

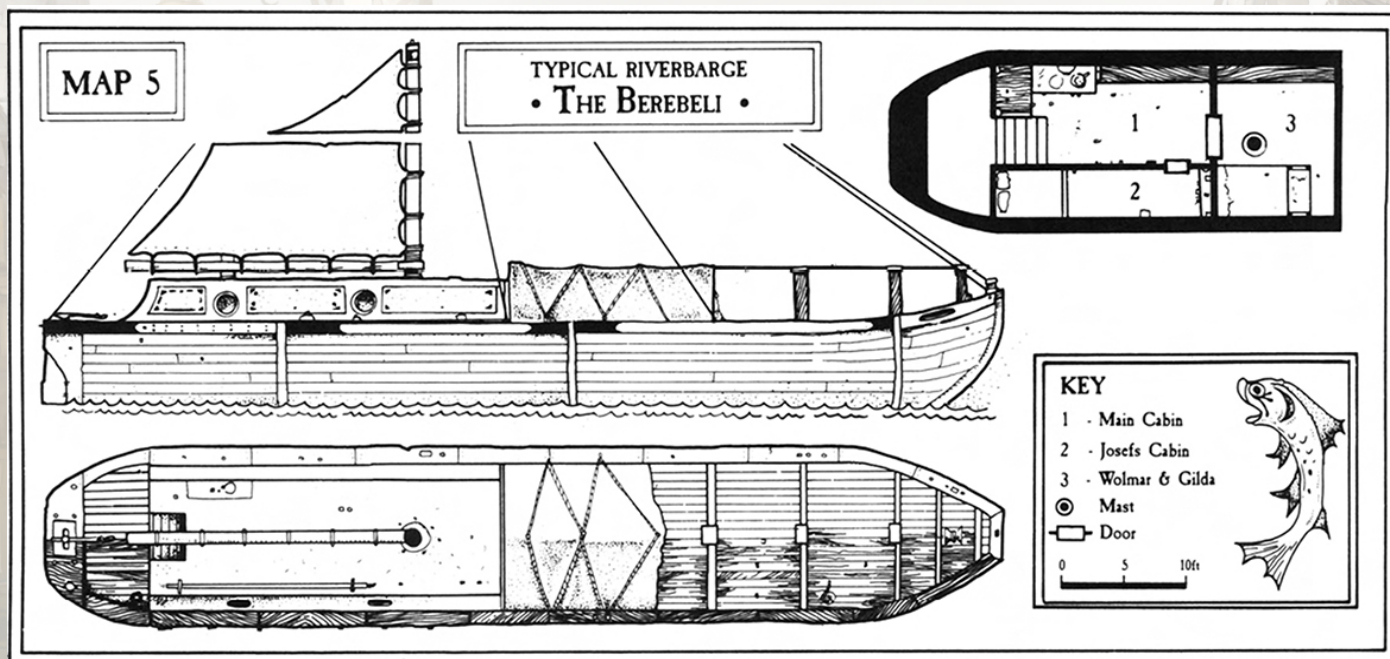
DEVELOPER DIARY



Welcome to the sixth edition of our Dev Diary!

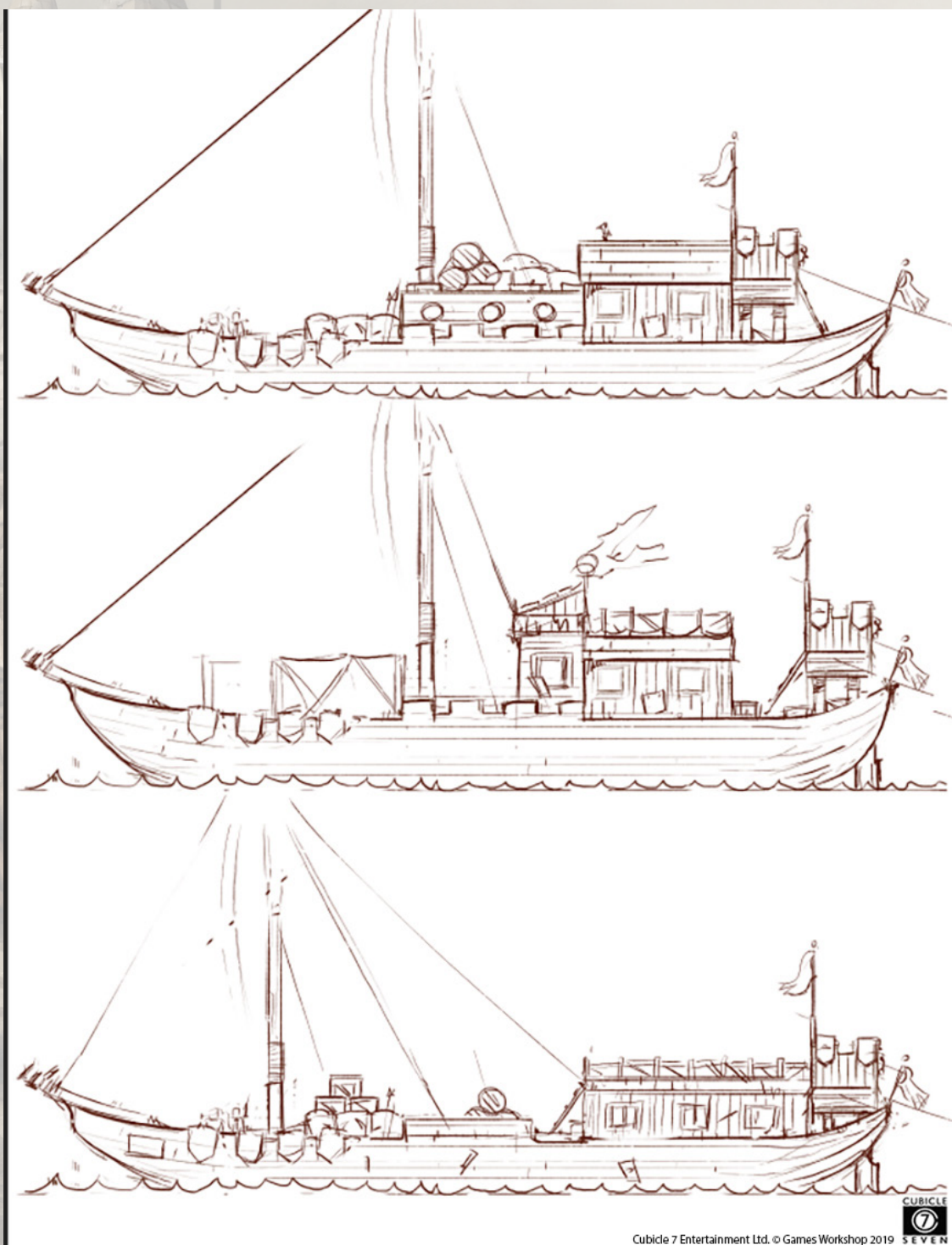
The rebirth of the *Berebeli*

With the successful release of the PDF of **Enemy in Shadows Companion**, I thought it might be interesting to have a look behind the scenes at a specific example of how something from the original **Enemy Within** was updated for the 4th edition. Specifically, Josef Quartjin's *Berebeli*, that most welcoming and reliable of river barges. Dániel Kovács, one of Cubicle 7's talented artists, created the artwork for this edition of the campaign. JG O'Donoghue, another talented Cubicle 7 artist, created an additional painting of the barge. The original starting point was the very first map of the *Berebeli*, published in the very first 1986 edition of **The Enemy Within**.



Definitely a useful illustration and map for any party, and certainly not without charm, but a lot of the Warhammer Fantasy's iconic style isn't present. This is hardly a criticism as that particular style was still being established in 1986, just three years after Warhammer Fantasy Battle's release.

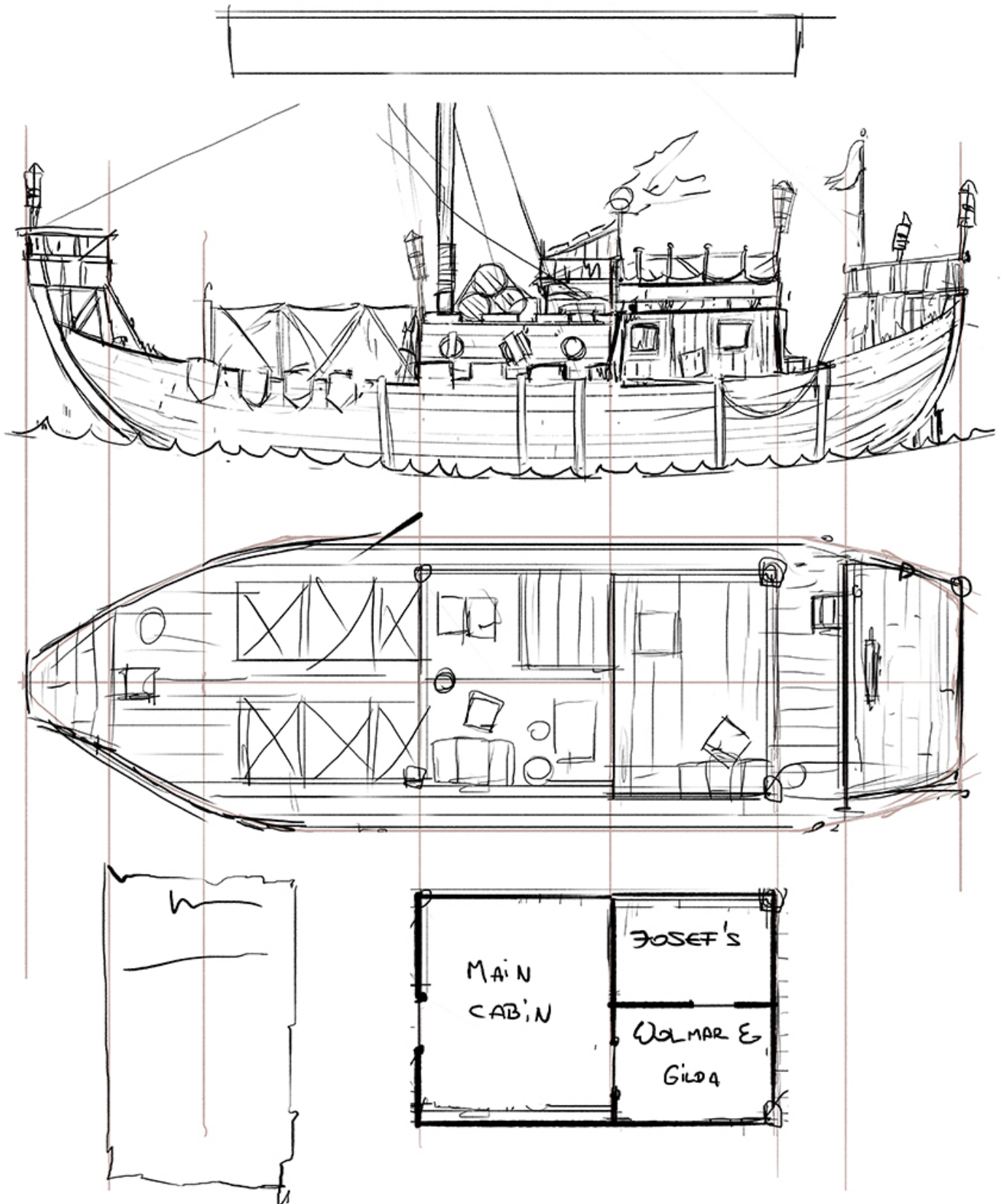
Working from the original image, plus a producer brief that outlined some requirements and suggestions, Dániel created these three sketches. At this early stage, the goal is to quickly get a feel for the design without committing too much time to any one version that may well not make it to further development. Dániel's designs were all good, but a mixture of the top and middle design was eventually brought forward. The twin-tailed comet was a great touch, and helped to start the work of firmly grounding the *Berebeli* in the Old World.



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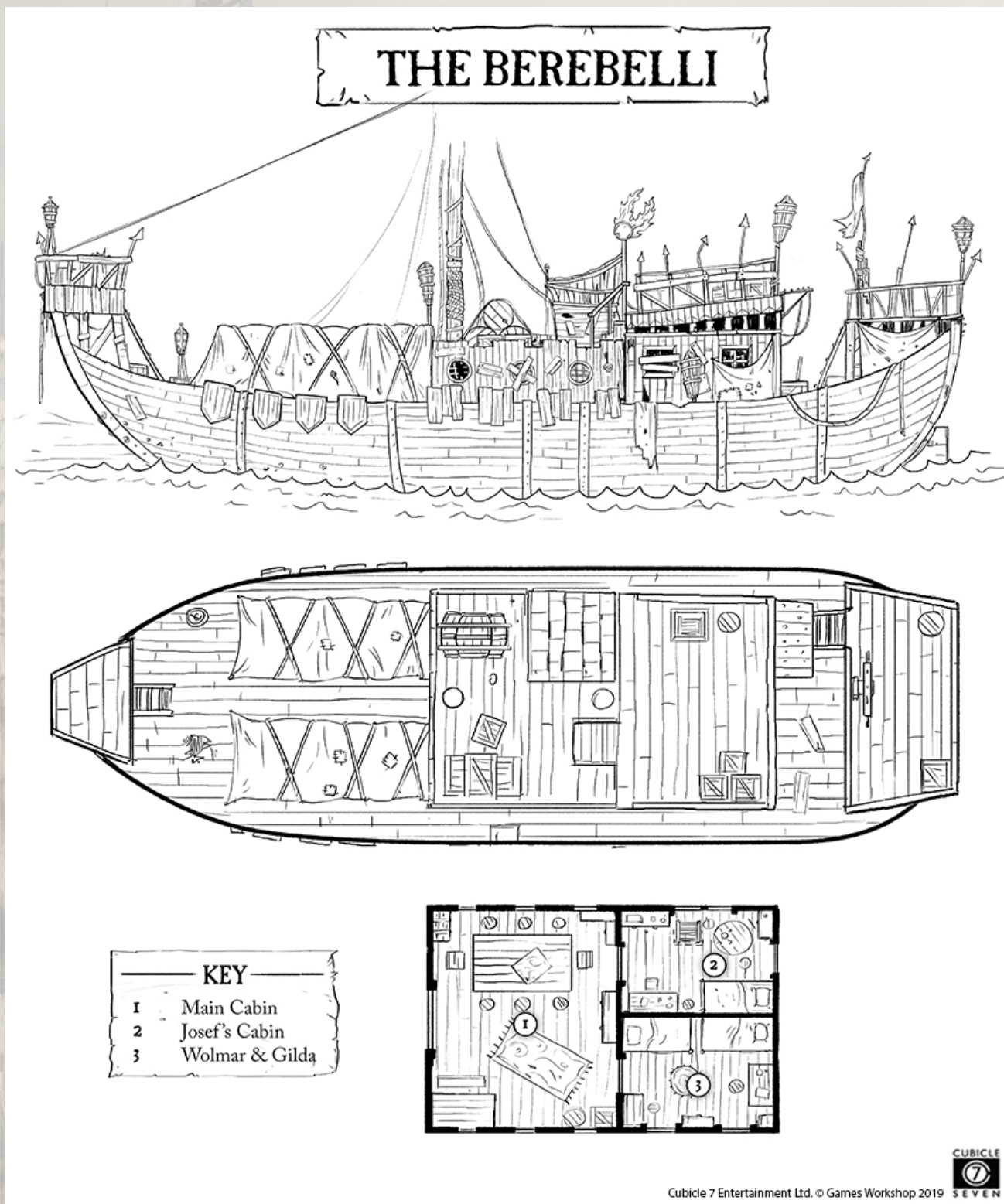


Following on from the initial sketches, a more detailed work starts to bring out the smaller, finer touches, and get the first elements of the top down and interior views. Again, speed is placed above accuracy at this stage. The hull was made deeper and much more robust looking — it was built, after all, to survive years of use on the Empire's often hazardous canals and rivers.



The elevated prow was also introduced at this point as a raised platform for Josef to survey the waters ahead of the *Berebeli*. JG and Dániel were working closely together at this stage of the design. While Dániel was working on these images and maps of the vessel, designed for in-game use, JG was working on his wonderful and dramatic painting for the **Enemy in Shadows Companion**.

Dániel prepared a final sketch once the details were firmed up. Notice the extra touches that make the barge look lived in, establishing that the *Berebeli* has a past and history of its own. Notice also that we (read 'I') misspelled *Berebeli* — hey, it's a work in progress!



There were a number of additions to the drawings to suggest wear and tear over the years. A window has been crudely repaired with a few spare planks, tarps are hung here and there, perhaps to cover holes in the walls or create more enclosed spaces on the cramped deck. Lanterns are placed about the deck to aid the crew at night, and to make the ship more visible on the water. Ropes and rigging abound, adding a sense of functionality and credibility, emphasising that the *Berebeli* is used as a functional vessel.

I'm of the mind that a lot of what Warhammer is lives in carefully considered details like this. The Old World has elements of high fantasy, but these are far and above the experiences of someone like Josef, and often beyond the experiences of your typical Player Character too. Life in the Old World is filthy, grim and perilous — visual reminders of this fact can sometimes be more impactful than the written word. Dániel and JG's detailed artwork highlighting these imperfections serves as a reminder of what people must deal with to make do and get by. Their illustrations really add another layer of verisimilitude to the Old World.

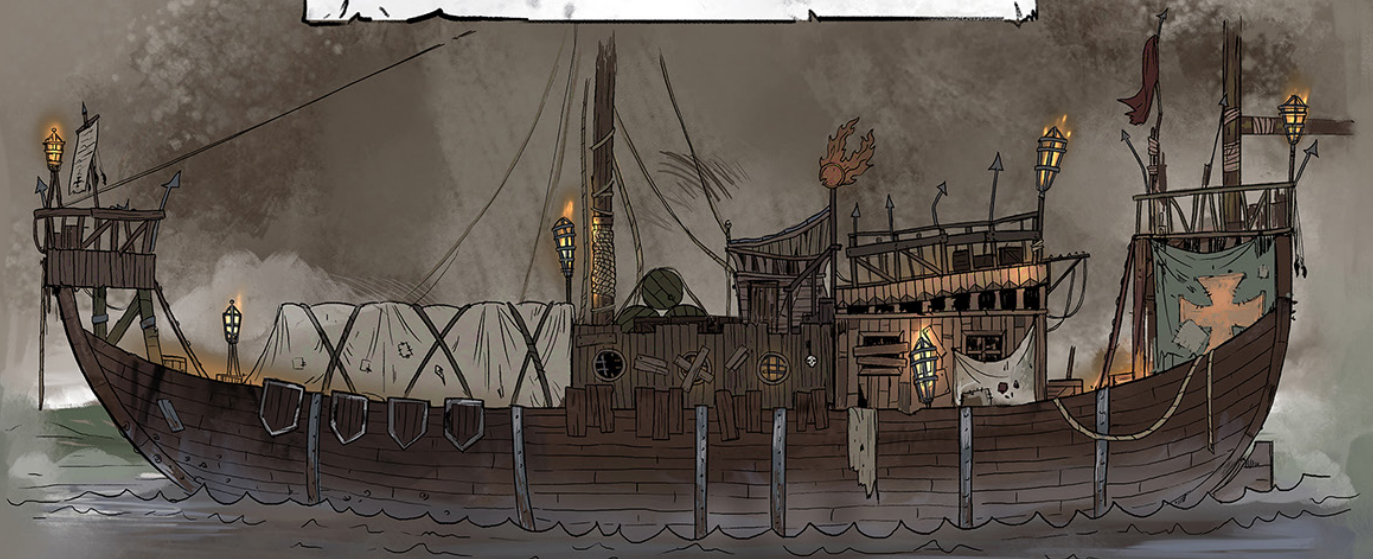
The final image of the *Berebeli*, as printed, brought colour, lighting, and further detail to the work. Waterfolk are a superstitious lot, often not without cause, and a bushel of dead rats hangs from the deck to ward off ill luck — or at least as a warning to other rats. Josef has sensibly displayed a writ of prayer on his prow; likely commissioned and blessed by a priest in some riverside settlement, as one can never be too careful.

The final work is, I think, quite a departure from 1986, while still staying true to its origins. Given the time that has passed, and the many miles of canal and river the *Berebeli* and her myriad crews have travelled, I don't find it strange at all to see the barge has changed. She is dented, perhaps, and a little grimmer, but with all the more character for it. Not unlike Josef, her true and loyal captain.

We hope readers found descriptions of Dániel and JG's processes inspirational. It is a pleasure to work with such skilled artists, who have both done a brilliant job of bringing many parts of the Old World to life. Though the *Berebeli* may depart from the Characters' lives, either sailing down the Weisbruch or lost in smoke and fire, it provides a fine template for any barge the Characters might come into possession of in **Death on the Reik**.

Pádraig Murphy,
WFRP Producer

THE BEREBELI



Main Deck



Cabin Interior

KEY

- 1 Main Cabin
- 2 Josef's Cabin
- 3 Wolmar & Gilda
- 4 Store

SCALE

Typical River Barge
75 ft. by 23 ft.

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Working on this map was quite an experience. This was my second collaboration with JG O' Donoghue. JG worked on the illustration, while I worked on the map, similar to how we worked together on the Spittlefeld Tenement Building piece for the **Ubersreik Adventures: Slaughter in Spittlefeld**. We worked in tandem to figure out the design of the *Berebeli* to save time. After gathering a lot of reference material and researching barge design, I did an initial round of sketches before we settled on the one we would move forward with. Once we secured approval from the producers, I began fleshing out the details in top-down and side views.

After more collaboration and discussions with JG, we began working on his illustration piece based on the rough version of the map I had previously done. There were some changes to the illustration (mainly design elements of the barge); once it was finished, I adjusted my map accordingly.

There is a lot of back and forth with a collaboration such as this, so communication is key. Luckily, we got everything figured out by the end. All in all, it was a challenging piece, but very rewarding to see it completed. I hope this map will prove useful to you in your **WFRP** adventure!

Dániel Kovács

Staff Artist

On the nature of sacrifice

While we would love to pack the **Enemy Within** with every entertaining NPC, promising plot hook, and intriguing bit of lore that crossed our desks, we simply cannot. The realities of deadlines and print requirements mean that certain sacrifices must be made, as any member of The Purple Hand would be happy to explain.

However, not all such excluded pieces go to waste. Graeme Davis wrote the following gripping extract which helps set the mood and atmosphere for the campaign. It provides a brief glance into the most insidious of Cults as well as highlighting one of the many reasons that The Purple Hand takes such an interest in Kastor Leiberung, or indeed his doppelgänger. The cult was promised a payday once the Magister Impedimenta claimed his inheritance, and they certainly mean to collect.

I'm pleased to present the powerful scene in full below. Should a PC have the opportunity to witness a Purple Hand ritual first hand, it would make an excellent resource to build the scene.

Njawrr'thakh 'Lzimarr Tzeentch!

Pádraig



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The Enemy Within

‘Hail to Tzeentch, Changer of the Ways. Hail to Tzeentch, Lord of the Thousand Names. Hail to Tzeentch, Architect of Fate. Look on your servants, we beseech you. Change us, we beseech you. Weave our fates well, we beseech you’.

‘Njawrr’thakh ‘Lzimbarr Tzeentch!’

The air in the dark cellar was thick with incense. Wisps of dark smoke writhed in the air above the chanting cultists, winding around the points of their nodding hoods as they chanted, making bizarre shifting shapes. On the cellar’s back wall, above the bound and terrified sacrifice, a hundred purple hand-prints testified to the devotion of the cult, and to its great numbers. The hand-prints appeared to move in the flickering light of a dozen weirdly-carved candles, their long fingers reaching, grasping, gesturing as the chant droned on.

‘Njawrr’thakh ‘Lzimbarr Tzeentch!’

One of the hooded figures stepped forward. The sleeves of his robe fell back as he raised his arms, revealing deep-purple stained palms. The sacrifice wriggled and tried to scream, but was helpless against stout bonds and a cloth gag.

‘Njawrr’thakh ‘Lzimbarr Tzeentch!’

The chant became a roll of thunder as the celebrants sensed the ritual’s climax nearing.

‘Njawrr’thakh ‘Lzimbarr Tzeentch!’

A knife flashed upward, its sharp blade engraved with weird symbols elaborately twisting.

‘Njawrr’thakh ‘Lzimbarr Tzeentch!’

The engraved knife swung down. Blood arced upward in response, glittering weirdly in the shifting candlelight. The sacrifice jerked once, and was still. The chant ended, leaving only a heavy silence that seemed to press upon the ears. A fresh metallic smell combined with the Cult’s cloying incense left a noisome smell. Two dozen hands shot upward, each stained purple. The ritual was complete. The outlawed god Tzeentch, one of the four Ruinous Powers of Chaos, was either pleased or indifferent. No one would ever know, but all hoped that the Changer of the Ways would respond by improving their fortunes.

‘You found well today, Magister. A fine sacrifice, indeed.’

The Magister Impedimenta turned to face the speaker. It was the tall, distinguished man who had led the chant. The bloody knife was tucked in the girdle of his robe.

‘Thank you, Lord Vocator,’ he said, ‘Meseems the ritual went well. May Change be upon us.’

‘Change upon us,’ answered the Vocator. He paused briefly, just long enough to prompt an expectant raising of the Magister’s eyebrows.

‘I have heard that you are to be congratulated on some good fortune,’ he ventured. ‘An inheritance, I believe?’

The Magister nodded. ‘So, I am told. A small estate outside a small town called Bögenhafen, from a childless relative so distant that I never knew of him until yesterday. He has blessed my fate.’

‘Your fate is blessed,’ responded the Vocator. ‘Deservedly so, after so many years of faithful service. You never fail to find what the Order needs, no matter the difficulty – now, a happy fate has found you. I rejoice in it.’

‘I should be a poor Magister Impedimenta if I ever appeared empty-handed,’ the Magister answered, with a modest shake of his head. ‘He guides my steps and directs my eyes.’ ‘To Him be all the glory, and His will be all the reward.’

‘You mean?’ The Vocator’s eyes widened.

‘Yes, Lord Vocator,’ the Magister replied. ‘The estate and all it contains shall be placed at the Order’s disposal. I understand its location is discreet, and its income comfortable. It will make a perfect sanctuary for the Purple Hand.’

The Vocator gripped the Magister’s hand warmly, purple palm to purple palm.

‘Most blessed and noble of servants,’ he said. ‘The Order is fortunate in you. When do you leave for...?’

‘Bögenhafen,’ replied the other. ‘It lies on the River Bögen, south-west of Altdorf toward the Grey Mountains. The letter informing me of my good fortune came from a law firm in the town: it was sent to

my address in Nuln three weeks ago, but my man of business saw that it was forwarded.'

'Break your journey in Altdorf,' the Vocator suggested, 'and avail yourself of all the assistance that our brethren in the capital can offer. I will supply you with letters of introduction. This unexpected donation will raise us up in the eyes of the greater Order; they have looked down on our modest endeavours for far too long.'

The Magister smiled.

'Especially after the recent trouble in Nuln,' he said. 'I take it there has been no success so far in tracing Brother Adolphus and Sister Beatha?'

'Sadly, no. But I take the success of tonight's ritual as a good sign. If the traitor had known of this location, we would surely have been disturbed. Praise His thousand names that we were not.'

'Indeed so. I shall set out in the morning, on the earliest coach I can secure.'

'A long and dangerous journey. May His ever-changing eye watch over you.'

The Magister smiled.

'How can it not,' he asked, 'when He has granted me – and the Order – such good fortune? We are blessed, my Lord Vocator, and no misfortune can befall me on this sacred journey.'

'Mutants!' The panic in the driver's voice caused the Magister's heart to sink. It was clear that he would be of little use. Glancing at his fellow passengers' white faces, he knew they would be even less. The child whimpered and burrowed into the arms of his frightened parents; the initiate priest fingered his Sigmar's-hammer pendant and intoned a prayer. Hypocrite, the Magister thought. Sigmar himself would already be fighting. A thud and a cry from above told him that the driver was wounded, perhaps fatally. A few seconds later, the coach slowed to a halt.

Cursing his luck — and his companions — the Magister drew his sword and stepped out of the coach. If their attacker were servants of Tzeentch perhaps he could reason with them. If not, he would die fighting rather than waiting to be slaughtered like a bound sacrifice.

He scanned the twisted figures eagerly, looking for a symbol or a tell-tale mutation that marked them as

belonging to the Changer of the Ways. A curse escaped his lips as he saw the rotting flesh of their leader. It was a favoured mutation of Nurgle, the Father of Plagues and the master of entropy — Tzeentch's opposite, and implacable enemy.

