



Denizens of the Empire

by Bozwell

being an account of many and various peoples of all manner
of station, morality and personal hygiene

as encountered in all my travels across this great nation
and laid down for the education of all students of human
nature, and for the edification of those poor fools in times
yet to come



With Additional Material by Steve Darlington
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The Upper Classes

“Lords and Ladies, Bishops and Princes...I have met my fair share of the high-born in this world. Despite what they would themselves believe and the common peasant would aver, they appear to be made of no different flesh to any other man. However, what small few remain virtuous do have the power to apply that virtue, and should they be murderous villains, they at least take more baths.”

— Boz



Lady Ilsa Kleintressen, Human Noble (Ex-Knight, Ex-Squire)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	31	30	31	33	33	34	33
+25~~~~	+5`	+15~~~	+15~~~	+15~~~	+5	+15~~~	+10`
54	36	45	46	48	33	49	38
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	2
+1`	+4~~~~	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	4	4	4	0	1	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Khazalid, Kislevian, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Luck, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Fencing, Flail, Parrying, Two-handed), Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Full Plate

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

Weapons: Flail, Foil and Main Gauche, Lance, Sword

Trappings: Destrier with Harness and Saddle, Land and Manor House, Fine Dresses and Jewellery

From an early age, Ilsa refused to be judged by a different standard to her brothers, so instead of entering the Sisters of Sigmar she cut her hair short and became a squire for a Knight of the Fiery Heart. She kept her sex a secret for five long years, passing her vigil in the meantime. During her early career in the knighthood, fate took a turn when she saved the life of Duke Karlstein of Averland. Gifted with land and title in return, Ilsa thought she could finally stop pretending and be herself. Of course, she soon found the exact opposite — it was far more restrictive to be a female noble than a female warrior. Incensed by the limitations and prejudices she faces in her position, she has shunned courtly intrigue and dulcimers, instead preferring nothing more than riding out in her full armour, seeking honourable combat and to right the wrongs that plague the good people of the Old World.

Quote: “Excuse me while I slip into something less comfortable.”

Margreave Hugo von Lorrenstien, Human Courtier (Ex-Noble)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
34	33	35	30	34	31	31	38
+10``	+5`	-	-	+10`	+20	+20	+20``
44	38	31	30	44	31	35	48
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	3
-	+4````	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	14	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire +10), Consume Alcohol, Evaluate, Gamble +10, Gossip, Perception, Performer (Dancer), Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel +10)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Specialist Weapon (Fencing, Parrying)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Foil, Main Gauche

Trappings: Nobles Garb, Riding Horse with Saddle and Harness, Purse with 50 *gc* 'petty cash'

Hugo's weak chin, upwards-tilted nose and annoying, braying laugh mark him out as a member of the elite. They also make him seem a harmless fop, which is only half true. Hugo is one of Altdorf's fashionable young jackablades; brash dandies who trade taunts and blows in the city's ballrooms and all along the Street of a Hundred Taverns, causing innumerable problems for the watch. The worst part is that nobles like Hugo are practically untouchable; arresting one of them is career suicide — if not actual suicide — for those brave or foolish enough to try. Equally poorly off are the bullies the jackablades set up to fight in their stead when they become too drunk to stand.

Quote: "Why don't you hit him, Willem. I wouldn't want to get my fist dirty."

Colonel Senf von Scharf, Captain (Ex-Sergeant, Ex-Pistolier, Ex-Noble) (5400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28	39*	31	31	26	42*	27	29
+30~~~~	+20~~~~	+20~~	+20~~	+20~~	+15~~	+15~~	+25~~~~
48	59	41	41	41	52	42	49
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	3
+2`	+7~~~~	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	3	3	4	0	1	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Araby, the Empire +10, Tilea), Consume Alcohol, Charm, Dodge Blow, Gossip +10, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Reikspiel +10, Tilean)

Talents: Etiquette, Lightning Parry, Marksman*, Master Gunner, Public Speaking, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Savvy*, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry, Gunpowder, Parrying), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Sure Shot, Wrestling

Armour: Full Mail Armour (only worn on special occasions), Shield

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

Weapons: Foil, Main Gauche, Pair of Pistols

Trappings: Ammunition and Powder for 20 Shots, Light Warhorse, Noble's Garb

Senf was not only the youngest of von Scharf's four sons, but also a bastard by way of the scullery maid. His chance of inheritance was slim. Like many other aimless young noblemen, he joined the pistoliers. He was promoted all the way to Colonel, which is a lot easier with that noble 'von' in your name, and managed to achieve what he'd always been aiming for: a comfortable retirement. Now that he's joined the idle moderately well-off, he's bored. Pottering around the garden with the wife, telling the story about how he got the shrapnel-wound in Araby — it just doesn't do it for a man who's seen so much adventure and excitement. The only real joy in his life came when he helped solve the murder of his old friend Herr Korper (butler did it). If only there was a way to do more of that with his time...

Quote: "I know it was you that killed him, you rotter. Now own up before I give you a bloody good thrashing."

His Grace Leo Basano, the Bishop of Bilbali, Human Anointed Priest of Myrmidia (Ex-Priest, Ex-Initiate) (4800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28	30	32	33	36*	37	36*	39*
+15``	+15``	+10`	+10``	+10`	+15``	+25````	+20````
38	40	37	43	41	47	56	54
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	2
+1	+5````	-	-	-	+2``	-	-
1	14	3	4	4	2	1	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Arts +10, History +10, Theology +20), Channelling, Charm +10, Command, Common Knowledge (Estalia +10, Tilea), Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Meditation, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Estalian +10, Reikspiel, Tilean)

Talents: Armoured Caster, Coolheaded*, Divine Lore (Myrmidia), Lesser Magic (Aethyric Armour, Blessed Weapon), Lightning Reflexes*, Master Orator, Meditation, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Suave*

Armour: Gold Breastplate, Mail Coat

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 4, Legs 2

Weapons: Rapier (ceremonial)

Trappings: Gilded Robes, Mitre, Crook

Bishop Leo is well named, for he has a lion's courage and a fierce determination to excel. While he certainly seeks temporal power, for him that is far less important than personal improvement. He studied from an early age and his climbing of the ranks granted him more and more opportunities to improve his knowledge. Although he takes his duties as a leader of the faith seriously, the Bishop would just as soon discuss sculpture or the classics, and often detours his religious trips to visit art galleries and architecture. He is also a keen patron of the arts and artists seeking a sponsor are flocking to Bilbali to aid his plans to "illuminate the city with the wonder of Our Lady".

Quote: "I find there is nothing unholy in expressing the female nude in art, for are we not all creatures of the Gods?"

Agents of the Empire

“The Empire is like an Infernal Machine, such as those built by those insanely clever craftsman in Delberz, with a thousand wheels and counter-wheels and levers and cogs. Karl-Franz may give the orders but it is the civil servants that keep the Machine running — and since the purpose of the device is to keep things precisely as they are, they are loathed by absolutely everybody. Make friends with these people, where you can stomach it, for they consider it such a rare kindness they might just let you slip through their particular wheels and cogs without having to afford the customary bribe.”

— Boz



Matthias Garrett, Human Sergeant (Ex-Roadwarden)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	36	31	32	32	38	31	27
+20`´´´	+15`´´	+10`	+10`´	+10`´	+10`	+10`´	+20
51	51	36	42	42	43	41	27
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	1	2
+1`	+4`´	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	12	3	4	4	0	1	2

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire +10), Dodge Blow, Drive, Follow Trail, Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Strike Mighty Blow, Wrestling

Armour: Full Mail

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

Weapons: Dagger, Pistol, Sword

Trappings: Light Warhorse with Saddle and Harness, Travelling cloak

Matthias likes to tell himself that he became a roadwarden out of a sense of duty or a desire to protect his fellow citizens, but deep down he knows he only does it because he loves the hunt. Patrolling the roads is never enough for Matthias: once he gets word of bandits and outlaws on his turf he will hunt them down and make sure they pay for their crimes. He is driven to the point of obsession, but he isn't stupid, nor is he burdened with any sense of nobility. Wherever possible he'll strike from a distance, using his pistol to blow out the brains of the ringleader, then cut down the rest in the confusion.

Quote: "Watchmen have cells. Roadwardens have bullets."

Hansup, Ogre Watchman (Ex-Jailer)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	20	49	48	17	12	26	27
+10``	+5	+10``	+10``	+5	+10`	+5`	-
39	20	59	58	17	17	31	27
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	4	5	0	0	1
-	+3````	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	18	5	5	5	0	1	1

Skills: Common Knowledge (Ogres), Command, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Grumbarth, Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Stout-hearted, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Strike to Stun, Wrestling

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Net, Truncheon (use Club)

Trappings: Lamp Oil, Lantern and Pole, Poorly-fitting Uniform, 17 *gc* (his severance pay)

Oh, how people laughed when Hansup the Ogre was sworn into the Nuln City Watch. Oh, how they snickered as he got his nickname, based on the first thing he always said. Oh, how they chortled when they realised he was stupid even for an Ogre. Nobody is laughing any more. Especially not the city's criminals. The simple fact is that Hansup is just too stupid to be tricked, cajoled or bargained with. He knows the law (he taught himself to read by reading the town charter) and if he sees anyone doing anything illegal, he catches them in his net and carries them straight to the Watch House, where his boss sorts them out. Methodical, implacable and scrupulously honest, Hansup is a rogue's worst nightmare. So much so that every crime lord in the city has put a price on his head — and several nobles and high-ranked watchmen are similarly concerned about his career.

Quote: "HANSUP! You all unnarest! Put down weapons or be thumped for resissing a watchman!"

Sheriff Prester Nordlingen, Human Politician (Ex-Bailiff)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	32	28	40	32	33	31	31
+5'	+5'	+5'	+10	-	+20`^^`	+10`	+20``
37	37	33	40	32	53	36	51
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	4	4	0	0	3
-	+4`^^`	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	13	3	4	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law, Taxation), Animal Care, Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire) +10, Evaluate, Gossip, Navigation, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Sixth Sense, Super Numerate

Armour: Best Craftsmanship Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Ceremonial Rod (SB-1)

Trappings: Money Belt, Taxation Ledger, Worried Expression

Prester was born with a gift for figures and an over-bearing mother who insisted he put that to good use in service to their local lord. His local lord also insisted that Prester would make a wonderful tax collector, and he did indeed. His lord was also correct in his insistence that Prester would make a wonderful sheriff as well, and now Prester is in charge of a whole shire. Which would be wonderful if Prester didn't hate his job. Mathematically, he understands that taxes are important but he hates having to ask people for them, especially when they cry, or gnash their teeth, or wail that there will now be no food for little Johann. He'd love to help, he really would, but he has to fill in his little boxes in his ledger or the lord will get cross. Prester dreams of one day being an adventurer, but that won't happen while he's stuck trying to fill the Baron's quotas, so in the meantime he'll also pay handsomely for tales of derring do from the horse's mouth.

Quote: "Look, look, no, no, thank you, but I don't WANT your daughter's virtue, Fra Banhoff, although I'm sure it's very nice."

Magrun, Ogre Rat Catcher
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	17	47	56	12	19	32	21
+5	+10	-	+5	+10	-	+10	-
31	17	47	61	12	19	32	21
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	4	6	5	0	0	1
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	14	4	6	5	0	0	1

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Trainer, Common Knowledge (Ogres), Concealment, Perception, Search, Set Trap, Speak Language (Grumbarth, Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Stout-hearted, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Tunnel Rat

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Chain Gauntlets, Sling

Trappings: Pole with 4 Dead Rats on It, 4 Rat Traps, 10 Sling Stones, Small but Vicious Dog (Dugger)

Although female, Magrun had a belly-girth to rival any of her male tribesmen. Yet they snubbed her attempts to join them in battle, so she set off to the Empire in search of adventure and people who might treat her better. Arriving cold and starving in Krugenheim, she was taken in by a Halfling farmer and his wife, who recognised a fellow outsider. They helped her find a job in town when the plague rolled in and nobody was willing to get down in the sewers and squish a few rats. Granted, Magrun's large frame stops her from getting into the nooks and crannies but with one blow of her fist she can kill a dozen rats, and she eats whatever she kills too, making cleanup quicker and cheaper. Soon recognised as the best ratcatcher the town had ever had, and their saviour from the plague, Magrun became accepted, and grew to like humans and Halflings far more than her Ogre brethren. However, now that she has decided to seek more adventure than just killing rats, she will encounter prejudice all anew.

Quote: "Ug, this Ogre ale cheap and awful! Got any Halfling Peculiar?"

Hector von Pfeffering, Human Tollkeeper

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	32	32	31	36*	29	36	30
+10	+5	+5	+10	+5	-	+5	-
33	32	32	31	41	29	36	30
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Lightning Reflexes, Resistance to Poison

Armour: Leather Jerkin, Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Crossbow, Shield

Trappings: 10 Bolts, Chest of cash, Extreme Paranoia

As part of their feudal duties to the Baron, one person from the town of Torbenburg has to man the toll station on the nearby river, collecting levies for the Empire of five pence for a rowboat, ten for a barge. Despite not being on a rich trade route and rarely targeted by bandits and ruffians, Hector had heard all the stories and it was just typical of his luck that he be the one chosen for the duty this year. He is absolutely convinced that he is going to die and assumes every traveller is there to kill him. Ironically, his habits have endeared him to travellers and more and more people are leaving the road and travelling by water, just for a humorous encounter with “Nervous Hector”. He has become so much of an attraction that Torbenburg is becoming more prosperous by the day, and travellers are so fond of him they will stand with him — or seek bloody vengeance — should anything bad ever actually befall the poor lad.

Quote: “fivepencepleaseohpleasedon’tkillemdon’tkillmedon’tkillme!”

City folk

“Inside the walls of a city, the established social order gives way to a new order — one ruled by money. And what a wonderful thing it is that allows men of any birth to know the foolishness of pride and the bitter gnaw of jealousy, and reduces all issue of class to the simple measure of how far from one’s house is the nearest sewer. Cities are strange places, excluded from the rest of the world by their walls and their rules, and yet, as they grow ever larger, they soon must contain all manner of men as there are on this earth.

So though they may be the very pits of hell, they will forever draw me to their stinking streets, their crowded taverns and their finer women.”

— Boz



Hargin Hook-hand, Dwarf Innkeeper (Ex-Burgher, Ex-Pit Fighter)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
49	35	40*	43	20	33*	34	21
+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+5	+5	+10 ⁻⁻	+20 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+20 ⁻
64	35	40	53	40	43	44	26
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	4	5	3	0	1	0
-	+4 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	17	4	5	3	0	1	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Lip Reading, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Khazalid, Kislevian, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook, Stoneworker)

Talents: Dealmaker, Disarm, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Parrying, Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Savvy*, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Very Strong*

Armour: Mail Shirt and Leather Jack

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Hook (Hand Weapon), Knuckle-duster

Trappings: Abacus, Inn, Servants

When Hargin lost his hand in the pit he lost his will to fight as well. Scrimping as well as a Dwarf can, he saved enough to buy his way out of servitude and then buy the pit itself. Putting his stoneworking skills to work he rebuilt the place single-handed — literally — and turned it into the Arena Inn. It's still a little unusual on the inside with a large open space in the middle of the sunken floor, but Hargin runs a friendly bar and now the blood-gutters efficiently carry away spilt ale and vomit instead. Hargin's fellow pit fighters were less enthused about his canny business move as it put them out of jobs. The Arena Inn's had a few windows broken lately and things are bound to escalate. Soon, he may find himself coming out of retirement to defend the place from a full-on attack. He might just need the help of some of his patrons as well, with sizeable bar tabs as rewards.

Quote: "If yer know what's good for yer, leave right now. If yer don't I'll rip yer from arsehole to breakfast."

Gerhardt Ten-Fingers, Human Artisan (Ex-Tradesman)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30	31	32	37	30	26	26	23
-	-	+10``	+10``	+20````	+10`	+10``	+10``
30	31	42	47	50	28	36	33
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12*	3	3	4	0	0	3
-	+3``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	15	4	4	4	0	0	3

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Evaluate +10, Gossip, Haggle +10, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel, Tilean), Trade (Gunsmith +20, Metalworker, Weaponsmith)

Talents: Artistic, Dealmaker, Hardy*, Night Vision

Armour: Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Hochland Long Rifle, Pistol

Trappings: Gunsmith's Tools, Stylus behind left ear

They call him 'Ten-Fingers' because unlike most of those who meddle with black-powder weapons, Gerhardt is still digitally complete. This is partly because he's extremely careful, but mostly because he's a genius. Trained in his father's simple forge, as soon as Gerhardt began to experiment with casting wheel-locks and triggers, he knew he had found his calling. Since then he has devoted his life to designing, creating and building new and better powder weapons. Outside of this field he is fairly slow and tends to mumble to himself, but on the subject of guns he will happily talk your ears off. Typically, the only people who listen are his pen-friends around the empire with whom he corresponds on designs, but those who want their pistols repaired by the best in the business cannot avoid getting a dose as well. The smart ones consider this a fair trade for a reliable weapon.

Quote: "Eh-up, this isn't a Burleigh 2438, it's a Burleigh 2440 with latching handle! Very easy mistake to make though, but yer can tell by the diagonal markings on barrel. Now yer 2438 were a grand pistol, although occasionally given to wear round the catches. Now, the 2448 improved on this, but it weren't as popular on account of the gold inlay, which were designed in Tilea by Stefano Renatus, eh-up, I've got a picture somewhere, what I got from gunshow in Nuln, here, I'll show yer if yer like...(etc etc etc)"

Arik Ironhaft, Dwarf Fence (Ex-Burgher)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	38	32	48	18	34*	25	21
+15`	+10	+10	+5	+10`	+5``	+10`	+10`
47	38	32	48	23	44	30	26
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14	3	4	3	0	0	1
+1	+4`	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	15	3	4	3	0	0	1

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire), Drive, Evaluate +10, Haggle +10, Intimidate, Perception +10, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Khazalid, Kislevian, Reikspiel +10), Trade (Gem Cutter)

Talents: Dealmaker, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Savvy*, Stout-hearted, Streetwise, Sturdy

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger, Crossbow under the counter, Warhammer

Trappings: Abacus, One set of Good Clothing, Hammer and Chisel, Lantern, Scales, Trade Tools (Engraver's Kit), Writing Kit

Arik was the son of a gem cutter and a miner, and has spent his whole life around precious stones and precious metals and knows them like his own family. He soon realised however that there was more money in selling them to customers than to the merchants...and then realised that there was even more money in branching out into items of dubious ownership. Nobody — buyer or seller — likes Arik's prices, nor his unfailing eye for craftsmanship faults, fakes and scams, but the smarter thieves quickly realise that he is reliable and long-established; a safe bet, in fact. Many an adventurer of Nuln owes his life to Arik, trading in their precious stones for enough cash to get that helmet or suit of armour they so desperately need.

Quote: "Hrg. Hairline crack along t' handle. Twenty crowns, no more, and if y' don't like it, y' can git out."

Doctor Zindeá, Elf Physician (Ex-Scholar, Ex-Scribe)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30	42	33	38	36	40*	28	34
-`	-`	+10`	+10`	+15``	+30`~~~~	+20`~	+15`~
35	47	38	43	46	70	43	49
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	5	0	0	2
-	+4`~	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	15	3	4	5	0	2	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Art, Philosophy, Science +20), Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, Elves, Halflings, the Empire, Estalia), Heal, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Breton, Classical, Eltharin, Reikspiel, Tilean), Trade (Artist, Calligrapher)

Talents: Aethyric Atunement, Excellent Vision, Linguistics, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Savvy*, Strike to Stun, Surgery

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Scalpel (SB-4)

Trappings: 4 Healing Draughts, Trade Tools (Medicine), Callipers, Sketchbook and Charcoal

There are few who can stomach the idea of an Elven doctor and no college will recognise a female one, so Dr Zindeá doesn't get a lot of patients. This means she charges very reasonably and is frequented mostly by itinerant adventurers or those not keen on attracting attention. Dr Zindeá prefers it this way, having little need for money and no interest in tending mundane afflictions like sniffles or the pox. She is rather a voracious student of anatomy and physiology and never ceases to be amazed by the wondrous things she finds inside her patients' bodies. She considers herself an explorer of the holiest — and most forbidden — of temples, and is working on her magnum opus: a definitive guide to the human body, complete with sketches. She does not, however, ever stoop to employing 'resurrection men'.

Quote: "Does it hurt when I do this? What about this? Fascinating!"

Ghul the Hammer, Dwarf Demagogue (Ex-Outlaw)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
44	26	27	44	16	31	35	15
+10``	+10``	-	+10``	+15``	+20`	+15``	+30``
54	36	27	54	26	36	45	30
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	4	3	0	0	1
+1`	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	15	2	5	3	0	0	1

Skills: Animal Care, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Drive, Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Thief), Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Trade (Smith)

Talents:

Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Master Orator, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Resistance to Magic, Rover, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Stout-hearted, Sturdy

Armour: Leather Jack, Leather Skullcap

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

Weapons: Warhammer

Trappings: Box to stand on

Ghul's always been a fighter, but he was never looking to start a war. Then he saw his blacksmith father starved out of business when the family forge was continually passed over out of racism. After avenging his father's death upon their greedy landlord, he took to the woods and soon found other victims of noble oppression looking to balance the scales. He became their leader and they gave him his nickname for his favoured weapon. Soon roadwardens and soldiers closed in on the band, and Ghul had a large price placed on his head. To protect his fellow outlaws, he has headed to other cities, hoping to stir up more support for his crusade, if not in men then in money and weapons. Although he isn't naturally charismatic, Ghul speaks from the heart about all the suffering he has witnessed, and is finding support in increasing amounts. If he can stay alive, he might just start that war.

Quote: "They fill their bellies while we starve and call this the natural order! But it is nothing natural, and it is no kind of order!"

Essig Streicheln, Human Burgher

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	33	26	31	36	33	33	43*
+5	-	-	-	+5	+10	+5	+5`
31	33	26	31	36	33	33	48
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	3	4	0	1	1
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	10	2	3	4	0	1	1

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire) +10, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Kislevian, Reikspiel +10)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Night Vision, Suave*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger, Poisoned Ring

Trappings: Abacus, Black Clothes, Lantern, Tinted Glasses

Essig is a pale, dark-haired girl, beautiful though morose-looking and always wearing too much black. Her jeweller father took her to see the play *Genevieve and Oswald* when she was young and impressionable and the story had a great influence on her. Especially influential was the character of the Vampire Genevieve. Essig developed a fascination for all things vampiric to the point of dressing like one and avoiding the sun. This worries her father, but only because he thinks she may frighten away customers while working in the shop. He'd be really worried if he knew that chunky ring she wears conceals two poisoned spikes that she put to use on one of her suitors so she could be even more like her idol. When the Vampire hunters show up she'll be an obvious suspect, until she steps into the sunlight, wolfs down some garlic and touches all the silver and holy symbols they like.

Quote: "Come and sit next to me. I promise I won't bite."

Country folk

“Country folk know little guile and less pretence, for those who live hand to mouth have little time for delusions that the world is anything other than it is. This makes their hospitality the warmest in the Empire, and their justice the most brutal.”

— Boz



Bederich the Bowman, Human Targeteer (Ex-Hunter, Ex-Kislevite Kossar) (3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	39*	28	36*	35	36*	35	28
-`	+35`~~~~	+10`	+10`	+25`~~	+10`	+20`~	+15`
39	74	33	41	50	46	50	33
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	3	4	0	0	3
+1`	+4`~~~	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	3	4	4	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire, Kislev), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gamble, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move, Speak Language (Kislev, Reikspiel)

Talents: Marksman*, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Savvy*, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow, Two-handed), Strike to Injure, Strong-minded, Sure Shot, Very Resilient

Armour: Leather Jack, Fur Leggings

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

Weapons: Longbow

Trappings: 20 Arrows, House stuffed with stuffed animals, Long-suffering Wife

When Bederich had his entire squad killed around him by Beastmen and was left for dead in the forest, he fell back on his unrelenting determination to see the best side of things. He became a hunter, and a damn good one, and used those skills to earn a place in a Middenland village, providing both food and protection — and as his bowskills grew, fame as well. People came from far and wide to witness Bederich's skills, or test themselves against them, and Bederich grew even more talented from the practice. Now that same determined spirit makes him believe there is nothing in the world that can outshoot him and he frequently brags and gambles wildly to that effect. As Beastmen once again seem to be threatening his village, he is planning to use his skills to enact a long-awaited revenge.

Quote: "Haha! Anozzer bullzchei! See iff yoo can beat zat, komrade!"

Clovis Gusserin, Human Woodsman
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	39	38*	33*	32	32	36	23
+10	-	+10`	-	+5	-	+10	-
31	39	43	33	32	32	36	23
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5*	0	0	3
-	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	10	4	3	5	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Gossip, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Fleet Footed*, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed), Very Strong*, Very Resilient*

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Two-handed Axe

Trappings: Anti-toxin Kit, Lucky Stone to protect against elves

When Granny Gusserin was a young girl she saw something nasty in the West Wood. Ever since, she has warned her sons and grandsons and great-grandsons not to go down there or the Elves will get them. Clovis has never even seen an Elf, but he knows he hates them, for despite all his family being giant strapping lads, he has lost a father, an uncle and a brother to the Elves. All were found dead near the West Wood without a mark on them. Clovis is brave and wants revenge and is determined to go to the West Wood to get it. Which means Granny will have to poison another of her boys, because the local baron uses the West Wood for his Slaanesh orgies and has been paying Granny handsomely for fifty years to keep the woodcutters from discovering this. Granny hates to lose another good boy, but the family can't survive on the money from woodcutting alone, so she has made peace with what she must do. The only problem is that unlike his predecessors, Clovis has asked some adventurers to go with him.

Quote: "Granny says Elves are ten-feet tall an' all cov'ered in spiders — but I ain't scar't"

Edgar Furfoot, Halfling Hunter

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
23	41*	27	21	48*	30	26	38
-	+15`	-	+5	+10	+5	-	-
23	51	27	21	48	30	26	38
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10*	2	2	4	0	0	2
-	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	10*	2	2	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Concealment, Follow Trail, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Search, Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Hardy*, Lightning Reflexes*, Marksman*, Night Vision, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon (Sling)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Shortbow

Trappings: 2 Animal Traps, Antitoxin Kit, 10 Arrows

Edgar's permanently furrowed brow and gravelly voice are offset by his soft, Halfling pot-belly: he's mean but not lean. Around the campfire the members of the Free Forester Company like to cajole him into telling the story of how a band of vicious Beastmen slaughtered his family and burned their farmland to the ground. Not a word of it is true. In reality he was just a bored country boy who ran away from the farm to seek a more exciting life; his grim looks and terse silences are all just an act. Life certainly is more exciting as a Forest Ranger, with the Company hire themselves out as scouts and archers with unparalleled woodland expertise, helping to clear the forests of greenskins and the altered. It certainly beats milking cows, although Edgar still gets homesick for one thing: his mothers' pies

Quote: "You wouldn't last a minute in the wilds, city boy. I may be half your height, but I'm twice the man."

Norden Tubbman, Human Tradesman (Ex-Peasant)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40	29	40	31	34*	36	30	30
+5`	+5`	+5`	+10``	+10`	+5	+10`	-
45	34	45	41	39	36	35	30
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12*	4	3	4	0	0	3
-	+2``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	14	4	4	4	0	0	3

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm Animal, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Drive, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Farmer, Farrier, Shopkeeper)

Talents: Flee!, Hardy*, Lightning Reflexes*, Resistance to Magic

Armour: Leather Apron

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

Weapons: Club (Pig-poker)

Trappings: Shop full of things that adventurers really need

Norden has spent his whole life in his village and worked hard to raise the best horses and pigs he could. He succeeded so well that he began running a shop, selling his animals to the other farmers, as well as feed for them and other such necessities. In a village as small as Lesser Gurgling, his services and intense civic pride have elevated him to something of a political leader as well. Which is why he won't be letting any no-good travelling adventurers interfere with his practices of feeding human blood to his horses to make them extra strong. The locals don't mind of course, but outsiders always question things and cause trouble with their foolish outsider ways. Anyone passing through Lesser Gurgling will thus be quickly sent on their way by Norden...and if they persist in bothering him, he will have no choice but to chop them up and feed them to the horses — or perhaps give the better-looking ones to Cynthia in the basement...

Quote: "This is a local shop, for local people! We don't want you adventurers here!"

Lugberry Crumbuckle, Halfling Ferryman (Ex-Smuggler)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
18	33	18	24	44	31	34	45
+5`	+5`	+10	+5	+10``	+10``	-	+10``
23	38	18	24	54	41	34	55
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	1	2	4	0	0	2
-	+2``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	11	`	2	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings, the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Row, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Halfling, Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Dealmaker, Excellent Vision, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Sling)

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Blunderbuss

Trappings: Rowing Boat, 2 Torches

Lugberry Crumbuckle (he always uses his full name) watched his parents work themselves to death on their tiny little turnip farm and quickly realised that the only thing that matters in life is money. He took to the rivers as a trader, carrying whatever was profitable. Eventually he realised the thing people were most likely to pay to protect was themselves. Now he runs the fastest ferry up and down the Stir, specialising in tourists heading to Nuln, because those who use his services once rarely do so again. This is because he has a tendency to charge a long line of extra fees once he has his customers in the middle of a deep, dark river. He also likes to give rides to the desperate or fleeing, because he knows they'll pay whatever he demands. Although not burdened by any scrap of conscience, Lubgerry Crumbuckle is really more annoying than evil, for his goals never extend beyond extorting another shilling or two.

Quote: "Oh, sure, the ferry ride was tuppence, but if you wanna land, that's a tuppenny landing tax. And if you wanna land at a harbour, that's a tuppenny harbour tax. Per person. And then there's holiday levies, travel insurance, goods storage, weapon licences, swamp fees..."

Khandar the Runner, Dwarf Scout (Ex-Runebearer)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
47	31	31*	34	23	38	26	23
+20``	+20``	+10`	+10``	+10``	+20``	+15`	-
57	41	36	44	33	48	31	23
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4*	0	0	1
+1	+6``	-	-	+1`	-	-	-
1	14	3	4	5	0	0	1

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, World's Edge Mountains), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Miner)

Talents: Dwarfcraft, Flee!, Fleet Footed*, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow), Stout-hearted, Sturdy, Very Strong*

Armour: Leather Jack, Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Crossbow, Shield, Sword

Trappings: 10 Bolts, Healing Draught, Symbol of Valaya, 10 Yards of Rope

Khandar's parents used to joke that she was running in the womb. True or not, she took to being a runner almost as soon as she could walk and was the youngest runebearer ever heard of in her Hold. Khandar isn't just fast; she has a deep, burning desire to get to her next destination, whatever it is. Eventually, this left her dissatisfied with simply bearing messages between Dwarfholds and back, so she left the underworld to explore the surface as well. She has since travelled from one end of the World's Edge Mountains to the other and probably knows them better than any being alive — and yet still, she says, they have innumerable secrets to teach her and new wonders to amaze her. And until she has seen it all, she will never stop running.

Quote: "Come on, come on, or you'll miss the sunrise over Karak Ungor!"

The Serving Classes

“By their position they expect and demand to be treated as lowly, and yet who can dare to demean the man who pours his cup, shaves his beard and tucks his wife into bed each night? I tried having a servant myself, once, and he did indeed pick up everything I owned, up to and including my wife. I feel I came out ahead in the deal, however, and would gladly provide him with a glowing reference.”

— Boz



Ubiquitous Fogbottom, Halfling Steward (Ex-Valet, Ex-Servant, Ex-Rogue, Ex-Thief) (4800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
23	38	20	27*	34	28	32	50*
+10``	+10	+10	+10`	+10``	+30````	+20``	+25````
33	38	20	32	44	48	42	70
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	2	2	5*	0	0	2
-	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	12	2	3	5	0	2	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry +10, History), Animal Care, Blather +10, Charm +10, Common Knowledge (the Empire + 10, Halflings), Concealment, Disguise, Drive, Dodge Blow, Evaluate +10, Gossip +20, Haggle +10, Perception, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Breton, Khazalid, Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Flee!, Fleet Footed*, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Resistance to Chaos, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Streetwise, Suave*, Super Numerate, Very Resilient*

Armour: Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Sling, Dagger

Trappings: Big Purse of Cash that makes people go away and stop bothering his master, Nobleman's Garb, Official Documents

Born to a poor family, Ubiquitous (brother of Fortuitous and Prudent) first tried his hand at thieving but found he was much better at talking his way out of things. Indeed, he was a true master of customer service, which stood him in great stead when he got a job at a travelling inn, and then, as part of a retinue of a passing noble. He worked his way up to valet, and has just been promoted to steward of Colonel Senf von Scharf, one of the great heroes of the Empire. Although he gets the feeling the Colonel resents his ever-present assistance, Ubiquitous is extremely fastidious and makes it his business to be well-versed in all aspects of court life, including Imperial law, history, military action, haut couture and cuisine, and just who is visiting whose bed in the wee small hours, so he can make sure that everything his master does goes as smoothly as possible.

Quote: "One recommends that sir wear his regimental garter today, sir. For the ladies, sir. Oh yes, sir. Very fetching, sir."

Karl Empresser, Human Duellist (Ex-Sergeant, Ex-Militiaman)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
40	33	38	23	31	29	24	29
+20 ⁻⁻⁻	+20 ⁻	+10 ⁻	+20 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	+20 ⁻⁻	+15 ⁻	+15 ⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻
55	38	43	43	41	34	34	39
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	2	5*	0	0	2
+1 ⁻	+4 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	4	4	5	0	0	1

Skills: Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire +10, Road Lore), Dodge Blow +10, Drive, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Carpenter)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Fleet Footed, Menacing, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Parrying, Two-Handed), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Wrestling

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Dagger, Main-Gauche, Pistol, Sword

Trappings: Noble's Garb, Sarcastic smirk

Karl is a man who knows well where his talents lie — hurting people, scaring people and being a complete bastard. Naturally he rose quickly through the ranks of the militia and was noticed by Baron von Damenhosen who brought him into his personal service and is grooming him to be his personal bodyguard, strongarm and settler of personal disputes. When not standing next to his boss looking scary, Karl is a troubleshooter; he finds people who are causing the Baron trouble and shoots them. Karl's tough, canny and won't back down from a fight if cornered, but he is also lazy. Wherever possible he'd rather glare at someone to make them do something rather than do it himself. In short, a bully — but a very dangerous one.

Quote: "Shut up, you idiot. And clean it again"

Benedikt Krieger, Human Spy (Ex-Servant)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39	37	31	35	39	31	29	35
+15`	+15`	+5`	+10	+20``	+20`	+35``	+20`
44	42	36	35	49	36	39	40
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	3
+1`	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	13	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Disguise, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip +10, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Etiquette, Flee!, Hardy*, Schemer, Sixth Sense, Very Resilient*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Sword, Dagger

Trappings: Disguise Kit, 4 Homing Pigeons

Benedikt is the consummate manservant: polite, efficient, and almost invisible. His lord doesn't need to see him to know Benedikt is working: his cup is simply refilled by the time he reaches for it again. Very quickly, Benedikt realised his skill at going unnoticed could be applied in other, far more profitable areas. In a castle there are innumerable secrets and everybody is willing to pay to hear them. Benedikt is careful never to cross his lines and makes sure that everyone thinks they are the only one he is talking to. Nothing is perfect, however, and Benedikt has already worked out his escape route should he at last be exposed: the Grand Theogonist himself has offered him a plum position in one of the Empire's most elite intelligence organisations, the Compilers of the Imperial Archives.

Quote: "As a lowly servant, I couldn't speculate on such important matters of imperial security...(takes coin)...but I did hear the Lady Ilsa mention that she would be travelling to Middenheim soon..."

Herfl, Human Squire
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
26	29	26	36	31	29	38	32
+10	+5	+5	+5	+5	-	-	+5
26	29	26	41	31	29	38	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	2	3	4	0	0	3
+1	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	11	2	4	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Heraldry), Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip +10, Dodge Blow, Ride, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Etiquette, Mimic, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Cavalry), Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Leather Jack, Mail Coif, Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Demilance, Shield, Sword

Trappings: Birdcall Whistle, Horse with Saddle and Harness

From an early age, Herfl found he had a much greater affinity with animals than any human and he spent most of his free time in the woods near his village. He would have been a good farmer or horse-trader, but Fate played a hand. One day, a host of knights rode into town in pursuit of some Beastmen raiders. The bloody battle fell upon the townsfolk, and Herfl fought without fear to save his loved ones. After the battle one of the knights, Sir Aghmar, offered to make Herfl his squire. Such a lofty life was a chance not to be missed, so Herfl left with the stranger. Unfortunately, Herfl doesn't want to be a knight at all and only enjoys the bits with the horses. Missing his forest friends and sick of being beaten for his lack of diligence, it's only a matter of time before Herfl runs away and seeks his fortune elsewhere — but Sir Aghmar will not look kindly upon anyone taking up with his property.

Quote: "Sorry, I was watching a squirrel. What did you say?"

The Criminal Classes

“There is something in all of us that loves the criminal, for here is a man who is not only doing what we all desire, but is also honest about his motivations, and clear in his intent. Except of course, when it is our purse with which he has absconded. The bastard.”

— Boz



Clever Tom, Halfling Rogue
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
22	41	23	18	40	37*	32	34
+5	+5	-	-	+10	+5`	+5	+10
22	41	23	18	40	42	32	34
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	2	1	4	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	8	2	1	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire, Halflings), Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor), Search, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel +10), Trade (Farmer)

Talents: Luck, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Resistance to Chaos, Savvy*, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Streetwise

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger, Sword

Trappings: Deck of Cards, One set of Good Clothes, 15 *gc*

Clever Tom (aka Poor Tom or Foolish Tom when pulling a scam) was born very smart, and his schoolmates made him pay for that. Tom grew up to be even smarter, and to be a consummate misanthrope. In his eyes, almost all people are stupid, and as such, deserve to be swindled as a public service. Tom would agree with J.P. Morgan that it is morally reprehensible for a fool not to be parted from his money. Naturally, Tom left the Moot quite young, seeking easier prey. He ended up in Altdorf, where tourism provides an endlessly renewed supply of suckers. So much so that Tom has begun to grow weary of his work. Perhaps, he thinks, there are bigger fish to fry out there.

Quote: "Oh dear. I seem to have won again. Beginner's luck, eh?"

Rurik the Rotten, Human Mate (Ex-Marine)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
36*	44	36	37	37	33*	36	27
+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+10 ⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻
51	59	46	52	47	38	46	37
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	2
+1 ⁻	+4 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	17	4	5	4	0	4	0

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (Norsca, the Empire, the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol +10, Dodge Blow +10, Gamble +10, Gossip +10, Intimidate +10, Row, Sail, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Norse, Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Disarm, Resistance to Disease, Savvy*, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Warrior Born*

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Gaff Hook)

Trappings: Bottle of Wood Varnish, Extensive Collection of Lice, Parasites and Skin Diseases

Rurik the Rotten was born in Norsca, but has only ever known life on a ship, and also a great pile of death on a ship. So far he's always been the giver rather than the receiver in that relationship. Indeed, unlike most pirates Rurik sports no missing appendages or limbs and still has both eyes and both ears. The saying goes that nobody has ever injured Rurik because no one can stand the smell long enough to get that close. A powerful aversion to any sort of cleanliness (although he does drink wood varnish to 'keep his innards shiny') combined with a long exposure to countless tropical diseases and the realisation that horrible hygiene can strike as much fear in the enemy as a good battle-cry has produced the dirtiest, smelliest, most infested, most scabrous pirate in all of Marienburg. But there isn't a ship he hasn't sailed on, so if you want some information, he's without a doubt the best man in all of Marienburg to talk to. Just don't breathe in.

Quote: "Sigmar's arse, but this be a fine brew! Me tapeworm will be dancin' tonight!"

Professor Ferdinand Pflaumbe, Human Charlatan (Ex-Hedge Wizard) (3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28	29	32	31	32	34	43*	31
+10``	+10	+5	+10``	+15``	+15``	+15``	+25``
38	29	32	41	42	49	58	56
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	4	4	0	5	0
-	+4``	-	-	-	+1`	-	-
1	17	3	4	4	1	5	0

Skills: Blather, Charm, Channelling, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Wasteland), Disguise, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Hypnotism, Magical Sense, Perception, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Flee!, Hedge Magic, Mimic, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Hedge), Public Speaking, Schemer, Seasoned Traveller, Streetwise

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: 4 Bottles of Pflaumbe Water, 4 Bottles of Various Coloured Powder, Collection of Small Pins, Feathers, Flint and Sand for Spells Forged Degree, Healing Draught, Moustache Wax

Professor Pflaumbe is a flamboyant salesman who wears a purple jacket, has a twirled moustache and declaims rather than talks. His Patented Anti-Aging Water is popular among the wealthy of Marienburg — and the largest port in the Old World has a lot of wealthy — as a means of insuring a youthful glow. How does Pflaumbe do it? Equal parts wish-fulfilment, hypnotism and dark magic. Unknown to anyone, his famous tonic contains blood from the Elder Races. Pflaumbe always thought it unfair that other races live longer lives than humans and sees the occasional back-alley murder and blood-draining as a way of getting his own back. The blood of the eternally youthful Elves is particularly efficacious, but the disappearances from the Sea Elf quarter have not gone unnoticed.

Quote: "This, madam, will remove those tiny crow-feet before they spread and ravage your beautiful, delicate features. I guarantee it."

'Spit-eye' Shavandrel, Elf Thug (Ex-Thief)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	13	36	37	45	31	43*	25
+10`	+5`	+5	+5	+15`^^	+5`	+5	+10`^
37	18	36	37	60	36	43	35
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5	0	1	0
+1	+2`^	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	12	3	3	5	0	1	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves), Concealment, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Eltharin, Reikspiel)

Talents: Alley Cat, Coolheaded*, Disarm, Excellent Vision, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Trapfinder, Night Vision, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Armour: Mail Shirt, Leather Jerkin

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Sword, Knuckle-dusters

Trappings: Sack, 10 Yards of Rope

Shavandrel never liked humans, but the dull, slow-witted animals are a lot easier to steal from than Elves were, so he's lived in the Empire most of his life. His opinions of humans didn't improve when the Watch caught him and, since the cells were full that night, exacted a 'street sentence', beating him senseless and shattering his face. Now Shavandrel, or 'Spit-eye' as his fellows have nicknamed him, is so scarred he's hardly recognisable as an Elf. He's missing the tip of his left ear and his left eye and he refuses to wear an eyepatch. Now, he takes a more aggressive approach to crime. He'll work with gangs, even though he holds most of them in contempt, and sell his services to the blackest of crime lords. The scar on his face matches the one on his soul and he no longer cares who he hurts while pulling a job.

Quote: "I don't need both my eyes to spot humans, I can smell the filthy beasts from a mile away."

Grizzled Pieter, Human Journeyman Wizard (Ex-Apprentice Wizard)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	30	29	28	36*	38*	41*	31
+5	+5	-	+5	+10``	+20```	+25````	+10`
29	30	29	28	46	53	61	36
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	2	2	4	0	0	3
-	+3``	-	-	-	+2``	-	-
1	14	2	2	4	2	0	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law, Magic), Channelling, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire), Concealment, Intimidate, Gossip, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel)

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Arcane Lore (Shadow), Coolheaded*, Fast Hands, Lesser Magic (Silence, Skywalk), Lightning Reflexes*, Mighty Missile, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Grimoire, Black Cloak, Sorcerous Crown, Writing Kit

Pieter was cursed with cleverness as a child; he breezed through his education so easily he never learned how to work for anything. The only thing he did learn was contempt for the dolts who surrounded him. When he was apprenticed, study suddenly became hard work and he wasn't prepared for it. Although he scraped through making the grade as a journeyman, the idea of working as an academic bored him to death and he decided to put his skills to a better, though less legal use. Despite working freelance, Grizzled Pieter has become the most successful thief in Carroburg since he arrived there six months ago after stealing a magical crown and fleeing the Grey College back in Altdorf. Now, life is easy but for two things — the local thieves don't appreciate his unwillingness to join their gang and the crown he stole has started talking to him, telling him that it knows secrets of magic and how easy it can be to master the power that lies within him...

Quote: "You didn't see anything. No, I mean it (waves hand). You didn't see *anything*."

Frida Vaksmann, Human Rogue

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	37*	31	31	32	31	29	37*
+5	+5	-	-	+10	+5	+5	+10
32	37	31	31	32	36	29	37
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor), Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10

Talents: Flee!, Marksman*, Public Speaking, Suave*, Sixth Sense

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger

Trappings: Deck of Cards, 18 gc

Frida is addicted to taking risks and incapable of thinking ahead. She made the mistake of paying off a large gambling debt to the Valantina gang with a loan from the Resurrection Brothers, then trying to earn money to pay off the loan by gambling even more. She's stuck in a vicious cycle of mounting debts, in it up to her waist and sinking fast. Nuln is becoming a very dangerous place for her as certain establishments have realised she's cheating and time is running out on the original loan. She's getting desperate and is willing to sign up for any job or scam, no matter how dangerous, as long as the rewards are significant or the company easily fooled into being her bodyguards. But unless she gets a very big break very soon, Frida will have to leave town in a great hurry or face sleeping with the fishes.

Quote: "Come on, just five more Marks. You know I'm good for it, Guido."

Bloody Jacob, Halfling Crime Lord (Ex-Cat Burglar, Ex-Grave Robber) (3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
18	37	24	18	41	29	38	25
+20``	+20``	+15`	+15`	+20`****	+25``	+20``	+30
28	47	29	23	66	39	48	25
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	2	1	5*	0	0	2
+1	+6`****	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	13	2	2	5	0	3	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire, Halflings), Concealment, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Pick Lock, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Alley Cat, Flee!, Fleet Footed*, Menacing, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Schemer, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Torture, Trapfinder

Armour: Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 2, Legs 0

Weapons: Boning Knife, Crossbow, Short Sword

Trappings: Antitoxin Kit, 10 Bolts, Criminal Organisation, Fancy Clothes, Pie (Steak and Kidney)

A lot of people laugh when they see that the leader of the Resurrection Brothers is a Halfling, but they tend to stop laughing when the knives come out. Not that Jacob begrudges the odd jibe at his height — he's not so stuck-up — it's just that the laughing sometimes carries over into people thinking he isn't serious about business and that's when he has to make an example. Jacob's beginnings as a grave robber gave him two things: firstly, a realisation that dead bodies are an endlessly renewable and extremely profitable resource, and secondly, an iron stomach unperturbed by any level of mutilation, dismemberment or putrefaction. Jacob's favourite shtick is to perform his hideous tortures while wolfing down a sloppy meat pie with his free hand, just to make the point. Jacob isn't a gibbering sadist, however, he just believes that an efficient organisation requires a strong set of laws and serious consequences for all who break them — and no exceptions.

Quote: "Oh stop cryin', Rodney, or I'll cut yer other thumb off. Pie?"

The Hawk, Elf Outlaw Chief (Ex-Highwayman, Ex-Outrider)
(5400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	42	35*	23	41	30	37*	36
+20~~~~	+30~~~~	+10~~	+20~~	+10~~~~	+10~~~~	+15~~~	+25~~~~
49	62	45	33	71	50	52	61
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	2	5	0	0	1
+2~	+6~~~~	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	4	3	5	0	2	1

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Elves, the Wasteland), Evaluate, Follow Trail, Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Eltharin, Reikspiel)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Coolheaded*, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Night Vision, Orientation, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling, Fencing, Gunpowder, Longbow), Sure Shot, Swashbuckler, Trick Riding, Very Strong*

Armour: Leather Jack, Sleeved Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Net, Pair of Pistols, Whip

Trappings: Band of Outlaws, Dashing Moustache, Horse with Saddle and Harness, Mask, Noble's Garb, Powder for 20 Shots, Tricorne Hat

On the road from Altdorf to Marienburg every young noble lady or merchant's daughter hopes to be visited by The Hawk, the most dashing highwayman of them all, reputedly the best shot, best rider and best lover in all the Empire. Even the peasant folk like him, for he robs from the rich and gives to the poor. But The Hawk has grown tired of this indirect wealth distribution and has decided the time has come for the poor to rise up and strike back themselves. The popular folk hero found many flocking to his banner, rich and poor, and soon he will have a deeply fanatical army ready to march on Marienburg and burn it to the ground. Which is all in keeping with the dark plans of the man behind the mask: Khalan, Elven Corsair from Naggaroth. No longer content with simply raiding coastal vessels, he is here to prepare the way for an entire fleet of Druchii ships that stands ready to bombard Marienburg as soon as the flames begin to rise.

Quote: "I always thought myself a lover, not a fighter. But I love you — my people! — so much that I cannot watch you suffer any longer!"

The Insane

"I met a poor idiot in Aversland one day who every Wellentag would be found, without fail, talking endlessly to the birch trees by the river. When I asked him why, he said it was because they listened to him and never answered back. 'But,' I queried, 'if they never respond, how can you be sure they are truly listening? How do you know they do not simply ignore your every word?' At this the idiot stared at me as if I was the demented one and cried incredulously: 'Because that would just be rude!' — and I yielded to one clearly far wiser than I shall likely ever be."

— Boz



Dieter Zauberlich, Human Hedge Wizard
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	31	31	40	31	32	32	27
-	-	-	+5`	+5`	+5`	+10``	+10`
31	31	31	45	36	37	42	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	4	4	0	0	0
-	+2``	-	-	-	+1`	-	-
1	13	3	4	4	1	3	0

Skills: Animal Care, Channelling, Charm, Charm Animal, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Hypnotism, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Hedge Magic, Mimic, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Hedge)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: Healing Draught, Hood

Dieter never knew his father. His mother, the village wise woman, refused to be drawn on the subject. Based on his prominent underbite the children of his village decided his father was an Orc. Dieter grew to suspect that he really did have some Orcish blood in him: he certainly felt more affinity with the savages than he did with anyone around him. His mother taught him some basics of magic, but she passed away before he came far along the path. His own study has been idiosyncratic — he read that greenskin shamans draw their power from the Orcs and Goblins around them, so he paid a group of adventurers to kidnap some Goblins so that he could cage and study them. He's noted that they produce more energy when angry; so far his experiments are limited to attuning himself to their mindset by eating a handful of madcap mushrooms and getting them riled up by poking them with sticks. No good can possibly come of this.

Quote: "Dance, you little green monkeys, dance!"

Jurgen Malleus, Human Flagellant (Ex-Zealot)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	33	44*	31	32	34	36*	34
+15 ^{^^}	-	+10 ^{^^}	+15 ^{^^}	+5	-	+20 ^{^^}	+10 ^{^^}
50	33	54	41	32	-	56	44
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13*	4	3	4	0	0	3
+1	+6 ^{^^}	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	17	5	4	4	0	2	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Charm +10, Common Knowledge (the Empire +10), Gossip, Heal, Intimidate +10, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Fearless, Hardy*, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail), Strike Mighty Blow, Very Strong*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Flail

Trappings: Fingerbone of Magnus the Pious, Symbol of Sigmar

Insanities: The Fear (Enclosed Spaces)

As a young lad, Jurgen was captured by the Chaos Beastmen who burnt his village to the ground. They took him back to their mountain cave and locked him in a tiny dark cell to torture later. When he was finally rescued, Jurgen was a few cultists short of a conspiracy, and suffering from a terror of enclosed spaces. His imprisonment, however, gave him the ability to see in the dark and sense things unseen. It also taught him that defending the empire is not enough: humans need to take the battle to the enemy, rooting Chaos out to the last man, eventually razing the Chaos Wastes itself. Despite the audacity of this, Jurgen's passion is infectious, and in a world tired of attacks, he finds many willing to aid his holy mission.

Quote: "Kill them all, burn their bodies, salt the earth and piss on the endless piles of their dead!!! Moo hoo ha ha!!!"

Foster Braybrook, Halfling Vampire Hunter (Ex-Fieldwarden)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
17	41	18	12	46	32	32	44
+20`	+20``	+10	+20`	+15``	+15	+20``	-
22	51	18	17	56	35	42	44
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	1	1	5*	0	0	2
+1	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	10	1	1	5	0	5	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, Necromancy), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Concealment, Follow Trail, Gossip, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Butcher)

Talents: Fleet Footed*, Mighty Shot, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Resistance to Chaos, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow, Sling), Stout-hearted

Armour: Full Mail

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

Weapons: Meat Cleaver (Hand Weapon), Repeater Crossbow, Sling

Trappings: Blessed Water, Bonesaw, 10 Crossbow Bolts, Lantern, Lamp Oil, Box of Matches, Pony with Saddle and Harness, 10 Sling Stones, 4 Stakes

For most of his life, Foster Braybrook was a hardworking butcher, a courageous fieldwarden and a jovial family man. Then one day he came home to find his wife and daughters had been raped and butchered by Undead agents out for petty revenge. Quietly, Foster packed a few things and left his village and the Moot, heading into Sylvania and looking for anyone who could teach him a more permanent solution. Amongst the vampire hunters, they call him “The Doctor” because of the cold, methodical way he carves up his enemies so they won’t rise again. Foster is indeed cold-hearted: something inside of him died with his family and he won’t stop hunting down the Undead until he stops feeling numb or goes insane.

Quote: “Don’t be misled: the screaming is just an act. Only the living can feel pain. Unfortunately.”

Pyotr the Hermit, Human Friar (Ex-Vagabond, Ex-Outlaw)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	34	34	36	38	28	31	26
+10``	+10``	+5`	+10``	+10``	+15`	+15``	+15``
42	44	39	46	48	33	46	41
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5*	0	0	2
+1`	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	14	3	4	5	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Theology), Animal Care +10, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, the Empire +10), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Heal, Navigation, Outdoor Survival +20, Perception, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger, Thief), Set Trap, Silent Move, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel), Swim

Talents: Fleet Footed*, Orientation, Resistance to Magic, Resistance to Poison, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Sharpshooter

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Quarter Staff

Trappings: Healing Draught, Symbol of Ulric, Tooth from the First Wolf, Robes, Sacred Goose

Insanity: Delirious Saviour(?!)

Pyotr spent many long years wandering the wilderness after his bandit friends were scattered, and still prefers the company of woodland creatures to that of humans. However, while travelling in Bretonnia he came across a wild goose that spoke to him with the voice of Ulric. It warned him that Chaos would strike again and explained that a great wall needed to be built across the eastern provinces to prevent more attacks. When the Storm of Chaos struck, Pyotr knew the goose had the gift of prophecy. He now carries it everywhere, consulting it daily for the word of Ulric. He also roams the eastern provinces, warning people that Chaos is coming back again, rooting out mutants and witches, and seeking funds for the building of his great wall.

Quote: "Heed the word of the Sacred Goose! For those who do not will surely perish!"

Boros, Dwarf Daemon Slayer (Ex-Giant Slayer, Ex-Troll Slayer)
(4800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
42	34	30	54*	21*	36	34	22
+40~~~~	-	+30~~~~	+30~~~~	+20~~~~	-	+30~~~~	-
72	34	50	84	41	36	54	22
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14*	3	5	3	0	0	3
+2~	+8~~~~	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	22	5	8	3	0	4	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, Kislev, the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +20, Intimidate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Trade (Smith)

Talents: Disarm, Dwarfcraft, Fearless, Grudge-born Fury, Hardy*, Lightning Parry, Lightning Reflexes*, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Resistance to Poison, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Sturdy, Unsettling, Very Resilient*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Flail (Hemmoch-Dur, "Blood-Letter")

Trappings: Bottle of Dwarf Rum, Splitting Headache, His Brother's Axe

Insanity: Heart of Despair

Even with his heart broken and longing only for death, Boros was a proud Dwarf. It wouldn't be a truly glorious death if he simply let people hit him when he could block or dodge their strokes and he was very good at doing both, thanks to being a weapons master until he accidentally killed his brother in a training exercise. Naturally, his excursions as a Slayer have only improved his skills and further crushed his spirit. Now Boros is as broken as he can possibly get: he has lost all hope that anything in the world can kill him and avenge his brother. So much so, in fact, that he is even considering the most heinous of dwarven taboos — suicide. His current preferred method is by the bottle. Any noble or crimelord with an army to crush, or who's recruiting for a mad quest would love to gain the employ of Boros, if only they could find the tavern he's crawled into and convince him that this particular job will be the one that, finally, gets him killed.

Quote: "Fight an entire army of Ogres? What's the point?"

Members of a Magical College

“For the sake of propriety, and indeed, security of reputation, I have neglected to mention the name of the college itself. I can say that I spent some months there working as a dogsbody, and learned many things I now wish I could forget. Mages are truly a cursed breed; even those who seek only a velvet seat at High Table are irrevocably changed by the forces they touch. Despite their usefulness, they are best avoided, for all are pulled into madness eventually, the only question being whether they resist — or go with gleeful expectation.”

— Boz



Alten the Seer, Human Master Wizard (Ex-Journeyman Wizard, Ex-Apprentice Wizard) (4800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37	29	27	42*	38	44*	39*	32
+10 [^]	+10 [^]	-	+10 [^]	+15 ^{^^}	+30 ^{~~~~}	+35 ^{~~~~}	+15 ^{^^}
42	34	27	47	48	74	74	42
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	2	4	5	0	0	2
-	+4 ^{^^}	-	-	-	+3 ^{^^}	-	-
1	13	2	4	5	3	2	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Divining, Magick +10, Runes), Channelling +10, Charm, Common Knowledge (Elves, the Empire), Gossip, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write +10, Ride, Search, Speak Arcane Language (Arcane Elf, Magick +10), Speak Language (Classical +10, Eltharin +10, Reikspiel)

Talents: Aethyric Atunement, Arcane Lore (the Heavens), Coolheaded*, Dark Magic, Lesser Magic (Aethyric Armour, Skywalk), Meditation, Mighty Missile, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy*, Strong-minded, Very Resilient*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: Large Library, Trade Tools (Apothecary), Writing Kit

Alten is on a quest. He believes that the ultimate magic is to conquer time itself — to see the past and future as clearly as we see today, and perhaps even move across these revealed landscapes. As a Master of the Blue Wind Azyr he is already well accustomed to seeing the past and future, but he continues to search, not only in the ancient magick scripts of the High Elves but also in the practices of other races and their mysteries. His quest has also led him to become one of the most skilled magical linguists in the Old World and he has discovered or translated more than a third of the Great Library. Students of magic are thus always dreaming of bumping into Alten on one of his expeditions, or encountering him in the library, because he is well known to hand over random translation duties to keen apprentices.

Quote: “Hmm....yes, yes, this is very clear...Khazim! More light!”

Sara Diffing, Human Apprentice Wizard
(Starting Career)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28	28	31	31	28	37*	37	28
-	-	-	-	+5	+10	+15	+5
28	28	31	31	28	37	37	28
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	+1`	-	-
1	12	3	3	4	1	0	3

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

Talents: Aethyric Attunement, Luck, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy*, Sturdy

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Quarter Staff

Trappings: Backpack, the Book of Masons

Sara was plucked from an orphanage to join the College by Master Chanter Ydric. Compared to a life of poverty, being a wizard seemed like heaven. In reality, it's a lot of hard work. Master Ydric has six other apprentices vying for his attention, most of them from wealthy families who can afford the best education. Some, like Chief Apprentice Steiger, grow old without ever becoming journeymen. Sara decided that wasn't the fate she wanted and so, with her master's blessing, she has begun excursions into the real world. Her hope is to return with a wealth of practical knowledge that the other apprentices can't match and impress her master into making her a journeyman. If that doesn't work, maybe she'll find another lifestyle that suits her better while she's out there in the big, wide world.

Quote: "I may be poor, but I'm not stupid!"

Durgel Steiger, Human Scholar (Ex-Scribe, Ex-Apprentice Wizard)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	43*	31	37*	30	35	39	35
+5`	+5`	+5`	+5`	+10``	+30````	+15``	+15``
36	48	36	42	40	55	54	45
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	3
-	+4````	-	-	-	+1`	-	-
1	16	3	4	4	1	2	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy, History, Magic +20), Channelling, Common Knowledge (Elves, the Empire +10), Evaluate, Gossip, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write +10, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Breton, Classical, Eltharin +10, Reikspiel, Tilean), Trade (Calligrapher, Cartographer)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Fast Hands, Linguistics, Marksman*, Petty Magic (Arcane), Very Resilient*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Piece of Chalk (Thrown), Stick

Trappings: Box of Chalk, Calligrapher's Kit, Drawing Compass, Writing Kit

Durgel Steiger was keen and eager when he came to be apprenticed to the great Master Chanter Ydric. But Durgel lacked both the talent and the application to be anything more than an apprentice wizard — but he was very, very good at being that. And so he stayed one. Now in his forties, he has slowly become Ydric's head scribe, librarian and researcher, as well as falling into the role of keeping the other students in line. These, of course, he hates with a bitter fire, especially if they show signs of doing the thing he never could: graduating. Ydric has little time for students and gives Durgel a free hand with them, and thus Chief Apprentice Steiger has become an apprentice's worst nightmare. He stalks the halls, always ready to throw young students out of their beds and demand they recite the Ulthuan Manuscript or make them chop wood for talking during prep. His hearing is legendary and he can hit with a chalk throw from 300 yards.

Quote: "Suigerlund! Recite the four magical principles, in Classical, and be quick about it, you contemptible slug!"

Ebram Westerburg, Human Journeyman Wizard (Ex-Apprentice Wizard) (1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	33	24	38*	29	38*	33	31
+5	+5	-	+5	+10`	+20``	+25```	+5`
32	33	24	38	34	48	48	36
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	2
-	+2``	-	-	-	+2``	-	-
1	13	3	3	4	2	0	2

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

Talents: Dark Lore (Necromancy), Fast Hands, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Arcane), Savvy*, Very Resilient*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Quarter Staff

Trappings: Backpack, Grimoire, Printed Book, Writing Kit

From childhood, Ebram was gifted with a clever mind, a strong imagination and a sense of manifest destiny. If there is a problem, he would be the one to solve it. If he spotted something his mother needed in the kitchen, he would try to build it — often with disastrous consequences. The family was relieved when they were able to send him off to a magical college, but this only opened Ebram’s eyes to the far greater problems suffered by the entire Empire. In particular, Ebram was troubled by the terrible burdens of the feudal system — but once again, he has found the perfect solution. Yes, the Empire needs its fields tilled and its crops harvested, but why should the peasants have to do all this back-breaking labour when there are dead men lying around idle? Of course, Ebram knows his experiments would be frowned upon by the establishment, so until he manages to resurrect more than his hamster, he is keeping his research hidden in the cellar and hiring adventurers to help in gathering “ingredients”.

Quote: “Yes, I admit I have only animated one hand so far. But that hand could milk a cow! And one day, a thousand hands could milk a thousand cows!”

The Great Vandalla, Elf Charlatan (Ex-Entertainer)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	38	38	32	50*	28	39*	30
+10`	+10``	+5	+10	+15```	+15``	+15`	+25````
36	48	38	32	70	38	44	50
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5	0	0	2
-	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	12	3	3	4	2	0	2

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Elves, the Empire), Gossip, Hypnotism, Perception, Performer (Fire-Eater, Juggler), Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Eltharin, Reikspiel)

Talents: Cool-headed*, Excellent Vision, Flee!, Lightning Reflexes*, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow, Throwing)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Quarter Staff, Various Pyrophoric Powders

Trappings: Costume With Far Too Many Frills and Pom-poms (but lots of hidden pockets), Forged Credentials, Large Leatherbound Book

When you breathe fire and cause objects to explode by clicking your fingers, it's an extremely small step from stage magician to impersonating a Bright Wizard, especially since people expect Elves to be naturally magical anyway. This was a very profitable scam until Mendo (to use his real name) was captured by criminal gang the Resurrection Brothers and ordered to use his power to destroy their enemies. He was forced to admit he couldn't at an inopportune moment and some enforcers died while he ran like a rat up a privy. Targeted for bloody revenge, he hid in the first place he found: the magical college, where he was instantly mistaken for The Great Vandalla, visiting Elven Bright Wizard of much renown. Mendo informed them that his magical aura was not visible while Morrslieb was in conjunction with Vobist the Faint, but keeping up the façade amongst some of the greatest mages in the Empire is only going to get harder. Mendo is determined to rise to the challenge, though, lest Bloody Jacob find him and cut him into a great many tiny pieces.

Quote: "What? Oh, uh, yes, absolutely, that is definitely a movement in the A*cough* Wind, just like you said. Just going to say so myself!"

The Crew of the *Ingríd*

"I have been on many boats in my long life, but it was the *Ingríd* that first bore me to Estalia and began my life-long love affair with that land, and so that little merchant ship is forever clear in my memory. So too, are those I met amongst its crew, for they were a singular group: head-strong yet confused, genial yet blood-thirsty, always pulling in different directions yet pulling together in any battle. I rarely felt safe on the *Ingríd*, but I was also never bored."

— Boz



Captain Diederick Nieman, Human Sea Captain (Ex-Mate, Ex-Seaman) (4800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	28	30	28	30	29	29	40*
+25~~~~	+20~~~	+15~~	+20~~~	+20~~~~	+20~~~	+25~~~	+30~~~~
56	43	40	43	50	44	44	60
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11*	4	4	4	0	0	0
+2~~	+6~~~~	-	-	-	-	-	-
3	15*	4	4	4	0	1	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Training, Command, Common Knowledge (Elves, Norsca, the Wasteland), Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Eltharin, Norse, Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Ambidextrous, Disarm, Hardy*, Lightning Parry, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Suave*, Swashbuckler

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Rapier

Trappings: Puffy Shirt, Telescope, Trade ship the *Ingrid*

Nieman inherited the *Ingrid* while he was serving as Mate on her, after the former Captain died at the hands of pirates. Nieman and the rest of the crew fought the pirates off, but he lost a finger to a pirate's knife. Overall he considers it a worthwhile trade, a finger for such a fine ship, and when recounting the story over brandy and embellishments he will lament that he didn't lose the entire hand — a hook lends a gentleman a certain rakish air. Nieman's a debonair type, somehow able to keep up with the latest fashions even at sea. His puffy shirts and overblown insults make him seem like a dandy, but he has earned the respect of his men with harsh punishments for transgressions and generous payouts after successful journeys.

Quote: "You believe I insulted you? Well sir, I congratulate you on your perspicacity."

Faustmann Smithers, Human Mate (Ex-Marine)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	32	30	39	32	29	36*	27
+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+15 ⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+10	+10 ⁻	+10
48	47	40	49	42	29	41	27
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	4	4	0	0	0
+1 ⁻	+4 ⁻⁻⁻	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire, the Wasteland +10), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Row, Sail, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Speak Language (Norse, Reikspiel), Swim, Trade (Shipwright)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Disarm, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Magic, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Crossbow, Shield

Trappings: 10 Bolts, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope

Many ship's Mates are tale-tellers, amiable drinkers and fast friends. Faustmann Smithers is the other kind. He takes pride in how hard he can work the crew and harshly punishes those who break the rules no matter how minor the fault. Press-ganged as a youth, Faustmann served his five years and joined the marines who pressed him. It was while serving that he was captured by a wrecker ship called the *Dunkel Freighter*. The marines were cajoled into joining the wreckers ("Sign on with us or we'll let you drown"); Faustmann joined more eagerly than the rest. Under the tutelage of the *Freighter's* Captain he turned to Stromfels, the dark God worshiped by the wreckers. The crew of the *Dunkel Freighter* disbanded when the price on their heads became too high and Faustmann worked his way through the ranks on several of the more legal kind of ships before joining the *Ingrid*, but he still prays to Stromfels when he is sure no one is listening.

Quote: "Get back into the rigging this instant, you dog!"

Father Anders Pellenberg, Human Priest of Manann (Ex-Initiate)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37*	31	30	30	38*	33	34	33
+10``	+10`	+5`	+10`	+5	+10``	+20````	+15``
47	36	35	35	38*	43	54	43
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	4	0	0	0
-	+4``	-	-	-	+1`	-	-
1	12	3	3	4	1	0	0

Skills:

Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Theology), Channelling, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire, the Wasteland), Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception, Read/Write, Sail, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel +10), Swim

Talents:

Excellent Vision, Lightning Reflexes*, Master Orator, Mimic, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Strike to Stun, Warrior Born*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: Necklace with Wave Design, Robes

Father Pellenberg is a devout old priest with a flowing white beard that looks like it could part water by itself. He offered his services as a navigator and member of the Order of the Albatross to Captain Nieman of the *Ingrid*, who couldn't find a polite way to refuse. Pellenberg has a flair for the dramatic and a taste for strict worship. His response to almost any situation is to suggest that the entire crew pray, make a sacrifice or prostrate themselves and beg Manann for mercy. If these responses are inappropriate he retires to his room and quietly flagellates himself. He believes in every sailor's superstition you can imagine and will sternly disapprove of any females or Dwarfs on board, anyone who whistles on deck and anyone who so much as looks the wrong way at an albatross.

Quote: "A female on ship? Why not throw ourselves into the waves immediately and be done with it?"

Doktor Renton Bezzle, Human Barber-Surgeon (Ex-Initiate)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	31	37*	31	33	45*	35	38*
+5`	+5`	-	+5`	+10``	+10``	+10``	+10``
37	36	37	36	43	55	45	48
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11*	3	3	4	0	0	0
-	+2``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	13	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Haggle, Heal, Intimidate, Gossip, Perception, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel +10), Swim, Trade (Apothecary)

Talents: Hardy*, Public Speaking, Savvy*, Strong-minded, Suave*, Surgery, Very Strong*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon)

Herr Doktor Bezzle was weeks away from giving his life to the service of Morr when he had an epiphany. While reciting Morr's Litany over the bodies of plague victims, Renton realised he could have done far more good for these souls while they lived than he could in death. The next day he cast off his robes and began studying to become a Barber-Surgeon. It hasn't been easy, especially without the support of his family who run a funeral home and were eager for the prestige a priest in the family would bring. The way they see it, keeping sick folk alive is robbing them of business. To pay his tuition fees Renton made a deal with a ship's captain in need of a physician. Now he has to spend the next two years working off his loan on board a ship called the *Ingrid*. Not a bad post, if only he could find a cure for seasickness.

Quote: "I know it tastes awful, but you can either drink this restorative or I can resort to leeches...there's a good fellow. Nobody ever asks for the leeches."

'Longshot' Lythanel, Elf Marine

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33	33	29	33	41	34*	24	26
+10	+10`	+10	-	+5	-	+5	-
33	38	29	33	41	34*	24	26
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12*	2	3	5	0	0	2
+1	+3	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	12	2	3	5	0	0	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves, the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Intimidate, Perception, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Eltharin, Reikspiel), Swim

Talents: Excellent Vision, Hardy*, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Savvy*, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Strong-minded

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Club, Elfbow, Shield

Trappings: 10 Arrows, Bottle of Cheap Rum, Grappling Hook, Naughty Tattoo on His Bicep, 10 Yards of Rope

Considered foolish and unexceptional among his own people, Lythanel left the forest and his 'stuck-up' family while young and sought his fortune at sea instead. In the harsh life on board the *Ingrid*, he soon found many others of his particular intellectual level and sense of humour, and broke through their racism when his elfbow proved invaluable in killing pirates long before they got into boarding range. This earned him his nickname, although he says it refers more to the contents of his trousers than his skills with a bow. While Longshot's lust for life is endearing, it also makes him easily led into trouble. If there's a rumble at the dockyard, he will be throwing a punch, and if there's wine, women and song, he will be singing the loudest.

Quote: "I love you humans — you really know how to have fun! (hic)"

Lorenz Baak, Human Seaman

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
29	25	38	32	31	24	28	25
+10	+5	+10`	-	+10	-	-	-
29	25	43	32	31	24	28	25
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	14*	4	3	5*	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	14*	4	3	5	0	0	3

Skills: Common Knowledge (Norsca, the Wasteland), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gossip, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Norse, Reikspiel), Swim

Talents: Excellent Vision, Fleet Footed*, Hardy*, Seasoned Traveller, Strike Mighty Blow

Armour: Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Club

Trappings: Bottle of Poor Craftsmanship Spirits

When Hildagard Gickel went and got herself pregnant to a travelling exciseman whose name she couldn't even remember, it was set to be the talk of the village. Her family decided to avoid the scandal by accusing Lorenz, a local farm boy known for being a little simple, of being the father. A hasty blunderbuss-wedding was arranged, but Lorenz narrowly escaped on his wedding night and fled straight onto the deck of the next ship leaving port. Although he gets nervous in every port in case his bride's family are there waiting for him, Lorenz is thankful to the Gickel clan for driving him away from a dull farm-life. As a crewmember of the *Ingrid* he has the entire world stretching out around him and a horizon that changes every day.

Quote: "Aye-aye, Cap'n."

Monsters!

“Battle ye not with monsters, lest they devour you
messily.”

— Boz



Tunga Wavebreaker, Giant

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37	22	72	59	21	16	22	16
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	44	7	5	6	0	0	0

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Goblin Tongue, Grumbarth)

Talents: Lightning Parry, Natural Weapons, Terrifying, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron

Special Rules: *Hideous Strength, Topsy:* see **The Old World Bestiary**, page 95.

Armour: Fur Jerkin, Fur Leggings

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

Weapons: Mainmast (Hand Weapon), Fists

Trappings: Badge of Office on Anchor Chain around his neck

Tunga was very drunk one day and fell off one of the sharper cliffs on the icy edge of the Sea of Claws. Wedged into a narrow inlet, he would have drowned when the tide came in but that he was discovered by the Prince of Erengard, who saw a smart giant and a golden opportunity. A deal was struck: in exchange for his life and all the yaks he can eat, Tunga promises not to eat humans and to stand guard over the treacherous ports along the Kislevian coast. Many a sailor caught in a storm of sleet or frozen hail has failed to navigate around the rocks and most of them soon owe their very lives to Tunga, as he strides into the ocean and scoops up the wrecked ship, and deposits them safely on the shore. Yes, occasionally he smashes the ship and a few people to pieces in the process, but every Kislevite sailor feels safer knowing Tunga is out there watching over them.

Quote: “Stupid manlings. Tunga not know why you ever go in puny boats in first place.”

Aphenatum, Mummy

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
48	33	42	61	21	38	89	20
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	36	4	6	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry, History +10, Necromancy +10), Evaluate, Follow Trail, Perception, Read/Write +20, Ride +10, Speak Language (Classical, Nehekharan)

Talents: Frightening, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Great Weapon), Strike to Stun, Undead

Special Rules: *Ancient Will*, *Flammable* – see **The Old World Bestiary**, page 102.

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Greatsword

Trappings: Squad of Skeletal Lieutenants, Amulet of Office, Gold Engraving of his Queen

Four thousand years ago, Aphenatum was chief bodyguard of the great queen of the Nehekhara, El-Izhuptet A-Lar. He was her most trusted servant and, at times, her lover. When she died, he was entombed and mummified with her so that he could guard her and serve her in the next life as well. However, Aphenatum awoke again in this world to discover that tomb robbers had stolen his queen from her resting place. Now he is searching the entire Old World for his lady, in every town and palace and wizard's tower he can find, so he can return her to her proper place and pay brutal, bloody vengeance to all those who dared to take such liberties. It is a long search, but Aphenatum is obsessed — and being immortal, he can spare the time.

Quote: “Have you seen this mummy?”

Weeping Wilhemina, Banshee

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	0	31	31	46	25	38	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	18	3	3	6	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment +20, Perception +20, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Ethereal, Frightening, Night Vision, Undead

Armour: None

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

Weapons: None

Insanities: Blasphemous Rage

Special Rules: *Ghostly Howl*: See **The Old World Bestiary**, page 82.

Wilhelmina appears as an insubstantial woman with a haggard, skull-like face, forever frozen into a portrait of agony with dark tears rolling down her cheeks and thick, black hair blowing around her head even when there is no wind. Her tattered dress drips with water. Once, she was an ordinary war widow and mother of three, until her world was shattered when she discovered reptilian scales and drops of blood in the laundry basket. The mutant who was terrorising her village was her own eldest son, Jacopo. Creeping into his room as he slept, she pulled back the covers to reveal the shimmering snakeskin that was replacing his flesh. The part of her that had always known could deny it no longer. The knife in her hand came down again and again. Taking her two youngest, Ernst and Herpin, she walked onto the moors, ignoring their sleepy protests. The taint of Chaos had spread over her entire family; none of them would ever be safe again. She quietly and calmly drowned both of the boys before walking into the water herself. The appalling nature of her actions dragged Wilhemina back from death as a banshee. She walks through the fog, searching for her sons to beg their forgiveness, lamenting her loss. If she sees travellers she will attempt to ask them if they have seen her boys, but she has lost the power of speech. All she can do is weep and moan and when that fails fly into a fury, with typically lethal consequences.

Quote: (Uncontrollable sobbing broken by wails of grief and moments of devastated silence.)

Algernon Dussollier, Vampire Assassin (Ex-Duellist, Ex-Protagonist)
(6000 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
68	45	64	65	68	40	70	51
+25 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	+25 ⁻⁻⁻⁻⁻	+10 ⁻⁻	+20 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	+30 ⁻⁻⁻⁻⁻	+20 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	+15 ⁻⁻⁻	+20 ⁻⁻⁻⁻
88	70	74	85	88	60	85	71
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
3	22	6	6	6	1	0	0
+2 ⁻⁻	+4 ⁻⁻⁻⁻	-	-	-	-	-	-
5	26	6	8	6	1	2	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip +10, Intimidate, Perception, Prepare Poison, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Signs (Thief), Shadowing, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton, Reikspiel)

Talents: Disarm, Etiquette, Frightening, Keen Senses, Lightning Parry, Master Gunner, Menacing, Mighty Shot, Night Vision, Quick Draw, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling, Fencing, Gunpowder, Parrying, Throwing), Street Fighting, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swashbuckler, Undead

Armour: Mail Shirt and Leather Jack

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Main Gauche, Net, Pistol, Rapier, 4 Throwing Knives

Trappings: 1 Dose of Dark Venom, Grappling Hook, Powder and Ammunition for 10 Shots, 10 Yards of Rope

Special Rules: Blood Dragon Vampire, see **The Old World Bestiary**, page 114

In life Algernon was nothing but a hardened bully who distinguished himself only by slaying Sir Quincy Boar-Spear in a drunken duel. That was enough to bring him to the attention of a knight of the Order of the Blood Dragon who saw past his cruel and callous exterior to the even more cruel and callous being who lurked inside — perfect for one of the Undead. His father-in-darkness was proven right, as a Vampire Algernon became one of the most deadly assassins of the Old World. After all, he has nothing better to do with his immortality than practice his almost matchless martial ability. Algernon charges the highest prices and only takes jobs that offer a challenge. For the last forty years he hasn't failed a single client. No one who has seen the scarred, ivory face behind his black, velvet mask lives to tell of it.

Quote: “Look into my eyes. They are the last thing you will ever see.”

Erich Pilzner, Mutant Chief (Ex-Sneak)
(3600 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	31	31	36*	31	31	31	31
+30``	+20````	+20``	+20``	+35````	+15``	+20``	+20
41	51	41	46	51	46	46	31
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	4	4	4	0	0	0
+2`	+8````	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	16	4	4	4	0	3	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Animal Care, Command, Concealment +10, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Silent Move +10, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Disarm, Flee!, Lightning Parry, Menacing, Mighty Shot, Orientation, Rapid Reload, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling, Throwing), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient*

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Crossbow, Sword

Trappings: 10 Bolts, His Very Own Warband

Special Rules: *Mushroom Head:* A head and neck replaced by a large, grey mushroom with a cap 12 inches in diameter. Facial features are placed in the middle of the cap. The stalk is capable of stiff movement and the face is typically to the fore, otherwise he'd drown when it rains. -10 penalty to vision-based Perception Tests.

Regeneration: As per **The Old World Bestiary**.

Erich was abandoned in the woods at birth and found by a band of mutants, with the uncanny (some say Chaos-gifted) knack they have of finding their own. They named him and taught him everything he needed to know: how to hate and fear humanity and how to kill. As soon as he was old enough to reload a crossbow he was brought along on the band's attacks on travellers. Erich showed a gift for planning ambushes that brought them several good hauls. Among the loot was the sword Erich used to kill the band's former leader while he slept. Now, he leads the forest's mutants in expertly coordinated attacks.

Quote: "At the count of three, fire! Yes, that's *on* three, not *after* three, Otto."

Baby-Face, Mutant Brute
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	31	31	31	31	11	31	11
+20``	+10	+15``	+15``	+15	-	+15	+10
41	31	41	41	31	11	31	11
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	4	4	4	0	0	0
+1`	+6`.....	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	17	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Concealment, Dodge Blow, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Flee!, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Specialist Weapon Group (Two-handed)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Two-handed Club

Trappings: Tattered Hooded Robe

Special Rules: *Infant's Face:* The face of a mewling infant, the same size as an adult head (-20 to Intelligence Characteristic, -20 to Fellowship Characteristic).

The large hunchback nicknamed Baby-Face is an unknown quantity to Erich's band. He wandered into their camp one night, took a place at the fire and stayed. He comes along with them on raids and even though incapable of speech and prone to crying fits, he takes orders well enough and has rebuffed any challenges by clubbing his opponents brutally. Occasionally he vanishes for a day at a time, but nobody has managed to follow him to the cave where he keeps a pretty mutant named Maria locked in a cage. Baby-Face is on the lookout for a companion for Maria and may act irrationally where attractive females are concerned; protecting them from the rest of the murderous band only to drag them off to his filthy cave afterwards.

Quote: (Gurgling sounds of babyish delight.)

Elise Nacht, Mutant Messenger

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31	30	31	36*	34	32	39*	29
+5	+5	-	+5	+10`	+5	+5	-
31	30	31	60*	39	32	39	29
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	3	4	0	0	0
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	8*	3	6	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (the Empire +10), Gossip, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Ride, Secret Signs (Scout), Speak Language (Reikspiel +10), Swim

Talents: Coolheaded*, Orientation, Seasoned Traveller, Very Resilient* (rendered irrelevant by mutation)

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Club

Trappings: Map Case

Special Rules: *Crystalline:* A body is made of jagged crystal. It is extremely tough but once cracked, breaks easily. Toughness Characteristic 60, Wounds Characteristic 8.

When a messenger rode into the middle of Erich's forest, he quickly organised an ambush. As they advanced, she took out the proclamation she'd been delivering and read it in a strong, clear voice. It was a message for the local villagers, telling them they were being drafted to form a militia to drive the mutants out of the forest. Bemused, Erich asked Elise what she thought she was doing. The messenger opened her shirt to reveal the crystalline growth slowly replacing her flesh and that answered that. Over the next few weeks Elise acted as a spy for the mutants, travelling from village to village to deliver the Duke's message and find out how many militia there would be, then riding into the forest and informing Erich. When the militia marched out they met a paltry force of Erich's least favourite men and returned victorious. Then the rest came out from hiding and carried on exactly as before. Elise's mutation has since spread to cover her entire body and she has joined the band permanently.

Quote: "The human world does not want me. Here is where I belong."

Some Unlikely Heroes

“The sole difference between a hero and a complete idiot is that, when the folly is finished, by some miracle the hero isn't dead. Perhaps the Gods protect those who so desperately need Their help.”

— Boz



Janna Phirjesson-Liegh, Human Agitator
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
27	30	27	27	31	38*	27	33
+5	+5	-	-	+5	+10	-	+10`
27	30	27	27	31	38	27	38
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	2	2	4	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	13	2	2	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Charm, Concealment, Gossip +10, Perception, Read/Write, Speak (Reikspiel +10, Tilean)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Flee!, Night Vision, Public Speaking, Savvy*

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: None

Trappings: 12 Copies of the Latest Issue of the *Altdorf Spieler*, Good Craftsmanship Clothes, Writing Kit

In the larger cities of the Old World there are just enough literate people to support the publication of broadsheets, thin leaflets summarising important news in as sensational a form as possible. One such broadsheet is the *Altdorf Spieler*, which Janna writes for. She sees it as a way of giving a voice to the city's disenfranchised; Altdorf's wealthy won't listen to those beneath them but since it's fashionable to follow the broadsheets, they will read about them. All too often, though, her political stories are buried under stories of two-headed calves and exposés of dodgy tradesmen. While doing some research, which is to say snooping, on the Mandragora banking house she finally discovered a *real* story: a leading banker who is a member of a proscribed cult. She needs more evidence before she can submit the story, but getting that evidence isn't going to be easy.

Quote: "Can I quote you on that?"

Larak Rofthelm, Dwarf Tomb Robber (Ex-Shieldbreaker)
(2400 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
46	31	31	49	23	27	36*	26
+10``	-	+5`	+5`	+10``	+10``	+10`	+5
56	31	36	54	33	37	41	26
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	4	3	0	0	2
+1`	+2``	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	13	3	5	3	0	0	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Navigation, Perception, Pick Lock, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface +10, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Khazalid +10, Reikspiel), Trade (Stoneworker)

Talents: Acute Hearing, Coolheaded, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Luck, Night Vision, Orientation, Resistance to Magic, Sixth Sense, Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Trapfinder, Tunnel Rat

Armour: Leather Jack, Leather Leggings

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

Weapons: Shield, Twin Crossbows, Warhammer

Trappings: Crowbar, 20 Crossbow Bolts, Grappling Hook, 10 Yards of Rope, Lantern Lamp Oil, 2 Sacks, Waterskin

Your typical tomb robber is a cowardly sort, always ready to run and only in it for the money. Larak is not your typical Tomb Robber. As a youth, she defended the tunnels of her empire from the greenskins and dreamed of one day taking back the halls of Zhufbar from their foul hands. But when she realised that would never happen, Larak had another idea: if they could not take back their ancestral homes, then at least she could rescue their ancestral treasures. Now, armed to the teeth, she delves deep into the lost Dwarfholds, grabbing anything historical she can prise into her sacks and killing every greenskin she can lay her eyes on. She deposits her hauls in the great Dwarven museums, and then she goes straight back for more.

Quote: "You throw me the idol, I'll throw you the rope!"

Varg, Ogre Engineer (Ex-Miner)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
37	17	42	54*	18	21	32	24
+10`	+15``	+10``	+5`	+10	+20`	+10`	-
42	27	52	59	18	26	37	24
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	4	5	5	0	0	2
-	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	17	5	5	5	0	2	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Ogres), Drive, Outdoor Survival, Navigation, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Grumbarth, Reikspiel), Trade (Miner)

Talents: Acute Sense of Smell, Menacing, Night Vision, Orientation, Stout-hearted, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder, Two-Handed), Very Resilient*

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Great Weapon (Two-Handed Pick), Large Firearm (+1 to damage, Experimental)

Trappings: Engineer's Kit, Lamp Oil, Pick, Spade, 6 Spikes, Storm Lantern

Although he began his mining career as a tunnel support, Varg is clever for an Ogre and soon proved to be a natural with gunpowder and explosives. While delivering some sulphur to an alchemist-cum-gunsmith, they got talking, discovered their mutual passion and decided to team up. Varg wanted to learn more about gunpowder, and the gunsmith needed someone on which to test his experiments. The two had many adventures until the gunsmith was murdered in an alley by members of a cult devoted to halting the march of science and the so-called abominations it creates. Now Varg is no longer searching for knowledge, but for bloody revenge on his friend's killers.

Quote: "One more step and I fill you full of saltpetre!"

Skelia Mandellen, Human Initiate of Verena
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39*	32	31*	33	37*	24	29	32*
+5	+5	-	+5	-	+10`	+10	+10
39	32	31	33	37	29	29	32
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	2
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Theology), Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Heal, Perception +10, Read/Write, Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel +10)

Talents: Lightning Reflexes*, Public Speaking, Suave*, Very Strong*, Warrior Born*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Sword

Trappings: Robes, Symbol of Verena

Skelia was born with all the natural strengths of a great warrior — strong, tough, fierce and a natural swordswoman – and after her brother was killed by Skaven, her soldier father groomed her to take the uniform instead. Unfortunately, military matters did not interested her at all. All she wants to do is study and learn, so she disappointed her family greatly by running off to Altdorf to pledge her life to Verena. Her studies have been difficult, but Skelia is not someone who backs down easily, whether she is facing an arcane article of Imperial Law or a gang of bandits out to steal her books. In fact, the only thing she truly fears is falling in love...

Quote: “Knowledge is a sword. On the other hand, this (draws steel) — this is also a sword”

Kirsten Stumpfnase, Human Vampire Hunter (Ex-Bounty Hunter)
(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38*	39	34	42*	32	30	31	28
+20`	+20``	+10`	+10	+15``	+15	+20`	-
43	49	39	42	42	15	36	28
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	3	4	4	0	2	2
+1	+4``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	14	3	4	4	0	2	2

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Concealment, Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Marksman, Rover, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Crossbow, Entangling), Very Resilient*, Warrior Born*

Armour: Full Mail Armour

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

Weapons: Net, Repeater Crossbow, Warhammer

Trappings: Blessed Water, 10 Bolts, Manacles, Palm Mirror, 4 Stakes, 10 Yards of Rope

The Andanti are a hereditary order of Undead hunters. One in every generation of Morr's chosen families is born with a caul that marks them as special. They are secretly trained in the ways of fighting the Undead and then unleashed on the horrors of the night. At least in theory, they are. Kirsten's Uncle Benadamski was still training her in the ways of minor spirits by visiting haunted Axel House when things went wrong. The bumps in the night reported by locals were really the activities of a Vampire; unprepared, Kirsten and her uncle were no match. Benadamski died fighting, but Kirsten escaped. She has spent years travelling the Old World collecting bounties and following leads until she could track down that same Vampire again. It's taken a long time, but she's finally getting close to her sweet revenge.

Quote: "You can always tell Vampires by their eyes; they hold disdain and dreadful need in equal measure. Also, carry a mirror."

Wanderers and Vagabonds

“Any company is welcome to a traveller, but when one has wandered as much as I have, it often seems as the very same folk keep passing, only stopping once over the horizon to turn their coaches around and don different hats. A few rare and wonderful individuals, however, are singular enough to offer first class entertainment that warms the heart and endures long in the memory. While this can in no way repay them for the gift of distraction they granted me on my travels, I hope my mentioning their names here goes someway to showing my unending gratitude that our paths had cause to cross.”

‘Boz



Raben Schwarz, Human Bounty Hunter (Ex-Watchman)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39*	40*	32	33	30	26	36*	24
+10``	+10``	+5`	-	+10`	+10``	+5	+5`
49	50	37	33	35	36	36	29
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	11	3	3	4	0	0	1
-	+2``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	13	3	3	4	0	1	1

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Law), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Gossip +10, Intimidate, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Search, Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Marksman*, Rover, Specialist Weapon Group (Entangling), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Warrior Born*

Armour: Leather Jack

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

Weapons: Crossbow Pistol, Net, Sword

Trappings: 10 Bolts, Manacles, 10 Yards of Rope

Raben's an old tough guy, rough on the surface, but nice to animals and children. His black beard is becoming streaked with grey, he's otherwise bald and he lost his arm during a difficult arrest as part of his time serving on the Nuln city watch. He was pensioned off, but boredom soon set in and he returned to work in a freelance capacity, hunting bounties to get back some of the excitement. Only having one arm and being of advancing years has been a hindrance though, and the reward money hasn't exactly been flowing in. While chasing members of the Valentina crime gang he met Rudi Dorn and the two of them teamed up to go after the rest of the gang. Success – and any riches – have eluded them so far.

Quote: “I know there's not much meat in the stew, but if you hadn't let Little Emilio get away we would've been able to afford more, wouldn't we?”

Rudi Dorn, Human Racketeer (Ex-Thug)
(1800 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	33	32	32	45*	29	35*	31
+20``	+15	+15`	+10`	+10`	-	+15`	+10`
45	33	37	37	50	29	40	36
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	3	5*	0	0	1
+1`	+5``	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	12	3	3	5	0	0	1

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Shadowing, Speak Language (Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Disarm, Fleet Footed*, Lightning Reflexes*, Menacing, Quick Draw, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun

Armour: Leather Jerkin and Mail Shirt

Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0

Weapons: Club, Dagger, Knuckle-dusters

Trappings: Good Quality Clothing, Hat

Rudi is tall, thin, brash and vain, with a taste for bright blue outfits and beating people up with his bare hands. He used to be a member in good standing of the Valantina gang, helping to run protection rackets and loan sharking. That came to an end when he had a falling out with Big Willi Valantina involving a young lady; a falling out that ended with Big Willi's lifeblood on Rudi's knife. The rest of the gang didn't see things his way and Rudi would have been killed if Raben Schwarz hadn't shown up trying to collect a bounty on several of the Valantinas. Raben and Rudi managed to see the attackers off and have since become friends, even working together on bounty cases. Not with a lot of luck so far, but Rudi feels good about being on this side of the law for once.

Quote: "Well if you'd reloaded that crossbow pistol faster, old man, maybe he wouldn't have got away."

Thandalyn Telluryn, Elf Entertainer
(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	38	26	31	46*	33	36*	31
+5	+10	-	-	+10`	-	+5	+10
35	38	26	31	51	33	36	31
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	9	2	3	5	0	0	1
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	9	2	3	5	0	0	1

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Common Knowledge (Elves), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Charm, Evaluate, Perception, Performer (Acrobat, Dancer), Speak Language (Eltharin, Reikspiel +10)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Excellent Vision, Lightning Reflexes*, Night Vision, Specialist Weapon Group (Longbow), Trick Riding

Armour: Leather Jerkin

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

Weapons: Sword

Trappings: Costume, Riding Horse, 3 Throwing Knives

Thandalyn was a foundling, discovered in the forest as a baby by gypsy circus folk, and has known nothing but the circus ever since. His incredible Elven agility made him a natural acrobat, clown and dancer, but he soon realised his greatest love was for trick riding. Aiming (and claiming) to be the greatest trick rider in the world (and already half-way there), there is no stunt too dangerous or too impossible for Thandalyn. His current show-stopper involves him throwing daggers at a target whilst blindfolded and sitting backwards on his horse. He is plagued with the fear, however, that there is nothing more he can learn in the circus and would gladly seek adventure if it involved a lot of riding or hanging out with knights and cavalry, to see if he can learn any new tricks or create any new stunts.

Quote: "I bet you've never seen anybody steer with his toes before!!"

Fiero Fizzaro, Human Estalian Diestro

(1200 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
32	24	41	25	36*	30	34*	28
+15`´´	-	+5`	+5`	+10`´	+5`	-	-
47	24	46	30	46	35	34	28
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	2	4	0	0	2
+1`	+2`´	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	14	4	3	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Common Knowledge (Estalia, the Empire), Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Speak Language (Estalian, Reikspiel)

Talents: Coolheaded*, Lightning Reflexes*, Quick Draw, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Swashbuckler

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Foil

Trappings: Best Craftsmanship Clothes, Healing Draught, Perfume, Writing Kit

Fiero Fizzaro is the son of Fayamo Fizzaro, one of the great fencing teachers of Magritta. Growing up in that sort of shadow made it very difficult to build a reputation and fate gave Fiero his mother's bulky frame rather than the lithe and nimble one of his father — and of those suited to his father's school. Seeing force as his ally, and keen to make a name from himself outside his father's umbra, he headed to the Empire, where men fight with heavy, clumsy swords. Here he hopes to learn new techniques of swordplay, perhaps one day taking them back to his homeland and inventing his own school of fencing, complete with tales of his heroic deeds trailing behind him. And he just might do it, for when it comes to creating his future legend, Fiero's fearlessness and determination know no bounds.

Quote: "A moment, a moment, please, I must write down that last manoeuvre!"

Hartford Humbledown, Halfling Vagabond

(Starting Character)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
24	47*	26	22	33	25	30	52
+5	+10	-	-	+10	+5	-	+5`
24	47	26	22	33	25	30	57
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	8	2	2	4	0	0	3
-	+2	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	8	2	2	4	0	0	3

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy), Common Knowledge (Halflings, Tilea), Gossip, Haggle, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger), Silent Move, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel)

Talents: Marksman*, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Suave*

Armour: None

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

Weapons: Dagger, Sword

Trappings: Backpack, Rations, Tent, Waterskin

Hartford is quite possibly the friendliest person in the Old World. Nothing pleases him more than meeting new people and hearing their stories. Indeed, he left the Moot because he felt the need to meet more than just Halflings. First he headed south into Tilea, but after running into some Ogres, he struck north again into the Empire. Travellers who come across him on the road can always expect a place by his fire, a portion of his dinner and a thrilling tale or two. Most soon find themselves at ease and telling their own stories. A hero can be sure he will never be forgotten if he has shared a meal by Hartford's fire!

Quote: "Hello there! I'm Hartford, Hartford Humbledown. Pull up a log and join us!"

Bozwell, Human Explorer (Ex-Scholar, Ex-Friar, Ex-Vagabond)
(6000 XP)

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
35	29	32	40*	24	26	32	31
+20``	+20``	+10``	+15``	+15``	+25``	+20``	+15``
45	39	42	50	39	56	52	46
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	10	3	4	5*	0	0	2
+1	+6``	-	-	-	-	-	-
1	15	4	5	5	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (History, Science, Theology), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Bretonnia, Dwarfs, Elves, Estalia, Halflings, Kislev, Religion, Sea Lore, the Empire, Tilea), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Heal, Navigation, Outdoor Survival, Perception, Performer (Storyteller), Read/Write, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger's Tongue), Secret Signs (Ranger, Scout), Silent Move, Speak Language (Bretonnian, Classical, Estalian, Kislevian, Reikspiel, Tilean), Swim, Trade (Cartographer)

Talents: Fleet Footed*, Linguistics, Luck, Orientation, Rover, Seasoned Traveller, Very Resilient*

Armour: Weatherbeaten Leather Robes

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

Weapons: Hand Axe, Quarter Staff

Trappings: Charcoal, Journal, Travelling cloak, Writing Kit

Bozwell makes it his business to go everywhere, see everything and know everybody. Conversely, he is difficult to locate, infrequently seen and hardly known at all by others. He prides himself on being unimportant and nondescript, so that, as he says, "I might never change an event by being present to witness it, nor burden my subjects with predispositions of myself or my intent to describe them."

Quote: "How interesting! Do go on."

Indices

By Career, Alphabetical

Agitator; Janna Phierjesson-Liegh; 0 xp	70
Anointed Priest; His Grace Leo Basano; 4800 xp	7
Apprentice Wizard; Sara Diffring; 0 xp	50
Artisan; Gerhardt Ten-Fingers; 2400 xp	16
Assassin; Algernon Dussollier; 6000 xp	65
Barber-Surgeon; Doktor Renton Bezzle; 1800 xp	58
Bounty Hunter; Raben Schwarz; 1800 xp	76
Brute; Baby-Face; 1200 xp	67
Burgher; Essig Streicheln; 0 xp	20
Captain; Colonel Senf von Scharf; 5400 xp	6
Charlatan; Great Vandalla, The; 1800 xp	53
Charlatan; Professor Ferdinand Pflaumbe; 3600 xp	36
Chief; Erich Pilzner; 3600 xp	66
Courtier; Margreave Hugo von Lorrenstein; 1800 xp	5
Crime Lord; Bloody Jacob; 3600 xp	40
Daemon Slayer; Boros; 4800 xp	47
Demagogue; Ghul the Hammer; 2400 xp	19
Duellist; Karl Empresser; 3600 xp	30
Engineer; Varg; 1200 xp	72
Entertainer; Thandalyn Telluryn; 0 xp	78
Estalian Diestro; Fiero Fizzaro; 1200 xp	79
Explorer; Bozwell; 6000 xp	81
Fence; Arik Ironhaft; 1200 xp	17
Ferryman; Lugberry Crumbuckle; 1200 xp	26
Flagellant; Jurgen Malleus; 2400 xp	44
Friar; Pyotr the Hermit; 3600 xp	46
Hedge Wizard; Dieter Zauberlich; 1200 xp	43
Hunter; Edgar Furfoot; 0 xp	24
Initiate; Skelia Mandellen; 0 xp	73
Innkeeper; Hargin Hook-hand; 3600 xp	15
Journeyman Wizard; Ebram Westenburg; 1200 xp	52
Journeyman Wizard; Grizzled Pieter; 2400 xp	38
Marine; 'Longshot' Lythanel; 0 xp	59
Master Wizard; Alten the Seer; 4800 xp	49
Denizens of the Empire	82

Mate; Faustmann Smithers; 2400 xp	56
Mate; Rurik the Rotten; 3600 xp	35
Messenger; Elise Nacht; 0 xp	68
Noble; Lady Ilsa Kleintressen; 3600 xp	4
Outlaw Chief; Hawk, The; 5400 xp	41
Physician; Doctor Zindeá; 3600 xp	18
Politician; Sheriff Prester Nordlingen; 1800 xp	11
Priest; Father Anders Pellenberg; 2400 xp	57
Racketeer; Rudi Dorn; 1800 xp	77
Rat Catcher; Magrun; 0 xp	12
Rogue; Clever Tom; 0 xp	34
Rogue; Frida Vaksmann; 0 xp	39
Scholar; Durgel Steiger; 3600 xp	51
Scout; Khandar the Runner; 1800 xp	27
Sea Captain; Captain Diederick Niemann; 4800 xp	55
Seaman; Lorenz Baak; 0 xp	60
Sergeant; Matthias Garrett; 2400 xp	9
Spy; Benedikt Krieger; 1800 xp	31
Squire; Herfl; 0 xp	32
Steward; Ubiquitous Fogbottom; 4800 xp	29
Targeteer; Bederich the Bowman; 3600 xp	22
Thug; 'Spit-eye' Shavandrel; 1800 xp	37
Tollkeeper; Hector von Pfeffering; 0 xp	13
Tomb Robber; Larak Rofthelm; 2400 xp	71
Tradesman; Norden Tubbman; 1200 xp	25
Vagabond; Hartford Humbledown; 0 xp	80
Vampire Hunter; Foster Braybrook; 1200 xp	45
Vampire Hunter; Kirsten Stumpfnase; 1200 xp	74
Watchman; Hansup; 1200 xp	10
Woodsman; Clovis Gusserin; 0 xp	23

By Career, Basic and Advanced

Basic Careers

Agitator; Janna Phierjesson-Liegh; 0 xp	70
Apprentice Wizard; Sara Diffring; 0 xp	50
Barber-Surgeon; Doktor Renton Bezzle; 1800 xp	58
Bounty Hunter; Raben Schwarz; 1800 xp	76
Brute; Baby-Face; 1200 xp	67
Burgher; Essig Streicheln; 0 xp	20
Entertainer; Thandalyn Telluryn; 0 xp	78
Estalian Diestro; Fiero Fizzaro; 1200 xp	79
Ferryman; Lugberry Crumbuckle; 1200 xp	26
Hedge Wizard; Dieter Zauberlich; 1200 xp	43
Hunter; Edgar Furfoot; 0 xp	24
Initiate; Skelia Mandellen; 0 xp	73
Marine; 'Longshot' Lythanel; 0 xp	59
Messenger; Elise Nacht; 0 xp	68
Noble; Lady Ilsa Kleintressen; 3600 xp	4
Rat Catcher; Magrun; 0 xp	12
Rogue; Clever Tom; 0 xp	34
Rogue; Frida Vaksmann; 0 xp	39
Seaman; Lorenz Baak; 0 xp	60
Squire; Herfl; 0 xp	32
Thug; 'Spit-eye' Shavandrel; 1800 xp	37
Tollkeeper; Hector von Pfeffering; 0 xp	13
Tomb Robber; Larak Rofthelm; 2400 xp	71
Tradesman; Norden Tubbman; 1200 xp	25
Vagabond; Hartford Humbledown; 0 xp	80
Watchman; Hansup; 1200 xp	10
Woodsman; Clovis Gusserin; 0 xp	23

Advanced Careers

Anointed Priest; His Grace Leo Basano; 4800 xp	7
Artisan; Gerhardt Ten-Fingers; 2400 xp	16

Assassin; Algernon Dussollier; 6000 xp	65
Captain; Colonel Senf von Scharf; 5400 xp	6
Charlatan; Great Vandalla, The; 1800 xp	53
Charlatan; Professor Ferdinand Pflaumbe; 3600 xp	36
Chief; Erich Pilzner; 3600 xp	66
Courtier; Margreave Hugo von Lorrenstein; 1800 xp	5
Crime Lord; Bloody Jacob; 3600 xp	40
Daemon Slayer; Boros; 4800 xp	47
Demagogue; Ghul the Hammer; 2400 xp	19
Duellist; Karl Empresser; 3600 xp	30
Engineer; Varg; 1200 xp	72
Explorer; Bozwell; 6000 xp	81
Fence; Arik Ironhaft; 1200 xp	17
Flagellant; Jurgen Malleus; 2400 xp	44
Friar; Pyotr the Hermit; 3600 xp	46
Innkeeper; Hargin Hook-hand; 3600 xp	15
Journeyman Wizard; Ebram Westerburg; 1200 xp	52
Journeyman Wizard; Grizzled Pieter; 2400 xp	38
Master Wizard; Alten the Seer; 4800 xp	49
Mate; Faustmann Smithers; 2400 xp	56
Mate; Rurik the Rotten; 3600 xp	35
Outlaw Chief; Hawk, The; 5400 xp	41
Physician; Doctor Zindeá; 3600 xp	18
Politician; Sheriff Prester Nordlingen; 1800 xp	11
Priest; Father Anders Pellenberg; 2400 xp	57
Racketeer; Rudi Dorn; 1800 xp	77
Scholar; Durgel Steiger; 3600 xp	51
Scout; Khandar the Runner; 1800 xp	27
Sea Captain; Captain Diederick Niemann; 4800 xp	55
Sergeant; Matthias Garrett; 2400 xp	9
Spy; Benedikt Krieger; 1800 xp	31
Steward; Ubiquitous Fogbottom; 4800 xp	29
Targeteer; Bederich the Bowman; 3600 xp	22
Vampire Hunter; Foster Braybrook; 1200 xp	45
Vampire Hunter; Kirsten Stumpfnase; 1200 xp	74

By Race

Banshee; Weeping Wilhelmina	64
Dwarf Daemon Slayer; Boros; 4800 xp	47
Dwarf Demagogue; Ghul the Hammer; 2400 xp	19
Dwarf Fence; Arik Ironhaft; 1200 xp	17
Dwarf Innkeeper; Hargin Hook-hand; 3600 xp	15
Dwarf Scout; Khandar the Runner; 1800 xp	27
Dwarf Tomb Robber; Larak Rofthelm; 2400 xp	71
Elf Charlatan; Great Vandalla, The; 1800 xp	53
Elf Entertainer; Thandalyn Telluryn; 0 xp	78
Elf Marine; 'Longshot' Lythanel; 0 xp	59
Elf Outlaw Chief; Hawk, The; 5400 xp	41
Elf Physician; Doctor Zindeá; 3600 xp	18
Elf Thug; 'Spit-eye' Shavandrel; 1800 xp	37
Giant; Tunga Wavebreaker	62
Halfling Crime Lord; Bloody Jacob; 3600 xp	40
Halfling Ferryman; Lugberry Crumbuckle; 1200 xp	26
Halfling Hunter; Edgar Furfoot; 0 xp	24
Halfling Rogue; Clever Tom; 0 xp	34
Halfling Steward; Ubiquitous Fogbottom; 4800 xp	29
Halfling Vagabond; Hartford Humbledown; 0 xp	80
Halfling Vampire Hunter; Foster Braybrook; 1200 xp	45
Human Agitator; Janna Phierjesson-Liegh; 0 xp	70
Human Anointed Priest; His Grace Leo Basano; 4800 xp	7
Human Apprentice Wizard; Sara Diffing; 0 xp	50
Human Artisan; Gerhardt Ten-Fingers; 2400 xp	16
Human Barber-Surgeon; Doktor Renton Bezzle; 1800 xp	58
Human Bounty Hunter; Raben Schwarz; 1800 xp	76
Human Burgher; Essig Streicheln; 0 xp	20
Human Captain; Colonel Senf von Scharf; 5400 xp	6
Human Charlatan; Professor Ferdinand Pflaumbe; 3600 xp	36
Human Courtier; Margreave Hugo von Lorrenstein; 1800 xp	5
Human Duellist; Karl Empresser; 3600 xp	30
Human Estalian Diestro; Fiero Fizzaro; 1200 xp	79
Human Explorer; Bozwell; 6000 xp	81
Human Flagellant; Jurgen Malleus; 2400 xp	44
Human Friar; Pyotr the Hermit; 3600 xp	46
Human Hedge Wizard; Dieter Zaubereich; 1200 xp	43
Human Initiate; Skelia Mandellen; 0 xp	73
Human Journeyman Wizard; Ebram Westenburg; 1200 xp	52
Human Journeyman Wizard; Grizzled Pieter; 2400 xp	38
Human Master Wizard; Alten the Seer; 4800 xp	49

Human Mate; Faustmann Smithers; 2400 xp	56
Human Mate; Rurik the Rotten; 3600 xp	35
Human Noble; Lady Ilsa Kleintressen; 3600 xp	4
Human Politician; Sheriff Prester Nordlingen; 1800 xp	11
Human Priest; Father Anders Pellenberg; 2400 xp	57
Human Racketeer; Rudi Dorn; 1800 xp	77
Human Rogue; Frida Vaksmann; 0 xp	39
Human Scholar; Durgel Steiger; 3600 xp	51
Human Sea Captain; Captain Diederick Niemann; 4800 xp	55
Human Seaman; Lorenz Baak; 0 xp	60
Human Sergeant; Matthias Garrett; 2400 xp	9
Human Spy; Benedikt Krieger; 1800 xp	31
Human Squire; Herfl; 0 xp	32
Human Targeteer; Bederich the Bowman; 3600 xp	22
Human Tollkeeper; Hector von Pfeffering; 0 xp	13
Human Tradesman; Norden Tubbman; 1200 xp	25
Human Vampire Hunter; Kirsten Stumpfhnase; 1200 xp	74
Human Woodsman; Clovis Gusserin; 0 xp	23
 Mummy; Aphenatum	 63
 Mutant Brute; Baby-Face; 1200 xp	 67
Mutant Chief; Erich Pilzner; 3600 xp	66
Mutant Messenger; Elise Nacht; 0 xp	68
 Ogre Engineer; Varg; 1200 xp	 72
Ogre Rat Catcher; Magrun; 0 xp	12
Ogre Watchman; Hansup; 1200 xp	10
 Vampire Assassin; Algernon Dussollier; 6000 xp	 65

By Experience Point Level

0 xp; Clever Tom; Halfling Rogue	34
0 xp; Clovis Gusserin; Human Woodsman	23
0 xp; Edgar Furfoot; Halfling Hunter	24
0 xp; Elise Nacht; Mutant Messenger	68
0 xp; Essig Streicheln; Human Burgher	20
0 xp; Frida Vaksmann; Human Rogue	39
0 xp; Hartford Humbledown; Halfling Vagabond	80
0 xp; Hector von Pfeffering; Human Tollkeeper	13
0 xp; Herfl; Human Squire	32
0 xp; Janna Phierjesson-Liegh; Human Agitator	70
0 xp; 'Longshot' Lythanel; Elf Marine	59
0 xp; Lorenz Baak; Human Seaman	60
0 xp; Magrun; Ogre Rat Catcher	12
0 xp; Sara Diffring; Human Apprentice Wizard	50
0 xp; Skelia Mandellen; Human Initiate	73
0 xp; Thandalyn Telluryn; Elf Entertainer	78
1200 xp; Arik Ironhaft; Dwarf Fence	17
1200 xp; Baby-Face; Mutant Brute	67
1200 xp; Dieter Zauberlich; Human Hedge Wizard	43
1200 xp; Ebram Westenburg; Human Journeyman Wizard	52
1200 xp; Fiero Fizzaro; Human Estalian Diestro	79
1200 xp; Foster Braybrook; Halfling Vampire Hunter	45
1200 xp; Hansup; Ogre Watchman	10
1200 xp; Kirsten Stumpfnase; Human Vampire Hunter	74
1200 xp; Lugberry Crumbuckle; Halfling Ferryman	26
1200 xp; Norden Tubbman; Human Tradesman	25
1200 xp; Varg; Ogre Engineer	72
1800 xp; Benedikt Krieger; Human Spy	31
1800 xp; Doktor Renton Bezzle; Human Barber-Surgeon	58
1800 xp; Great Vandalla, The; Elf Charlatan	53
1800 xp; Khandar the Runner; Dwarf Scout	27
1800 xp; Margreave Hugo von Lorrenstein; Human Courtier	5
1800 xp; Raben Schwarz; Human Bounty Hunter	76
1800 xp; Rudi Dorn; Human Racketeer	77
1800 xp; Sheriff Prester Nordlingen; Human Politician	11
1800 xp; 'Spit-eye' Shavandrel; Elf Thug	37
2400 xp; Father Anders Pellenberg; Human Priest	57
2400 xp; Faustmann Smithers; Human Mate	56
2400 xp; Gerhardt Ten-Fingers; Human Artisan	16
2400 xp; Ghul the Hammer; Dwarf Demagogue	19
2400 xp; Grizzled Pieter; Human Journeyman Wizard	38
2400 xp; Jurgen Malleus; Human Flagellant	44
2400 xp; Larak Rofthelm; Dwarf Tomb Robber	71

2400 xp; Matthias Garrett; Human Sergeant	9
3600 xp; Bederich the Bowman; Human Targeteer	22
3600 xp; Bloody Jacob; Halfling Crime Lord	40
3600 xp; Doctor Zindeá; Elf Physician	18
3600 xp; Durgel Steiger; Human Scholar	51
3600 xp; Erich Pilzner; Mutant Chief	66
3600 xp; Hargin Hook-hand; Dwarf Innkeeper	15
3600 xp; Karl Empresser; Human Duellist	30
3600 xp; Lady Ilsa Kleintressen; Human Noble	4
3600 xp; Professor Ferdinand Pflaumbe; Human Charlatan	36
3600 xp; Pyotr the Hermit; Human Friar	46
3600 xp; Rurik the Rotten; Human Mate	35
4800 xp; Alten the Seer; Human Master Wizard	49
4800 xp; Boros; Dwarf Daemon Slayer	47
4800 xp; Captain Diederick Niemann; Human Sea Captain	55
4800 xp; His Grace Leo Basano; Human Anointed Priest	7
4800 xp; Ubiquitous Fogbottom; Halfling Steward	29
5400 xp; Colonel Senf von Scharf; Human Captain	6
5400 xp; Hawk, The; Elf Outlaw Chief	41
6000 xp; Algernon Dussollier; Vampire Assassin	65

By Name

Algernon Dussollier; Vampire Assassin; 6000 xp	65
Alten the Seer; Human Master Wizard; 4800 xp	49
Anders Pellenberg, Father; Human Priest; 2400 xp	57
Aphenatum; Mummy	63
Arik Ironhaft; Dwarf Fence; 1200 xp	17
Baby-Face; Mutant Brute; 1200 xp	67
Bederich the Bowman; Human Targeteer; 3600 xp	22
Benedikt Krieger; Human Spy; 1800 xp	31
Bloody Jacob; Halfling Crime Lord; 3600 xp	40
Boros ; Dwarf Daemon Slayer; 4800 xp	47
Bozwell; Human Explorer; 6000 xp	81
Captain Diederick Niemann; Human Sea Captain; 4800 xp	55
Clever Tom; Halfling Rogue; 0 xp	34
Clovis Gusserin; Human Woodsman; 0 xp	23
Colonel Senf von Scharf; Human Captain; 5400 xp	6
Diederick Niemann, Captain; Human Sea Captain; 4800 xp	55
Dieter Zauberlich; Human Hedge Wizard; 1200 xp	43
Doctor Zindeá; Elf Physician; 3600 xp	18
Doktor Renton Bezzle; Human Barber-Surgeon; 1800 xp	58
Durgel Steiger; Human Scholar; 3600 xp	51
Ebram Westerburg; Human Journeyman Wizard; 1200 xp	52
Edgar Furfoot; Halfling Hunter; 0 xp	24
Elise Nacht; Mutant Messenger; 0 xp	68
Erich Pilzner; Mutant Chief; 3600 xp	66
Essig Streicheln; Human Burgher; 0 xp	20
Father Anders Pellenberg; Human Priest; 2400 xp	57
Faustmann Smithers; Human Mate; 2400 xp	56
Ferdinand Pflaumbe, Professor; Human Charlatan; 3600 xp	36
Fiero Fizzaro; Human Estalian Diestro; 1200 xp	79
Foster Braybrook; Halfling Vampire Hunter; 1200 xp	45
Frida Vaksman; Human Rogue; 0 xp	39
Gerhardt Ten-Fingers; Human Artisan; 2400 xp	16
Ghul the Hammer; Dwarf Demagogue; 2400 xp	19
Great Vandalla, The; Elf Charlatan; 1800 xp	53
Grizzled Pieter; Human Journeyman Wizard; 2400 xp	38
Hansup; Ogre Watchman; 1200 xp	10
Hargin Hook-hand; Dwarf Innkeeper; 3600 xp	15
Hartford Humbledown; Halfling Vagabond; 0 xp	80
Hawk, The; Elf Outlaw Chief; 5400 xp	41

Hector von Pfeffering; Human Tollkeeper; 0 xp	13
Herfl; Human Squire; 0 xp	32
His Grace Leo Basano; Human Anointed Priest; 4800 xp	7
Hugo von Lorrenstein, Margreave; Human Courtier; 1800 xp	5
Ilsa Kleintressen, Lady; Human Noble; 3600 xp	4
Janna Phierjesson-Liegh; Human Agitator; 0 xp	70
Jurgen Malleus; Human Flagellant; 2400 xp	44
Karl Empresser; Human Duellist; 3600 xp	30
Khandar the Runner; Dwarf Scout; 1800 xp	27
Kirsten Stumpfnase; Human Vampire Hunter; 1200 xp	74
Lady Ilsa Kleintressen; Human Noble; 3600 xp	4
Larak Rofthelm; Dwarf Tomb Robber; 2400 xp	71
Leo Basano, His Grace; Human Anointed Priest; 4800 xp	7
'Longshot' Lythanel; Elf Marine; 0 xp	59
Lorenz Baak; Human Seaman; 0 xp	60
Lugberry Crumbuckle; Halfling Ferryman; 1200 xp	26
Magrun; Ogre Rat Catcher; 0 xp	12
Margreave Hugo von Lorrenstein; Human Courtier; 1800 xp	5
Matthias Garrett; Human Sergeant; 2400 xp	9
Norden Tubbman; Human Tradesman; 1200 xp	25
Prester Nordlingen, Sheriff; Human Politician; 1800 xp	11
Professor Ferdinand Pflaumbe; Human Charlatan; 3600 xp	36
Pyotr the Hermit; Human Friar; 3600 xp	46
Raben Schwarz; Human Bounty Hunter; 1800 xp	76
Renton Bezzle, Doktor; Human Barber-Surgeon; 1800 xp	58
Rudi Dorn; Human Racketeer; 1800 xp	77
Rurik the Rotten; Human Mate; 3600 xp	35
Sara Diffing; Human Apprentice Wizard; 0 xp	50
Senf von Scharf, Colonel; Human Captain; 5400 xp	6
Sheriff Prester Nordlingen; Human Politician; 1800 xp	11
Skelia Mandellen; Human Initiate; 0 xp	73
'Spit-eye' Shavandrel; Elf Thug; 1800 xp	37
Thandalyn Telluryn; Elf Entertainer; 0 xp	78
Tunga Wavebreaker; Giant	62
Ubiquitous Fogbottom; Halfling Steward; 4800 xp	29
Vandalla, The Great; Elf Charlatan; 1800 xp	53
Varg; Ogre Engineer; 1200 xp	72

Weeping Wilhelmina; Banshee	64
Zindeá, Doctor; Elf Physician; 3600 xp	18

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Talents marked with a * have already been adjusted for in the character profile. For monster abilities, see the Old World Bestiary. For details on Ogre PCs (and some new Talents too), see Steve's website: <http://www.steved.org/roleplaying/rules.html>

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Ye Bonus Quiz!

Is thine doctour a master of physíc, or a Dread Servant of Chaos? Take yon handye quiz and find out the truth!

- 1.** After telling my doctour that my head aches, he recommends:
 - a) A good night's rest
 - b) A course of leeches
 - c) Rubbing it hourly with owl sputum

- 2.** When my family caught the black plague, my doctour
 - a) Risked his life to treat them in person
 - b) Sent his condolences from Bretonnia
 - c) Burnt down my house

- 3.** When my son lost his arm fighting the Chaos hordes, my doctour advised him to
 - a) learn to use his left hand instead
 - b) have a giant metal spike fixed to the stump
 - c) apply oil of salamander to make it grow back

- 4.** A travelling apothecary appears in the town square promising miracle cures. My doctour responds by
 - a) advising caution in taking his remedies
 - b) buying all his stock before anyone else can
 - c) burning the charlatan at the stake

- 5.** My young daughter complains of a pain in her unclean parts. My doctour suggests
 - a) tincture of willow-bark
 - b) beating her harder
 - c) casting the whore into the streets

- 6.** A close friend of mine is found talking to a horse. My doctour immediately
 - a) gives counsel to the troubled person
 - b) seizes his house and property lest he do ill with them
 - c) burns the Chaos-beast and his mutant mare at the stake

- 7.** When I meet my doctour in the markets, he usually says
 - a) "Hallo!"
 - b) "You need a check up!"
 - c) "MORR HAS HIS BLACK HAND AROUND YOUR NECK!"

8. When my wife and I had a child, my doctour sent
a) goat's milk
b) a large quantity of griffon dung to protect against colic
c) his condolences

9. My doctour lives in
a) a tiny hut near the woods
b) a wealthy house near the docks
c) the country estate of his last patient

10. After a poor harvest, I am unable to pay my doctour what I owe him. My doctour responds by
a) visiting my house with charitable gifts
b) stealing my house with debtor's laws
c) cleansing my house with holy fire

Score 1 point for each a, 2 points for each b and 3 points for each c.

Add one to the score for each box you tick:

My doctour regularly recommends the following remedies

- ☐ bleeding from my armpits
- ☐ leeches down the codpiece
- ☐ hot coals up the nostrils
- ☐ tying a millwheel to my chest
- ☐ dancing naked in the moonlight
- ☐ breaking wind in a pigpen
- ☐ cutting off my thingy
- ☐ eating Halfling cooking
- ☐ eating Halflings
- ☐ sleeping with him

What your score means:

28 and up: Congratulations! Your doctour is not only genuine, he is very learned! You should send him a large gift of monies right away lest he be tempted by the Dark Lores!

23 to 27: Your doctour probably knows what he is doing and you should see him regularly. But don't let him cut your ears off, even if it is the latest fashion.

17 to 22: Your doctour is probably in league with the Ruinous Powers. Inform a priest, and seek a second opinion.

16 or less: A witch! Burn him!