are empowered to collect fines on behalf of the Temple should they see (or in this case hear) an offence being committed. Most of the time, they don't bother either, but this is a useful spot fine for dealing with drunks leaving the Long Dragon, or for making sure that Marianne's orphans behave themselves!

DOKTOR MARKUS PUTTLANGS_{SL8}



This is the surgery of Mijneer Doktor Markus Puttlangs.

The main entrance to the surgery is on the corner, below the sign. This leads into a waiting-room furnished with a few old and grubby chairs and couches. From here, another door leads into the surgery itself. Everything, from the floorboards to the rusty lamp hanging from the ceiling, is rather worn and down-at-heel, and the standards of hygiene leave much to be desired. There are any number of unhealthy looking stains on the floor, walls and even the ceiling!

A back door leads from the side-alley directly into the surgery, and is used by Doktor Puttlangs' more secretive patients. Rumour has it that this door is also used for disposing of his 'failures' discreetly.

Common Knowledge

"Puttlangs? Only the poor and the desperate go to him. Used to have a place on Leech Street once – big place, so they say – but the drink... well, you know."

"Old Puttlangs is all right for the occasional patch-up job, provided he's got a bottle of brandy inside him – stops him shaking, you see – but I wouldn't trust him to do anything major. Still, his prices are low and he doesn't tell tales, if you take my meaning."

"Drunken old fool. He'll kill somebody one of these days, you mark my words – that's if he hasn't killed a few people already. He should be stopped."

"Well, if people want to risk their lives, that's their privilege, I suppose. He seems to make a living somehow."

"I tell you, it fair made my 'air stand on end. Leastways, it

On the corner of Potion Square and Silver Street, next door to Kluger's Emporium, stands a small building with a strange sign hanging outside – a crossed saw and knife.

People can be seen going in, but very few seem to come out; the air is rent by an occasional ear-splitting scream from inside. Then there's the stale smell of a badly-kept butchers (perhaps slaughterhouse is a more accurate term), and the well-fed flies that contentedly buzz round the place...

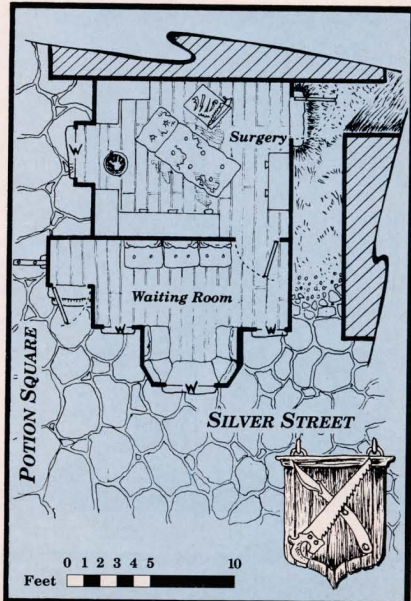
would 'ave if I'd 'ad any. There I was, just kippin' down in the alley, when this 'orrible scream comes out of the Mad Doctor's place. 'Orrible, it was – I never 'eard anyfink like it. Then, a few minutes later, out comes the Doctor with this bundle over 'is shoulder. Well, I says to meself, there ain't no prizes for guessin' what that might be. And off 'e goes down the alley, lookin' round all the time in case someone was to see 'im. I just stopped in the shadders an' made out I was asleep. Some fings are best to keep yer nose out of, I says to meself. 'Ere – spare a copper for a cup of tea?"

Markus Puttlangs (SL8a), Physician, ex-Physician's Student

"Um... yes, yes of course. Just give me a moment to prepare myself."

"Ah, good day to you. And what an excellent day it is! On such a day, I could heal the dead themselves! So – whose life can I save this morning?"

"Go away! Leave me alone! I'm doing nothing today, nothing! Just leave me alone!"



Marienburg

Markus Puttlangs was once a wealthy and successful physician, with a large establishment on Leech Street in the heart of Marienburg's medical community. Now, as anyone can see, he has gone to the dogs.

The good Doctor is a man in his fifties, with unkempt collar-length grey hair and bloodshot, slightly bulging eyes. His clothes are of good quality but worn and stained, and his breath always smells of stale brandy.

Puttlangs trained with some distinction in the medical school attached to the University of Marienburg, but unfortunately, he lacks one of the prime requirements for a successful surgeon – a sense of detachment. Performing operations without the aid of anaesthetics is a harrowing business, and he researched extensively into the use of deleriants to deaden the pain of his 'victims'. Although he had some success, he was also tempted to use the drugs himself, to relieve the horror of his early surgical experiences.

His drugs rapidly became his only friends. He is hopelessly addicted to the exotic Black Lotus, and also needs regular drinks to keep his hand steady. It was only a matter of time before the drinks and the drugs began to change his personality; he lost the confidence of his most wealthy patients, and was forced to move to the less expensive area of Potion Square.

The Doctor now caters to a rather different clientele, patching wounds for those who would rather have no questions asked and occasionally performing surgery for those in need. His neighbours in Potion Square know of his drinking but do not suspect his drug addic-

tion – if news of this were to reach the Guild of Physicks (C12), he would almost certainly be expelled and banned from practising in the city. Brother Marijkuus of the Edelmoed Temple (SL10a) keeps an eye on him and is trying to persuade him to give up drinking, but to no avail so far. Sister Marianne (SL14a) will occasionally call on him to treat emergency cases among her orphans, but would never allow him to perform surgery on them. She suspects that he could be 'struck off' if she reported him to the Guild, but she has decided that this would be a waste of an occasionally-useful physician.

When his surgery is not open, Doctor Puttlangs can be found in the Long Dragon (SL18), whence he usually has to be carried home to Koester's Boarding House (SL22) where he rents a cheap room. On occasion he will do business with Jeremias Qualk (SL15a), and he relies on Grossbart (SL18c) for his supply of Black Lotus.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 29 33 3 4 10 45 1 63 42 64 48 50 37

Age: 52

Alignment: Neutral (no particular deity)

Skills: Ambidextrous; Cure Disease; Heal Wounds; Immunity to Disease; Manufacture Drugs; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language – Classical; Surgery.

Possessions: medical instruments; bottle of brandy.

Notes: 5 insanity points. *Drug Addiction* – Black Lotus; *Alcoholism*; *Shaking*.



OLD MOTHER CRUMHORN SL16



On the edge of Potion Square, at the northern side of Powder Bridge, stands a ramshackle house with a hand-painted sign reading *Old Mother Crumhorn's - Apothecary*. The locals (and especially the orphanage children) tend to avoid the place, although every so often a nervous-looking visitor will knock on the door and disappear inside.

The windows are filthy, and it is almost impossible to see into Mother Crumhorn's. Behind the house stands a small, overgrown yard, backing onto the Poulitice Water.

Common Knowledge

"She's a witch, you know!"

"She's just a harmless old woman who's gone a bit soft in the head, that's all. Living alone all those years, hardly ever going out or seeing anyone, it's bound to affect a person."

"They say she was married once, but I think it ended unhappily. Maybe that's why she's - how shall I say - a little strange."

"Ah, it's just an act. She puts on this old crone bit and has everyone think she's a witch, and then all the young girls go to her for love potions or what have you, and they think they're genuine. She's just an old fraud who can mix up pretty colours in a bottle."

"I'm surprised they don't close her down - I don't believe for a minute that she's got a proper Guild licence to be selling potions and stuff. That Rotkopf lives just down the road - he's important, so why doesn't he do something about her. She's going to kill someone with her brews one of these days."

"Well, I'd never go to a place like that, of course, but... well, this friend of mine went to her for - er, personal problems, if you know what I mean. Came away with this bottle of bubbling green stuff that smelt like the underdock at low tide - well, it cleared the problem up all right, but he was covered in bright green spots for a week!"

Old Mother Crumhorn (SL16a), Wizard level 2, ex-Wizard's Apprentice, ex-Pharmacist, ex-Herbalist

"Hello, my pretty! What can Old Mother Crumhorn do for you, then?"

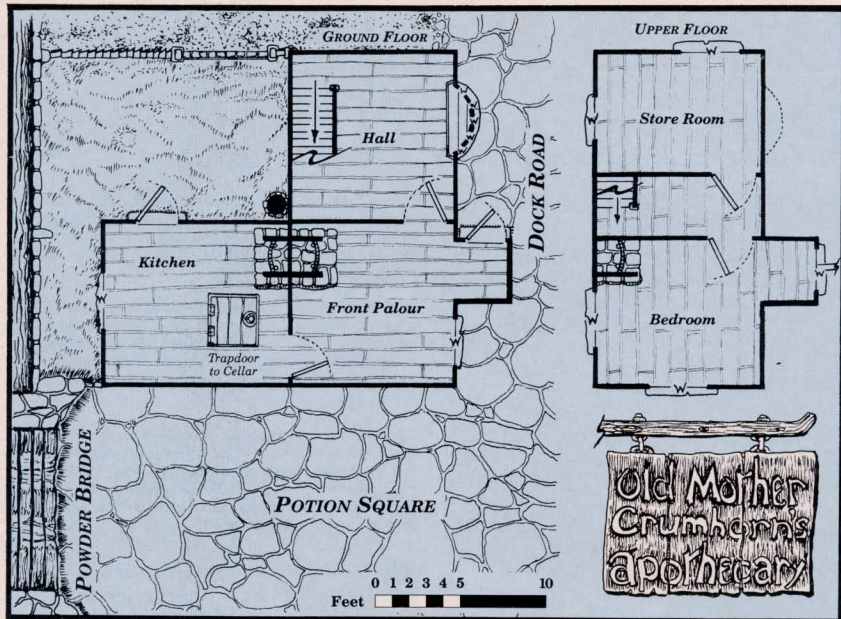
"Ah, now, let me see. A pinch of dust from a suicide's grave, some dried bats' ears, and just a touch of fennel to take the taste away. And a pinch of this - but you don't really want to know what that is, now do you? What's the matter, my pretty? Lost your appetite?"

"Come out, come out of there, my pretty! Think I don't know you're there just because I can't see you, do you. Ha ha, you don't fool Old Mother that easily!"

"All alone in the world, my pretty? Such a pity..."

No-one knows whether Old Mother Crumhorn ever had another name. She is an ancient, almost toothless crone, with tangled and matted grey hair and skin like badly-tanned leather. She has a large wart just to the left of her nose, with a small tuft of hair erupting from it. When she laughs - which she does a great deal, often for no apparent reason - her one remaining tooth is displayed in all its yellowed glory, and she dribbles. Her short, broad body and stick-thin arms make her look a little like a spider as she goes about her work, cackling over a steaming cauldron and babbling to herself about various questionable ingredients. Her eyes, when they can be seen through the tangle of hair, don't match. One is a watery grey-blue, the other a blind white.

Old Mother Crumhorn is regarded with a mixture of fear and fascination by the locals. Children all over Luydenhoek are frightened into obedience by parents who



threaten to sell them to the old witch, who will boil their bones to make glue or do something equally unpleasant to them. Opinion is divided over whether she actually is a witch who has somehow escaped the notice of the relevant authorities, or an eccentric but more-or-less harmless old madwoman, or a cunning charlatan who cultivates an archetypal image of a witch in order to make her strange preparations seem more authentic.

Mother Crumhorn's house is at least a century old, and she has lived there and plied her trade for as long as anyone can remember. No-one can remember her being anything but old – even the older residents of Potion Square cannot recall her being middle-aged or young. For that matter, nobody can really remember a time when she didn't live in Potion Square... Of course, nobody dares to ask Mother about her past.

Very few people would ever admit to consulting Old Mother Crumhorn, but many do. Whether or not her personality and appearance are just a front, they draw a number of customers, particularly from among the young and impressionable. Despite the fact that she lives alone and is so lacking in charm, no-one thinks to question the efficacy of her love potions.

The fact is, Old Mother Crumhorn's appearance is in no way deceptive. She is a witch, and the ingredients she puts in her potions and preparations are exactly what she says they are, and what her customers expect. She also indulges in less savoury activities, and is behind the disappearance of several incautious young Marienburgers. Her cellar contains enough evidence of her

activities to have her condemned to the fire by the Temple Court many times over.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 22 22 2 5 11 45 1 47 31 55 33 48 22

Skills: Arcane Language – Magic; Blather; Brewing; Cast Spells – see below; Chemistry; Cure Disease; Daemon Lore; Evaluate; Haggle; Heal Wounds; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Immunity to Disease; Immunity to Poison; Magic Sense; Magical Awareness; Manufacture Drugs; Manufacture Potions; Meditation; Numismatics; Palmistry; Prepare Poisons; Rune Lore; Scroll Lore; Sixth Sense.

Spells: 32 Magic Points

Petty

Curse; Gift of Tongues; Magic Alarm; Magic Lock; Marsh Lights; Protection from Rain; Remove Curse; Sleep; Sounds.

Battle 1

Aura of Resistance; Cure Light Injury; Dispirit; Immunity from Poison; Steal Mind.

Battle 2

Aura of Protection; Cause Panic; Mental Duel; Steal Magical Power; Zone of Sanctuary.

Possessions: rusty dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); gnarled walking stick (actually a magical weapon – treat as club – with abilities *Fear*, *Animated* and *Spell Absorption*); tarnished silver ring (Ring of Protection vs Humans); Jewel of Power (contains *Change of Allegiance* spell) on silver chain around neck; bag of herbs and dried animal organs; small bag of teeth; D6 pennies.

Blackie the Crow (SL16b), Familiar



"Kaaak!"

Blackie lives in a brass cage in Old Mother Crumhorn's front parlour and consulting room, and looks like a small, seedy and somewhat malevolent crow. Most of the time he sits on his perch, casting a baleful eye on proceedings in the room; occasionally he will stretch his wings (as far as the cage will allow) and give vent to a loud caw.

Some people are convinced that Blackie is a familiar spirit, others that he is just a pet kept by the old woman to complete her hag-witch image; in fact, the former theory is correct.

Blackie is an independent Lesser Daemon, and a very weak one at that, which probably explains how he came to be in the service of Old Mother Crumhorn. His cage is magical, and a close examination will reveal a pentacle scratched into the floor; this keeps him in the cage and in his crow form. If he is let out of the cage by any means, he will adopt the form of a black-skinned imp about three feet tall, with a wide, fanged mouth and knife-like claws. He will also become subject to *instability*. His first act will probably be to try to kill the old woman who has kept him prisoner for so long.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
2 33 0 2 3 5 30 1 30 60 60 60 60 -

Special Rules: causes *fear* in living creatures when in imp form. Blackie is immune to non-magical attacks, and his own attacks count as magical. *Claw* or *bite* attack in imp form, *bite* attack in crow form. Blackie has the skill *Identify Magical Artefact*, which he will use at Old Mother Crumhorn's command. Outside his cage, he will also have 16 *magic points* and the spells *Fire Ball*, *Wind Blast* and *Smash*.

ENCOUNTERING MOTHER CRUMHORN

There are two main ways in which adventurers can encounter Old Mother Crumhorn; they might pay her a visit to buy her services, or they might decide to investigate her.

Services

A glance down Mother Crumhorn's list of skills and spells will give you an idea of the kind of services she can offer. Basically, according to the needs of your adventurers, she can offer anything in the line of magical healing, magic potions, and identification of magical items. If, at any time, you don't want a particular service to be available to your adventurers, then Old Mother

er Crumhorn has either forgotten how to do it (she can be *very* eccentric at times) or she's decided that she doesn't want to do that particular job today.

Below is a list of Old Mother Crumhorn's services, with suggested prices – you can use these as base prices for haggling, or you can add in a random factor of 75-150%, according to what sort of mood she's in today.

Service	Price
Casting Spells	
Curse, Remove Curse	25 Gu
Cure Light Injury	50 Gu
Healing	
Wounds	25 Gu per treatment
Disease	30 Gu per treatment
Potions	
Healing	50 Gu per dose
Strength	30 Gu per dose
Tongues	30 Gu per dose
Identifying Magical Items	
Potion	20 Gu per attempt
Ring, Wand or Jewel	25 Gu per attempt
Other	30 Gu per attempt

If a service is not listed, it is not available – for example, Old Mother Crumhorn will not teach spells or skills (*"Far better if you come back to me when you want the use of them, my pretty – hee hee hee!"*), and she will only cast the three spells listed – the others she keeps for her own purposes only.

Terms for everything are strictly payment in advance and she offers no guarantees, and some of Mother Crumhorn's services are expensive. But, on the other hand, she asks no questions and has a 'professional' bad memory about what her clientele, which can be useful at times, especially for (shift) adventurers.

Investigation

Although most of her neighbours are convinced that Old Mother Crumhorn is just a harmless old woman – after all, a *real* witch wouldn't be that obvious, surely, *flaunting* herself in front of everybody and every witch hunter in the city – the adventurers might take it into their heads to check her out, just in case.

The first thing they will discover is that Old Mother Crumhorn never, ever leaves her house. She never seems to sleep, either – there is a light burning in her front parlour all through the night, and there is no hour at which the adventurers can break in without being discovered. In addition to this, she has *Magic Alarm* spells covering every possible entrance; the adventurers are going to have to be very clever indeed if they want to get in unnoticed.

The general public never sees beyond Old Mother Crumhorn's front parlour, and she will defend the rest of her territory vigorously. She will rely on her psychology-based spells to chase intruders off, having covered herself with defensive magic. If the adventurers manage to get a look at the rest of her house before the Watch

arrives to investigate the disturbance, they will find plenty of evidence to convict her as a witch. Her bedroom is illuminated by a five-branched candlestick burning candles of Human fat, for instance (characters with a current or past career in spellcasting or medicine are permitted an Int test to realise this).

But the really damning evidence is in the cellar of the house. This is a veritable charnel house, holding the remains of her victims from decades of murder. Although many are decayed or mutilated beyond recognition as pieces of meat, let alone human bodies, at least a couple of the corpses can be identified as young people who have been missing for a few days from elsewhere in the Suiddock. The cellar also holds a number of rendering pans, kettles, carefully sorted jars of human organs, and piles of meticulously polished bones: all items which are strong circumstantial evidence of, if not actual necromancy, certain necromantic interests. At the very least, Old Mother Crumhorn is quite violently disordered!

The Temple Court in Marienburg offers a standing reward of 50 Gu for any information leading to the successful trial of a necromancer, daemonologist, Chaos cultist or evil spellcaster; the adventurers would be able to claim this reward if they obtained enough evidence against Old Mother Crumhorn, and in the process they might gain an introduction to some influential characters in Temple circles.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

Here are a couple of ideas for short adventures featuring Old Mother Crumhorn. These might be run on their own, or in parallel with another adventure to provide distractions and complications.

Justice be Done

While wandering through Potion Square at night – perhaps on the way to or from the Long Dragon – the adventurers encounter the ghost of Marijke Schlachtoffer, a young girl of about thirteen. The ghost is wandering about the square weeping piteously, and will ignore the adventurers unless they actually ask her why she is crying.

"I only wanted a love potion," the ghost wails, "But that wicked old woman killed me, and now I can't even be dead properly!" The poor ghost is close to breaking down, and the adventurers will have to be very gentle and very patient to get any further information from her. She cannot rest until her body is recovered and given a decent burial, and she doesn't know where her body is except that it's cold and dark and there are other bodies there.

To lay the ghost, the adventurers will have to get into Old Mother Crumhorn's house, find the cellar and recover Marijke's body for burial. There could well be complications – the old witch might have used part of the body as ingredients for a potion, in which case the potion will have to be found and buried along with the body. If you want to stage a big, dramatic scene, then after the witch's cellar has been cleared of its grisly contents a whole crowd of ghosts might come trooping out

of the house, assemble in Potion Square, and drift off through the city, gradually dissipating as they finally find rest.

Pins and Needles

At some point, the adventurers have consulted Old Mother Crumhorn. Perhaps they desperately needed a curative potion and, surprisingly enough, all she asked for was a hank of hair from one of them. A reasonable bargain at the time, or so it seemed...

The next thing the adventurers know is that one of their number is suffering from blinding headaches. It doesn't matter what he does, the pain gets worse. But every time they go past Mother Crumhorn's, the curtains twitch, or the light inside dims for a moment as the old woman leaves the window.

A note is pushed under their door. It's from Mother, and asks them to visit her and take tea. When they arrive, the old woman is as close to charming as she gets: *"Now my pretties. I've done what you wanted. Now it's time for you to do what I want..."*

Then she makes her demands. The adventurers must bring her a fresh body. She doesn't care where they get it, but it must be fresh. If they are too squeamish, one of them will do. And to make sure they will do what she says, she produces a small doll from inside her apron and holds it up. It is a likeness of the headache-sufferer. She also holds up a small pin, and drives it into the doll's hand with predictable results... However, she is willing to let the adventurers have the doll if they do what she asks.

The adventurers are faced with a simple choice: do they follow Old Mother Crumhorn's orders, or do they try to get the doll? And even if they do what the old woman asks, how do they know she will keep her bargain? And who can they go to for help, without one of their number being put through agony and possibly killed? ■■



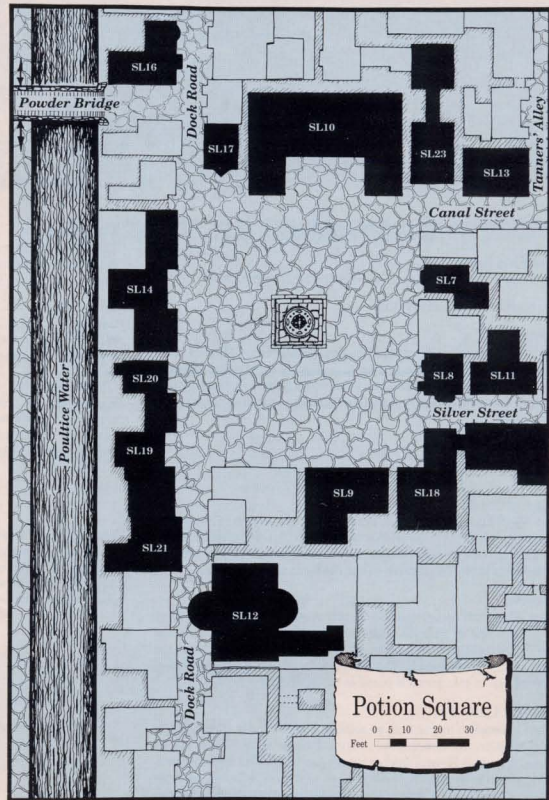


This month we return to Potion Square, to look at a few of the area's smaller traders. As the Square's nickname suggests, the trade in medical, magical and alchemical ingredients is brisk hereabouts.

We've already met Wilhelm Rotkopf the Alchemist and visited Jan van Arzneider's Floracopoeia in WD128 and 126 – this time we meet Arabian spice merchant Hassan. Some of the locals think there's more to Hassan than a simple foreign spice-trader with a gift for haggling, but that may be just because he's from Araby. Most Old Worlders are ready to believe that anyone from that mysterious land is a dangerous sorcerer. But if you need anything from cooking spices to simple magical ingredients Hassan's is a good place to start.

Moving on, the Sign of the Quill provides anything you could ever need in the way of writing implements and supplies – and if you can't read or write yourself, then proprietor Dirck Oester will be more than happy to do your reading and writing for you – for a good price, of course!

The two cottages between the Quill and Droevigger's Funeral Emporium (which we'll visit on a future occasion) are now a warehouse and caretaker's cottage owned by absentee landlord Artur Dagblad, who has at least one finger in the local leather trade. But leather isn't all that you might find in Dagblad's 'lockup' if you look carefully! The leather trade also provides a living for tanner Anton Loewijer and his two apprentices. It's a fascinating craft – if a slightly malodorous one.



HASSAN'S SL17



Between the Edelmoad Temple and Dock Road there stands a very strange little building, with an equally strange sign hanging outside – an iron wedge jammed into carved wooden fruit of some sort. There is no other sign or name-plate, but the stoppered glass jars of dried fruits and powders in the windows give a clue that here one may buy spices. This impression is confirmed upon entering the shop. The mixture of aromas is almost overwhelming.

A small, wiry, dark-skinned man rises from a chair behind the counter as the customer enters, bows formally, and speaks in cultured tones, but with a noticeable Arabian accent: "Enter and be welcome. My humble shop is at your service. How may I assist you?"

Hassan's shop is a small, dark place, crammed with drawers and jars of herbs, spices and other ingredients. Upstairs, he has a small office and sitting room where he entertains 'special' customers. Some of the business which is transacted in the privacy of the upstairs room may not be entirely legal...

Common Knowledge

"It's not right, I tell you. Bringing his heathen practices into a civilised country – and right next door to the temple, too! We're too soft on these furriners. No good'll come of it, you mark my words!"

"Whole place is the wrong way round if you ask me. I mean, look at the frontage. All windows, and that bay poking out – it's the natural place for a door. But is the door there? No. It's round the side on Dock Road, set into a blank wall. You can't tell me it's not like that for a purpose. There's something not right there, that's for sure."

"It's a funny place, right enough, but Hassan's all right when you get to know him. Always has the best stuff, too. A lot of people are wary of him, but that's just because he's Arabian, I reckon. Don't see a lot of them around here – they mainly keep to their little enclave up around Havensdijk, along with the other foreign merchants."

"They say he's connected with one of the big Arabian merchants up on Havensdijk – second cousin of someone's brother-in-law or something. He must have contacts to get hold of the stuff he sells. He knows his stuff, too. People come to Hassan's from all over the city, and not just the occasional Halfling after some seasonings. If you know what you're doing, there's a lot you can get from Hassan."

"There's more to that one than meets the eye..."

Hassan bin Naroun al-Asred, Merchant, ex-Trader, ex-Herbalist, ex-Wizard's Apprentice (SL17a)

"Welcome to my humble place of business. Here most assuredly you will find what you seek."

"Aaah, but observe – the colour, the texture, the aroma. This is of the very best – fit for the table of the Sultan himself! Already I must face the angry ghosts of my forefathers for offering it at such a price! For my soul, I cannot go one penny lower."

"Five Guilders? I would not take so little for a single hair from my beard! Hassan does no business with thieves!"

"What you ask is clearly impossible. The Sultan himself has decreed that this spice is never to leave the shores of Araby, on pain of death to the faithless merchant who ships it. I will do what I can, but the price will be high. Return in two weeks."

"Son of a dog, you exhaust me utterly. Take it, take it and give me your filthy money. I betray my trade, my nation and my family by selling at this price – I shall starve and my soul be torn by evil spirits for such dealings, but take it, you shameless robber! May worms eat your guts, you bandit, and may you taste the poverty your dealings force upon my blameless head!"

Hassan is a shortish, hawk-faced, wiry man in his late thirties. His black beard and moustache are impeccably trimmed, and he always wears a turban of black or purple silk secured by a ruby-topped pin. He dresses in the loose clothing of Araby, wearing brightly-coloured silks and satins in combinations that no Old Worlder could carry off. In winter, he adds a fine wine-coloured velvet cloak against the cold and damp.

Hassan's manner is faultlessly polite when dealing with a customer, but he is a very spirited haggler and engages in bargaining with an enthusiasm that Old Worlders sometimes find unnerving. Even the more genteel Marienburgers among his clientele sometimes have trouble keeping up with the unending flow of refusals, threats, pleas and insults that make up a typical Arabian bargaining session.

Hassan deals mainly in spices brought in from Araby. Despite rumours of powerful connections amongst the resident Arabian merchants, he works more or less alone, dealing directly with ships' captains. They are generally happy to bring in an extra sack or two, and Hassan's extensive contacts among the Arabian crews mean that he is able to maintain a steady supply of almost anything.

As well as the more conventional spices, Hassan has been known to deal in more exotic substances from Araby, trading Old World herbs and rarities back to his homeland. Several of the city's wizards rely on Hassan for certain spell ingredients, and more than one of Marienburg's merchant princes has found him useful in obtaining Arabian antiquities and other exotic items with which to impress friends and rivals. Despite the fact that he is not formally attached to any of the Arabian mercantile concerns in the city, Hassan has numerous friends and contacts among the resident Arabians.

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He occasionally obtains exotic herbs for Jan van Arzner (SL9a), and Wilhelm Rotkopf (SL12a) buys ingredients from him regularly. He is licensed by the Guild of Wizards and Alchemists (C22) to sell spell ingredients, and a framed certificate to this effect hangs on the wall behind the counter. Hassan has never done business with Grossbart (SL18c) – he knows there is a drug den in the Long Dragon but is not inclined to become involved. Grossbart, for his part, is aware of Hassan's dealings, but is letting him be for the moment.

M W BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 43 38 3 4 9 52 1 44 57 63 51 53 50

Age: 37

Alignment: Neutral

Skills: Acute Hearing; Ambidextrous; Arcane Language – Magick (Arabian); Blather; Cast Spells – see below; Evaluate; Haggle*; Herb Lore; Identify Plant; Law; Magical Sense; Manufacture Drugs; Numismatics; Prepare Poisons; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language – Ancient Arabian; Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder; Super Numerate.

* Hassan gains a +20 modifier for this skill, instead of the usual +10.

Spells: 7 Magic Points

Petty Curse; Gift of Tongues; Magic Alarm; Magic Flame; Reinforce Door; Sleep; Sounds; Zone of Warmth.

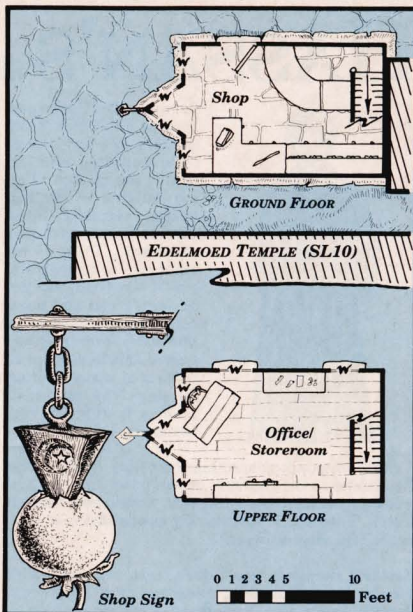
Possessions: dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20) in sheath that automatically coats the blade with 2-dose Manbane blade venom when it is drawn (must be refilled after 2 uses); spell ingredients; personal jewellery worth 50 Gu total.

Trading at Hassan's

As well as a range of culinary spices, Hassan stocks a few herbs and ingredients for most legal spells (ie not Necromantic or Daemonic) up to level 2. Spell ingredients cost 1 Gu for Petty Magic, and 2GU per level for other spells – this price gets enough for a single casting of the spell. You might want to alter this price if an ingredient is particularly mundane (eg a piece of wax) or particularly exotic (eg the tongue of a Harpy).

As we've already said, Hassan is very fond of haggling. He will always demand twice the normal price for an item, and will haggle normally down to 120% of the normal price. At this point, his bargaining becomes more heated as he calls upon the full 20% bonus conferred by his exceptional Haggle skill. He can be bargained down to 100% of the normal price, but only after a lot of protests, imprecations, insults and general histrionics. He *never* sells at less than 100%. It is up to you to decide exactly what Hassan has in stock at any time – you might have special reasons for wanting the adventurers to be able to get hold of certain spell ingredients – or not!

If the adventurers ever need to get hold of something rare or exotic, there's a chance that they will find it at Hassan's. You might also use him to introduce them to various adventures connected with the stranger items among his stock.



Security Measures

Hassan does not live on the premises, and his shop is equipped with several anti-burglar measures. Firstly, the lock on the door is magical, and Hassan carries the only key; the enchanted lock casts the Petty Magic spells *Magic Lock* and *Reinforce Door*. The lock cannot be opened other than with the correct key, and it also boosts its resistance to being broken down, giving it T6, D8.

All the windows have a low-power enchantment in the glass (a variant on the Petty Magic spell *Sounds*). No matter how carefully a would-be burglar breaks a window, it always makes a loud noise across the Square (SL7). The enchantment will even negate a *Zone of Silence* 20% of the time. The security measures continue inside the shop. As he leaves, Hassan stands a decorated ceramic tile on the counter – a gift from an Arabian wizard of his acquaintance. At first glance it looks like a fairly cheap Arabian *objet d'art*, but in fact it has two spell runes worked into it: *Cause Panic* and *Cause Cowardly Flight*. The runes are activated by anyone except Hassan coming within 2 yards of the tile, and the *Cause Panic* rune activates slightly before the other. The effects are as given in the WFRP rulebook:

Test	Pass	Fail
1st WP test	make 2nd WP test	Flee
2nd WP test	no effect	make Ld test
Ld test	no effect	Flee

Finally, Hassan has four *Enchanted Ropes* imported from his native land. He leaves them wandering the shop at night, with orders to attack and bind anyone who enters except him.

THE SIGN OF THE QUILL SL20

This small shop stands next door to the Marienburg Home for Foundlings (SL14) on Potion Square. A narrow alley separates it from the orphanage, and it forms a block with Dagblad's Wholesale Leathers (SL19) and Droevigger's Funeral Services (SL21).

Outside the door hangs a wooden model of a quill pen, about three feet long. Anyone entering the shop will find themselves confined to one corner by a scrubbed pine counter; the rest of the shop is filled with racks and cupboards containing pens, inks, sandboxes, sheets of parchment and vellum, and other writing equipment. Against one wall, under a pair of oil-lamps, stands a large writing-desk, and it is here that the proprietor will most often be found working. As well as offering writing equipment to the literate, the Sign of the Quill also offers basic literary services to the unskilled.

Common Knowledge

"The Quill? Sells parchment, I think. Writing stuff. Never had much use for it myself."

"Oester does a fair-quality vellum, but you have to watch

him. Check every sheet carefully – if he's got a faulty one he'll often try to get rid of it by slipping it in the middle of a stack so you don't notice."

"Oh, yes, he does all that writin' stuff. A couple of years ago my Uncle Hendrik got rammed by a drunk Bretonnian in the Brunwasser, an' there was all this writin' to go through with the courts an' that – well, Uncle was quite worried. I mean, you don't need writin' to run a lighter off Stoessel, so he never got round to learnin'. Oester saw him right, though – read all the stuff out to him and writ down what Uncle had to say for himself. Turned out sweet as ale in the end."

"Mention my name and tell him you're after a scroll-quality vellum. He'll quote you a price alright! Don't budge above a Guilder a sheet, though – he'll come down eventually."

Dirck Oester (SL20a), Charlatan, ex-Forger, ex-Scribe, ex-Trader (Initiate of Ranald)

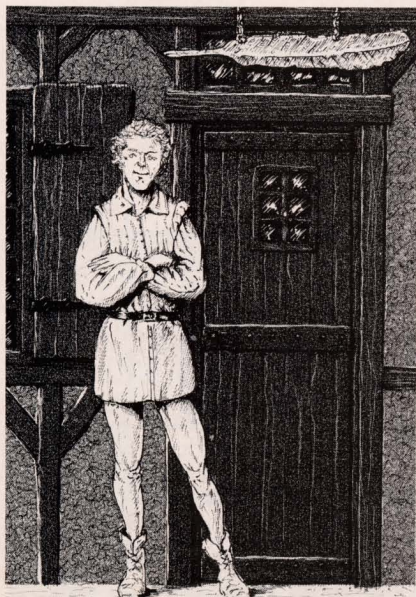
"The four-shilling parchment? Weellll... it's all right for doodling, I suppose – notes and the like. But for a finished piece of writing, I'd say you really need the ten-shilling. Look – see the finish on that? Now compare it with the four-shilling. See what I mean?"

"Now here's a quill for you. Take a look. What is it? Guess. You can tell at a glance it's not swan or goose. Give up? Genuine Pegasus feather, that is. I happen to know this wizard in Elftown, you see – every so often I'll do him a little favour and he'll send me a few of these from his stable. Beautiful quill, Pegasus – holds a point like nothing you've ever seen. Doesn't flake or chip like a bird's quill. Master Rotkopf across the way there, he won't use anything else. Knows his stuff, does that gentleman. Five Guilders, to you."

"What's that, then, Granny? Ohhh – looks official. Seal on the back and everything. What've you been up to, then? You been out with your little lamp leading ships onto Breukrots again? Ha ha! Course I'll read it for you – oh, don't you worry, just give me one of your sausages and we're even."

Dirck Oester is a fresh-faced, slim man; his tousled ginger hair and freckles make him look younger than his age. He was apprenticed as a scribe to one of the merchant houses, but quickly became dissatisfied with the pay and lack of interest in the job. He rents this small shop from Artur Dagblad (CK12) and makes a living from his knowledge of writing and writing materials. He is a quick-witted individual with a certain roguish charm, and most of his customers agree that you have to keep your wits about you when dealing with him.

Most of his customers and acquaintances don't know that Oester is an Initiate in the cult of Ranald, although few would be surprised to find out. He is a member of



Marienburg

Edvard Strattnr's (SL33a) shrine club, like his neighbour Albert Waarmans (SL19a), and in a chest in his bedroom he keeps a small folding shrine dedicated to Randal the Deceiver. While he is capable of all kinds of sharp practice, he has a soft spot for the poor and needy, and will work for them free of charge if they genuinely can't afford to pay.

Oester supplies writing materials to many of the physicians on nearby Leech Street, and Wilhelm Rotkopf (SL12a) is one of his regular customers. The two have worked together on a number of occasions to develop special inks for inscribing magical and arcane scrolls and books. He gives parchment scraps and off-cuts to Sister Marianne (SL14a) for use in the orphanage's classes, and has provided letters of introduction which have helped a few of the orphans to apprenticeships as scribes. Oester has contacts right across the social scale in Suiddock, and will sometimes supplement the income from his shop by rather less respectable means – the occasional forgery of a bill of lading or other official document, for instance. He also uses the warehouse next door to hide contraband for Matteus Pijk (SS22a). This operation is so well hidden that even Grossbart (SL18c) knows nothing of it, although Lea-Jan Cobbis (SR5a) is aware of the operation. He finds out well in advance when the warehouse is to be cleared, and makes sure that the 'goods' are moved out beforehand – for one thing it's too good a dodge to let it be discovered, and for another he would hate Albert to get into trouble on his account.

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 33 50 3 4 10 41 1 63 39 58 51 53 55

Age: 32

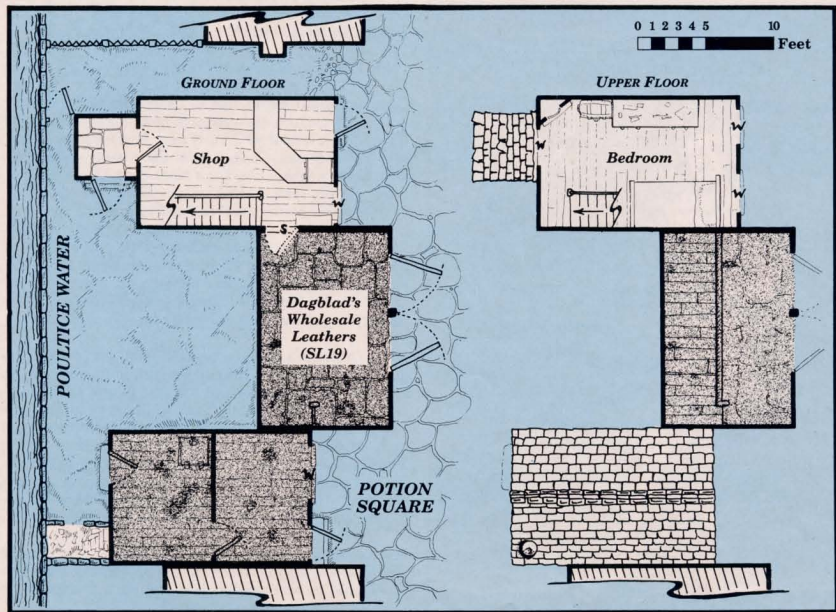
Alignment: Neutral (Randal)

Skills: Arcane Language – Magick; Art; Blather; Charm; Evaluate; Haggle; Law; Numismatics; Read/Write; Scroll Lore; Secret Language – Classical; Super Numerate; Theology; Wit.

Possessions: dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); assorted writing materials (always has a quill tucked behind his ear).

THE GOODS

At any time, there is a 20% chance that Oester has hidden some contraband in Dagblad's warehouse. The things he stores are always small and of high value – it's not practical to hide a ship-load of untaxed corn in a small warehouse! Oester has no part in the smuggling operation, but simply provides a hiding-place for illicit goods until they can be moved. The contraband can vary widely – Bretonnian and Imperial brandy is frequently smuggled in, as are fine wines from almost every part of the Old World. Jewellery and precious stones are small, valuable and easy to smuggle – jade from Lustria or Cathay and worked amber from Norsca – and antiques and *objects d'art* from almost anywhere can find its way into Marienburg. A cache of contraband will be worth anything from a few dozen Guilders to a few hundred – roll a D6, note the score and roll D100 that many times. Add the scores together to find the value of the contraband in Guilders.



DAGBLAD'S WHOLESALE LEATHERS SL19

The row of buildings which back onto the Poultrice Water were all originally small houses, but many, like the Marienburg Home for Foundlings (SL14), have been adapted to other uses. Dagblad's consists of two houses, next-door-but-one to the orphanage. One has been converted into a small warehouse, and Albert Waarmans the caretaker lives in the other.

The two buildings are owned by Artur Dagblad (CK12), but he hardly ever visits them, having many interests elsewhere. Their main business is simply to store made-up leather goods before they are moved on to other parts of the city for sale. Occasionally Dagblad will arrange for other things to be stored here, but the warehouse's main business is leathers from nearby Tanner's Alley and Shoemaker's Square.

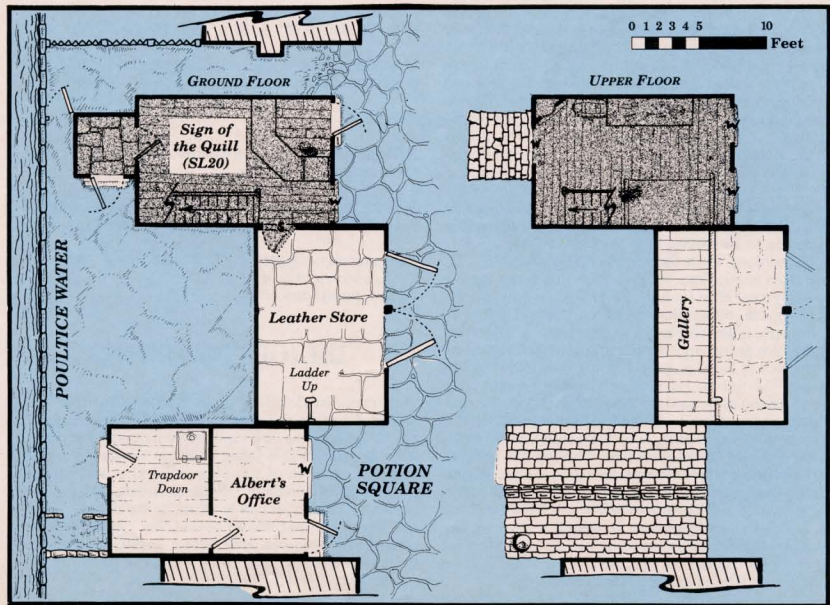
Albert's shack is a single-storey, two-room affair. He sleeps and cooks in the back, which is fitted with a small stove; firewood is kept outside in a small roofless pen built into the wall of the yard. The front room is a blend of parlour and office, with a rickety table scattered with miscellaneous paperwork and writing kit, and a comfortable but slightly battered chair right by

the window. It is here that Albert spends most of his days, watching the world go by outside. On a fine summer day, he will even drag his chair into the doorway. There is a trapdoor in the floor of the back room which presumably leads down to some kind of cellar, but Albert has never opened it and has no idea what might be in there. It's left to your discretion as GM to decide where this trapdoor really leads – the sewers, perhaps?

The 'lockup' was originally a small two-storey house, but has been radically altered. A narrow loft, reached by ladder from the ground, is all that remains of the upper floor, and a tall double-doorway has been cut into the front of the building. The back door which originally led out to the yard has been bricked and plastered; now the doorway is visible only from the outside. Neither Albert nor Dagblad is aware of the secret door leading into Dirck Oester's shop (SL20).

Common Knowledge

"That? Warehouse of some kind, I think. Saw them moving some leather jerkins in there once. The old boy next door seems to be some kind of caretaker."



Marienburg

"Cushiest job in the docks, old Albert's got. All he has to do is sit there all day in his shack. I mean, who's going to rob a warehouse full of cheap leathers?"

"Never met Dagblad, but he seems to look after old Albert all right. Still, at his age he's entitled to an easier life, I reckon. Not that he takes it particularly easy in the Long Dragon of an evening, but that's another story."

Albert Waarmans, Servant, ex-Labourer

"What d'ye think to this weather, then? Not bad for the time of year, eh?"

"GERRADAVIT! Oh, sorry, boss – thought you was another o'them kids from the orphanage. 'Ave t'keep an eye on them, I do – always muckin' about round 'ere."

"That kid of Rotkopf's is out at all hours, y'know – the spotty one. I reckon he's got a sweetheart somewhere. Up all night lookin' at the stars, he was – an' not with a telescope like 'is boss, either."

"Saw that Doctor Markus in the Dragon last night – dear me, the state he was in. Couldn't 'ave stood upright to save 'is life – not even if 'e'd 'ad six pair o' legs! Someone carted 'im back to Koester's in the end – sleepin' like a baby, 'e was – and I'd be very surprised if 'e remembers a thing about it."

Albert Waarmans is a weatherbeaten, wrinkled old man, stooped by age but still mentally active. The job of looking after the warehouse ("the lockup" as he calls it) is not a demanding one, and most of the time he does pretty much what he pleases. He is more fortunate than many Marienburgers of his age without families to support them, since the job gives him free accommodation in the shack next to the warehouse and enough money for food and a few drinks in the Long Dragon (SL18). Albert is a contented individual, and loves nothing more than a few beers and a good gossip. He sees and hears a good deal of what goes on in and around Potion Square, and spends so much time watching his neighbors, in fact, that he is completely unaware of the fact that the lockup is sometimes used by smugglers working in collusion with Dirck Oester (SL20a) next door.

Albert is well-known in the Long Dragon, although he doesn't know all its secrets. His predilection for gossip makes him an unwitting look-out for Grossbart (SL18c) and his minions. He is forever chasing orphans (SL14d) away from the lockup, but he does this more for his own enjoyment than for any fear of theft or damage. He makes regular small donations to the Edelmood Temple (SL10) – he's fallen on his feet and found a nice little job to keep him going into his old age, and the donations are as much a bribe to keep Shallya sweet as they are alms for the needy. He is also a paid-up member (a penny a week) of Edvard Strattner's (SL33a) shrine club a little further down Dock Road. Albert worked on the docks as a younger man, and his acquaintance with Lea-Jan Cobbuis (SR5a) goes back decades. He believes that Cobbuis secretly keeps an eye on him, which accounts for the lack of trouble at the warehouse; in fact, Cobbuis would just about remember him if the two met, and is much more interested in taking a share of the contraband that passes through there. Albert knows Granny Hetta (SB26a) but the two don't get on – neither wants to stop talking and listen to the other one!



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	LD	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	32	26	3	5*	8	20	1	22	35	33	30	28	41

Note that Albert's scores in some characteristics have been reduced to reflect his age.

Age: 68

Alignment: Neutral, particularly respects both Ranald the Protector and Shallya.

Skills: Carpentry; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Read/Write; Strike to Stun; Very Resilient*.

Possessions: leather jack and cap (0/1 AP, head/body/arms); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); club; lantern; keys; bottle of rum.

ILLICIT DEALINGS

More complete details of Oester's smuggling operation will be found in the description of his shop (SL20). At any time, there is a 20% chance that a quantity of contraband of some kind is being stored in the lockup behind and beneath one of the piles of jerkins and aprons. Oester makes a habit of talking to Albert, so he always knows when the lockup is about to be cleared and he can move his contraband before that happens. If any contraband is found here Albert could be in serious trouble unless someone finds the secret door and can prove the connection with Oester.

LOEWIJER'S TANNERY SL23

Loewijer's is one of the many small tanneries in the leatherworking district of Luydenhoek. It is set a little way behind Tanner's Alley, in the maze of side-streets and alleyways. One end of the building stands on Canal Street, but it is without doors or windows – instead, it has a colourful mural of a stack of leather hides and a sign reading *LOEWIJER'S TANNERY – Entrance at Side*. The sign doesn't say which side the entrance is on, but it doesn't matter since there are doors on both sides of the building.

Beside each door is a pit, 5ft square and 5ft deep and covered over with planks. At least, it's covered over with planks so long as Mats remembers to put them back. Some late-night revellers making their way home from the Long Dragon through these alleys sometimes fall into a pit in the darkness. The pits are used for storing the tanning mixture, an evil-smelling concoction made from the bark of certain trees, sour wine and other, less pleasant substances. It is a 1-yard fall into the pits, and anyone falling in suffers a -20 penalty to Fel tests until they get cleaned up. If they have any unhealed wounds when they fall in, they must make a T test or the wounds become infected.

The building itself consists of two large rooms connected by a narrow passage. The front room on the ground floor is used for scraping, trimming and dcleaning hides, and the back room – which has a deliver door facing towards Tanners' Alley – contains three tanning pits like those outside, except that they now contain hides in various stages of tanning. A ladder leads up the upper floor from here, as does a ramp from the front room. There is no passage on the upper level – the space is occupied by a rope drying rack for hanging hides when they come out of the pits.

Anton Loewijer (SL23a) Artisan (Tanner), ex-Artisan's Apprentice, ex-Marine, ex-Mercenary Sergeant

"Go outside and look at the sign. Get someone to read it to you if you're not sure. You'll find it says 'Loewijer's Tannery'. Tannery, right? That means we tan hides here, see? What it doesn't say is 'Loewijer's Leather Shop'. And because it doesn't say 'Loewijer's Leather Shop', that means we don't sell leathers. We just tan them. With me so far? Good. So – if you want to buy leather, try going to a leather shop. You'll find quite a few around here. They have signs outside saying 'Leather Shop'."

"NOT THERE! Why is it that people always stand in the way? Go in the front and I'll be with you when these are pegged up."

"Right – what've you got, how many and when for? This job'll last for another week, and it's a regular so I can't hold it up for new trade, but if you can fit around that we're in business."

"MATS! Where are you, you idle... Just look at this! I don't put lids on these outside pits just because I like the look of them, you know! Someone goes walking down the alley, not looking where

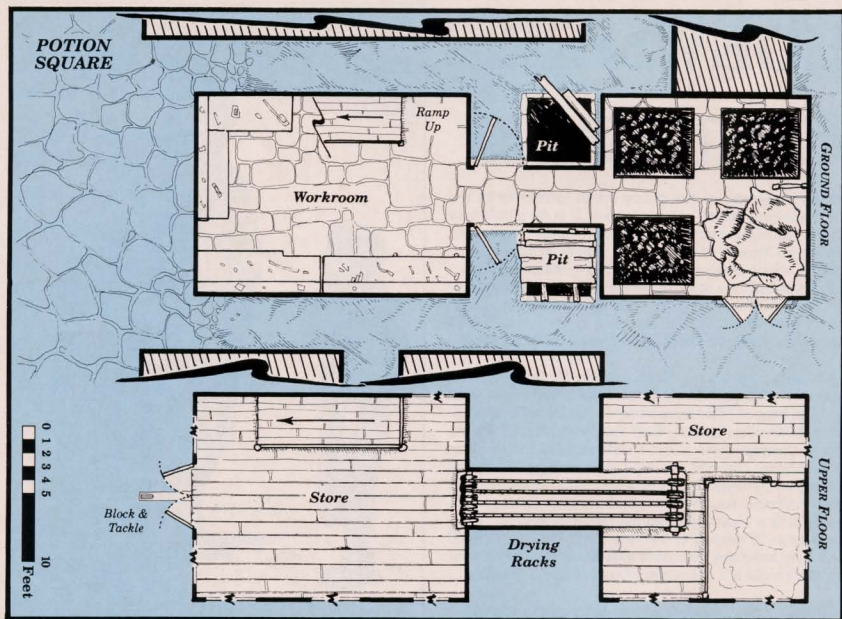


they're going, or maybe it's dark and they've had one too many in the Dragon, and down they go. And all because you're too bone idle to put a few planks back where you found them! Right, then – you can spend the morning mucking out Number Two Pit, and when I come back I want to see it so clean you could put a bed in and charge a Guildler a week!"

Anton Loewijer is a stocky, fiery man in his late twenties. His service in the forces of the Onderzoeker merchant family have left him with two missing fingers and an impressive scar on his right arm, and a brusque manner with no time for idiots. He dresses in stout breeches and heavy boots, with a heavily-stained leather apron over the top. He only wears a shirt indoors in the coldest of weather.

Anton served as a marine for several years, rising to the rank of sergeant before he retired. His father had been a tanner, so Anton took to the trade and applied the brusque efficiency he developed during his military career. Although his workload is increasing steadily as his reputation spreads, he still manages to keep the tannery running smoothly with just two apprentices.

Occasionally, Anton will receive a batch of rare or exotic hides – he's had practical experience of tanning Wyvern hide, for instance – and then he will visit Wilhelm Rotkopf (SL12a) for any special ingredients. Lisette (SL13a) sometimes buys hides from him, and while the two are not close friends they do seem to have a certain rapport based on their directness. Like Lisette, he is a member of the Leatherworkers' Guild (SL42). Sister Marianne (SL14a) talked Anton into taking Mats (SL23a) as an apprentice, and he hasn't quite forgiven her. While not uncharitable,



Anton believes has no time for scroungers. Brother Marijks (SL10a) has long since given up asking his surly neighbour for contributions. Anton's time is occupied by his business, and he doesn't frequent any of the local hostleries, but he does occasionally buy exotic spirits from Ishmael (SB12a) at the Pelican's Perch – he is fond of Lustrian mezcál, which reminds him of his travelling days. Anton is a member of the Reserve Militia attached to the House of Onderzoeker (C31).

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 53 41 4 5* 11 48 2 39 45 41 43 37 35

Age: 27

Alignment: Neutral (Manann)

Skills: Brewing; Chemistry; Consume Alcohol; Disarm; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Read/Write; Row; Secret Language – Battle Tongue, Guild; Secret Signs – Artisan (Leatherworker's Guild); Street Fighter; Strike Mighty Blow; Strike to Stun; Swim; Very Resilient*.

Possessions: Leather apron (0/1 AP; body/legs); dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); sword, sleeveless mail shirt and shield kept in trunk under stairs.

Mats Vaadsig (SL23b), Artisan's Apprentice

- ☐ About 11, scruffy, tousled straw-coloured hair.
- ☐ Lazy, inattentive, clumsy.

- ☐ Avoid work and Anton's wrath, both together if possible.
- ☐ "Err... dunno."
- ☐ Knows most of the orphans (SL14d etc), hangs around the Long Dragon (SL18).

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
4 31 36 2 3 6 26 1 39 26 29 24 31 27

Skills: Concealment Urban; Dodge Blow; Drive Cart; Flee!

Possessions: nothing of note.

Maxentius 'Maxie' Appledown (SL23c), Artisan's Apprentice

- ☐ Young, slim (for a Halfling!), curly red-brown hair.
- ☐ Brisk, friendly but slightly reserved, lacks confidence.
- ☐ Learn tanning, set up in own business.
- ☐ "No problem."
- ☐ Runs errands to Rotkopf (SL12a) and van Arznier (SL9a). Extensive family in Halfling Row (C60). Hopes to marry Janna Mossfoot (SL12f).

M WS BS S T W I A Dex Ld Int Cl WP Fel
3 25 33 2 3 5 53 1 55 24 35 26 42 47

Skills: Brewing; Cook; Herb Lore; Drive Cart; Read/Write.

Possessions: dagger (I +10, D -2, P -20); notebook and charcoal stick. ■