

WARHAMMER® FANTASY ROLE-PLAY™

ADVENTURE AFOOT
IN THE REIKLAND!



CREDITS

Design: Andy Law and Dominic McDowall

Writing: Ben Scerri

Additional Writing: Andy Law

Illustration: Jon Hodgson, Sam Manley, Scott Purdy and Ralph Horsley

Graphic Design and Layout: Paul Bourne

Editing: Síne Quinn

Producer: Andy Law

Publisher: Dominic McDowall

WFRP4 Designed by: Andy Law and Dominic McDowall

Thanks to: Games Workshop

Published by Cubicle 7 Entertainment Ltd,
Suite D3, Unit 4, Gemini House, Hargreaves Road, Groundwell Industrial Estate,
Swindon, SN25 5AZ, UK

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior permission of the publishers.



Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay 4th Edition © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2018. Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay 4th Edition, the Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay 4th Edition logo, GW, Games Workshop, Warhammer, The Game of Fantasy Battles, the twin-tailed comet logo, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likeness thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world, and used under licence. Cubicle 7 Entertainment and the Cubicle 7 Entertainment logo are trademarks of Cubicle 7 Entertainment Limited. All rights reserved.



♦ ADVENTURE AFOOT ♦ IN THE REIKLAND!



The adventure hooks presented in this PDF are to inspire GMs to build their own adventures using the locations found in **Chapter 10: The Glorious Reikland** of the **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** rulebook, and to provide extra details about the Reikland as a whole. The suggested location for each story idea is marked in bold, but can easily be moved or repurposed as required.

THE MOUNTAINS, FOOTHILLS, AND VORBERGLAND

BETTER LEFT BURIED

Helset von Lilahalle, Markgravine of the isolated **March of Falken** in the **Grey Mountains**, is in a bind. One of her exploratory expeditions stumbled into a long-abandoned mine and found gold in its depths. Unfortunately, it also discovered Dwarfs from Karak Azgaraz long ago laid claim to it, and left legal carvings near the entrance to the lower levels. Before mining operations begin, Helset wants to hire discreet outsiders to make the carvings go up in smoke, thus crushing the Dwarf claim. However, the runes are not mundane, and any attempt to destroy them will warn the descendants of the original claimants. Further, should explosives be used, the resulting collapse will open caverns leading deep into the mountains. And, there, the reason the Dwarfs abandoned the mine will awaken...

THE LARDER

Rumours persist that travellers are going missing in **Axe-Bite Pass**, the primary thoroughfare through the **Grey Mountains**. One desperate, bedraggled guard claims to know the terrible truth: entire merchant trains are being taken, with all meat stashed in a living larder. The guard didn't see what grabbed him — having narrowly escaped with his life — but he confirms the wares of every merchant taken are still in the mountains. So, the reward for any rescue is likely to be high. Is the guard lying, planning to lure any would-be saviours into a cannibal's trap? Or perhaps merchant trains really are in trouble, maybe from hungry Stone Trolls, Giants, or worse?

HOLY BLOOD

Wanted posters proliferate the towns of **Lichdechs**: *10 Gold Crowns for the head of Kisa Grammle, recently of Altdorf. To be paid upon receipt of head by the Monastery of the Broken Haft.* Investigation reveals Kisa is an enterprising antiquarian who rumour claims was digging in **the Hägercrybs**. When she was last in town, she was enormously excited about a find she claimed 'would shake the Empire to its core!' Just what did she find? And why are Sigmarite monks willing to pay so much to see her dead? Whatever the truth, any interested party best be fast, for not only are two Bounty Hunters already in pursuit, but so is an Ulrican friar. And a vampire.

INGOT BEFORE THE ORE

Lady Femeke of **Ottzel** has got herself into a pickle. Desperate to bring some new blood to her dwindling village, she's not only announced a newly discovered vein of silver in the nearby **Skaag Hills**, but, in her enthusiasm, sold several claims to mine it. But no such vein exists, and the miners are already on their way by the score. However, Femeke isn't a woman to let pesky facts interrupt her fabricated silver rush. Using her new-found wealth, she employed Eldruc Ironeye — an eccentric Dwarf prospector — to search for a genuine silverlode before the miners return. So, Femeke's in need of a few capable hands to protect her prospector from wild animals, Beastmen, Greenskins, and, Eldruc's wife and her three brothers, who demand he come home and work off his debts. Immediately.

UNMARKED, UNMISSED

The dockers of **Prie** claim the **Skaag Hills** are the best place to hide a body. After all, there are uncounted pre-dug holes with no one for miles to check. So, when Karlus Lystadt, a jewel thief of wide repute, was beaten to death and buried for his crimes beneath the **Prie Ridge**, no one thought much of it... until rumours spread that the scoundrel had swallowed his last prize — a diamond as big as a chicken's egg — before his demise. The hunt is on!



THE JABBERSLYTHE'S MIDWIFE

Reinholt Schent — a self-titled 'Scholar of the Fantastic' who claims to work for the Imperial Zoo — will pay dearly for the delivery of a very specific specimen. Some scholars believe that the most horrible of monstrosities, the Jabberslythe of legend, does, in fact, breed. What's more, Schent believes there's a pregnant example of the species haunting **western Vorbergland** not far from **Hallt!** Schent requires some stout fellows to witness and record the awful birth, then return with the newborn for study. He states this so matter-of-factly, it couldn't possibly be difficult, could it?

RANALD PROTECTS

The mysterious 'Lady Münze' patronises many low-class alehouses across the **Vorbergland**. She quietly whispers that the nobility grow fat from the labours of the vineyard workers, selling a single bottle for more than a peasant family will ever see in their lifetimes. '*Ranald's Garden, indeed,*' she scoffs, her disapproval clear on her sharp face. If engaged, Lady Münze seeks brave souls to combat this injustice by swapping a shipment of fine wines for a shipment of worthless vinegar. The swap will take place on the road between **Dunkelberg** and **Konigsdorf** on the **Wissenland border** — without being seen. Her words are dangerous, but her purse is very full, stitched neatly with the words '*Ranald Protects*'. She will richly reward those who pull off the swap, but provide nothing to those discovered.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

The famous Indish mountain climber, Tenzin Norlay, is in **Wheburg**. He is offering a massive sapphire to any team willing to watch his back as he attempts to be the first man alive to climb to the **Drakenberg's** summit. Razor sharp rocks, the risk of avalanche, and the threat of being eaten, are small prices to pay for such a feat (and the accompanying reward). However, despite what he says, Tenzin is looking for more than just fame, for he

is in truth a master of the Lore of Shadows, and seeks to use the Characters as agents to slay an ancient evil bound to an obelisk at the mountain's summit.

INTERVIEW WITH A DRAGON SLAYER

Caledair the dragon hasn't been seen for generations, but that means nothing to Thogna Ingotfist, a Dragon Slayer. The guards of **Mantikor Castle**, at the base of the **Drakenberg**, say Ingotfist has been up there since the great wyrm was last seen, and hasn't come down since. If the guards are to be believed, she's found untold riches up there that she can't use 'being a Slayer and all — they have vows, see'. However, if you take Ingotfist a cask of Bugman's finest beer, it's said she'll spill any secret when deep in her cups. All you need do is find her.

THE GRIM, DARK FORESTS

FAKE IT 'TIL YOU MAKE IT OUT ALIVE!

Highway robbery is good business, but now Mathilde Schlitz wants out. She intends to pin her run of crimes on monsters of the forest. To do this, she plans to pay someone to grab authentic Beastmen artefacts from one of their herdstones in **the Reikwald**. These can then be placed in strategic places to fool the road wardens. However, just before she makes her escape, Mathilde will let slip to the road wardens that ne'er-do-wells are trying to hide their crimes with profane artefacts, and where they can be found. One way or another, Mathilde will not be the one to blame.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the **the Bloodpine Woods**, not far from **Ambergrissen**, a ring of corpses hangs upside down lashed to trees. Blood stains the roots black as night, and the bark here is especially red. The corpses are intact, save for a single slice across each throat. They've





not been eaten by animal, spider, or Goblin, and show no signs of struggle. Locals claim to know nothing, and repeatedly state they have never heard of such a terrible sacrifice. If the Shamans of the Amber College are approached, they are equally tight-lipped. If the horror is not investigated, nothing will come of it. If it is investigated: well, a new ring of blood will need to be raised, and the locals know exactly how to do it...

LET NOTHING BE WASTED

Willibert Klemm — a merchant from **Altdorf** — is livid at the loss in profits from the incursion of Giant Spiders into the **Bloodpine Woods**. But nothing gets past Klemm without handing over a few coppers first. Plus a new scheme is already brewing: Giant Spider silk! If he can't sell the wood — well, by Handrich, he will sell the silk instead! All he needs is a capable crew of silk collectors, training provided by first-hand experience!

THE TIES THAT BIND

They say a witch stalks the **Grissenwald**: Angela Hebamme. Hebamme was once the most renowned midwife in the Empire. They say she was so talented that House Holswig-Schliesteins of Altdorf and House Liebwitz of Nuln both employed her, decades ago, to deliver their current scions. They say, in hushed whispers, that Hebamme wove powerful spells as she worked. These spells set the Empire on a course only she could foresee, before she fled from Imperial society. Now, many will pay a high price to hear what that witch has to say.

THE RIVERS, CANALS, AND LAKES

GRANDFATHER REIK'S ISLE

Sailors love swapping stories of **Grandfather Reik's Isle** — a mythical island of the **River Reik** governed by the god of the river itself. The Cult of Manann in Altdorf is all too happy to support these stories, hoping to get ahead of their rivals in Marienburg, and claim Grandfather Reik is naught more than Manann. But others whisper that the Grandfather may actually be Stromfels — God of Sharks, Pirates and Wreckers. They state in hushed tones that 'Reik' sounds a lot like 'Wreck', and the river swallows more than its fair share of ships! But Grandfather Reik is neither, and it is not happy with such presumptions. So, the next folk to land on his island will be his messengers, whether they like it or not...

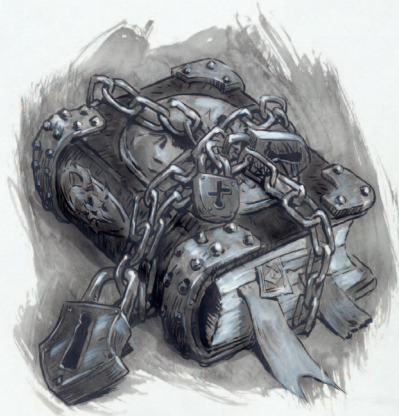
40-FEET OF FAME

For 30 years, Terenz Gaubatz — Imperial Zoologist, and dedicated cryptoid debunker — has been haunted by the loss of 'the General'. This supposedly 40-foot Stirpike was caught, butchered, and inconveniently eaten before Gaubatz could

confirm its existence. However, recent sightings near **Lengern** on the **River Reik** talk of a school of the monstrous fish. Given their rumoured size, it's possible the General spawned before it died. If so, a living specimen would be a treasure in and of itself (not to mention the gold Gaubatz would award its deliverer).

WATER'S THE PROBLEM?

Waliyya el-Shah — an Arabyan Faylasüf living in **Bögenhafen** — has noticed something peculiar. For years, she's been measuring the temperature of the **River Bögen** before and after it moves into **Vorbergland** in an attempt to understand its oddities. Recently, she's noticed an unseasonable increase in temperatures, which flare up at one specific thinning of the river, and she has a theory. The Imperial Society of Worshipful Philosophers won't help, so she's taken a loan to pay a group of armed escorts to help her investigate the hot source in the fog. And if she's right, she's going to need as much help as possible for what lies beneath the waters...



IN THE HUFF

Oskar Griesgram of the **Buxhead** Huffers' Guild is furious. His company has always kept its numbers low, which ensured leading barges through the treacherous mouth of the Teufel scored a premium price. But the **Grünberg Canal** has ruined everything, as now more barges pass down that artificial waterway than through the silty waters of **Leopold's Folly**. Griesgram believes it's time for action. Obviously, he can't involve himself, but should an interested party accidentally blow up a section of canal, or maybe lead some terrible creature to make its lair nearby, he'd be happy to part with a percentage of his wages every month, as business would surely boom in response.

CATHAYAN RETIREMENT

Lin Li Chun — a renowned but unlicensed Cathayan sorcerer — and her wife have decided to tour the Old World. They've crossed the Worlds Edge Mountains, feasted in L'Anguille, shopped in Marienburg, and now they're cruising in the **Vorbergland Canals**. Guests of Reikland by the Emperor's command, wherever they go, they're at risk from ignorant locals, so local authorities are ordered



to protect them to prevent a diplomatic incident with Cathay. However, in **Ubersreik**, where no formal command structure exists and the local State Army is stretched paper-thin, escort duties are contracted out to whomever is available. So, a disparate party finds itself keeping the elderly couple safe at all costs. Unfortunately, it seems Lin Li doesn't understand that unlicensed magic is illegal. And will anyone care when the assassins arrive?

WACKY RACES

If there's one thing the nobility like doing, it's proving how much better they are than everyone else — *especially* other nobles. Boyar Dominik Tyurin has decided that his next project will be a head-to-head yacht race down the **Weissbruck Canal**. The winner will receive a deed to an estate in Tyurin's homeland of Kislev! The competition is fierce (and likely illegal), but the prize is worth it. All that needs be done is secure a yacht, pay the entry fee, and somehow navigate the tiny sliver of canal whilst 20 other entrants do the same. And they are a mixed bunch, including an engineer with a worrying number of tiny cannons, a merchant with an enormous barge dog, and a Gold Wizard with no sail on his yacht at all!

THE CURSED AND FETID MARSHES

A TAIL OF MISFORTUNE

Whilst perusing a weaponsmith's wares, a strange mace catches the eye; a bony cluster, like a cauliflower made from overlapping sharkskin scales, mounted on a handle of bog iron. The smith says she bought it from a man from the **Grootscher Marsh**, who claimed the growth was the tail of a bog monster. The mace-head is surprisingly well weighted, robust, and effective. The smith claims a canny group willing to brave the marsh could make a fortune if a reliable source for the mace-heads could be found.

GORRUM GLUTTONGUT'S DELICATESSEN

Gorrum Gluttongut — an Ogre 'Chef' from **Altdorf** — is always looking for new meats to serve in his delicatessen. Bigger is always better, regardless of any other criteria. Whilst Giant is hard to come by, the **Altdorf Flats** are frequently invaded by River Trolls... Gluttongut will pay well for some premium rump steaks. Should, by some miracle, such steaks be secured, any would-be meat-sellers best be careful, as the flesh doesn't seem to stop regenerating, even long after the source of the steaks is dead. Carrying them, or even ferrying them, can quickly become impossible for the unprepared.

PROOF IS UNDER THE POOP DECK

The *Rhyal*, a dilapidated vessel of Strigany origin, has run aground in **Leopold's Folly** and has lain there undisturbed for

over a month. Rumours and superstitions surround the Strigany, with folks whispering that they're in league with the dreaded Undead. So far, none are willing to approach the wreck for fear of what may lay within — not even the voracious scavengers found throughout the **Reiker Marches** — so it's fair game for any soul brave enough to investigate.

MORR'S BLOOD

'Out near the Crowstones in the Uhland Bog, I found something you 'ave to see. This black rock here. There's plenty of it up there. Look, I know it don't look special or nuffin, but it stained my hands proper. Still black, see. So, I crushed it up, mixed in a little mordant, and what I got was the blackest black dye you ever saw. The dandies in Altdorf will go barkin' for this stuff! Sure, I had the worst nightmares of me life afterwards, but they don't need to know that, do they? All they want is proper blacks for their robes and such. And we can get that for 'em, right?'



THE MANIFOLD CITIES AND TOWNS

THERE'S TRUTH BEHIND THE TALL TAILS

Altdorf authorities are cracking down on street vendors stocking the *Griffon's Tail* — a satirical, anti-establishment broadsheet that operates as a front for the 'Glorious Revolution of the People', a group intending to end the oppression of the masses by the nobility. This has led to rough times on Altdorf's streets as the Watch and State Army cracks down hard on any they believe may be revolutionaries — but such conflict breeds opportunity. Some are quick to take the Emperor's Shilling and put the boot to revolutionaries, whilst others are quick to take up the banner of freedom (and whatever coinage they can scrape together). But when a recently enrolled group discovers the Cult of Verena is quietly supporting the Glorious Revolution, and that the Law Lord of the Empire herself is apparently financing the *Tail*, what should be done with such information?

LOWLIFE

The Lowhavens are a criminal family of Halflings with their fingers deep in Reikland's pies. In **Auerswald**, they've got Ferdinand von Wallenstein terrified with a portfolio of blackmail material gathered from the duke's escapades during Blackpowder Week in Nuln. They've also got the town council under wraps with enough dirt to send them all to the pyre should they wish. Only aging Lord Adelbert has been ignored, left to chase shadows in the woods. So when the old noble meets a party of outsiders on the road, it would surprise the Lowhavens to find him paying gold for the assassination of three key Auerwalder Halflings: Aloysius the Butcher, Bornelium the Baker, and Cocker the Carver, the deadliest Candlestick Maker in the Reikland.

WEIRD IS MY MIDDLE NAME

Schaffenfest — **Bögenhafen's** three-day spring festival — is fast approaching. Doktor Malthusius, of Malthusius' Zoocopeia, needs more stock. He's had a recent bad run: Mutants eating each other; Squigs growing so large they burst from their cages, and worse issues he'd rather not discuss. He'll pay handsomely for any oddity to display at his show. Procurers of the unlikely just need to deliver fresh stock. The only problem is the heavy fines and, sometimes, *death penalty* if caught with a living Mutant, monster, or worse. But, surely it's better to be paid when such things are encountered rather than simply killing them all?

A BIT OF LIGHT MURDER

In **Diesdorf** there's a long history of bad blood between the criminal Havilund and Frankle families. Stabbings, poisonings, shootings, lynchings — you name it, they've done it. Generally, the locals pay little attention and get on with life, but a recent and vicious spate of revenge killings have caught the eye of a passing Witch Hunter, Lothar Metzger. He claims the killings bear striking similarities to ritual murders dedicated to the Blood God. The very next day, Metzger is found stabbed hundreds of times in a bloody alleyway. Keen to keep their holy town free of foul influence, the burgomeisters post an impressive reward of 5 Gold Crowns for any who can trace down the culprit, not realising just how many townsfolk are involved, and just how far into the cult of Sigmar a full investigation will go...

IN MEMORY OF TYLOS

Fraus Kristen Meissen, Maude Schenkenfels, and Solveig 'Aunty' Zweistein, are at it again. These three wealthy dowagers have hated each other for decades, outwitting, out-marrying, and out-spending each other as the season demands. Their current focus is purchasing land farther and farther up the hills of Dunkelberg. Each competitive dowager now owns the summits of three equally tall hilltops, but none are satisfied. So, the only way is up, and each has commissioned tall towers be built atop their manors. Watching on in horror, **Dunkelberg** folk fear the rickety constructions will not only be an utter eye-sore, ruining

the rustic aesthetic of the town, but will likely fall down, causing untold damage. Three merchants have gathered funds to pay mercenaries to shut the dowagers down and end their bickering permanently.

WINE AND SPIRITS

Günter Oppenheim isn't the cleverest necromancer of the Reikland, but he is enterprising, if a little quirky. Whilst drunk on the best of **Eilhart's** wine, a thought occurred to him: the quality of aged wine doesn't come from the *time* that it sits, but its *experience*. Somehow, this resulted in him believing the finest wine would come from grapes tended by ghosts of murder victims. The problem is, it appears his theory is correct! The isolated *Oppenheim Veinyard* is now a booming success, it's vines tended by shackled spirits. Rivals, unconvinced by Oppenheim's success, will pay to discover the secrets lying behind the thick chains and creaking 'KEP OWT!' signs.

CUTTING CORNERS

A recent spate of sinking barges links back to the boatyards of **Grünburg**. The Merchants' Guild believe the Boatbuilding Guild is cutting corners. The Guild is assembling a team to quietly investigate and gather proof so they can secure a refund. But, behind the scenes, the builders don't seem to produce any waste from their craft. But others would have noticed if they were burning the off-cuts, as the barge-timbers are treated before being used. So, where's all that shaved wood going? Perhaps the answer lies in the mysterious return of the Cult of the Wooden Man?

WEINFEST

Weinfest is an annual, invitation-only celebration of the finest wines the Reikland has to offer. This **Holthusen** festival is dedicated to Rhya, Goddess of Fertility and Joy. Every year, rogues, charlatans, and vagabonds attempt to swindle the guests out of their invitations, all in the hope of tasting from the Golden Cask — a barrel of wine laid down at the Weinfest 100 years prior. This year is no different, except for the fact one of the 'vagabonds' is a Beastman Bray Shaman in disguise. This Beastman has come to bring forth a Daemon of Slaanesh it implanted into the Golden Cask a century beforehand. All it needs do is taste the wine and the party will turn to one that none attending will ever forget...

I, EMPEROR

It's Stilwoche — Fashion Week — in **Kemperbad**, and everybody who's anybody in the Reikland has come to flaunt their latest looks. It's whispered that even Emperor Karl-Franz I is mingling with the crowd. Apparently going incognito so as not to cause a sensation or sway the runway judge, Johann van Ness. Unfortunately for all attending, this news has brought the Silver Spires, a Chaos Cult of Tzeentch, to the well-attended event. The Witch Hunter, Alprecht Kassel, knows the cultists are afoot. He is looking to hire spies to slip into the event to spot any wrong-



doing before the Emperor's true identity is uncovered. Should the group spot the Silver Spires, Kassel will be most disappointed: he'd told his cultists to be discreet...

WORLDWIDE WAKE

They at the Threshold, a Morrian Doomsday Cult, have come to the attention of the Cult of Sigmar. Based in **Schädelheim**, and lead by Dokter Talima L. Siuder, a self-styled 'Nehekhara Expert'. *They at the Threshold* believe Humanity as a whole is on the precipice of death. The cult also believe they are the undertakers of the entire Human species, and some members are more eager than others to hurry along this destiny. Of course, the Cult of Sigmar can't interfere directly for fear of a religious incident, but they will pay free agents to 'have words with' Dokter Siuder.

TASTES LIKE CHICKEN

Æpicarion — a wealthy merchant from Myrmiden in the Border Princes — has arrived in **Schilderheim** on his quest to eat one of every animal in the Old World. Now he has set his sights on the wildfowl of the region. The Schilderheim restaurateurs are more than happy to oblige, until, that is, people start disappearing. Townsfolk are certain Æpicarion is eating more than just wildfowl. Scared and desperate, they will hire any passing mercenaries to end the foreign merchant forever, or, at the very least, encourage him to move on. When such folk reach the Borderlander's chamber, they will find Æpicarion dead, something having eaten its way out from inside his guts. Then the bodies start piling up, and the hired mercenaries are suddenly prime suspects; after all, who can be sure that it wasn't them that killed Æpicarion?

TWO THUMBS-UP

Proserpina 'Pinny' Applebee began serving rat-apple stew, now a local delicacy, to the folks of **Stimmigen** almost a decade ago. Gastronomes wonder at its rich taste, and doktors marvel at its almost revitalising effects! But when a travelling friar finds a human-sized thumb with a rat's hooked claw at the end of it, rumours (and vomiting) spread like wildfire... Just what sort of rats has Pinny been cooking? The Stimmigen Cultural Concern is eager to find out — though Pinny will do everything in her considerable and unexpected power to stop anyone finding her sewer-based secrets.

INTO THE INKY DARKNESS

Reineke Rattenfanger, who hails from a long line of rat catchers, claims to have seen something new in the sewers beneath **Ubersreik**. Beady little eyes are one thing, but odd patches of sticky black gunk have been found daubed on walls left and right. Some, he swears, are number-shaped, like measurements or directions, with shapes that look like a large gate-structure. What's more, he swears strange scratching noises have joined the usual skittering sounds of his quarry, like quill on parchment. Is

it possible that the rats have learned to read and write? Whatever the case, Rattenfanger is looking for bodyguards, and folks could do far worse than getting such a knowledgeable guide to Ubersreik on their side. After all, the sewers grant access all over the town...

EYES IN THE SKY

The Grubers of **Weissbruck** plan significant expansion to their town. They are clearing trees for the construction. Gnoldok Malakaissou — a Dwarf gyrocopter pilot — recently flew over this new development. But when he looked down and observed the ground, he was shocked to his core. Gnoldok is certain of what he saw: the pattern of the new town plans is the same as the secret *Dwarf Rune of Explosions*, but on a terrifyingly large scale. No one in town believes him, especially not the Grubers. But two days ago, whilst drinking in the Trumpet, someone used explosives to blow his gyrocopter. He may be grounded, but feels honour-bound to do something about his discoveries, if only someone will believe him...

WAKE UP CALL

'This Sonnstill, visit **Wheburg** for the celebration of a lifetime! Food, drink, and Cathayan fireworks, followed by a rendition of Detlef Sierk's *The Fires of Caledair!* That's right, the Wheburg Society of the Arts is here for the event of the season, with enough fireworks stashed around town to wake a Dragon! It's almost as if that's their plan... If so, it would be a terrible shame for those caught right in the middle of it all — but surely there will be a great reward for saving everyone, assuming there are any survivors left to pay.

THE BASTIONS AND FORTRESSES

EGO VS EGO VS EGO

Duke Folcard of Montfort, King Rorek Granitehand of Karak Ziflin, and Margrave Manegold von Geetburg all walk into a tower. It may sound like the start of a joke, but it's more likely the beginning of a war. And Alram Habich — Architect of **Blackstone Tower**, and devotee of Tzeentch, the Chaos God of Change — is delighted at the trouble his tower is causing. Unbeknownst to Habich, his former apprentice has uncovered his once master's true allegiance, but doesn't know what to do. So he drowns his fears in The Forked Mane tavern, waiting for someone, anyone, who'll believe him.

THE CREATURE OF HELMGART TUNNEL

Little more than a local legend, the Creature of **Helmgart Tunnel** is whispered of by tipsy guards and grinning merchants to scare their Bretonnian counterparts who are forced to travel



through it. Despite the joke, there are countless eye-witness accounts from merchants who now refuse to enter the tunnel. One piece of damning evidence is that a merchant — Poncet Discret — recently fled the tunnel in terror, leaving behind his goods. When he returned to collect them, they were nowhere to be found. Discret, now convinced it's all a scheme, will pay well if his stock is found.

THE HUNT IS ON

Graf Steirlich von Bruner is hiring guards for a gathering he's holding at **Steirlich Manor**. The new hires are given one specific command: do not let the guests wander alone. Unfortunately, the young Lady Ioella von Walfen has disappeared, and she needs to be found. Anyone entering the lower rooms finds a great deal of hunting equipment, and a trophy room with human heads mounted on the wall. Those found here will be detained by the Graf's men, only to be let loose into the forest that evening as prey in the next Steirlich Hunt.

UNGELÖST

Ru Bai Guo, a Cathayan, and Serafin Madej, a Kislevite, are in need of assistance. Ru is a staunch believer in the supernatural, with a particular fascination with ghosts. Serafin is a pragmatist, and dismisses any form of spirituality, even going so far as to deny the existence of the gods, believing they are nothing more than manifestations of living Human influence! The pair wish to prove or disprove the existence of ghosts by trapping one! They have found their strongest lead so far: the ghost of an inmate tortured to death by the guards of the **Stone**. But the Stone doesn't admit visitors, so they need help to get locked up, protected on the inside, and then get out again. Foreign coin is as good as any, and they have more than enough to pay for this unusual job.

THE VILLAGES, HAMLETS, AND HOLY PLACES

MISSION: UNMÖGLICH

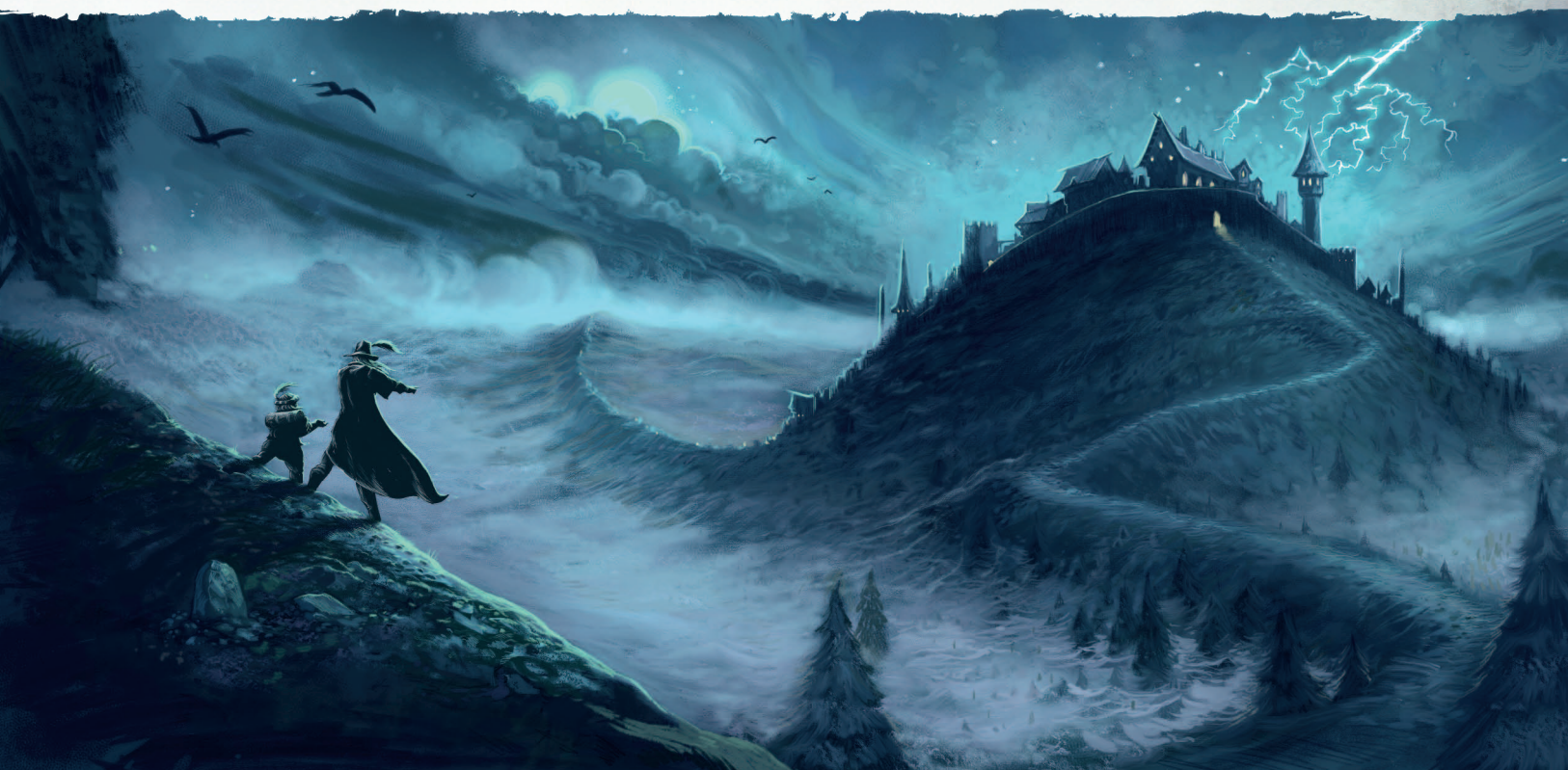
A shadowy figure in black and green robes contacts the Characters, flashing the icon of the Order of the Cleansing Flame, and the signet ring of the Grand Theogonist himself. There is a task that must be done: to refuse it will be a death sentence, but to accept seems little better. The Cult of Sigmar needs deniable agents to steal the Testaments of Sigmar from the **Monastery of the Holy Word**. There's only two weeks to complete the job.

A RELIC, AWOKEN

Horst Hahnemann — a young shepherd from **Rottfurt** — has really put his foot in it. Whilst herding his flock, the ground collapsed and he crashed into an ancient tomb filled with images of long-eared, skinny wolves and massive, horned beetles. Doktor Johannsen, an antiquarian of wide repute, has arrived in the village intent on investigating. He's convinced that Horst has discovered a Nehekharan tomb. Indeed, he believes it may be the fabled tomb of Rahotep! Could this really be the same Rahotep — the mysterious figure who features in some of the recountings of the *Life and Times of Sigmar Heldenhammer* himself? Realising the potential danger, both from what may lay within and from grave robbers, Johannsen is looking to hire help for what lies ahead.

THE WIZARD OF WÖRLIN

The folk of **Wörlin**, and the surrounding towns, speak highly of a wizard who lives on the outskirts of the sleepy little village.





Unusually tall, and uncountably old, the wizard trades charms and spells for rumours and favours. He's looking for something and he's growing impatient; perhaps he will pay for some helping hands? The folk say he is often heard mumbling the following rhyme: 'A Gorgon by the river, a hole in the ground, where the old man of Mordheim goes around and around.'

THE WOLVES OF ULRIC

A ragged band of Ultricans have built a temple to the Lord of Winter in the hollow of the mightiest crag near **Zahnstadt**. The band preach that the village is sacred to Ulric, for nowhere in Reikland is so frozen in winter, yet the folk survive. Zahnstadt locals are initially happy to welcome these newcomers. But when they start breeding wolves in their temple, and the howling begins, the villagers are eager to find someone to encourage the Ultricans to leave. This need becomes especially pressing when it becomes clear the rowdy cultists are somehow immune to the charms of the village's mysterious benefactor...

THE ANCIENT SITES AND TERRIBLE RUINS

INEXTINGUISHABLE

With fire, sword, and shot, folks have tried for generations to tear down the **Darkstone Ring**. Sometimes, the assault bounces off harmlessly; other times, the site is destroyed, only to appear again. This reappearance happens when the next the Chaos moon, 'Morrslieb', rises. Once, Captain Ottfried Kant, a famous Witch Hunter, destroyed the ring and camped there to make sure it never returned... A month later, he was found impaled on one of the black obelisks, which had grown *through* him. The Order of the Anvil will pay well, in gold and favours, for a weapon that will put an end to this blight once and for all. Rumour claims the weapon needed may be buried under the ring itself...

NO REST FOR THE WICKED

They say that **Castle Drachenfels** swarms with the spirits of those unfortunates who died within its walls. But the same seems to be true of the living, too. Kaster Dreckspatz — a Bright Wizard — suffered a fate worse than death when he attempted

to assault Castle Drachenfels decades ago. To this day, he lies still in the Great Hospice of Frederheim unable to awaken. Normally, such a tragedy would be noted, and the poor soul put out of his misery; however, Dreckspatz is the secret keeper of a powerful and baleful tome whose location must be secured. The Bright Order, unwilling to lose any more of their numbers to the warded Castle, are looking for sell-swords to break the Castle's hold over Dreckspatz's soul!

TRICK OR TREAT?

A gang of teenagers have gone missing in **Helmgart**. After almost a week of fruitless searching, their families are convinced they've gone up to **Helspire** on some foolish, thrill-seeking adventure. The local Hedgewise believes Morrslieb will rise almost full in three nights time. So, the families are desperate: they will pay *anything* for someone to go to Helspire and get their offspring out alive! The only problem is, once found, the teenagers don't want to leave. They're here to see their *sister*, and she won't like it if they leave...

BROTHER DEAREST

A hauntingly tall Elf, with the grace of a panther and eyes like cut sapphires, is staying at an inn in **Stirgau**. He calls himself Rasiel Thrice-Scorned, and offers a purse filled with coins of a shape, quality, and purity that none in the village have ever encountered. He's looking for a boat to take him out to the **Lorlay**. But, despite the reward, he hasn't managed to find any takers. When turned down Rasiel Thrice-Scorned simply smiles and says, 'I've all the time in the world, and a few more years matter not for a family reunion.' Will the Characters take him out into the Reik?

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

After spending a horrible night underneath the arches of the **Singing Stones**, with its haunting cacophony playing on the howling wind, the party makes their way back to civilisation. The following night, around the hearth in a cosy taproom, a minstrel begins a tune on the mandolin. The song is the same as that sung by the Singing Stones — sounds not possible from a mandolin. No one else in the taproom seems to notice. When the musician stops her performance, the music keeps playing. The Characters discover that sleep cannot save them from the incessant singing. If they hope to survive, they must find its source...



CONTINUE YOUR ADVENTURES WITH...



Find out more about Rough Nights & Hard Days and all the other incoming Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay expansions at www.cubicle7.co.uk

