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# FANTASY ROLEPLAY™



**LIBER INFECTUS™**  
THE BOOK OF PLAGUE







# LIBER INFECTUS

## THE BOOK OF PLAGUE

### A RESOURCE ON NURGLE, THE LORD OF DECAY

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**FANTASY  
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1975 West County  
Road B2  
Roseville, MN 55113  
USA

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ISBN: 978-1-58994-703-0 Product Code: WHF08 Print ID: 845SEP10 Printed in China

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## CHAPTER ONE

# THE LORD OF DECAY

The one thing that binds all mortals, from the crude tribesmen of the Northern Wastes to the refined aristocrats of Altdorf's Imperial court, is that every one of them is subject to illness, gradual atrophy, and eventual death. They are bound to a world where nothing is permanent – in future aeons even the great Fauschlag, upon which Middenheim is built, will be worn away to dust. Most civilised folk hide from this fact by finding solace among immortal deities in stone temples that emphasise the illusion of eternal permanence. However, there are some who fully embrace their mortal condition and offer their souls to the Chaos god who embodies this mouldering state: Nurgle, Lord of Decay. Nurgle's worshippers can be said to be the most joyous of mortals, but it is the insane glee of those who have resigned themselves to damnation.

Nurgle is depicted as an immense monster whose scabrous flab is the hue of decomposing flesh. His paunch, swollen with corpse-gas, spills stinking organs, and a legion of daemonic mites play among his entrails and suckle the discharge streaming from his sores. Fat flies hum around his antlered head. His blubbery, pustulated face wears an amiable smile of contentment. His sacred number is seven, and his symbol incorporates a triangle of three circles representing the unending cycle of birth, suffering, and death.

Mythology represents the Lord of Decay dwelling within a dilapidated fortress-mansion located in the Realm of Chaos, the infernal abode of the Ruinous Powers that exists beyond mortal concepts of time and physical matter. Within the crumbling walls of his workshop, beneath a mildewed ceiling sagging with damp, Nurgle toils before a steaming cauldron.

He beams with excitement as he mixes strains of pox and fever to create a poisonous stew of pestilence, for although every known disease infects his monstrous body, he is obsessed with creating new ailments. When he is satisfied by his efforts, he pours the concoction into the grate below, and chortles with happiness as he watches the nauseating plagues rain down upon the world. He is most generous in bequeathing his diseases to mortals, all of whom he regards with great affection, and he ensures that rich and poor alike share the rotten fruits of his labour.

Nurgle is not a god of destruction – he cherishes all life. The spluttering of the newborn babe is as dear to him as the slithering of the maggot hatched in its gut. It is simply unfortunate that the most prevalent forms of life – the unseen worms, viruses, and bacteria – are so inimical to all the others.



# THE GREAT GAME

The myths of the northern tribes tell of an eternal game played by the four Ruinous Powers – Tzeentch, Khorne, Slaanesh, and Nurgle – each brother trying to dominate his siblings. Nurgle, obsessed with his ceaseless foetid experiments, seems to care little about the Great Game, and when he meets to parley with his brothers at the infernal Court of Covenant, he is always portrayed as a talkative buffoon. Yet his enthusiastic humour subtly undermines the plotting and politicking of the other Chaos gods – it drives Khorne to an unthinking fury, disturbs Tzeentch’s insidious train of thought, and distracts Slaanesh from his scheming. Meanwhile, Nurgle’s own intrigues spread slowly like a contagious fever.

The Great Game’s chessboard encompasses both reality and unreality. In the Realm of Chaos, daemoniac armies loyal to each Ruinous Power clash in unending battle at the borders of their territories. Yet these wars come to naught, as each god is well defended within their home. Though the walls of Nurgle’s mansion look fit to collapse, they have never been breached; a vast garden, always vibrant in autumnal splendour, surrounds his fortress. The swampy ground sucks trespassers to their doom, and the overgrown plants form dense thickets of flesh-tearing thorns and venomous leaves. The air resonates with the drone of flies and is heavy with choking spores from slimy, misshapen fungi. Centipedes, slugs, and a thousand other poisonous pests infest the decomposing mulch. Nurgle’s leprous daemons stalk the garden, quick to necrotise the flesh of intruders with their plagueswords.

However, it is within the mortal world that the vital moves of the Great Game are played. In the Chaos Wastes, savage men worship Grandfather Nurgle as a deliverer from the very diseases he inflicts upon them, for he grants loyal followers freedom from the suffering of their afflictions. Some tribes and warbands dedicate themselves to the Lord of Decay, nurture and spread his plagues, and war against those who refuse to exalt him above other deities. The Ruinous Powers play out their game among the northern wastelands, soaking it crimson with carnage. Although Nurgle’s Chaos warriors and champions are not as bloodthirsty as those of Khorne, or as

## THE RIVAL POWERS

In the legends of the Chaos tribes, Nurgle affects a garulous air of overfriendliness towards his brother gods, but his benign nature masks his real opinions. Khorne’s reckless urge to destroy upsets him, for Nurgle has a patient and nurturing heart. Slaanesh’s indolent nature disgusts the Plague Lord, who is always feverishly busy in his workshop.

However, he reserves most of his ire towards Tzeentch, who represents constant, fluid motion and instant change, whereas Nurgle delights in gradual maturity and the musty scent of stagnation. Tzeentch returns his disdain in full. When Nurgle’s chaotic garden intrudes into Tzeentch’s bordering realm, the minions of the Lord of Change sear the vegetation with magical fire. Plaguebearers shuffle forth to protect the garden, and what begins as a dispute over a few stray tendrils of scabrous ivy, escalates into a full-blown daemoniac conflict that can last for centuries.

*See the withered crops, the wasted cattle,  
the people stricken with the Seven Plagues!  
Trust not the quackeries of the leech-doctors, but  
take up the hammer of Sigmar and let us martyr our  
stinking corpses for the glory of the Empire!*

*– Rantings of Silas the Pietist, Prophet of Doom*

cunning or agile as those of Tzeentch and Slaanesh, they are highly resilient fighters – it is difficult to kill someone whose diseased flesh shrugs off pain.

However, the battles in the Chaos Wastes are just a prelude to the real focus of the Great Game. The Ruinous Powers expend most of their efforts trying to destroy the civilised realms. The Empire is their greatest prize, for it is the most populous, wealthiest, and most powerful nation. The Dark Gods vie for control over this land, implanting Chaos cults to weaken the Empire from within and raiding the borders with their warbands.

It is in this arena that Nurgle truly excels. Khorne’s appeal is confined to those maddened by bloodlust, Tzeentch draws those addicted to magic or who thrive on cunning and lies, and Slaanesh attracts degenerates. In contrast, all mortals eventually feel Nurgle’s presence. The Lord of Decay is a patient player, for it takes time to brew his plagues, but his influence gradually spreads throughout the world. Nurgle’s cults rot the Empire’s core, weakening the strength of the Emperor’s armies and the morale of his civilian subjects, by disseminating disease. A single cough can lay low an Imperial general where feats of arms have failed. A sneeze can decimate an entire town. Where subtle measures fail, cultists can rip apart the veil between reality and the Realm of Chaos, summoning Nurgle’s daemons to lay waste with their contagions. As pestilence grips the world, Nurgle’s power eclipses that of his brother gods.

However, while the Ruinous Powers compete against each other, they can never defeat the steadfast Empire individually. More than two hundred years ago, they buried their differences and almost succeeded in overrunning the Old World with their armies. Only the courage of Magnus the Pious and the blood of the brave men and dwarfs who fought under him thwarted the Dark Gods’ ambitions. Now the Empire enjoys a new golden age, but the Ruinous Powers have decided to set aside their game again, and have chosen a single champion to represent them all – Archaon, the Lord of the End Times. Having united the tribes of the Chaos Wastes, Archaon’s gaze now turns to the lands of the south, and his dreams are filled with blood and fire.



# Glory to the Father of All Things

My testing friends, the Lord of Decay will indeed be pleased to see us gathered here to honour his name. Let us pray that the souls of those who have succumbed to his rewards since last we convened have been judged worthy of entering his sacred garden, whether as worm or as grub or, praise be, as revered daemon, to serve him forever, and forever to receive his love. Alone of all the gods, Grandfather Nurgle loves his children, and we, by our sacrifices and our nurturing of his diseases, have proved to be his most devoted of sons and daughters.

I barely remember the time before I came to Nurgle... yes, my dearest, tilthy, faithful ones, even I was unblemished once. My body was young and hale I shame to admit that I revelled in its vitality. I was a soldier then, fighting in the armies of the weakling Emperor. It was my first campaign, and my eagerness for war was unbridled. I revelled in the killing: marauders from Norsca, men no deterrent to us, save that they had not been brought up surrounded by the lies of priestly curs. I slew, and I tasted blood, but its sweetness was nothing compared to what soon befell me.

While the rest of the army revelled in their victory over the Norseans, my unit were among those allotted the chore of piling up the enemy slain into pyres. But we did not want to perform a grave warden's job. We were not priests of Morr. Fars of wine came among us, and we drank, for life is too short to shovel the dead. I was so merry that night that I danced with one of the corpses, just like a duke and his mistress at a grand ball. Then we slept.

I dreamt of maggots writhing in carrion meat: an omen of fortune that I know now was sent by Nurgle. As we snored, the bodies of our enemies swiftly rotted. An unnatural hand was at work among the dead, and by morning a cloud of bulbous flies bugged around the corpses and settled upon the Emperor's army, feasting on every inch of bare flesh. Our faces were red with rash, and our heads hot with fever. No officer came and reprimanded us for shirking the previous evening's work: they were already dead, their bloodshot eyes gazing sightlessly towards the sky. Men and horses all fell to the plague flies' work: of an army a thousand strong, by noon only the camp girls were left alive, for they were already ridden with pox and the Grandfather took pity on them. And he took pity on me. Perhaps it was because I had been the one who had persuaded my comrades to down tools and join the fun. Perhaps it was because Nurgle, in his wisdom, had foreseen what a devoted son I would become. Whatever the reason, I was alive, but barely.

Nurgle tested me. He assailed me with scorching shivers. I called in vain for a physician. He wracked me with consumptive coughing. I moaned for Shallya's mercy, but she ignored my prayers. He tortured me with itching hives and ulcers. I opened my eyes and realised the truth of it all. Life is suffering. Happiness is pain. Joy is woe. My cracked lips parted and I laughed and laughed until tears of green pus dripped down my cheeks. Prostrate amongst the filth and dirt, I pledged my life, body, and soul to Grandfather Nurgle.

Since that fateful day, my atrophied apostles, my faith in the Lord of Decay has blossomed and he has showered me with his divine plagues. Yet I no longer feel pain or despair, for he has freed me of the chains that shackle other mortal men. I revel in my revolting flesh. You too, my disgusting disciples, can be free if you please the Grandfather: each water well you contaminate, each granary you spoil, and each tallow man ignorant of Nurgle's grace whom you infect with your aques and influenza brings you closer to receiving his divine mark. If I, a former foot soldier, could be granted such delicious disfigurements by our god, then you can too with perseverance and unthinking devotion to the Plague Lord...



## THE COMING OF THE PLAGUE LORD

Thousands of years ago, before the coming of Chaos, the god-like Old Ones governed the world and shaped it with powerful sorcery. This epoch is now forgotten, except in the most ancient and obscure myths of the high elves, or in faded inscriptions within the mysterious temple-cities of Lustria. The Old Ones dwelt in these temple-cities, guarded by lizardmen and served by amphibious minions – the slann – who shared their potent abilities. They created other servitor races, including the ancestors of elves, dwarfs, and men, though these races have no knowledge of this truth.

This world was but an outpost of the Old Ones' vast empire, and they travelled to other worlds via a stellar portal constructed at the northern pole. Beyond this gate existed a Chaotic ether inhabited by malevolent things, not quite real and not quite unreal, formed of extreme emotions and base concepts – wrath, lust, flux, and decay. They greatly desired to enter the realm of mortals and feast on the fears of the fragile creatures that dwelt there.

For millennia, the Old Ones kept this peril at bay with runic wards, but one day their defences shattered, the gateway collapsed, and raw Chaos poured into reality. The explosion spat gobbets of condensed Chaos matter across the globe, and these meteorites mutated life wherever they landed. A huge chunk of this warpstone was hurled into orbit to join the world's original moon. The nascent race of mankind was corrupted, many twisted into vile beastmen. The tribes of the north were warped in mind and body and offered fealty to the Chaos gods in return for survival. The tribes of the south fled to the forests and caves for safety. No histories of this time exist among men, for all mankind was a race of savage brutes.

The Old Ones vanished forever, leaving the remnants of the slann to organise the defence of their devastated cities against the daemonic hordes that invaded from the shattered gate. Xahutec was first to fall, swamped by the combined might of all four Ruinous Powers. However, the temple-city of Chaqua proved harder to de-

stroy. No daemon could penetrate the magical shield raised by the slann of that city. Neither Khorne's strength, Slaanesh's guile, nor even Tzeentch's magicks could break the barrier.

In the end, it was Nurgle's concoctions that brought the defences down. Bowelsteep, the Red Ague, and a thousand other poxes and pestilences infected the lizardmen defenders. They gradually sickened, their scales flaking from their bodies and their limbs wasting away until they were nothing but shivering carcasses of hide and bone. The magic of the slann could not save them from the Plague Lord's diseases, and they too withered, croaking feebly as their flesh erupted with foul, cankerous lesions. The Lord of Decay, as a way of thanking them for humiliating his brothers and allowing him to claim the glory, bestowed upon them Nurgle's Rot, the most devastating of all his many handiworks. The fall of Chaqua was Nurgle's greatest victory in the first Chaos wars and a taste of the power he would hold over mortals for millennia to come.

Meanwhile, in Ulthuan, the high elves' mastery of magic helped them weather the storm, and in the Old World, the dwarfs emerged unscathed from their mountains to battle the armies of Chaos. For decades these races fought at the edge of defeat until the high elves performed a ritual that sucked the howling winds of Chaos from the world. Without this Chaotic power to sustain them, the daemonic legions weakened and were hurled back to their insane realm. However, the golden epoch of the Old Ones was gone forever, replaced by an era of conflict and strife where the Chaos gods plot to conquer the mortal lands.

When Nurgle entered the world, he found it ripe with fecundity. He was irresistibly drawn to the rhythmic beat of life, but could not resist manipulating and twisting nature for his own amusement. In the ordered cosmos of the Old Ones, disease and suffering were virtually unknown. Slann, lizardmen, elves, and dwarfs – their first creations – are even today long-lived creatures, little affected by disease and the ravages of old age. However, mankind was created at the cusp of the disaster and was not only imperfectly formed but subject to the full corrupting power of Chaos. They were sorely affected not just by mutation but also by Nurgle's meddling with the natural order of things. Legends among the Chaos tribes tell how a million new forms of life blossomed at the Plaguelord's will – all the viruses, parasites, and venomous pests, both great and small, that bring misery and death to the mortal realm.

## THE CULTS OF NURGLE

It is not the incessant warring between daemonic armies in the Realm of Chaos or even the epic clash of champions among the tribes of the Chaos Wastes that truly enthuses Nurgle, but the conflict against the unconquered nations of the mortal world.

Of all the races, humans intrigue Nurgle the most. High elves and wood elves perplex him, for they are long-lived and unblemished by age, and are blessed with a natural resistance against disease. Dwarfs infuriate him, for they are as resilient as stone. These races frustrate Nurgle's efforts to contaminate them, and he deems them fit only for eradication. Humans, however, rot so very easily. The pitiful cries of afflicted men, women, and children fill him with love for this frail race – they are indeed worthy hosts for his contagions. He bestows his diseases to ruler and pauper alike, for all are equal in his eyes, and his plagues reduce all people to the same state – they become so desperate in their pain that they would cast away their worldly treasures and betray their loved ones for the slightest reprieve from their suffering.

say his daughter), Poxfulcrum, caged in his workshop, and he tests the contents of his cauldron upon her, forcing her to drink the noxious sludge.

She is cursed with a vulnerability to every disease, but her body can also purge every infection afflicting it – the ease with which she recovers from Nurgle's poisonous broth allows him to gauge its potency. Only when the symptoms of his new concoction please him does he unleash it upon the mortal world.

In her suffering, Poxfulcrum weeps, and it is said that each tear can heal every ailment in the world. When Nurgle is absorbed in his work, she is said to whisper to mortals the secret cures for each of his diseases in revenge for her confinement.



Of all the human nations, one of the most fascinating to Nurgle is the Empire. Its cities teem with life ripe for contamination. It is to Nurgle's eternal regret that the short-sighted souls of that nation have proscribed his worship. He rains down disease upon the folk and watches them struggle to survive like rats on a sinking ship. Their choice is simple – perish in excruciating agony or invoke the name of the Lord of Decay. Unfortunately, most people are blinkered by the lies of their priests, but a few enlightened souls call out his name, and he is quick to answer. If they prove their devotion, he grants them his sacred Mark and frees them from the physical tribulations of life in return for their souls.

Those who embrace Nurgle embrace their own doom but lose the fear of their inevitable demise even though, disfigured by disease and mutation, their own features cause dread among others. To win the Mark of Nurgle, they must please their god by infecting others with the diseases they carry. For this reason they bear their afflictions with stoicism, in the belief that eventually Grandfather Nurgle will deliver them from suffering. Followers of Nurgle often band together, and there are many Chaos cults of Nurgle within the Empire, meeting secretly in filthy places to praise their god and plot how to spread his pestilences. Some are well-established, recruiting new members from among the sick and desperate – those who yearn to cling to life by any means necessary. Others flourish only briefly before being eradicated by the diseases they foster – a sign to some cultists that they have failed Nurgle, but to others that they have pleased him, and he has taken their souls to his garden where they can serve forever as his minions of decay.

Favourite recruiting grounds for cultists of Nurgle include hospices, leper colonies, and filthy slums – anywhere that the diseased congregate. Influential cultists may even be able to sidle to the bed of a sick aristocrat and whisper promises of deliverance to their fevered patron behind the backs of his physicians. Of course, all cultists must act surreptitiously, for the agents of the Emperor, of Sigmar, and the other gods of mankind are always on the alert to eliminate the followers of Chaos.

Some cults of Nurgle mirror society's social stratification, with the leadership reserved for those of noble birth. Some cults' hierarchies are based instead on the extent of affliction, with the plagued poor lordling it over less diseased high-born followers. Some cults only recruit from among the aristocracy, others from only street scum. Many compete with each other, jealous for Nurgle's favour, and

may even undermine the plans of rival cults of Nurgle. Nurgle's cults also operate in direct confrontation with those of the other Chaos gods, particularly those of Tzeentch, who Nurgle teaches his worshippers to despise.

However much this petty infighting amuses Nurgle, his main obsession is to corrupt those loyal to the Empire and the Imperial gods. Should the Empire fall to anarchy, other nations will soon follow, and the Old World will be ripe for invasion by the Chaos hordes mustering in the north. To this end, the cults of Nurgle contaminate from within. When woodworm burrows into the oak beams that support the walls and roof of a proud mansion, the entire edifice will eventually collapse. Likewise, the cultists of the Plague Lord worm their way into Imperial society, spreading disease and thwarting those who try to stem infection and sickness.

Cultists who have influence in society, the bureaucrats and advisors, use subtle means to spread Nurgle's gifts, such as ensuring that basic civic amenities – drains, sewers, and midden heaps – are neglected, causing rampant sickness amongst the population. Other cultists secretly infect water supplies or food stores, or simply wander among the crowded city streets passing their illnesses to everyone they meet. The armies and garrisons of the Empire are favourite targets, for disease can cripple a fighting force long before a battle is fought.

A major obstacle to the efforts of a cultist of Nurgle is the repulsiveness of his ailments, which are difficult to hide, and many of the god's most favoured servants develop mutations as a further reward for their loyalty. Although such cultists are proud of their bodily deformities, if they cannot hide them then they cannot operate within society, for their mutations will draw the attention of the witch hunters or a lynch mob of terrified peasants or townsfolk. Thus, many senior cultists of Nurgle are forced to hide themselves away, and use newly initiated members less afflicted by decay to perform tasks among the public.

*your holy books or even written in the stars. They are inscribed on your very flesh. Each gangrenous wound, each itching boil, each suppurated abscess illuminates the majesty of the true master of the world.*

*– Confessions of the heretic, Adolphus Grimmer, before the Templars of Sigmar.*





A daemoniac carnival is said to roam the mortal world on ill-fated nights. Creaking wheels and the clop of hooves at dusk announces its arrival. From the gloom emerges a procession of wagons drawn by emaciated horses. The once-colourful canvasses of these decrepit carts are torn aside, and gangrenous daemons jump out. Plaguebearers prepare for the performance while nurglings bicker underfoot. From the largest carriage shuffles a hulking Great Unclean One, the plagued ringleader of the show.

The daemons begin their Dance of Death around the chosen settlement. Nurglings sing in falsetto, the plaguebearers in tenor, and the Great Unclean One provides a deep baritone. They sing of the delicious doom that awaits their victims. As the pageant progresses, the cacophony gets louder, and is joined by the howls of dogs and lowing of cattle from the nearby settlement. Pandemonium seeps into the dreams of the sleeping villagers, while those awake lie paralysed with fear.

Upon the seventh circuit, the hullabaloo rises to fever pitch. Butter curdles, and milk sours. As a pale sun dawns in a fallow sky, silence falls. Then the daemons begin the main entertainment, afflicting every known disease upon their screaming audience. By nightfall, only rotten bones tell of the carnival's passing.

Where subtle means of corruption are ineffective, some cults prefer direct action. Although Nurgle is not as powerful a sorcerer as Tzeentch (a source of great jealousy to the Plague Lord), he does possess great mastery over the Winds of Magic and imparts his abilities to his most deserving followers. Those who dabble in the sorcery of the Lord of Decay can inflict disease and pestilence by magical means, and do so to blight and cripple their enemies, as well as to reward their followers with fresh ailments. Some cult leaders delve into rare grimoires, possession of which earns the death penalty in the Empire, and learn rituals to raise magical squalls that can spread deadly plagues far and wide. Many folk blame such warlocks and witches when crops fail, famine strikes the land, or when epidemics ravage entire regions, leaving rotting corpses in their wake.

Cultists who have mastered the arcane rituals of their god might also try to invoke Nurgle's daemoniac minions from the Realm of Chaos. Daemon summoning is a risky practise, for uncontrolled daemons are wont to destroy their summoners. Ceremonies are long and complicated, and successful rituals are few and far between but devastating in the extreme. It was a cult of Nurgle, the Order of the Septic Claw, which caused an infamous catastrophe in Altdorf way back in 924.

The Crumbling Ague swept through the city, causing great loss of life, but the cult discovered that the priests of Shallya were close to finding a cure. They performed the necessary rites and caused an unending swarm of nurglings to pour from the cauldron in the centre of their infernal circle. The tiny daemons killed thousands of citizens and piled on top of the temple of Shallya, which collapsed under their weight, crushing the priests inside and destroying all hope of a remedy. The nurgling infestation disappeared as quickly as it had come. Nothing is known of the fate of the cultists.

Were it not for the ministrations of the priesthood of Shallya, physicians, barber-surgeons, and other healers, the Empire would have fallen to Nurgle's plagues long ago. The followers of Nurgle despise these meddlers and hatch plots to disrupt their work or even to murder them. For almost every disease Nurgle concocts, somehow these mere mortals discover a cure. In popular folklore, the goddess of mercy, Shallya, is Nurgle's arch-enemy, thwarting his every move. The greatest coup a cult of Nurgle can achieve is to corrupt a doctor of medicine, folk-healer, or priest of Shallya, for through them the Plague Lord would be able to wreak great havoc.

Nurgle's bitterest enemies in the Empire are the witch hunters of Sigmar who stop at nothing to eradicate all Chaos worship. Almost incorruptible, their willingness to destroy the innocent to reach the guilty makes them dangerous foes. Most cults of Nurgle go to ground at the mere hint of an investigation by witch hunters, yet these diligent servants of Sigmar can often sniff out even the most cautious Chaos cult, and will condemn its members to torture, a swift trial, and consignment to a blazing pyre.

The followers of Nurgle have few allies, for none but the most insane would want to expose themselves willingly to their contagions. However, among the highest echelons of Nurgle's cults, there are a few who have dealings with the secretive ratmen known as skaven. An urban myth to most citizens of the Empire (the wily skaven cultivate such ignorance among the Empire folk), the ratmen reveal themselves to few humans. The god of the skaven, the mysterious Horned Rat, shares Nurgle's ideals and would see the entire Old World laid low by pestilence. Sometimes the skaven make an alliance with the servants of the Lord of Decay, manipu-



lating his followers to further their own schemes. An unwary cult leader who allies with these creatures is likely to meet a grisly death when he is no longer of any use to them.

Usually, however, skaven avoid contact with the cults of Nurgle, knowing that they may be seen as rivals, not allies, and only interfere when the cults' ambitions obstruct their own. As to how Nurgle regards the children of the Horned Rat, nobody knows, as there are no tales or legends where the two come into contact. No doubt the skaven excite within him a desire to witness the symptoms that his newest concoctions have on their verminous physiology.

## GIFTS OF NURGLE

Generous Nurgle is swift to reward his loyal followers with his Chaotic gifts.

## DISFIGURING DISEASES

The sane shrink from contagion in all its forms, but the followers of the Plague Lord are far from sane. They delight in the malignant cysts and carbuncles that Nurgle grants them. The stench of ripe sores is the finest bouquet to them, and the rasping coughs of the sick, sweet music.

Although humans are highly susceptible to disease, high elves, wood elves, and dwarfs are less so. Dwarfs can shrug off most ailments, whereas elves can remain youthful and healthy throughout their long lives.

The rules for disease can be found in Chapter 3 of this book, beginning on page 14.

## MALEFICENT MUTATION

Like all the Ruinous Powers, Nurgle is a being of entropy, and can warp physical flesh at will.

Human flesh is as pliable as soft clay before the Dark Gods' power, and their minds and souls are easily corrupted, for they were a new race when the Old Ones fell. The seed of Chaos was planted in the soul of every man, woman, and child, and carried to their descendants. Each human has a choice: to struggle against the Chaos within them, or to give in to its lure and bow before the awesome might of the Ruinous Powers.

Many people have this choice made for them – they are born among the Chaos-worshipping tribes of the north, emerge from the womb with horrific mutations, or develop such aberrations in later life – for the seed of Chaos can bloom at any time. Such unfortunate born in the Empire face death unless they somehow escape the witch hunter's flames. Some humans willingly seek mutation as a sign of favour from the Chaos gods, though they often succumb to their rebellious flesh, and devolve into a mindless mass of tentacles.

In contrast, high elves, wood elves, and dwarfs defy the Ruinous Powers physically and spiritually. Their bodies, created before the coming of Chaos, are incorruptible. They protected themselves when Chaos flooded into the world – the elves with magic and the dwarfs by hiding under their mountains, and so these races never develop mutations.

## THE MARK OF NURGLE



The Mark of Nurgle is reserved for his most loyal servants. They develop a tolerance to pain, despite their festering flesh, allowing them to enjoy the slow degeneration without distraction. They also become inured to battle wounds, making it difficult to slay them – they literally have to be chopped to pieces before they die.

The Mark of Nurgle exhibits itself somewhere on the body as three circular lesions forming a triangle, which some interpret as being the image of a fly. These lesions sometimes weep poisonous pus or are infested with wriggling maggots.

For more information on the Mark of Nurgle, see page 19.

The Plague Lord favours mutations that reflect his aspect of decay. A mutant devoted to Nurgle may have the head of a dung-beetle or midden-fly, his tongue may transform into a writhing slug, or he might ooze necrotising slime from every pore. The more revolting the mutation, the more pleasing it is to the Lord of Decay.

The rules for introducing corruption and mutation to your game can be found in Chapter 3 of the *Liber Mutatis*, found in the *Winds of Magic* supplement, available separately.

## PESTILENTIAL POWERS

Nurgle not only corrupts the flesh but sometimes empowers the mind. The Plague Lord and his most eminent daemons can twist Dark Magic to their will, using it, for example, to rot skin and muscle, dissolve the earth into a cloying pit of slime, or conjure a choking odour. Mortals can learn how to manifest such abilities by binding daemons of the Plague Lord and forcing the spells from their lips – a dangerous business – or they can scour mildewed tomes of forbidden lore to master such vile magic.



## THE PRIZE OF DAEMONHOOD

The ultimate gift of Nurgle is elevation to the ranks of his daemons. Only the most powerful of his champions can dream of becoming a daemon prince, and only if they have piled the worm-riddled corpses of Nurgle's enemies high upon his decrepit altars. However, anyone can become a plaguebearer, as long as they first endure the curse of Nurgle's Rot. Whether prince or minion, all Nurgle's daemons are slaves to his divine will, bound to him for eternity.

For more information on plaguebearers and daemon princes of Nurgle, see Chapter 4: Bringers of Plague, starting on page 21.

## FOLLOWERS OF DECAY

Many tribes of the Northern Wastes leave their sick in the wilderness to die from the biting cold or to be eaten by voracious monsters. However, the followers of Nurgle consider those stricken by disease to be extremely blessed. Such minions of the Plague Lord are discussed below. A variety of other followers of Nurgle are found in more detail in Chapter 4: Bringers of Plague, starting on page 21.

## THE HORDES OF NURGLE

All Chaos tribesmen offer sacrifices to the Lord of Decay as a precaution against illness, but some completely entrust their souls to his care. When epidemics ravage the tribes of the Norse, Kurgan, and Hung, some chieftains and shamans decree that their only chance of survival is to devote themselves to the Plague Lord. In return for their lives, they champion Nurgle with sword and flame against rival tribes and the hated realms of the south.

The Lord of Decay's most infamous accomplishment sets the benchmark for all his other creations. Despite millennia of effort, he has never bettered that disease which bears his name: Nurgle's Rot. It is the most contagious, most rapacious, and most heinous of all sicknesses, poxes, and fevers he has ever produced. The Imperial authorities have put entire villages to sword and flame at a single instance of Nurgle's Rot; such is the terror it provokes.

Symptoms vary so wildly that no physician can deduce a cure, but the disease incorporates all the worst elements of every plague that has ever afflicted the world, slowly rendering the sufferer into a bloated, rotting, living corpse before an eventual, agonising demise. Worse, its effects do not stop with death, for the soul of a mortal who succumbs to the infection belongs to Nurgle, doomed to serve forever as a plaguebearer.

Tradition has it that, for each person who contracts Nurgle's Rot, a seed like a rotten boil sprouts from the boughs of the mouldering willow trees which grow in Nurgle's garden. As the disease takes hold of the sufferer, that seed is said to swell into a vile, bubonic fruit which feeds off the afflicted person's soul like a tick gorging itself on its host's blood. When the bloated victim expires in a mess of bloody phlegm, the final traces of his soul are sucked into the engorged fruit, and the ripe flesh bursts apart as a new plaguebearer slips and slithers into existence.

Followers of Nurgle do not always put entire settlements to the sword. After seizing prisoners for sacrifice, they sometimes spare remaining survivors, but not before infecting them with disease. These refugees will spread Nurgle's sicknesses as they flee the devastation.

## MARAUDERS OF NURGLE

Some Chaos marauders give themselves completely to the Lord of Decay. They may have pallid, pockmarked skin clinging to their deformed bones, or flabby, bulging flesh swollen by rampant tumours. The sweet stink of decay clings to their polluted bodies. Marauders of the Plague Lord often slice the three-circled symbol of Nurgle into their skin, leaving permanently red-raw scars.

### SPECIAL MARAUDER OF NURGLE RULES

Marauder of Nurgle use the characteristics for marauders found on page 53 of the *Tome of Adventure*, possess the Mark of Nurgle (see page 19), and have at least one disease. They may also be given one or more mutations.

## CHAOS WARRIORS OF NURGLE

An unbearable stench heralds the approach of these mighty champions of the Plague Lord. They are clad in rust-tarnished armour, adorned with the heads of defeated foes, and their helmets often bear great, withered horns, emulating those of the Plague Lord. Some possess vile mutations – perhaps a slimy tentacle, or flesh like translucent jelly that reveals their decaying inner organs. Sometimes the corpulent meat of their bodies spills from the ruins of their armour. They are deadly fighters, impervious to pain, who fight on in despite the most horrendous wounds.

### SPECIAL CHAOS WARRIOR OF NURGLE RULES

Chaos warriors of Nurgle use the characteristics for Chaos warriors found on page 53 of the *Tome of Adventure*, possess the Mark of Nurgle (see page 19), and have at least one disease. They may also be given one or more mutations.

## CHAOS SORCERERS OF NURGLE

The shamans and seers of the Plague Lord's tribes infect those destined for sacrifice with disease before slitting open their bellies and delving into the still-warm morass of contaminated entrails in search of omens of doom or favour from their god. The Chaos sorcerers of Nurgle are also masters of foul magic, and are described in more detail on page 26.

## BEASTMEN & NURGLE

Pestigor, the beastmen of Nurgle, are renowned and feared among their kind. They are a repugnant foe: their hide splits from a hundred lesions, ichor runs from their eyes and mouths, and their fangs and horns blacken with rot. Their spoor harbours foul contagions, and folklore has it that on dark nights they creep from the forests to spoil crops, infect farm-beasts, and sicken peasants by spreading their dung around settlements.

### SPECIAL PESTIGOR RULES

Pestigors use the characteristics for beastmen found on page 51 of the *Tome of Adventure*, possess the Mark of Nurgle (see page 19), and have at least one disease.





## CHAPTER TWO

# DISEASE & PLAGUE

Plague and pestilence have swept across the Old World in wave after wave since before the time of Sigmar. Whether an outbreak targets people, livestock, crops, or all three, it brings death and suffering and can have long-reaching impact upon the welfare and prosperity of the peoples of the continent.

In the Empire, there are countless rumours of diseases crossing the Southern Sea on ships from Araby, arriving upon the northern shores in crippled plagueships, brought across the mountains by trade caravans, carried through the forests by beastmen, or erupting as if from out of nowhere within the great cities.

The most famous and most severe outbreak was known as the Black Plague. It occurred several centuries ago. The plague destroyed entire towns and villages. So many people died that they were left unburied, or heaped in mass graves of plague victims. It took hundreds of years for the Old World to recover, but the ramifications can be felt even today. The very words 'Black Plague' can bring fear. The skeletons of some ruined villages long claimed by the forests surely still remain undiscovered, where entire populations were stricken by the plague.

Nowadays, cities are often the places where plague is feared the most. The filth and the crowds mysteriously seem to help diseases spread. Outbreaks occur sporadically, potentially decimating the

population of a single city before disappearing. In 2300 IC, there were reports that the entire city of Mousillon in Bretonnia was virtually wiped out by an outbreak of the Red Pox. Some physicians fear it can only be a matter of time before something similar strikes an Imperial city.

Because of the potential for utter catastrophe from even a single outbreak, much work has been done by some of the Empire's finest minds, in an effort to prepare for the worst. The cults of Verena and Shallya have worked closely to this purpose, attempting to discover new cures and techniques. This is certainly an exciting time in Imperial history for progress in such research.

All sorts of theories have been put forward on the nature of diseases, their cause, and how they are spread. The popular miasmatic theory proposes that many ailments are spread by bad smells. The cult of Shallya tends to personify the source of all disease, naming the Dark God Nurgle as the force behind all contagion. Others disagree and say whatever Nurgle is, he only manipulates diseases that are already in existence. The debate on nature versus Nurgle rages on.

Other theories say that disease is simply a weakness of the mind or spirit and that a positive attitude and a sense of morality will keep one safe. Others claim that diseases are a result of the alignment



of the heavenly bodies and that astrologers should soon be able to predict any outbreak and perhaps even find cures. Some say all diseases are spread by ginger cats.

What is generally accepted amongst the educated is that diseases might be passed from person to person by contact. This means that those suspected of being infected, or even of being in recent contact with a diseased person, might be shunned. They could be refused entry into towns, or perhaps beaten up or chased off. In some extreme cases, a diseased person and his family might even be boarded up in their home and left to die, either of the disease or of starvation.

## CAVALCADES OF NURGLE

The diseased are unwelcome wherever they go. A sharp-eyed gate guard can refuse them entry into town, and villagers close their doors upon strangers who look ill, for good reason. Groups of diseased folk might be expelled from a city, before an outbreak can really take hold, for the good of all the citizens. And so many disease victims are left to die out in the wilds.

But some survive. Shunned by society, they roam, begging and stealing and scratching what existence they can, resenting their rejection while coming to terms with their afflictions. These wandering folk meet with others in similar straits and soon a community is born: a caravan of wagons moving from town to town, feared by normal folk, doing as best they can, even glorying in their predicament.

This is prime breeding ground for the followers of Nurgle. The people find succour only in his devotion and meaning only in his teachings, for all the other gods have forsaken them. The travellers are often joined by daemons of Nurgle in their cavalcades, openly flouting the laws of the Empire. Few are brave enough to intervene. Even some witch hunters will leave these folk to their inexorable decline unless they can summon the manpower and resources to

purge them with sword and fire. Unfortunately, these victims find vitality in their mortality and Nurgle's sickly sweet blessings give them the will to continue.

But there is an even stranger thing about Nurgle's cavalcades. It is said that when Morrslieb is high in the night time sky, when the townsfolk see the procession as if a carnival was approaching, instead of seeing the pathetic sick approaching in their raggedy wagons pulled by emaciated beasts, they see a bright and gay carnival of entertainers and showmen. They see dancers and musicians skipping along, filled with joy. The town gates are opened, and the cavalcade rides inside.

## SHALLYANS

Despite recent medical progress in universities and surgeries across the Empire, it seems the physicians and doktors of the Old World are fighting a losing battle; disease can strike at any time, killing thousands, decimating cities, creating despair and upheaval, and weakening the Empire.

When an outbreak does occur, the cult of Shallya is quick to react. They fearlessly go into disease affected areas to minister to the afflicted and to learn what they can about the disease, hoping to find the basis of a cure in the midst of the infection. They may be joined by solemn followers of Morr, who have no particular interest in the disease itself, but a need to make sure the dead are put to rest.

Priests working in areas where an outbreak has been reported will often wear heavy robes, gloves, and large hats with wide brims to protect themselves from the disease. They might wear thick leather masks fitted with special glass goggles. The mask has a pronounced snout or beak which often contains onions or herbs to fight combat the disease and protect the wearer. Needless to say this would be a very imposing sight, and this image is associated with disease and death across the Empire. Rather than seen as a sign of salvation or hope, in some unfortunate cases, the sight of a Shallyan dressed in such garb has been seen as a harbinger of greater misfortune and death – for people know things are truly dire.

The Cult of Shallya creates and supports many hospices and sanatoriums across the Old World. There they care for sufferers until they die or recover, and the cult attempts to learn from them. There is a great demand for such a service, especially in the cities.

## SIGMARITES

The Cult of Sigmar can use its authority to ensure that an outbreak of disease is contained as much as possible. They can prevent suspected infected citizens from travelling, or detain them until a physician or Shallyan can properly inspect them. At times this has lead to the containment of entire villages. If even one villager is suspected of having one of the more feared diseases, like the Plague or Red Pox, the entire village may be essentially cut off.

Under such dire circumstances, troops are called upon to make sure no one leaves the village, and if anyone wishes to enter it, they are not allowed out again. Eventually this siege against disease will be lifted, and sometimes there are even survivors. Shallyans often enter such a quarantined village, trusting in the goddess to protect them as they bring succour to the suffering villagers.

*saw that carnival, terrible it was, a thousand  
wagons pulled by a thousand skinny beasts.*

*All covered in rancid hides they was, people in  
threadbare cloaks, making their way towards town.  
And then one of them, it was like he was made of  
dough so fat and pale he was, asked me to dance.*

*And suddenly it was as if he was a real gent, a proper  
nob, with a nice jacket and all. And as he asked me  
I heard music like there was a band of minstrels  
right behind him. But I looked again and there was  
only his grotty wagon and his sick nag. Well, I don't  
dance, see, so I took a bite of me onion and ran as  
fast as I could.*

*– Hilde Braun, Reiklander peasant*



## DISEASES OF THE OLD WORLD

There are a number of afflictions and infections plaguing the Old World. Here are just a few of the more noteworthy or unusual diseases one might be unfortunate enough to encounter.

### RED POX

This dread affliction is found throughout the Old World but associated with Bretonnia for its depredations there, being responsible for the virtual destruction of the city of Mousillon. It begins with itchy red rashes which soon fill with pus and then burst open, spreading the disease and destroying any good looks the victim once possessed. In some regions it is better known as The Scarlet Scourge.

### PURPLE BRAIN FEVER

This is a mysterious disease, and seems to afflict single victims out of the blue. At first it makes the victim light-headed so it is difficult to concentrate. Then the victim's flesh puffs up and turns dark purple. His tongue expands to fill his mouth, making it hard to even breathe and almost impossible to eat. Other limbs bloat and sometimes even fall off. The head swells so the eyes can hardly see. Death comes as a merciful release.

### BLACK PLAGUE

This disease begins as dark blotches on the skin which quickly spread over most of the body. The limbs and neck then swell up, leaving the victim contorted in agony. Once it takes hold, the Black Plague can spread extremely quickly, decimating whole towns. It has not been seen in the Empire for many years, but its return is dreaded by many.

### TOMB ROT

Tomb Rot is associated with the remains of the dead and the undead. It can be contracted from crypts, catacombs, and the touch of the walking dead like zombies and the mummies of distant Araby. The disease makes the joints stiffen become increasingly difficult to move, and the skin takes on a leathery texture or deathly pallor.

### GUTTER WORMS

Gutter worms can be caught from bad food, especially rotten meat, or unhygienic conditions. They live in the gut and consume the food the victim eats in order to grow. Eventually they will burrow out of the victim's body, killing him.

### OZZING EYE

Oozing Eye starts off as little more than weeping, itchy eyes. But then the whole area around the eye puffs up making it difficult to see. Eventually streams of yellow pus burst forth, clouding vision further. Death can come surprisingly suddenly.

## DOKTORS AND QUACKS

As it is home to many ailments and maladies, so too is the Old World home to any number of characters who claim to be able to cure them, for a fee. Doktors and physicians are present in any large settlement, many claiming a studied and methodical approach to the curing of disease. They offer the latest ideas, theories, and a selection of brave new medicines.

There are village wise folk claiming the advantage of generations of tried and trusted remedies; they may not know why it works, but they know that it does. There are travelling salesmen with bottles of cure-alls, dubiously qualified physicians with a penchant for leeches, smooth hucksters with violent purging powders, outspoken quacks with expensive panaceas, self-proclaimed magicians with golden elixirs, and humble old women with simple tips their mother swore by.

With so many cures on offer for what ails you in the Old World, it can be hard to know which way to turn for help.

*I had a lucky escape. Some handgunners came with a Priest of Sigmar to board up me front door. And when I asked them what they were up to, they said it was under the plague laws. Well, I had a bit of the sniffles, and me wife, Hilde, had been poorly for weeks. So the Priest says 'Hans Braun, by Imperial decree, you are hereby ordered to stay...'*

*Well, 'No!' says I. 'I'm Felix Braun. Hans Braun lives next door.' Of course, I never saw my unfortunate neighbour again.*

*– Hans Braun, Reiklander peasant*





## CHAPTER THREE

# DISEASE RULES

There are any number of minor ailments and diseases that infect the Old World. These can apply to the everyday life of a character: a common cold, a heavy cough, a spot of the flu, minor fever, lice and worms, sores, ulcers, rashes, and boils. The list goes on. This is the sort of thing that the average citizen of the Empire suffers almost daily, and they just get on with it. It's a fact of life. The Old World isn't a very hygienic or healthy place. The GM can make it clear to his players that this is the sort of world their characters live in, or he can gloss over it. He might give out the occasional misfortune die to reflect the odd minor ailment affecting the characters, as the story dictates.

Those are not the diseases discussed here. The afflictions represented by a disease card and those discussed in this book are all potentially fatal. They are the worst kinds of pestilence that a character could be unlucky enough to contract. They can have a big effect on game play and with a bit of bad luck or neglect can lead to death. They are not to be trifled with. The GM should know that if he brings these diseases into the game that they can have a marked effect on play and even change the focus of a campaign. Finding a cure will often become a clear priority for afflicted characters.

Having said that, these are often colourful maladies that can be entertaining to have in play, to suffer from, and to hopefully overcome. If the characters take the right steps and are not too unlucky, they should recover from their afflictions and survive little worse for wear. Part of the fun should come in balancing the need for rest and recuperation with the needs of the game.

Without other pressing matters to attend to, most characters could just take a few weeks off from adventuring, consult physicians and priests, and possibly make a full recovery. If a character has a time critical mission, or is already in the midst of adventure and struggles when the disease strikes, he may need to stay in the thick of things. This is when diseases can be at their most challenging – and most deadly!

Players should know that if their characters are diseased when they continue to adventure, pushing themselves and putting their PCs' bodies through rigorous trials, then the diseases are more likely to get worse, and that is when fatality is most likely.



## DISEASE RATINGS

A disease check is required whenever a character encounters a situation described as Disease X, where X reflects the virulence of the disease or the risk of the exposure. Disease checks are **Resilience (To) checks** with a difficulty equal to the disease rating.

Like any other check, the GM should feel free to modify the Disease rating of any source of disease based on the nature of the exposure, or to add fortune or misfortune dice to the pool to reflect various favourable or unfavourable circumstances.

Here are some sample conditions that could warrant increased challenge ♦ or a higher disease rating:

- + Unusually close or near-constant exposure to the disease.
- + Exposure of infected material to open wounds, mouth, or eyes.
- + Ingesting infected food or drink.

Sample conditions that could warrant ■ misfortune:

- + Already suffering from a minor ailment.
- + Fairly close or prolonged exposure to the disease (but less severe than above).
- + Inadequate preparations or precautions, or over-reliance on ineffective precautions.

Sample conditions that could warrant □ fortune

- + Survived the disease in question previously.
- + Unusually brief exposure.
- + Extraordinary (and effective!) precautions and preparations.

## THE ELDER RACES

Dwarfs are notoriously resilient and hearty, and elves are extremely long-lived. Members of these races gain □□ to all Disease checks.

## CATCHING A DISEASE

If the character fails a disease check, he catches a disease – the player draws a card from the disease deck. This is called the active disease. If he fails and also generates ✱ during the Disease check, he adds an extra symptom to that disease – an additional card is drawn and placed under the disease to indicate that it is a symptom of the original disease. Each symptom associated with the active disease is referred to as an active symptom.

A character with a disease suffers from the symptoms and effects described on his disease cards. These penalties apply to every relevant check. Some are effect lines (usually associated with a ✱ result) that the GM can choose to invoke during skill checks.

When afflicted with a disease, the disease card is socketed into a talent slot on the character's career sheet. Which talent socket it consumes is up to the character's player. This is another inconvenience of suffering from disease and reflects how the disease inhibits the activities and concentration of a character. To reclaim the talent slot, the character needs to fully recover from the disease.

## DISEASE CARDS



flavour and context for the ailment shown

**Traits.** Each disease card has one or more traits. These may be compared to the triggering effect to see what sort of disease is gained.

**Main Effect.** When this card is the underlying disease afflicting the character, this effect is always in play.

**Symptom Effect.** The gameplay effect of the card's symptom, which is always active, whether the card is the active disease or a symptom in the stack

**Severity Rating.** This number indicates how severe the disease or symptom is. The higher the number, the more difficult it is to treat or cure

**Keyword.** This keyword is always visible and refers to the symptom effect explained on the body of the card.

**Set Icon.** Each card is marked with a set icon to quickly identify which product the card is from.

## STACKS

It is possible to suffer from more than one disease at a time. However, if a character is exposed to disease-inducing conditions while already suffering from a disease and fails the Disease check, the GM should decide whether the PC will be subjected to a new disease or risk having another symptom added to his current disease. Further, if a PC generates one or more ✱ during a recovery check when trying to shake off his illness, his current disease may worsen, adding a new symptom to the active disease.

### ACQUIRING ADDITIONAL SYMPTOMS

When a character acquires a new symptom, he draws a disease card and places it under his active disease card so only the symptom keyword and severity rating on the bottom of the card are showing.



## EXAMPLE OF DISEASE IN PLAY

**Disease 2 check** set by the GM for the filthy conditions, so now she acquires a disease card. Due to the conditions, the GM deems a disease with the *Filth* trait will be most appropriate. Birgitta draws Blacklegge, a **PAINFUL** disease.

A disease takes up a talent slot, so Birgitta has to choose one of her Roadwarden slots to affect. The player grimaces and attaches the disease to a Tactics slot. While afflicted with the disease, Birgitta cannot use that Tactics slot.



Alas, Birgitta's day is about to get much worse! Later she encounters a swarm of nurglings and a plague bearer, and is exposed to further risks. This time, the GM asks for a **Disease 3 check** to resist the tainted conditions, and Birgitta fails. The player draws a new disease card. Rather than being subjected to a separate, second disease, the new card is placed below Blacklegge, so only the bottom of the card is displayed – a new symptom has manifested!

The top portion of the symptom card stacked below Blacklegge is irrelevant. Only the severity rating and symptom are in effect. However, the severity ratings are adding up – Birgitta is currently suffering seven total severity from her disease. If it exceeds her wound threshold, Birgitta will succumb to the disease and die!

Further, the symptoms of a disease and all its symptoms are cumulative. Her case of Blacklegge is getting worse – it's now **TIRING** as well as **PAINFUL**! The rules for this new symptom are on the card itself for easy reference, if needed.



When recovering or being treated, the individual symptoms must be treated before the active disease itself can be cured. In this case, the **TIRING** symptom needs to be addressed, which has a Severity of 3. Once all the additional symptoms have been dealt with, the active disease itself can be treated.

None of the effects on the new card apply except the symptom and the severity rating. A stack of disease cards (the active disease and all its related active symptoms) is considered a single disease.

For example, a character suffering from Yellow Skull Fever wades through the sewers. The GM decides this requires a **Disease 2 check**. Instead of spawning a new disease, the GM decides that failure will make the Yellow Skull Fever worse. The character happens to draw a card with the **TIRING** symptom. So now, not only is the fever making him delirious, it is also making him tired. The character might want to consider leaving the sewer and spending a few days in the nearest Shallyan hospice.

If a character ever gets more than one card for a specific disease, they are stacked as shown in the Disease in Play example. The top card of a stack shows the active disease and its specific effect, but all the cards in the stack contribute active symptoms. **Symptoms from all the cards in the stack are cumulative!**

## DISEASE TRAITS

A disease can be selected randomly from the deck of disease cards or a particular disease can be chosen by the GM if that makes sense in the situation. Alternatively, the GM may wish to draw a disease at random from the disease deck cards and use the traits on the cards to help match the disease to its source. The disease traits give



If a PC gets a disease then it's quite possible to spread to others in the party. The rest of the party should make occasional Disease 1 checks even if they are only getting within close range of him. If they do contract a disease then it should be the same one. The party should share the disease card to reference its Specific Disease Effect and its symptom.

But because diseases affect everyone slightly differently, any other symptoms the various PCs collect under that disease will be accrued individually. Each player keeps his own stack of symptoms and will therefore suffer different penalties. Party members with the same disease will not spread that disease to each other continuously, and therefore they will not have to keep making disease checks. Similarly, if one party member recovers from a disease or is cured of it, he will not have to face disease checks for interacting with members of his party who still have it.

an indication of what sort of circumstances a disease can be caught in. They are not hard and fast rules, but simply guidelines to help the GM choose diseases appropriate to the situation.

These traits are not intended to be scientific, but more to reflect the confused and largely speculative thinking about disease prevalent in the Old World. Of course, many situations will be a combination of more than one of the traits detailed below.

## WOUND

These are diseases that often infect cuts and open wounds, ones that get into the body through broken skin, or pass through blood. If a character receives two or more critical wounds in the same combat, it may warrant a Disease 2 check to see if he acquires a disease with the *Wound* trait.

## CONTACT

Diseases with the *Contact* trait are often passed along by close physical contact with another sufferer or with some sort of contagion. Just talking to the character could require a Disease 1 check, fighting him or getting into close contact could bring a Disease 2 check. In general, engaging with someone with such an ailment should provoke a Disease 1 check.

Coming across monsters with the special disease abilities will most likely lead to catching diseases with the *Contact* trait. Of course, if the GM has in mind the particular disease they were suffering from, then that will be the disease the character catches.

## FILTH

The Old World is a dirty place, especially the urban centres. There is no telling what you can pick up just by walking around the streets of Altdorf. When a character gets into a particularly filthy situation, he might have to make a disease check. The filthier it is, the more difficult the check will be.

The GM can consider that a poor man will be more used to *Filth* than a rich one, and one from an urban background will be more used to the sort of filth the city throws up as one from a rural

background will be more used to the filth of the countryside. Being out of his element might give a character a greater chance of catching a disease.

## INGESTION

Some diseases are introduced to the body directly through the mouth, such as eating contaminated food or drink. These diseases include grim parasitical afflictions. If a character eats tainted, mouldy, or poorly prepared food, there is a chance it could lead to a disease. Just a bit of green ham sandwich at a seedy tavern might call for a Disease 1 check, but eating diseased meat, deliberately spoiled food, or drinking infected water would increase the disease rating significantly.

## MIASMA

Some scholars of the Old World have adopted the theory that disease is spread in more unfathomable ways than merely touching or the will of the gods. Some think diseases can be carried by ill smells or diseased vapours. If a character is ever in an area where disease is rife then they might catch the disease through its *Miasma*. Simply passing through a town where there is an epidemic might call for a Disease 1 check. Staying around longer and chatting to the inhabitants will soon raise this.

## UNDEAD

The undead of the Old World, especially ghouls and zombies, can carry all sorts of diseases. Some diseases are specific to a certain type of undead creature and has the *Undead* trait. Simply spending time exploring a tomb of the undead might warrant for a Disease 1 check. Longer interactions with the walking dead might bring higher difficulty checks.

## NURGLE

There is no explicit trait for Nurgle. As the father of all diseases, the spreader of goodwill, and the fickle purveyor of finest distempers, *every disease implicitly has the Nurgle trait*. Any interaction with the servants of Nurgle should probably warrant at least a Disease 1 check. Closer interaction doesn't bear thinking about.

# DISEASE CHECKS & RECOVERY CHECKS

The two types of check associated with disease are disease checks and recovery checks. They are quite different. The disease check is made whenever a character comes across a situation where he risks contracting a disease. This is generally represented with a Disease X rating, where X reflects the virulence of the disease or the risk of the exposure. When a disease check is failed, the character picks up a new disease or new symptom.

A separate recovery check for disease is made every night that someone is suffering from a disease or whenever the character is undergoing an attempted cure.

## REGULAR RECOVERY CHECKS

With every night's rest, the sufferer attempts a recovery check to see if he can shake off the disease or one of its symptoms. This is an **Average (2d) Resilience check** if the character is suffering from only one disease, or a **Hard (3d) Resilience check** if the character is suffering from more than one disease. Add one ■ to the check for each additional symptom the character is suffering from.



If the character is being tended to by a character with Medicine trained, add ☐ for each rank of training. If he has spent time recuperating in a safe, clean location, or if he has been taking appropriate remedies, the GM should allow the player ☐ or ☐☐ to this check, based on the quality of the resources and conditions. However, if he has been particularly active during the time and put his body through strenuous activity or he has been in places where disease lurks, one or more ☒ are added to the check instead.

### SUCCESSFUL RECOVERY

If the character generates a number of successes equal to the severity rating of one of the symptoms, he can recover from that symptom. If only the main disease card itself is afflicting the character, then the disease itself is cured. The card is removed from the talent socket and the target is no longer suffering from the disease. If there are several eligible symptoms to remove, the player may choose which one to lose, provided the top card on the stack, the card that names the disease, is always the last one to be cured.

### FAILED RECOVERY

If the character passes the check but does not generate enough successes to cure one of the symptoms, then he keeps the disease and all the symptoms he currently has. If he fails the recovery check and, and also generates one or more ☒ with the check, he must draw a new symptom from the disease deck.

## SEVERITY AND DEATH

The diseases represented by disease cards are all potentially fatal. If the character picks up enough symptoms, it will eventually lead to his death. To determine whether the disease is fatal, take the combined severity ratings of each disease and all its related symptoms. If this total severity ratings in a single disease stack is greater than the character's wound threshold, he succumbs to the ravages of the disease and dies.

## TREATMENT RECOVERY CHECKS

If the diseased character undergoes a complete treatment appropriate to the disease prescribed by a character with the Medicine skill, the character is eligible for a bonus Recovery check. Every level of Medicine training the tending character has adds ☐ to the pool. In addition, the treatment may also bring extra dice or modifiers depending on the cure. One treatment may be attempted per character per disease.

If the roll does not generate enough levels of success but does generate one or more ☒ then the GM can interpret that according to the cure attempted. It may be a new symptom is added to the disease stack. It may be that the cure was so severe or traumatic or poisonous that the unfortunate character must suffer some other penalty; he may even take a critical wound. Or perhaps the tending character has contracted the disease himself.

## DIVINE AID

Some powerful Shallyan blessings may be able to cure symptoms or even entire diseases outright, as noted on the action cards for those blessings. In general, these powerful miracles are beyond the resources available to most Shallyan priests. Some sufferers from disease make pilgrimages to holy sites or famous shrines to Shallya in search of a divine cure, in violation of any quarantine procedures that might be in place. These well-meaning and desperate unfor-

unately often, as a consequence, spread their disease far across the Empire, but those that survive long enough to reach these holy places usually receive excellent care.

Unless the situation warrants additional attention or intervention, the GM may wish to enforce a rule that only allows a given blessing to make one attempt to cure a single disease or symptom.

## OTHER MEDICINE

There may be tonics and medications that do not actually cure the disease but suppress its symptoms and allow the character to behave more normally. If the character has had a correct dose of one of these, then he can be free of the effects of the symptom for a whole day. He should place a tracking token over the symptom or turn it face down to remind him. Some examples of possible medicines and folk remedies are described starting on page 19.

## SPECIFIC DISEASE EFFECTS

Each disease has a specific effect unique to that disease. In addition, each disease card has a symptom. A disease stack only utilises one specific disease effect, shown at the top of the card. But every symptom in the stack affects the unfortunate sufferer. All symptoms are cumulative, so a character with 2 Tiring symptoms in his stack will never suffer less than 2 fatigue. Most symptoms are self-explanatory and noted in detail on the relevant disease cards. The symptoms noted below warrant further explanation.

### VIRULENT

Virulent diseases ravage the body. They are particularly at home in the character suffering from it, and make all other symptoms worse.

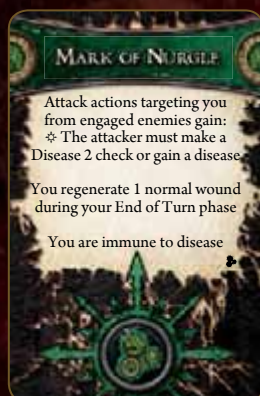
The players and GM should take their cue from the system effects of a disease and its description to imagine how that affects their characters during play. Suffering from disease and the reaction of others is fertile ground for roleplaying. The GM can assign all sorts of fortune and misfortune when dealing with diseased characters, and the plot can go off in unexpected ways.

Perhaps the sufferer has to keep going to the bathroom, needs to sit down and rest often, or is distracted by his ailment and becomes forgetful or aloof. It could be that he slips into melancholy or faces up to his predicament with stoicism. Maybe he immediately takes to his bed and doesn't get up again until better or he immediately seeks out a cure. He might throw money at anyone even offering the vaguest hope of one. He may consult learned experts from the Temple of Verena or the local fortune teller from the village square. Or he might simply trust to his gods.

Is the character genuinely afraid he might die or does he shrug it off knowing that he's just not the sort of person who will succumb? Does everyone avoid the character, or do his friends stay by him to nurse him through his illness? Do the city guards turn him back at the gate, or do they escort him directly to the Shallyan hospice? Might the character receive generous donations from others, or will he be ostracised, beaten, or even arrested?



## THE MARK OF NURGLE



servant of that Dark God which signifies his allegiance and bestows upon him special powers.

- ✦ The first effect is that any time someone engaged with a marked servant attacks him and rolls a Chaos Star ✧ he must make a Disease 2 check or contract a disease. This is in addition to any other effect that the Chaos Star ✧ may incur.
- ✦ The second effect is that during his End of Turn Phase a marked servant of Nurgle may remove one normal wound card from his character.
- ✦ The final effect of the Mark of Nurgle is that the bearer is immune to the penalties and modifiers from any diseases or symptoms he carries.

The mark may also cause difficulties for the servant of Nurgle. For example, it may smell particularly disgusting and need to be hidden with perfume. It may be a conspicuous and unsightly boil or rash which may bring misfortune to Fellowship checks. It could also be recognisable to Chaotic rivals.

A Virulent disease does not have any effect on its own. But when other symptoms are in the stack it can be quite debilitating – it mimics the effects of every other symptom that is currently affecting the character. For example, if Virulent, Tiring and Fever are all in one disease stack, then the victim effectively suffers from 2 Tiring and 2 Fever. If he has 2 Tiring, then he effectively suffers from 4 Tiring.

### INFECTIOUS

Infectious diseases are particularly contagious for some reason; it could be the character cannot stop sneezing, drips diseased pus, or loses control of his bowels.

The Infectious symptom reflects the idea that the character has a very contagious problem and his party will naturally not want to catch it, or the symptoms make it more difficult for the group to work effectively. To reflect this, one of the talent slots on the party

sheet is not available to the group, representing how their cooperation and team dynamic is affected. The party should put a token on the talent slot to show it is unavailable.

If the party is suffering from more Infectious symptoms than the number of talent slots on its party sheet, none of the party sheet's talent slots are available until fewer Infectious symptoms remain than talent slots.

### LETHAL

Sometimes a disease hits harder and is slower to shake off and even more likely to cause death. When a disease is lethal the severity rating of each *other* card in the stack – disease or symptom – is always counted as one higher than listed. The card with the lethal keyword is *not* affected by its own ability. This increased severity also applies when determining fatality (see Severity and Death on page 18), as well as affects the number of successes required to recover from or cure each symptom.

## NURGLE'S ROT

Nurgle's Rot is a special condition that applies to diseases. It is a favour granted by the Dark God. It cannot be contracted normally, using the disease rules, but is granted by Nurgle himself. A character with Nurgle's Rot is likely doomed to accumulate many diseases. His suffering reaches such heights that he no longer feels pain, his body so wracked it seems like vigour, and his mood so despairing that it may seem like joy. Eventually the sufferer's body crumbles under the strain of the manifold diseases it cultivates.

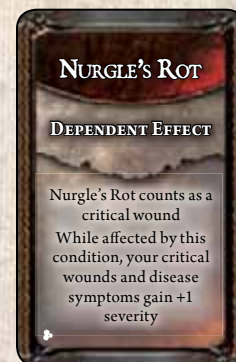
When this happens, his soul is born anew in the Realm of Chaos as a plaguebearer – one of Nurgle's precious daemons – a form well suited to furthering his new master's plans.

Nurgle's Rot can cause the victim's flesh to turn a shade of green and bloat and it often becomes covered in pus-filled buboes. His hair and teeth fall out and phlegm drips from his limp mouth. A fetid stench rises from his sore-covered body. Pieces of flesh rot and fall off and swollen cankers take their place.

Such an unfortunate victim's function seems destined to travel the land bestowing Father Nurgle's great gifts on everyone he meets and glorying in his pathetic condition. A character with Nurgle's Rot triggers a Disease 2 check within close range or a Disease 3 check when engaged.

Although the victim appears to be irredeemably ill, he is actually quite hale. A victim of Nurgle's Rot does not suffer any of the specific disease effects or symptom penalties from the diseases he carries. He simply suffers ■ to Fellowship tests for each disease or symptom card he has. Every week, a victim of Nurgle's Rot picks one more random symptom and adds it to one of his disease stacks.

If the severity rating of all his diseases reaches more than twice his wound threshold then the character is reborn as a plaguebearer. That is the only way his suffering will end, for there is no known cure for Nurgle's Rot – not even the blessings of Shallya.





# HERBS & MEDICINES

There are many plants and herbs in the Old World that can be used to help combat the effects of diseases and other ills. Some are straightforward enough to use by anyone. They just need to be known about and recognised.

An **Average (2d) Nature Lore check** suffices to identify the most common ingredients. But some need careful and skilled preparation to make them effective. This is most often in the form of a **Hard (3d) Medicine check** and varies in time required. Some preparations take only an hour or two of work, while other concoctions may need to steep or cure for several days. Fortunately, some already prepared doses can be found and purchased in town shoppes or from village wise folk. If purchased ready made, double the listed cost. The rarity of such prepared remedies is equal to the difficulty rating to prepare the concoction.

Some of the more commonly used remedies are detailed here – but the list is by no means exhaustive. The GM is encouraged to invent his own cure-alls and remedies that reflect the local traditions and beliefs where the PCs are campaigning.

## COCOCO TONIC

Made from an exotic plant of the New World, this tonic really seems to work and variations of it can be found in many of the herbariums and quack houses of the Empire. One dose of this brown, sweet liquid taken during an illness can be enough to suppress the effects for an entire day.

**Effect:** While taking cococo tonic, you can ignore the top symptom for each disease you are suffering from. For one day after you stop taking this tonic, all physical checks gain ■.

## EARTH ROOT

These thick roots can be found in heavy bramble or deep in the recesses of dark forests. When eaten every day this foul tasting root is an effective cure for Black Plague.

**Effect:** Four doses allows an extra recovery check against Black Plague during the next night's rest after taking the final dose.

## FAXTORYLL

Made from the distilled essence of woodland flowers, when correctly prepared, this thick clear liquid can be smeared on wounds to help stop the bleeding. Loses effectiveness after just a few days.

**Effect:** Add □□ to a recovery check against a disease with the *Wound* trait.

## GESUNDHEIT

This remedy is made from a pale green herb found in ancient woodlands. When mashed and smeared onto a wound it helps prevent infection and aids healing.

**Effect:** When applied with a First Aid or Medicine check, that check gains □□.

REMEDY	DOSE	COST	PREPARATION?
Cococo Tonic	1 bottle	5s	Hard (3d) Medicine
Earth Root	1 root / 4 days	10s	n/a
Faxtoryll	1 smidgeon	20s	Hard (3d) Medicine
Gesundheit	1 handful	2s	Average (2d) Medicine
Graveroot	1 bowl	20s	Daunting (4d) Medicine
Onions	1 onion	1b	n/a
Speckled Rustwort	1 sprig / 6 doses	20s	n/a
Spiderleaf	1 brew	20s	Hard (3d) Nature Lore or Medicine
Valerian	1 cup	1s	Easy (1d) Nature Lore or Medicine

## GRAVEROOT

Found in graveyards and other places of death, this is a common ingredient in magical concoctions. Graveroot is believed by many to be the only known cure for Tomb Rot.

**Effect:** If a character eats a specially prepared graveroot soup and makes an **Easy (1d) Toughness check** to keep it down (it tastes disgusting) he gains □□ to his next recovery check against Tomb Rot (or another *Undead* disease) that same day.

## ONIONS

Among the many properties afforded onions in the Old World is the protection from disease. Many folk swear by them, being sure to eat a raw onion every day, the stronger the better. Some say a good onion can protect from undeath, magic, spirits, and just about anything else. They also taste good in a stew, but cooking them is said to take away their power.

**Effect:** It makes your breath smell.

## SPECKLED RUSTWORT

A rare herb found in remote mountain crannies. When dried and eaten, this flower can act as an effective cure for the Red Pox.

**Effect:** After six doses, add □□ to recovery checks, and if successful, count one extra ♠ against Fever symptoms.

## SPIDERLEAF

When the thin, spidery fronds of this plant are brewed properly, it creates a cloudy white tea. The tea is then added to a healing draught, giving it a slightly bitter aftertaste.

**Effect:** Add □ to the effects of the augmented healing draught.

## VALERIAN

A dark green herb found in dense forest, it is dried and brewed to make a pungent tea.

**Effect:** When drunk before sleep, recover 1 extra wound due to a good night's rest, and □ to the next **Resilience (To) check** the character makes the following day.





## CHAPTER FOUR

# BRINGERS OF PLAGUE

### NEW RULES: ADVANCED CREATURES

Some of Nurgle's followers have icons listed next to their entries indicating a number of action cards, by type, that the GM can select to help customise the creature, making these opponents more diverse and challenging. The GM can select any action cards of the appropriate type for which the creature meets the requirements listed on the card. In general, Nurgle's minions prefer spells with the *Nurgle*, *Chaos*, or *Dark Magic* traits.



Melee



Spell



Ranged



Blessing



Support

### USING THE BRINGERS OF PLAGUE

Nurgle's followers delight in all things scabbed and ulcerous, and resolve to spread the putrid concoctions of their lord throughout the world. Of all Nurgle's servants, adventurers are most likely to encounter cultists devoted to the Plague Lord. They infest every strata of society throughout the Old World. Cults of Nurgle are the most numerous of all the heresies that afflict the Empire, and in

almost every town and city, covens secretly meet in sewers or other dark, filthy places to plot how to infect the populace with disease. The most powerful cults have learned from blasphemous grimoires how to open a gateway to the Realm of Chaos, through which can slip dreaded daemons of Nurgle. A plaguebearer can decimate an entire town with deadly pox, but should a cult summon a greater daemon, plague and ruin are a certainty. Sometimes daemons of Nurgle spontaneously materialise in places ravaged by plague – drawn by the cries of the damned and stink of decay.

In contrast, Nurgle's champions and sorcerers are most often encountered at the borders of civilisation, perhaps leading a raiding party of Chaos warriors and marauders from the Northern Wastes to ravage Kislev and the Empire. Many such raiders are on a dark crusade to contaminate the civilised lands with pestilence.

Disease does not spread amongst the dead, so warbands of Nurgle are likely to allow the victims of their depredations to live, ensuring that they become infected with wracking fevers and poxes which they will spread as they flee the destruction. Such desperate survivors, tortured by their diseases, may eventually turn to the worship of Nurgle, embracing the plague in return for a release from suffering.



## LESSER DAEMONS



From putrid sump and stinking cesspit crawl the lesser daemons of Nurgle. Swarms of fat, black flies drone around them.

**Hideous:** Lesser daemons of Nurgle add ♦♦ to all Charm checks they make (except versus followers of Nurgle).

**Nurgle's Rot:** If a character acquires a disease from a lesser daemon of Nurgle, roll one ♦ challenge die. If the result is a ✱ Chaos Star the character also gains the Nurgle's Rot condition.

### NURGLINGS ☠

When milk sours, crops wither, and fever sweeps the villages, peasants often blame the mischief on the nurglings. These diseased imps have tiny, putrescent bodies, sharp horns and teeth, and exude a foul-smelling slime from every orifice. They spawn from boils festering in the flabby folds of a Great Unclean One's skin, where they chatter, play, squabble, or suckle on ichor from his ulcers. Their 'father' fondles them like favoured pets – though he often pops one or two into his maw for a quick snack.

Sometimes Nurgle sends his Great Unclean Ones to the mortal plane to spread his delicious plagues. While the greater daemon ravages the world, some of his nurglings might fall from him and find themselves stranded among mortals. This is a great opportunity for fun and frolics, and they giggle incessantly as they spread infection. Woe betide anyone who tries to stop their mischief – nurglings will swarm over their enemy, scratching and gnawing. Though rarely fatal, it marks the beginning of a long, disease-ridden demise.

A Great Unclean One often leaves a trail of pus in its wake, pregnant with nurgling spores. This slime can enter a person's body by contact with the skin, and the spores will gestate within his bowels.

When the nurgling ripens, it struggles its way out into the world through the nearest orifice. The nurgling will have great affection for its 'parent' and bestow upon him generous gifts of poxes.

### PLAGUEBEARERS ☠☠☠☠☠

On nights when Morrslieb hangs bloated in a starless sky, Empire folk bolt their doors and windows, and hang sprigs of fragrant herbs by the fireplace to ward away the Tainted Ones. If a person should die of illness on such a night, it is whispered that daemons will take his soul. Indeed, in some remote villages, the mortally sick are left outside to perish lest the plaguebearers infect the healthy when they come for them.

A plaguebearer is a loathsome man-sized daemon, its pallid, sore-infested flesh stinking of rot, its entrails spilling from its belly like maggots spill from decaying fruit. It lopes on wasted limbs, poison drooling from its fangs, a twisted horn jutting from its forehead. Its single eye, weeping pus, darts about searching for new victims to infect with its plaguesword. The plaguebearers have almost forgotten the sensation of pain, yet a dull memory of suffering endures; each of these daemons once had a mortal soul. When a person cursed with Nurgle's Rot dies, their soul becomes resurrected as a plaguebearer, forever condemned to afflict others with the Plague Lord's contagions, and to keep tally of the diseases afflicting the mortal world.

**Revolting Features:** Plaguebearers cause Terror 1 when first encountered.

**Nurgle's Gift:** when a Plaguebearer inflicts a critical wound, the target must make a Disease 2 check

### BEASTS OF NURGLE ☠☠☠☠☠

These slimy daemon-beasts resemble huge, pallid slugs, but with two webbed claws at the front, and a mass of paralysing tentacles, teeth, and tongues for a head. Belying their repugnant appearance, they are extremely friendly creatures, bounding towards new 'playmates' to welcome them with lavish licks, their tentacles quivering with excitement, and their slugtails wagging, splashing toxic slime everywhere. When their new chum dissolves into a puddle of diseased mush, they seek out another friend.

Chaos cultists of Nurgle who have access to forbidden rituals sometimes summon one of these creatures from the Realm of Chaos to guard their secret temples. Beasts of Nurgle are loyal even to mortal followers of Chaos – unlike most other daemons they will not (usually) try to eat their summoners, and can be trained. However, cultists must always remember to perform the necessary constraining rituals, lest they be reduced to putrid jelly by the affections of their Beast of Nurgle overjoyed at their return.

**Affectionate:** Beasts of Nurgle have an Affection rating instead of an Aggression rating (though in all other respects, the rule remains the same).

**Paralysing Slime:** A Beast of Nurgle's melee attacks gain: “☠☠☠ The target gains the Sluggish and Overwhelmed conditions for 2 rounds”.

**Regeneration:** A Beast of Nurgle recovers 1 normal wound at the end of each round. The Regeneration ability does not work if the creature was wounded by fire this round.

**Terrifying:** Beasts of Nurgle cause Terror 2 when first encountered.



CREATURE	ST	TO	AG	INT	WP	FEL	A/C/E	WOUNDS	STANCE
NURGLING	3(3)	3■(2)	3■(2)	3■	3	3	2/5/1	7	R1
PLAGUEBEARER	5(5)	5(4)	2(1)	3	4	2	5/2/1	18	C1
BEAST OF NURGLE	6(5)	6(4)	2(1)	2	3	1	6/0/1	22	R1

### FESTERING STRIKE

Basic, Daemonic, Nurgle

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Lesser Daemons  
Engaged with target

**Effect:** The daemon slashes at its target with gangrenous claws

✦ The attack inflicts normal damage

✦✦ As above, plus the attack causes extra damage equal to the highest severity among any diseases afflicting the target

✦ The target suffers 1 fatigue

☠ The attacker loses 1 Aggression die from its budget

✧ The attacker suffers 1 wound

### LEPROUS BLOW

Daemonic, Nurgle

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Plaguebearers  
Engaged with target

**Effect:** The plaguebearer strikes its target, its blade dripping with contagious disease

✦ The attack inflicts normal damage

✦✦ As above, +2 damage

✦ The target suffers 1 fatigue

✦ The target makes a Disease 1 check or is infected by a disease with the *Contact*, *Filth* or *Wound* traits

☠ The attacker loses 1 Aggression die from its budget

✧ The attacker suffers 1 wound

### SWARM OF FILTH

Daemonic, Nurgle

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Nurglings  
Multiple nurglings engaged with target

**Special:** The nurgling suffering from the fewest wounds makes the attack. Each additional nurgling in the engagement adds ■ to the dice pool

**Effect:** The nurglings swarm their enemy, giggling as they scratch and gnaw his flesh

✦ The attack inflicts normal damage, +1 damage for every three nurglings in the engagement

✦✦✦ The attack inflicts critical damage, +1 damage for every two nurglings in the engagement

✦✦✦ The target makes a Disease 1 check with an additional ■ for every two nurglings in the engagement or becomes infected by a disease with the *Contact*, *Filth* or *Wound* traits

☠ The attacker loses 1 Aggression die from its budget

✧ All nurglings in the engagement suffer 1 wound

### SLOBBER!

Daemonic, Nurgle

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Beast of Nurgle  
Engaged with target

**Special:** Ignore the target's armour soak value against this attack, as the corrosive slime oozes right through it

**Effect:** The Beast of Nurgle slobbers all over its 'playmate' like an excited, horrific puppy

✦ The beast's playful attack inflicts +2 damage

✦✦✦ As above, plus the target makes a Disease 2 check or is infected by a disease with the *Filth* or *Wound* traits

✦ The target suffers 1 fatigue

✦✦ The Beast of Nurgle recovers 1 wound

☠ The over affectionate Beast of Nurgle gains the Exposed condition while it remains engaged with the target of this attack



## GREATER DAEMONS



Terrifying daemons sit at the right hand of the Lord of Decay, swarms of fat, black flies droning around them incessantly. When their master commands them to bestow his noxious blessings upon the mortal world, they enact his orders with relish.

**Hideous:** Greater daemons of Nurgle add ♦♦ to all Charm checks they make (except versus followers of Nurgle).

**Nurgle's Rot:** If a character acquires a disease from a greater daemon of Nurgle, roll a challenge die. If the result is a ✱ Chaos Star the character also gains the Nurgle's Rot condition.

**Terrifying to Behold:** Greater daemons of Nurgle cause Terror 3.

**Unfathomable Power:** All actions and skill checks targeting a greater daemon of Nurgle gain ♦.

### GREAT UNCLEAN ONE ☠☠☠☠☠☠☠☠



A Great Unclean One is a gigantic hulk of corpulent flesh, its greenish hide slick with pus. Organs spill from its ruptured belly, flapping wetly as it moves. Between the folds of its flab, infestations of nurglings jabber and squeal. Rotten horns branch from its skull, and a prehensile tongue, fat and pink, worms from its grinning maw. It wields a massive rusted blade and a flail of daemon skulls. A Great Unclean One behaves at all times with noisy enthusiasm, even in the thick of battle, guffawing as the flesh of its foes bursts with contagion, and encouraging its minions with booming mirth.

These monstrous daemons occasionally materialise in the mortal world, leading a cancerous host of lesser daemons to spread their master's diseases. They enjoy competing amongst themselves to see who can reap the most plague-dead.

**Plaguefather:** A Great Unclean One has four ranks of training in Resilience and two ranks of training in Spellcraft. It favours spells with the *Nurgle* or *Chaos* traits and does not need to channel or spend power to fuel its spells.

**Vile Progeny:** A Great Unclean One's actions gain: "✱ A henchmen group of Nurglings bursts from the Great Unclean One's pustules and appear engaged with the daemon"

### DAEMON PRINCE OF NURGLE ☠☠☠☠☠☠



Mortal Champions of Chaos who excel in service to Nurgle, bringing plague and ruin to the civilised lands, are sometimes rewarded by their patron. The unlucky perish from their diseases, or are bequeathed so many mutations that they devolve into mindless Chaos Spawn. A favoured few are brought before Nurgle himself, and if they survive the terrors of his foul garden, he raises them to daemonhood. Their body enlarges. Horns, talons, a tail, and sometimes wings sprout from their changing form. All manner of contagion erupts over their new body, yet they treasure each festering cyst and scabrous blister. Nurgle grants them a daemonic blade that can split flesh with a mere touch.

Daemon Princes of Nurgle often remain at their master's fortress as his devout servants yet sometimes return to their old tribe in the Chaos Wastes. They lead their former companions into battle, feared and revered as a veritable god, yet in reality they are nothing but the slaves of the Plague Lord, doomed to serve his every whim.

**Balesword:** When a Daemon Prince of Nurgle inflicts 1 or more critical wounds, the target of the attack suffers an additional critical wound.

**Potent Foe:** A Daemon Prince of Nurgle has three ranks of training in Resilience, two ranks of training in Discipline, and two ranks of training in Weapon Skill.

### EPIDEMIUS, THE PLAGUED PANJANDRUM ☠☠☠☠☠☠



Throughout the Empire, the hideous Epidemius is known as the Reckoner of Mortality. When a settlement's plague-pits overflow, the corpse-mound might part to reveal a palanquin drawn by a score of silent nurglings carrying a fat plaguebearer who scribbles ceaselessly on reams of parchment. Sand trickles down the hourglass by his side, and a brass bell hangs from a pole above his head. When this horror has finished recording every detail of suffering and disease into his ledger, the nurglings sound the bell and clash gongs to usher the spirits of the plague-dead screaming into Nurgle's embrace. Then the entourage vanishes in a choking haze.

Nurgle entrusts Epidemius, one of the Seven Proctors of Pestilence, to catalogue the myriad maladies he concocts. Epidemius wanders the mortal plane and the eternal realm, noting new strains of virus and recording every facet of every contagion. His nurglings reel out parchment at his demand, sharpen his quills, excrete ink to fill his inkpot, and adjust his death's head abacus to aid his calculations. Epidemius is so engrossed in his work that he has to be carried everywhere on his palanquin, and woe betide any noisy nurgling who disturbs his calculations, for he will pop them with his pen.

When the Reckoner roams the land, he heralds blight and woe, and the folk of the Empire fear for their souls. It is thought that if his diligence were interrupted, the world might have some respite from Nurgle's affections.



CREATURE	ST	TO	AC	INT	WP	FEL	A/C/E	WOUNDS	STANCE
GREAT UNCLEAN ONE	7(8)	10(6)	5(4)	6	8	6	10/6/8	40	C4
DAEMON PRINCE	8(8)	8(6)	3(3)	4	8	5	10/4/5	34	R4
EPIDEMIUS	5(5)	6(5)	2(1)	8	7	6	4/8/6	26	C3

### PURULENT ATTACK

*Basic, Daemonic, Nurgle*

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Greater Daemons  
Engaged with target

**Effect:** As the daemon attacks its target, pustulant sores open on its flesh, spattering its victim with noisome filth

✦ The attack inflicts normal damage

✦✦✦ The attack inflicts critical damage, and the target makes a Disease 2 check or is infected by a disease with the *Filth* or *Wound* traits

✦ The target suffers 1 fatigue

✦ The target suffers 1 stress

☞ The target suffers 1 corruption

☠ The attacker loses 1 Aggression die from its budget

✧ The attacker suffers 1 wound

### STREAM OF BILE

*Daemonic, Nurgle*

RESILIENCE (TO) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Great Unclean One, Daemon Prince of Nurgle  
Target within close range

**Effect:** The daemon spews a stream of diseased bile over its target

✦ The attack inflicts 6 + Toughness damage, +1 critical

✦✦✦ As above, and the target makes a Disease 2 check or is infected by a disease with the *Filth* or *Miasma* traits

✦ The target suffers 1 fatigue and 1 stress

✦✦ +2 damage, +1 critical

☞ A second target within close range of the main target is also affected

☞☞ All enemies within close range of the main target are affected

☠ The attacker suffers 1 wound

✧ The attacker suffers 1 wound. Place 2 recharge tokens on this action

### BUBONIC ASSAULT

*Daemonic, Nurgle*

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Greater Daemons  
Engaged with target

**Special:** Add to the dice pool for every disease the target is afflicted by

**Effect:** As the daemon attacks, sores and lesions erupt all over the target's flesh, spitting vile ichor

✦ The attack inflicts normal damage

✦✦✦✦ As above, plus the attack causes extra damage equal to the total severity of any diseases and symptoms afflicting the target

✦✦ The target suffers 1 fatigue plus 1 fatigue for each disease and symptom afflicting him

☞ The target suffers 1 corruption

☠ The attacker loses 1 Aggression die from its budget

✧ The attacker suffers 1 wound

### TALLY OF PESTILENCE

*Daemonic, Nurgle, Ongoing*

EDUCATION (INT)

Used By: Epidemius

**Special:** Epidemius adds to his dice pool for every disease suffered by every character within long range of him

**Effect:** Epidemius peruses his tally of poxes and pandemics in order to increase the power of Nurgle's worshippers and to weaken his enemies' resistance to disease. While this action is recharging, Epidemius and all followers of Nurgle within long range of him recover 1 wound at the end of each round, and all other characters within long range of him add to Resilience checks

✦ The tally takes effect

✦✦ As above, and all followers of Nurgle within long range add to Spellcraft checks while this action is recharging

☞ All characters within long range suffer 1 corruption per disease they are afflicted with

✧ Epidemius gains the Perplexed condition for 5 rounds



## BLIGHTED ACOLYTES



Nurgle's mortal worshippers display their diseased afflictions with pride, and are eager to share their sickening gifts with those untainted by Nurgle's love.

**Diseased:** All Blighted Acolytes of Nurgle have at least one random disease.

**Mark of Nurgle:** All blighted acolytes of Nurgle have the Mark of Nurgle (see page 19).

### EXALTED CHAMPION OF NURGLE ☠☠☠☠☠☠

Exalted Champions are Chaos Warriors who have excelled themselves in service to their god. Those dedicated to Nurgle wear corroded Chaos armour and shields inscribed with runes to ward away harm. Some march to war un-helmeted to show off Nurgle's gifts. The most favoured possess mutated heads and limbs, perhaps those of a giant fly or a horned plaguebearer. Their weapons sweat necrosis. A favourite weapon is the death's head – the skull of a foe sealed with wax and filled with slimy filth. The skull shatters on impact; the mixture within dissolves flesh on contact.

Every Exalted Champion aspires to command an army of Chaos, and they duel heroes of rival tribes to this end. The victor takes his opponent's followers as his own. The severed heads of slain foes hang from their belts, the flesh peeling from the skulls. Champions of Nurgle are particularly keen to best Tzeentch's champions, who are contemptuous of Nurgle's love of atrophy. When a powerful Champion manages to unite an army of tribes under his banner, he marches to destroy the civilised realms – an apostle of plague leading his warbands south to spread decay. Nurgle may grant an all-conquering warlord daemonhood, the dream of every Champion.

**Fearful Foe:** An Exalted Champion of Nurgle causes Fear 2 when first encountered.

**Paragon of Warfare:** An Exalted Champion of Nurgle has 1 rank trained in Discipline, Leadership, and Resilience, and 2 ranks trained in Weapon Skill.

**Putrefying Blade:** When an Exalted Champion of Nurgle inflicts a critical wound, the target of the attack suffers 2 fatigue.

### CHAOS SORCERER OF NURGLE ☠☠☠☠

Those Champions of Chaos who offer their souls to the Dark Gods in return for the mastery of forbidden lore achieve great power, at a cost. The raw Winds of Magic are often too much for their sanity to bear. Only the strong-willed can wield such fearsome magic.

Sorcerers devoted to Nurgle can inflict suffering and affliction at a whim. Clad in decaying Chaos armour and rotten robes, their body host to a hundred ailments, their incantations can cause flesh to blister and skin to slough from muscle. They can enchant worms to infest a victim's organs, consuming him slowly from within, and can rain down boiling bile from the sky. They also have the power to regenerate injured flesh, scabbing over wounds in mockery of Shallya's blessings.

**Magical Aptitude:** A Chaos Sorcerer of Nurgle has Channelling, Education, Magical Sight, and Spellcraft trained. It does not need to channel or use power to fuel its spells.

### DOKTOR FESTUS ☠☠☠☠

Doktor Festus was once renowned throughout Nordland for his medical expertise, as well as his compassion – he charged commoner and noble alike according to their means. His ointments and elixirs eliminated every ailment he set his mind to curing.

One winter, the Gnashing Fever came to Nordland. Sufferers succumbed to violent, spasmodic fits. The disease even taxed the local priests of Shallya, yet Doktor Festus was determined to find a cure. He locked himself in his laboratory for months, with barely enough sleep and sustenance, but every patient who came to him for help succumbed to the fever. One evening when Morrslieb was full and a dozen patients had perished in his lab, the doctor fell to his knees weeping and crying out for help.

The image of a white dove momentarily appeared before him, but then decayed into black mist. The candles of his laboratory guttered, and a single voice, sonorous and strangely reassuring, issued from the dead throats of those patients he had failed to save that day. Festus was promised the key to curing all sickness, if he would only bend his knee. At his wit's end, the doctor nodded, and his mind was flooded with the blighted lore of Nurgle. When Festus rose to his feet, he had a strange obsession to explore every facet of his new knowledge. The next day, new patients filed in. They died too, but not of Gnashing Fever...


Now Doktor Festus is said to wander the Old World, a corpulent bald man with disease-ravaged skin dressed in ragged physician's robes. Leaning on a staff entwined with two venomous serpents, he bends double beneath the weight on his back: boxes of poisons, vials of viruses, syringes, spatulas, and dozens of notebooks recording his findings. When a person goes missing, it is often said that Old Sawbones has taken him...

**Harbinger of Pestilence:** Doktor Festus possesses at least two diseases.

**Mad Insights:** Doktor Festus has 1 rank of training in Channelling, Education, First Aid, Magical Sight, Medicine, and Spellcraft.



CREATURE	ST	TO	AG	INT	WP	FEL	A/C/E	WOUNDS	STANCE
DOKTOR FESTUS	3(4)	4■(2)	2(1)	5■	5■	3	2/6/6	18	C2
EXALTED CHAMPION	7(6)	7■(4)	3(2)	3	6■	4	7/3/3	24	R3
CHAOS SORCERER	3(4)	4(1)	2■(1)	5■	5	3	2/6/2	12	C2



### PUTREFYING STRIKE

*Basic, Chaos, Nurgle*

WEAPON SKILL (ST) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Blighted Acolytes  
Engaged with target

0

**Effect:** The follower of Nurgle lands a vicious blow that can infects wounds with putrefying rot

♣ The attack inflicts normal damage

♣♣ As above, and the target suffers 1 fatigue

♣♣♣ +1 critical, and if the target is afflicted by any diseases, the target suffers 1 corruption per disease

↪ Turn one of the target's wounds face up. He gains the Weakened condition for as many rounds as that critical wound's severity

💀 The attacker suffers 1 wound

✧ The target of the attack may perform a free manoeuvre



### DEATH'S HEAD

*Chaos, Nurgle*

BALLISTIC SKILL (AG) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Exalted Champion of Nurgle  
Target within medium range

4

**Special:** The Death's Head counts as a unique type of improvised weapon, with DR4/CR4

**Effect:** The champion hurls a skull filled with a stew of virulent poxes and sealed with blood-laced wax

♣ The skull strikes the target for normal damage, then explodes. The target and all engaged with him must make Disease 1 checks or become infected by a disease with the *Filth* or *Miasma* traits

♣ All characters in the target's engagement suffer 1 fatigue

♣ All characters in the target's engagement suffer 1 stress

♣ All characters in the target's engagement suffer 1 corruption

💀 The attacker suffers 1 fatigue

✧ Assuming this action is successful, the skull hits a different (unintended) target within medium range



### NURGLE'S KISS

*Chaos, Nurgle*

SPELLCRAFT (INT) vs. TARGET DISCIPLINE (WP)

Used By: Chaos Sorcerer of Nurgle, Doktor Festus  
Target within medium range

3

**Special:** Add ■ to the dice pool for each enemy engaged with the caster

**Effect:** The sorcerer summons the power of Nurgle to infect his target with nauseating disease

♣ The target suffers 1 fatigue, plus an amount of fatigue equal to the highest severity amongst critical wounds, diseases, symptoms, insanities, and mutations affecting him

♣♣♣ As above, and then the target must make a Disease 2 check

♣♣ The target suffers 1 stress

💀 The attacker suffers 1 wound

✧ The attacker suffers 1 wound



### DARK EXPERIMENT

*Chaos, Nurgle, Ongoing*

EDUCATION (INT) vs. TARGET RESILIENCE (TO)

Used By: Doktor Festus  
Engaged with target

5

**Special:** Reduce the difficulty modifier by ♦ if the target is securely restrained. This action completely recharges as soon as Doktor Festus disengages from the target, makes an attack, or uses an *Active Defence*

**Effect:** Doktor Festus injects his foul-smelling poisons into the unwilling subject of his experiment

♣ Each time a recharge token is removed from this action, the target suffers 1 fatigue

♣♣♣ As above, and when this action recharges completely the target must make a disease check with a difficulty equal to the amount of fatigue he suffered as a result of this action (pile the recharge tokens on this affected character's character sheet to help track this)

♣ The target gains a temporary insanity with the *Chaos* or *Trauma* trait. Each time a recharge token is removed from this card, add a tracking token to this insanity



## FRATERNITY OF THE SECOND FLESH



One of the most influential Chaos cults to worship Nurgle is the Fraternity of the Second Flesh. This secret organisation plots to drown the Empire in a morass of squalor and disease, preparing for the End Times when the entire world will fall to Chaos. The Fraternity consists of a group of aristocrats who secretly convene to worship Nurgle at a hidden temple in the sewers beneath a leper hospice in Altdorf. The cult believes that when the End Times arrive, the Plague Lord will re-clothe each of them in the flesh of an immortal plaguebearer in an event they call the Transfiguration.

The Fraternity's high priest is Marasmus the Archbacillus, known in polite society as Baron Oberheuser, a respected courtier at the Imperial Palace. He hides his pox-scarred face with layers of make-up, and the stink of his rotting flesh with strong perfume, but plays up to his reputation as a dandy to mask his corruption. Every seventh week, he leads his congregation in prayer, his sermons expounding Nurgle's devotion to his worshippers.

Marasmus only allows men of noble birth to join the cult, believing that women and commoners are unworthy of the Transfiguration. Below him are fourteen initiated disciples, named Ulcerators. They are expected to spread the infections they suffer in order to hasten the arrival of the End Times, though in reality they are too obsessed with acquiring new diseases themselves, and are jealous that Nurgle should share his gifts with the common herd.

When an Ulcerator dies, which unsurprisingly occurs quite often, the Archbacillus chooses a replacement from among the fourteen Abscessites, the lowliest members of the Fraternity. The newly elevated individual is baptised in sewer water and made to imbibe a concoction of red wine mixed with the pus and scabs squeezed from the Archbacillus's sores. His first task is to recruit a new

Abscessite, which he does by subtly infecting a male friend or family member with a foul disease and promising relief from his pain. The Ulcerator is expected to murder a potential recruit who declines.

The Archbacillus enjoys his ailments free of suffering, on account of the Mark of Nurgle on each palm – a triangle of circular lesions writhing with maggots, which he covers with his perfumed silk gloves. However, his minions have not yet earned their god's favour, and so Marasmus dulls the pain of their infections with a magical unguent containing minute traces of warpstone powder. Nobody knows how he acquires this powder, though he sometimes ventures alone into the sewers. Some of the cultists have begun to develop strange mutations, which they regard as a mark of Nurgle's favour, but which make their attempts to hide within society much more challenging.

The Archbacillus tasks his minions to scour the Empire for any grimoire that contains the ritual to summon a plaguebearer. Because plaguebearers are formed from the souls of those who succumb to Nurgle's Rot, he reasons that if he invoked one, the daemon would infect him and his fellow cultists with the deadly disease, hastening the time of their Transfiguration. The cult possesses a minor tome, the proscribed *Liber Sinicitus*, which contains a rite to summon a Beast of Nurgle, and indeed the cult has bound one to guard its temple. However, because the Archbacillus erroneously believes that anyone contracting the Rot from a Beast of Nurgle will turn into such a creature, no one dares allow the daemon to caress them (however much it whimpers and tugs at its bronze chains).

Meanwhile, the Archbacillus entreats his minions to visit places ravaged by plague, to mingle with the sufferers in the hope that the infamous Reckoner of Mortality arrives to document the contagion. The Fraternity is diligent in this mission, praying that they be the one who contracts Nurgle's Rot from Epidemius's visitation. They spend much gold ensuring that plague victims remain alive as long as possible, to give the Reckoner more time to arrive – alas he has yet to be witnessed. A side effect of their actions is that members of the Fraternity have acquired a reputation as selfless philanthropists, caring for the diseased. Ironically, this has stood them in good stead with the Cult of Shallya.

The members of the Fraternity despise the unenlightened Shallyans, and subtly try to undo their work at every opportunity. However, their greatest enemies are the witch hunters. Whenever the Templars of Sigmar veer towards uncovering the Fraternity's plots, the cultists use their social influence to establish cults of Nurgle among the lower classes. They then actively help the witch hunters track down and eradicate these covens. This earns the nobles the trust of the Sigmarites, and to date, each member of the Fraternity remains above suspicion.

### NEWLY INFECTED & PLAGUE MEMBER ☠☠

### PLAGUE LEADER, THE ARCHBACILLUS ☠☠☠




**Diseased:** Each member of the Fraternity of the Second Flesh has at least one disease. If the GM wishes, the same diseases can afflict each type of Chaos cultist in the Fraternity, or the same diseases can affect the entire Fraternity.

**Devoted Servants:** Each member of the Fraternity has acquired the Piety advanced skill.

**Mark of Nurgle:** The Archbacillus has the Mark of Nurgle (see page 19).



CREATURE	ST	TO	AG	INT	WP	FEL	A/C/E	WOUNDS	STANCE
NEWLY INFECTED	3(5)	3(0)	3(1)	3	3	3	2/2/1	8	C1
PLAGUE MEMBER	3(5)	4(1)	2(1)	3	3	3	3/3/1	10	C1
PLAGUE LEADER	3(5)	4(1)	2(2)	4	4	5	4/5/3	14	C2



### INFECTED BLADES

Basic, Cultist, Nurgle

WEAPON SKILL (St) vs. TARGET DEFENCE

Used By: Fraternity of the Second Flesh  
Engaged with target

0


**Effect:** The Chaos cultist jabs his filth-encrusted blade towards his enemy.

✦ The attack inflicts normal damage

✦✦ As above, and the target suffers 1 fatigue

✦✦✦ The target gains the Weakened condition for 2 rounds

☠ The attacker suffers 1 wound



### CURSE OF DECAY

Cultist, Nurgle, Ongoing

PIETY (WP) vs. TARGET RESILIENCE (To)

Used By: Plague Member, Plague Leader  
Target within medium range

4

**Special:** Add ■ to the difficulty modifier for every enemy engaged with the Chaos cultist. Add □ to the dice pool for every disease suffered by every character within long range of the attacker

**Effect:** The Chaos cultist beseeches Father Nurgle to gift his enemies with the blessing of pestilence

✦ The target draws a disease from the disease deck. While this action is recharging, the target suffers the effects of this disease. When this action fully recharges, the disease is returned to the deck


✦✦✦ As above, and the disease also affects each character (ally or enemy) within close range of the target until it is returned to the deck

✦✦✦ When the disease is returned to the disease deck, each character affected by the disease who is not a follower of Nurgle suffers an amount of fatigue equal to the disease's severity

✦✦✦ Add 2 recharge tokens to this action

☠ The cultist suffers 1 stress

✧ The cultist suffers fatigue equal to the highest severity rating among diseases afflicting him



### PLAGUE MASS

Cultist, Nurgle

PIETY (WP)

Used By: Plague Leader

5

**Special:** Add ■ to the difficulty modifier for every enemy engaged with the cultist leader. Add □ to the dice pool for every disease suffered by every character within long range of the attacker

**Effect:** The Archbacillus invokes a ritual to summon a swarm of fat, black corpse flies to plague his enemies. While this action is recharging, the Archbacillus can spend a manoeuvre to direct the swarm to envelop any engagement within long range of him. All characters in an enveloped engagement who are not followers of Nurgle suffer 1 fatigue at the beginning of their turn, and gain the Overwhelmed condition while they are enveloped


✦ The flies are invoked

✦✦✦ As above, and the Archbacillus gets one free manoeuvre each turn which he can only use to control the swarm

✦✦✦ When a recharge token is removed from this action, affected characters must make a Disease 1 check

☠ The cultist suffers 1 stress

✧ The cultist loses 1 die from his Expertise budget



### NURGLE'S BLESSING

Cultist, Nurgle, Ongoing

PIETY (WP)

Used By: Plague Leader  
Must perform a prepare manoeuvre

4

**Special:** Add ■ to the difficulty modifier for every enemy engaged with the Chaos cultist. Add □ to the dice pool for every disease suffered by every character within long range of the attacker

**Effect:** The Archbacillus intones a blasphemous chant that inures his followers to pain and suffering. While this blessing is recharging, all followers of Nurgle within long range gain +1 Toughness

✦ The blessing is invoked

✦✦✦ Add 2 recharge tokens to this action

☠☠ The Archbacillus suffers 1 wound





## CHAPTER FIVE

# HORROR OF HUGELDAL

The *Horror of Hugeldal* is a short adventure for characters towards the end of their first careers or into their second careers. If you intend to participate in the adventure as a player **DO NOT READ ANY FURTHER**. The following information is for the Game Master's eyes only.

This adventure is set in Hugeldal, a mining town south of Ubersreik. A conspiracy between the noble ruler of the town and a corrupt physician has resulted in the victimisation of the Shallyan priests working there. The PCs become embroiled in these events, and the ensuing investigation reveals the forces of Nurgle at work.

The adventure is comprised of three main parts:

**Part 1 – The Bandit Attack** details an unprovoked assault on a group of Shallyans. Hopefully the PCs act quickly enough to limit the bloodshed and uncover clues. Here, the PCs learn of the sorry state of the Shallyan cult in Hugeldal.

**Part 2 – A Town Called Malaise** provides a description of Hugeldal and some of its inhabitants. Talking to people in Hugeldal provides a number of leads, many of which implicate the town's physician. Searching his surgery provides evidence of conspiracy, and news that an ominous stranger will soon be arriving in town.

**Part 3 – The Cavalcade Comes to Town** details the arrival of this stranger, a sorcerer of Nurgle. The act describes his plans for Hugeldal, how he goes about putting those plans into motion, and what the PCs can do to stop him.

Whilst the adventure is sited at the town of Hugeldal, with a little effort and some name changes, it could be repositioned to any remote town in the Old World. The sorcerer and his allies encountered at the end of the adventure are daunting opponents, so this adventure is aimed at an experienced party who already have several adventures under their belts.

### A BRIEF HISTORY OF HUGELDAL

The following information is made available to GMs to help flesh out this corner of the Reikland and put the events of the adventure into context. However, should any of the PCs be from the area, or have an academic interest in the Empire's history, they may well know some of this information. It may be worth providing such characters with a summary of the history of Hugeldal to give them some background flavour and subtle clues.



Hugeldal was founded around 300 IC to take advantage of the banded iron deposits and copper ores found in the Grey Mountain foothills south of Ubersreik. The locals claim it was expanded during the reign of Sigismund II to help meet his demands for chain-mail and spearheads.

In 1112 IC the Black Plague ravaged the area. In the resulting tumult, the rulers of the Empire realised just how important it was to keep sites of iron production running, and they sponsored the foundation of a Shallyan temple hospice in the town, for which it has become well known.

The Shallyans disapproved of some of the more unhygienic habits of miners, and lobbied to prohibit certain insalubrious entertainments. This has led to an association between the townspeople and Strigany folk, who arrive and depart in groups of colourful wagons. There is always a small community of Strigany in a makeshift camp just outside the town walls. The Strigany trade with the townsfolk, and provide opportunities to indulge in gambling and other distractions. However, they have a reputation for being light-fingered and for trafficking with ill-favoured forces, and are forbidden to enter the town itself, per charters and laws enacted in 1299 IC.

## IN RECENT YEARS

Hugeldal has suffered a decline in the last century. The original mines have become a sprawling complex of passages and few miners work them as it requires a dangerous trek to find deposits of ore. Other mines have been opened nearby, but Hugeldal remains home to most of the miners who work in the area.

The town is not far from Ubersreik, and ostensibly falls under the rule of the von Jungfreud family. They maintain a limited presence here, mostly with the visual display of an impressive townhouse. A minor member of the family, Matthias von Jungfreud, was made lord of the manor in 2514 IC.

Nearly two years ago, on a glorious Sigmarzeit day, the lovely Agnetha von Bruner entered Hugeldal in a splendid white bridal carriage and was wed to Matthias. They moved into the town's manor house and within a year the comely and vivacious noblewoman had provided an heir to her noble husband. The happy couple named the boy Leos.

It was in this year that another resident of the town arrived. The acclaimed physician Wilhelm Verfullen moved to Hugeldal from Altdorf, and set up a practice in the town.

The following year the Ghoulpox struck, ravaging the town's population. The noble family took ill and Matthias soon succumbed to the disease. The Shallyans were powerless to prevent the illness despite their call for miracles and blessings. In growing desperation, Agnetha turned to the talented Doktor Verfullen. With the Doktor's help, Leos made a recovery, though few people are optimistic that the boy will ever live a normal life.

Agnetha also survived though the pox had ruined her once comely features. Indeed, a few sardonic townsfolk suggest that the noblewoman mourns the loss of her looks more than the passing of her late husband.

## THE WILES OF DOKTOR VERFULLEN

Unbeknownst to the people of Hugeldal, Doktor Verfullen didn't just cure their disease; he caused it too. The greedy and wicked man always resented the Cult of Shallya and sees the Cult as unde-

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The Strigany folk are a common, if not always welcome, sight in rural parts of the Empire. Originating from beyond the Empire themselves, the Strigany are nomads, never settling in one place for long but travelling the roads in colourful wagons or plying the waterways in barges. The Strigany have a reputation for being thieves, mystics, and con artists. But they are also associated with much darker rumours. Legends whisper that the Strigany are the heirs of a great civilisation that flourished in the time before Sigmar, and the tales tell that the rulers of this society were inhuman fiends that demanded tithes of blood.

The persistence of such stories explains much about the intolerance shown towards the Strigany. Some Strigany folk even play up to their unsavoury reputation, presenting themselves as uncanny seers, amoral rascallions, or rakish master criminals if it suits them. Such Strigany might even be so rash as to threaten people with talk of the "old masters" and a coming time when their power will be restored to them.

However, most Strigany are simply poor travelling folk, trying to earn their way as pedlars of cheap household goods or lucky charms. Their bad reputation makes them easy and undeserving scapegoats whenever trouble occurs in their vicinity.

serving rivals to the Old World's physicians. His envy and avarice made him the unwitting tool of a secretive individual with even darker purposes.

To this end the doctor was provided with two sets of magical potions. One was the deadly strain of Ghoulpox that proved so resistant to the cures of the Shallyans. The other was a cure for the disease, laced with addictive chemicals and enchanted to leave the imbibor open to suggestion.

Having hooked the noblewoman to the cure, Doktor Verfullen has converted her to his cause and is enjoying greater influence in the town as a result. However, he is becoming increasingly aware of the uncanny powers of his mysterious contact, who has shown a talent for both precognition and the provision of magical potions. Doktor Verfullen is exceedingly wicked, but even he has qualms about dealing with sorcery.

More information on Doktor Verfullen can be found on page 42

## HUGELDAL TODAY

Hugeldal has a ramshackle, hastily constructed appearance despite its age. Most human dwellings in the town are constructed from timber planks and boards, though the small dwarf quarter and more important buildings, such as the hospice and manor house, are constructed largely from stone.

Recently, families from farms and small mining communities near Hugeldal have fallen on hard times. Frightened survivors do not give a coherent account of what has happened. It seems that within a short space of time, a large area of farmland was blighted and springs that had once quenched the thirst of miners had begun to





spout black stagnant filth. Beastmen have been reported to be on the move throughout the stricken region. As a result, Hugeldal is currently home to a small but highly agitated community of refugees.

Richter Holstein, the town's zealous priest of Sigmar, was not going to sit by whilst creatures of Chaos ravaged the lands. For days he preached in the marketstrasse, imploring all adult men with strong sword arms to venture forth with him and destroy their enemies. Richter left Hugeldal three weeks ago at the head of a ragtag group of militia last seen heading east into the surrounding forest.

Even with the influx of refugees, the population of the town is much depleted. The Ghoulpox has claimed many lives, and the Sigmarite crusade, whilst small, has drawn away a significant number of those who were left. Hugeldal is now something of a ghost town, and away from the few busy areas the streets are deserted and the town has an eerie feel.

Even more disturbing is a recent pronouncement made by Lady Agnetha herself (see page 36) that threatens to plunge Hugeldal into chaos.

## ENTER THE PCs

There could be many reasons why a party of PCs could venture to Hugeldal. Here are just a few suggestions. GMs should settle on a method that works best for his group of players and their characters.

## DEVELOPMENTS FROM EARLIER ADVENTURES

A contact the PCs made in a previous adventure has an interest in Hugeldal. For example:

- + Lord Rickard Ashaffenberg, from *An Eye for an Eye*, might have concerns about a member of the von Bruner family left in charge of a town after his experiences in Grunewald Lodge, and may ask the PCs to see what they make of Agnetha.
- + The von Jungfreuds themselves might have concerns about whether the widow of one of their relations can cut the mustard. If the PCs have impressed the von Jungfreuds with how they managed the events of *A Gathering Storm*, they may well employ the adventurers as agents in Hugeldal.
- + Several of the party goers or the PCs' patron from *The Edge of Night* could have concerns about the area or wish to have a message delivered.
- + The Shallyans at work in *Winds of Magic* might have caught wind of trouble brewing in the town, and wish to find out why their comrades were so ineffective in assuaging the Ghoulpox.

## RELIGIOUS REASONS

Aside from the obvious concerns the Shallyan order would have, other faiths of the Empire also have concerns in Hugeldal:

- + **Manann and Taal:** Mysterious forces near Hugeldal have wrought destruction on the natural world. Meadows and woodland have been reportedly corrupted and watercourses clogged with filth. Those who worship Taal or Manann may wish to find the source of this corruption.
- + **Morr:** The Garden of Morr in Hugeldal is not tended to by a priest, but maintained by visits made by the cult in Ubersreik. The cult authorities may ask that a PC follower of Morr visit the town to perform any rites for the dead and interments that are needed.
- + **Sigmar:** The disappearance of Richter Holstein has left the town without a priest of Sigmar. Richter's superiors in Ubersreik are angry about the situation, believing that Richter's overzealous attitude has led to dereliction of his primary duty – to protect Hugeldal and its citizens. They may dispatch another priest of Sigmar to find out what happened until a replacement for Richter can be found.
- + **Ulric or Myrmidia:** The Ulricans are not a major force in this part of the Empire, but are eager to prove themselves. A priest of Ulric might also be drawn to the town, either to watch over the situation until Sigmarites restore order or to try and succeed where Richter failed. A follower of Myrmidia might have similar ideas, though without the burning desire to prove a point.
- + **Verena:** Kurt Henning was once a dutiful member of the Cult of Verena based in the town. He regularly made reports as to the state of the western Reikland and the Empire's mining concerns to his superiors in Altdorf and Nuln. Recently his missives have been of a different sort, claiming insights into ultimate truths



and mysteries. The cult is both curious and worried, and may well dispatch a priest or Verenean investigator to find out what is going on.

The adventure is not written from any one of these particular viewpoints. If the PCs are hired by an Imperial cult or a noble to look into a particular matter in the town, the GM should consider what that is likely to entail.

## LOOKING FOR WORK

There are plenty of opportunities for poor characters at Hugeldal. They may be drawn by rumours of a strike of precious metal in the nearby hills, or news that coachmen and other staff are needed at the inn in town. Other forms of employment include bounty hunters on the trail of a wanted criminal, witch hunters or wizards following rumours of malign sorcery, or down and out characters simply moving on to try their luck somewhere new.

Whatever brings the PCs to Hugeldal, the town is most easily accessed by the road from Ubersreik, during which they get their first taste of things to come.

## PART I — THE BANDIT ATTACK

Once the PCs draw within a mile of Hugeldal, they approach a sharp turn in the road that skirts around a rather steep hill. The PCs can clearly hear shouts of distress from ahead. Turning the corner, the PCs see a rather one-sided fight in progress.

## SHALLYA SAVE US!

When the PCs approach and see what is up ahead, the GM should read or paraphrase the following text to the players:

*On the road in front of you is a scene of carnage and confusion. A fight is taking place, and it is clearly a one-sided affair. A number of figures lie in the dirt, pierced by arrows. A white dove flitters among the fallen. Many of the figures are dressed in the white robes of the Cult of Shallya. Rough-looking men in dark clothes, armed with crossbows, encircle the Shallyans. Three of the crossbowmen wait by the tree-line to the left of the road. Two others approach the fallen, poised to finish them off.*

*An armoured warrior lies on the ground struggling with a bolt in his thigh whilst a leering brigand in green and russet leather approaches him, clearly about to deliver a killing blow. A stooped man in Shallyan robes remains on his feet, backing away from a brutish man dressed in black leathers, who is drawing a longsword. The priest is trying to reason with his attacker.*

*In the midst of the turmoil is a brightly coloured Strigany wagon, loaded down with portable goods. The wagon's driver is crumpled over the reins; a pair of bolts sprout from his back. Two other figures, presumably the pedlar and his wife, peer down from the wagon's high panelled driving seat. The Strigany woman is berating the man loudly in strongly accented Reikspiel to help the Shallyans, but he is visibly terrified. The defenceless Shallyans are clearly at the mercy of their attackers.*

If PCs reach Sonja or Victor before they die from their wounds they can attempt to save them by passing the appropriate skill check or by administering a healing draught. Victor can be prevented from bleeding out by succeeding an **Average (2d) First Aid or Medicine check**. Sonja's wounds are more severe and healing her requires passing a **Daunting (4d) First Aid or Medicine check**.

If the PCs prevent Tarwin from slaying Rudolph Braum, the Shallyan priest immediately runs to aid Sonja, and if he reaches her before Event Space 4 he is able to save her life.

On one side, and clearly the aggressors, are a group of bandits. There are six bandits, though the party can only see five. Two of the bandits, including the leader Tarwin Fleisher, are on the road approaching their victims. Three are at the tree-line to the left of the road. Their crossbows are loaded and ready. The last bandit, Tarwin's twin brother Max Fleisher, is some distance away, watching the rear.

The bandits' assault has been merciless, and four bodies lie on the ground. Two of the victims are beyond help, though two are still clinging to life despite being shot. One of the survivors is Victor Hemmelman, an armoured warrior. Sonja Gerstein, a young woman in white robes, is also wounded and bleeding heavily. The other surviving Shallyan is still on his feet and is attempting to mediate with his attacker. This is Rudolph Bram, a senior priest in the Cult of Shallya.

The PCs will have to act fast if they are to prevent a massacre. When first observed, the battle is at long range. Once the GM has set the scene, the players should roll for initiative.

## TRACKING THE FIGHT

Assemble a progress tracker 7 spaces long, with events placed on spaces 2, 3, 4, and 7. Place a tracking token on space 1. The token advances one space at the end of each round, and the following events occur unless the PCs do something to prevent them from happening:

- ✦ **Event Space 2:** A bandit strikes a killing blow to Victor Hemmelman. One of the bandits in the tree-line has a chance to spot the PCs. Check the bandit's Observation opposed by the party member with the lowest Agility. If the bandit succeeds, he shoots that party member.
- ✦ **Event Space 3:** Tarwin Fleisher engages and attacks Rudolph Bram. If the PCs pose a threat to Tarwin, he uses the Shallyan as a hostage.
- ✦ **Event Space 4:** If not tended to with a healing draught, first aid, or similar care, Sonja Gerstein dies from her wounds.
- ✦ **Event Space 7:** If Victor Hemmelman survived beyond Event 2 but has not been healed or tended to, he dies from his wounds.



The PCs may be exposed to a variety of contagions, diseases, and other horrible things over the course of this adventure – especially once the cavalcade arrives toward the end of the adventure! Dealing with the minions of Nurgle can be a very messy and unpleasant experience.

The GM may wish to briefly review the rules for disease and symptoms, found in **Chapter Three: Disease Rules**, starting on page 14, and keep the deck of diseases handy.

Be sure to play up NPC's ailments and symptoms, as well – sniffing, coughing, runny noses, red watery eyes, and other signs that everyone is suffering from something.

## HOW THE BANDITS REACT TO THE PCs

Max Fleisher is watching the fight from within the forest and flees straight away. He took the contract for this job and he knows how important it is to keep their client a secret. Max is not a cowardly man, but he is wily, and recognises that the PCs have the ability and numbers to turn the battle.

Max makes his way to the bandit camp, picks up his belongings and his horse, and then heads to Hugeldal. He waits at the Bucket of Blood tavern in the hope that his brother and any of the other surviving bandits will meet him there.

Tarwin Fleisher is a dangerously unhinged man who would rather die than run. As soon as the PCs reveal themselves, he focuses on them, calling on the most formidable PC to face him in combat. If he is shot at or targeted with magic, he hides behind the Strigany wagon for cover, calling the PCs cowards for not engaging him in single combat.

The other bandits are not very brave. They flee towards the bandit camp as soon as it looks as if the battle isn't going their way or once three or more bandits have been dealt with. Against parties containing fearsome warriors, priests of a warrior god, or spellcasters, however, they may run for it after a loosing an initial volley of crossbow bolts.

## INTERROGATING THE BANDITS

Only Max Fleischer knows why the bandits attacked the Shallyans – the others just know they were hired to help mete out some beatings. If captured and threatened, the bandits try to save their skins by explaining that the gang was hired to kill the Shallyans, and ordered to make it look like a goblin attack. They even have two goblin corpses hidden nearby to leave at the scene.

Any surviving Shallyans are prepared to forgive the bandits, and will not want to see their blood shed, though Victor Hemmelman and the Strigany travellers will be more grudging in this regard.

## TARWIN AND MAX FLEISHER

The bandit leaders are a pair of twins, near identical in appearance. Both are tall and well-built men in their late twenties. Both have shaven heads and wear cheerfully psychotic expressions. Those who know the pair well say that Max has the edge over his brother in terms of raw cunning, whilst Tarwin is the more physically dangerous of the two.

At first glance little distinguishes the two men, though there are subtle differences. Tarwin is slightly taller and stockier than his brother, and habitually cultivates a week or so of beard growth. Tarwin dresses entirely in black. Max is clean shaven and has a ragged scar on his left cheek. He wears a red waistcoat over a black shirt and breeches. The twins smile in an unsettling manner, Max turning the left side of his mouth up at the corner, and Tarwin raising the right.

Max took the contract to waylay the Shallyans from Doktor Verfulen. He has arranged to meet the Doktor at ten o'clock in the Bucket of Blood tavern to receive his payment.

Other than Max and Tarwin, all of the bandits have the same profile and abilities as Soldiers on page 67 of the *Tome of Adventure*. The bandits are armed with longswords and crossbows and wear leather armour. Max and Tarwin also have access to the Soldier actions, but are a cut above the average ruffian, as their stats show on page 47.

## WHAT THE SURVIVORS HAVE TO SAY

Any surviving Shallyans are grateful to the PCs for rescuing them from the bandits. The Shallyans do what they can to treat any illnesses or injuries that the PCs have suffered. To reflect the Shallyans' care, roll ☐ if Sonja Gerstein survived the encounter, and ☐ if Rudolph Bram survived.

Each PC benefits from the effects generated:

- ✦ Recover 1 normal wound per success generated, or one single critical wound with a severity equal to or less than the number of successes generated
- ✦ Recover 1 stress or 1 fatigue for each boon generated
- Recover 1 critical wound of any severity, or treat 1 disease symptom of any severity

Sonja Gerstein is a young, attractive woman, with flushed features and pale, milky skin. Her blonde hair is so fine it seems gossamer.

Rudolph Bram's hair is streaked with grey, as is his closely cropped beard. Despite his gentle features, his hands are heavily calloused, no doubt from the years of work he performs in Shallya's name.

Victor Hemmelman wears a dented breastplate and wields a mighty two handed sword. His face is heavily lined and his thinning grey hair define a lean man who has experienced many hardships.

## WHY ARE THEY ON THE ROAD?

The survivors explain that they are headed to Ubersreik to complain about the ill treatment they have been receiving in Hugeldal. They claim that they have been cast out of their temple hospice and prevented from performing Shallyan rites and blessings within the town, by order of Lady Agnetha von Jungfreud herself!

If asked what they might have done to incur the noblewoman's displeasure, they admit that for some time events seem to have conspired against them. Within the last year, an epidemic of Ghoulpox raged through Hugeldal, and the Shallyans' blessings did nothing to assuage the disease. The Shallyans talk with regret about the death of Lord Matthias von Jungfreud and the ravaging effects of the disease on the lady's health and that of her son, Leos.



## DO THEY NEED AN ESCORT TO THEIR DESTINATION?

If the PCs offer to accompany the Shallyans, the offer is politely declined. The devoted followers of the goddess believe she will guide them safely. After all, isn't the fortuitous appearance of the adventurers proof that someone is looking out for them?

## CAN YOU DO US A FAVOUR?

The Shallyans ask the PCs to deliver several messages to Hugeldal. They have been unable to even speak to Lady Agnetha since the Ghoulpox proved beyond their care, and fear that her decisions are the result of madness and grief. They suspect that if they were to inform other members of the aristocracy in the area of Lady von Jungfreud's actions, she would soon be deposed, possibly even executed.

Being merciful and reasonable people, the Shallyans would rather not see such things happen and ask if the PCs would make their case for them? If they could talk some sense into the noblewoman, a fast horseman would easily be able to catch the Shallyans up before they reach Ubersreik, and they could forget about the whole unpleasant business.

The Shallyans are also loath to leave bodies in the road and ask the PCs to inform the proprietor of the Bucket of Blood tavern, a man called Gudrun, to send a coach to collect them and take them to the town's Garden of Morr.

## THE OTHER TRAVELLERS

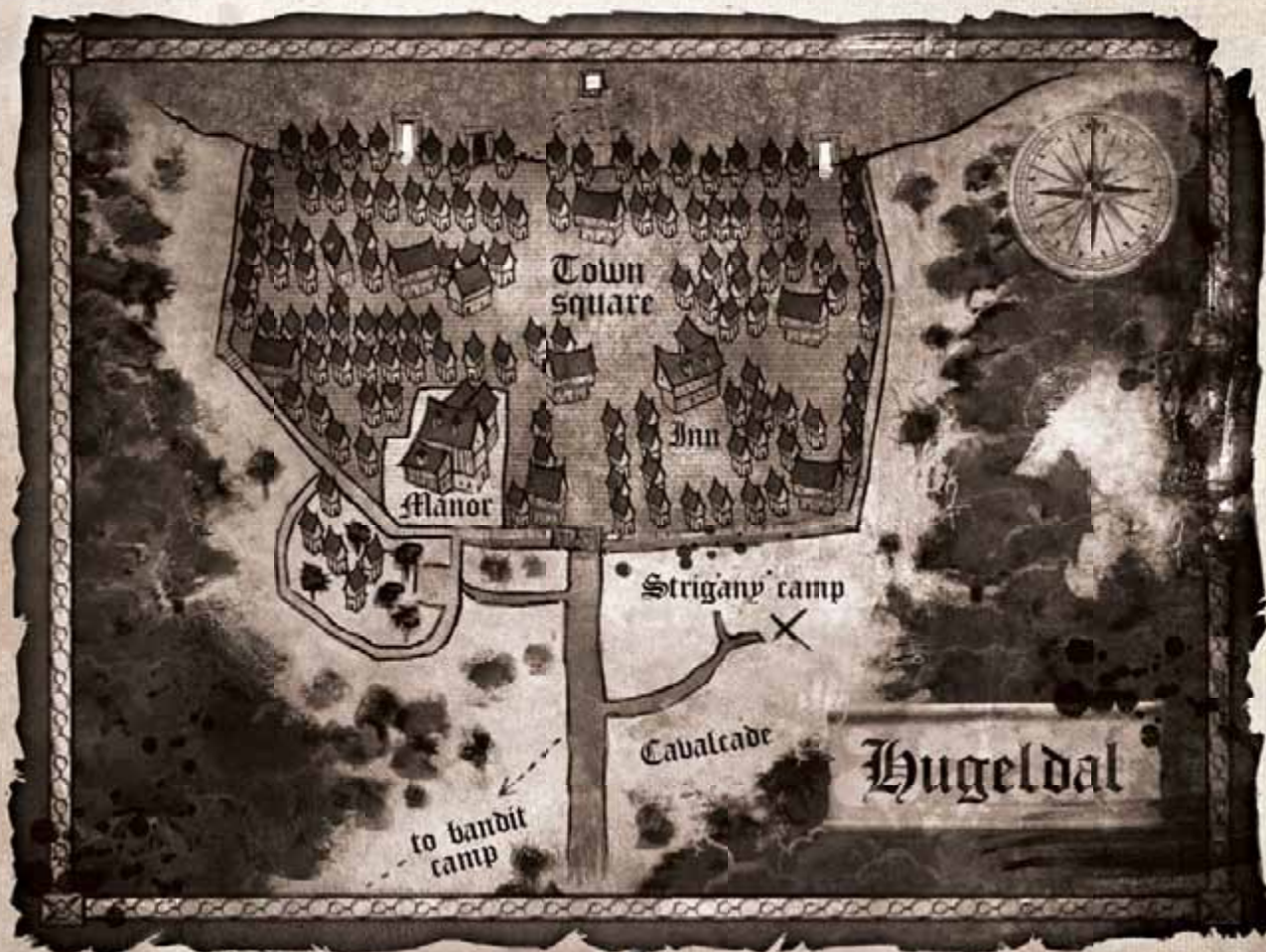
Victor Hemmelman is not a Shallyan. He is a mercenary who has benefited from their care in the past and has agreed to escort them to Ubersreik as a favour in return. He claims Agnetha von Jungfreud is fast friends with an engineer in town who may have influenced her thinking on the matter of the Shallyans (he refers to Thorsten Wolfgardt, who is described in greater detail on page 42).

The pedlar, Augustin Striganov, and his wife, Sabina, are also grateful to the PCs. They offer goods at half price. They have a variety of kitchen implements, clothing, lucky charms, and blankets for sale. Essentially, very little a group of established adventurers would need – but that won't stop Sabina from trying to get Augustin to sell them various gewgaws and trinkets.

## THE BANDIT CAMP

PCs who investigate the bandits' position by the side of the road make two discoveries. First, there are two goblin corpses in a ditch, wrapped in a tarpaulin. The goblins are clad in heavy black garments favoured by tribes living in the Grey Mountains. The goblins are missing their ears. A PC passing an **Easy (1d) First Aid** or **Medicine** check can tell they were shot with bolts from a crossbow.

The second discovery requires an **Easy (1d) Observation** check. If the check succeeds they find a well worn but narrow path leading into the forest. If the check fails, they find the path, but have a much more difficult time following it, and the leading character must add ♦ to the Observation check he must make to avoid the caltrops trap





in the camp (see below). The path is several hundred metres long and ends in a small clearing in which are pitched a number of tents.

## CALTROPS TRAP

There is a trap on the path, and the leader of a group moving along the path must pass a **Hard (3d) Observation check** to spot it. The trap is a tripwire stretched over the path, near which are a number of caltrops scattered on the ground.

If the trap is not spotted, the leader of the group falls over the wire and may injure himself on the spikes. Roll ■■■■. If he has Co-ordination trained, roll one fewer ■. For each ✕ the target suffers 1 wound. For each ♣ the target suffers 1 fatigue. The caltrops are coated in filth, and anyone wounded by them must make a **Disease 2 check**. If the check fails, the character acquires a disease with the *Wound* or *Filth* traits.

The bandit camp consists of a couple of well-made bivouacs and a fire pit. There is nothing much else, though a makeshift hitching post suggests that a horse was kept here. From the camp another path runs in a wide, looping arc for a few hundred metres before rejoining the main road just in sight of Hugeldal's main gates. The path is wide enough to ride a horse down. Indeed there are hoof prints in the path, some of which have been recently made.

One of the bivouacs contains a stash of 8 silver schillings and a healing draught in a dented tin flask.

## PART 2 — A TOWN CALLED MALAISE

The town of Hugeldal is surrounded by a tall wooden palisade. To the left of the town gate is a small Garden of Morr surrounded by a dry stone wall. To the right of the gate is an open area on which there are five Strigany wagons and several fire pits. There are fourteen Strigany within the camp, mostly pedlars, fortune tellers, and wives and children.

## RUNNING THIS SECTION

Hugeldal is presented as a self-enclosed area for the PCs to explore and gather clues. This will likely lead them to suspect Doktor Verfullen. Whilst the PCs are free to wander about the town in any way they wish, GMs are advised to guide the players along roughly the following route:

- ✦ At the gate, the PCs learn that Agnetha von Jungfreud has indeed banned the working of Shallyan blessings and prayers in the town.
- ✦ Should the PCs want to talk to Agnetha von Jungfreud, she grants them a brief audience – she is looking to justify her actions. PCs may find a clue linking Agnetha von Jungfreud to Doktor Verfullen during this interview.
- ✦ The PCs will likely wish to visit the Doktor. His surgery can be reached by passing the Temple of Sigmar (where a vagrant may provide another clue) and travelling down a street populated by dwarfs (where a bounty hunter also provides clues).
- ✦ At the Doktor's surgery, the PCs find clues linking him to a larger conspiracy. If confronted, the Doktor flees, using some nasty tricks to cover his tracks.

- ✦ The Doktor reconvenes with his bandit allies and plans to rid the town of the PCs once and for all.

Some other optional encounters and places are also outlined, and the GM should be aware that while currently somewhat deserted, Hugeldal provides opportunities to include incidental characters.

A GM should think about how to employ such NPCs. If the PCs are really struggling to make ends meet, it may not be wise to have them encounter Rolf the Strigany hating agitator as he won't provide them with any clues and may well send them on the wrong direction. On the other hand, if the PCs are hot on the Doktor's trail, you may wish to add some NPCs to spice things up and help Hugeldal seem more lifelike, a town populated by characters not all of whom are involved in the plot.

Alternatively, if the PCs are having trouble following clues or summing up the courage to confront the noble ruler of Hugeldal, consider having the vagrant or the bounty hunter relocated to a place the PCs do visit, such as the bar of the Bucket of Blood, to get them on the right track.

## A STARTLING PROCLAMATION

The town gate is manned by two guards, Herman Vorst and his nephew Brandt Hesselriesan. Herman is a brittle-looking old man with gaunt features and thick whiskers along his cheeks. His mind is still sharp but he is embittered and spiteful. He focuses his ill-temper on the Strigany camped outside town and is vociferous about keeping them from Hugeldal.

Herman questions the PCs as to whether or not they have ties to the travelling folk. If any of the PCs are elves or wizards he spits and says, "We don't see many of your type round here" with an air of disdain. Brandt is a slow-witted lummo with dull brown eyes and a constant smile on his face. Brandt rarely offers an opinion of his own, but will parrot what he has been able to learn of his uncle's boorish viewpoints.

Both the watchmen are feeling somewhat under the weather – they are rheumy-eyed and sluggish. Brandt constantly wipes at a steady stream of mucus that runs from his left nostril. For more information read **The Town Watch** on page 41.

Pinned to the front gate are several copies of the following notice, which also appears as **Handout: Public Proclamation**.

### PUBLIC PROCLAMATION

By order of Lady Agnetha von Jungfreud, the Dowager Lady of the Manor of Hugeldal.

Within the town of Hugeldal and its immediate environs the performance of Shallyan miracles is proscribed on pain of a fine of up to 10 gold crowns, the threat of the gentler tortures, and banishment.

Should you require medical attention whilst in Hugeldal please visit the former Shallyan temple hospice on Stossenstrasse where members of the most worshipful Guild of Physicks will minister to any and all afflictions for a competitive fee and to high professional standards.

If none of the PCs can read and ask Herman what the notice says, he'll paraphrase for them, keeping a sharp eye out for their reaction. The proclamation should shock many characters. It could be



deemed a blasphemous statement, and any PC with knowledge of how the laws and rule of the Empire functions (such as a road-warden or priest of Verena) realises that Agnetha is making a lot of trouble for herself by treating the Shallyans in this way. On an **Easy (1d) Education** or **Piety check**, academic or priestly characters can cite instances in the Empire's history where similar acts of impiety have met with outrage, censure, or even execution.

However, Lady Agnetha von Jungfreud is a noble, so such PCs will also know that to take unilateral action against her could also result in dire consequences, even if she is being blasphemous.

## THE GHOULPOX

Thanks to the treatments supplied by Doktor Verfullen, the Ghoulpox epidemic has died down. There are only a few people in Hugeldal who are still afflicted with the disease, though there are plenty of folk who bear the marks of pestilence – children with twisted limbs and adults with ravaged complexions.

Those who survived the outbreak are somewhat curious as to why the Shallyans were unable to cure the disease. Survivors say that during the early days of the outbreak, people found the aid provided by the hospice completely ineffective. It was only when Doktor Verfullen began to distribute his medicine that people found relief.

A typical comment on the situation sounds like this:

*"Well, I don't want to offend the merciful goddess or her followers, and I sure don't enjoy paying my fee to the physicians, but I must admit it was Doktor Verfullen kept the epidemic under control – not the Shallyans."*

Nevertheless, people are very surprised by Agnetha's proclamation, and the prevailing opinion around the town is that the noble-woman will be called to account as soon as news of her act reaches Ubersreik. Some people even go so far as to call her a blasphemer, even a witch, if they think they are speaking in confidence.

When questioned about the original site of the outbreak, various accounts point to the Bucket of Blood tavern. This isn't necessarily surprising as most diseases are brought in by travellers, after all. People also say that the Ghoulpox struck a number of families in very short order – one day there was no hint of the disease in Hugeldal, the next day a large number of people fell ill.

If the party spend time investigating the spread of the disease in this way they may deduce something about its origins. PCs passing an **Average (2d) Medicine** or **Education check** will figure out that the disease must have infected a source that many people use. PCs passing an **Average (2d) Piety** or **Folklore check** may conclude that the town might be under some sort of curse or that dark magic associated with the Chaos god Nurgle may be involved.

## THE GARDEN OF MORR

The Garden of Morr is not within Hugeldal's walls, but is found outside just east of the main gate. The Garden is ringed with a high and teetering dry stone wall into which are placed many reliquaries and small shrines for people to pay their respects to those interred within.

The entrance to the Garden is a large gatehouse, manned at all times by a member of the town watch. The watchman prevents anyone from entering the Garden unless they are a member of the Cult of Morr, though at times some folk try to sneak past the

guard to visit a family member's resting place. If one of the PCs is, or appears to be, a member of the Cult of Morr, he will be invited into the gatehouse where six dead bodies lay waiting to be interred within the Garden.

The Garden itself is a beautiful, sombre location. Beds of black roses grow between stately mausoleums. Interring the bodies is a straightforward task: they are simply left on biers in the larger mausoleums. Slow burning incense is lit to mitigate the stench of death.

### JORGEN LAUENGRAM — GATEKEEPER

Jorgen is the watchman stationed at the gatehouse. He is a lean, lanky figure with long fingers, which nervously twitch along the haft of his halberd as he talks. As befits his station, he is somewhat more serious than those manning the gates. Jorgen mentions that three of the cadavers here died from the Ghoulpox, but they were not citizens of Hugeldal itself. If asked, Jorgen mentions they were part of an influx of refugees from farms to the south of Hugeldal, all members of the same family. According to Jorgen, one member of the family still lives and is taking refuge in the Temple of Sigmar. Jorgen thinks the man might appreciate knowing that his relatives are now at rest within the garden.

Jorgen is a hale and hearty chap, and looks well. If asked he will admit to feeling a bit bilious though, but he is sure it will pass. For more information read **The Town Watch** on page 41.

## THE VON JUNGFREUD MANOR

Dominating the eastern quarter of the town is the von Jungfreud manor, a massive townhouse. This imposing building has housed the ruling family for generations, and has all the conveniences and pomp of a typical noble manor; a well-stocked library, sumptuous



sitting rooms, dining areas, kitchens run by a large number of loyal staff, and a walled garden patrolled by well-armed guards. Sixteen guards work in four man patrols, rotating their shifts throughout the day. The guards are armed with longswords and wear chainmail beneath their Jungfreud livery. One guard in each patrol is armed with a crossbow and a silver horn which he sounds if an alarm is raised.

## LADY AGNETHA VON JUNGFREUD

Lady Agnetha is a young noblewoman who has married into the von Jungfreud family. She has been recently widowed and is very insecure about her prospects of remaining in charge of Hugeldal. For the time being the von Jungfreud family are happy to leave her in charge until her young son comes of age, though the effects of Ghoulpox have left him weak and sickly.

The disease has also left its mark on Agnetha, leaving her scarred, bereaved, and cynical. She was once a beautiful woman, to be sure, but her face is pocked and ravaged by the Ghoulpox, and her gaze is haunted and distant. She is grateful to Doktor Verfullen for saving her life and that of her son, and has listened to his suggestions that she outlaw the Shallyans in Hugeldal. As her proclamation demonstrates, she has recently acted on his ideas.

## VISITING THE VON JUNGFREUD MANOR

The party may expect to have some trouble gaining an audience with Agnetha von Jungfreud. On the contrary, Agnetha is willing to speak to anyone who enquires at the manor gate about the Shallyans. She believes word of mouth is the best way to broadcast her views on the matter.

Any PCs who approach the manor requesting to speak with the noblewoman are asked their reasons why by the guards. If the PCs mention either the proclamation or the bandit attack, they are asked inside and left to wait in a large study decorated with

portraits, shelves of books, and a large writing desk. After a short wait, Agnetha enters and, with minimum pomp, sits down at the desk and explains herself in quite matter-of-fact tones.

*For the following week I've decided to grant an audience to anyone interested in the closure of the temple hospice in order to state my case clearly. I don't have to do this, so I hope you appreciate my candour on the subject and I would appreciate it in turn if you'd provide an accurate report of my reasons if asked about them in future.*

If the party agree to this she tersely outlines her reasons for outlawing the cult in Hugeldal. During her speech she develops a racking cough.

*The Shallyan cult are a vestige of history and an expensive one at that. These days the advances of medicine mean that their miracles are no longer required and the upkeep of their institutions no longer economical.*

*Because Shallyans provide their ministrations free of charge they encourage the worst sort of sloth in the poor – COFF! They pander to known criminals and the righteous alike, and therefore promote immorality and vice. Their 'miracles' erode trust in the skill of our professional physicians and undermines our understanding of the natural philosophies. Their presence in the town – COFF! COFF! – excuse me – in the town attracts all manner of beggars, adventurers, Bretonnians, Strigany, and lepers. Their pacifism makes them a liability during these turbulent times when every citizen must prepare to die – COFF! – defend their Empire – COFF! COFF! COFF! Excuse me.*

At this point Agnetha draws a vial of dull grey liquid from a nearby drawer. She swigs liberally from the vial and takes a moment to compose herself before replacing the vial and continuing.

*So whilst I am sure that a bunch of itinerants such as yourselves owe a great deal to the free and unquestioning ministrations of the cult, I deem what is best for the economic and moral well-being of Hugeldal. That is why I have proscribed the miracles of Shallya and handed the temple hospice over to professionals who perform an honest day's work for an honest day's fee.*

*Any further questions?*

Regardless of whether or not the PCs have questions, Agnetha is broadly dismissive as her fit of coughing returns. She's made up her mind and is sick of discussing the issue. She will have the guards throw the PCs out if they don't leave. She expresses sympathy for the Shallyans if told of their plight and the assault by the bandits. However, she reiterates the fact that it proves how hopeless the stance of pacifism is in the face of the Empire's enemies.

## THE VIAL

If questioned about the vial, Agnetha explains it is medicine prescribed to her by Doktor Verfullen to treat the Ghoulpox she has been suffering from. She emphasises quite strongly that she is much better for it and a 'bit of a cough' is all that remains of the illness that killed her husband and nearly killed her and her son.

Getting the vial is possible, but requires a **Daunting (4d) Skuldugery check** to accomplish without being seen. If Agnetha spots the PCs rifling through her desk, she becomes furious and has them thrown from the premises. She isn't keen to create a scene – after all, she realises she has made some unpopular decisions in recent



days. If the PCs persist in bothering her or interfering with her rule, she has the Hugeldal watch called and sees the PCs placed in Hugeldal's pillory, or worse.

A character who examines the vial with Magical Sight notices a faint aura of dark magic about the grey liquid in the vial.

A label on the vial reads "*Doktor Verfullen, Licensed Physician of Distinction, Member of the Honourable Guild of Physicks in Altdorf, 17 Schuttstrasse, Hugeldal. Recommended dosage – take half a spoonful each night before retiring to bed. Shake well before use.*"

On the bottom of the vial is a stamped imprint of a stylised sailing vessel with three oars. PCs who pass an **Average (2d) Education** or **Folklore check** recognise this as a heraldic device associated with the province of Nordland.

## THE DWARF QUARTER

The dwarf quarter of Hugeldal is really just a single street. It is distinguishable from many of the other areas of Hugeldal because of the number of stone buildings here. Most dwarfs simply don't feel comfortable living in wooden structures, and those who have chosen to live in Hugeldal have gone to expense of importing blocks of masonry from quarries in the Grey Mountains, and excavating large cellars for their abodes.

A fair number of the dwarfs left with Richter Holstein when he left on his crusade. The remaining dwarfs have conflicting feelings, vindicated that they didn't join a failed venture yet ashamed that they let their brothers meet their fate unaided. As a result, those few dwarfs that remain tend not to want to talk about recent events in the town.

### KLAUS MANCHDOR — BOUNTY HUNTER

There is a rather odd sight in the dwarf quarter. At the base of a monument dedicated to the efforts of dwarf miners and the glory of Grungni is a rough looking man dressed in dirty leather travelling gear giving the following sales pitch:

*Goblin ears! Get your genuine goblin ears! A souvenir of our continuing struggle against the greenskin savages! Five pennies each, or five for twenty pennies. Great gift for children! Tie one 'round your neck and you'll never suffer from the Blacklegge! Goblin ears!*

The man is a ragged bounty hunter named Klaus Manchdor. Klaus is tall, stout, and is almost as foul-smelling as he is foul-mouthed. He recently claimed a bounty on four goblins he shot in the Grey Mountains and is trying to earn a few extra pennies by selling the ears as souvenirs. The PCs may think he knows something about the earless goblin bodies near the bandit attack. If asked, he knows nothing about the bandits but says he does have a deal when it comes to the bodies. He won't reveal his sources easily, citing professional reasons – but really he's looking for a bribe.

If offered payment, or coerced in some other fashion, Klaus admits he sold the bodies to Doktor Verfullen, who dissects such things in order to improve his anatomical knowledge.

The bounty hunter has five goblin ears left. They have been pierced through the lobes, a common practice in this part of the Empire to show that the bounty has been claimed on them. They are of no help in alleviating Blacklegge or anything else.

Klaus is a hard-nosed individual with an avaricious streak, but he is not heartless and may be moved by the plight of the Shallyans and other apparent weird goings on in Hugeldal.

## THE TEMPLE OF SIGMAR

The temple is one of the larger buildings in town. It has a stone-built round floor, and a half-timbered bell tower.

The temple is home to about a dozen refugees. These are poor farming folk from homesteads under the shadow of the hills surrounding Hugeldal. They have few possessions and sit on the steps leading up to the entrance of the temple, begging alms from passers-by.

Whether the PCs offer the refugees anything or not, a tall man with a grotty coat, battered hat, wild beard, and even wilder eyes grabs one of the PCs by the arm and loudly states, "*Just give me ten brass pennies and I'll tell you such a story!*" If he is paid some money he shares the fable of the famine fiend; otherwise he wanders off, grumbling.

If the PCs come from the Garden of Morr with news of the internment of the farmer's family he will not be so mercenary. Instead he will introduce himself as Hans Bauer, thank the PCs for their kindness, and ask that they listen for a short while to the tale of how he lost his family.

If the PCs are willing, Hans tells them what he has come to call the Fable of the Famine Fiend.

*I ran a farmstead ten miles south or so. There was a circle of stones stood at the top of a nearby rise. I thought I could have grown more crops there were it not for them. I hitched my horses to a rock and by dusk we'd hauled seven down.*

*I rose early next morning, eager to finish my labours. There was thick fog on the hills and it was numbing cold. I led the horses hillward and as we neared the circle, I noticed that there was something there all wrapped in a tattered robe. It turned, and it had a rotted ram's skull for a face. It shrieked in a devil tongue and waved a claw at me.*

*I won't lie, I ran. The ground became a mire underfoot so I hid in the wheat field. The crop withered before my eyes so I hid in the barn. The stored grain became reeking silage so I ran to the house.*

*When I told the wife what I'd seen she thought I'd eaten bad bread, but soon the blight was inside too. Beetles fell from the rafters, black slugs covered the pantry floor, the morning's milk curdled. Not an edible morsel was on the whole farm. We hitched the horses to our cart and headed to Hugeldal, though the poor nags perished after a mile. Three of the children soon met Morr too. I left those of my family that still drew breath with the Shallyans. Ghoulpox they said it was. I never saw them alive again.*

*I told the priest not to go. It's not some mutant band at work out there but some dire fiend of famine. He was considering my advice, but that Doktor was in his ear all the time. That quack near enough called the holy man a hypocrite for not sallying out on a fool's crusade.*

*Thanks kindly for the clank and let sleeping stones lie – that's what I say.*



## THE SHRINE OF VERENA

High above the town, nestled into the steep mountainside, is a small shrine to the goddess Verena. It is little more than a domed roof held aloft by slender marble pillars. There is a small marble statue of the goddess, dressed in a long robe and holding a sword and set of scales.

The PCs may wish to talk to the Verenean priest who is said to live a hermit's life in the shrine. After all, who better to help solve the problems of the town than a follower of the Goddess of Wisdom?

Reaching the shrine requires scrambling up a steep rocky slope that is nearly vertical in places. Climbing the slope requires a **Hard (3d) Athletics check**. If a character fails the check and generates any ✱, he falls and suffers 1 wound for each ✱ rolled.

### KURT HENNING — MADDENED DISCIPLE OF VERENA

Kurt Henning is of little help to the PCs. He watches the characters with large brown eyes staring down a long, aquiline nose. His insights into the nature of the ultimate truths behind existence coupled with an undiagnosed malady of the brain have left him somewhat unhinged. The end result of this experience means that talking to the priest is very much like a bar room debate with a particularly irritating student of philosophy. He listens to the PCs intently, before uttering aphorisms along the following lines:

- ✦ *Well I certainly accept that the account you give seems tangible to you, but how are we to tell the so-called veridical experience from a delusion?*
- ✦ *As Tarradasch himself once said, "The known world's just a playhouse and we are merely mummers."*
- ✦ *As this life appears to be but a fleeting prelude to our time spent in Morr's realm, who is to pity those that have made the journey earlier than others?*
- ✦ *A great Cathayan sage once dreamt of being a giant beetle. When he awoke he exclaimed "Am I the great Cathayan sage who dreamt of being a giant beetle, or a giant beetle who is dreaming of being a great Cathayan sage?" Ahhh.*

He really isn't any practical help. If erudite PCs match his musings with some apt philosophical aphorisms of their own, he will smile knowingly and say, *"As it seems to you."* However, he won't be coaxed away from his meditations. The GM should award the party a fortune point if any of the players who comes up with a particularly good intellectual challenge for Kurt.

Whilst Kurt himself is of little use, there is something here that may help the PCs. On the interior of the dome is a series of verses written by a Verenean visionary who dwelt here some centuries ago. The verses are cryptic and most of them aren't relevant, but if a PC takes the time to read them, his attention will be drawn to the following:

*Among plague, death, famine, and slaughter  
A widow wept. She raged and wrought her  
Wrath on those who revere my daughter.  
But the trouble started within well water.*

If this is brought to the attention of Kurt, he will be dismissive of it, claiming that the verses are *"probably nothing more than the ravings of some long-dead lunatic."*

## THE BUCKET OF BLOOD

At the centre of town is a large coaching inn called the Bucket of Blood. The inn dominates the town square and is near the town well. It is a magnificent half-timbered building and the bar is always busy serving drinks to miners and prospectors.

A local legend suggests that the town was the site of religious strife during the distant but infamous reign of one Emperor Didrick the Unjust – bizarrely, a name few outside the local region have even heard of. During the turbulent years before Sigismund II became Emperor, there was great strife between the cults of Sigmar and Ulric. A visiting Ulrican priest at the time had been killed during a brawl by some drunken and rowdy worshippers of Sigmar. The Ulrican's head had been dropped down the well. Most people in Hugeldal take the story with a pinch of salt, but hence the name of the inn. Or, at least, that's how the story goes.

There is a hitching post for horses by the inn and there is a piebald stallion tied up to it. This horse belongs to Max Fleisher. The bandit is hiding in a room in the inn, waiting for his rendezvous with Doktor Verfullen.

The inn provides fine fayre at good prices – the Four Seasons coaching company that runs the place would have it no other way. The menu is mostly aimed at merchants and dishes cost between two and ten silver coins. However, a hearty farmer's style dinner is also available for six brass coins. The Bucket of Blood offers regular entertainment in the form of a lute-plucking minstrel who sits in the corner deftly singing along to tunes such as *Tomas Wanderer* or *The Reik is Wide*.

### GUDRUN ENSSLIN — INNKEEPER

The innkeeper is Gudrun Ensslin, a large, pot-bellied man with an unkempt beard. He is missing part of his right ear – bitten off by a goblin, so he claims. He is a representative of the Four Seasons Coaching House and an Altdorfer. Doktor Verfullen is also from Altdorf, and the two men have got to know one another and formed a strong bond through discussing their time in Altdorf over a glass or two of wine.

Gudrun is a ruthless businessman who will do anything to maintain the monopoly Four Seasons has in Hugeldal. As such, he has entered into the conspiracy with Doktor Verfullen, to a limited degree. Gudrun wants to get rid of the Strigany folk who provide competing services to those he offers (such as haulage), and others he would like to move into (such as catering to the vices of his clientele). To this end, the doctor has supplied the innkeeper with carefully packaged blankets last used by those who suffered from the Ghoulpox, and the innkeeper has been trading with Strigany pedlars.

The irony here is that the Strigany folk have suffered from many outbreaks of the disease in the past, due to their rough lives and itinerant lifestyle, and are therefore relatively resistant to the ravages of Ghoulpox. The hapless people who buy their goods are not so lucky however, so Gudrun's activities pose a real risk of spreading the epidemic to nearby towns and villages.

Gudrun's activities have also left him vulnerable. Victimising Strigany is one thing, but murdering priests is quite another. He is now locked in an uncomfortable conspiracy with Doktor Verfullen. Each man knows that the other is guilty of a shocking crime, and the only thing that prevents them from selling one another



out is the knowledge that they could be blackmailed in return. Gudrun has been appraised of the existence of the PCs by Max Fleisher. If the PCs enter the inn, he will try and engage them in conversation and ask how their day has been, like a good landlord.

### STAYING FOR THE NIGHT?

If the PCs mention what occurred with the Shallyans, Gudrun will pretend to be horrified, and thanks them profusely for their role in the attack. He will demand such heroes stay the night in his inn, and will offer them his best suite for a discount price. He will lay the blame for the Shallyans' woes firmly at the feet of the engineer Thorsten Wolfgardt, who he calls an impious man with undue influence over Agnetha von Jungfreud. If asked about the Doktor he will give a glowing report of his saintly behaviour.

If the PCs do not mention the Shallyans, Gudrun says that as it is their first visit to the inn he is willing to let them lodge there for a discounted price. His usual rates are two silver per person for a private room, or five brass per person for a mat in the common room – the GM should knock a few brass off the bill of fayre as appropriate.

However, the common room mats are covered with the Ghoulpox tainted blankets. PCs Sleeping in the common room must pass a **Disease 2 check** to avoid contracting a disease with the *Filth* or *Exposure* trait. See **Chapter Three: Disease Rules** for more details on contracting a disease.

### ROLF BEK — AGITATOR

To further his ends, Gudrun has engaged the services of a local firebrand named Rolf to stir up suspicion against the Strigany and besmirch them with all manner of wicked behaviour.

Rolf spends much of his day outside the Bucket of Blood, preaching to those who line up to draw water from the well. He's an attractive young man with thick blonde curls, dressed in the latest Altdorf style – though his clothing is slightly faded. At sundown he dusts himself off and enters the tavern, where Gudrun reserves him a private snug where he receives a slap up meal and as much Bugman's Special Reserve XXXXXX (at least, that's what he claims it to be) as he can drink. When he is in full flow, Rolf utters a constant stream of invective against the Strigany, and the following should be seen as just a sample of his demagoguery.

*Who is it brought such woe to Hugeldal? Afflicting us with heretical curses. Corrupting our youth with criminal ways. Is it the nobility? No, the much maligned aristocrats have been a bulwark against our enemies since the days of Sigmar! Is it the priesthood? No, for they are the chosen of the gods and desire only what's best for us! Could it be... the Strigany folk?*

*They've long been the subject of ill rumour, and for good reason! Harken to me Hugeldal, for disease spreading is not the only activity engaged in by these thieving itinerants. Irrefutable evidence exists of collaborations between them and workers of necromancy. Learn what you can of their vampiric masters!*

*Read more in my pamphlet, 'The Strigany and their undeniable association with the Leech Lords', an educational tract very reasonably priced at three pence!*

*These troublemakers are surely the cause of our current malaise, their unhealthy habits and ceaseless wandering leads to the spread of all manner of infection. And their impious beliefs and charms have offended the gods themselves. Thus we are forsaken!*

### THE WELL

The well is the source of much of the town's water, and there are often people milling around it with casks and bottles, waiting for their turn. The well is not deep, as this part of the Reikland receives regular rainfall and runoff from a nearby mountain stream. There are also numerous springs in the mountainside above, so the groundwater level is relatively high.

A PC who draws water from the well may spot something glittering down there on a **Daunting (4d) Observation skill check**. Retrieving the object requires someone to squeeze or stretch their way down with an **Average (2d) Coordination check**, or concocting some clever plan. If this object is retrieved, it turns out to be a small glass vial, similar to the ones in Doktor Verfullen's surgery and the vial in Agnetha von Jungfreud's desk – though any label it may have once had has long since disintegrated.

This vial is the source of the original infection. See Doktor Verfullen on page 42 for more details.

### THE TEMPLE HOSPICE

The Shallyan temple hospice is a large building constructed of whitewashed wood. The hospice is deserted aside from a young servant girl, Heidi Cranmer, who is looking after the building until the priests return. She will be very upset to hear of any harm that has come to the priests. If she is spoken to about the situation in the town, her opinions will pretty much match those of the Shallyans on the road.

The building is otherwise empty. It consists of a shrine to the goddess, dormitories for the staff, and wards for the sick. There is a cellar containing four hessian padded cells that have been used in the past to house the violently insane.



This flask is another gift from the Doktor's secret patron, and contains an enchanted miasma. When unstopped, the flask releases a cloud of gas that fills the office before dissipating after three turns.

Anyone in the room suffers from the following effects while the gas persists:

- + Suffers from the Blinded condition
- + Must pass a Disease 2 check or contract a disease with the *Miasma* trait.



Some medical equipment has recently been moved here. If Heidi is asked about it, she will say it belongs to Doktor Verfullen, who is due to move his practice in here.

## THE TOWN WATCH

The Hugeldal watch number ten men. At any one time, half the watchmen will be off duty. Two of them man the gates, two patrol the town or sit in the watch house, and one guards the entrance to the Garden of Morr.

The town watch are all employed directly by Agnetha, and are loyal to their employer. They are not pleased by events in the town, but will not make any moves against people like Doktor Verfullen unless they are provided with damning evidence of his complicity in an illegal plot.

The watchmen are fairly well equipped, but they are not well trained. Treat them as Townsfolk equipped with brigandine armour (Defence 1, Soak 1) and equipped with halberds. See page 67 of the *Tome of Adventure* for details of Townsfolk.

## THE WATCH AND THE SICKNESS

Doktor Verfullen has been careful to treat the watch professionally throughout the epidemic, and with his ministrations, none of them have succumbed to the Ghoulpox.

However, it has been in the Doktor's interests to render the watch ineffective recently, as he does not want them snooping into his plans. As a result, many of them are currently weakened through illness. Treat every member of the town watch as having the Weakened condition.

If any of them are asked about their illness, they will admit that they have been given a new cure-all by the Doktor, which will stave off the continuing risks of contracting Ghoulpox. The Doktor did warn them there would be some initial side effects, and that they were to take things easy and get plenty of rest until these wore off.

## THE IMPERIAL ENGINEER'S HOUSE

Thorsten Wulfgardt is an engineer in town. While a proud Reiklander, his short stature, broad shoulders, and bristly beard have earned him the nickname Thorsten Dwarfgardt – though never to his face. He is an important figure in Hugeldal as his skills are often required in the construction or repair of mining equipment.

Thorsten is a contradictory character. On one hand he is respectful of the gods, but on the other he has a strong disdain for their worldly delegates. He has many reasons for this, pointing to schisms between (and even within) cults as evidence that the purposes of the gods are "not for men to know". He also feels that the miracle working of priests has retarded the growth of technology in the Empire (let alone in Bretonnia) – how much more support for the College of Engineering would there be if it weren't for the disdain many Ulricans have for gunpowder, for example? He is very careful about his opinions, and is cagey about them in the presence of zealous characters such as priests and witch hunters. This may well lead him into trouble if the party contains such characters.

Thorsten is one of the few people in Hugeldal to have openly and enthusiastically supported Agnetha's attitude towards the Shallyans. This has led to rumours within town that he was behind the proclamation, and some people may even claim that he is a heretic. If he is accused of this, he professes that he has always respected the gods and has never even spoken to Agnetha about the issue.

Thorsten will be very surprised to learn that Gudrun regards him as an impious man. As far as Thorsten recalls, the last time he spoke to the innkeeper, Gudrun was even more dismissive of priests than he was himself.

If he is attacked Thorsten will fight bravely, treat him as a Specialist with leather armour (Defence 0, Soak 2), a sword, and a repeater pistol, which he affectionately refers to as 'Beatrice'.

## THE PHYSICIAN'S SURGERY

The physician's surgery on Schuttstrasse is a site of some activity. Doktor Verfullen will be here until seven in the evening, when he will lock the premises and go to the Bucket of Blood in order to meet with Max Fleisher and Gudrun Ennslin. During that time, he regularly sees patients with a variety of illnesses, including the few remaining people in the town who still suffer from the Ghoulpox.

If the PCs demand to see the Doktor while he is at work, they will be asked by Ana Gurtung, his attractive, petite servant and receptionist, to wait in the sitting area whilst he finishes in the surgery.

Provided the PCs do not make any fuss, the servant will leave them to assist the Doktor with a patient in his surgery. This gives them some time to do some snooping. The place is a single-floor building with three doors leading out of the waiting area, one to the outside, one to the surgery, and one into the Doktor's office.

The office is a cramped room filled with papers and shelves piled high with medical instruments and bottles of potions. It is dimly lit; there is a large window, but it is shuttered. On a table in the middle of the room is the body of a thoroughly dissected goblin, which is an awful sight. This grisly scene causes **Fear 1**.

On one shelf is a small wooden crate, and it contains a number of vials of dull grey liquid. Inside the crate are two pieces of paper. If they are examined, one is a delivery note giving details that a



Four Seasons coach is to take one crate from the Kurgan's Head tavern in Salzenmund – on the distant northern edge of the Empire – and deliver it to the Bucket of Blood in Hugeldal. The other piece of paper is a letter.

This letter is represented by **Handout: An Unusual Note**.

There is another odd item in the room, the *flask of pestilent vapour*. However, unless a character with Magical Sight specifies that he is looking for magical things in the room and passes a **Hard (3d) Magical Sight check**, this flask appears no different to many other alchemical and medical equipment strewn around the room.

After five minutes or so of waiting, the Doktor finishes with his current patient. PCs will be able to hear him summing up his diagnosis and bidding the man goodbye. They will then have a chance to speak to the physician.

## DOKTOR WILHELM VERFULLEN

Wilhelm is a brilliant but corrupt individual. He is a cultured, handsome man with piercing grey eyes. He has a very serious demeanour, and has little time for fools or those without an academic frame of mind.

He graduated from the university of Altdorf a decade ago, but whilst in his final year he became involved in a secret society known as the Justified Enterprise and Research Kommission, an organisation affiliated with a number of guilds, the Guild of Physicians amongst them. Ostensibly an organisation to help professionals with similar values and goals, the society put Wilhelm in touch with like-minded individuals, some of whom had a ruthless streak.

Whilst most physicians cooperate with the Cult of Shallya, a few resent it. They are careful not to voice their concerns publicly for fear of being labelled blasphemous, but in private they are not so discrete. As a hot-headed young physician, Wilhelm was relieved to have a forum in which he could air his concerns and frustrations about the cult's activities, which he saw as detrimental to the progress of medicine.

His views led to a correspondence with a mysterious man from Nordland who claimed to be a great physician. Under this distant mentor's guidance, Wilhelm travelled to Hugeldal, and laced the well water with a vial filled with a particularly virulent strain of Ghoulpox he had been given. Once the disease took hold, Wilhelm took delivery of the medicine that was the only cure. Following his mentor's instructions, he was able to bring about the current situation by suggesting to Agnetha von Jungfreud that, seeing as the Shallyans had proved so ineffective, it would be prudent to do what she could to ensure that the only medical practitioners in Hugeldal were members of the Guild of Physicians.

Other than his neurotic outlook, Doktor Verfullen is quite normal; he is treated as a Specialist in all respects. See page 69 of the *Tome of Adventure*.

## HOW DOKTOR VERFULLEN REACTS TO THE PCs

Wilhelm is currently very on edge, and is expecting some people in the town to suspect him of being behind recent events. He does not know anything about the nature of his contact, and would be very distraught to learn that he was the unwitting pawn of a sorcerer dedicated to the worship of Nurgle.

## THE DOKTOR CORNERED

If the PCs confront the Doktor about the banning of the Shallyans, he asserts that he is in agreement with them.

*Of course Lady Agnetha must be out of her mind to prevent the cult from working their miracles in Hugeldal. Who could be more concerned for their continued assistance than I, a fellow healer?*

If the players are suspicious, a **Daunting (4d) Intuition check** reveals Doktor Verfullen is nervous and not being completely forthwith. Should the PCs persist in blaming the Doktor or bring extra allegations against him (such as the vial in the well or the testimony of the farmer at the temple of Sigmar), he insists they visit Agnetha together, so that he can set the record straight and clear his name. He then goes to his office in order to "*fetch his hat and coat*".

## THE DOKTOR ESCAPES

If the Doktor is allowed into his office, he heads to the shelf and picks up a large glass flask filled with roiling green liquid. The Doktor unstoppers this flask, filling the room with billowing and pestilent green smoke. He then attempts to leave through the window.

Should he escape, Wilhelm heads to the Bucket of Blood where he tells Max Fleisher and Gudrun Ennslin of his troubles. Gudrun, having already suspected the PCs of interfering thanks to his earlier chat with Max, hatches a plot to have the PCs done away with.







## THE PLOT

If the PCs fail to deal with Wilhelm and stay the night at the Bucket of Blood, they will be attacked that night. Gudrun will provide them with a very well appointed room with a large fireplace. PCs entering the room may notice on a **Daunting (4d) Observation check** that the hinges and lock on the door have been recently well-oiled, and make little noise.

Gudrun, Max, Rolf, Wilhelm, and any surviving bandits break into the PCs' room. This attack is a rather desperate last ditch effort by the conspirators, who will surrender once Gudrun and Max are disabled or killed. Treat Rolf and Gudrun as Townsfolk with hand weapons and leather armour (Defence 0, Soak 2).

To notice the oiled door being opened requires an **Easy (1d) Observation check** if someone has been left on guard, or a **Daunting (4d) Observation check** if the PCs are asleep. If the check is failed, the conspirators have the drop on the PCs and add ☐☐ to their initiative and to all combat attacks. In addition, each attacker ignores their target's Defence and Soak Value during the first round as the PCs scramble to react to the sudden attack.

If the PCs decide to sleep elsewhere, the conspirators still try to track them down and attack as best they can.

If Wilhelm is captured or injured at all he blubbers and begs for mercy. He has come to the realisation that he has been the pawn of powers greater and darker than he had first imagined. He realises he has probably been associating with followers of Nurgle, the Fly Lord, and that he has brought great misery to the town. He will even go so far as to tell the PCs all he knows, though this isn't much. For example all he can tell them of "F" is that he is "a great physician from Nordland".

Doktor Verfullen may even suggest to the PCs that, as he is expected by whatever is due to arrive, it may be worth their while using him as a spy in order to find out more about their plans.

However, Doktor Verfullen will not want to admit his complicity to the town watch, or any other figure of authority such as a witch hunter or priest. He realises the penalty for the crimes he has committed will likely include torture and death, so he is only willing to bargain so far in order to ensure his freedom.

## PART 3 — THE CAVALCADE COMES TO TOWN

The morning after the PCs arrive in town, three brightly coloured wagons pull up to the Strigany camp. They park some distance away from the few Strigany wagons already there. The occupants of these wagons quickly set up a stage covered in a red and yellow striped tarpaulin, and begin performing juggling, strongman acts, tumbling shows, and other tricks. Music emanates from one of the wagons, the piercing sound of a shawm accompanied by the pulsing rhythms of a tabor.

The arrival of the performers generates some excitement, as no travelling show has been scheduled to arrive at the town. Children are running through the streets shouting excitedly about the show, and people in the bar of the Bucket of Blood are talking about things they have seen at carnivals and theatres in the past.

The PCs should be expecting precisely this sort of thing by now, of course, having read the letter from the mysterious F.

Of course the cavalcade are not merely performers, they are dedicated to the worship of Nurgle and are under the leadership of a sorcerer known as Gul Proll. They all wear brightly coloured garments of red and yellow. These garments are carefully tailored to hide the worst of the pockmarks, lesions, and boils that cover the flesh of these worshippers of the Fly Lord.

The members of the troupe are as follows:

### WAGON 1: LUKAS GOTTER, FINN SUMPFER, LARA PINER, AND DEV KRASSNER

These four performers are acrobats, able to perform impressive stunts of tumbling and juggling. Their gangly, lean bodies possess an unnatural fevered vigour.

Lukan, Finn, Lara, and Dev have the same profiles and follow the same rules as Cult Members of the Fraternity of the Second Flesh (although they have no actual ties with that particular cult). Note, however, that they wear no armour (Defence 0, Soak 0). See page 28 of this book for their profiles.

### WAGON 2: JONAS KENARON, LENA KENARON, AND NIKLAUS TREUER

Jonas and Lena are burly folk of the Kurgan tribes of the north, with coarse, dark hair. Jonas performs a strongman act for the cavalcade whilst Lena tends to the horses. They are not really husband and wife, but pose as such as part of their cover whilst in the Empire.

Treat Jonas and Lena as Chaos Marauders from page 53 of the *Tome of Adventure*. They wear leather armour (Defence 0, Soak 2). Jonas uses a massive two-handed hammer as part of his strongman routine, and he can fight ably with it as well. Lena has a sword.



Niklaus is not a member of the cavalcade. He is a mutant the performers brought to Hugeldal. Niklaus is a pitiful sight, his afflictions warping his body and robbing him of his reason. Knobbly bony growths cover his body and his hands are warped into long sharp blades of enamel. His head is tiny, shrunk, and withered. He is kept concealed and manacled in the back of Jonas's wagon until the members of the cavalcade put their plan into action.

Niklaus uses the Cult Mutant profile found on page 55 of the *Tome of Adventure*.

### WAGON 3: GURGLEGASP, SEEPLASM, FOETORHACK, PNEUMOSHUDDER THE MEPHITIC, AND GUL PROLL

In the final wagon are Gul Proll and his daemonic servants, three grinning and capering nurglings who play the piping music that can be heard emanating from this wagon.

Pneumoshudder the Mephitic (he insists on the full title) is a morose and bureaucratic plaguebearer who spends his time cross-referencing and annotating a number of different ledgers before bemoaning some trifling budgeting oversight, target shortfall or delay in schedule.

Gul Proll is an accomplished sorcerer of Nurgle, and a formidable opponent. He has been sent to Hugeldal in order to tidy up some loose ends and implicate the Cult of Shallya in a serious wrongdoing as he does so.

The nurglings are identical to the nurglings found on page 22. While they have the abilities and special actions of a plaguebearer (page 22) and a sorcerer of Nurgle (page 26), Pneumoshudder and Gul Proll have unique stats, which can be found on page 47.

### POSITION OF CAVALCADE MEMBERS DURING THE DAY

Unless otherwise stated, Lucas, Finn, Lara, Dev, and Lena will be assembling a stage in front of Gul's wagon for the night's show. Every now and then a couple of them will disappear into the first wagon in order to retrieve props or tools.

Jonas spends his time as lookout. He is not particularly vigilant and is regularly distracted by Niklaus moaning and banging about, so add ☐ to any tests made to hide from him or otherwise escape his notice.

Niklaus will be hidden in the back of Jonas's wagon until Jonas releases him.

Gul and the daemons remain in Gul's wagon at all times. The nurglings conceal themselves behind items of furniture whilst a curtained-off section towards the back of the wagon provides Pneumoshudder with a place to hide.

### GUL PROLL'S PLAN

Gul's plan is to meet with Doktor Verfullen and, after learning about how his master's plans have progressed, tell the physician that he should go to the Shallyan temple hospice in order to receive a delivery of some medical equipment that Gul's servants will bring to him. However, the Nurgle agents themselves aren't as naive as Wilhelm or Agnetha and know that the Shallyans' defeat is only temporary. They are likely to be reinstated as soon as they com-

plain to authorities with more clout than Agnetha, so Gul and his allies have to act fast whilst the Shallyans are abroad in order to plant evidence of some atrocity in the empty hospice.

To this end, the members of the cavalcade plan to hide Niklaus Treuer in the padded hessian cell beneath the Shallyan hospice. Whilst there they will also take the opportunity to kill Doktor Verfullen and destroy any evidence linking him to them.

Doktor Verfullen's death will be made to look like a horrible ravaging at the hands of a mutant, and his body will be left in the cell with Niklaus. Those finding the body will surely think he stumbled on the mutant whilst investigating the cells.

In the Empire, rumours persist that certain radical Shallyans seek to extend their mercy to mutants and followers of Chaos. Such rumours have never been confirmed, but would surely lead to a schism between Shallyans and certain other authorities if it were.

Gul hopes that by leaving such 'evidence' at the hospice, he will set plans in motion that will bring the whole Shallyan cult into disrepute. However, dissension in Gul's own ranks threatens his operation.

### PNEUMOSHUDDER'S PLAN

Recently, Pneumoshudder has been griping about how the cavalcade has missed its quota of infections bestowed, epidemics started, and so on. Gul has been trying to ignore the plaguebearer, as he considers his own plans as having greater import, even if they will take a long time to mature.

Pneumoshudder is not satisfied and has given Lara Piner an oiled bag filled with pus. When the members of the Cavalcade are inside the town, Lara is to drop this bag into the well outside the Bucket of Blood. The pus is taken from victims of the Red Pox, and Pneumoshudder thinks this will soon ravage the inhabitants of Hugeldal and bring their quota up to scratch.

While there is no defined mechanical timeline or series of checks to indicate the severity of contaminating Hugeldal's well and water supply, it would devastate the community. The population will slowly sicken and die off, trade and business will stall, and at some point the entire town will be abandoned, quarantined, or possibly put to fire to contain a possible outbreak.

The GM should impress upon the players the dire situation such consequences would have, and encourage the players' creativity if they come up with ways to purify the well or cleanse the contamination.



## PUTTING PLANS INTO ACTION

If the PCs were not there to prevent their plans this is how the members of the Cavalcade would spend their day:

- ✦ **Noon.** Doktor Verfullen is due to meet Gul at midday. He speaks with the sorcerer and then heads to the Shallyan temple hospice.
- ✦ **One o'clock.** A group consisting of Lara, Lukas, Finn, Dev, Jonas, and Niklaus approaches the gates. They tell the guards that they wish to parade the streets in order to promote a show they are to perform that night. Niklaus is disguised in a mask as a freakish clown wearing an outlandish jester's costume.
- ✦ **Ten past one.** Lara breaks away from the others and heads to the well. Under pretext of drawing water, she throws the contents of the bag down the well.
- ✦ **Twenty past one.** At the Shallyan hospice, the members of the cavalcade kill Verfullen and Heidi Cranmer. They leave Niklaus in the cellar with the bodies after stripping him out of his costume and dressing him in rags befitting a patient at the hospice.
- ✦ **One thirty to two thirty.** The members of the cavalcade cavort around the town, performing impromptu bouts of tumbling, juggling, or weightlifting at street corners. Jonas wears the clown mask and costume worn by Niklaus earlier.
- ✦ **Three o'clock.** The performers return to their caravans and set the stage for a performance of the famous tragedy *The Loves of Ottokar and Myrmidia*, which they dash off in perfunctory and amateurish fashion before a small audience of onlookers.
- ✦ **Seven o'clock.** The members of the cavalcade strike their set and make a quick getaway.

### WHAT IF DOKTOR VERFULLEN IS DEAD?

Gul is half expecting the physician to have met with a messy end. He will continue with his plan even if the doctor does not arrive at midday. Simply delay all the actions noted above by one hour, and Heidi Cranmer will be the only victim of the cavalcade should they reach the temple hospice.

### WHAT IF THE PCs HAVE MANAGED TO TURN DOKTOR VERFULLEN?

One thing Gul is not anticipating is for Doktor Verfullen to have been redeemed in any way, and if the PCs have managed to convince him to act as an agent for their cause, he might be able to make a report telling them of some useful information.

To see what Doktor Verfullen discovers, make a **Hard (3d) Guile check** for Verfullen. Add ☐ or possibly ☐ if the PCs come up with some clever ideas to help the physician.

✦ Doktor Verfullen is able to report that within the caravan's filthy interior he met a mysterious and rank-smelling hooded stranger. He will be able to say that the cavalcade consists of this individual and six others, two of whom seem rather tough customers. He says that Gul told him to go to the Shallyan hospice in order to take delivery of some important medical supplies – estimated time of arrival being one o'clock.

✦✦ Doktor Verfullen is able to get a look at some of the other members of cavalcade, and is able to report that they look "distinctly unhealthy".

✦ Doktor Verfullen gathers that there is something hidden in the second wagon. Although he has no idea what it might be, he heard guttural moaning and scraping noises.

➤ Whilst discussing with Gul, Doktor Verfullen noticed a small fat green imp hiding behind Gul's chair.

☠☠ The Doktor contracts a disease whilst in the caravan, and may transmit it to anyone he touches in the next hour.

✦ Doktor Verfullen dies of a disease he contracted from Gul Proll, immediately after the conversation with the PCs. His body ruptures in a mass of writhing boils and foul gases – the horrific degeneration causes **Fear 2**.

## LAUNCHING AN ATTACK ON THE CAVALCADE

The PCs may wish to attack the members of the cavalcade in the open. Gul is clever enough to know that the use of overt magic or daemons will likely bring the retribution of anyone in the area onto him, so he will not want to leave his caravan. He will leave the actual fighting up to his followers and will support them with a spell or two if he thinks such actions will go unnoticed.

If fighting does break out before the cavalcade have put their plans into action, Pneumoshudder takes it as evidence that Gul's plans have been misguided from the start. Unlike the sorcerer, he wants to appear in order to spread as much disease and mayhem as possible in the name of Nurgle, to better fulfil his quotas. He also persuades Lara to leave the fight and poison the town well as per their plans.

Niklaus is chained to the rear of Jonas's Wagon. He can only engage people who enter the wagon. Given the make of the wagon, it is possible for a character standing in the doorway of the wagon to shoot at him unmolested.

### MANAGING THE CAVALCADE EVENTS

In order to keep abreast of these competing agendas assemble a progress tracker 12 spaces long, with events as spaces 3, 5, 7, 10 and 12. Place a tracking token on space 1 to represent the progress of the cavalcade's events.

Start moving the token along as soon as the PCs are in combat with members of the cavalcade (though don't start it if the PCs bushwhack one of the cavalcade or attack them in another stealthy manner). If they take this approach, simply start moving the token when a clear fight breaks out between the PCs and their foes.

- ✦ **Event space 3:** Sounds of argument are heard from Gul's wagon. A deep guttural voice shouting the words, "*You overreached yourself... mortal fool...*" is clearly heard.
- ✦ **Event space 5:** Pneumoshudder shouts, "*The scarlet scourge!*" If Lara is still alive, she takes this opportunity to break away from the fight and head towards the town well. If Jonas is still alive, he disappears into his wagon, hoping that a PC follows him so he can set Niklaus on them (freeing Niklaus requires a manoeuvre).
- ✦ **Event space 7:** If the PCs have been fighting for this long with the followers of Nurgle, they must pass a **Disease 2 check** or acquire a disease with the *Contact* trait.



CREATURE	ST	TO	AG	INT	WP	FEL	A/C/E	WOUNDS	STANCE
MAX FLEISCHER	4■(5)	3■(2)	3(1)	3	3	3	6/3/1	16	R2
TARWIN FLEISCHER	3(S)	3(2)	4(2)	3■	3	4	3/4/2	14	C1
PNEUMOSHUDDER	5■(5)	5(4)	2(1)	3	4■	2	6/2/1	20	C2
GUL PROLL	3(4)	4(2)	3(1)	3■	3■	3	2/3/3	15	C2

✦ **Event space 10:** If no one has entered Gul's wagon, Pneumoshudder decides to leave and engage any PCs he sees at this point. Gul, realising that the appearance of the daemon means his cover is blown, attempts to cast a few spells for good measure, but is ultimately looking to escape.

✦ **Event space 12:** Alarmed by the appearance of the daemon, the watchmen at the gate arrive to help the PCs.

## DIRTY, ROTTEN REWARDS

There isn't much of any worth in the cavalcade apart from a small chest hidden in Gul's wagon containing a variety of strange looking coins worth 50 silver schillings.

However, bear in mind that rooting through the personal belongings of a follower of Nurgle is a good way to catch something unpleasant. If PCs insist on rifling through the wagons of the cavalcade, the GM should have them roll **Disease 2 checks** to avoid contracting some illness.

## RECRUITING TOWNSFOLK

If the PCs attempt to gather any townsfolk to their cause, they will find it hard going. Most of the townsfolk are still feeling frail due to the Ghoulpox, and demoralised due to the failure of the crusade. They are used to hearing odd stories about the visitors to the Strigany camp and also used to adventurers with tall tales, so they won't find any story convincing unless backed up with hard evidence.

- ✦ **Kurt Henning** will be of no use.
- ✦ **Agnetha von Jungfreud** will not be willing to grant the PCs a second audience so soon after the first.
- ✦ **Klaus Manchdor**, the bounty hunter, will be willing to accompany the adventurers on a trip to see what the cavalcade is about for 6 silver schillings (treat him as a Soldier if he gets involved in the fight).
- ✦ **Hans Bauer**, the farmer at the temple of Sigmar, can also be persuaded to accompany the PCs if they pay him at least one silver. He will fight bravely if combat occurs (treat him as a Townsperson – see page 67 of the Tome of Adventure).
- ✦ **Thorsten Wolfgardt's** willingness to help the PCs depends largely on how they treated him during their investigation. If they impressed him as intelligent and courteous people, he consents to join them in confronting the cavalcade. If not, he rather rudely dismisses them should they seek to speak to him again.

## STILL ON THE LOOSE

Any conspirators still at large (Gudrun, Rolf, and any surviving bandits) continue to act in order to bring about the PCs' deaths if they can. However, whilst these men are all corrupt individuals, they aren't so far gone as to knowingly enter into an alliance with the forces of Nurgle, and will give up their grudge against the PCs if the nature of cavalcade becomes clear. Their priority will then be to escape justice.

## WRAPPING UP

Within a couple of days, news about the proclamation against the Shallyans and other odd goings on in Hugeldal will have reached the von Jungfreuds, and they send a small force of soldiers from Ubersreik as well as a Shallyan priestess to set up the hospice once more and a Sigmarite disciple to attend to the temple in Hugeldal.

Those who plotted against the Shallyans will be punished. Severely. If still alive, Wilhelm, Gudrun, and the bandits are hung, drawn, and quartered. Agnetha von Jungfreud has her privileges stripped from her and lives out the rest of her life in a small country retreat in a remote part of the Reikland.

If the PCs prevented the plots of Doktor Verfullen and Gul from reaching fruition, they will have earned the gratitude of the Shallyan cult and the people of Hugeldal. Unfortunately, neither of these groups is in a position to offer much in the way of financial reward though the PCs will probably never have to buy their own drinks in the town again.

Based on the outcome of the adventure and the characters actions, this may be a good opportunity to allow the group to exchange their current party sheet for a new sheet that better reflects their recent exploits.

## FURTHER ADVENTURES

The scenario has introduced the PCs to two powerful forces in the Empire: the Famine Fiend whose presence has ravaged lands to the south of Hugeldal, and a mysterious physician from Nordland – possibly the nefarious Doktor Festus himself – who seems to have been mentor to both Wilhelm Verfullen and Gul Proll.

Both of these personalities make considerable threats to the Empire, and GMs may well like to consider what the PCs could do to track them down, or how their paths might cross again in the future.

One or more of the PCs may be afflicted with disease, as well. Finding a cure for their ailments could become an adventure itself.



# A FESTERING FOLLY

# THE DANCING MALADY

For most people in the Empire, the festival of Sigmartag has always been celebrated with merry feasting and dancing. However, in the year 2507 IC, the folk of central Middenland danced for a different reason. It began in Flachdorf, a village at the edge of the Midden Moors. Mosquitos, borne on an ill wind from the wetlands of the moors, laid their eggs in the food set out for the festivities. The fat flies had strange markings – three circles set in a triangular pattern.

The twitching started shortly after the villagers began their feast. Soon everyone was on their feet, arms flailing and feet jiggling to a silent, chaotic rhythm. They pranced out of the hall and emptied the village in a whirling melee of madness. Through fields and forest the villagers spun and jumped, wailing as they struggled against their rebellious limbs. Several collapsed from exhaustion, and were trampled by those behind.

At each crossroads, some dancers peeled off from the crowd, wheeling alone down forest roads until they entered another settlement, where celebrations honouring Sigmar were in full swing. Nobody noticed the stranger who joined the revelry. His peculiar, reeling jig was strangely infectious, and soon all joined in his feverish dance, crying out in fear as he swept them from their village.

Soon the populations of all settlements south of the Midden Moors were carried away by this implacable whirlwind. For two days they cavorted through the province non-stop, the ravens feasting on the trail of dead. By now, the dancers numbered in the thousands, and they continued to swing and twirl despite the agony of torn muscles and bloody feet, and all were deranged from sleeplessness.

The dancers converged in one massive force, as though controlled by an unseen hand. They swarmed towards Reikland. Should they sweep through that prosperous province, they would cause havoc within the Empire.

The authorities thought that the peasants had launched an uprising, and a garrison from Carroburg marched to intercept the horde of commoners. The commander, General von Rau, was amazed to encounter unarmed opponents who flung themselves about like the marionettes of a deranged puppeteer. He sent an emissary to parley, flying the flag of truce, but soon the white ensign was bobbing up and down among the vast mob, its bearer caught up in the madness.

Von Rau commanded his pistolier corps to disperse the rabble, but when they swooped upon the horde, their steeds reared and threw them, and the horrified hot-bloods were soon jiggling with the riff-raff. Von Rau's army took a fearful step back – dark forces were at work.

It was Xavier Kreb, a priest of Sigmar, who rallied the men. "I smell the fetid work of the Plague Lord!" he roared.

Kreb had read of the rare disease known as the Dancing Malady. It had carried off entire villages during the Great War Against Chaos. He urged General von Rau to retreat to Carroburg and to send word to Altdorf's temple of Shallya without fail.

The high priestess, Anja Gustavson, responded quickly. Her entourage of Shallyan priests arrived at the battlefield to find the army under attack. Several thousand unarmed peasants assailed the soldiers of Carroburg who defended a rise of low hills. The peasants pirouetted against the massed ranks to die beneath a rain of shot and arrows. Yet still the erratic attackers came, skipping and leaping across the mounds of dead.

Shallya's chosen prayed until tears rolled down their faces, invoking miracles of mercy to release the peasants from their curse. Suddenly, white light caressed the writhing rabble, calming everyone with blissful sleep. A shadow like a cloud of teeming insects rose above the battlefield and seemed to form a face, horned and furious, before dissipating into nothing.

Anja Gustavson rode to greet General von Rau. To her dismay, the general prepared his men to charge the docile peasants. Her cries to halt the slaughter fell on deaf ears – the soldiers, convinced that the peasants were possessed by daemons, fell upon them like wolves on sleeping lambs. At the forefront was Xavier Kreb, his blood-flecked face contorted in fury. "Purge the unclean! Destroy the tainted ones!"

The high priestess of Shallya led her priests back to Altdorf, sick with grief and disgust. The slaughtered peasants were cremated, denied the rites of Morr, a fate reserved for heretics. The rumour spread that they had pledged their souls to Nurgle and deserved their punishment – the lie eased the consciences of those who committed the massacre. The stink of charred flesh hung over the region for many years afterwards.

It took many years to repopulate the decimated villages of central Middenland, and today some villages still lie in ruins, emptied by the terrible Dancing Malady.









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