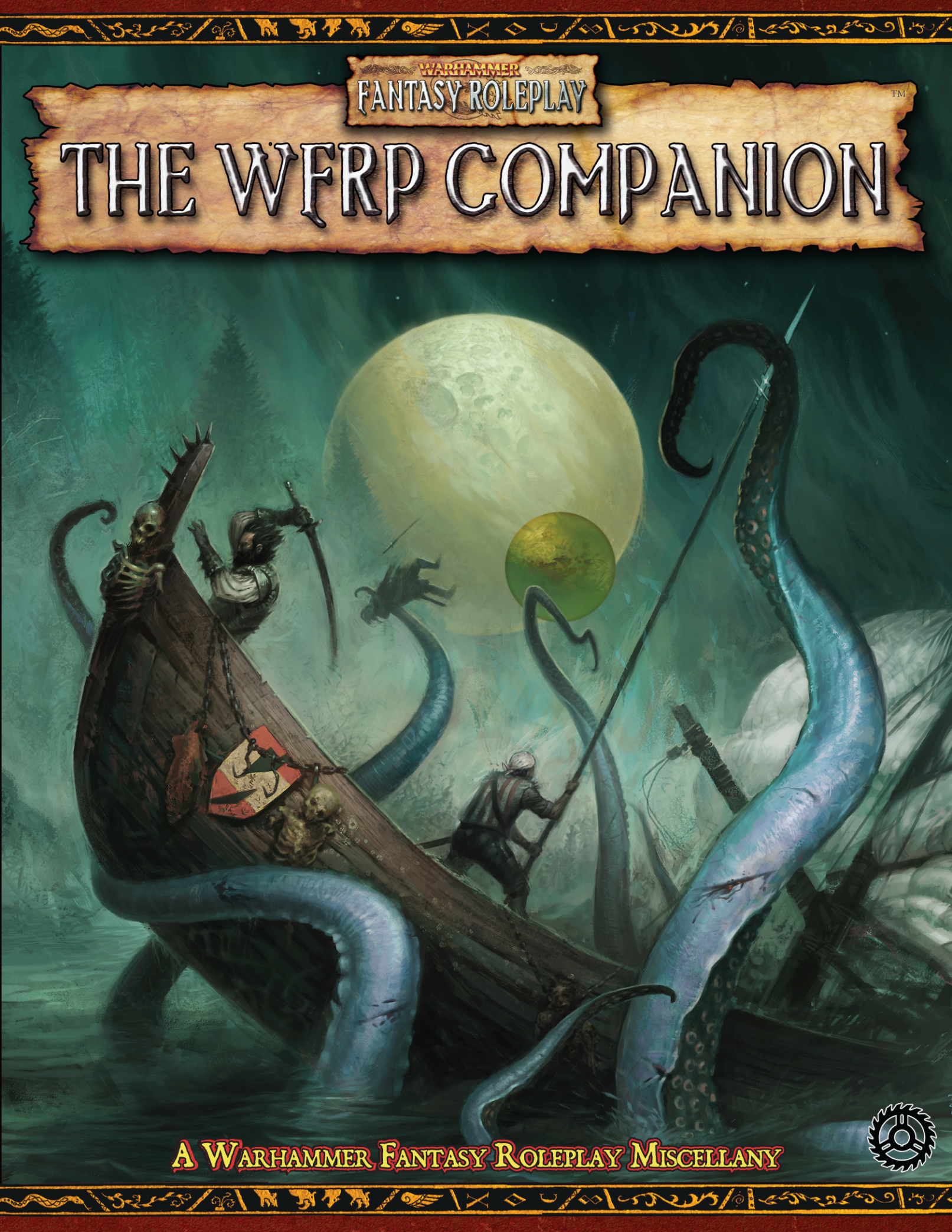
WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

THE WFRP COMPANION



A Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Miscellany

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Introduction

One could write a thousand books about the Old World and not even begin to scratch the surface of every nook and cranny or detail every odd tit-bit that makes up the lands of *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. Sure, there are sourcebooks for discussing matters about the Empire, Bretonnia, monster books that discuss Skaven, books on magic, like *Realms of Sorcery* and the *Tome of Corruption,* and even novels that tell stories about the world. But these books leave many things undefined, unexplored, and even unmentioned. This is where the *WFRP Companion* comes in handy.

> *"Think ya know it all a'boot the Uhmpire, dooya? Well, lad, let me tell ya some lies then..."*
>
> —Albrecht Mueller, Talabheim Barfly

The plan was simple. We knew we wanted a sourcebook that would shed light on unexplored areas of the Old World and would highlight cool elements that really make *WFRP* shine. So we sent out an open call to aspiring *WFRP* writers looking for article pitches or short essays that would do exactly what we wanted. The response was incredible. We received tons of submissions covering all sorts of subjects from bestiaries to city guides to shop descriptions. We sifted through the submissions and compiled the best pitches. A month and a half later, the final files started rolling in and the end result of all this hard work is an eclectic mix of useful articles.

What's In This Book?

So what's in this book? Well, a little of everything. We've done our best to group the articles into several large sections.

The book begins with a gazetteer of the entire world, providing some basic information on places that lie far beyond the borders of the Old World. This section also talks a little about the practical aspects of travelling to distant locales.

Much of this book offers a look at useful information about what it's like to live in the Old World, from extensive information on the carnivals and travelling shows that perform in the various cities and towns to an overview of life on the Empire's rivers. For mercantile minded players, there are extensive rules for trading, building on those presented in *Old World Armoury*. Star signs, an essay on medicine, and advanced rules for trials and social interactions combine to give gamers of all stripes a better understanding of life and death in the Empire.

The *WFRP Companion* expands the view to those lands beyond the Empire, offering a look at fabulous Tilea. Presented for the first time are both Sartosa: City of Pirates and Tobaro: City of Fools.

For those needing a site or an encounter, the *WFRP Companion* describes Grugnir's Weapon Shop and a collection of fun pubs for the PCs to spend their hard-earned gold. As well, there's information on a new Chaos Cult to pit your heroes against. In addition, this chapter presents a detailed look at one of the Empire's most famous institutions: The Imperial Gunnery School.

This book concludes with a catalogue of horrors to expand those presented in the *Old World Bestiary* and *WFRP,* bringing back a slew of old favourites as well as presenting a few new ones.

So, indeed, this is a strange and wonderful mix of articles. But its sheer diversity ensures there's something for everyone. So have a look around, and maybe you'll see the Empire in a slightly different way.

Rantings of the Madman Azluhr Tobias-Sol

By jim pinto

Throughout this book, you'll find fragments filled with strange and unusual bits of information. Believe nothing you read, since they're the writings of a madman.

Azluhr Tobias-Sol is not a well-known man. In fact, he's not even an important or noble man. His deeds aren't legendary and few beyond the borders of his village even knew his name. He is, for all purposes, no one. A figure who spent his life within the confines of a rustic cottage telling stories to whoever would listen, and who died without much aplomb.

But upon his death, a collection of fables, folktales, rumours, lore, legends, myths, superstitions, and countless old wives' tales were unearthed from his study. From where these stories come is anyone's guess. None can confirm Azluhr ever left his home, let alone read enough on Dragons to become an authority. Some have said that Azluhr spoke to himself a great deal and he had sight beyond sight, but it was probably just a madness that afflicted him in later life.

Sadly, there is no evidence to support Azluhr's tales. Most of them are suspect, others are downright lies, and the rest are open to interpretation. Collected by a scribe after Azluhr's death, this is an attempt to discern knowledge from the old man's rants and divide fact from fiction. Ultimately, it is the duty of the reader to investigate these stories on his own.



A Guide to the Known World

By Owen Barnes

The Empire is a really big place. For the average Sigmar-fearing man it is, in fact, quite large enough. He can go his whole life quite content in the knowledge that he doesn't need, or want, to know what lies beyond its borders. Perhaps if you're an educated man you might loftily prattle on about such places as Bretonnia, Kislev and the Border Princes. However, the terrifying truth is that the world is even larger than that, and far beyond the borders of the Empire lurks such wonders and terrors as to make a man question why he stepped out of his front door in the first place.

Running an adventure that takes Characters beyond the borders of the Empire can offer not only a change of scenery but also the chance to experience new challenges, face new foes and generally carry on like obnoxious tourists. For a Games Master of course it can be a bit tricky, as his game takes a turn into the unknown and he finds himself knowing as little as his players about the lands they are travelling through. With that in mind, here we present an unbiased account of the Known World and some of its nations, kingdoms and bits 'best avoided' from the enlightened viewpoint of the very best Imperial Scholars.

— Leaving the Empire —

Travel within the Empire can be measured in days or weeks, while travel to her nearest neighbours, like Kislev, Bretonnia and the Border Princes might take a month or more. Further expeditions are almost always measured in months, the furthest places sometimes taking years to reach, if they can be reached at all.

All of this doesn't take into account such things as travelling without the benefit of a road or a map, fending off bands of marauding locals, dangerous weather and, of course, that age old peril to travellers – getting lost. With all of that in mind, no one should undertake such journeys without realising what they are letting themselves in for. Of course, if you still think it might be nice to take a trip to sunny Araby, or wherever, then here is an idea of what to expect.

Tariffs and Tolls

Anyone travelling in civilized lands is likely to encounter tariffs and tolls. Whether it is to cross a bridge, enter a city or use a highway there is usually a price to pay for the privilege. Common tolls often have a sly way to charge people for passage, such as charging by the leg or wheel, to jack up the price for those transporting goods. Tolls can also use bizarre methods of extracting money from travellers based on local politics; such as charging by the number of teeth a person has in places where food is scarce for instance. By contrast, tolls in uncivilized parts of the world tend to be a bit more like robbery, that is if the people in question choose to give you a chance to hand over valuables in exchange for passage rather than just dismissing the formalities and trying to stave in your skull.

— What's North? —

Kislev

Directly north of the Empire you will find the lands of Kislev and the Sea of Claws. Kislev, a long-standing ally of the Empire, forms a barrier against the worst horrors of the far north. A cold and bleak country, inhabited by hardy and equally bleak people, Kislev is a relatively small kingdom, ruled over by the Tsars and Tsarinas. Close enough to the Empire as to seem vaguely familiar to travellers, the odd accents, strange hats and abundance of clear alcohols fermented from potatoes may take some getting used to.

Praag is a city of Kislev. Lost and retaken during the Great War against Chaos the inhabitants raised it to the ground and rebuilt it in an attempt to cleanse it of taint. However, some say the spirits of those sacrificed there to the Dark Gods still inhabit its stones and call out in the darkness of the night for salvation from their torment.

The Sea of Claws

This bitterly cold and rough stretch of water separates the northern Empire from the land of Norsca and has a well deserved reputation for piracy. Of course pirates and foul weather don't stop dozens of ships sailing from Marienburg and other northern ports, making it quite accessible for those wishing to cross it, either on their way to Norsca or other places further a field.

Within the Sea of Claws are the Dragon's Teeth, a jagged line of rocky islands off the northern tip of Bretonnia. Countless ships are said to have been broken upon their shores and a trove of salvage awaits any brave enough to risk the teeth to recover it.

Norsca

When not out raiding other parts of the Old World, the people of Norsca, justly characterised as fur wearing barbarians in league with foul brutal gods, carve out an existence in the frozen tundra and mountains of their land. Visitors are well advised to think carefully before taking refuge here, deciding whether or not they might be safer sleeping with Ice Trolls. Though the Norse warriors have been known to possess a certain kind of respect for strength of arms, only the stoutest adventurers should consider this approach to befriending them.

Dressing Warmly

The people of Kislev and Norsca have made some cunning advances in clothing against the cold that canny travellers can take advantage of. In Kislev, men can be seen sporting large bushy fur hats known as ushankas.

In Norsca, where people tend to wear much less despite the cold, a common practice is to rub the body with seal fat. If you can get past the smell and the stickiness it is actually quite effective, not only repelling the cold but also causing water to slide off the skin.

The frozen Forest of Knives lies deep within the land's interior. More a forest of ice than wood, careless travellers risk bringing down a deadly shower of icicles if they tread too loudly. However, within the forest's heart is said to be an ancient Elven temple, abandoned long ago when Norsca was a warm land of green forests and verdant fields.

The Chaos Wastes

Beyond Kislev, the Sea of Claws and Norsca things get considerably worse for travellers and setting out into these cursed northern wastes is often a quick way to meet a messy end. Bleak and bitter tundra stretches as far as the eye can see, broken only by jagged mountain ranges and the gnarled skeletons of dead trees. Creatures of nightmare roam unchecked and wild tribes of marauders fight endlessly for their Dark God's pleasure. The north belongs to Chaos and the further you travel the truer this becomes, until, it is rumoured, reality itself beings to decay and fall apart, leaving only madness and despair.

Within the Chaos Wastes is the lost Dwarf stronghold of Karak Dum, located far to the north and deep within the domain of the Kurgan. Lost for centuries, the hold still remains important to the Dwarves, though not even they remember what was so important that a hold should be built so far north.

— What's South? —

The Border Princes

Separated from the Empire by the Black Mountains, the Border Princes is a place of constant skirmishing and instability as local warlords struggle endlessly for a few more hectares of their dismal realm. Despite that, it is an ideal place for unscrupulous individuals to make some money selling their skills and ingratiating themselves with the would-be nobility.

This realm includes the ruins of Castle Blackstone, a testament to the folly of one of the would-be rulers of this land. It is said Lord Blackstone wished to build a mighty keep to show all his power but refused to pay for labour and so instead recruited a necromancer to supply the work force. The castle, and all the wealth of the late Lord Blackstone, have been in the hands of the Undead ever since.

Tilea

Tilea and Estalia, often confused by the inhabitants of the Empire, are two ancient and developed cultures, which have long made their mark on the Old World. The more powerful of these southern nations is Tilea, a collection of city-states ruled over by the mercantile elite from the capital of Remas. While it is a land that scorns typical ideas of royalty and nobility, it is a hotbed of political wrangling, where careless outsiders may find themselves caught up in the schemes of the merchant princes.

Tilean Inventions

All the unchecked free thought that goes on in Tilea has led to some rather remarkable, if mostly heretical, inventions. For instance it is possible for a person, have they the coin, to commission an inventor to make just about anything. Like the miraculous *Atrazar's Flying Conveyance*, which actually allows the wearer to fly or *Torona's Terrific Trap Triggerer*. No adventurer should be without this collection of springs, cogs and poles—an invention guaranteed to detect and spring all manner of traps.

Located close to the city of Miraglino are the dreaded Zombie Swamps, a rightly feared place where the Undead and darker things are said to make their lairs. Of course this does not stop the local Lords using its tributaries to keep their convict hulks far from the prying eyes of honest citizens.

Estalia

By contrast, the Estalian Kingdoms are reassuringly feudal, with lords directing the pitiful lives of their subjects in the time honoured fashion. Once you get past the strange accents and their odd tastes in facial hair the lands of Estalia can be quite pleasant and many travellers have been know to stay for the warm weather and reasonably priced housing.

An Estalian landmark, the Valley of Windmills is located high in the Abasko Mountains. Constructed long ago by the mad King Don Jurno Esparo in an attempt to feed his people, the valley was soon abandoned because of its location, and the hundreds of windmills in it left to rot. These days it is said that insidious Ratmen inhabit the windmills, and are rebuilding them for some dark purpose.

What's Beyond That?

The Badlands

Unless you choose to board a ship then you must enter the Badlands. Men have never managed to claim this large stretch of wasteland; its scrub covered hills, windswept plains and bleached woodlands a favourite haunt of Orcs and their kin. While these green-skinned devils are certainly a good reason to avoid this area of the world, rumours persist of ancient ruins and lost treasures tempting scholars and adventurers.

Ancient Traps

The ruined kingdoms of Nehekhara are littered with tombs and temples filled with the grave goods of their (hopefully) long deceased occupants. However the ancient Nehekharans were a cunning lot and devised all manner of deadly safeguards and traps, including such dread devices as *Horustep's Hideous Crawling Crushing Walls*, *Morrslieb's Moaning Mouth* and the *Jaws of Sette.*

Situated in the Badlands is Barak Varr, Dwarven port city and gateway to the south. It is home to the Dwarven navy and a meeting place for adventurers and mercenaries from all over the Old World.

The ruins of Morghum were once a capital of an ancient realm of men in the Badlands. Tales say that long ago a powerful wizard placed a curse upon the city which prevented anyone who entered from ever leaving, dooming the inhabitants to death by starvation and disease.

Araby

An ancient realm of men, Araby is a strange and exotic country, ruled by powerful sultans and desert sheikhs. A centre for trade, strange spices and slavery it has much to offer merchants and travellers alike. However it can also be a dangerous place and is well known for its harsh criminal punishments that seem to focus mainly on the removal of offending body parts.

If you travel south, past the Eunuch Mountain you will come to the Palace of the Wizard Caliph. It is spoken throughout Araby that there is little about the art of sorcery that the Wizard Caliph does not know, and he specialises in the lifting and laying of curses. Of course for any service the Caliph is sure to ask a favour in return.

The Land of the Dead

Below the Badlands and Araby, the earth becomes parched, and trackless deserts dominate the land. This vast area was once home to the ancient Empire of Nehekhara, but is now infested with the unliving and known as the Land of the Dead. Tales of ancient necropolises, terrifying skeletal monsters and Undead kings are all good reason never to venture here. Not to mention the inhospitable landscape that will find the average traveller dead of thirst long before falling prey to some Undead horror.

Places of interest in the Land of the Dead include Khemri, once greatest of the Nehekharan Kingdoms. Now it is a place of silent cities, temples and tombs. Those brave enough to venture into Khemri, and risk the wrath of the dead, are said to have found treasures beyond imagining. Though the fact that few have ever returned with proof of these tales is testament to the dangers hidden in these desert wastes.

Southlands

If for some inexplicable reason travellers manage to pass through the scorched Lands of the Dead, or more sensibly sail around them, then they will come to what is collectively know as the Southlands. This massive continent, equal in size to the Old World, is covered in steaming jungles, monster infested rivers and smoke belching volcanoes. It is also home to a strange race of man lizards. It is said that these creatures even have some kind of crude society, inhabiting ancient temples and cities and, of more interest to adventurers, fashion jewellery and weapons from gold and precious stones.

The Death-Head Monoliths are located on the western coast of the continent. A strange and eerie place, people say that if you walk between the obsidian heads on a night when Morrslieb is full they will whisper in your mind how you are going to die.

— What's East? —

The World's Edge Mountains

A dangerous and perilous place, the World's Edge Mountains border the eastern edge of the Empire, and are a mighty barrier shot through with Dwarf tunnels, Orc caves and Skaven warrens.

Karak Azgal is an ancient Dwarf hold, deep in the World's Edge Mountains, long overrun by monsters and vermin. Adventurers flock to this massive dungeon, often commissioned by Dwarves, to enter its depths in search of lost heirlooms and ancient treasures. Also hidden high in the mountains is said to be the Lair of the Serpent Queen. Rumour persists of this powerful woman who has carved out a palace high in the peaks and holds court over an army of snake men.

The Darklands

A cursed wilderness of wind ravaged plains and storm blasted hills it is home only to the faded ghosts of fallen kingdoms and the terrible things that now inhabit them. All manner of creatures roam the Dark Lands, including Orcs, Goblins, Ratmen and the foul spawn of Chaos to mention but a few. Rumours also persist of a kingdom of Chaos worshipping Dwarfs that inhabit the northern reaches of the Dark Lands. Such stories are hard to fathom, though.

In the Dark Lands is the Tower of Gorgoth. A massive citadel of iron, the tower stands in the centre of the region, brooding over the landscape for miles around. No one knows for sure who inhabits the tower, but it is said the constant sound of mining and forging can be heard inside its walls, while black smoke belches forth from its towers.

The Ogre Kingdoms

Far across the desolate plains and low hills of the Dark Lands the earth once more rises up into a mighty jagged wall of rock, known as the Mountains of Mourn—home to the Kingdoms of the Ogre tribes. Do not be fooled however by the term 'kingdom' as these huge, slavering creatures are as likely to eat your bones (while you're still using them) as treat travellers with any great degree of civility. Only by bribing them with huge quantities of food and gold, mostly the former, is it possible to pass through their realms. Of interest to travellers in the Mountains of Mourn is the mystic Temple of the Celestial Dragon Monks. An ancient and powerful order, the Dragon Monks are masters of unarmed combat. Warriors sometimes journey to the temple seeking training, though very few meet the strict requirements, or even survive their first encounter with a member of the order.

What's Beyond That?

The Far East

The lands of Ind, Cathay and Nippon make up what is generally regarded by those in the Old World as the Far East, and form the basis for many tall tales of wonder and awe. This reputation is further enhanced by the exotic goods brought back from these realms—items renowned for their beauty and graceful craftsmanship. The reality is, however, that all of these lands are as brutal and dangerous as any in the Old World; their strange cultures make them even more so for foreign travellers.

Ind

The closest of the three lands of the east is Ind. A deeply spiritual land, its people may seem strangely content to outsiders, but

How to Hire an Ogre

As every self-respecting Empire merchant knows, there is no better bodyguard than an Ogre. Large and imposing, but not too bright, they make secure company without all that tedious conversation you get with human mercenaries. However there is a trick to getting a good one.

Firstly, the size of an Ogre's stomach is a measure of how strong it is, so make sure you pick a fat one. Next, ask the Ogre what its name is. If its name has too many syllables then it no doubt has airs about its place in life and should be avoided. Finally, test the Ogre's loyalty by telling it to wait for a while and then go away, change your coat and hat with one of your servants and see if the servant can get the Ogre to follow them. If the Ogre sees through this trick then you know you have a good one and can begin negotiating a hiring fee.



Cathayan Longswords

Weapons crafted by the skilled smiths of Cathay and Nippon are much sought-after items in the Old World and have been know to fetch staggering sums of gold. If of course a player ever lays his hands upon such a finely wrought blade he would immediately understand why.

Cathayan Longsword (Best): Cost 500 gc; Enc 50; Group; Cathayan; Dmg SB +1; Qualities Armour Piercing, Fast, Precise; Avail Very Rare.

it is just their odd way of dealing with the horrors of life and should not distract the traveller from the perils of this place. A favoured destination for spice merchants from all across the world, who eagerly travel here to buy rare and valued herbs, it can be difficult to understand the customs of the locals. In fact, doing something as simple as crossing a bridge the wrong way, or eating meat can stir up the ire of the locals in some places, bringing down swift retribution upon the confused traveller. The gods of Ind are also a puzzling lot, and travellers are advised to smile politely and nod, as a local offers up prays to his mouse or weevil deity, all the while content in the knowledge that Sigmar could crush them had he half a mind.

The Eye of the Tiger is a deep cave located high in the Shambani foothills of Ind. Said to contain the lost Stone of Simba, it has become the lair of the Bengal, a vicious tribe of tiger-headed Beastmen.

Grand Cathay

Greatest of the empires of the east is Grand Cathay, a massive sprawling land encompassing tall mountains, verdant plains and thick forests. It is a mighty empire made of many provinces, each ruled by a powerful warlord, over all of which the Divine Emperor rules. It is also a land constantly at war, with the provincial warlords clashing across their borders as they vie for the Emperor's favour. For all its size and strength however, Cathay remains much of a mystery to the scholars of the Empire, even those that have travelled there only having a vague idea as to its extent and power.

A wonder of Grand Cathay is Weijin, the Seat of the Dragon Throne and capital of the empire. Reputed to be the greatest city in the world, it is home to such wonders as the Paradise Gardens, the Temple of the Two Moons and the mystical River of Souls, said to allow passage to the underworld.

Nippon

Located somewhere off the coast of the mainland Nippon is said to be a powerful feudal kingdom, where knights, resplendent in brightly coloured armour made of lacquered wood, enforce a complex and ridged class system. Said to be intensely distrustful of outsiders, they only permit foreigners to travel in their lands rarely. Little else is known about Nippon, though doubtless if the rest of the world is anything to go by, it will be populated by its own unique and deadly monsters and perils.

— What's West? —

Bretonnia

Despite being among the Empire's closest neighbours, Bretonnia is as unlike that Sigmar-blessed place as a land is wont to be. Travellers will immediately be assailed by the smell of garlic, frogs and onions, overlaid with the fetid stench of peasants and the cold crisp whiff of oiled steel. Rustic and simple, the lands of Bretonnia may seem antiquated to good citizens of the Empire, however before you scorn their backward ways, beware you do it from a distance, as they are likely to take exception and spit you on a lance for your impudence. This of course only applies to the lords and knights of the land, and travellers should feel free to make as much fun of the peasantry as they like.

Bordering Bretonnia is the mystical forest of Loren, home to the largest Elven community in the Old World. Strange and feral, the forest is full of angry tree spirits, not to mention the Elves themselves that tend to shoot trespassers on sight. Of course, many say this is simply a sure sign that there must be something of value hidden deep within the wood that they are so eager to protect.

The Great Ocean

Beyond the shores of Bretonnia stretches the Great Ocean, imaginatively named for its immense size. The largest known ocean in the world, its rough and wind-whipped waters are plied by ships of every race and nation. Aside from the constant threat of piracy, slavers and seasickness (a danger not to be sniffed at), there also lurks a darker, more primal menace: sea monsters. The deep waters of the Great Ocean hide not only the sunken wrecks of Tilean treasure ships but also hideous rubbery, tentacle waving serpents filled with

A Note on Languages or 'What is this Jibber Jabber?'

There are almost as many tongues in the Warhammer World as there are villages, hamlets and communal cave dwellings. It seems wherever a traveller goes he will discover new meanings for words, new turns of phrase and pretty much as soon as he leaves the Empire, a plethora of incompressible gobbledegook. This is where remaining calm, smiling and nodding a lot and some basic skills in charades can save your life. Also, it is worth remembering that if someone doesn't understand you the first time, speaking slowly and raising your voice always helps.

Elven Maps

No other race is said to be more travelled that the Elves. As traders and explorers, Elven ships have sailed the oceans of the world for thousands of years. As a result travellers of all races eagerly seek Elven maps for their accuracy and detail. If you are lucky enough to find such an item you will have an invaluable guide to what lies ahead.

malice and a general disregard for all shipping. It is even said, by old crusty sea dogs, that the dark currents of the Great Ocean actually hide an entire underwater kingdom. Such wild speculation can hardly be given credit, though it is difficult to disprove.

A legend of the ocean is that of Bone Island. Reputed to be the rotted carcass of a massive kraken, it has become a favoured haunt of the Crimson Corsair pirates, who use it to store their ill-gotten wealth. The island of course is notoriously difficult to find as it moves slowly with the currents, and only those with a good knowledge of the heavens and seas can plot its course.

Ulthuan

Somewhere in the northern waters of the Great Ocean is the home of the High Elves—the magical island kingdom of Ulthuan. The Elves place great value on their privacy and their homeland is protected by powerful illusions, islets that change location and constant rolling mists that hide their shores. So if you want to know what Ulthuan is like you will have to ask an Elf. The truth is no one knows for sure just what their land is like, though as it is undoubtedly populated by thousands of snobbish Elves it is probably best avoided anyway.

The New World

Across the Great Ocean and beyond the mist-shrouded shores of Ulthuan the New World awaits, full of promise, gold and women, if the taproom talk is to be believed. Once again however the truth is another beast entirely and those that come here must choose between the green hell of Lustria and the bitterly cold wastes of Naggaroth.

Lustria

Lustria is the southern continent of the New World, a vast land of thick jungles, cloud catching peaks and wide brown rivers. Man lizards, not unlike those in the Southlands, inhabit this land, though in much greater numbers and variety. In recent years hundreds of hopeful expeditions have crossed the dangerous waters of the Great Ocean to plunder the wealth of this land. Travellers are warned that while Lustria is a place of new and strange wonders for those from the Old World it also promises disease, unfriendly natives and no small amount of peril from all the other gold mad cutthroats wandering aimlessly through its jungles.



Dark Elf Slavers

Too lazy or cruel to maintain their own cities the Dark Elves are constantly raiding costal villages and capturing ships in their quest for more slaves. Those taken usually don't live very long, put to work immediately deep in the holds of their mighty Black Arcs. If a slave does survive long enough to make the journey back to Naggaroth then the true horrors of captivity await them…

Beyond the borders of the Dark Elf cities the rest of the continent is a wild and untamed place, filled with toothy monsters and tribes of Orcs, Goblins and Beastmen. The Blackspine Mountains divide the centre of the continent. It is said that high within their peaks the oldest and most powerful creatures of the world still dwell. Ancient dragons that stalk the skies, and mighty giants that rock the ground with their footsteps, each ruling over domains they have dominated since the dawn of time.

In Lustria is the Undead infested Vampire Coast. Rumour has it a powerful Vampire King holds court over this domain. It is said he is amassing an Undead navy to sail forth and visit his revenge upon the people of the Old World.

Naggaroth

Naggaroth is the land of the Dark Elves and covers a good portion of the northern continent of the New World. Most outsiders arrive here as slaves. If they were to raise their collared necks for just a moment, and blot out the pain of the barbed lash upon their backs, they would see a land of rocky mountains, dark woods and fast flowing icy rivers amidst which the black towers of the Dark Elf city states stand defiant. As humans seldom return from the lands of the Dark Elves, we can only piece together the horrors that lurk within their high walled cities, where slaves are forced to fight for the pleasure of cruel Elf lords and insane priestesses bathe in the blood of sacrifices.

The Underways are a network of mighty subterranean caves and passages that honeycomb the continent. No one quite knows what lurks down there but, suffice to say, they are heavily guarded by the Dark Elves for some nefarious purpose.

— Anywhere Else? —

Albion

Located somewhere off the north-western shores of Bretonnia, Albion is a miserable little fog shrouded island, notable for its appalling weather and local giant population. Reputed to be the location of some ancient treasure horde, many foolhardy souls have attempted the journey to its shores, only to disappear forever into its fog shrouded interior. The Citadel of Lead on the island is a strange and baroque structure of twisted spires and warped gates. It is rumoured to be a prison for some powerful daemon, locked away at the dawn of time by the Gods themselves.

— Major Trade Routes —

Two major trade routes connect the Empire to the wider world, the Ivory Road to the east and the path to the New World to the south and west.

The Ivory Road, also known as the Silver Road and the Spice Trail, passes through the World's Edge Mountains and crosses the Dark Lands, before entering the Ogre Kingdoms and finally travelling on to Ind, Cathay and Nippon. Merchants from all across the Empire are known to make this epic journey, gathering in each of the major cities to form their caravans. To survive the perils beyond the World's Edge Mountains, however, these caravans need to be truly vast in size and protected by a garrison of armed men-at-arms, as no sole merchant and his bodyguards would last long in the Dark Lands.

Joining a Caravan

For those wishing to travel east, joining one of the great caravans is a good way to increase your chances of survival. The easiest way to get hired onto such a venture is to offer your services, whether they are with a sword, cook pot, or shovel. No doubt if you want to join one you will be required to prove your loyalty in some way…

The path to the New World is not nearly so well defined as the Ivory Road, merchants not having yet had time to strike up bargains and agreements with the dangerous locals along the way. If you wish to travel there you must first journey south, out of the Empire, through the Border Princes, or Bretonnia and to the lands of Tilea. From there any of the major port cities is a good place to find passage on a ship departing for Lustria. Of course, with all the adventurers travelling south a veritable industry of thieves and brigands has sprung up to 'help' them on their way.

Taking the First Step

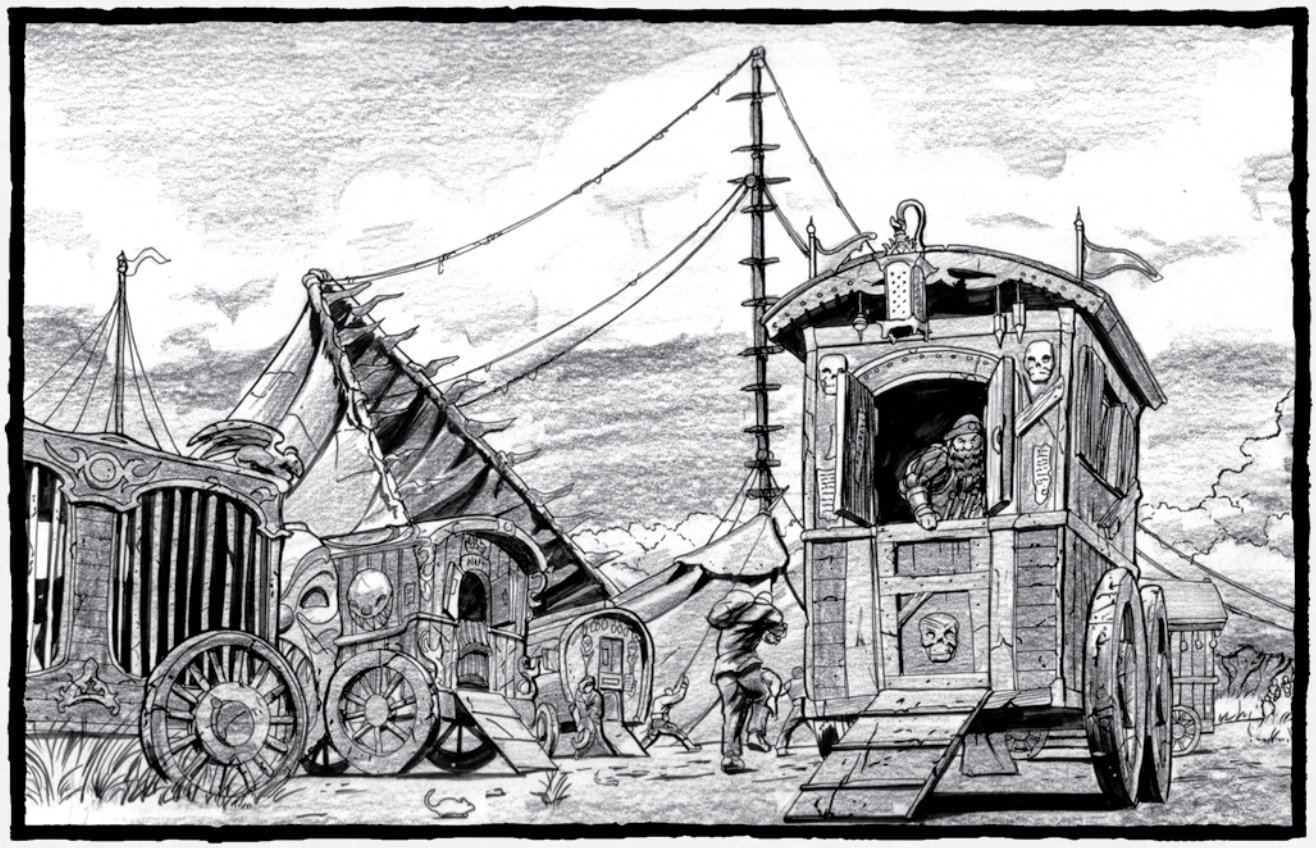
Beyond the 'facts' described in this guide things begin to get a little hazy, and wild conflicting stories detailing such things as flying castles, talking trees and super-intelligent frog kings become commonplace. So we will conclude our tour by saying that armed now with a little knowledge (always a dangerous thing) about what lies beyond the border of the Empire, you are ready take that first step into a larger world.

Life in the Empire

Though the Empire is enormous, in fact the largest nation in the Old World, it is one made up of disparate pockets of drastically different cultures and locales. Few Old Worlders have the means to venture beyond a few miles from their homes, and fewer still have the desire to do so. The average person's knowledge, even of events within his own province, is therefore almost entirely second-hand, garnered from the mouths of Roadwardens, Charlatans, and Merchants. A result is that news is always tainted by the teller's perceptions, prejudices, and of course his desire to entertain his listeners and to paint himself in the best light possible. While a traveller may watch one village burn a single Mutant at the stake in its village square, by the time he reaches the next village it will have multiplied into a nest of them, and farther down the road the single creature will have become an onslaught of Chaos hordes.

So you see, everything you think you know about the Empire is suspect. If someone tells you that he knows the real story about something, ask him if he was there, if he actually saw it. If he says no, then be careful what you believe, because his odds of knowing the way of it are slimmer than a Reik Eel. If he says yes, then be even more careful, because nine times out of ten he's lying. The question isn't whether or not a fellow is telling lies, it's whether he's telling them out of ignorance or because he stands to gain from the deception. There is no truth, there is no one correct story ... except, of course, this one.





Chapter I: Freaks, Thieves and Travelling Folk

—Carnivals in the Old World—

By Andrew Peregrine

Roaming across the Empire are small gatherings of strange and roguish people. These are the travelling carnivals, gatherings of misfits and thieves looking to make a quick living while entertaining the same people they fleece. The carnivals come in all shapes and sizes. They are travelling fun fairs, full of sideshows, weird performances, wonders, and even a few rides for the children. The only thing any two groups have in common is that they are equal parts truth and fraud. The fortune-teller just tells you what she thinks you want to hear, and the freaks are just normal people under clever makeup. But maybe the seer really does know the future, it's just not profitable to tell it, and the carnival's roustabouts all have mutations, just not the kind that draw crowds. Nothing at the carnival can be taken at face value, and the stranger something is, the more likely it is to be true.

There are several carnival troupes roaming the Empire. Like the people to be found in them, they rarely fit a standard definition. Each offers its own unique entertainments and shows, so even if one troupe has visited a town recently, another troupe can still attract an audience. That is not to say that each village gets a carnival every week. While most people can afford to visit the carnival on occasion, few places can afford to be fleeced of their fragile wealth on a regular basis.

For the Common People

In general, carnivals are a low entertainment. While plenty of nobles visit the carnivals, they certainly do not want them setting up in their back gardens. Carnivals appear coarse and common to the gentlefolk, and many take exception to their very existence. The entertainments they offer are often shocking and even offensive to those of a 'more educated sensibility' and occasionally to the basest of peasants as well—carnivals have many entertainments that are not for the children. However, this is a deliberately cultivated reputation; the element of danger and the forbidden, whether beautiful or obscene, pleasurable or disgusting, is part of the carnival's draw. Anything goes at the carnival, and those who visit can enter a strange and new world for as long as they have the pennies to spend there.

— Life in the Carnival —

As exciting as it may seem to the outsider, carnival life is draining and rootless. First of all, few carnivals stay in one place for long. After a few nights the folk will either have no more money to spend, or be looking to get back money that was stolen from them. It is also considered honourable to keep moving for the sake of other carnivals; only with a constantly moving circuit of shows can they all hope to make the meagre existence they aspire to. Meanwhile, life on the road isn't easy to break out of. There's not much money to be made in the work, honestly or not, and few communities would welcome a family of carnies to settle in their midst.

A carnival is always in one of four states: setting up/taking down, travelling, working, or very, very bored. There is rarely time for a transition period between the states; as soon as the carnival reaches a new town, setup begins immediately. The work is extremely hard, and must be finished by the first nightfall lest the town's enthusiasm for the carnival's arrival lose momentum. The most laborious of the setup and takedown work is done by general hands called 'roustabouts' or 'rousties.' They consist of anyone in the carnival that hasn't yet learned how to operate a show or scam, and they often double as security when the shows are up and running. Each sideshow and booth is the responsibility of its operator to set up, although the senior booth operators can usually claim a few hands to help them set up.

When night falls, the carnival opens, its lights drawing the townsfolk from nearby like moths to a flame. This is usually the time for the rousties to get some rest while the showmen step up to entertain and fleece as many as they can. The next day, assuming the carnival has not been chased off and plans to stay for another evening or two, is downtime. There will be a few things that need repair, and the showmen may take the opportunity to rehearse their acts or practice new ideas. Other than that, there is very little to do. A few of the carnival folk may take a trip into town for supplies, but rarely in large numbers. While ordinary people are happy to visit the carnival, they certainly do not want these freaks and weirdoes on their doorsteps. No matter how entertaining they were the night before, they often get very frosty (and on occasion even violent) receptions in the towns and villages.

Attractions

While each carnival is different, they usually contain a mixture of three basic entertainments. The first are rides. These appeal mainly to children and poor families, so harsher scams are usually discouraged here. The carnival is looking to get all it can, but there's little to gain by taking from those who have nothing. Rides are usually quite primitive, consisting of merry go-rounds and the like powered by a couple of men turning geared cranks. A few carnivals have Dwarf engineers who create steam-driven rides. They are hard to maintain and often unreliable, but the sight of these great machines is a major draw and the envy of any other troupe. A few examples of these machines can be found under the description of **The Smoke** later in this section.

The second form of entertainment is sideshow games. These booths offer all kinds of diversions for the foolish. Customers are invited to take part in simple games, which, for a small fee, carry the chance of winning a 'fabulous' prize. Classics include 'Pricking the Greenskin' in which folk are invited to drive a nail through a folded Orc hide, 'Runt Ringing' in which they use a pole to place hoops over the necks of piglets, and of course, the famous 'Find the Elector' card game. It goes without saying that each challenge is fixed, though the booth showman are usually able to make each game look simple to beat, the prizes easy to win.

The final type of entertainment are shows. Many of these cater to the more adult taste and can contain all manner of hidden debauchery. Burlesque shows masquerade as 'exotic cultural dance.' Freaks and mutations (both real and cleverly faked) are on display behind dark curtains. Mystics offer to read your palm or cast Tarot cards, and occasionally Wizards display feats of sorcery. Few of these shows are designed for children or for the puritanical. To assuage the audience's sense of guilt or shame, these shows are usually advertised and hawked as being educational: *"This dance will show you the elegance of the female biology. See and understand the potential contortions that such stunning agility can perform."* Few are gullible to enough to think they are really going to be educated, but the message warns them to leave their inhibitions, and their children, behind.

Very few of these shows are theatrical performances in the conventional sense. They are quite short, for one; people only pay once to see a show, so the shorter the event, the more of them you can run in a day and the more money you can make. Neither does it do the carnival any good to have their patrons sitting at a show when they could be wandering around spending money. What the shows lack in length, however, they make up for in variety. There are always burlesque shows, which range from elegant and tantalisingly erotic dancing by a skilled performer to a simple girl taking her clothes off for as many as will pay to watch. Some acts, like female snake charmers, aren't sexual at all, but evoke a mysterious sensuality that sells just the same.

For the less risqué, acting troupes perform the great speeches and scenes from the most popular and renowned plays of the Empire. Poetry is also common, and plenty of children attending the carnival have been forced to listen to something 'good for them' before going on the rides.

Few people have access to news from outside their village, so many shows involve a herald reading whatever titbits of news and gossip the carnival has managed to pick up during their travels. If there is a lot of news, it can be split up into separate shows; for instance, one for politics, one for weather reports, and one for the always popular doings of the nobles and royal celebrities. Some carnivals manage to offer 'fashion news,' where models parade around in the latest couture. These are expensive and hard to maintain, but are usually worth it as they are so popular with women.

Some carnivals even have priests, both to provide spiritual guidance to the carnival folk as well as to perform short morality plays as shows for the masses. The lessons of the shows range from simple hygiene advice to high-flown

Carnival Careers

Most carnivals have such a mix of people that you can find almost any career among the people who work there. Most carnival folk have tried many things before discovering that they really didn't fit in anywhere. However, certain careers are more common than others. Most carnivals have several of the following: Agitator, Camp Follower, Entertainer, Protagonist, Pit Fighter, Rogue, Servant, Thief, Thug, Vagabond, Charlatan, Crime Lord, Demagogue, Master Thief and Minstrel.

In addition to those listed above, there are a few other careers that can be found in the carnival, but not often in every troupe. Wizards are highly prized for the feats of magic they can display to the crowd. However, it is rare for a truly great practitioner of the art to travel in some tin-pot operation. The conjurers who join carnivals are often a sorry lot indeed. Some were once great and have fallen to drink or some other terrible vice that has exiled them from polite society. Others are simply not very talented. Even Magicians who never progressed further than Apprentice Wizard can masquerade as "great and powerful wizards" and awe a crowd that knows no better. These characters are often self important in the extreme and very difficult to work with.

Lucky carnivals may have Engineers operating their strange and bizarre machines. They are saner than the Wizards, and even talented Engineers may join a carnival troupe if they desire freedom from a patron's demands. These part-artists, part-scientists enjoy being able to work as they will and do as they will when building and experimenting. As long as the rides keep going, the carnival has no reason to hassle them.

Between wartime assignments, Targeteers may make their living in carnivals for a while as sharpshooters. This allows them to practice as much as they like and draw a wage. However, they also hope to test their skills against a retired master or discover a new talent among the simple folk. For Spies, on the other hand, assignments must continue during and between wars, and carnivals are an excellent way for them to travel unsuspected.

There are plenty of jobs in the carnival that aren't found anywhere else. However, many of the existing careers fit those positions perfectly well as they are. You may use the notes below to place Player Characters in carnival jobs, or give statistics to the denizens of your own troupes. When it comes to moving from one career to another, the GM is encouraged to be lenient with the entry and exit careers and focus more on the character's behaviour than his profile. Anyone in a carnival who shows that he has a combination of talent and loyalty can find himself promoted. So an Entertainer who proves his skills at organization might be able to run a troupe, moving into the Crime Lord career . . . but only after he has travelled with the carnival for a season. As always, the GM has the final say, and those who join troupes for simple career options will have to wait a long time. Promotions and training are given to loyal and dedicated members of the troupe who have proven themselves, not to people they have only just met who seem ready to move on just as quickly.

ethical proclamations. The more dramatic cultists take on the controversial burden of illustrating the danger of Chaos itself, with rather lurid tales of the rampages and eventual falls of Daemonic monsters and Chaos champions. Such tales are often frowned on by the local shrines, but are usually more popular than anything else the ecclesiastical profession has to offer, especially with the children. Priests tend to have the lowest drawing power of all the shows at the carnival, but better a half-filled tent than an empty one; besides, without the priestly sermons, the carnival comedy troupes would lose one of their favourite subjects for lampoonery.

Those troupes come in infinite variety, and are among the most popular. Some involve a single brave soul standing in front of an audience telling jokes. Others have small groups of performers doing short plays, often involving slapstick. Such performances can be based on anything from political satire to sexual innuendo to merely the pulling of funny faces. If the performers in a comedic troupe cannot get its viewers to laugh *with* them, custom allows the audience to pelt them with rotten fruit, thereby laughing *at* them. Such fruit is always available at the carnival, for a small fee, of course.

Carnival Folk

Those who choose the life of the carnival are a diverse group, but despite that, most share a few basic traits. For one thing, carnie folk are all outcasts. Some are part of the carnival life because they have mental or physical deformities. Others are on the run from the law. And some are simply unwilling to become farmers, or shopkeepers, or whatever else passes for "normal" in the Empire. Carnies may not love the carnival life, but for whatever reason they know that a normal existence would be worse.

Freaks

Those with physical deformities are a breed apart from the normal carnie. As much as folk love to gape at the strange and contorted oddities of their bodies, the powers that be are ever watchful for the taint of Chaos. In theory, priests from each town are obligated to check over any "freaks" who make a living in the carnival to ensure they are not tainted with Chaos. In many cases this is a serious test, but more often than not it is simply an excuse for bribes to be taken.

Showmen

Those who run the booths and the cons are usually Charlatans. They take on apprentices in the shape of Rogues, Agitators, and Thieves, teaching them how to run their own booths when they are ready. Showmen are found all over the carnival, running games of chance and working as front men for the other sideshows.

Muscle

Every carnival can expect to run into trouble, so they sometimes take on Outlaws, Thugs, and Protagonists to provide security. They usually expect these guards to work with the Roustabouts to earn their keep as well. Only the most well-off carnival can hire full-time security. Muscle usually works at the gate, where people bring their troubles, and also at the Burlesque shows and other adult entertainments, in case the customers get overenthusiastic.

Performers

Entertainer is the most common career among a carnival's performers. Successful Burlesque shows require characters with the Performer: Dance skill. Other shows usually use the Performer skill as well, though Players are encouraged to be imaginative with their choice of entertainment. For instance, Trick Rider, Hypnotism, Ventriloquism and even Charm Animal can all be turned to entertaining shows. Many carnivals also run pit fights and other violent entertainments, where anyone with the nerve to get in the ring can put on the show. Finally, Carnival Masters are open to any other ideas that they think will please a crowd and make some money. Performers with new acts, or newcomers wishing to join the carnival as performers, put on a show for the Carnival Master first. If he likes what they do, he either works the act into the operation or works the newcomer into an existing act.

Carnival Masters

Those who run carnivals come from all manner of places. Those who find themselves in charge of the troupe are usually Crime Lords or Stewards, but can also be Nobles, Scribes, Scholars, Politicians and even Courtiers. No one just decides to run a troupe. Most Carnival Masters take over existing carnivals, or break away from established operations (often late at night with those who are ready to join them and whatever they can lay their hands on). The Master is not just responsible for making money, but also for looking after the people in his care. Every booth operator and showman pays a substantial cut of his earnings to the carnival, which is used to pay and feed those who don't generate revenue. Most folk like Roustabouts and security get paid very little, but are fed and sheltered for their labour. Technically, the Master owns all the money paid to him, so his wage is whatever is left. Some Masters are concerned only with increasing their own wealth, while others put everything in the kitty to expand the operation. Those who make poor decisions, or take too much without giving back, are disposed of and replaced by the next up and coming king of the carnival.

Different Worlds

Carnivals operate outside most of the usual laws, simply because enforcement of those laws is so difficult. Evidence of wrongdoing is hard to come by when the only witnesses are other carnies, and no law enforcer wants a gang of freaks or Mutants lounging in his cells with no one to pay their fines. As long as the carnivals keep to petty theft, the law is happy to let them be. As far as they're concerned, people naïve enough to fall for a carnival's scams deserve their fate.



One of the ways the carnival ensures that its scams go unreported and unpunished is that the victim is often embarrassed by the situation. A few stubborn victims go back to the carnival and demand their money in person, but realize their mistake when the entire troupe turns out to send them on their way. They may be outcasts, but they stick together.

Being outside the law does raise a few problems, though. While carnivals that are careful can largely operate without interference from the authorities, they are operating without its protection as well. No one sheds a tear if a carnival is attacked by outlaws and robbed. Plenty of law keepers tolerate carnivals but would dearly love to see them all vanish. Any member of the troupe who is beaten or robbed by a local has no back up from the law. Carnival folk can be murdered in their beds and the law enforcers will often turn a blind eye. Only if they are forced to (if for instance the carnival refuses to move on) will they do anything to help, and even then it will be to get this over with as soon as possible.

Also, when mistakes happen, things can get very bad indeed. Being a travelling people, few carnivals get to know the real movers and shakers in the towns they travel through. Sometimes the carnival scams the local Crime Lord or a powerful Noble by accident. It then finds itself attacked by trained professionals or brought up on charges by the local authorities. Such encounters never go well, and more than a few carnivals have been burnt to the ground after cheating the wrong person.

Carnival Scams

The carnivals of the Empire make money from more than just entertainment. Most people know better than to take a

full purse into a carnival, but there are always those who do. While there is the usual danger of thieves and pickpockets, the carnivals hold a far greater danger to those who want to hold onto their money. The carnie folk don't want to just steal your money, they want to swindle it out of you.

There are a hundred thousand ways to scam cash from the unwary. The sort of tricks a carnie plays are usually called "smiles," named such because they are said to make the Lord of Deception smile. So carnies ask each other if they'd "like to help make Ranald smile" when asking for help with a scam, which is usually shorted to 'fancy making someone smile?' A smile always relies on the greed of the mark. It is usually the victim's belief that he is getting the better end of the deal that proves their undoing, which is what makes Ranald smile the most. The mark often hurries the scam artist into signing the contract, convinced that he has seen a flaw that will make him rich. A few common scams and tricks are described in the following section.

Marks

The term "mark" comes from a carnival tradition. The folk at the entrance to the carnival are not only there to take entrance fees, but also to observe the patrons. Anyone who seems to be carrying lots of money or who seems especially gullible is given a mark. This mark could be as simple as a chalk mark on the back. However, the true scam artist prides himself on subtle and more devious marks. One option is to give the mark a gift like a flower for his buttonhole, something that he wears proudly as he goes about the fair. All the other carnival folk will know what mark to look for and are sure to make the mark's wearer a target for every scam they can muster.



Golden Ticket

This is a variation on the mark system. The mark is given a special ticket for the fair. He is told that this ticket gets him one free ride or entrance to a particular booth, the location of which is pointed out to him. However, somehow the operator of the show in question fails to take the ticket from the patron. If he is dishonest, he uses the ticket again to gain another free ride or entrance. Those who do so are marked, for they have proven that they are willing to cheat the carnival and, therefore, deserve to be cheated in return.

Man-Eating Chicken

There are plenty of ways to advertise an attraction to make it sound very exciting, when it isn't very special at all. Those who pay their copper to see a "Man-Eating Chicken" instead find themselves watching a gentleman consume a piece of poultry. Needless to say, they are usually upset. However, this is where the booth showman can really shine. He apologizes and suggests that they take it all in good humour; perhaps the patrons can convince their friends to see the show, so they can have a good laugh at them too. Effectively the carnie brings the patrons in on the joke, and they leave to scam their friends on his behalf. They usually forget they still paid their coppers, and are now sending people to give more money to the man who just cheated them. It takes a charming carnie to pull this off, but the irony alone is worth it.

False Customers

With all the scams going on at the booths and shows, you'd think people would eventually get upset. It is important to make your crowd believe they can win. Unfortunately, this means giving them prizes. So the carnival folk who are not involved in running the show (such as the roustabouts and general hands) are sent out to enjoy the carnival. When they reach the booths, the games are rigged to win. They manage to win the prize to great clamour and excitement, so everyone knows "We have a winner, ladies and gentlemen!" Of course, the rousty hasn't actually won, as he will be giving back everything he wins when the carnival is over.

Blood Money

This smile relies on the carnival being in town for maybe a day or two, but getting out quickly after that. The victim goes to get a card reading, but any audience with a mystic will do. During the reading the mystic will see something terrible (but avoidable) in the future. She will wonder aloud if the victim may be under a form of curse. Casually, she inquires if the victim has any money on him . . . not to give her, but so she can read his fate in more detail. The victim passes over the purse and, with a simple trick of prestidigitation, a similar purse is exchanged for the first. This second purse, however, is filled with pig's blood; the victim's purse begins to bleed! Oh horror, the money is indeed cursed. Luckily the mystic can defeat this terrible evil. She works some more mumbo-jumbo over the victim's purse, then tests it again. This time it doesn't bleed.

Now comes the real scam. The victim must bring all his money to the mystic so that it, too, can be exorcized. No valuables are

required, just the money; this conveniently "proves" that the mystic isn't trying to scam the victim. The ritual is performed over that money as well, saving the victim from his fate. However, it has been wrapped up (with mystic ribbon or bits of herbs) and must not be opened before the next full moon or a worse curse will descend. On the next full moon the victim finds that his purse contains only bits of copper or paper, the real purse having been swapped during the "cleansing ritual." By then, of course, the carnival is long gone.

Sale of the Century

This is another smile that can be used as an addendum to the Blood Money scam. If the victim looks like he isn't going for the con, the mystic offers a small statue or other item of value as collateral, to be kept while the lengthy ritual is performed. The mystic tells the victim he can collect his money by returning the statue. Now everyone has something of value, so honesty is assured. The mystic claims not to know how much the item is worth, but offers it to show good faith. Needless to say, the victim gets it valued and discovers that it is worth a lot more than the money he handed over. He decides not to return for his money, having effectively bought the item for a bargain price. Sadly, the person valuing it was part of the trick. He has "borrowed" the shop of an honest antiquities dealer or other merchant to appear to be a permanent resident, and claims not to have the money on him that day to purchase the "incredibly valuable artefact." The next day, when the mark returns to the shop to sell the item, the store's true owner will have just returned from a trip out of town, will report that he was closed the previous day, or the like. It turns out, of course, that the item is utterly worthless, and the mark is as unlikely to see any of his money, as he is to see the carnival still in town the next day.

— Travelling Troupes —

This section provides details for a few sample carnival troupes. Players might get involved by joining the troupe or scouting them out on behalf of another troupe. However, is it perhaps more likely that they (or their patron) might be scammed by one of these troupes and come looking for a way to repay the favour.

Mordechai's Wonderous Waxworks

This carnival is the most realistic waxworks show on the circuit. It is filled entirely by all manner of deformity and oddity. Visitors are amazed at the clever waxwork sculptures, arranged on various stages and scenery. Some people even swear they saw the waxworks move!

Unfortunately, the poor souls on display are all too real. Makeup is expensive, and waxworks are hard to maintain and transport. So instead, Mordechai employs any and all the deformed and strange souls he can find. The exhibits cover all manner of creatures and Humans that have been dealt a cruel hand by nature. For anyone so cursed by Chaos, the promise of food and shelter is too good to pass up. However, the employees of Mordechai's fair are far from well-treated.

Mordechai cares nothing for those who serve him, and forces them to stand in their fixed poses for hours at a time while the visitors gawk. Those who move just a little are refused food, and sometimes brutally beaten. When visitors tell Mordechai they were sure one of the waxworks moved, he assures them that the realism of the show is so great, most people think they see movement from his "art."

Mordechai works hard to give his carnival has glamour, because that is what sells. Unfortunately, he hates and loathes anyone not born "normal." The false waxworks are treated like animals and kept caged while not working. Their clothes are elegant and rich when on display, but they are stripped naked when they are returned to their cages so the clothes can be washed and kept well. The suffering in the carnival is monstrous.

As if that weren't enough, Mordechai has discovered a profitable sideline to his show. One patron who insisted that the waxworks were real would not be dissuaded by Mordechai's usual banter. However, instead of exposing the scam, he wanted to pay extra to see them do tricks or dance for him. Over time a sickening circle of rich patrons has developed. They never come to see the public shows, but are let in late at night for private shows at great expense. There they can do anything they like to those on display short of killing them. However, should the patron be willing to come to an arrangement . . .

Players who come across the show might discover its horrible secrets. Can they rescue the performers? However, if they do, who will feed and shelter them? Perhaps they could find and expose the circle of rich, deviant patrons, the blackmail from which could easily afford to provide for those they have abused. However, they are amongst the richest people in the Empire, and don't like being given orders. Characters that cross Mordechai should be warned. He is rumoured to own a small piece of Warpstone, and those who displease him could become permanent additions to the show.

The Travelling Shrine of Healing

This carnival is unusual in that its primary purpose is not to scam its patrons but to heal them. It was originally a group of missionaries dedicated to Shallya. They travelled the country looking to bring healing to the poorer and more out of the way corners of the Empire. While their skills were usually received with gratitude, they still found it difficult to achieve their true purpose. The priestess of Shallya who led them realized that prevention was far better than cure. She wanted to treat healthy people to keep them from getting ill, and wished to educate them as to ways to promote their general wellbeing. Sadly, while ill people will travel to see doctors, healthy people are not so keen to do so.

So the priestess got together with a few Priests of Ranald. They were looking to spread the ways of Ranald in the same way.

Tongues

"To the north, in the small village of Anikmaar, the peasants and simple folk who till the earth and make due with their roughshod tools have a fear of sound. Specifically, they fear speaking. Each man, woman, and child is raised under the law that every word he speaks can be used by Morr to weigh his soul and determine his worthiness in the afterlife. Such trepidation leads to a silence so heavy that people go days and weeks without uttering a single word or grunt.

Elders speak not at all, and children often find themselves in silent prayer, begging for forgiveness for their idle prattling over games and chores. While it may seem extreme, this is simply the way of life for these people. They live in constant fear of their own voices, and believe that the gods overlook little and forgive even less.

Anikmaar is not alone in its concern for silence. Other villages throughout Averland practice diligent vows of silence, but none take their pathos to the extreme of the Anikmaari. Those who have visited these people claim no wish to return, and coincidentally surround themselves with the clamour of busy taverns and docks for their remaining days."

Sadly, few people trust a group of Ranald priests en masse, so the two groups joined forces. The Priests of Ranald put on a show, which draws the people (whatever their state of health) to the carnival. The presence of the Priests of Shallya calms the people's suspicions. While they are entertained, the people are encouraged to get themselves looked over by the Priestesses of Shallya. While the carnival has all manner of the usual shows, it also has several educational seminars designed to teach people about hygiene and general healthy living. Attending one of these free shows gives the customer a ticket to one of the other shows, so they are usually well attended. Many of the shows are mystery plays, renditions of the most popular stories from Imperial faith. The Priests of Ranald run their own teaching sessions too. Many children are eager to learn how to do magic and perform tricks, and so the ways of Ranald pass on to the next generation. Over time the carnival has collected the usual selection of criminals, but the Priests manage to keep them in check. In addition to their seminars and shows, the Priests minister to the people with regular worship ceremonies as well. The carnival has been known to stay in one place for a while to treat anyone they find who is badly ill or in need of the travelling hospital the carnival contains.

The Smoke

The "Family Von Sturchheim Dwarfen Circus of Mechanical Marvels" is now known to all the Empire simply as "the Smoke." It is an amazing and colossal show consisting entirely of steam-driven rides and marvels. Its presence is announced by a monstrous plume of smoke in the air around it. This smoke is not the usual sort of fog-and-dust affair. Instead it is a greasy, black mixture that coats the windows, streets, and people up to five miles away. However, in the carnival itself the air is clean and crisp. Clever funnels ensure that the pollutants are sent efficiently up into the air so they can be blown to someone else's doorstep.

However, despite the environmental impact of the carnival, it remains one of the most amazing and exciting sights in the Empire. It is run by the Dwarfen engineers of the renowned Von Sturchheim family. Many years ago the family sought funding to build their incredible machines. Unfortunately, other Dwarfs thought the family mad for building such huge, pointless toys, and their pleas for support fell of deaf ears.

Luckily, they found the humans of the Empire a far less stoic bunch. Their carnival was an instant success, and in their first year they visited many of the great noble houses of the Empire. On the second year the demand for their carnival was even greater . . . though this time, they were asked to set up five or more miles away!

Gaining entrance to the carnival is expensive, as the upkeep of the machines is very costly. However, some Nobles have been known to reward villages by bringing the carnival to them and paying the residents' entrance fees. Those who give additional funding to the carnival have their names carved in the great metal arch entrance to the carnival, which grants great reputation.

The machines and rides at the carnival come in all shapes and sizes.

The Whirly Spin

This machine consists of cages connected to a central hub with long arms. When running, the hub spins faster and faster, only slowing when the motor is disconnected; there is no brake!

The Brain Shaker

This machine looks similar to the Whirly Spin, but in this case clever cogs lift and drop the arms as the unit spins. Those in the cages go up and down as well as round and round. Unfortunately, the cogs maintaining the lifting and dropping are shaky. Children who manage not to throw up are given a free toffee apple on exiting!

Furnival's Mighty Dwarfen Warrior

This mechanical man-shaped construction stands around eight feet tall. Its Dwarfen pilot, Furnival, sits inside the "chest" and walks it around the fair offering piggyback rides. The ride is quite exciting, as you never know if the machine will fall over.

Tobin's Flying School

The carnival has a few old but serviceable Dwarfen gyrocopters. Tobin and his pilots offer rides around the carnival, though they make sure to always stay below the cloud of black smoke hovering above. For those who can afford it, lessons on how to fly the gyrocopters can be organised as well.

The Colour Spectacular

This machine for smaller children is designed to belch smoke in different colours. Moving levers causes different chemicals within to mix and exit. Children play with the levers to make new and interesting colours of smoke blast out of the various funnels on the machine.

The Great Wheel of Destiny

This "big wheel" is one of the centre points of the show. Rather than stay in one place and turn, however, it rolls around the border of the fair, kept (mostly) vertical by a massive pole fixed to the drive machinery in the centre of the carnival. Anyone entering the fair needs to give way to this massive structure travelling round, or they would easily be squashed by the 50-foot-high high wheel.

Deiter Keynsbiery's Fighting Pitwives

Unlike many other carnivals, the Fighting Pitwives offer but one form of entertainment—that of blood sport. Folk the Empire over enjoy a good fight, and the prospect of exotic combat has long been a draw to curious crowds. Where other troupes might offer foreign warriors, or combat between strange beasts, Deiter's Carnival pits women gladiators one against the other. While the fists fly and blood spills, the crowd roars and throws money, and this suits the Pitwives very well.

The show opens with a display of the weapons and the warriors. As is the norm for Pit Fights, hollering boys ensure the customers know the names, histories, and specialities of the fighters before inviting them to place bets. Once the books of the betting lads are comfortably full, Deiter opens the first bout—usually something fairly tame such as wrestling or boxing. As the evening wears on, the weapons become larger, sharper and more exotic, until the stars of the show are on stage, often three or four at a time in a "grand melee".

Numbering some thirty folk in all, the bulk of the Pitwife troupe is in fact made up of male show hands, hollering boys, and animal handlers. With four or so carts and wagons, two large tents, an outdoor arena and countless sleeping tents, there is plenty of work for them to do. There are currently ten fighting women travelling with the Pitwives, as well as three healers. Recruited from all walks of life, the women make a fair wage for their trouble, as well as getting to keep all the money thrown on stage during a fight. Three or four women will be resting at any one time, whilst the others ply their trade in the ring. The current stars of the show are:

Katalin de Erauso

A fallen Estalian priestess, Katalin uses the sword, knife and pistol and fights under the name of "The Madonna of Myrmidia". A dark, tall woman with many scars, Katalin is in fact very quiet off stage, and appears to save all the money she makes for some unknown purpose.

Nadezda Durova

Known as "The Cavalry Maiden," Nadezda is said to have grown up in the Tzarina's army, claiming to be a man and riding with the Kislevite host against Chaos. She fights with a sabre, and is increasingly leaning towards riding tricks rather than actual fighting. Nevertheless, her whirling attacks and beaded braids are still called for by the crowd.

Moll Cut-cod

The youngest of the troupe, city-born Moll is the darling of the common folk. Loud, pushy, and fast with her fists, she is said to be collecting money to free her brother from the worst depths of the Altdorf jails. That could of course be a lie, spread to ensure a steady flow of Karls on stage. They say her name stems from the fate of the last man to try and push his affections on her.

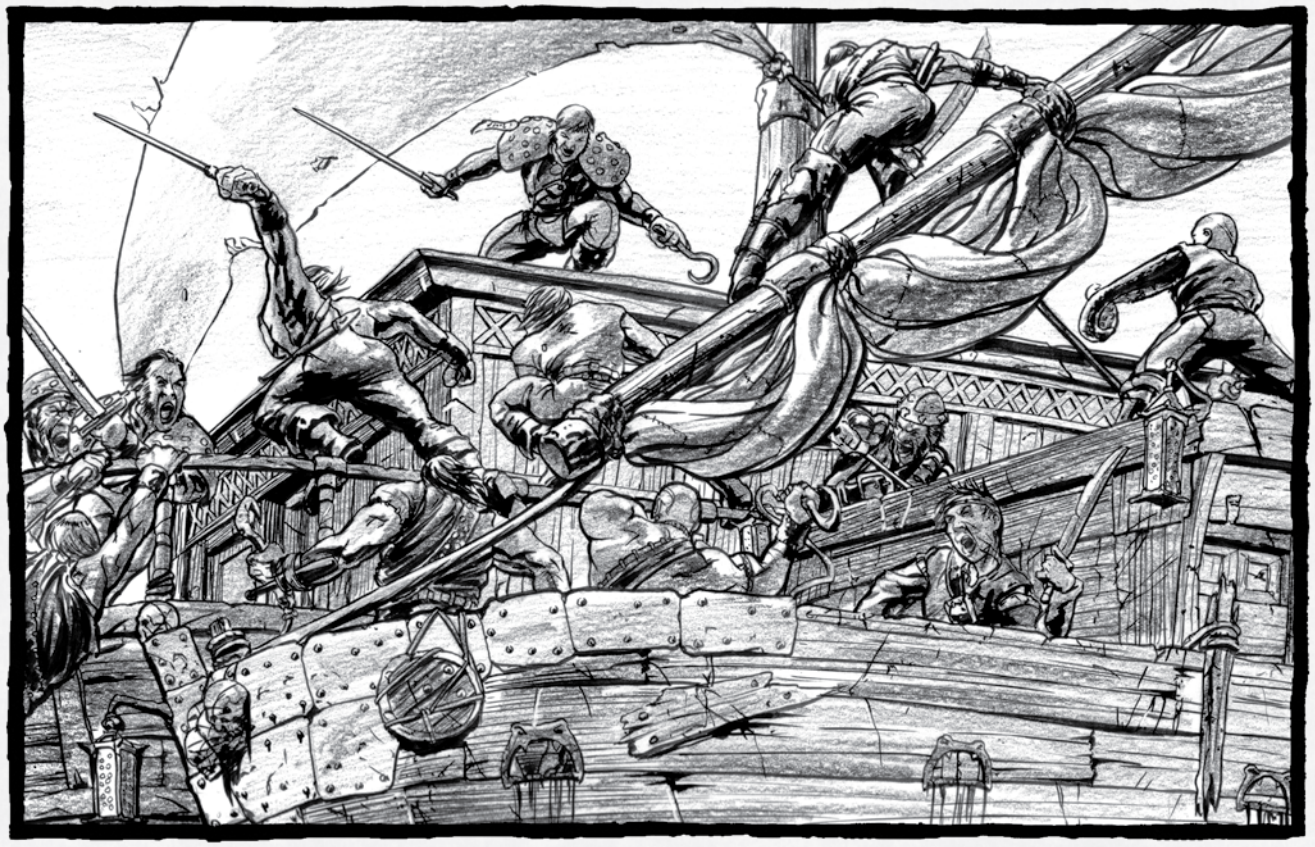
Eliza Hattan

The so called "Queen of the Sword," Eliza once served in the Reikland 67th foot regiment. Folk claim she fought three battles before a flogging order saw her secret revealed. Thrown from the military, Eliza seems to find the regimen of the Pitwives comforting.

Mathilda La Maupin

"The Lady of the Blade" was once a squire in the service of Bretonnian nobility, however, once her secret identity was out, she fled the backwards kingdom, hoping to find freedom in the progressive Empire. Finding a place where women of stout purpose are accepted (though the strong sword arm and mannish looks certainly help), Mathilda has sworn to forever scorn the land of her forefathers.





Chapter II: Life and Death on the Reik

By Andrew Law

Almost half the waters of the Old World drain into the mighty Reik. Its far-reaching channels connect three national capitals to countless cities, towns, and villages. Its heaving waters are clogged with the traffic of all races—not just the indigenous Humans and their many allies, but also with Orcs and Goblins, with Trolls and Ogres, with the manifold servants of the Ruinous Powers and more. The Reik is legendary for a reason.

— The Greatest River —

Imperial citizens commonly claim that the roaring waterfalls of the Upper Reik, firmly within Imperial borders, are the source of the Reik, but its waters originate much farther away than that.

Well over 1,000 miles from its tidal mouth in the Wasteland, across the verdant depths of the Empire and the open oblast of Kislev, melt-waters drip from the heights of the World's Edge Mountains. These tiny drops soon gather and flow into the babbling streams that form the source of the River Urskoy. At the capital of Kislev, the Urskoy is already deep enough for trade barges, and from there mercantile fleets sail downstream towards the River Talabec, destined for the distant Empire of Sigmar. After hundreds of miles the Talabec joins the River Reik at the mud-flats of the Imperial capital, Altdorf. Barges from across the northern Old World navigate the three channels that pierce the city, all heading for the sprawling Reiksport, Altdorf's never-sleeping docklands. Past the sluggish, mile-wide waters of the Reiksport, the flow tightens and picks up speed again. For its last 250 miles the Reik, pregnant with the combined wealth of two nations, floods down toward the richest city of them all, Marienburg.

> *"In Reikdorf Town did Sigmar stand*
> *and great Empire of Man found he.*
> *There Reik, the bless'ed river, swell'd.*
> *Upon whose banks all great men dwell'd*
> *and would for etern'ty."*
>
> —Sighardt Schneider-Koller
> from *Sigmar, Emperor!*, 1797 IC

With the most of the Imperial, Wastelander and Kislevite trade flowing through its thick arteries, it is no surprise that the Reik carries more traffic than every other river system in the Old World combined. It is also no surprise that most Imperial settlements are sited close to this traffic, for many are eager to carve their own portion of the river's bounty.

Life on the Reik

Schneider-Koller, the great Reiklander poet, once wrote *'Reik-born man has God-born fate.'* He may not have been wrong, for the people of the Reik and its many tributaries are some of the most successful in the Old World. Provided here is an introduction to some of these people, with rules where necessary to represent the lives they lead.

Dockers

From the smallest Stirland jetty to the bustling Suiddock of Marienburg, wharves have locals ready to receive vessels from the busy river. On larger docks, Foremen organise gangs of unskilled dockers to do most of the muscle work unloading and loading barges. On the smaller docks, the unemployed eye the jetties from dirty taverns, ready to work at the sight of a sail. As dockers only work when vessels arrive and leave, their wages are highly irregular. Because of this, most docker families live in a state of acute poverty, causing some to turn to alcohol or crime.

Larger docks also have skilled dockers, called Stevedores, who generally form permanent gangs, often from their extended families. A Stevedore's safety depends upon his gang, especially when handling cargo in confined spaces or difficult conditions, so trust is essential. Gangs vary in size according to the port they call home, but are usually six to twelve strong. Stevedore Foremen liaise with dock companies and ship-owners to organise the unloading and loading of vessels to the quayside. From there, cargo is moved by the lower-paid, unskilled dockers.

In large towns, Stevedore gangs band together into guilds to protect their business and increase their bargaining power. These guilds are renowned for their violent ways, and often share more in common with Racketeers than skilled workers. The guilds of large cities, on the other hand, are generally better organised than their provincial versions. This is no more in evidence than with the well-regarded and powerful Stevedores and Teamsters Guild of Marienburg, which enjoys a total monopoly of the city's dockers and could, some believe, shut down trading in the city with a word from its Guildmaster.

Although most dock work is carried out by gangs, some men are employed individually by dock companies. These include but are not limited to coopers who repair and renew barrels and casks, knockers who open and close cases for customs officials, and markers who paint the destinations of exports on their crates.

Dockers are mostly Peasants (labourers), Stevedores, Tradesmen (coopers and knockers), Scribes (markers), and sometimes Thugs. They are usually led by Foremen, although Racketeers are also common.

Ferrymen and Watermen

Boats of all kinds are willing to ferry passengers from one port to the next. As it is a potentially lucrative business, many barges are remodelled permanently to accommodate passengers. For overnight vessels, this involves converting holds into cabins for the rich and erecting canvas tents on the decks for the poor. Vessels making shorter journeys require less conversion.

As ferries are demonstrably faster and safer than most overland options, they are popular among anyone travelling the river's route. Passenger vessels are often filled to the gunwales with wide-eyed peasants searching for a better life in the festering cities. Of course, with all the coin to be made, all manner of folk try to cut in on the business, with private boat-owners openly competing with established ferries. In this literally cutthroat market, many vessels are far from safe, with their crews happy to rob passengers between settlements or even sometimes casting them overboard.

Murder on the rivers has became such a problem that some provincial rulers charter local guilds of "Watermen" to regulate and control passenger vessels. These guilds are given strict rules of conduct and, assuming they uphold them, also granted the right to hunt down and capture any transgressors. The four Waterman guilds currently in operation on the Reik have exemplary reputations, but sailing with them isn't cheap. Poorer travellers often prefer to pay less by joining with a trader or private vessel, despite the risks that this may entail.

Passenger boats are typically crewed by three to eight Boatmen. Watermen guild boats often hire a Marine or two for protection. Costs for water travel can be found on page 85 of the *Old World Armoury* (*OWA*), with Waterman prices always at the upper end of the price spectrum.

Passenger Boat

Passenger boats use the statistics for riverboats from page 87 of the *OWA*, but only require a crew of three.

Ferry

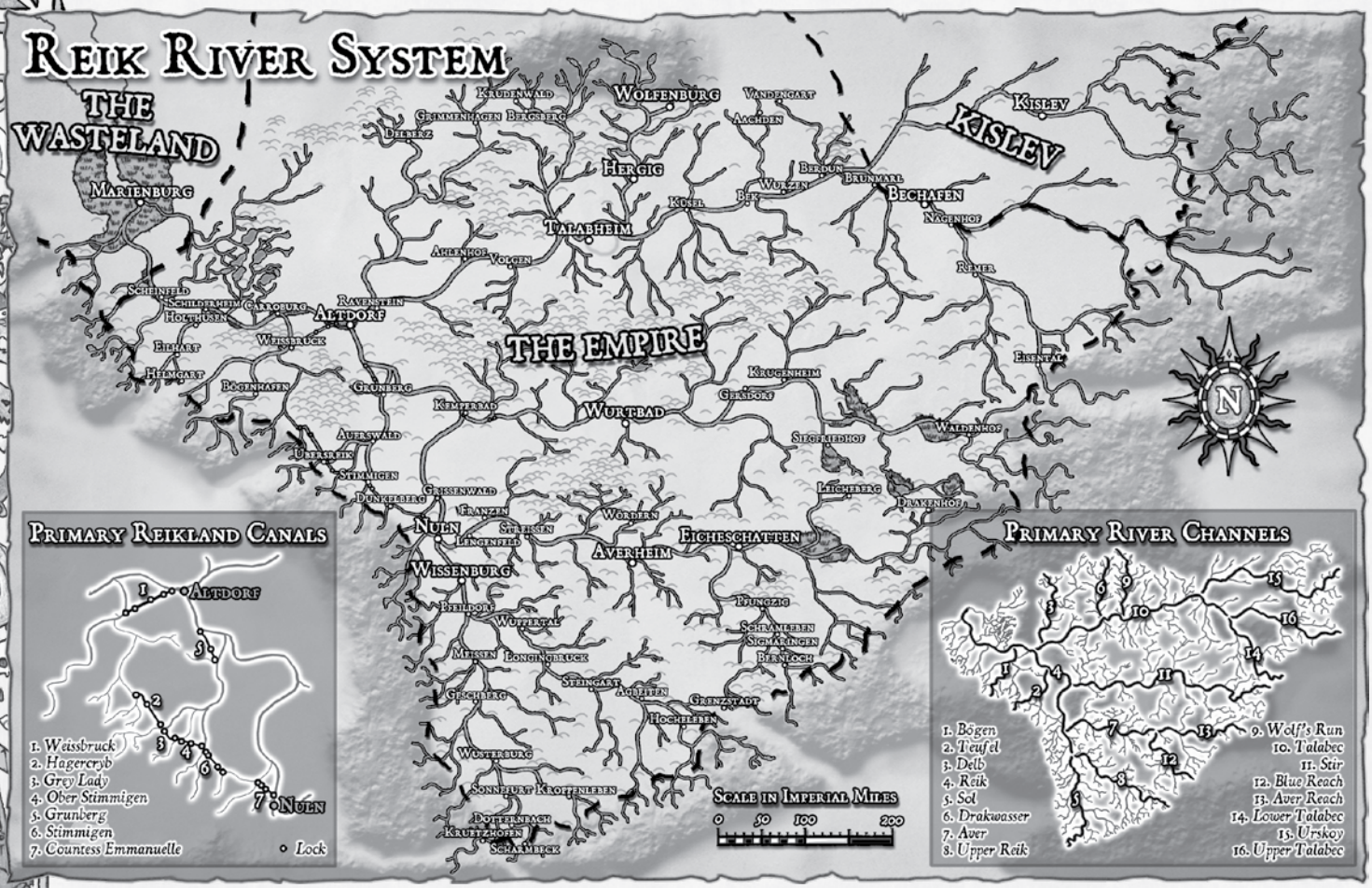
Ferries use the statistics for keels given on page 26. Much of their hold space is converted into cabins, with each yard of cargo space (enough for 4,000 Encumbrance Units) being exchanged for one passenger cabin, up to a maximum of half the barge's length.

Pirates

Despite the best efforts of the Riverwardens, pirates plague the river ways of the Reik. Some use boats stripped down for speed, others lure passing vessels into traps, but all seek the same goal: lucrative cargo.

Most who take to pirating do so out of desperation. Such crews typically number from five to ten and work from a single barge. They are unlikely to be killers, preferring to threaten and trick their victims, and rarely attack vessels with any obvious defences.

A mercifully low percentage of the criminals on the Reik are truly ruthless murderers who have made a living of piracy. These bloodthirsty rogues band together in gangs of 20 or more spread across a motley handful of boats. Some of their "fleet" may even sport a cannon or two. They use any trick they can think of to board a vessel, and once there mercilessly kill anyone that thinks to bar them from the hold. Some pirate bands are even feared enough to racketeer, accepting protection



money from trading companies to ignore marked vessels or even to hunt down their rivals. Most such crews are eventually tracked down by the Riverwardens and State Armies, for they cost too much in lost taxes and revenue to ignore.

Nevertheless, some pirate crews do flourish. The waters of Averland, often neglected by authorities more concerned with protecting lucrative cattle and horse-flesh, are home to an array of competing pirate crews. Chief amongst these are the vicious Black Bulls, who rarely have to step off their horned barges; their fearsome reputation ensures that most passing traders pay any tithes requested to keep them off their ships. More worrisome and destructive by far, at least in terms of sheer quantity of ships scuttled and materials stolen, is "the Don." Said to be an Estalian pirate of noble blood, his crew reportedly prowls the busiest trade route of them all: Altdorf to Marienburg. The Don's motto, "Riches or Death!" is left scrawled on the corpse-filled wrecks he leaves in his wake. The Reiklander Riverwardens are under increasing pressure from desperate Wastelander merchants to capture the shadowy pirate, but after two years of hunting him, they are no closer to their goal. This has led to whispers that The Don is not an Estalian noble after all, but aristocracy of Altdorf descent instead. Others suggest that the reason he cannot be found is that he does not exist; perhaps he is nothing more than a slogan and an excuse for barbarism, and several different unaffiliated groups are responsible for the slaughters.

Pirate crews are mostly comprised of Boatmen, Marines, and Wreckers, with leaders using the Mate or, in rare successful instances, Sea Captain careers. Larger crews may even have a Veteran or two.

Pirate Boat

All types of riverboats are used by pirates. They are often stripped for speed, gaining half a Movement point but losing 10% of their Wounds.

River Patrols

Most riverside villages and inns set aside moorings for the Imperial River Patrol, for without their presence, criminals would rule the waters.

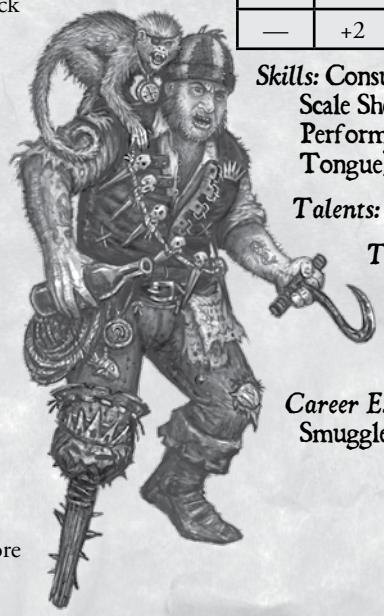
The Riverwardens are employed by various groups—including nobles, merchant houses and private individuals—to keep the Reik free of crime. Unfortunately, the wardens are sometimes as crooked as those they pursue, and it isn't uncommon to find them accepting bribes, requisitioning legal cargo from weaker operations, or charging groundless fines. Worse, as most patrol boats have gunpowder weapons and a legally-enshrined power to stop other vessels, turning to piracy can be extremely tempting.

Although bribes are always welcome, the more corrupt activities are rare. Most Riverwardens work hard to keep the rivers free of criminals. If there is a significant problem that they can't handle alone, like a well-organised pirate fleet, a community of Wreckers, or Greenskins tracking River

—New Career: Stevedore—

Stevedores are specialist dockers, trained to properly pack and unpack cargo holds. Loading a ship is skill-intensive and dangerous work, for vessels can overbalance and capsize if packed incorrectly, and unsecured cargoes can crush the unwary. Within the claustrophobic ship interiors, Stevedores wind "stevedore lashings" (special knots) with wedges of wood to secure and protect the heavy freight. Many Stevedors specialise in "porting" one type of cargo, as each good requires different skills to manipulate, stack and pack correctly. Thus, most larger wharfs have gangs of "porters" that identify themselves according to the goods they import or export, including fish porters, meat porters and deal porters (for timber). None are more famous than the black-liveried coal porters of Nuln, known for their anything-goes attitude and love of bawdy docker songs. Stevedores wear distinctive cloth watch caps dyed with their gang colours, both to identify their allegiances and to protect themselves from the elements. Stevedore gangs jealously guard their wharfs from rivals, and it takes little provocation for them to dish out "lashings" of a different kind.

Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Stevedore for Boatman with your GM's approval.



—Stevedore Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
—	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	—	+5%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Consume Alcohol *or* Gamble, Dodge Blow *or* Scale Sheer Surface, Gossip, Perception *or* Search, Performer (Singer), Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Swim

Talents: Lightning Reflexes *or* Sturdy, Very Strong

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Watch Cap in Gang Colours, 10 Yards of Rope, 1d10 Wooden Spikes

Career Entries: Boatman, Peasant

Career Exits: Boatman, Foreman, Marine, Merchant, Smuggler, Thief, Thug, Tradesman

—New Advanced Career: Foreman—

Deep-throated voices echo through the crowded cities of the Old World as Foremen lead their sweating gangs with harsh words and bawdy song. In the bustling docks, the screech of a Foreman's whistle sends the unemployed running from their smoky taverns, all desperate to shift backbreaking, heavy cargo from quay to warehouse in exchange for some coin. As Foremen are often paid according to the speed of their men's work, they can be pitiless taskmasters, "motivating" their temporary workers by any means possible. In contrast, Stevedore Foremen lead their long-term gangs with tangible pride, confidently negotiating with dock owners and traders for extra work and wages as well as actively taking part in guild matters and turf disputes. Because of this, they typically look down upon their labourer-leading contemporaries with undisguised scorn.



—Foreman Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	+5%	+10%	+10%	+5%	+5%	+15%	+15%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
—	+4	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Charm *or* Consume Alcohol, Command, Common Knowledge (Kislev *or* the Empire *or* the Wasteland), Gamble *or* Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Singer), Secret Language (Guild Tongue)

Talents: Public Speaking, Streetwise

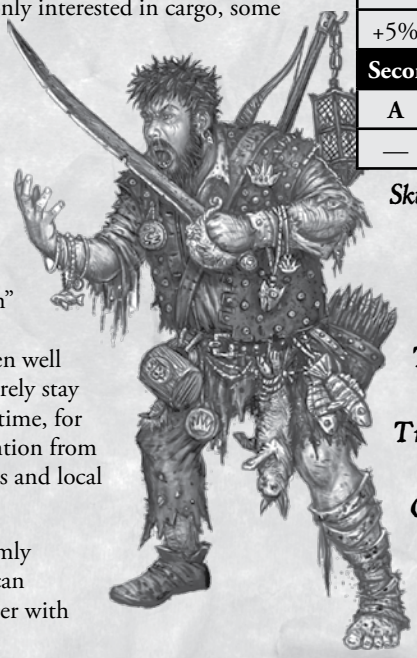
Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Whistle

Career Entries: Peasant, Scribe (marker), Stevedore, Tradesman

Career Exits: Demagogue, Fence, Guild Master, Politician, Racketeer

—New Career: Wrecker—

The long rivers of the Old World are dangerous places, made all the more so by Wreckers. These river pirates seek to sink vessels and then raid the wrecks. Their techniques for doing this vary, although most lure the unwary into rocky shallows to hole their hulls. Although only interested in cargo, some Wreckers make a habit of killing, wary of escapees that may inform Riverwardens of their identities or locations. In lean times, it is not unknown for entire communities to turn to wrecking to feed their starving families. Whilst most are of these are desperate and only "short-term" sorts, some Wrecker crews are very experienced, targeting even well guarded traders. Such crews rarely stay in one place for any length of time, for their activities soon draw attention from Riverwardens, Bounty Hunters and local Militiamen.



Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Wrecker for Smuggler with your GM's approval.

—Wrecker Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+5%	+10%	—	+5%	+5%	—	+5%	+5%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire *or* Kislev), Consume Alcohol *or* Dodge Blow, Gamble *or* Navigation, Outdoor Survival *or* Sail, Perception *or* Search, Row, Secret Signs (Ranger) *or* Speak Language (Kislevite), Swim

Talents: Orientation *or* Rover, Sharpshooter *or* Strike to Stun

Trappings: Bow with 10 Arrows, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat

Career Entries: Boatman, Ferryman, Marine, Outlaw, Peasant, Riverwarden, Seaman, Smuggler

Career Exits: Boatman, Marine, Outlaw, Thief, Veteran

—New Career: Riverwarden—

A clarion call across the murky waters of the Reik can only mean one thing: Riverwardens. These strong-backed lawmen are commonly perceived by river goers as little better than thugs, as they must harass even innocent vessels when checking for smuggled goods and have learned that politeness and trust do not pay off. The over-worked patrols, which toil through month-long shifts at a time, are responsible for waters too large to be effectively controlled. They spend most of their time concentrating on the worst law-breakers, including pirates, murderers, and barge thieves, and allow most petty misdemeanours to slip by with spot-fines. They are a common sight on the rivers, and their patrols extend as far as Kislev.



Note: If you are rolling randomly for your Starting Career, you can substitute Riverwarden for Roadwarden with your GM's approval.

—Riverwarden Advance Scheme—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
—	+10%	+10%	+5%	+10%	+5%	+5%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Common Knowledge (The Empire *or* Kislev), Gossip *or* Speak Language (Kislevite), Navigation, Outdoor Survival *or* Sail, Perception, Row, Search, Secret Signs (Scout), Swim

Talents: Orientation or Very Strong, Specialist Weapon (Gunpowder)

Trappings: Pistol with Powder and Ammunition for 10 Shots, Light Armour (Leather Jack), Row Boat, Shield, Uniform, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Boatman, Ferryman, Marine, Roadwarden

Career Exits: Boatman, Marine, Roadwarden, Seaman, Sergeant, Smuggler, Toll Keeper, Verenean Investigator*, Wrecker

* This career is detailed in *Sigmar's Heirs*

Trolls, patrols call upon the local Militiamen. If matters become desperate, the patrol may also request aid from the Roadwardens. However, this is always a last option, as the Roadwardens and Riverwardens often have jurisdiction disputes. This commonly occurs when criminals abandon the river and flee into the forests.

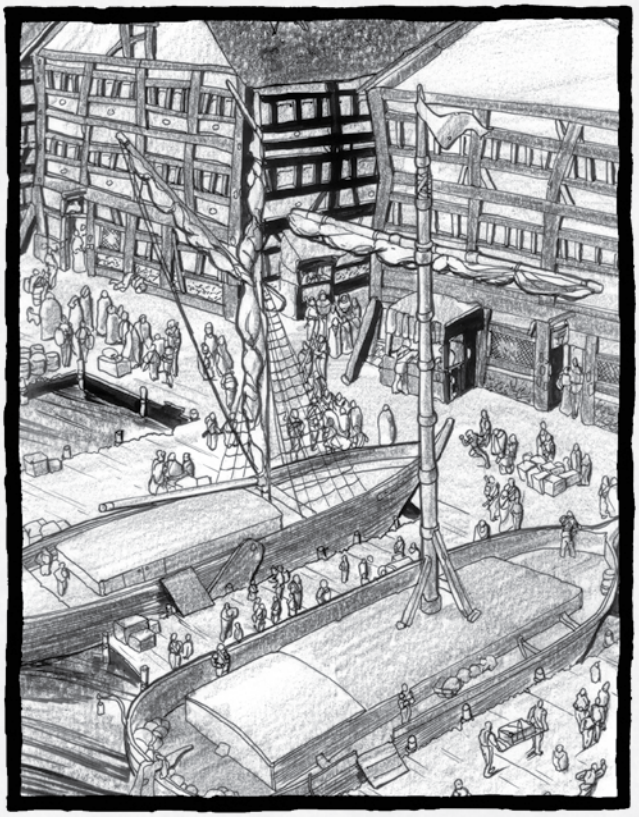
Patrol Boats are crewed by six to ten Riverwardens and led by a Sergeant. Patrol Ships have 11–20 Riverwardens, up to five horses, two Sergeants and a Captain. It is also common to find Marines, Militamen and Roadwardens on their vessels.

Patrol Boat

Patrol boats use the statistics for riverboats from page 87 of the *OWA*. In addition to the traits described there, patrol boats have a heavy blunderbuss mounted to the prow (as the blunderbuss detailed on page 46–47 of the *OWA*, but with a Damage of 5) and 10 oars used for extra speed or to work against the wind.

Patrol Ship

Patrol ships use the statistics for keels given on page 26. In addition to the traits described there, patrol ships have 4 pintel-mounted blunderbusses mounted to each side (detailed on page 46–47 of the *OWA*) and two oars per full two yards of length. Patrol ships also have two dinghies, which use rowing boat statistics from page 87 of the *OWA*.



Strigany

The human empire of Strigos worshipped Vampires as Gods, but their Undead deities couldn't save them from the might of butchering Greenskins. When the few escapees staggered north into the Old World, the stricken people met a wall of hatred from the other human tribes, but they had nowhere else to turn.

They wander there still, now calling themselves the Strigany, and are hated no less, even though the centuries have erased the memories of their blood-soaked empire from the minds of their countrymen. Mirroring the rootless land caravans of their people, the Strigany meander up and down the Reik in small boat communities, moving from one persecution to the next. Their dreary, poorly maintained vessels are often moored far from civilisation, where they prey on the superstitions of passing riverfolk by selling charms and wards for whatever coin they can. They are a desperate people, often clinging to the half-forgotten legends that say that their ancient Vampiric masters will someday return to lift them from their pathetic lives. As rumours of these throwback beliefs ripple outward and are heard by outsiders, the continued Vampire worship doesn't help those Strigany who are trying to move on from their past. Rather, it ensures that their persecution at the hands of outsiders continues. The Strigany are quickly blamed for any local problem without a more obvious culprit, and over-zealous Witch Hunters are all too eager to accuse them transporting diseased Undead in their rotten barges. By the time their innocence is proven in these cases, their boats are already burnt to the waterline.

More about the Strigoi vampires, the past masters of the Strigany, can be found in the *Old World Bestiary* on pages 71 and 117.

Strigany Barges

Strigany live on square-rigged River Barges and Riverboats as described in the *Old World Armoury* on pages 86–87. Their vessels are in poor shape, typically with 1 less TB and half the Wounds suggested.

River Strigany Racial Features (optional)

GMs who wish to include River Strigany PCs in their game should use the following traits to replace those presented in Step 3 of Human character creation from page 19 of *WFRP*.

River Strigany

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Common Knowledge (the Empire *or* the Strigany), Row *or* Sail, Speak Language (Reikspiel *or* Strigany), Swim
Talents: 1 random talent
Special Rules: Because they bear the stigma of their Vampiric past, Strigany have a –10% modifier to all Fellowship Tests when dealing with other Old Worlders.

Traders

Barges laden with cargo clog the rivers of the Old World, outnumbered only by the vast swarms of subsistence and commercial fishing vessels.

Many styles of barges are used for trade on the Reik. The oldest and most prevalent is the Keel, and can be found throughout the Old World. The newest innovation, the Reikaak, comes

Brackish Water

A student once asked me: "Why are hags, witches, and harpies attracted to swamps and bogs?" To whit, I answered: "More importantly, my small-minded apprentice. Why do they turn ponds and lakes into brackish, spoiled water?"

The truth, it is said in whispers, is that witches and hags bear a curse from an age-old mistrust and misdeed against the fates. This legend deserves a more thorough explanation . . . and you have promised to keep your word of silence, have you not?

When the earth was still spinning from the spontaneous debris of the sky's embrace, the three sisters of all great events were spat. Each, a hag, a witch, and a harpy, bore the burden of the past, present, and future. Each counted and weighed, judged and measured every event that was, is, and would be.

Yet this burden was great, and after millennia of counting, they bore brood, each of which matched the talents and features of their mam. Each was tasked with measuring the heavens, the earth, and the deeds of all beasts fair and foul. The fates, of course, would be able to survey all things, including the successes and failures of their progeny.

And there would be many.

As the eons passed, more and more children were borne for the work of the fates. And, as with all things involving the Gods, an offence was committed. Call it pride, hubris, a stubborn child, a violent rage, or whatever words your people's language has conjured for the purpose of explaining the will of the heavens. The justice of the fates was swift. For the offence, the fate-brood were cursed three times.

Firstly, they were given the gift of sight—the ability to see all events, future, present, past—yet be unable to alter them. Secondly, they were cursed to be forever alone. The bond of sisterhood was severed, but the need for companionship would always haunt them, plaguing their every moment. Many were driven mad and others grew accustomed to only ever hearing their own voices. Lastly, they would never die, but would always be dying, their bodies slowly rotting from the corruption of whatever vile deed they performed that led to their curse. This slow, loathsome decay oozes out from their flesh, and it is this that turns the ponds they inhabit into fetid water, staining the cool blue a brackish brown.

Rumours persist, of course, to the contrary. But I know lies when I hear them.

Table 2–1: Barge Costs

Item	Cost	Enc	Availability
Keel (18 yards long)	900 *gc* (+50 *gc* per extra yard of length)	—	Rare
Reikaak (18 yards long)	1,800 *gc* (+100 *gc* per extra yard of length)	—	Very Rare (Rare in Marienburg)

from Marienburg. No matter what a trader crews, be it Keel, Wherry, Reikaak, Klipper or other vessel, the uneducated call them all simply barges.

Most barge crews (colloquially known as *bargees*) are suspicious of other riverfolk as they are of pirates and Wreckers. They supposedly keep barge dogs to protect against such thieves and brigands, though common consensus is that they're also good at distracting Riverwardens and discouraging them for poking around too thoroughly in search of smuggled goods. Bargees, of course, strongly dispute such claims.

Trading barges are crewed by two to six Boatmen or Smugglers, often all family members, and sometimes have Marines for protection. Some make a little extra coin by offering transport to a Merchant or a few passengers as well.

Keel

Keels are square-rigged, square-sterned barges. Constructed using Norse clinker-build techniques, they have been found on the Reik for many centuries. They require three crewmen, although as many as five are needed if sailing night and day non-stop. The statistics below are for an 18-yard keel, capable of carrying 20,000 Encumbrance Units. Larger keels can carry +4,000 Encumbrance Units and have +1 Wound per extra yard of length. The largest keel barges are rarely longer than 24 yards.

—Keel Statistics—

M	TB	W
3	8	95

Reikaak

Reikaaks were inspired by the slender High Elven trading ships of Ulthuan. They have narrow, pointed bows and sterns with spritsail rigging. They are faster, lighter, and easier to sail than keels, requiring only two men to crew and thus being cheaper to run for penny-pinching merchants. The reikaak is a comparatively new vessel, but it seems inevitable that it will eventually replace the keel as the dominant trading barge; indeed, almost all newly-commissioned Marienburger barges are reikaaks. The statistics below are for an 18-yard vessel, large enough to haul 20,000 Encumbrance Units. Longer reikaaks can carry +4,000 Encumbrance Units and have +1 Wound per extra yard of length. Once past 24 yards, each additional yard instead increases its capacity by 6,000 Encumbrance Units and its Wounds increase by +2 per extra 2 yards of length . The largest reikaak built so far, the *Emmetje*, is 32 yards long and is owned by the van de Kuyper merchant house of Marienburg.

—Reikaak Statistics—

M	TB	W
4	7	80

Other Encounters

There are countless other folk on the Reik beyond the ones described in detail here, and GMs are encouraged to use their imaginations to populate the great river. There is the obvious

river traffic, like fishing boats, pleasure vessels, smugglers and the like, but more exotic ships are possible as well. As the Reik is navigable by ocean-going ships up to Altdorf's Reiksport, Wolfships of the Imperial Navy might be encountered, as might diplomatic vessels from Bretonnia, Ulthuan, or even the steam-driven contraptions of the Dwarfs. Perhaps a local guide claims that only he can safely navigate a boat past the rapids or hidden dangers of a specific section of river, or maybe a detachment of law enforcement or military group has commandeered a civilian vessel and is drafting folks to help with an emergency. The PCs could come across a prison barge, a floating circus, a religious pilgrimage…anything is possible on the Reik.

— Death in the Reik —

While the Reik provides a livelihood for the cautious and resilient, it brings the opposite for the unwary and the weak. Not only are there the ever-present waterfalls, beasts (see **Chapter Thirteen: Perilous Beasts** for some examples of these), bad weather, rapids, rocks and Wreckers, but there is also the water itself: dark, deep, fast-flowing and deadly. This section provides rules for the darker side of river life: drowning and disease.

Swimming

Characters with the Swim skill do not need to make Swim Tests to stay above water or move at half their normal Movement. Their effective Movement while in water increases by +1 per degree of success on a successful Swim Test, however; failure, if the test was made purely to increase speed, carries no penalty in this case. Characters cannot charge or run while swimming.

Characters without the Swim skill, meanwhile, have an effective Movement in water of 0. Such characters must make Swim Tests just to stay afloat, even in calm water. A success means that the character has managed to stay afloat, and success by one or more degrees allows the unskilled swimmer to add +1 to his effective Movement per degree, up to a maximum of half his normal Movement characteristic. Failure means that the character slips beneath the surface.

Finally, skilled and unskilled swimmers alike need to make Swim tests if their swimming difficulties add up to –10% or worse (see **Table 2–2: Example Swimming Difficulties**).

Failure in these cases always means that the character slips beneath the surface, success means that the character may move at his normal effective Movement while in water (which may be 0), and success by one or more degrees means that the character adds +1 to his effective Movement while in water.

Characters with the Swim skill automatically take a deep breath before slipping beneath the surface. Characters without the Swim skill may make a Characteristic Test at half their Strength to take a deep breath before going under.

During combat rounds, swimmers who have stayed afloat or have purposely gone under may take the following actions: Aim, Cast (plus one Half Action more than usual), Delay (Full Action), Disengage, Move, Ready (Full Action), Reload, Standard Attack, Use a Skill. Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill and Agility are halved while swimming. Swimmers who have gone under against their will, however, may do only one of the following three things: Make another Swim Test to keep from sinking and possibly make headway back toward the surface (Full Action), discard a piece of equipment (Full Action), or remove a piece of clothing or armour (Full Action, see below).

Trappings

Entering the water whilst loaded with trappings is a foolish endeavour. If a character is carrying 50% or more of his maximum Encumbrance points, any Swim Tests automatically fail. Fortunately, any single trapping may be discarded as a Full Action to reduce this load. Clothing and Armour is the exception to this; a successful Agility Test is required to remove a single item of clothing or piece of leather armour while in the water. Medium or Heavy Armour is effectively impossible to remove while swimming or underwater, although single pieces of chainmail or plate can be removed at the GM's discretion.

Underwater

The following rules may be used for drowning in place of the standard suffocation rules found on page 136 of *WFRP*.

Table 2–2: Example Swimming Difficulties

Situation	Difficulty
Character is an Elf	+10%
Still water (no river current, M 0)	+10%
Using a float	+10%
Calm water (slow river current, M 1-5)	+0%
Unclothed or wearing only undergarments	+0%
Average river current (M 6–20)	–10%
Carrying trappings	*
Character is a Dwarf	–10%
Failed last Swim Test	–10%
Swimming for more than TB minutes	–10%
Wearing some garments	–10%
Swift river current (M 21–40)	–20%
Fully clothed	–20%
Wearing Light Armour	–20%
Very swift river current (M 21–40)	–30%
Wearing Medium Armour	–30%
Wearing Heavy Armour	Automatic Failure

* –10% per full 15% of Encumbrance points carried
Note: the maximum negative modifier that should normally be applied is –30%

Advice from the Dawn Mother

It is unclear who the Dawn Mother was or what Azluhr was referring to in lines 6, 9, and 10. Nonetheless, the work has been collected for the reader's own edification.

Never leave milk out overnight, lest you wake up with boils.

When the sunlight breaks upon a meadow, mark the day as half and twice lived.

Open the door toward you, lest you invite spirits into your home.

Think twice and speak half as much, but never stop to listen lest you become idle and alone.

Ghastly apparitions can be calmed with a simple chime or the drip of water on a pan.

The Grey Claw Pass cannot be found without the aid of a rusted hammer and a sack of spoiled grain.

The longest day of the year is reserved for study and reflection. Do not work, lest you be unable to lift your arms the next day.

The longest night of the year is never a time for death. Those who pass this never, roam the afterlife forever.

Seliph and Kalish were born together but died centuries apart.

Join your eyes into a single pattern and the circle of Z'zatri should appear.

A character can hold his breath underwater for a number of rounds equal to his TB, or three times his TB if he took a deep breath before going under. After this time, the character must pass a Toughness Test each round or go unconscious, with a cumulative –10% penalty for each previous test made. Once a character goes unconscious, he will drown within a number of rounds equal to his TB. If rescued before this time, the character can automatically be returned to consciousness without suffering ill effects. If rescued after this time, a successful Very Hard (-30%) Heal Test can still resuscitate the drowned character, but he loses 1 Wound each round until he is either resuscitated or he is dead.

Current

All rivers have a Movement rating to represent their current. At the end of each round of swimming, a character will be swept downstream as many yards as the river's Movement value. This increases to Movement x2 yards in the centre of the river or anywhere else that the water is flowing more swiftly than the river's normal current.

Slow rivers have a Movement of 0–5, though most have a Movement of 6–20. The swiftest have a Movement of 21–40 or more, and can carry characters very far in a 10-second round.

Waterborne Diseases

Waterborne diseases are normally contracted by drinking impure water, and can be a serious threat to those living in unsanitary conditions. Fortunately, the fast-flowing Reik is mostly free of serious contamination, but its smaller and slower tributaries often carry potentially life-threatening diseases.

When water is contaminated by the waste of another creature, drinking it can result in a bad case of the Galloping Trots (see *WFRP*, page 136). Drinking from a sluggish river or downstream from a settlement carries a 5% risk of exposing a character to this disease. The risk increases to 10% after a heavy rain, which washes all sorts of contagions into the water, and to 20% after a flood. If a character is swimming in water contaminated by Galloping Trot-causing bacteria, rather than drinking it, he gains +20% to his Toughness check to resist the disease.

Reikworms

Arguably worse than the Galloping Trots is the Reikworm. Any body of water can carry these organisms, and the different Imperial provinces have all kinds of bizarre methods that supposedly keep them at bay, including swirling water around the mouth six times before swallowing it in Ostermark, or never drinking untested water when Morrsleib is visible in Nordland. Whenever a character draws water from any unsecured source, there is a 5% chance that it carries the larvae of a Reikworm. Swimming in such water carries the same risk of contracting worms as drinking it. When exposed to contaminated water, a successful Toughness Test must be passed or a Reikworm larvae will be swallowed and will settle in the character's belly.

Description: When the tiny larvae of the Reikworm enters the body, it burrows deep into the guts of its host, where it feeds and grows. Soon, the host's immune system is diminished, making him prone to catching other diseases. After three months, the worm will have grown to four feet in length and will be ready to head for the surface. The first visible sign of the parasite is a massive blister that forms on the surface of the skin. After a week, the blister bursts, causing an intense burning pain. Commonly, the afflicted plunge their hot wounds into cooling water for relief. If this happens, the mature Reikworm emerges and spits forth a new batch of young as a sickly yellowish fluid, which soon disperses in the water, ready to infect new hosts. After this, the worm then dies.

Duration: Ninety days after infection the blister will form. Seven days after this (during which time it is treatable), it will burst.

Effects: For every full 30 days of infection, the character suffers –5% Toughness when trying to resist other diseases. This is regained at 1% per day after the worm dies. To determine where the worm surfaces, roll for Hit Location as if the character had been struck in combat. When the blister forms, the character suffers a –5% to all Agility Tests due to the constant irritation; further, if the blister is in a visible location, the character suffers a –10% to Fellowship Tests. On the seventh day of the blister, the character must make a Toughness Test every hour. When it fails—or on the last hour of the day if all Tests are passed—the blister bursts wetly, inflicting 1 Wound and causing an incredible burning sensation. This results in a –20% modifier to Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill and Agility until the wound receives medical attention. If the wound is immersed in water, these modifiers drop to –10%.



Chapter III: Advanced Trade and Commerce

By Jude Hornborg and Dan White

Trade is the lifeblood of the Empire, but commerce is also the catalyst of deceit, corruption, and betrayal—seldom is greed without its victims. Within the guildhalls of the Empire, a merchant unencumbered by ethics or morality could amass a staggering fortune, whilst even the most scrupulous merchant needs two hands to count the men he's killed in defence of his livelihood.

This article provides information relevant to Player Characters of the following careers: Artisan, Burgher, Envoy, Guild Master, Smuggler, Tradesman, Crime Lord, Fence, Politician, Steward, and Merchant. However, characters of any career may participate in the world of trade by obeying guild laws (or in some cases, breaking them). Although not essential to this material, the *Old World Armoury* and *Sigmar's Heirs* supplements include helpful background information for GMs using these rules.

> *"When aspiring apprentices walk into my office, I tell them straight away that working as a journeyman trader is the only way to learn this business. If you just want to earn a living, well, then become an accountant or a sales agent. But you'll never get rich playing with your abacus all day if you're just tallying another man's profits."*
>
> —Randolf Schmiermann,
> Former Merchant Guildmaster of Schoppendorf

— The Merchants' Guild —

The office of the Merchants' Guild is one of the most identifiable and enduring institutions of the Empire. Every trading settlement, large or small, contains a merchants' guild, from the bustling metropolis of Altdorf with its vast Guild complexes boasting labyrinthine networks of panelled conference rooms, to the remote Kotzenheim Guild, operating from a curtained booth at the local coaching inn.

The merchants' guilds' primary function is to protect its members from market irregularities by applying tariffs and exercising veto power on deals that would flood the market

Bill of Exchange for Dieter Voorsten, journeyman trader under Henrik Lagermann

Salzenmund Merchants' Guild, Nordland

Item. Delivered 240 pounds of salted cod to Herr Gerber in Schoninghagen. Received 25 pounds of chickpeas and 400 pounds of oats in exchange.

Liability. 60 pounds of oats spoiled by rain en route to Altdorf.

Item. Purchased 100 chickens from Tomas Ehrenbürger in Grunburg. Paid 15 gold crowns.

Item. Sold 25 pounds of chickpeas and 340 pounds of oats to Councillor Wasserblad in Nuln. Received 210 gold crowns.

Item. Sold 96 chickens to Franz Bauhaus in Nuln. Received 25 gold crowns.

Debit: 35 gold crowns paid to Nuln Merchants' Guild for exceeding weekly trade allowance.

with surplus product. Backroom politics are common, as members lobby to have transactions by their rivals vetoed and tariffs on their own goods lowered. Guilds also serve as meeting places for commerce.

Membership Requirements

Applicants must serve apprenticeships before being considered for full guild membership. Typically, the merchant mentor receives labour or actual profit shares from his apprentice as payment for tuition. A journeyman trader's license permits apprentices to deal with certified merchants in other towns on their guild's behalf. Apprenticeships normally last between one and six years, after which the mentor must decide whether to endorse or reject the apprentice for full membership. Less than a quarter of all apprentices will ever go on to become full members of the merchants' guild. The prerequisites are very difficult to attain:

- Letter of endorsement from mentor
- Ownership of land and residence within a day's travel of the town
- Ownership of a warehouse in the town
- Payment of membership dues, including an entry fee of 50 to 100 *gc* and 10% of all subsequent profits

Journeyman traders, often the sons of burghers or other merchants, sometimes have no ambition to join the guild, but instead ply the rivers for other reasons, including family duty, travel opportunities, or short-term profit. Journeyman traders may come from any career background, but Gossip and Read/Write skills are assets. Full guild members usually belong to one of the following careers: Burgher, Envoy, Guild Master, Merchant, Politician or Steward.

Privileges & Restrictions

Non-members, including common street vendors, may not sell in excess of 20 *gc* worth of goods per week. Transactions beyond this allowance are punishable by law. Apprentices with a journeyman trader's license are permitted to sell 200 *gc* worth of goods per week, and full merchants are excused from these restrictions entirely. It should be noted that sales quotas vary from guild to guild.

Full members and journeyman traders who wish to conduct a transaction in any town regulated by a merchant's guild other than their own must register their cargo with the local guild, state their intended commerce, and present their license or guild seal for inspection. After the transaction is complete, another report must be filed with the local guild. Failure to comply with any of these requirements is punishable by a fine payable to the guild, the sum of which equals the merchant's above-quota profits, or 40 *gc*, whichever is greater. Damage to the reputation of the merchant's home guild is another possible consequence of transgression, but the committee may not become aware of violations until annual reports are reviewed.

Guild Relations & Politics

Healthy relations with the crafting guilds are mutually beneficial. Often, merchants have entered the trade from a crafting profession and retain memberships in multiple guilds. It is within the merchants' guilds' purview to monitor exchanges between local suppliers and finishers, but usually the guild remains at arm's length, preferring the craft guilds to negotiate directly with individual resource harvesters.

The Nobility

Trading is still viewed as a commoner's vocation by the Imperial nobility, whose disdain for drudgery has enabled the merchant class to make steady gains in both wealth and influence. Cartage taxes comprise only a small fraction of trade profits; meanwhile lords and barons often make substantial interest payments to their merchant creditors. Money lending may even be parlayed into political leverage for the merchant's home guild.

On rare occasions, however, the nobility levies a tax that turns markets upside down. Such was the case in 2521, when news of Archaon's gathering hordes reached the League of Ostermark. Smithies were bought out of weapons within a week by terrified peasants who spent their entire savings to arm themselves. When Margrave Mach was unable to equip a full division of reserves, he promptly imposed a crippling Armaments Surtax that doubled the price of weapons, armour, and horses, making them unaffordable to all but his own soldiers. Within months, nobles throughout Ostermark, Ostland and Hochland followed suit, and before long, even nobles in distant Wissenland were levying Armaments Surtaxes simply to reap the profits of a bull market.

A few select merchants are granted military trading permits by the local ruler, exempting them from Armaments Surtaxes

and allowing them to trade arms freely. Merchants who wish to avoid paying Armaments Surtaxes must have *both* a military trading permit *and* full merchants' guild membership; a journeyman trader's license is insufficient. Anyone who trades in arms or horses without the proper paperwork is considered to be smuggling (see page 43).

Stevedores and Teamsters

The employ of Stevedores and Teamsters is strictly enforced. Merchants *must* hire members of the Stevedores' guild to load and unload barges, whilst the Teamsters' Guild enjoys a similar monopoly over wagon traffic entering their town. Hiring non-guild cargo handlers typically results in vandalism to the merchant's property. One person can move 5,000 encumbrance points per hour, and cargo handlers are paid as labourers.

Additional Rules

Use the following rules to add even more depth to games where trade plays an important role in the campaign.

Market Speculation

Often PCs will come into possession of goods or cargo with little knowledge of its value in markets local or foreign. The value of the goods in question is dependant on market conditions. Any PC who spends a few hours at the merchants' guild may attempt a Gossip Test to learn about market conditions. This test should be modified by the distance of their current location to the market in question, and the amount of time both the PC and NPC have spent in the region. The amount of detail awarded by the GM is proportional to Degrees of Success. Merchants with Trade (Merchant) may roll against both skills and select the best result.

Backroom Politics

Full members and journeyman traders may use the guild's smoky backrooms to network and manipulate business relationships. The GM should roleplay these encounters in detail, rather then relying on a single die roll. On a successful Trade (Merchant) Test, the GM should re-roll a failed Supply or Demand result, subject to modifiers for good roleplaying. Also, full guild members may spread false rumours to temporarily influence a product's Supply or Demand rating with a successful Gossip Test, or even sway the committee to veto unfavourable trades using the Trade (Merchant) and Charm skills. Players should beware however; botched attempts to tamper with local markets can have serious repercussions, ranging from loss of guild membership to incarceration. (See **Supply** and **Demand** on page 35.)

Other Institutions

Aside from the Merchant's Guild, there are many factors and parties with a vested interest in trading throughout the Empire, and beyond. The following institutions can all serve as benefactors or rivals of PCs involved in the exciting world of trade.

Trading Companies

When merchants invest jointly in an enterprise, the profits are shared, but so is the risk and overhead expense. These ventures may sometimes unite merchant houses from directly competing towns. Frequently, large trading companies are exempt from guild restrictions if the investors are also committee members. PCs may write a business proposal using the Trade (Merchant) Skill to try and convince NPC merchants to join a trading company. A Charm Test may also be required, modified according to the viability of the proposal and the adventurer's assets

Money Lenders

Another popular avenue for profit is the interest generated by money lending. The merchant is legally protected against delinquent accounts, and clients who default face imprisonment unless a suitable agreement can be reached. Indebted nobles have acceded to countless special privileges and tax exemptions in lieu of loan repayment. A money lending operation can be run as a business using the guidelines under Local Trade (see page 45). Loans are normally offered only to guild members in good standing who can demonstrate permanent residency, and collateral is often required. Repayment contracts vary, but as a guideline, 200 *gc* loans over a 3-month term at 20% interest are common. Longer terms, larger loans, or lower interest rates require a solid credit history.

Sales Agents, Brokers, and Accountants

Sales agents work as messengers between merchants. In Marienburg, Altdorf, and Nuln, where much of the trade is done through commodities exchanges, sales agents also deliver bids to the stimulant-addicted brokers who work the floor. Merchants usually hire one full-time accountant for every 1,000 *gc* worth of annual business. Guild apprentices may serve their mentors as sales agents or accountants instead of becoming journeyman traders. Brokering demands a special sort of personality, along with the Blather and Gossip Skills. Players may employ any of these financial clerks as Hirelings.

Table 3–1: Financial Clerk Wages by Skill

Skill Level	Daily	Weekly	Yearly	Availability
Poor	18 *p*	9 *s*	25 *gc*	Average
Common	34 *p*	17 *s*	45 *gc*	Average
Good	50 *p*	25 *s*	65 *gc*	Scarce
Best	60 *p*	30 *s*	80 *gc*	Rare

— Religion and Magic —

Civil and commercial responsibilities occupy most of a merchant's day, leaving precious little time for prayer or study. Merchants who attain positions on the town council listen attentively to the clergy's concerns and are mindful of their public images. Charitable donations help to allay suspicions of corruption, and the savvy alderman can exploit his post for commercial gain without compromising civil duties.

The journals of merchants are filled with personal confessions and convoluted screeds, in a vain attempt to reconcile material greed with spiritual truth. These journals may be worth a small fortune in blackmail money to enterprising thieves, and in rare cases, may even warrant the attention of a witch hunter. After all, trading expeditions occasionally return items that would have been better left alone….

In addition to the popular gods, traders and merchants also worship Handrich (or Haendryk) and, more recently, Ranald the Dealer. The cults of both gods originated in Marienburg, and they are currently considered only minor deities in the Empire. Handrich is the more popular of the two, but even a few legitimate merchants have begun whispering appeals to the Dealer at night. Handrich and Ranald the Dealer are competitors.

Secret Societies

Public visibility and occupational nepotism can lead merchants to organize secret societies, the goals of which may include fostering a spirit of competition, alienating competitors, or spiritual enlightenment. Membership in these societies is hierarchical, with the inner circle often being co-investors in a trading company. Junior members may be blissfully unaware of the society's true agenda—thankful only for the chance to join a clique. Occasionally, these societies dabble in ritual magic.

Handrich's Gracious Blessing of Bountiful Commerce

Type: Divine
Arcane Language: Magick
Magic: 2
XP: 200
Ingredients: A small clay pot of foreign coins (minimum 50 *gc* worth), a bottle of wine blessed by a priest of Handrich, and two crates full of locally purchased trade goods.
Conditions: Seven local merchants must join recital of a long prayer to Handrich, and then drink from the wine. You must spend a week memorizing the prayer, which is easily forgotten afterwards.
Consequences: If the casting roll is failed, or if you fail an Easy Int test, Handrich will scoff at your incompetence and priests in the town will fall from grace, losing their divine powers until the next spring thaw.
Casting Number: 12
Casting Time: 4 hours
Description: If the ritual succeeds, the town's Wealth rating improves by one category and local merchants receive a +10% bonus when rolling for Demand in other towns. This effect lasts for a full season.

Gods of Merchants

	Handrich **God of Merchants, Prosperity and Commerce**	Ranald the Dealer **God of Swindlers, Smugglers and Profiteering**
Symbol	Gold disk	Crossed fingers
Area of Worship	Primarily Marienburg, with small chapels across the Empire.	Primarily Marienburg, with rare private shrines in the Empire.
Temperament	Contented, jovial, charismatic	Shrewd, manipulative, charismatic
Strictures	• No false dealings • Make a profit every day • Trading partners must sign an oath • Give charitably, within reason	• Never use violence for gain • Do not get caught in a lie until you have left town • Make a profit every day
Holy Orders	Only temples in large cities have priests. Merchant lay brothers administer most chapels.	Clergy are wandering peddlers. No formal structure outside Marienburg.
Prominent Figures	High Priest Goudenkruin in Marienburg	High Priest von Kleptor in Marienburg
Holy Days	Marktag (Market Day)	Marktag (Market Day)



— Trade Zones of the Empire —

The Empire is divided into eleven Trade Zones; ten within the Empire itself, plus the Marienburg Delta, which extends into Reikland and Middenland. Political boundaries have little influence on trade, with the notable exceptions of the free cities Kemperbad and Nuln. Talabheim is also a chartered city-state, but has broadened its cooperation with devastated neighbouring towns following the recent Chaos incursion.

Razed Zones

The Old Forest Road and North-east Passage were razed by Archaon's hordes in IC 2521-2522. If your game is set after this period, merchants may not Sell products in razed zones. Only Buying and Bartering are possible. The GM may allow Selling in the impregnable city of Talabheim as an exception to this rule.

Regional Diets

Regular market fluctuations limit the duration of commercial alliances, and therefore Trade Zones do not represent formal merchant leagues, per se. Occasionally, regional merchants will organize trade fairs; rife with backstabbing, bribery, and conspicuous displays of wealth. These trade fairs are often accompanied by a grand assembly (or "diet") of merchants, nobles, and politicians, held at the local merchants' guild or town hall. Agreements signed at diets rarely hold for long, unless they intersect with provincial or Imperial politics. For example, present-day free cities have gained their independence largely through negotiations conducted at regional diets. In exceptional cases, diets may attract merchants from other Trade Zones seeking amendments to provincial or Imperial laws.

Non-guilded towns

The 50 trading centres listed here can be assumed to contain a merchants' guild. GM's using *Sigmar's Heirs* for setting background may allow players to trade in a non-guilded town, using the supply/demand profile of the nearest Trade Zone. However, Selling is not allowed in non-guilded towns; only Buying and Bartering are possible. Furthermore, non-guilded towns produce only the goods listed under "Source of Wealth" in *Sigmar's Heirs*. The "agriculture" category may include grains, livestock, or woollen goods, as the GM sees fit. "Subsistence" indicates that the settlement does not produce sufficient quantities of product for bulk trading. Resource collection in non-guilded towns is often monopolized by a single merchant family or trading company.

Trade Routes

The majority of transport is conducted along major land routes (red) or water routes (blue). Caravans travelling on minor roads (brown) or unmarked routes are at increased risk of encountering Trade Hazards (see page 38).

Table 3–2: Trading Centres of the Empire

Central Reikland Estuary

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
1. Altdorf	105,000	5	Reikland
2. Carroburg	12,000	4	Middenland
Bögenhafen	5,000	3	Reikland
Helmgart	2,200	2	Reikland
Ubersreik	3,500	4	Reikland
Weissbruck	272	2	Reikland

Kemperbad Enclave

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
3. Kemperbad	7,500	4	Reikland
Auerswald	5,000	3	Reikland
Grunburg	2,400	2	Reikland
Stimmigen	1,750	3	Reikland

Nuln Market Centre

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
4. Nuln	85,000	5	Wissenland
Ambosstein*	80	3	Wissenland
Furtzhausen	74	3	Wissenland
Kotzenheim	61	3	Wissenland
Wissenburg	9,000	4	Wissenland

Upper Söll Valley

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
5. Pfeildorf	6,800	3	Wissenland
Geschburg	600	3	Wissenland
Kreutzhofen	515	4	Wissenland
Kroppenleben	85	3	Wissenland
Wuppertal	1,100	3	Averland
Wusterburg	800	3	Wissenland

Old Dwarf Road

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
6. Averheim	9,400	4	Averland
7. Wurtbad	8,800	4	Stirland
Gersdorf	425	3	Talabecland
Hocheleben	375	3	Averland
Krugenheim	4,500	4	Talabecland
Pfungzig	3,580	3	Averland
Streissen	5,500	3	Averland

Zhufbar Road

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
8. Eicheschatten	3,375	3	Moot
Schramleben	675	3	Stirland
Waldenhof	4,200	2	Stirland

Old Forest Road

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
9. Talabheim	72,000	4	Talabecland
Ahlenhof	72,000	4	Talabecland
Hergig	500	3	Hochland
Küsel	6,500	4	Talabecland
Talagaad	450	3	Talabecland

North-east Passage

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
10. Bechafen	7,600	4	Ostermark
11. Wolfenburg	1,100	3	Ostland
Wurzen	1,450	2	Ostland

Salzenmund Strand

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
12. Salzenmund	7,500	4	Nordland
Ferlangen	130	3	Ostland
Grafenrich	252	2	Nordland
Neue Emskrank	895	3	Nordland
Norden	3,200	3	Nordland

Drakwald Corridor

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
13. Middenheim	15,000	5	Middenland
Beeckerhoven	408	3	Nordland
Delberz	4,500	3	Middenland
Schoninghagen	980	3	Middenland

Marienburg Delta

City	Pop.	Wealth	Province
14. Marienburg	135,000	5	Wasteland
Scheinfeld	850	3	Middenland
Schilderheim	5,500	3	Reikland

*Free City

Trade Centre	Trade Routes	Foreign Trade
Central Reikland Estuary	River Reik, River Bogen, River Talabec, Grey Mountains	Bretonnia
Kemperbad Enclave	River Reik, River Teufel, Lower Stir	None
Nuln Market Centre	Upper Reik, Lower Aver	None
Upper Söll Valley	River Söll, Upper Reik	Tilea, Araby, Cathay
Old Dwarf Road	Old Dwarf Road, River Stir, River Aver	Border Princes, others
Zhufbar Road	Zhufbar Road, Upper Aver	None
Old Forest Road	Old Forest Road, River Talabec	None
North-east Passage	Upper Talabec	Kislev
Salzenmund Strand	Sea of Claws, Middenheim, Erengrad Road	Norsca, Kislev
Drakwald Corridor	Old Forest Road, River Delb	None
Marienburg Delta	Lower Reik, Sea of Claws	Bretonnia, Cathay, Tilea, Araby, Estalia, Norsca, New World

— Trading Rules —

The following rules cover bulk and illegal trade only. PCs who wish to sell single items should use the rules found on page 5 of the *Old World Armoury*.

Trade Units

Products are exchanged in Trade Units (TUs) of variable value. The average value of a Trade Unit is approximately 25 *gc*. Some items are much lighter than others at equal value, and therefore the encumbrance of TUs is listed individually by product (see **Table 3–10: Trade Goods**). Trade Units are a game mechanic to assist GMs with bookkeeping. In actual play, the GM may refer to products by another unit of measurement, be it encumbrance points, bales, crates, or pounds. Doing so will require additional math, and familiarity with these rules is advised before compromising simplicity for realism.

Trading Sequence

1. Players declare attempt to either **Buy**, **Barter**, or **Sell** cargo
   (Optional) GM makes a note of Seasonal Modifiers
2. **Buying**
   a. GM determines Supply of desired goods
   b. Players negotiate Value of desired goods (Haggle, Evaluate)

   Bartering
   a. GM determines Supply of desired goods
   b. *(Optional) GM rolls for Market Fluctuations*

   GM determines Demand for goods offered
   c. Players negotiate exchange value of bartered goods (Haggle, Evaluate)

   Selling
   a. (Optional) GM rolls for *Market Fluctuations*

   GM determines Demand for goods offered
   b. Players negotiate for Value of goods offered (Haggle)
3. Players accept or reject deal. If unsuccessfully Selling, players may now attempt to Barter, and vice versa. Alternatively, they may wait 1d10 days for new merchants to arrive or they may travel to a different market.

Supply

The product's Supply rating indicates the number of Trade Units available in a given settlement. The Supply rating should be calculated whenever players want to Buy or Barter. Supply calculation is a two-step process:

1. **Determine products available:** On the **Table 3–3: Supply**, cross-reference the settlement's Population with each Availability category, and then roll against the listed percentages. Success indicates a product in that category is available. If the Availability Matrix lists no products in a given category, it means there are no TUs available. Only one roll is normally made per Availability category in each settlement. The probability of finding Plentiful and Abundant cargo is even lower than that for Common cargo because cheap goods are in higher demand.
2. **Determine quantity available:** For every product on the market, roll a die and multiply appropriately to determine the number of TUs available for purchase. The GM may distribute TUs between various products, using the Availability Matrix on page 40 for guidance, along with the "Source of Wealth" data listed in *Sigmar's Heirs*. A GM's choice of available products may influence the players' future travels and serve as a tool for guiding the campaign towards high-demand markets. Note that Supply values only reflect the goods currently available for sale; products stored in warehouses for shipment to other markets are not included.

Option: Seasonal Modifiers

Products are easy to transport during the summer, often causing markets to become glutted. By contrast, the winter months bring major supply disruptions. The following modifiers may be applied to percentages listed on the Supply and Demand tables.

Season	Modifier
Spring	No Modifier
Summer	Supply +10% / Demand –10%
Autumn	No Modifier
Winter	Supply –10% / Demand +10%

Demand

The Demand rating for a product indicates the number of Trade Units currently wanted in a given settlement. The Demand rating is calculated when players wish to Sell or Barter for goods. Demand calculation is a two-step process:

1. **Determine interest in product:** On **Table 3–4: Demand**, cross-reference the settlement's population with the Availability rating of the product being offered, and then roll against the listed percentage. Success indicates that the players have found a merchant interested in dealing for their cargo.
2. **Determine maximum quantity of transaction:** Roll a die and multiply appropriately to determine how many TUs of product the players can sell. Selling and Bartering count as separate actions, so players who fail to sell any or all of their cargo may attempt to Barter in the same community, and vice versa.

Option: Market Fluctuations

Regional market conditions are not always predictable. To reflect this, the GM may wish to secretly roll 1d10 before the players attempt a Demand roll:

1-2:	**Bull market:** reduce Availability by one category (one row up on Demand and Value tables)
3-8:	**Stable market:** use value listed on Availability Matrix
9-10:	**Bear market:** increase Availability by one category (one row down on Demand and Value tables)

Value and Exchange

The true value of a cargo is dependent on regional economics and wealth. Value can be calculated in two steps or three, depending on the degree of detail you wish to include in your game:

1. **Determine actual price per Trade Unit:** If Buying or Selling, use the value indicated on **Table 3–5: Values**. If Bartering, use **Table 3–6: Bartering**.
2. **Haggling:** Make an opposed Haggle Test to raise or lower prices.
3. **(optional) Evaluation:** Make an Evaluate Test for each Player Character inspecting the cargo.

Buying and Selling

The value of a Trade Unit depends on the community's Wealth rating and the Availability of the product.

Bartering

When exchanging one product for another, compare both products' Availability ratings to determine relative TU value. Bartering produces a greater price variance than Buying or Selling, because supply of product generally outstrips available currency. Merchants prefer to barter in poor communities, and sell in wealthy ones.

Table 3–3: Supply

Product Availability	—Trading Centre Population— Below 100	Below 1000	Below 10,000	10,000 or more
Very Rare	5%, 1 TU	10%, 1d10/2 TU	20%, 1d10 TU	35%, 1d10×2 TU
Rare	10%, 1d10/2 TU	20%, 1d10 TU	30%, 1d10×2 TU	50%, 1d10×5 TU
Scarce	15%, 1d10 TU	25%, 1d10×2 TU	45%, 1d10×5 TU	65%, 1d10×10 TU
Average	20%, 1d10×2 TU	30%, 1d10×5 TU	55%, 1d10×10 TU	80%, 1d10×20 TU
Common	30%, 1d10×5, TU	40%, 1d10×10 TU	70%, 1d10×20 TU	100%, 1d10×40 TU
Plentiful	20%, 1d10×10 TU	30%, 1d10×20 TU	55%, 1d10×40 TU	80%, 1d10×80 TU
Abundant	15%, 1d10×20 TU	25%, 1d10×40 TU	45%, 1d10×80 TU	65%, 1d10×150 TU

Table 3–4: Demand

Product Availability	—Trading Centre Population— Below 100	Below 1000	Below 10,000	10,000 or more
Very Rare	0%, 0 TU	5%, 1 TU	20%, 1d10/2 TU	60%, 1d10 TU
Rare	5%, 1 TU	10%, 1d10/2 TU	25%, 1d10 TU	70%, 1d10×2 TU
Scarce	10%, 1d10/2 TU	15%, 1d10 TU	30%, 1d10×2 TU	80%, 1d10×5 TU
Average	5%, 1d10 TU	10%, 1d10×2 TU	25%, 1d10×5 TU	70%, 1d10×10 TU
Common	0%, 0 TU	5%, 1d10×5 TU	20%, 1d10×10 TU	60%, 1d10×20 TU
Plentiful	0%, 0 TU	0%, 0 TU	15%, 1d10×20 TU	50%, 1d10×40 TU
Abundant	0%, 0 TU	0%, 0 TU	10%, 1d10×40 TU	40%, 1d10×80 TU

Table 3–5: Values

Product Availability	—Trading Centre Wealth Rating— Poor 1	2	3	4	Wealthy 5
Very Rare	25 *gc*	30 *gc*	35 *gc*	40 *gc*	45 *gc*
Rare	20 *gc*	25 *gc*	30 *gc*	35 *gc*	40 *gc*
Scarce	15 *gc*	20 *gc*	25 *gc*	30 *gc*	35 *gc*
Average	10 *gc*	15 *gc*	20 *gc*	25 *gc*	30 *gc*
Common	5 *gc*	10 *gc*	15 *gc*	20 *gc*	25 *gc*
Plentiful	3 *gc*	5 *gc*	10 *gc*	15 *gc*	20 *gc*
Abundant	2 *gc*	3 *gc*	5 *gc*	10 *gc*	15 *gc*

Table 3–6: Bartering

Item Desired	—Item Offered— V	R	S	A	C	P	B
Very Rare (V)	1	2	4	8	16	32	64
Rare (R)	1/2	1	2	4	8	16	32
Scarce (S)	1/4	1/2	1	2	4	8	16
Average (A)	1/8	1/4	1/2	1	2	4	8
Common (C)	1/16	1/8	1/4	1/2	1	2	4
Plentiful (P)	1/32	1/16	1/8	1/4	1/2	1	2
Abundant (B)	1/64	1/32	1/16	1/8	1/4	1/2	1

Example of Trading

Dieter's player has 175 *gc* to spend in Norden. He declares his intention to Buy, so the GM locates population 3,200 on the Supply table. Rolling seven sets of dice, the results are 80, 45, 26, 48, 24, 26 and 79. Cargos are therefore available in the following categories: Scarce, Average, Common and Plentiful. Norden is a member of the Salzenmund Strand, so looking at the Availability Matrix, the GM decides that blue dye, vellum, salted cod, and charcoal are on the market. Dieter knows that salted cod is less common at his destination in Middenland, so he contacts the fish merchant, who has 80 TUs of product available (a roll of 4 on 1d10).

Looking at the Value table, the GM notes Common goods are only worth 15 *gc* per TU in Norden due to its Wealth rating, however Dieter must first Haggle. Dieter fails his Haggle Test, and the merchant succeeds. Dieter must now accept the new TU price of 20 *gc*, or else the deal fails. Dieter decides to spend 160 *gc* on 8 TU of salted cod.

Arriving in Schoninghagen, Dieter decides to attempt Barter. The GM repeats the Supply rolls (as done for Norden above) but due to its smaller size, Schoninghagen has only Average and Common cargos available. Dieter attempts to barter for grains, knowing they're less abundant at his eventual destination of Nuln, where he intends to Sell. With Schoninghagen's population of 980, Dieter has a 30% chance of the grain merchant being interested in his salted cod. The GM rolls a 21, and we may have a deal.

Cross-referencing Common goods (grain) with Average goods (cod), we see that Dieter may receive grain at a 2:1 TU ratio. After failing another Haggle Test, however, Dieter must treat the merchant's grain as Average. He trades his 8 TU of salted cod for 8 TU of grain. Dieter curses his lack of haggling skills and proceeds on to Nuln.

Haggle

It is the poor merchant who passes up opportunities to haggle for a better price when establishing the value of a cargo. Make an opposed Haggle Test, but do not apply Degrees of Success to break ties; simply leave the product's Value unchanged. The winner may adjust the effective Availability of contested cargo by one column, either up or down. PCs may choose to reject a deal after Haggling price adjustments. NPC merchants can make a WP test to reject a failed Haggle contest.

Evaluate

Merchants of the Old World are often corrupt. When dealing with a corrupt merchant, players may roll an Evaluate Test, opposed by the NPC's Trade (Merchant) skill. The GM should decide the magnitude of the scam in advance, and secretly assign a modifier to the NPC's Trade (Merchant) Skill Test:

Scam Amount	Trade (Merchant) Test Difficulty
5% of cargo	Routine (+10%)
10% of cargo	Average (+0%)
20% of cargo	Difficult (-10%)
30% of cargo	Hard (-20%)
40% of cargo	Very Hard (-30%)

Use Degrees of Success or Failure to break ties. If the PC loses the Evaluate contest, the Scam Amount is subtracted from the expected cargo encumbrance. In roleplay terms, this may be represented either as:

- *Defective goods, excess packaging, or partially-filled crates.* These crooked tricks are rarely carried out in local markets, and are usually followed by a quick departure and a prayer to Ranald the Dealer. Merchants caught pulling these scams may be fined and/or stripped of Guild membership.
- *Lying about the cargo's true weight.* When judging a cargo's weight, usage of cargo scales provides a bonus to the Evaluate test (see **Merchants' Equipment and Vehicle Upgrades**). Even honest merchants exaggerate the weights of their cargos occasionally.

Players may attempt to scam NPCs by reversing the above procedure. To preserve an atmosphere of paranoia, the GM may ask for Evaluate tests even when the NPC merchant is honest.



Failure to find a Buyer

Failure to find a buyer is resolved in one of two ways, depending on whether the Player Characters are Selling or Bartering.

Table 3–7: Random Traits

Roll	Result
1	**Bureaucratic:** This merchant makes sure transactions are documented thoroughly—in triplicate if necessary. All dealings take 1d10 days to complete.
2	**Scrupulously Honest:** Merchant always offers fair Buying and Selling rates, and no Evaluate Tests are necessary. He refuses to Haggle, however.
3	**Devoutly Religious:** Merchant belongs to a secret society of Handrich or Ranald the Dealer (see page 32 for details on how this may affect deals).
4	**Shrewd:** Merchant has Haggle +10%.
5	**Greedy:** Merchant always understates the value of a PC's goods, whilst inflating his own. Evaluate Tests are required to get a fair deal.
6	**Entrepreneur:** Merchant also offers a money lending service to town residents, or trades in local goods on the side.
7	**Criminal Connections:** Merchant is involved in the trade of illegal goods and may be requested to source them. When determining the availability of illegal goods, Players gain a +10% bonus.
8	**Well Travelled:** Merchant has contacts all over the Empire and Player Characters dealing with him may attempt a free Market Speculation roll (see **Merchant Guilds**).
9	**Charlatan:** Merchant is a charlatan. If given the opportunity, he will sell empty packing crates or make off with the PCs' goods without paying. Evaluate Tests are needed to get a fair deal.
10	**Filthy Rich:** Merchant is able to buy more goods than anyone else. Players may sell him all of their TUs if a Demand Test is passed, regardless of the quantity die roll.

Table 3–8: Trade Hazard Modifiers by Season

Season	Modifier
Spring	+10
Summer	No Modification
Autumn	+10
Winter	+20

Selling

If the first Demand roll was unsuccessful, PCs have two options. They may either try their luck in a different town, or they may wait 1d10 days for new merchants to arrive, and then make another Demand roll. Subject to GM discretion, the new Demand roll may be repeated sooner than 1d10 days, or extended, as warranted by in-game events.

Bartering

If the first Demand roll was unsuccessful, it means the merchant approached has no interest in the Characters' cargo. The PCs may attempt a single Demand roll with each merchant identified in the Supply step. PCs are free to entertain multiple offers before making a deal.

Instant Merchants

You can use this chart to generate NPC Merchants when you have no ready-made characters prepared. To individualize the Merchant, roll on **Table 3–7: Random Traits**.

Generic Merchant

Career: Merchant (ex-Burgher)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
37%	32%	35%	36%	33%	48%	46%	51%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	14	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire) +10, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10, Speak Language (Tilean), Trade (Merchant)
Talents: Dealmaker, Luck, Savvy, Suave
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)
Trappings: Town House, Warehouse, Good Clothing, 1,000 *gc* in coin or trade goods

Trade Hazards

Once the merchant has purchased his goods, targeted his market, and set out upon his journey, there are many mishaps that may befall the unlucky. For every 100 miles that a merchant travels, there is a 50% chance of encountering a trade hazard. Merchants travelling along minor, less-patrolled routes must test for Hazards every 50 miles.

The GM may roll a d100 modified by **Table 3–8: Trade Hazard Modifiers by Season** to generate hurdles for the merchant to overcome, or simply choose one of the options listed.

Table 3–9: Trade Hazards

Land	Water	Result
—	01–10	**No Wind:** The craft is becalmed. Unless oar power is used, no travel is possible.
01–05	11–15	**Market Saturation:** You can only sell up to half of your trade goods upon reaching your destination, after Demand rolls have been made.
—	16	**Hurricane:** A Hard (–20%) Sail Test is required to keep seagoing vessels from sinking if the captain is foolhardy enough to be out in this weather. River travel is not viable in a hurricane.
06–09	17–20	**Market Closed:** The market is temporarily untenable. You are unable to sell goods in your current location until 1d10/2 weeks have passed.
10–25	21–29	**Vermin & Predators:** Grains and foodstuffs attract animals, from rats to wolves, and even bears, if you are transporting meats. If nothing is done, then the loss of a Trade Unit of goods may result.
26–31	—	**Highwaymen:** Highwaymen hold up the caravan. The manners of the robbers almost take away the sting from losing your wares. This may become a melee if the caravan has guards.
—	30–33	**Pirates:** Pirates or wreckers attack your vessel. Loss of life and/or cargo may result.
32–41	34–43	**Accident:** A minor accident may be the loss of a wheel from a cart to a minor breakage, generally resulting in the loss of one Trade Unit of goods. Major accidents may involve a boat collision or a whole wagon being lost, costing you up to half of the Trade Units being transported. Catastrophic accidents, such as fire, may result in loss of the whole shipment and could very well result in loss of life.
42–43	—	**Beastmen/Mutants:** Even worse than bandits, creatures of Chaos can attack overland caravans. In these cases, the goods are at less risk than the merchant's own life.
44–50	44–50	**Strong Winds:** Makes the draft animals' job harder, lowering movement rate by one point. Boats have their movement increased by one for a tail wind, or reduced by one for head winds.
51–60		**Roadwardens:** The caravan is searched for contraband and/or extra taxes are demanded.
61–62	51–52	**Minor Sabotage:** A rival has sabotaged the caravan or boat. A vital cog falls off, the mast breaks, or a spy has infiltrated your band. Loss of goods can result, or you may be stranded.
63–64	53–54	**Monster:** A nasty critter attacks your craft or caravan. See the *Old World Bestiary* or this book for statistics.
—	55–62	**Leaky Boat:** A loose board leaves the bottom of the craft flooded, resulting in the loss of one Trade Unit of goods.
—	63–72	**Riverwardens:** The craft is searched for contraband and/or extra taxes are demanded.
65–66	73–76	**Smugglers:** Desperate smugglers attempt to hold you for ransom.
67–73	77–83	**Guild Troubles:** The merchants' guild at your destination demands taxes or a trade war disrupts your operations for 1d10/2 weeks.
74–77	84–87	**Corrupt Officials:** Toll keepers or Roadwardens demand extra taxes, otherwise threatening to impound your goods (see below).
78–88	—	**Bandits:** The roadways of the Old World are rife with bandits, one band of which has chosen to make off with as many of the merchants' goods as possible.
89	88	**Impounded:** Your goods are impounded pending an investigation. Maybe this involves corruption, or perhaps an attempt to track down a renowned smuggler. You cannot regain impounded goods for 1d10 days and may lose them altogether.
90	89	**Major Sabotage:** A rival has sabotaged your craft or caravan. This generally leads to fire, explosion, taking on water, or even sinking.
91–94	90–94	**Recession:** All Demand Tests attempted when you reach your destination suffer a –20% modifier due to recession.
95–98	—	**Heavy Rain:** Makes the road hazardous and slows the caravan to a crawl. The caravan may become stuck in mud several times (see below).
99–109	—	**Stuck In Mud:** Heavy rain and soft ground have conspired to mire the caravan down. It will take several hours to move on and there is a 20% chance that one Trade Unit of goods is lost.
110–114	—	**Deadfall:** Trees have fallen across the path, meaning that a full day is lost before the caravan can move on. Blocked roads may also contain bandits.
—	95–98	**Bad Currents:** Dangerous currents or white water force a Sail or Row Test to be made. If failed, the craft may go down with all hands on deck, not to mention the goods.
—	99–107	**Flood/Surge:** A successful Hard (–20%) Sail or Row Test is required to prevent the loss of half of the Trade Units on board.
115	—	**Landslide:** A landslide has made the path impassable. If you are unlucky, you may be on it when this happens, in which case all present take a Damage 2 hit and 50% of the cargo is lost.
—	108–115	**Storm Winds:** Strong winds buffet the craft, forcing Navigation and Sail Tests to keep it on course. Loss of goods and orientation may result.
116–120	116–120	**Snow/Ice flows:** Conditions are so severe that travel becomes impossible. If far from civilisation, exposure may become a problem.

Availability Matrix - Mercantile Goods

V = Very Rare R= Rare S = Scarce A = Average C = Common P = Plentiful AB = Abundant	Fine Fabrics	Hides	Dyes	Oils	Sweeteners	Grains	Flours	Exotics	Fish	Salt	Luxury Foods	Pottery	Gems	Livestock	Spirits	Woollen Goods	Metal Goods	Timber Goods	Leather Goods	Natural Produce	Perfumes
Central Reikland Estuary	P	S	S	S	R	P*	C	A	C	A	B*	C	C*	C*	P*	C	P*	C	S	S	C*
Kemperbad Enclave	C	A	R	R	S	C	A	S	C	S	P	A	A	A	C	A	C	C	A	R	A
Nuln Market Center	A	C	S	R	A	A	A	A	C	R	C	C	A	C	A	C	C	C	A	S	A
Upper Söll Valley	C	P	A*	S	C*	C*	A	C*	C	R	A	C	C*	C*	R	C*	C*	A	A	A*	C*
Old Dwarf Road	A	C	S	R	A	C	A	C	C	A	C	P	C	P	C	P	C	C	C	R	S
Zhufbar Road	S	A	V	R	C	A	C	P	P	S	P	C	C	C	A	C	A	A	C	V	R
Old Forest Road	C	A	R	S	S	C	A	A	C	C	C	C	A	C	A	C	C	P	A	S	A
North-east Passage	S	A	V	A*	V	S	R	V	A*	C	S	S	R	C	C*	C	P	B*	A	A*	R
Salzenmund Strand	A	A	V	A	V	C	A	R	C	P*	C	S	R	A	C	P	C	P	S	S	R
Drakwald Corridor	C	A	S	S	R	A	S	S	C	C	C	A	A	A	C	C	P	P	S	R	A
Marienburg Delta	P*	S	A*	A	C*	P*	A	C*	P*	C	B*	A	C	A	P*	A	C	A	S	A*	P*

* Includes imports from foreign lands. See page 13 of the Old World Armoury for more information

— Mercantile Trade Goods —

Fine Fabrics: From the looms of the Reikland, fabric is normally transported in bolts and protected from the weather.

Hides: Transported individually and treated to protect against vermin. The finest furs come from the verdant southwestern Empire.

Dyes: The Empire's glorious colours are produced with dye imported through Marienburg or along the River of Echoes into the Söll valley. Dyes are carried in glass vials or in wooden kegs waterproofed with pitch to prevent leakage.

Oils: Transported in wooden barrels or clay jars sealed to prevent leakage. Kislevian whale oil helps to supplement the short supply of plant oils from the south.

Sweeteners: Held in earthenware jars to repel water and vermin, sweeteners are imported through the Söll valley and Marienburg, or purchased from Mootland beekeepers.

Grains: Grown widely throughout the Empire and stored in strong hemp sacks to help prevent vermin attack, with varied results.

Flours: Flours are likewise transported in hempen sacks. Flourmills are most prevalent in the Reikland and Mootland.

Exotics: Imported from Marienburg and through the Söll valley, such expensive foodstuffs are normally held in earthenware jars.

Fish: Held in ice-packed wooden crates for short trips, or smoked/salted prior to shipment for longer journeys. The Empire's rivers are teeming with fish.

Salt: Transported from the Sea of Claws in sealed wooden barrels to stop water ingress.

Luxury Foods: Transported via many methods; from earthenware jars to packed wooden crates. The Empire is well-known for its fine cheeses and sausages. More exotic items must be imported from Bretonnia or Marienburg.

Pottery: Carefully packed in wooden crates, the finest porcelain is made in Averland.

Gems: Mined from the World's Edge Mountains, or imported from Bretonnia and via the Söll valley. Gems are carried in velvet pouches by the merchant himself, or in a hidden compartment.

Livestock: Drovers are normally employed to take livestock to market, and the animals are corralled at night to protect against attack from predators and rustlers. There's no shortage of farm animals in the Empire.

Spirits: Flasks, casks, wineskins, or bottles are packed into crates for safe transport. Bretonnian brandy and Kislevian vodka are highly sought after.

Table 3–10: Trade Goods

Trade Good	Containers Per Trade Unit	Trade Unit Encumbrance
Fine Fabrics	*Bolts Of Cloth*	
Canvas	30	3,000
Homespun	90	9,000
Lace	1	100
Linen	6	600
Silk, Cathay	1	100
Velvet	3	300
Hides	*Skins*	
Bear	8	600
Deer	10	500
Fox, red	3	60
Fox, white	2	40
Horse	12	900
Leopard	2	60
Lion	2	90
Marten	5	45
Mink	4	40
Racoon	50	450
Sable, black	3	30
Wolf	5	180
Dyes	*Small Kegs*	
Blue, copper	2	80
Blue, ultramarine	2	80
Green	2	80
Ochre	1	40
Purple	1	40
Red, iron	3	120
Safflower	3	120
Yellow	4	160
Vermillion	1	40
Oils	*Barrels*	
Almond	3	900
Hazelnut	6	1,800
Olive	4	1,200
Safflower	80	24,000
Sesame	3	900
Sunflower	50	15,000
Walnut	11	3,300
Sweeteners	*Jars*	
Honey	25	2,500
Sugar, brown	7	700
Sugar, raw	21	2,100
Grains	*Sacks*	
Barley	5	1,000
Buckwheat	11	2,200

Trade Good	Containers Per Trade Unit	Trade Unit Encumbrance
Grains (con't)	*Sacks*	
Chick Peas	2	400
Lentils	4	800
Millet	8	1,600
Oats	8	1,600
Rice	2	400
Rye	8	1,600
Perishable Foodstuffs*	60	12,000
Flours	*Sacks*	
Barley	3	600
Buckwheat	5	1,000
Rye	4	800
Wheat	2	400
Exotics	*Jars*	
Chillies	1	100
Tea	4	400
Coffee	1	100
Tobacco, halfling	1	100
Saffron	1	100
Paprika	1	100
Fish	*Crates*	
Shellfish	1	300
Eels	4	1,200
Cod	3	900
Flatfish	3	900
Salt	*Barrels*	
Mined	6	1,800
Evaporated	5	1,500
Luxury Foods	*Jars*	
Chocolate	1	100
Jam	1	100
Oysters	1	100
Fish Eggs	1	100
Venison	1	100
Preserved Meats	4	400
Cheese	9	900
Pottery	*Crates*	
Ceramics	3	900
Stoneware	4	1,200
Porcelain	1	300
Gems	*Pouches*	
Cabochons	1	25
Cut Gems	1	25
Rough Gems	1	25

* See Local Trade for details on the long distance transport of perishable foodstuffs.

Table 3–10: Trade Goods (cont'd)

Trade Good	Containers Per Trade Unit	Trade Unit Encumbrance
Livestock	*Heads*	
Cattle	3	1,800
Sheep	12	4,800
Chickens	50	1,000
Pigs	8	3,600
Spirits	*Crates*	
Brandy	1	300
Bugman's Ale	1	300
Rum	1	300
Vodka	2	600
Woollen Goods	*Crates*	
Rugs	3	900
Clothing	25	7,500
Sheepskin	8	2,400
Metal Goods	*Crates*	
Tools/Utensils	2	600
Pots & Pans	5	1,500
Ingot, iron	3	900
Ingot, copper	5	1,500
Ingot, silver	1	300
Ingot, tin	10	3,000

Trade Good	Containers Per Trade Unit	Trade Unit Encumbrance
Timber Goods	*Crates*	
Furniture	2	600
Tools & Utensils	5	1,500
Lumber	25	7,500
Charcoal	33	9,900
Parchment	1	300
Religious Icons	3	900
Leather Goods	*Crates*	
Clothing	1	300
Containers	2	600
Leather	25	7,500
Saddles	1	300
Vellum	8	2,400
Natural Products	*Sacks*	
Amber	5	1,000
Ivory	1	200
Whale Oil	3	600
Ambergris	1	200
Perfumes	*Vials*	
Incense	2	40
Myrrh	1	20
Scented Candles	2	40
Musk	1	20

* See Local Trade for details on the long distance transport of perishable foodstuffs.

Woollen Goods: Tied with twine and protected against the weather, wool is plentiful.

Metal Goods: Either packed loose or nailed into wooden crates, metals are also widely available throughout the Empire.

Timber Goods: The Empire's sprawling forests supply limitless timber. Wooden items and lumber are held in large shipment crates, carefully packed loose into the beds of vehicles, or floated down the river by log-drivers.

Leather Goods: These are normally oiled and packed into crates for transport. Averland is renowned for its quality leather crafts.

Natural Produce: Earthenware jugs or soft woollen sacks are the most common containers used to ship ivory and other rare items from foreign lands.

Perfumes: Almost exclusively packed in small glass vials. Bretonnia and Marienburg dictate which scents are fashionable amongst the Empire's nobility.

Packaging and Containers

The cost and added encumbrance of packaging is factored into Trade Units.

Container Capacities

Container	Capacity
Barrel	300
Bolt of cloth	100
Crate	300
Earthenware jar	100
Pouch	25
Sack	200
Small keg	40
Vial or flask	20

Military Goods

Military goods include weapons, armour, and horses. These items are not listed above, nor are they included on the Availability Matrix. Merchants may not trade arms or horses legally without a military trading permit, and full Merchants' Guild membership is also required. Since PCs will rarely meet both of these requirements, rules for legal armaments trading are not covered herein. See **Smuggling** and **Tax Evasion** (page 43) for rules covering the illegal sale of these items.

Merchants' Equipment and Vehicle Upgrades

Armoured plating: Inspired by Dwarf technology, a few paranoid Imperial merchants have armour bolted onto their vehicles as protection against wreckers and reavers. Plates are heavy and tend to rust, making them an unpopular refit, but they do confer 4 AP to the vehicle's body.

Bolt thrower pintle: Occasionally mounted on barges to shoot flaming javelins at pirate vessels, mid-sized bolt throwers like the scorpion and oxybeles (see *Old World Armoury* page 49) receive a 90° arc of fire when fixed on a pintle. In rare cases, merchants hire a "skorpionvagn" to escort caravans. This is essentially a bolt thrower-equipped wagon designed to intimidate bandits. In practice, ambushed crews rarely have time to load.

Cargo scales: Shipments larger than 1,000 enc are impractical to weigh without cargo scales, which are stored permanently in warehouses. Average quality scales provide a +20 modifier to Evaluate Tests.

Crane and pulley: Mounted either on boats, quays, or warehouses to expedite cargo transfer, a crane and pulley system doubles the loading rate for two workers (see **Stevedores and Teamsters,** page 31).

Hidden compartment: Any building or vehicle may include storage space to smuggle goods past toll keepers and road wardens. Average hidden compartments can hold 500 Enc and reduce Search tests by –20. Stored objects do not count towards the vehicle's Enc.

Passenger cabin: Furnished with a washstand, chair, and cot or bunk. Cabins rent for double the normal transportation rates (see *Old World Armoury* pages 84–85).

Merchants' Equipment and Vehicle Upgrades

Item	Cost	Enc	Availability
Armoured plating	+50% to vehicle	50% of total	Rare
Bolt thrower Pintle	30 *gc*	300	Rare
Oxybeles	550 *gc*	1,500	Very Rare
Scorpion	375 *gc*	1,000	Scarce
Cargo scales	250 *gc*	4,500	Rare
Crane and pulley	60 *gc*	3,000	Average
Hidden compartment	40 *gc*	600	Scarce
Passenger cabin	90 *gc*	4,000	Average
Luxury cabin	210 *gc*	8,000	Rare
Swivel gun	725 *gc*	500	Very Rare

Luxury cabin: Furnished with a comfortable bed, night table, washstand, chairs, and either a small bathtub or sofa. Luxury cabins rent for quadruple the normal transportation rates (see *Old World Armoury* pages 84–85).

Swivel gun: A cross between a blunderbuss and a small cannon, which can be mounted on a boat's handrail or a wagon. Swivel guns have a 90° arc of fire and pack enough punch to breach the hull of a small pirate vessel, or spray the enemy's deck with grapeshot.

New Gunpowder Weapon: Swivel Gun

	Damage	Range	Reload	Qualities	Availability
Round shot	6	36/108	3 Full	Impact, Unreliable	Very Rare
Grapeshot	5	24/-	4 Full	Shrapnel, Unreliable	Very Rare

— Smuggling and Tax Evasion —

Many goods are illegal to transport in the Empire, and possession of this cargo may result in imprisonment or even execution in extreme cases. Merchants choosing to traffic in illegal goods must tread a careful line between maximizing profit and avoiding the tireless agents of the Empire.

Merchants involved in smuggling must expect to be stopped and searched at any time and should be prepared with a quick bribe or a hidden dagger. Hidden compartments can help, but a well-planned route is the best way to safeguard illegal merchandise. Roadwardens and their river counterparts are notoriously officious and tend to stick to the same checkpoints. If the merchant researches his route and greases the right palms, he'll have fewer problems. If his merchandise *is* searched, then he should pray to Ranald the Dealer that the searchers are lax (which they often are).

Buying and Selling Illegal Goods

Before considering a smuggling run, the Merchant must first source his illicit goods, and then secure a buyer on the other end. This is easier said then done in poor frontier villages. The larger communities, on the other hand, will yield greater success in criminal enterprise, at much greater risk of arrest. If the Merchant fails his Gossip Test to source or sell illegal goods in

Merchants' Taxes, Tariffs, Fees, and Fines

These amounts are considered to be average values, and may vary according to region, current events, or time of year.

Merchants' Taxes	
Tax: road or river cargo tolls	1 *s* per TU
Penalty: tax evasion	Public display or flogging
Merchants' Tariffs	
Tariff: merchants' guild duties	0-5 *s* per TU
Fine: Tariff evasion	40 *gc*
Merchants' Guild Fees and Fines	
Fee: Merchants' guild entry (full membership)	50-100 *gc*
Fee: Annual merchants' guild membership	10% of profits
Fine: Exceeding weekly non-guilded limit of 20 *gc*	10-20 *gc*
Fine: Exceeding weekly journeyman limit of 200 *gc*	40 *gc* or above-quota sales, whichever is greater
Fine: Failure to follow guild protocol	40 *gc*
Penalty: Dishonest business dealings	Loss of guild membership

See *Old World Armoury* pages 14–15 for additional taxes that may apply to merchants.

Table 3–11: Illegal Goods

Community Wealth	Availability	Gossip Test	Price Multiplier	Items Available
1	Very Rare	Hard (–20%)	×.25	1d10/2
2	Very Rare	Hard (–20%)	×.5	1d10/2
3	Very Rare	Challenging (–10%)	×.75	1d10
4	Rare	Average (+0%)	×1	1d10+2
5	Rare	Average (+0%)	×1.5	1d10+4

Gossip Test: The difficulty of the Gossip Test to find a buyer or seller of illegal goods. Streetwise adds +10.

Price Multiplier: The multiplier applied to the base price of illegal goods (see **Table 3–11**), for both buying and selling purposes. This may be adjusted by Haggling.

Items Available: The number of items available to buy.

Table 3–12: Illegal Goods Price List

Illegal Goods	Price
Drugs/poisons	40 *gc*
Slaves/people	20 *gc*
Cadavers	12 *gc*
Weapons/Armour/Horses	50% of normal price
Forbidden grimoires	100 *gc**
Warpstone, 1 ounce	2,000 *gc**
Chaos relics & icons	100-5,000 *gc**

*As these items are very difficult to source and sell, the GM should exercise special caution when allowing them to be traded. Most NPCs cannot afford them, but those who desire them will use whatever means necessary to obtain them. The punishment for possession of these items is torture and execution.

a wealth 4 or 5 community, then there is a chance equal to the margin of failure that his activities have come to the attention of the local authorities. This is called a Detection Test.

Example: In Averheim, Dieter is trying to sell a brace of pistols without guild markings. He spends a few hours lurking around the shady districts, and rolls a 68. Dieter's Gossip skill including the Streetwise talent is 46. His Detection Test is 68 – 46 = 22%. The GM rolls a 53, and Dieter manages to avoid the watchmen, although he still hasn't succeeded in finding a buyer.

Tax & Tariff Evasion

Taxes are applied by regional rulers, and are too diverse to cover in-depth. As a general rule, 1 *s* per TU must be paid in taxes at every tollbooth and lock gate, in addition to the standard shilling-a-leg tax. Tariffs are applied by merchants' guilds to specific products for market regulation, and are paid at the city gates. Some products may be subject to tariffs of up to 5 *s* per TU, whilst others are duty-free. The GM should decide upon applicable tariffs, keeping in mind that goods with widespread local availability will be penalized more heavily.

Toll keepers may discover hidden goods on a successful Search Test. Alternately, smugglers can lowball their cargo declarations, in which case an Evaluate Test is required by the toll keeper. Tax evasion is punishable by flogging or public display. Tariff evasion draws a fine of up to 40 *gc,* payable to the local merchants' guild.

— Local Trade —

Whilst the previous guidelines deal with transactions carried over large distances, it's essential to note most transactions are conducted within a single community. Often these goods are not financially viable to move over long distances, due to small quantities, low profit margins, or are perishable.

Perishable products that are traded locally include foodstuffs such as fruit and vegetables or unsalted meats and fish, as well as baked breads, pastries, and offal. Such goods are normally only traded between communities no more than two days' travel apart. However, due to food shortages in the northern Empire that have resulted from the recent war, more merchants are transporting perishable foodstuffs over long distances than has been practicable in the past. Should PC merchants wish to transport perishable foodstuffs beyond the normal two-day catchments area, they run the risk of spoilage.

For each day's travel beyond two that merchants transport perishable foodstuffs, they must roll a successful Trade (Merchant) Skill Test or lose one Trade Unit of goods to spoilage. They may still sell such goods, but anyone eating these goods runs the risk of food poisoning. (At the GM's option, eating such goods may require a Toughness Test to resist illnesses such as the Galloping Trots.) Even goods that avoid spoilage will at best be Poor Quality.

Typically, local trade takes place within a twenty-mile radius of an urban centre, or between communities no more than two days apart. Merchants who participate in local trade can use the Merchant business profile found on pages 93 and 94 of The *Old World Armoury* in place of the full trading rules. Following is a summary of the local business rules:

- A Common trading business costs 200 *gc* to set up or purchase.
- Every week, roll a Trade (Merchant) Test and calculate Degrees of Success or Failure.
- Consult the **Table 3–14: Weekly Income—Local Trader,** applying modifiers from the **Table 3–15: Trade Test Modifiers,** then collect income and adjust business quality if necessary.
- Trading businesses require 3 days of administration per week or else they fall by one quality category.
- A business reduced below Poor goes bankrupt.

Table 3–10: Trade Goods should be used only for flavour, as Trade Units are usually beyond the scale of local ventures. Local traders are mostly concerned with shipping raw goods from suppliers to craftsmen, but they also sometimes act as retailers and distributors to major merchants. Many merchant guild members also trade locally on the side, but guild membership is not a requirement providing weekly sales do not exceed the 20 *gc* limit.

Local traders with guild membership may choose to *either* collect a weekly income *or* produce a partial Trade Unit. TUs produced in this manner require many weeks to accumulate, and may not be dealt in bulk until a full TU is gathered (see **Weekly Income—Local Trader** table for fractional TUs).

Stewards

Business owners may employ Hirelings to handle operations during out-of-town trips. At minimum, a sales agent and an accountant are required to maintain weekly business. Travelling PCs use their Command skill instead of Trade (Merchant) Skill for Trade tests, but every failure raises the Difficulty level of the next test by one category. Command penalties are cumulative, and only reset to Average after the business owner returns. The GM may wish to roll Command Tests in secret. Many adventurers return home after a long absence, only to find their business in ruins.

Local Enterprise

Common large businesses require a 600 *gc* initial investment and 6 days of administration per week, although 8-day workweeks are not unheard of. Examples of local enterprises include logging & sawmill operations, banks, and copper mines.

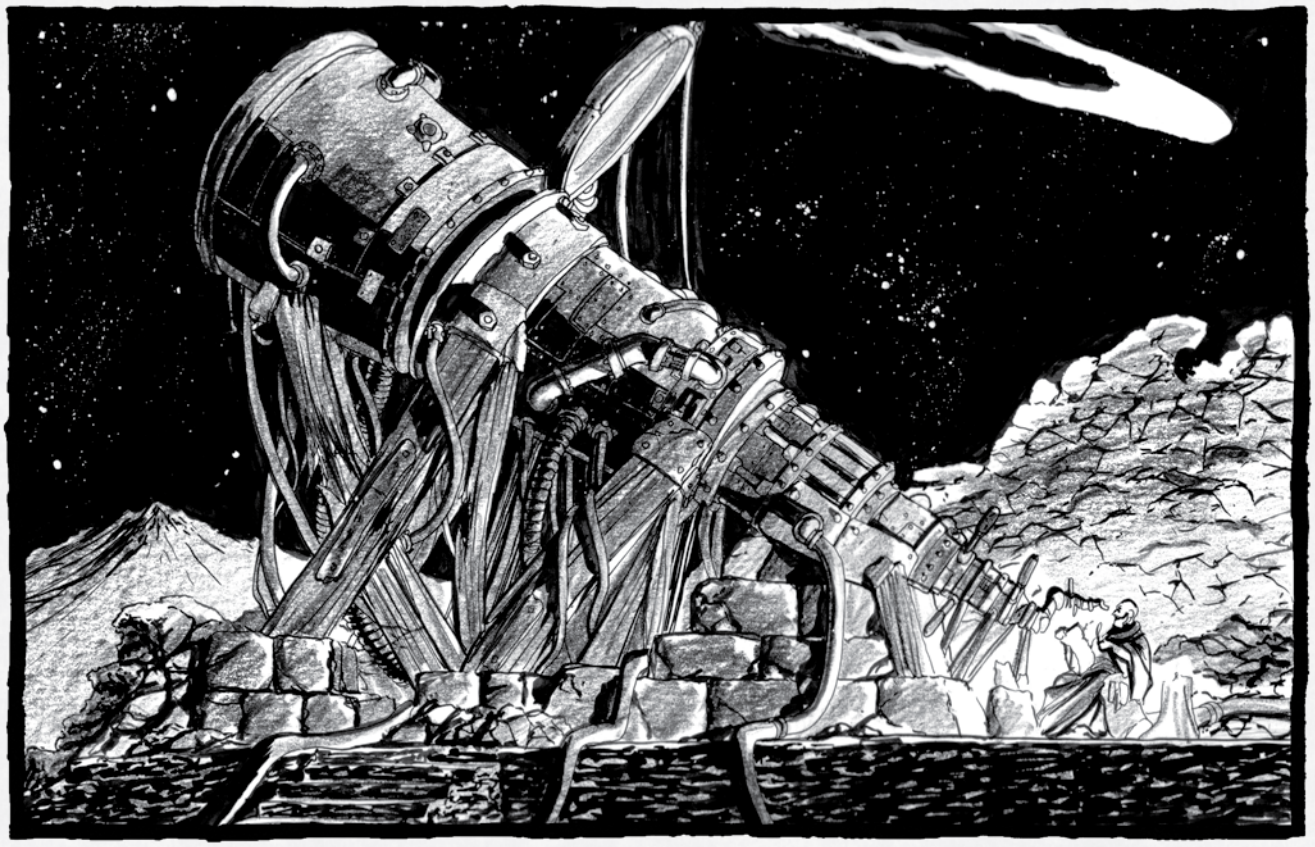
Quality	Base Weekly Income
Poor	2 *gc*
Common	4 *gc*
Good	6 *gc*
Best	8 *gc*

Table 3–14: Weekly Income—Local Trader

Quality	Base Weekly Income	TUs
Poor	120 *p*	N/A
Common	210 *p*	N/A
Good	300 *p*	1/8
Best	400 *p*	1/4

Table 3–15: Trade Test Modifiers

Trade Test Result	Percentage Modifier
Five degrees of success or more	×200%, +2 Quality
Four degrees of success	×150%, +1 Quality
Three degrees of success	×130%
Two degrees of success	×120%
One degree of success	×110%
Success	×100%
Failure	×80%
One degree of failure	×60%
Two degrees of failure	×40%, –1 Quality
Three degrees of failure	×20%, –2 Quality
Four degrees of failure	×10%, –2 Quality
Five degrees of failure	×0%, –2 Quality



Chapter IV: Star Signs and Their Meanings

By Kevin Hamilton with Robert J. Schwalb

Some believe in the heavens are written the tales of what has passed, what happens now, and what shall come to be. For generations, Man has looked up to the firmament to question his purpose and place, casting prayers to whatever deaf gods play amongst the burning torches. Sailors use the stars as guides, helping them navigate the uncharted waters of the Sea of Claws, whilst the Arabyan philosophers stare up at the nightly heavens to discover the secrets of the world, a practice brought back to the Empire by the crusaders.

Over the centuries, certain clusters of stars have acquired names, characteristics, and some supernatural significance. Some, nay most, believe the position of the clusters when a child is born reveals some truth about a person, shaping his personality, outlooks, hopes, and dreams for the rest of his life. Whether dismissed as the foolish superstitions of peasants, soothsayers, and charlatans or embraced as a fundamental truth, no one can deny the coincidences between Man and the arrangement of the heavens.

— Using Star Signs —

In the *WFRP* rulebook, **Table 2–12** describes the most famous (or infamous) constellations in the night sky. During character creation, a player may roll on this table as a guide for determining his new character's personality type. Although the star signs have evocative names and a general omen attached, they are vague and open to interpretation (as any good star sign should be).

This article expands on this information, offering a look at how these constellations can affect a character's personality. Each entry contains the following information:

Ascendant: This entry details when the constellation is most visible in the heavens.

Appearance: The entry describes what the constellation is supposed to resemble.

Qualities: This entry describes the personality traits typically associated with characters born under this sign.

A paragraph follows, describing some general characteristics and beliefs about the star sign, as well as some information as to how it is regarded in the Old World.

Drinks at a Tavern: This optional entry describes how a Character born under this sign might act when having drinks at a tavern.

Horrible Encounter: This optional entry describes how a Character born under this sign might respond when confronted by a Mutant.

Secret Mutation: This optional entry describes how a Character born under this sign might react when he discovers he's acquired some hideous mutation through contact with Chaos. The mutations described in this article are more fully described in the *Tome of Corruption*.

— Star Sign Descriptions —

Wymund the Anchorite

The Sign of Enduring

Ascendant: Midwinter
Appearance: A stern face
Qualities: Tolerant, patient, methodical

Description

When Wymund the Anchorite appears, it signals a time to be extra cautious and wary. Most characters born under this sign are patient and slow in their approach, always considering their alternatives before taking action. A rare few are overly cautious, to the point that they can become paralyzed with indecision.

> *"To be sure, it was an inauspicious time to have a baby, I always said... Why, Morrslieb was fat, Dragomas the Drake was in ascendant, and the Big Cross was nowhere in the sky... That newborn babe was pulled from its mother, and I wasn't surprised to see the babe touched..."*
>
> —Lucretia, Wise Woman

Drinks at a Tavern

The Wymund character stands around outside on the street, shuffling his feet and pretending to be interested in something on the road. All the while, he steals furtive glances at the Red Rooster Pub, craning his neck and forgetting his caution whenever the door opens. After a few moments, he looses a long sigh and steps inside. He's very aware of all the looks, the dirty faces peering up at him as he walks up to the bar. He takes a stool and considers his options, frequently counting the dirty brass coins in his purse. When he finally orders, it's quiet and he changes his mind at least three times. After, he spends the evening sipping his beverage while eying the crowd suspiciously.

Horrible Encounter

The Mutant ambles out of the shadow, spurting foul brown fluid from its many sphincters, filling the air with a noxious stink. The Wymund character is horrified—*this thing should not be!* He screams and tries to flee through the nearest exit.

The Big Cross

The Sign of Clarity

Ascendant: Midwinter
Appearance: An "X"
Qualities: Lucid, Sane, Rational

Description

The Big Cross heralds a time of clear thinking, of secrets revealed, and good decisions. The light of this constellation reveals hidden opportunities and useful avenues that can solve problems with ease. Characters born under this sign are clearheaded, rational, and are grounded in the here and now.

Secret Mutation

The Big Cross character lifts her shirt and considers the unsightly mass of writhing tentacles growing out of her belly. They writhe and sway like seaweed in the tide. At first, they disgusted her, but now she's accepting her fate and must decide what to do. She looks to see how the tentacles are attached, *"Can they be removed? Can I do it myself? Should I seek a doctor? Perhaps I should just turn myself over to the Witch Hunters."*

Horrible Encounter

What at first seemed like a man shuffles about as if confused. It suddenly lurches forward, spewing maggots from its mouth, eyes, nostrils, and out of the bottom of its trousers. The Big Cross character firms her lips as she draws her sword. The situation is clear. The thing must be destroyed.

The Limner's Line

The Sign of Precision

Ascendant: Late Winter/Early Spring
Appearance: An archer with a drawn bow
Qualities: Accurate, exact, precise

Description

The Limner's Line is the star sign of excellence in crafts, artistry, and skill. When full in the sky, it is a boon to craftsmen and artists throughout the Old World. It is a symbol of inspiration, bringing out the best talents in those who make their living producing goods. The Limner's Line also symbolizes excellence in swordplay and archery, though such associations are minor. Characters born under this sign tend to be skilled artists, mastering painting, sculpture, or poetry.

Some are skilled swordsmen. The best surgeons are born when this constellation is ascendant.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Limner character enters the Red Rooster Pub, nodding to a few patrons as he makes a beeline for the bar. There he sits, placing three brass pennies on the old wooden surface, being careful to space them evenly. He wastes no time in ordering, knowing he wants the finest ale the place has to offer. And it better be in a clean mug, too.

Secret Mutation

The Limner's Line character awakens as his private room fills with light. Momentarily confused, his eyes clear and he crab crawls backwards to see what's invaded his chamber. But no light burns, no lantern is lit, yet the room is light. And then he sees it. His body… it glows. He's glowing! He inspects himself carefully, discovering to his dismay that his entire body emits a strange radiance. He reaches over to the nightstand where his strait razor lays on top of the shard of mirror he uses for shaving. Fumbling with the latch, he gets it open and sets the blade to his skin. He has to know how deep the corruption goes, and there's only one way to know for sure….

Gnuthus the Ox

The Sign of Dutiful Service

Ascendant: Early Spring
Appearance: An ox
Qualities: Loyal, constant, stubborn



Description

When the Ox appears in the sky, it heralds a time of peace and calm, of stability and business as usual. A character born under Gnuthus the Ox tends to be very loyal to a person, place, or ideal. This loyalty is sometimes misplaced, but the character is adamant about honouring promises, family oaths, and even life debts.

Secret Mutation

The Ox character considers the yellow pustules that throb on the surface of her flesh. They itch like mad, but they don't hurt. She supposes she can live with them…. So long as they don't burst.

Horrible Encounter

With an ear-splitting scream, a harridan lurches out of the shadows. Her skin is yellow and covered in a green filth that splashes the ground and walls as she moves. Where the droplets fall, they burn. The Ox character screams at her allies to flee as she protects their escape.

Dragomas the Drake

The Sign of Courage

Ascendant: Spring
Appearance: A rearing dragon
Qualities: Courageous, strong, doomed

Description

When Dragomas the Drake flies through the night sky it warns Old Worlders of conflict and strife, but it also invokes courage in the face of destruction. While visible, towns double their perimeter patrols and recruit new members for the militia. Characters born under this constellation are bold and assertive. They may be physically powerful, have unwavering morals, or are natural leaders.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Drake character boldly enters the Red Rooster Pub and makes rounds clapping patrons on the backs and exchanging pleasantries. He buys a few drinks and then strolls up to the bar to flirt with the barmaid and have a few drinks of the strongest stuff they sell.

Horrible Encounter

In the thick of a fight, the Drake character finds himself confronting a horror with skin like raw leather—it even reeks of a tannery. A great pink tongue slips through the slit in its face in eager anticipation, but the Drake character shouts an oath and swings his axe savagely.

The Gloaming

The Sign of Illusion and Mystery

Ascendant: Spring
Appearance: A collection of red and blue stars that appear only at twilight.
Qualities: Mysterious, sceptical, doubting

Description

When the Gloaming appears, it is a signal of hidden things, of secrets, and false images. When it appears, clarity dims and secret plots are often afoot. Those born under this sign are consummate doubters and sceptics. They have a hard time believing in anything they can't see or touch, including magic, astrology, and even far away lands. Ironically, those born under the sign have a knack for sorcery.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Gloaming character slips into the Red Rooster Pub unnoticed. She clings to the shadows and takes a seat at a corner table. She buys a few ales, but drinks them slowly, surveying the crowd with a suspicious eye.

Secret Mutation

One day, the Gloaming character woke up hating Dwarfs. It made no sense; her best friend was a Dwarf. Regardless, she hated them and nothing she tried could stop her from hurting Dwarfs whenever she found them. Is she mad, or is this something worse? Or perhaps Sigmar has revealed to her the secret truth about Dwarfs. Maybe Dwarfs are the cause of all people's woes…Dirty stinking Dwarfs…She must keep killing, but secretly. And perhaps outright murder is not the way. Maybe she should teach them a lesson first…

Grungi's Baldric

The Sign of Martial Pursuits

Ascendant: Late Spring/Early Summer
Appearance: A Dwarf with a baldric
Qualities: Disciplined, honourable, skilled at arms

Description

Grungi's Baldric is a sacred sign of reverence to Dwarfs and soldiers. It signifies excellence at arms, skill in battle, and discipline. As such, many lords start their summer campaigns with a great feast beneath this constellation. Characters born under this sign tend to take soldiering very seriously. They fanatically hone their skills and live rigid lifestyles to toughen themselves.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Baldric Character strides into the Red Rooster Pub. He nods to those he knows or recognizes and then orders one ale and a sensible meal. When he's finished, he pays and leaves, displaying great discipline, but also a readiness to do battle at a moment's notice.

Secret Mutation

While using the jakes, the Baldric character notices a strange new growth on his inner thigh. An eye! And it's looking up at him with awful malevolence. The Baldric character calmly finishes his business, pulls up his trousers and goes in search of a bit of rope for biting and a sharp knife to remove the offending growth.

Mammit the Wise

The Sign of Wisdom

Ascendant: Early Summer
Appearance: Owl
Qualities: Wise, educated, fair

Description

Mammit the Wise is an invocation for wisdom and learning. It underscores the value of just rule and intelligent leaders. It is a sign of introspection, philosophy, and questioning. Characters born under this sign view everything as an opportunity for learning, whether it is the death of an emperor, the falling of a leaf, or the sprouting mutation of an afflicted comrade.

Horrible Encounter

The four armed monstrosity flings snot as it charges, leaving a trail of excrement and blood from its overeager bowels. The Mammit character hangs back, considering the battlefield to look for the best way to deal with the threat. She looks for a tactical advantage or a weakness. She might also pause to take notes about the thing to pass on to scholars.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Mammit Character walks into the Red Rooster Pub. She examines the smaller details, considering the décor, the ambience, and also signs of its history. She may sample several different drinks, making notes about the quality of each.

Mummit the Fool

The Sign of the Indistinct

Ascendant: Summer
Appearance: A smiling face
Qualities: Sensible, intuitive, lucky

Description

The adventurer's sign, Mummit the Fool announces the time for new quests, new adventures, and travel. It is the symbol of common sense and intuition, but also improbable luck. Characters born under Mummit the Fool react before they think, struggle with wanderlust, and are a bit fidgety.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Mummit character is already drunk when he stumbles into the Red Rooster Pub. He is silly and entertaining. Instead of being a target for thieves, the crowd seems to embrace him, plying him with more drinks. Much merriment ensues.

Horrible Encounter

Upon seeing the horrid infant with the four-foot wide head filled with dripping fangs, the Mummit character laughs at the strangeness and decides with a whim whether or not he'll stick around.

The Two Bullocks

The Sign of Fertility and Craftsmanship

Ascendant: Midsummer
Appearance: Two oxen
Qualities: Fertile, Skilled

Description

There seems to be a great boom in production of just about everything in the Empire when this constellation is full. Crops tend to grow plentiful and livestock is fertile. Artisans produce large quantities of goods. Many children are conceived. Characters born under this sign show great creativity and are very productive. Whether they're designing a steam tank or improving the crop production of their town, these individuals are keen to help out however they can.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Bullocks character strolls into the Red Rooster Pub. She is friendly and popular. She likes strange drinks that she orders with zeal. She's not satisfied with traditional brews and often creates new beverages just to try new flavour sensations.

Horrible Encounter

As the Bullocks character withdraws her sword from the dying brigand's gut, she's fascinated by the small, eyeless, white mice worming their way out of the wound. She stands transfixed, wondering what other secrets this body hides.

The Dancer

The Sign of Love and Attraction

Ascendant: Late Summer
Appearance: A whirling dancer
Qualities: Amorous, desirable, scornful

Description

Many a legend's great lover has had his passion attributed to being born under this sign, including Kahsonnava of Praag, Rah'mao of Tilea, and even Donavan Juaran of Estalia. Characters born under this sign are passionate, often pursuing a lead or examining a situation to the point of obsession. They take scorn very poorly and will almost always challenge to a duel someone who has offended them or their fair partner.

Horrible Encounter

It doesn't take the Dancer character long to decide what to do, seeing as how he's staring at some horror that used to be a woman, but now has a tail on the end of which is a screaming baby's head. The Dancer is a lover, not a fighter, and promptly flees.

Secret Mutation

The Dancer character looks in the fine silver-backed mirror, considering the trunk growing where his nose once was. Resolved, he turns from the mirror and ties a rope to the rafters, forms a noose, and places it around his neck. Stepping on a chair, he kicks it away.

The Drummer

The Sign of Excess and Hedonism

Ascendant: Late Summer/Early Autumn
Appearance: A drum
Qualities: Excessive, hedonistic, celebratory

Description

The sign of The Drummer is viewed differently throughout the Empire. Some see it as a sign of celebration, whilst others believe it to be a sign of the steady decline of Man toward Chaos. A character born under this sign tends to be extreme in any decision he makes, taking things further than most.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Drummer character drunkenly stumbles into the Red Rooster Pub. Loud and boisterous, he sings and dances, generally making an ass out of himself. He drinks to excess, culminating the evening by spewing vomit onto the street and likely passing out in an alley.

Horrible Encounter

The massive head scuttles along the floor on a hundred spindly legs. Its mouth yawns wide, spraying green filth into the air. The Drummer character faces the foe bravely, but vows he will purge the memory with many an ale and many a doxy if he survives.

The Piper

The Sign of the Trickster

Ascendant: Autumn
Appearance: A capering piper
Qualities: Diplomatic, cunning, shady

Description

The sign of The Piper has always been regarded with some suspicion. Astrologers believe great leaders are born under this sign but also great traitors as well. Some even believe they are one and the same. Characters born under The Piper tend to be willing to negotiate in most situations, trying to look for a happy medium. But these characters also negotiate deals at any cost, even playing the two sides against each other or tricking one side to achieve the desired goal.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Piper character slips into the Red Rooster Pub. She immediately looks for a mark—someone she can easily fool into paying for her drinks, food, and possibly even a room for the night.

Secret Mutation

When the Piper character realized she was suddenly resistant to the Chaos Sorcerer's spells, she knew the Dark Gods had

favoured her. If she survives, she's confident she can use this mutation to her advantage.

Vobist the Faint

The Sign of Darkness and Uncertainty

Ascendant: Autumn
Appearance: No stars, an empty spot in the heavens
Qualities: Ambiguous, erratic, uncertain

Description

When Vobist is high in the sky, the Witch Hunters are on the prowl. Mental illnesses (often mistaken for witchery) are at a peak during this time. This has a similar effect as when Morrslieb waxes full. Characters born under this sign are uncertain about the world around them. They tend to act erratically, almost schizophrenically, at times.

Horrible Encounter

The Mutant chuffs and belches, capering about like a fool, picking at a worm growing in its forearm. The Vobist character pees himself twice over, but charges into battle anyway, howling with horror.

Secret Mutation

The Vobist character screams with horror, gibbering and mewling, when he discovers he has gained a spare nose on his upper thigh. He is doomed; there's no doubt. He races into the woods in the vain hopes of fleeing his affliction.

The Broken Cart

The Sign of Pride

Ascendant: Autumn
Appearance: A cart with a single wheel
Qualities: Arrogant, conceited, prideful

Description

The Star Sign attributed to the refined minority, The Broken Cart symbolises the pride and arrogance so disdained in the noble class. Characters born under The Broken Cart prefer the finer things in life. They will spend their last brass on the haughtiest new wine before upgrading their armour. They often live high above their means and often end up penniless for it.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Broken Cart character strides into the Red Rooster Pub. She buys drinks for the whole bar, but refuses to allow others to reciprocate.

Secret Mutation

She realized at the very moment she awoke covered in fine fur, that her days in high society were over. But she will be no easy mark for the Witch Hunters. No, she will found a cult and worship the very Gods who cursed her, and perhaps she will one day be free from this curse.



The Greased Goat

The Sign of Denied Passions

Ascendant: Late Autumn
Appearance: A goat
Qualities: Apathetic, detached, insipid

Description

The Greased Goat signifies a time of failure. Many astrologers view it as a dangerous period when an incursion could lead to slaughter, as the people are apathetic and slow to react to any threats during this time. Characters born under this sign are aloof and apathetic towards other people and their problems. Those of the Goat moon over their losses and refuse to allow anyone to get too close to them emotionally, often by acting gruff and insensitive.

Secret Mutation

The Greased Goat character just knew he would get a mutation, and when the head crest appeared, it was the confirmation of his miserable life. He bemoans his fate. One of Nature's quitters, he considers himself a social outcast, whether anyone else knows about the corruption or not, and he mopes about muttering curses at himself.

Horrible Encounter

The black armoured Chaos Warrior charges the party. The Goat character moans about his poor luck, and takes no initiative to deal with the problem, though if ordered to act, he responds.

Rhya's Cauldron

The Sign of Mercy, Death, and Creation

Ascendant: Early Winter
Appearance: A cauldron
Qualities: Righteous, fearless, merciful

Description

A highly revered Star Sign, Rhya's Cauldron is associated with all aspects of nature by astrologers. Characters born under this sign are known to view death as merely the next step on a journey. They are fearless when fighting and merciful to less fortunate innocents. They will vehemently take steps to cleanse the world of Mutants whenever possible.

Horrible Encounter

The thing exploding out of the closet is some hideous combination of man and potato. Its thousand eyes stare out, filled with madness. The Cauldron character boldly charges the foe, shouting invocations to the gods about the righteousness of her mission to cleanse the world of the unnatural.

Secret Mutation

The Cauldron character, upon seeing the third arm sprouting from her pit, fervently prays for forgiveness and for a cure. She may decide to remove it, and if no others sprout, she would consider herself blessed by the Gods. Otherwise, she may take her own life to save the Witch Hunters some time.

Cackelfax the Cockerel

The Sign of Money and Merchants

Ascendant: Winter
Appearance: Two coins
Qualities: Frugal, greedy, money-grubbing

Description

When Cackelfax the Cockerel is high in the sky, merchants and bankers rub their hands together greedily. This time usually brings about a surge in consumerism. People buy and trade with less haggling. Characters born under this sign often know how to save a schilling. They hoard their money and share with no one. Penny pinching is the secret to fulfilling their dreams, and they dream big.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Cockerel character walks into the Red Rooster Pub. He buys the cheapest possible wine, often choosing to drink water, as it's free. He never volunteers to buy a round for the boys, but happily accepts drinks purchased for him.

Secret Mutation

The Cockerel character lifts his shirt and discovers odd blue boils all over his torso. He immediately searches out the best barber-surgeon he can find, but complains about the cost. He may be cheap, but he's not stupid.

The Bonesaw

The Sign of Skill and Learning

Ascendant: Winter
Appearance: A knife
Qualities: Curious, philosophical, skilled

Description

The Bonesaw is revered by astrologers and scholars alike as a symbol of the knowledge man has gained over the centuries. Characters born under this sign are inquisitive and always have a thirst for knowledge and learning about the world around them. They love to share this knowledge with everyone they know, sometimes to the point of being annoying and overbearing.

Drinks at a Tavern

The Bonesaw character walks into the Red Rooster Pub. She studies her liqueur, trying to discern its ingredients, production date, and freshness. She orders anything new and exciting the bartender has to offer.

Secret Mutation

After discovering her left foot is now encased in a metal sock, the Bonesaw character sees the mutation as an interesting new opportunity for study. She likely performs experiments on it to test its capabilities. In time, she may come to treasure it.

The Witchling Star

The Sign of Magic

Ascendant: Winter
Appearance: A single bright star
Qualities: Courage, Magical Talent, Strong-willed

Description

The Witchling Star is an ominous sign to most astrologers, appearing mostly when the green moon Morrslieb is full. Characters born under the sign of the Witchling Star are sometimes believed to be blessed by the Winds of Magic, making them feared by others. In some parts of the Empire, children born under this sign are often hunted and killed by rabid villagers.

Horrible Encounter

The grossly fat Mutant spews torrents of effluvia from its nose as it thunders forward on slab-like legs. The Witchling character is unfazed by the horror, showing resolve and courage where others might flee.

Secret Mutation

Whilst eating a slice of meat-bread, the Witchling character discovers her tongue has changed and now terminates in a sharp barb. Depending on her relationship with Magic, she might see this as a blessing or as a taint. She may sob and curse the Gods for inflicting such an unjust punishment, or consider possible uses for this handy new tool.



Chapter V: Medicine in the Empire

By Steve Darlington

In a world rife with war, disease and perilous adventure, characters often find themselves in need of medical attention. Luckily, those who follow the careers of Barber-Surgeon, Student, and Physician can provide such service. These lucky purveyors of the healing arts are in return thankful for the current state of affairs in the Empire, in that they are given the opportunity to explore an exciting and lucrative occupation! With an eager hand and humble heart do we therefore present a summary of the current state of medicine in the Empire.

A Brief History of Medicine

The beginnings of medicine in the Empire and indeed the Old World are generally attributed to the works of the High Elf Gaelen. In the years following the foundation of Sigmar's Empire, scholars and scribes transcribed many great Elven works in order to build the first great library of Altdorf. The most comprehensive guide to herbs and their healing properties of that time is today known as the *Book of Gaelen* due to its most commonly cited source. Of course, all the originals have been lost, and who knows how those first translators—and the countless since—may have perverted the true Elven wisdom or excised the contributions of other great scholars. Yet the book remains authoritative, not least because of its Elven pedigree, and few are the Physicians who do not keep a modern printing on their shelves, almost as if it were a badge of office.

During the first millennium of the Empire, the Elven texts were expanded upon by hundreds and thousands of classical scholars. The classification of herbs and ailments was collated into a Byzantine hierarchical system, most famously collected into the gigantic *Principia Herbologium,* but no scholar truly extended beyond the principles of those original texts. These focused on observing a patient's colour, temperature and temperament, and then treating him with the appropriate tincture, powder or salve. The "Gaelenic" philosophy, as it eventually became known, likens the human body to a seedling, needing only the right balance of nutrients to grow strong. This mindset was the core of all Imperial medicine until two events changed the Empire forever.

In 1111, the Black Plague struck, and at the same time the Undead arose in the land of Sylvania. In the shadow of these threats, faith in medicine waned: men as strong as oxen and taking popular herbal remedies could yet be struck down by an unstoppable, invisible killer, and might rise again the next night to become an altogether different type of danger. Any and all diseases were seen as the work of Chaos, which could only be treated with cleansing fire. Doctors who sought to cure rather than burn were likewise condemned, and the field of medicine entered a great dark age.

At the same time the Necromancers were rising to power, every day performing darker and more perverted explorations into the nature of flesh. For the first time, the temple of the body was thrown open, and as these dark sorcerers made it their unholy playground, they also learned a great deal about anatomy. Much of it they (thankfully) took to their graves, but some of it was preserved and passed on, thus producing the greatest leap forward in medicine since Gaelen. Works such as *The Flayed Man* and *The Creeping Flesh* date from this era, and are among the most prized of all medical works—and the most suppressed.

Necromantic studies were the keepers of medical knowledge for over 500 years until another great tragedy sparked a new look at medicine. In 1786, the Red Pox appeared throughout Tilea, claiming men and animals alike. This more mundane disease, striking in a more enlightened age, prompted the rising population of academics to ponder disease more as a natural phenomenon than as the taint of Chaos. They began to look to animals to learn more about the human form; although any sort of human dissection was still taboo, animal carcasses were perfectly acceptable. The human body began to be appreciated anew as a great nexus of flesh, bone, organs and vessels, each of which could be examined and treated separately.

Soon after came the Tilean renaissance, and the works of Leonardo of Miragliano brought a new appreciation for engineering. From this arose a new paradigm of thought, one in conflict with Gaelen's theories and the practices that stemmed from them. Where Gaelen saw the body as sacred and inviolate, to be nurtured as a whole, never cut apart, the 'Mechanicals' saw the body as nothing more than a giant machine made of many cogs; to throw open such a machine was as natural as examining the workings of a clock or mill-wheel, and to cut and amputate as natural as tightening a screw. Of course, many doctors could see elements of truth in both sides, and today there are very few that will never perform amputations, or refuse to see the value in holistic theories. There remain some, however, for whom the question is one of morality and even faith, and every student inherits one or the other stance from his tutor or college. As a result, the Gaelenic/Mechanical split continues to characterise modern medicine.



The Cutting Edge

In the recent centuries, the Mechanical outlook has become the default in Tilea and Estalia, not least thanks to the great artist Andreas Vesalius, whose book *De Corporis Fabrica* provides the most accurate paintings of the human body yet produced. Dissections, too, have become accepted in these decadent southern states. The Empire, however, still resists this practice, seeing it as a violation of the will of Morr: after death, a man must be placed in Morr's Garden as soon as possible, not be opened out and toyed with. Any act of human dissection is considered necromancy, and remains punishable by death. Elements within the University of Nuln publicly protest this ban; many others simply contravene the law in secret.

It is now widely accepted amongst the medical community that the frontiers of medicine cannot be expanded without examining the human body. This is so much the case that grave robbing is one of the most profitable criminal occupations to be found, with demand sky-high for the services of any 'resurrection man' strong enough to heft a shovel and brave enough to risk being burnt at the stake. A budding department in the generally regarded conservative University of Nuln now includes a dissection demonstration as part of its fifth-year curriculum (after swearing all the students to secrecy, of course). They require so many bodies that a criminal organisation known as the Resurrection Brotherhood has evolved and become very wealthy filling the demand. Led by a ruthless Halfling known as Bloody Jacob, the Brotherhood's motto is "*Dead before supper, delivered before breakfast.*"

Grave robbing has its limits, however. Students of anatomy prefer their subjects to be as fresh, as complete, and as young as possible, so that they might glean the most information about healthy flesh. Some are not above hiring unscrupulous people to make sure that subjects become available. In the city of Marienburg, many poor travellers check into the Birkenhare Hostel, unaware that most of its patrons have their throats slit during their first night. Few miss these itinerant wanderers, and the upkeep on the hostel is paid by the very grateful Dean of the Marienburg Academy of Physicians.

Theories of Medicine

Whether Gaelenic or Mechanical in outlook, all medical scholarship is accompanied by a full grounding in Classical works, particularly the new field of Science. This field is dominated by a trinary model of the universe, dividing the world into the Realm of Law, containing the Gods and the Elves, the Realm of Chaos and all its dark threats, and the Realm of Man, where mortals are cursed to struggle between the two.

This underlying form of the universe is reflected in many aspects of the natural world: the warm healthy sun of the day

is of the Realm of Law, and the dark, dangerous night belongs to Chaos, with dusk and dawn being the time of Man. Perhaps the greatest parallel, however, is in our political system, with the nobility and the church seen as part of the Realm of Law, chosen as they are by the Gods themselves. The world of the peasant and the beggar is of course tainted by Chaos, and the Realm of Man is linked to the growing middle class between.

The trinary system also applies to the human body. The head and throat are considered akin to the Realm of Law, the heart, circulation and liver likened to the Realm of Man and the stomach, bowel and sexual organs associated with Chaos. Each area is also associated with an exhalation—one of the Three Fluids—the colour and composition of which is used for diagnosis. The throat is judged by the phlegm, the heart by the blood and the bowel by the faeces: if any of these are darkly coloured, the physician will know the area in question is afflicted. The darker the colour, the worse the sickness.

Rather than being purely academic, the trinary model and its social parallels has a constant effect on perceptions of illness and treatment. A bowel upset (like the Galloping Trots) in a peasant is seen as part of the natural order of things, and not requiring treatment, while any problems of the mind in a person of such station would be seen as a dire woe, and perhaps ascribed to Chaos-taint. Conversely, ailments of the brain are readily diagnosed in the wealthy or noble, sometimes even seen as their great curse, while stomach upsets in these worthies are blamed on some foolish contact with the unclean world of the poor. Other times, the association goes the other way: bleeding is a relatively safe, reliable and cheap treatment, and so has become the panacea of the busy craftsman or city-dweller, strengthening the association of the heart with this middle social stratum.

Another model commonly used is the linking of each body part to one of the 20 astrological signs. Physicians who subscribe to this belief typically have a vast knowledge of astronomy, and determine both diagnoses and treatments based on the positions of the stars. A weakness felt under the sign of Mammit the Wise, for example, is surely caused by an imbalance in the brain, whereas a sore foot during the time of Cacklefax can no doubt be cured by stimulating the liver.

All medical models, however, eventually trace disease and sickness back to the taint of Chaos. It is, after all, the source of all failings and weakness, whether physical or spiritual, in mankind. Therefore, almost no medicine is done without at least lip service to the Gods, and both doctors and patients look to faith when medicine reaches its limits. Those who have chronic or seemingly incurable ailments may be advised to try extreme measures to gain the Gods' favour, such as fasting, pilgrimages or flagellation. This is particularly common for those who have strong reason to blame their injuries on their own actions: lusty men with 'Nurgy Nob' have likely invited such things by their passionate inclinations and must turn to a life of celibacy; grave-diggers with Tomb Rot have clearly come to the attention of the Fly Lord and must journey to a shrine to be cleansed.

Medical Organisations

Like most occupations in the Old World, both physicians and surgeons are grouped into guilds. The two careers are always separate, and the distinction is paramount—Sigmar help the person who insults a physician by confusing the two! However, a well-respected surgeon will enjoy wealth and social status much the same as a low-ranked doctor, and the layman may see little difference in their roles.

Physicians' guilds are notoriously strict in membership so as to preserve the reputation of the profession. Women, Dwarfs, Halflings and foreigners are all typically prevented from joining, and the demand for university qualifications (which requires at least four years of study at an Imperially recognised medical college) typically excludes all but the very wealthy or noble-born. Of course, smaller towns may have less restrictive guilds, or may permit unlicensed physicians to practise. Surgeon guilds are much less exclusive, although they too know the importance of maintaining a reputation. Apprentices are thus rigorously trained, and in the aftermath of the war colleges of surgery have begun to spring up across the Empire as well.

A general distrust of doctors among the populace and the need to protect against contagious plagues has created a Byzantine system in relegating guild authority—and culpability. In many cities, the guilds are beholden to the mayor or council, and may not prescribe a cure or practice that is not first sanctioned by this body. Most famously, the Altdorf Guild of Physicians is officially known as the Physicians to the Crown. This patronage protects them against accusations of misconduct by the lower classes and allows them to directly advise the nation in times of crisis, but also means the Emperor has control over all their dealings. If a well-meaning Emperor reads one night that wearing a duck on one's head improves the mind, the doctors of Altdorf will be prescribing duck-wearing the next morning.

Meanwhile, apothecaries and herbalists operate independently of physicians. Some of these suppliers of mixtures and balms work in concert with physicians, particularly if a large profit can be made by each party. Others do whatever they can to discredit or contradict physicians and steal their patients, seeing them as book-blinded up jumps who show no respect for traditional remedies. Smaller communities often have midwives, wise women, druids, hermits, mages or miracle workers, all in various states of organisation and with various levels of ability and, indeed, mental stability.

Charlatans, lunatics and the incompetent thrive in such a crowded market, while ever more bizarre, outlandish and expensive cures abound. Small wonder many consider going to the doctor foolish and dangerous, and the few reliable doctors are treasured like gold by those who find them.

Alternative Medicine: The Order of the Bleeding Heart

Although modern medicine's popularity has grown in leaps and bounds through the last few centuries, it is still very much the newcomer to the village. Every town in the Empire has a shrine or temple to the healing goddess Shallya, and the Order of the Bleeding Heart remains a trusted source of care. Emperor Karl Franz himself prefers the healing hands of the Shallyan High Priestess, despite his patronage of the

Physician's Guild. So why would anyone visit the unproved and often unhelpful doctors?

One reason is novelty—many consider medicine to be better than the tried and true approach, simply because it is new and must therefore be more "enlightened." For others it is status: the temple is free, while doctors are expensive. Anyone who can afford a doctor makes sure to see one and takes care that his neighbours know of it. Soldiers, warriors and seafarers have always shied away from the Order, too, not least because its members are typically female. They have grown accustomed to the ministrations of the barber-surgeon or field doctor instead, despite the painful procedures and frequent amputations that occur in their care. Among soldiers the temple is only used for those too far gone to be saved, and when a soldier dies, he is often said to have "gone to the temple."

There are also real differences in the services offered. The Order places emphasis on care, food and housing first, and medicine second. Their reliance on divine powers means that the mortal members themselves need not focus on perfecting their own skill or knowledge, which can of course lead to misdiagnosis. Rare are the members of the Order with a Heal skill above 50%, and the art of surgery is almost entirely unknown within its ranks, not to mention frowned upon. Some Shallyan priests have been so often called to deal with the mistakes of botched surgeries that they consider the practice as a whole to be akin to butchery.

Not every temple has an Anointed Priest in attendance, meaning that the higher-level magic required to treat the diseased, the pestilence-stricken and the insane is unavailable. Such ailments must therefore be left to doctors. Their effectiveness in treating the small plagues that arose in the aftermath of the Storm of Chaos has greatly improved their reputation. However, doctors do not offer hospitals or continued care; most work out of a single consulting room, and only the richest patients can afford regular home visits for chronic conditions. The elderly, the wasting, the incurable and the infirm only find help from the Bleeding Heart. Indeed, doctors often prescribe attendance for a week, month or year at a well-adorned Temple of Shallya, enjoying its mineral spas and restorative beverages.

Paying a Visit

The average doctor is of Common availability, and in a town of 1,000 people or less can be located with a Routine (+10%) Gossip test. Most physician guildsmen hold shop under symbols of crossed lancets, the mortar and pestle or, occasionally, the budding flower (symbol of Isha, Elven goddess of healing and fertility). Surgeons, on the other hand, typically have knives and saws in their liveries, and tend to advertise less. They have less need to do so—everyone knows where the surgeon lives, as they all know someone who has needed his skills.

Beyond the street stores and guild-houses, doctors can also be found in most palaces and in the barracks house of any sufficiently large enough army. Army doctors are rarely prestigious, and certainly never rich, but their years of practical experience make them better suited than most to provide fast, effective, no-nonsense remedies. They of course only serve those in their assigned units, but private citizens who seek the tested skills of a military doctor can seek out those who have since retired their commission (see **A Sample Doctor** on page 60, for an example).

Medical service in the Empire can be broken down into the usual four categories of quality. Base prices and availability are discussed in the *WFRP* Rulebook (see page 104).

Quality Descriptions

- **Poor:** A poor doctor is never more than a Barber-Surgeon (or perhaps a Student with delusions of grandeur) and likely a sloppy one at that. Such doctors are rarely found in villages because the peasants soon learn that they are better off seeing the wise woman or herbalist, but they thrive in cities where folks put less trust in home remedies. Still, only the destitute and the desperate come to this butcher and his rusty knives, and they go with the knowledge that they may end up worse than they began. The only advantage of the poor doctor, besides his low prices, is that he tends not to ask questions about where or how the knife wounds or powder burns were acquired.
- **Common:** A common doctor is typically a young Physician or a well-schooled Barber-Surgeon. He is schooled in basic herbalism and at least the principles of surgery, he outfits himself with a clean and mostly hygienic theatre, and he rarely cuts off limbs without good reason. The common doctor is treated with an equal measure of respect and suspicion, and earns a modest wage. If he is a physician, he maintains a sizeable collection of powders and tinctures and a few medical texts; if he is a barber-surgeon he is probably known for the speed and neatness of his amputations.
- **Good:** This level of quality includes established, fat-bellied Physicians or world-famous Surgeons who tend to those townsfolk wealthy enough to afford their rates. They attended the best schools, have become highly placed in their guild and in society, and the success of their practice is as much about whom they cure as how well they do so. Yet their skills are, in the main, exemplary, and their devotion is not always lacking: those who have the coin to spend can be assured of the latest medicines, the sharpest saws, and the finest leather strap upon which to bite down.
- **Best:** Physicians of this quality have gained fame across at least one of the large cities of the Empire, if not farther. They may in fact be known in other countries and called there for their opinions, while in their home cities they almost certainly tend to the royal and ruling families. They are likely heads of their guilds, and if they do not reside in the palaces of the nobility, will have been so well rewarded by their grateful patients as to have acquired a stately manor home and entrance into the best possible society. Few can ever hope to rise to this rank without either extraordinary medical talents or extraordinary guile. Those of this quality are exceptionally skilled, whether it be in medicine or charlatanry.

Table 5–1: Doctor Types

Quality	Availability	Chance of Infection	Heal Skill	% Quack	Price
Poor	Plentiful	30%	40%	10%	1 *s*
Common	Common	20%	50%	20%	5 *s*
Good	Scarce	10%	70%	30%	1 *gc*
Best	Very Rare	0%	90%	40%	10 *gc*

Availability

The level listed is for a town of less than 1,000 people, adjusted for smaller and larger populations as indicated in **Table 5–3** of the *WFRP Rulebook*.

Quack

After locating a doctor with a successful Gossip Test, the GM should make a secret % roll and compare it to the number appropriate to the doctor's quality. If it is less than the % Quack figure, then the doctor in question is either a charlatan or completely mad. He uses the listed Heal skill, but whatever remedies he is currently offering are likely to have only the appearance of working. In the lucky event that a quack's Heal Test results in a roll of less than half of his listed Heal skill, he has somehow stumbled upon a worthwhile method, and the surgery or treatment is considered successful. If he succeeds at the Heal Test with a result of greater than half his listed Heal skill, his treatments give the appearance of working for 12+1d10 hours (for short-term ailments or injuries) or 1d10 days (for long-term diseases), whereupon the symptoms return in full force. In these cases of temporary reprieve, the time spent benefiting from the quack's methods do not count against an injury's or disease's duration, and the surgery or treatment is considered to have failed. For the purposes of determining degree of failure, consider the quack to have half his listed skill.

If the quack fails the Heal Test outright, even his false remedies seem to fail. Regardless of the outcome of the quack's efforts, a successful Hard (–20%) Heal Test while examining the doctor at work and subsequently analyzing his handiwork will reveal that the doctor or his methods are bogus.

Infection

This is the chance that a wound becomes infected, even if it is appropriately cleaned after surgery. Additionally, a roll for infection must be made after any surgical treatment by a quack, even if the operating area is appropriately cleaned (see the following section on **Surgery**).

Price

This is the price for a single consultation with the doctor; he can and frequently will charge more for further services, extended examinations or for the medications he provides. If he does not provide his own medications, he likely has an arrangement with an apothecary that is highly beneficial to both parties.

Medical Treatments: Wounds

A visit to the doctor is generally prompted by one of two categories of problem: external wounds received in battle or by accident, or internal ailments such as sickness, disease or insanity. As the former is far more common among adventurers, we will begin there.

For lightly or heavily wounded characters, the best medicine remains a healing draught or poultice and good bed rest. While many doctors will have their own "special" remedies, equally good draughts and poultices are readily available from apothecaries, herbalists or even kindly housewives. Characters are only likely to seek out a doctor, then, when they suffer a critical hit: a crippled arm, leg or spine. Treating such an injury requires surgery, a task performed by both barber-surgeons and doctors, although some doctors see it as beneath them. Surgery is less complicated than medicine, and relies on tried and true methods that rarely go wrong. This does not mean that these methods are pleasant, however, nor are their success rates infallible.

The extent of surgical knowledge in the Old World includes setting broken bones (if the break is clean), staunching the flow of blood and the spread of infection (if treatment is performed quickly enough), and stitching skin to hold together what's left (if the wound is narrow enough). Anything more complicated is solved by removing the affected area with either a heavy cleaver or the slower but neater bone saw. A good surgeon is one who can cut off the damaged areas without destroying the entire appendage; a great surgeon is one who can do it quickly, because anaesthetic remains a mystery and because the longer a wound is exposed, the greater the risk of infection.

Initial Infection

The first step in determining a wounded character's chances of recovery occurs long before the surgeon is consulted. As an optional rule, if a character does not receive the benefits of a successful Heal Test following any encounter in which Wounds were suffered, the character must make a Toughness Test the next morning to see if his injuries have become infected. The base difficulty of the test is Very Easy (+30%), and is adjusted by the modifiers in the table below. The character must make this roll every morning until a successful Heal Test is made to address those Wounds specifically (which counts as the single Heal Test the character may benefit from that day) or until he has regained all his Wounds.

Table 5–2: Avoiding Wound Infections

Condition	Toughness Test Modifiers
Per day wounds have gone untreated	–10%
Per critical hit received	–10%
Wounds were caused by Skaven or Undead	–10%
Wounds were received in a sewer, jail, midden, swamp or other unsanitary environment	–10 to –30%

Table 5–3: Avoiding Surgical Infections

Condition	Toughness Test Modifiers
Per 10% by which surgeon failed his Heal Test	–5%
Surgery performed in a sewer, jail, midden, swamp or other unsanitary environment	–10 to –30%
Surgery performed with improvised tools	–10%

If a character's Wounds become infected, record the modifier to the Toughness Test that the character failed. This becomes the infection difficulty. A character with an infected Wound suffers from effects identical to the Green Pox, but without the visual symptoms or the subsequent penalty to Fellowship Tests. This persists for 14 days or until the patient dies, whichever comes first. A successful Heal Test (with a difficulty equal to the infection difficulty) removes an infection. Once the infection is removed, the character's Main Profile Characteristics return to normal at a rate of +5% per day.

If an infection reduces a character's Toughness to less than half its original number, the infection has become gangrenous. Unlike normal wound infections, gangrenous infections have no maximum duration and the characteristics penalties caused by it are permanent. Gangrenous infections can only be cured through surgery or, for those wishing a more sure-fire method, removal of the limb.

Field Cleaning

If a character suffers Wounds and either cannot find someone with the Heal skill to address the injuries or the Heal Test made by the medic is not successful, all is not lost. Anyone may attempt to clean Wounds to, if not restore them, at least prevent infection.

The best way to prevent infection is to wash the injury clean with a solution of alcohol, requiring an Easy (+20%) Agility Test. The injury must then be re-cleaned and re-dressed every day for three days, requiring the same test each time. If the wounds are not cleaned or are inappropriately cleaned during any of those three days, the afflicted character must make a Toughness Test to resist infection as normal.

Some field medics prefer to cauterize wounds with fire, often filling them with gunpowder first to make sure the fire burns hot enough. This brutal method, either with or without gunpowder, counts as a Damage 3 Fire attack, and requires a Routine (+10%) Agility Test. The benefit to this treatment is that it is more permanent: characters successfully treated with fire need not have their wound cleaned again afterward.

Surgery

If a Wound becomes gangrenous or was suffered as part of a critical hit that requires a Toughness Test to prevent a loss of function, it requires surgery. Normally, surgery is automatically successful, and simply allows the patient to apply +20% to his Toughness Test to prevent loss of function of the affected body part. For GMs preferring a grislier campaign feel, however, or for those using the infection rules above, surgery can be made more of an ordeal.

Using these optional rules, successful surgery to prevent loss of function requires a Challenging (-10%) Heal Test and involves the cleaning of the wound and the repair of damaged bone and tissue. Surgery to remove gangrenous infection requires a Heal Test with a difficulty equal to the infection difficulty, and involves the removal of the infected material from the body. Both processes are obviously very painful for the patient in question.

While anaesthesia is virtually unknown in the Empire, its

Medical Sayings

"According to Gaelen"—Undeniably true.

"Verena for rulers, but Gaelen for riches"—An epithet popular among university students, referring to the fact that while students of the law frequently rise to high station and public office, students of medicine tend to be wealthier.

"Every demon hates his brother"—A more poetic version of the medical adage that *"like cures like"*.

"Shallya give us thin priests and fat doctors"—A fat priest doesn't give enough to the poor, and a thin doctor isn't very successful at healing patients.

"A doctor for a diet, a surgeon for a cure"—Common saying among the lower classes referring to the fact that the treatments of physicians are typically long-term or ineffectual lifestyle requirements, while a surgeon takes a direct approach (lance the boil, cut out the infection, etc.), removing the problem.

surgeons are not without pity: they usually offer their patients a small piece of wood wound with rope or leather upon to bite down on. A character enduring surgery must make a Hard (–20%) Willpower Test or switch to screaming and writhing instead. If he is not subsequently pinned down and held immobile with a grapple check, his writhing causes a cumulative –5% penalty to the surgeon's Heal Test per minute of the surgery that he remains mobile. Other patients prefer to get Stinking Drunk first, which prevents the writhing and screaming, but this decreases the bonus to the Toughness Test provided by the surgeon's efforts to merely +10%.

If surgery to prevent loss of function succeeds, the patient gains the +20% bonus to his Toughness Test. If the surgery fails, in addition to the patient being unable to apply the +20% bonus, there is a chance that the operated area has become infected. The patient must make another Toughness Test to prevent infection as if he had received a Wound and not received medical attention (as described under **Initial Infection**, above), except that the modifiers from Table 1-2 apply instead. If the patient fails, he immediately suffers 1 Wound per 10% by which he failed the test and the area becomes infected, with all of the penalties and long-term effects as described under **Initial Infection**.

If surgery to remove a gangrenous infection succeeds, it "resets" to a normal infection and the patient gains a +20% bonus to all subsequent Toughness Tests to resist the effects of the infection. The infection may also now be cured with a Heal Test as normal. If the surgery fails, the infection difficulty increases by –10% and the gangrenous infection progresses.

Replacements

The other important function of a surgeon is shaping and attaching peg-legs, veteran's hands, false eyes, skull plates and wooden teeth. If a replacement or appendage is added as part of a surgery that results in an infection or is attached to an area that becomes gangrenous, the replacement or appendage must be destroyed and a new one provided.

Medical Treatments: Disease, Sickness and Insanity

Physicians of the Old World make no distinction between types of ailments; whether disease, sickness or insanity, all conditions are seen to arise from a taint upon, imbalance in or irritation of some part of the body. Unless the cause of the problem is obvious and external, the usual diagnosis will be that the cause is an inflammation of an internal organ. The organ in question will be determined by examining the Three Fluids (blood, phlegm, or faeces), taking the pulse, examining the colour of the patient's skin and eyes, his diet and lifestyle, his star sign and countless other minutiae.

Gaelenic physicians prefer to treat the symptoms of a fever rather than the cause, using the idea that "like cures like": hot, sweating patients will be covered with blankets and locked in steam rooms to sweat out the fever, cold patients will be placed



in baths of ice; reddened patients bled while pale patients are given clear liquids. Mechanicals prefer to flush the infection out to the surface by inducing vomiting or diarrhoea with powerful drugs, blistering or burning the skin with fired steel or metal cups, and of course bleeding. Both types believe the expulsion of unclean fluids—particularly black bile and pus—is a sign that infection is leaving the body. One of the newest techniques involves sewing small threads under the skin or using acid to burn an open sore in order to produce a full and steady flow of pus out of the patient.

Bleeding is by far the most popular treatment offered by physicians, however. It is becoming increasingly fashionable for the wealthier burghers to have "a good bleed" every spring, to strengthen the constitution. A pint is usually taken, and the process often leaves the patient light-headed, inspiring many jokes likening doctors to barmen, "pouring a pint" for paying customers.

Unsurprisingly, all of these methods take their toll on the patient, so much so that they are the equivalent of having a disease. Those vomiting or purging suffer as if they have the Bloody Flux, while those who have been burned or cupped will have itchy scars affecting them like the Kruts (but without the Fellowship penalty). Those being "tapped" for pus or bile suffer the effects of Scurvy Madness minus the hallucinations, but thankfully none of these symptoms persist for more than three days, after which the doctor may make another Heal Test. If successful, the duration of the original ailment is reduced by a number of days equal to the degree of success of the Heal roll. If the disease remains, the treatment will begin again—if the patient has the funds, of course. By spending enough money, therefore, a character may exchange the horrors of Neiglish Rot for a few weeks with the Bloody Flux.

Bleeding is done in two ways. Gaelenic doctors prefer the "natural" method of leeches for bleeding while Mechanicals use a knife. Leeches are less painful, and never do more than one Wound of damage, but are also extremely expensive (a minimum of five Crowns per leech) as they must be imported from the Zombie Marches and surrounds. A doctor using a knife also only does one Wound, but if he fails his Heal Test by more than one degree, the patient takes damage as if from a dagger. Successful or not, the patient is effectively Stinking Drunk for one hour following a bleeding. Bleeding permits a character to re-roll his last or next Toughness Test to resist disease or infection.

As described in *WFRP*, the current favoured treatments for insanity are either surgery or exotic drugs. Small traces of heavy metals are currently in vogue: slivers of iron, silver or mercury are placed in wine and prescribed twice a day. Mercury, also called Sigmar's Blood, is an expensive but increasingly ubiquitous wonder drug, considered useful for a wide variety of mental and physical illnesses. Taking a tincture of mercury grants the prescribing physician +5% to his Heal Test of any disease or affliction, however anyone taking mercury must also make a Toughness Test or gain 1 Insanity point. This does not replace the automatic Insanity gained for a much stronger dose.

Quack Medicine

Amazingly, all the above methods actually work. The treatment on Table 5-4, on the other hand, are useless remedies that may be recommended by quack doctors. None of them do any great or lasting harm to the patients, but they often hurt like hell or are mildly embarrassing.

Table 5–4: Quack Medicine Remedies

Roll	Remedy
01–10	Rubbing open wounds with a paste of pre-chewed garlic, honey and squashed slugs
11–20	Having a mill-wheel tied to your chest, which is then hit with hammers
21–30	Eating raw meat for every meal for a week
31–40	Running naked through the streets during a west-blowing rainstorm
41–50	Removing all your teeth, for better digestion
51–60	Binding the wrists together behind the back with rope soaked in wine, until the patient is cured
61–70	Rubbing your head with the spittle of an owl, falcon or (ideally) griffon, which must then be killed at full moon
71–80	Drinking an entire barrel of water in one go (a funnel is provided)
81–90	Sharing your bed with four live, black chickens for a night, then baking them into a pie and eating them.
91–00	Licking a toad every morning

A Sample Doctor: Thick Wilhelm, Army Surgeon

Quality: Good – Heal 70%

Legend has it that Wilhelm's huge girth makes Morr unwilling to carry him off, explaining why he survived so many grisly wounds on the battlefront among the Emperor's Pistoliers. He spent so much time in the wound tent that he soon became a student of the head surgeon, and subsequently left the dangerous world of combat behind to treat wounds rather than cause them. When the war ended he returned to his hometown to set up shop, and has already gained a name for being fast and thorough with the saw. Wilhelm's hands may be as thick as the rest of him, but they are well regarded for their healing skills, and his number of customers now rivals the richer, less common physicians in town, a fact that is making them increasingly incensed.

Thick Wilhelm, Army Surgeon

Career: Barber-Surgeon (Ex-Student, Ex-Soldier)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
38%	46%	36%	42%	40%	40%	31%	42%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	13	3	4	4	0	0	2

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Science), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics), Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Heal +20%, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Ride, Speak Language (Classical), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary)
Talents: Disarm, Linguistics, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder), Strike Mighty Blow, Suave, Surgery, Very Resilient, Very Strong
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)
Trappings: Trade Tools (Barber-Surgeon), two medical textbooks, writing kit, large collection of battle scars (and a story for each one)

Further Reading

Kempe, Margery: *The Book of Margery Kempe,* Penguin Books, UK, 1985

Mazzei, Lapo: *The Merchant of Prato,* Penguin Books, UK, 1963

Porter, Roy: *Cambridge Illustrated History of Medicine,* Cambridge University Press, UK, 2001.

There is also a treasure trove of inspiring information on all aspects of the Middle Ages, including medicine, on the internet.



Chapter VI: Social Conflict and Advanced Criminal Trials

By Jude Hornborg

> *"Yes, of course you can bring your new friend to the ball, Gebhardt. I'll just mingle with the Countess's ladies, and if he tries to follow me around...well then he'll only make me look better by comparison!"*
>
> –Lord Hans Emil Hassenfus Sep
> (Overheard speaking to one of his hangers-on)

This chapter contains options for adventurers who survive by wits and words over sweat and steel. Advanced Social Conflict mechanics provide a framework for tracking NPC dispositions over the course of an adventure. Charm, Gossip and Intimidate Skills must be used prudently to curtail social blunders, and Social Actions offer enhanced discursive techniques, which may be employed at the cost of Fortune Points. Bribery and blackmail are also detailed herein. The article concludes with a set of rules for roleplaying impromptu criminal trials when the PCs find themselves unexpectedly on the wrong side of the law.

— Disposition —

Many NPCs encountered in *WFRP* play recurring roles. This repeated exposure allows PCs to influence future interactions with them. The Disposition rating of an NPC encompasses a number of factors: trust, social standing, political allegiance and prejudice. It's important to note that an NPC's Disposition does not take into account unique relationships with individual PCs, but rather is applied to dealings with the party as a whole. GMs should consider the speaking PC's relationship with the NPC when assigning situational modifiers. Disposition ratings are never revealed to the players. Rather, the GM should convey NPC Disposition through roleplaying, forcing players to interpret the status of the relationship themselves.

Starting Disposition

When meeting the party for the first time, the Disposition rating of an NPC can usually be set to Neutral as a default. In some cases, however, NPCs may enter the game with either a positive or a negative Disposition. Although Disposition records needn't be kept for minor NPCs who are unlikely to reappear later in the campaign, the GM may still assign

Table 6–1: Disposition Ratings

Score	Disposition	Fellowship Modifier*
–3	Enemy	–30%
–2	Hostile	–20%
-1	Cold	-10%
0	Neutral	0%
+1	Congenial	+10%
+2	Friendly	+20%
+3	Allied	+30%

*This modifier is applied to all Charm, Bluff, Gossip and Inquiry tests made by members of the party when dealing with the NPC.

temporary Disposition ratings for these characters, combining them with other circumstantial modifiers (see *WFRP,* page 89).

Positive Disposition

NPCs rarely enter the game with a Friendly Disposition unless they were introduced to the party by a good friend, are exceedingly naïve or trusting, or both. Even rarer do NPCs start with an Allied Disposition, but in cases where the PCs share a political cause or belong to the same Knightly Order, this might be possible.

Negative Disposition

NPCs who've heard disagreeable rumours about the adventurers may enter the game with a Hostile Disposition. The same goes for the pathologically paranoid and criminally inclined. The Enemy Disposition is the extreme end of the negative dispositions and should only be pre-assigned to predatory monsters and sworn opponents of the PCs' Knightly Order.

Group Disposition

In rare cases, entire groups of NPCs share a starting Disposition score other than Neutral. Certain backwater villages are full of hostile yokels, while friendly farmsteads may welcome visitors with a hot meal. Group disposition can be adjusted by the Gossip skill, NPC slander or by name dropping (see page 64). At the GM's option, Group Disposition may also be adjusted by exceptionally heroic deeds or public indiscretions carried out by the PCs.

— Advanced Social Conflict Rules —

Routine interaction between adventurers and NPCs may be resolved using standard skill tests as described in *WFRP*. These rules, on the other hand, enhance the richness of dramatic standoffs such as criminal trials, political debates, or life-and-death negotiations.

Expanded Fellowship Skills

Each of the three Basic Fellowship skills may be used for two purposes. In *WFRP*, the subtle differences between these applications are left up to the GM. With Advanced Social Conflict, however, it becomes more important to distinguish between the two tests.

Charm Skill is used for:

Charm Tests: Solicit sympathy, goodwill, aid, or mercy from NPCs.
Bluff Tests: Tell a convincing lie or appear innocent when guilty.

Gossip Skill is used for:

Gossip Tests: Gather local rumours from groups of NPCs over a few hours.
Inquire Tests: Elicit specific information from an individual NPC during a single conversation.

Intimidate Skill is used for:

Intimidate Tests: Bully NPCs into servitude using either threats (Strength) or force of personality (Fellowship).
Scare Tests: Frighten enemy combatants with size or threatening demeanour (Strength only).

Once the proper test has been identified, assign conditional modifiers, along with bonuses or penalties for NPC Disposition, and roll the dice. Calculate Degrees of Success or Failure (see *WFRP* page 89) and consult the Expanded Fellowship Skill tables.

Disposition Adjustment

Certain test results may produce an adjustment to the NPC's Disposition score. Modify the NPC's Disposition immediately, before any further dice are cast. These adjustments may only be temporary if the NPC has a long-term relationship with the PC. In these cases, Disposition scores will move back towards their starting values at the rate of 1 point per 1d10 days. Most NPCs do not "recover" Disposition in this manner.

Test Results

The Expanded Fellowship Tables are meant to provide the GM with possible outcomes only, not hard-and-fast rules. Every encounter in *WFRP* has unique circumstances surrounding it, and therefore the GM is encouraged to be creative when applying these outcomes. Here is a brief summary of social outcomes, along with advice on how they might affect the PCs:

Ridicule: NPC delivers a cutting insult, either subtly or overtly.

Slander: NPC informs local colleagues, or possibly even strangers, of the PCs' misdeeds. Slander may lower Group Disposition at the GM's discretion.

Report to authorities: NPC files a formal complaint against the PCs. If no watchman, Roadwarden or Riverwarden is nearby, the PCs may be reported to another suitable NPC of power.

Deceit: NPC lies to the PCs, misleads them, or attempts to lure them into an embarrassing situation. Unlike Betrayal, Deceit usually causes only moderate harm.

Betrayal: NPC reports or lies to the PCs with the intention of luring them into a life-threatening situation, roguish scam, or legal trouble. Betrayal is often carefully premeditated.

Flee!: NPC runs away or makes an excuse to break contact with the PCs—or simply shuns them.

Attack: NPC attacks the PCs, either out of pure rage or as a pre-emptive measure against suspect motives. For minor offences, the NPC delivers an impulsive, unarmed strike. For major offences, the NPC takes extra time to plan her attack, using every weapon at her disposal.

Social Actions

Social Actions represent extraordinary feats of discourse or displays of presence motivated by desperation, and are not used in day-to-day conversation between characters. Therefore, these options are only available to PCs during encounters where Advanced Social Conflict rules are being used. If the GM has opted to use the Expanded Fellowship Skill tables during every encounter, then Social Actions can be limited to one encounter per game day. Usage of Social Actions is subject to four requirements:

- Must be declared before any dice are rolled
- May only be used by PCs with the relevant Fellowship skill
- One or more Fortune Points must be spent for activation
- Each Social Action has a social requirement

Reactive Options

Each Social Action has a "reactive mode." This is a slight variation on the primary effect, and can be used to mitigate or enhance certain standard skill results after the dice have been rolled. PCs employing reactive options must meet all of the aforementioned conditions except for declaring their use before rolling dice.

Consequence of Failure

When attempting Social Actions, the PCs' reputation is at stake. Poor delivery of these attention-getting performances may cause embarrassment or disgrace. Consequences of Failure are listed individually by Action, and may of course be modified by the GM to suit the encounter.

Social Actions—Charm

Seduction

"I would forfeit my only remaining hand to be with you, madame. Oh, those eyes of molten moonlight; your voice of the morning breeze. If I am indeed a criminal, then surely the greatest punishment is to have my passion for you shackled. I have stolen only a few coins, but you have stolen my heart!"

—Bretonnian Robber Poet Jules Robillard
(spoken to the jailer's daughter)

On a successful Fellowship Test opposed by the NPC's Will Power, the NPC's Disposition rating may be improved by one category. The new Disposition is applied only to tests made by the seducing NPC, not the entire party. This is an exception to normal Disposition rules.

Fortune Points: 2
Reactive Option: After a standard Charm, Gossip, or Inquire Test failure, the PC may attempt a Fellowship Test to improve the result to standard success.
Social Requirement: PC must have a Fellowship score of 35+ and either wear Good/Best clothing or pass a Perform skill test. PC must be of a gender the target is attracted to. No flirting with the GM!
Consequence of Failure: PC may be ridiculed. Seduction may have undesirable consequences if the NPC becomes emotionally attached.

Witty Repartee

"Can you help me find a certain councillor named van Grolsch? He appears to have given up the tax-collection business, and taken to hiding from his electorate instead. Us commoners are a pesky bunch, aren't we? I'll give you 3 crowns for your trouble . . . your roof looks to be in need of repair."

—Assassin Ludmilla Freiborg
(combining Witty Repartee with Bribery)

Gifts in Twos

Although I would never have cause to visit the Land of the Great Bear, I have heard a number of great tales regarding their oft-misunderstood practices. But none pleases me more than the story of the gift of twos.

In Kislev, when giving gifts, it is necessary to present two of everything, lest you insult the receiver. It seems that to give a single gift means you do not expect the friendship between yourself and the benefactor to last. A single sword, for instance, means you only want the Kislev warrior to strike true but once with the weapon. But two swords means the warrior can fight forever.

The logic extends to everything, from a bottle of wine to a wheel of cheese; and from a silver coffer to flowers for a woman. Whenever a gift is given, two must be given in the place of one. And though there are those who purposely give but one gift, it is considered shameful for both the giver and recipient.

Oddly, this does not extend to anything made by hand. A meal given by the cook is enough of a gift, as is a vase crafted by the gift-giver. This practice may seem strange to foreigners, but to the Kislev who cherish everything, it is important that care be taken with every decision. To give a single gift is a sign of carelessness and disrespect.

Heed this well when travelling to the Land of the Great Bear, and bring two smiles for everyone you greet.

Table 6–2: Expanded Charm

Use	Disposition	Effects
Success: 3+ Degrees (Critical)		
Charm	+1	"***Please, allow me.***" NPC grants aid or mercy requested, and may offer additional favours.
Bluff	+0	**Hook, Line and Sinker.** NPC accepts the bluff unquestioningly, with no chance to disbelieve.
Success: 0–2 Degrees (Standard)		
Charm	+0	"***Well, alright then.***" NPC grants aid or mercy requested.
Bluff	+0	**Truth is Relative.** NPC accepts the bluff only if an Opposing WP test is failed.
Failure: 0–2 Degrees (Standard)		
Charm	–0	"***Hmm, I don't think so.***" NPC denies request unless re-framed under better terms. May be open to different requests.
Bluff	–0	**Dubious Claim.** NPC rejects the bluff, and becomes suspicious of the PC.
Failure: 3–5 Degrees (Critical)		
Charm	–0	"***You want what? Ha!***" NPC flatly denies aid or mercy and will not listen to further requests.
Bluff	–1	**Outright Lies.** NPC rejects the bluff, and may ridicule, deceive, or slander the PC.
Failure: 6+ Degrees (Catastrophic)		
Charm	–1	"***Do you take me for a fool?***" NPC is offended by the request and may ridicule, deceive, or slander the PC if Disposition falls below Neutral.
Bluff	–2	**Treachery!** NPC rejects the bluff and may attack or betray the PC.

On a successful opposed Intelligence Test, the PC may remove all negative modifiers from upcoming Charm and Inquire tests with the targeted NPC.

Fortune Points: 1
Reactive Option: After a standard Charm or Inquire test success, the PC may attempt an Intelligence Test to improve the result to critical success.
Social Requirement: PC must specify the exact subject of her cleverly penetrating commentary.
Consequence of Failure: PC may be ridiculed—or even shunned if the commentary was offensive.

Social Actions—Gossip

Name Dropping

"As I was saying, Baroness Alder does have a sense of humour, once you get to know her. We visited the Leitdorfs together, shortly after they quashed the uprising in Streissen. During our tour of the town, she noticed a rotting foot caught in the drawbridge chain and was rather amused. Something about one-legged peasants saving a shilling at the tollbooth."

—Steward Klaus Stumpel
(gossiping with Averland courtiers)

On a successful Knowledge Skill Test (appropriate to that region) the PC may improve the Disposition of 1d10 NPCs by one category.

Fortune Points: 2
Reactive Option: After a standard Bluff Test success, the PC may attempt a regional Knowledge Skill Test to gain additional credibility, improving the result to critical success.
Social Requirement: PC must name two or more high-profile individuals that the NPCs respect, and specify her relationship with them. This may be truth or lie.
Consequence of Failure: Subsequent Bluff tests with disbelieving NPCs are subject to a permanent –20% penalty.

Rumours & Lies

"His guard dog is the size of a bloody pony! I didn't go past the gate, mind you, but I swear the beast also had a rat's tail. Not only that, but peculiar sounds were coming from his workshop; sort of chittering voices. If I hadn't been half-lit, I might've been able to make out what they were saying, but it sure didn't sound natural."

—Halfling Rogue Jakob Merryweather
(having a quick pint with the yokels)

Before a Gossip Test is made, the PC may declare an attempt to spread slanderous rumours (true or false) about a particular NPC. If the Gossip Test is passed, 1d10/2 locals investigate the veracity of these rumours.

Fortune Points: 1
Reactive Option: After a standard Bluff Test failure, the PC may attempt a Fellowship Test to pin blame on someone else, improving the result to standard success.
Social Requirement: PC must name the NPC being slandered, and state the exact nature of the rumours. The rumours must be feasible.
Consequence of Failure: Count the Gossip or Bluff Test result as being one category worse (*e.g.,* critical becomes catastrophic).

Table 6–3: Expanded Gossip

Use	Disposition	Effects
Success: 3+ Degrees (Critical)		
Gossip	+1	**Loose Lips.** All the latest news and rumours are gathered, and the PCs make a new contact.
Inquire	+0	**"*I'm glad you asked!*"** NPC answers all specific questions to the best of her ability.
Success: 0–2 Degrees (Standard)		
Gossip	+0	**Word on the Street.** 1d10/2 news items or rumours are gathered.
Inquire	+0	**"*Here's what I can tell you . . .*"** NPC answers 1d5 specific questions to the best of her ability.
Failure: 0–2 Degrees (Standard)		
Gossip	–0	**Cautious Strangers.** One rumour is gathered, which may be false if Group Disposition is Neutral or lower.
Inquire	–0	**"*Why do you ask?*"** NPC answers one question, just to satisfy the PCs. The answer may not be accurate if Disposition is Neutral or lower.
Failure: 3–5 Degrees (Critical)		
Gossip	–0	**Glances and Whispers.** No rumours are gathered. PCs may be reported to the authorities for snooping, or may alert enemies to her presence.
Inquire	–1	**"*Leave me alone, please.*"** NPC refuses to answer any questions and may flee or ridicule the PCs. NPC may deceive or slander the PCs if Disposition falls below Neutral.
Failure: 6+ Degrees (Catastrophic)		
Gossip	–1	**Hostile Locals.** No rumours are gathered. PCs may be attacked by yokels, ejected from the premises, or reported to authorities. Enemies may be alerted to their presence.
Inquire	–1	**"*I don't like your looks!*"** NPC refuses to answer any questions and may deceive or slander the PCs. NPC may attack or betray the PCs if Disposition falls below Neutral.

Table 6–4: Expanded Intimidate

Use	Disposition	Effects
Success: 3+ Degrees (Critical)		
Intimidate	+0	**"*Whatever you say!*"** NPC complies with demands. She may even be bullied into additional service if an Opposing WP test is failed.
Scare	+1	**Panic!** The number of NPCs scared is equal to Degrees of Success. Scared opponents must pass a WP test or flee from the PCs until out of sight.
Success: 0–2 Degrees (Standard)		
Intimidate	+0	**"*A moment to consider, please.*"** NPC complies with demands if an Opposing WP test is failed.
Scare	+0	**Nervous Pause.** One NPC is scared, plus an additional NPC for each Degree of Success. Scared opponents must test against WP or become subject to Fear (see *WFRP*, Page 198).
Failure: 0–2 Degrees (Standard)		
Intimidate	–1	**"*Bah, you don't scare me.*"** NPC is offended by the demand, and may ridicule the PCs.
Scare	–0	**Cool Indifference.** NPC is unfazed, and may ridicule the PCs.
Failure: 3–5 Degrees (Critical)		
Intimidate	–2	**"*Now you've gone too far.*"** NPC refuses to obey, and may flee, deceive, or slander the PCs. A competent NPC may attack if Disposition falls below Neutral.
Scare	–1	**Defiant Reprisal.** NPC is unfazed, and may deceive, slander, or attack the PCs.
Failure: 6+ Degrees (Catastrophic)		
Intimidate	–3	**"*I won't be threatened!*"** NPC refuses to obey, and may flee or betray the PCs. Attack is also possible, even by a weaker NPC.
Scare	–2	**Stalwart!** NPC is unfazed, and may betray the PCs or attack with the advantage of surprise.

Note: Intimidate Tests may use either Fellowship or Strength. Scare Tests may only use Strength.

Social Actions—Intimidate

Denigrating Insults

"We left the temple long before the fire started, Father Grossnase. You may not have seen *us leave, but I'm certain you would have* smelled *us if we were anywhere within a mile."*

—Bright Wizard Helena Feuerbach (alluding to the Priest's large nose)

On a successful Intelligence Test opposed by the NPC's Will Power, the target's WP is halved for the duration of the encounter.

Fortune Points: 2
Reactive Option: After a standard Intimidate Test success, the PC may attempt an Intelligence Test to improve the result to critical success.
Social Requirement: PC must identify an attribute of the NPC that's worthy of derision. Denigrating insults must have a ring of truth to them.
Consequence of Failure: The NPC's Disposition rating is lowered by one category.

Fiery Rhetoric

"Do you realize that we have a watch patrol looking for us, rat man? If you harm my friend, then you'd better kill me too, because I know exactly where your secret hole is. Release him, and I'll forget we ever met. I am an honourable woman! Surely you understand the concept *of honour, even if your race doesn't practise it?"*

—Duellist Agnetha Weiss (during a hostage negotiation)



On a successful Will Power Test opposed by the NPC's Intelligence, the PC receives a +10% bonus to all Bluff, Intimidate and Command Tests during the encounter.

Fortune Points: 1
Reactive Option: After a standard Scare Test failure, the PC may attempt a Will Power Test to improve the result to standard success.
Social Requirement: Player must state the subject of her rant. The subject must appeal to the NPC's personal fears or passions.
Consequence of Failure: NPC may ridicule, slander or flee from the PC.

Bribery

Bribe money offered by PCs may produce bonuses to their Charm and Inquire Skill Tests. On **Table 6–5: Bribery & Blackmail**, identify the Requested Act. In the Gold Crowns column, locate the amount of bribery money offered, rounding to the nearest listed figure. This is called the Bribe Offer. A Bribe Offer matching the Requested Act earns a +20% bonus to Charm and Inquire Tests. Bribe Offers in the next lesser category earn a +10% bonus, and Bribe Offers in the next higher category earn a +30% bonus. Bribe Offers two or more categories below the Requested Act generate no bonus. Bribe Offers two or more categories higher may be considered auto-success, at GM discretion.

Blackmail

NPCs who have committed misdemeanours may be Blackmailed into paying coin or services for the PCs' silence. On **Table 6–5: Bribery & Blackmail**, identify the type of Blackmail Act committed. In the Gold Crowns column, locate the amount of blackmail money demanded by the PC, rounding to the nearest listed figure. If services are demanded rather than coin, identify the type of Act demanded using the Bribery examples. This is called the Blackmail Condition. A Blackmail Condition appropriate to the Blackmail Act permits an Average Intimidate Test for successful extortion. Blackmail Conditions in lower categories than the Blackmail Act improve the Intimidate Test by +10% per category. Blackmail Conditions in higher categories than the Blackmail Act penalize the Intimidate Test by –10% per category. Blackmail modifiers may not exceed +30% or fall below -30%.

Narrating Social Conflict

Social encounters in *WFRP* should not become bogged down in too many rules. Routine interaction, such as directional inquiries or casual conversation, will usually be free of game mechanics altogether. When a challenging social encounter arises, the GM should inform her players if Advanced Social Conflict is being used, and give them a moment to plan Social Actions. Players who spend *too* much time contemplating their Social Actions may be penalized with skill test modifiers, and conversely those who bring an extra flourish to their characters during roleplay should be awarded bonuses.

The reactions of an NPC to the PCs' Social tests can often have campaign-altering consequences, and therefore warrant careful consideration. Results generated from the Expanded Skill

Table 6–5: Bribery & Blackmail Table

Act	Example	Gold Crowns
Passive Act	Bribery: Overlook a minor discrepancy; look the other way	
	Blackmail: Minor secret or embarrassment	1
Minor Active Act	Bribery: Leave a gate open; reveal someone's personal habits or location	
	Blackmail: Concealed criminal history; aiding or consorting with mutants	4
Minor Criminal Act	Bribery: Steal from employer or confidant; permit entry to restricted area	
	Blackmail: Recent minor crimes; disguised Chaos mutation	20
Major Criminal Act	Bribery: Steal items of great value; reveal highly sensitive information	
	Blackmail: Recent major crimes; multiple disguised Chaos mutations	40
Serious Criminal Act	Bribery: Reveal information of national importance; conspiracy to murder	
	Blackmail: Recent serious crimes; Chaos worship	80+

Note that certain NPCs will not accept bribes of gold and, conversely, other NPCs will be unable to afford the blackmail fee demanded.

Tables needn't be applied immediately in cases where the GM is unsure about how to proceed. The thrusts and feints of social conflict are often subtle, and NPCs may require time to plan retaliation or consider the PCs' propositions. Extraordinarily complex NPC decisions may even be postponed until the next game session. GMs are encouraged to ignore Expanded Skill table results deemed incompatible with the game's plot. By the same token, seemingly bizarre die roll results can send the story in a delightfully unexpected direction if the participants are able to improvise a new narrative around them.

— Advanced Trial Rules —

While legal procedure is generally standardized across the Empire, the laws as they are written are a tangled mess of contradictions further complicated by eccentric local customs. Pages 29-32 of *Sigmar's Heirs* (*SH*) provides general background information on the court system along with simple rules for resolving trials. GMs who wish to roleplay a legal trial in detail have two options. The GM may 'script' trial scenes in advance, possibly even assigning key NPC roles to the players as temporary alternates to their regular characters (see *Ashes of Middenheim*, pages 74-77, for an example of how this is done). Alternately, the advanced rules presented here may be used to detail unplanned trial scenes.

Legal Process

As described in *SH,* most legal trials follow a standard process: Opening Arguments, Witnesses, and Closing Arguments, in that order. This sequence may be interrupted, however, by ordeals, counter-accusations and even torture. The accompanying flowchart generates additional complications that may arise during trial scenes. Table results offer only suggested encounters, and undesirable results may be re-rolled by the GM or handpicked from the options listed.

Using the Trial Process Chart

- **Assign Speaker:** During each Phase of the trial, the PCs must select a speaker. If a lawyer is selected as the speaker, then she is limited to one Phase Contest roll (Step 3). The defendant herself must roll additional tests outlined by Phase events. If multiple defendants are on trial, they may nominate a separate speaker for each Phase.
- **Roll Event:** When rolling 1d10 for events, the judge or jury's Disposition score is added to or subtracted from the total. Modified rolls above 10 or below 1 are rounded to the nearest table result. Follow event instructions.
- **Roll Phase Contest:** Opposed contests are rolled to win Primary Phases (#1,2,3). Pertinent skills are noted on the header of each table. Knowledge Tests use the Knowledge (Law) skill. Applicable regional Knowledge skills may be substituted, but at a –20% penalty. Tests during the Interrogation/Torture Phase and Ordeals Phase are made by the last speaking defendant. If a lawyer was the speaker, randomly select a defendant to make tests during the Interrogation/Torture Phase.
- **Modify Justice Disposition:** Each Primary Phase (#1,2,3) contest won by the players increases Judge or Jury Disposition by one category, and every Phase lost reduces Disposition by one. The GM should keep a running tally of the judge or jury's Disposition score.
- **Advance to Next Phase:** Place a marker on the Trial Process Chart in case the current Phase must be revisited, and then advance to the next Phase.

Players are encouraged to roleplay during each Phase of the trial, and the GM may apply stat roll modifiers based on their efforts.

Sentencing Modifiers

A modifier is applied to Sentencing rolls (Phase 4) according to the severity of the crime. Judge or Jury Disposition scores

Table 6–6: Trial Process

Phase One: Opening Arguments—Opposed Knowledge (Law) Test

Roll	Result
1	**Biased Judge or Jury:** Starting justice Disposition is Cold (–1).
2	**Outdated Legislation:** PC must win two Knowledge contests instead of one.
3	**Archaic Precedent:** PC must also succeed at Charm Test to win Phase.
4	**Impatient Judge or Jury:** If PC loses Knowledge contest, skip to Ordeals.
5–6	**Normal Proceedings:** Roll Knowledge contest as normal.
7	**Fortunate Loophole:** PC may skip directly to Counter-Accusation Phase if Knowledge contest is won.
8	**Unique Circumstances:** PC may use Bluff unmodified, instead of Knowledge.
9	**Recent Amendments:** Accuser automatically fails Knowledge test by 20%.
10	**Sympathetic Judge or Jury:** Starting justice Disposition is Congenial (+1).

Phase 2: Witnesses—Opposed Perception Test

1	**Surprise Witness:** PC must win two Perception contests instead of one.
2	**Confusion:** PC's witness or lawyer back-pedals; –10% to Perception contest.
3	**New Evidence:** PC must also succeed at Bluff Test to win Phase.
4	**Subtle Threats:** If PC won Phase 1, then Phase 2 becomes an opposed Intimidate contest instead of Perception.
5-6	**Normal Proceedings:** Roll Perception contest as normal.
7	**Nervous Witness:** PC may use Intimidate unmodified instead of Perception.
8	**Corruption:** Opposing lawyer or witness may be bribed to forfeit Perception contest, resulting in auto-failure by 20%.
9	**Flawed Evidence:** Material or verbal evidence against PC is inadmissible; +10% bonus to Perception contest.
10	**Local Tradition:** PC may skip to either Ordeals or Counter-Accusation if Perception contest is won.

If PC wins both Phase 1 and Phase 2, she may skip to Counter-Accusation Phase or accept immediate acquittal
If PC wins Phase 1 and loses Phase 2, skip to Ordeals Phase
If PC loses Phase 1 and wins Phase 2, proceed to Closing Arguments
If PC loses both Phase 1 and Phase 2, skip to Interrogation/Torture Phase

Phase 2A: Ordeals

1	**Bleeding:** PC is lacerated for 1d10 Wounds. If a Difficult (-10%) Toughness Test is passed, the PC is acquitted.
2–3	**Judicial Duel:** PC must face accuser in single combat to decide trial. Champions may be substituted.
4–5	**Path of Embers:** PC must walk barefoot on hot coals, inflicting a Damage 2 hit and reducing her Movement Characteristic score by 1 until healed. If a Will Power Test is passed, the PC is acquitted.
6–7	**Icy Waters:** PC is thrown in water, and must pass a Routine (+10%) Swim Test to be acquitted.
8–10	**Trial of the Hammer:** PC and accuser are given hammers, which must be held aloft until one succumbs to exhaustion. Opposed Strength Tests decides winner of trial.

If PC passes Ordeal, Trial concludes after Ordeals Phase. If PC fails Ordeal, skip to Sentencing Phase
Interrogation/Torture Phase must be repeated 3 times, or until confession is heard due to WP failure, whichever comes first.

Phase 2B: Interrogation/Torture

1	**Head Crushing:** PC's head is squeezed in a vice. PC takes 1d10 Wounds. Furthermore, he must succeed on a Toughness Test or lose 1d10% from his Intelligence Characteristic. Very Hard (–30%) Will Power Test.
2	**Bristling Mistress:** PC is enclosed in a spike-adorned casket and takes 1d10 Wounds. Hard (–20%) Will Power Test.
3	**Burning Feet:** PC's feet are wrapped in hot coals and he takes 1d10/2 Wounds. Reduce Movement Characteristic by –1 until healed. Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test.
4	**Body Extension:** PC is stretched on a rack or between two horses. Hard (–20%) Strength Test or lose 1d10 Wounds. Average (+0%) Will Power Test, rolled only if Strength Test is failed.
5	**Pins & Blades:** PC is sliced and poked and loses 1d10/2 Wounds. Average (+0%) Will Power Test.
6	**Finger Screws:** PC's fingers are squeezed in a vice and he loses 2 Wounds. Routine (+10%) Will Power Test.
7	**Dental Extraction:** PC has a tooth removed and loses 1 Wound. Easy (+20%) Will Power Test.
8	**Water Torture:** PC's nostrils are pinched as water or other liquids are poured down her throat. Very Easy (+30%) Will Power Test.
9–10	**Interrogation:** PC is interrogated under threat of torture, and may decide for herself whether or not to confess.

If PC passes Interrogation/Torture Phase, return to previous Phase and proceed as normal. If PC confesses, skip to Sentencing Phase

Table 6–6: Trial Process (con't)

Phase 2C: Counter-Accusation

1	**Absurd Sub-clause:** Trial returns to previous Phase. PC must pass a Knowledge Test to retain the last outcome. If Knowledge Test fails, the opposed test must be re-rolled, but not the Phase event.
2	**Impatient Judge or Jury:** PC must pass Charm Test or skip directly to Ordeals Phase. If test is passed, roll again on this table. This result may be rolled multiple times.
3-4	**Overruled:** Trial returns to previous Phase and continues as normal. No further Counter-Accusations may be made.
5-6	**Judicial Duel:** PC must face accuser in single combat to decide trial. Champions may be substituted, and trial ends after duel.
7-8	**Open Debate:** PC may attempt opposed Knowledge Test to have NPC convicted. If test is failed, return to previous Phase and continue as normal.
9	**Witness Testimony:** PC may attempt an Inquire Test to have the NPC convicted. If test is failed, the trial ends without resolution.
10	**Interrogation & Torture:** Characters suffers 2d10 Wounds and must pass three Will Power Tests to escape conviction. If confession is not heard, return to previous Phase and proceed as normal. If confession is heard, the trial ends.

Consult Counter-Accusation Phase events for Process Chart instructions

Phase 3: Closing Arguments—Opposed Charm Test

1	**Presumed Guilty:** PC must win two opposed Charm Tests instead of one.
2	**Second Arraignment:** Trial must be repeated from Phase 1 in 1d10 days, during which time PC is either detained or placed under curfew.
3	**Final Cross-examination:** PC must win opposed Perception Test to proceed with Closing Arguments. If failed, skip to Interrogation/Torture Phase.
4	**Detainment:** PC is held in custody for 1d10 days, after which a decision is made.
5–6	**Normal Proceedings:** Roll Charm Test as normal.
7	**Indecisive Judge or Hung Jury:** PC is placed under curfew for 1d10 days, after which a decision is made.
8	**Presumed Innocent:** PC may skip to Ordeals Phase if Charm contest is lost.
9	**Appeals Heard:** PC may re-roll the Charm contest, if lost.
10	**Judicial Duel:** If PC fails the opposed Charm Test, a Judicial Challenge may be issued in place of sentencing. Champions may be substituted.

If PC loses 2 of 3 Primary Phases, proceed to sentencing. If PC wins 2 of 3 Primary Phases, she is acquitted

Opposed Phase Contest Modifiers

Difficulty	Skill Modifier	Phase 1	Phase 2	Phase 3
Very Easy	+30%	Client can cite a specific local precedent supporting her case.	Hostile Witnesses are criminals, foreigners, or gutter trash.	Accuser a known cult member or foreign agent.
Easy	+20%	Client has spent at least a week researching relevant legislation.	No hostile witnesses.	Client of higher social class than accuser.
Routine	+10%	Client a member of the guild or church presiding over the case.	No material evidence of client's culpability.	Client a popular local personality.
Average	+0%		There are no special circumstances.	
Challenging	–10%	Client is illiterate.	No supporting witnesses.	Client has prior convictions.
Hard	–20%	Client attempted to resist arrest.	Indisputable material evidence of client's culpability.	Client accused of consorting with Chaos.
Very Hard	–30%	Client was caught red-handed by authorities.	Multiple credible witnesses saw the crime.	Client a known cult member or foreign agent.

Table 6–6: Trial Process (con't)

Phase 4: Sentencing Phase

1	**Execution:** PC is hanged, beheaded, burned or immured. Fate Points may be used to evade execution.
2	**Mutilation:** An appendage is cut from the PC, ranging from a finger to a hand or even an arm, depending on severity and nature of the crime.
3	**Incarceration:** PC is imprisoned for a term befitting the crime, either 1d10 years or life.
4	**Banishment:** PC is banished from the area with orders never to return, upon fear of death. This punishment is served only to local residents; re-roll for vagrants.
5-6	**Public Display:** PC is placed in stocks or gibbet for 1d10 days.
7-8	**Lashings:** PC is administered 1d10 × 10 lashes, taking a Damage 1 hit for every 10 lashes.
9-10	**Fine:** PC is fined according to the severity of the crime, typically between 5 and 50 *gc*. Payable to victim, guild, or courts, depending on the crime.

Table 6–7: Sentencing Modifiers

Severity	Examples	Sentencing Modifier
Minor crime	Petty thievery, assault, blasphemy, minor vandalism	+4
Major crime	Grand larceny, murder, arson, heresy, sorcery, smuggling	0
Serious Crime	Chaos worship, Imperial treason, mass murder	–4

are added to this number. Adjusted die rolls of 11+ are counted as 10, and negative scores are counted as 1.

Example Trial

Kurt, Clem and Hilda are charged with the murder of two watchmen in Delberz. The killings were actually committed in self-defence, but the third watchman (who escaped on foot) told a different story. The PCs have hired a lawyer, Herbert Finkelstein, to represent them.

Phase 1 — Opening Arguments

The players assign Herr Finkelstein as the speaker, since none of them has the Knowledge (Law) skill. The event roll is a '7' — Fortunate Loophole. The GM informs the players that in Delberz, law officials who flee the site of a crime may be charged with desertion. The Phase contest is now rolled, and the PCs' test is penalized by –20% for being caught red-handed by authorities. Herr Finkelstein rolls a '22' – enough for 1 Degree of Success even when compared to his adjusted Knowledge skill of 36 (56% minus 20%). The prosecuting lawyer fails by two degrees, and the players decide to launch an immediate counter-accusation against the watchman. The judge's Disposition is modified to Congenial (+1) toward the PCs because they won the Phase.

Phase 2C — Counter-Accusation

The players again nominate Herr Finkelstein as the speaker. The GM rolls a '6' for the Phase event, modified to '7' for the judge's Disposition. Open Debate ensues, and the lawyers must again make opposed Knowledge (Law) tests. This time, the prosecuting lawyer wins, and the trial returns to the end of Phase 1. Judge Disposition is reduced back to Neutral (0).

Phase 2 — Witnesses

The players nominate Hilda as the speaker, since she has the highest Perception skill. The event die is a '1' — Surprise Witness. The GM informs the players that a street urchin was watching the fight from an alleyway, and has been called to testify against them. Hilda must win two Perception contests. The contest is modified by +10% for the lack of material evidence, but –10 for the absence of supporting witnesses, for a net modifier of 0%. Hilda wins the first Perception Test against the prosecuting lawyer, but loses the second one. The judge's Disposition is reduced to Cold (–1), and Hilda must now undergo an Ordeal to prove the PCs' innocence.

Phase 2A — Ordeals

The GM rolls a '6', which is reduced to '5' for judge Disposition. Hilda must walk the Path of Embers, suffering 2 Wounds and reducing her Movement characteristic by –1. She fails her WP test, and the party is convicted of murder. Judge Disposition is reduced to Hostile (–2).

Phase 4 — Sentencing

The adjusted Sentencing modifier is –2 (Major Crime +0, judge Disposition –2). The GM rolls a '5', modified to '3', and the PCs are sentenced to life imprisonment. They'd better start formulating their escape plans . . .

A Larger World

The Empire is but a part, albeit a large part, of a much larger world. Beyond its boundaries are other nations, people, customs and beliefs that are at odds with the values and perceptions of the imperials. This section offers a glimpse of two cities, giving you the necessary information needed for your own adventures.





Chapter VII: Sartosa, City of Pirates

By Eric Cagle

The Free City of Sartosa is a notorious place, known for harbouring pirates, brigands, and anyone wanting to avoid the various legitimate powers of the Old World. It is a tremendously dangerous place, where drunken pirates press-gang unsuspecting individuals, brawls and duels are an hourly occurrence, and thieves ply the dirty, crowded docks looking for easy marks. Despite the risks, however, it is a place where someone with the toughness and willpower to survive can not only live but thrive, far from the yoke of unfair taxes, overbearing noblemen, and stringent laws. From Sartosa to Araby in the south, the Border Princes to the East, and the mainland past the Great Ocean, exotic lands await.

In short, Sartosa is a perfect place for finding adventure.

— The Powers That Be —

No king, count, or mayor rules the city of Sartosa. Priests and wizards do not hold council to provide wisdom. There is no nobility worth speaking. Sartosa is a city ruled by only one force—pirates.

In theory, each person within Sartosa enjoys the same freedoms as everyone else. But this is the freedom that comes from anarchy, with little to nothing in the way of rights, except for strength and the willingness to use it. In practice, all the people of Sartosa owe their allegiances and favours to people higher up in the social ladder. At the top are the Pirate Lords, "retired" captains of pirate vessels who have taken up the mantle of nobles and the idle rich.

A Free City In More Than Name

For better or worse, Sartosa is almost completely free of much of the politics dominating the other city-states of Tilea. Not only is it a "free city", implying independence from other political bodies, but individuals have tremendous free reign. Although the town is anarchic and mostly lawless, the "pirate's code" still holds sway over Sartosa's inhabitants. All the pirates of the seas consider Sartosa neutral ground. A captain can dock at its piers without fear of being arrested or shot on the spot by any officials, but may have to face his rivals if they happen to be docked at the same time.

The Pirate's Code

The only law worth noting in Sartosa is the so-called "Pirate's Code." It stresses both personal freedom and loyalty to your captain, crew, and ship (in that order). Not everyone in Sartosa adheres to this code, but its pervasiveness means all its inhabitants know how the code works, if only to keep safe their own hide.

A man is considered in his right to kill another if his honour is violated in some way, and in most cases "might equals right." However, in a city ruled by pirates, killing a man in the streets usually brings retribution from his fellow shipmates and most people know that there are serious consequences for doing so. Described here are some of the unwritten rules of the Pirate's Code. However, there are endless variations and interpretations, which can be twisted as needed (and as long as you can convince others that you are correct).

- Everyone shall obey orders from the Captain and his officers.
- A crewman has the right to defend himself and his honour.
- A man can challenge another to a fair duel, but the challenged gets choice of weapons. No other person can interfere in this duel until one man is dead or relents.
- Booty will be shared out as follows: 1 share to every ordinary seaman; 3 shares to the captain; 2 shares to the master carpenter, boatswain, and gunner.
- Anyone caught attempting to desert will be marooned. He may take only a weapon and a bottle of water.
- Anyone being lazy or failing to clean his weapons will lose his share of the booty.
- The punishment for hitting a crewman is 40 lashes on the bare back.
- Everyone may vote on every important decision.
- Everyone may have a share of captured drink and fresh food.
- Anyone found stealing from another member of the crew will have his ears and nose slit open and be set ashore.
- The penalty for bringing a woman aboard in disguise is death.
- No one may leave the crew until each man has made 500 *gc*.
- No crewmember may fraternize with Wizards or other dealers of the Dark Arts.

The Pirate Lords

Almost all pirates dream of hitting the big score and retiring in Sartosa, where they can live like gilded noblemen. The most successful captains buy or build massive villas inside Sartosa proper or among the rocky hills along Mount Ertinia. Some give up the life entirely and sell off their ships, whilst others retain control, running their operations like a legitimate business. Either way, the Pirate Lords live as the idle rich do anywhere.

As the richest and most influential people on Sartosa, the Pirate Lords often act as the de facto leadership there, settling disputes and making "suggestions" that would be akin to law in other lands. Most of the time, the Pirate Lords are content in letting the inhabitants of Sartosa deal with their own affairs. Competition and rivalry among the Pirate Lords are fierce and some hold tremendous grudges towards their peers. However, in the effort of keeping things stable, overt actions against

Lord Ferdinand Rackham

The self-stylized Lord Ferdinand Rackham is typical of the Pirate Lords of Sartosa. After nearly thirty years at sea, he retired from the life to live in his opulent villa in the middle of the city. Although he never sets foot on any of his ships, Lord Rackham is still very active in their affairs and is constantly on the lookout for information on easy scores for his three pirate vessels, the Vigilant, the Tritonus, and the Black Mary. Like most of the Pirate Lords, Lord Rackham styles himself a noble, although years at sea have left him coarse and rather crude.

Lord Ferdinand Rackham

Career: Noble Lord (Ex-Sea Captain, Ex-Mate, Ex-Seaman)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
56%	51%	51%	50%	51%	56%	64%	65%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
3	19	5	5	4	0	2	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Academic Knowledge (Strategy/Tactics) +10%, Animal Training, Charm, Command +10%, Common Knowledge (Border Princes, Norsca, the Empire, the Wasteland), Common Knowledge (Tilea) +10%, Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip +10%, Intimidate, Perception, Read/Write, Row, Sail +10%, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Breton, Norse, Reikspiel, Tilean), Swim, Trade (Cartographer, Shipwright)
Talents: Acute Hearing, Disarm, Hardy, Lightning Parry, Master Orator, Public Speaking, Resistance to Disease, Seasoned Traveller, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon Group (Fencing), Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Swashbuckler
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Best Craftsmanship Rapier
Trappings: Bottle of Spirits, Telescope, Several Ships, Best Craftsmanship Noble's Garb, Jewellery worth 500 *gc,* pouch with 800 *gc*.



their enemies is avoided and "problems" are dealt with through proxies, quiet assassinations, and other skulduggery.

Piracy is the lifeblood of Sartosa and the city holds its arms open for anyone who adheres to the Pirate's Code. Although the city does have a modest economy producing seafood, ships, rope, and the like, most of the money and goods that come into Sartosa are the result of pirates sacking the merchant ships plying the Tilean Sea or small, unguarded towns along the coastline.

The Mercenaries

Not all the inhabitants of Sartosa are pirates—the second largest population is composed of mercenaries. It is said that any man with at least a club and the willingness to use it can find work with the numerous Mercenary Houses in Sartosa. Ex-Imperial soldiers, disgraced Bretonnian knights, wandering Dwarf troll slayers, Tilean pikemen, and Estalian swordsmen can be found here looking for work. Most find employment as bodyguards for wealthy captains or as marines for pirate vessels.

In order to accommodate this need for men-at-arms, several Mercenary Houses have sprung up all over Sartosa, where a person can go to find work without much effort. A few have exclusive "contracts" with the various Tilean City-States, which hire entire armies for some campaign or another. These Houses are vicious and literally cutthroat when it comes to acquiring new talent, and semi-open warfare between Houses is not unheard of. Some mercenaries steer clear from the machinations of the Houses and go solo—there's still plenty of work to be had, but a mercenary runs the risk of being "drafted" by one House or another, especially if he gains a reputation for effectiveness.

The City-States of Tilea

Though the nobles of Tilea have no legal powers or authority over Sartosa, they do have significant sway over the business in Sartosa, and are, ironically, the largest trade partners. It's common knowledge that nobles and merchants of other city-states often hire the pirates of Sartosa to haul cargo, guard their ships, and prey upon the ships of their competitors, although everyone denies it when it happens. Nobles, their proxies, and rich merchants often make journeys to Sartosa to employ a captain and his ship for all manner of illegal and illicit business. However, there is no honour among thieves, and it's not all that uncommon for a pirate ship to prey upon the vessels of a Tilean nobleman they formerly were charged with protecting. For every trade route to Sartosa shut down by the Tilean fleet, another one pops up in its place, as the profits from this illegal trade are too tempting to resist.

Those city-states fed up with the predations of the Sartosan pirates have attempted several times over the centuries to lay siege to the city, but failed every time, as the pirates of the city banded together to create an impregnable screen of galleons and cutters that decimated every fleet.

— The Island of Sartosa —

The Island of Sartosa is a craggy, rocky rise of land formed long ago by a now (mostly) dormant volcano, called Mount Ertinia. This island is constantly buffeted by trade winds that sweep in from the west, creating swift currents prized by the pirates calling the place home. There are few beaches and shoals to the island—the porous limestone walls tower from dozens to hundreds of feet in the air. These walls are riddled with untold numbers of caves, tunnels, and hollows, many of which are accessible from the water, making them favourites for pirates to create their own private bases of operation apart from the city. Only a few of the largest caves relatively close to the city of Sartosa have been explored with any thoroughness. Sailors tell of several caves that have yet to be explored and rumours and tall tales abound of what treasures, monsters, and forbidden things can be found inside.

Thanks to Mount Ertinia, the soil of Sartosa Island is very fertile, but the abundance of rocks and small stones makes farming an arduous process. Most farms are close to the city, with several more scattered about the island; they primarily grow grapes, olives, and wheat. The relatively small size of these farms and the insatiable appetite of the pirates mean that most food must be imported to support the Sartosan inhabitants. Farmers typically fall under the "protection" of one or more Pirate Lords, who take a hefty portion of the crops for themselves, but keep them from falling under the predations of brigands on the prowl to stock their ships' larders.

The waters around Sartosa overflow with seafood of all kinds—fish, squid, oysters, and clams are pulled from the water with little effort. This bounty from the sea is the primary

food source for the inhabitants of Sartosa, as few legitimate businessmen sail to the island to do trade. The shallow waters around the city and to the northwest of the island also boast abundant pearl beds. Indeed, its fine-quality pearls are one of Sartosa's main exports. Pearl harvesting, already dangerous, is made doubly so by pirates looking for easy scores. For this reason, most of the pearl divers begrudgingly accept the protection of various pirates and criminal factions to keep their businesses alive—for a healthy portion of their earnings, of course.

Mount Ertinia, the Gods, and Jack O' the Sea

Sartosa was mostly formed from a massive volcano, called Mount Ertinia, which spewed up from the sea floor untold thousands of years ago. A favourite Sartosan tale explains the island was created when a young sailor, cast adrift when his ship was destroyed, called out to all the Gods to save him in exchange for his eternal pledge of loyalty. None of them responded, except for Ranald the Trickster, who obliged him by forcing an island to rise up out of the water in a gout of fire and molten lava. However, this presumptuous action angered Manann the God of the Seas. In order to placate him, Ranald ordered the sailor to pay homage to both he and Manann, with offerings of gold and plunder. The sailor, seeing no other choice, took up piracy to pay off his burden and became the most notorious pirate of all—Jack O' the Sea. There's no shortage of tales involving Jack O' The Sea and his exploits, and he has come to be seen as an aspect of Ranald himself.

Mount Ertinia is now mostly dormant, though it occasionally releases great plumes of steam and ash that sometimes rain down on the city below. The inhabitants of Sartosa are particularly proud of the volcano that dominates the skyline and see it as a patron of sorts. Sailors approaching the Sartosan shore pour a portion of rum into the sea upon seeing the volcano on the horizon, accompanied with a cry of *"Ertinia, Ho!"*

— The City of Sartosa —

Sartosa sits on a rocky island just south of the Tilean peninsula. Since Sartosa is the most important thing on this island, most travellers refer to the island and the city by the same name. Given the distance from the rest of the Tilean city-states, Sartosa is free from most of the political posturing that happens on the mainland. Although distance is something of a boon, it, and the city's unsavoury character, makes the city less attractive to any kind of settler outside of the pirates that come to port.

Despite being a city, Sartosa actually has a small native population, only swelling to numbers in keeping with other cities when pirates stop for a month or so to spend their filthy lucre. It is a patchwork city, cobbled together from many different cultures and races over countless centuries. The houses that line the streets are a riot of different styles, colours, and shapes, from fine stucco villas with red tiled roofs to shanties cobbled together from driftwood and old sailcloth. In the oldest portion of the city, some buildings are ancient beyond compare, built from solid stone and seemingly designed by no human mind. No one knows who crafted these strange buildings or what was their original purpose.

The people of Sartosa are just as varied and mixed as the architecture. Tileans rub elbows with Norseman mercenaries and people of the Empire haggle and fight with Bretonnians. Even more exotic people with odd skin colours and bizarre accents from far away lands walk the streets as well.

The Rock of Jack O' The Seas

A strange site awaits the ships that enter into Pirates Bay, Sartosa's port. A rough hewn statue of Jack O' The Seas sits on top of a tiny outcropping of rock in the middle of the bay, looking out towards the horizon to the north. The 20-foot-tall statue is of a man holding a large bag. No one is certain who created the statue and it's been there for as long as anyone can remember. The craftsmanship is crude and the features are difficult to discern up close. In addition, strange markings are carved on the front and back of the statue—no one has been able to determine what they mean. The statue is beloved by the pirates and inhabitants of the city and sailors are known to take a skiff to the rock and leave offerings at the base before embarking on a voyage.

Every few years, tales go about the taverns that the statue is more than it seems—a treasure is buried underneath, the strange writing is a map, or the statue comes to life on certain days. Because of this, some misguided fools sometimes head out to the rock and try to dig underneath the statue to reveal anything that might be there. So far, they haven't had any luck and anyone caught do so is usually beaten or worse, as the general populace considers the statue their city's mascot and protector.

The Cliff

Sartosa is a vertical city, built along the shore of a cliff wall that rises nearly a hundred feet into the air. In order to reach the top of the cliff, the citizens of Sartosa have built a bewildering maze of bridges and scaffolding directly into the rock. Several houses cling to the side of the Cliff on this mass of planks, poles, and timbers. Some Sartosans carve out their homes directly from the porous limestone of the cliff itself. Most of these residences are squalid hellholes, but a few, typically the oldest, are opulent and well-appointed.

The traffic on these scaffolds is thick during the day and potentially dangerous as drovers drive cows and horses up the narrow planks. The constant wind that blows from the sea sometimes whips up into a fierce gale, making travel even more hazardous. Despite these dangers, the people of Sartosa accept their plight and laugh at newcomers that must climb the dizzying height on the rickety planks. Over the centuries, a series of ropes, nets, and other safety measures have been added to the walkways—anyone falling must make a **Challenging**

Cloak of Night

Although it is true that the Cloak of Karloff cannot be pierced by sword or worn by a beast from the lands of Chaos, and has never been singed by a single flame, these are among its most mundane traits. It is much more than a simple cloak. It is living history. Truth be told, few know what I'm about to tell you, so guard this secret closely.

Sewn in the hem of the cloak, placed there by the hands of a frail woman from Sartosa and written in a language now lost and only decipherable by a handful of blind monks, is a prophecy of the end times and a secret so great, it dares to unravel the heavens themselves.

And those that know my words know I do not wax poetic for the sake of drama.

The prophecy can be found in only one place, but it is marked by so many stories, fables, and indications of fact, that I can only attempt to understand it all. But, believe me, when I tell you this, the omens do not bode well for the age of man.

As the story goes, a Beastman will rise from the lands of Chaos. He will lead armies—thunderous armies. He will wield a sword of pure villainy and hatred. He will smite his foes with a fury that one cannot possibly understand. His might will be unquestioned and he will go unopposed.

But this Beastman's deeds will not end there, nor will he be judged a great leader.

Nay.

His feats will be measured by what he shall become.

As the oracle bids, he shall conquer the lands of Man and Dwarf and Rat and all manner of beast. He shall enslave every living and unliving thing. He shall grow in size, grow in strength, and his hordes shall grow in numbers. He shall become the enemy of all things, thoughts, and desires.

And upon sitting on the throne of all kings

He shall become the Unmaker

The Daemonic unweaver of all things

The last and final Daemon, the Lifetaker

And when the lands of the living have been trounced under his goat-hooves, he shall sunder the heavens and claim for himself the title of Death.

And the skies, bloodied by his touch

Cry for mercy and find none

The clouds, blackened by the deadly glut

And the Gods are dead, leave one

This is not the mad litany of some street corner proselytizer. I am not some charlatan quick to fleece you or your coin. I am bringing you the true tale of the end of times. Believe me or don't but respect that I am not some feeble grandfather desperate for the affections of his young.

These words are scrawled into Cloak of Night and if you cannot believe me, then perhaps you should visit the monks of Mordheim and ask them for a reading.

(–10%) Agility Test to catch his or herself on a rope, net, or other support, or will plunge to the filthy street below.

Once a person makes his way to the top of the Cliff, the rest of Sartosa sprawls out among the low, rocky hills. The city is much less crowded on top of the Cliff and the finer houses, villas, and mansions of the Pirate Lords can be found here.

Peg Street

Sartosa's main road is known as Peg Street and forms a "district" of sorts. It is a wandering, meandering avenue that follows the contours of the cliff face defining the lower portion of the city's edge. Peg Street is lined with ramshackle houses, tanners, fishmongers, weaponsmiths, and dozens of taverns and inns. Food vendors line the streets, hawking meals of a questionable nature, and jugglers and entertainers try to eke out a living whilst avoiding the blows from drunken pirates that may not care for their act.

The Hole In By The Hill

The Hole In By The Hill is a notoriously dangerous tavern that caters to the pirates of Sartosa. It is the place to go to hook up with a crew or to conduct illicit business of all kinds. The Hole In By The Hill sits inside a natural cave within the limestone cliff above Peg Street. During the day, there is little to differentiate it from any other residence or building, but at night, torches and lanterns line the catwalks and illuminate the tarps and awnings that adorn the front. A blind hurdy-gurdy man competes with drunken sea shanties to provide music, whilst bar wenches dance to the delight of the customers. The owner, Grecco, cooks tasty pork, fowl, and fish for the masses as his red macaw bounces his head to the music. Grecco has a penchant for remembering the names and faces of everyone who comes to his inn and knows everything going on in the city.

The Docks

Sartosa is riddled with numerous docks and ports which pirate ships, merchant vessels, and fishing boats call home. The docks are a constant buzz of activity all year round, day and night, as crews come and go, stevedores load supplies, and fishermen prepare for the next day of work or unload the bounty from the previous day. Though some docks are better than others, none are particularly safe for the unprepared or naïve. Only a fool would wander the docks without at least a knife and most people openly display their weapons to dissuade any trouble.

The docks are divided into several clusters, each with its own unique flavour, requirements, and owners. Ship captains who

dock at Sartosa for the first time run the risk of landing at the "wrong" dock, subjecting themselves to unfair inspections, harassment, and steep docking fees from the thugs controlling that particular pier. Ownership of these docks is in constant flux and captains who are used to dealing with one brand of scum may find a new minder when they return the next time.

Deadman's Docks

Easily considered the worst of the worst, the Deadman's Docks are where captains of the lowest rank berth their ships. In addition to pirates and other scum, the Deadman's Docks are the home of the poorest fishermen, pearl divers, and other hardscrabble cases that have to work hard to get not very far in life. Only the hardest or most desperate walk the tattered planks of Deadman's Docks, but, ironically, it's one of the easiest places in the city to find work.

The Deadman's Docks have four large piers, each of questionable condition. These piers are of sufficient size to accommodate the largest of ships, although most captains that possess such vessels can afford to avoid the Deadman's Docks. These docks are under the protection of a brutal Tilean named Donato Buccina. Unless some sort of haggling or arrangement has been made, Buccina charges 1 *gc* per foot-length of any ship that docks here. He tends to ignore the poorest and most pathetic of fishermen and ferrymen, although his thugs occasionally rough them up to enforce his dominance of the piers.

The end of each pier serves as a sort of meeting ground where anyone can go to find work from the various ships, stevedore services, and other businesses that work here. The available work is terrible and backbreaking, but for the destitute, it's a way to get a few clanks for their next meal. In addition to legitimate work, pirate captains are on the prowl for new crewmembers and press gangs are an all too common sight. Although slavery is technically frowned up here (the people of Sartosa love their freedom and see slavery as the gravest affront), "indentured servants" bustle about on the Deadman's Docks, hurriedly performing chores and tasks for their masters, along with young crewmen and other servants.

Regina Bacini

Located on the far northern reach of the city, the Regina Bacini are the finest docks that Sartosa has to offer—which isn't saying all that much. The largest ships owned by the wealthiest pirate lords dock here, and several have their own private berths. The piers are in much better repair than most of those found throughout Sartosa. Only complete fools would attempt to try any trouble at these docks, as the crews of the most successful pirate ships wander these docks at all times of the day.

Smithy's

Smithy's is the largest and most boisterous tavern on the Regina Bacini. Smithy prefers people from the Empire to come into his bar and gives a cold shoulder to Tileans, Estalians, and Bretonnians. This racism often turns to violence when some unsuspecting sailor comes in for a drink and finds nothing but hard stares and racial slurs. Smithy's is famous for its squid soup and powerful beer from Reikland. The place is filled day and night with drinking songs of the Empire and this revelry often spills out onto the docks where the inevitable brawl ensues. Smithy was a former sailor with the Imperial Navy who was tossed out for drunkenness and theft. After several years of wandering the southern seas, he eventually found his way to Sartosa and won the tavern in a dice game.

The Ox Head

The Ox Head is one of the nicest restaurants in Sartosa. It specializes in beef and pork, which are in great demand on the island. Pirate Lords consider it crucial to stop in and have an enormous meal here after a particularly large haul. The food is surprisingly good and often served with rare wines, beer, and vodka from all over the Old World. The pirates that come to eat there consider the Ox Head "neutral ground"—no weapons are allowed inside and the patrons take this very seriously. Violators are tossed out and beaten, sometimes to death. Repeat offenders are denied entrance and can expect a loaded pistol shoved in their face (the guards are the only ones allowed to carry them).

Noblemen from the city-states of Tilea come here to meet with pirate captains and discuss employing them as privateers. In order to avoid the possibility of being spotted by other nobles or potential enemies, it's a common practice for outsiders to

Donato Buccina

Donato Buccina is a hulking brute of a man. He styles himself a respectable businessman, though he enforces his turf with beatings and murder. Buccina lost his nose in a fight long ago and covers it with a silver-plated one, which he keeps buffed to a shine. He wears the clothes of a nobleman, though stained with spilled wine and blood.

Donato Buccina

Career: Racketeer (ex-Thug, ex-Marine)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
52%	44%	48%	44%	41%	30%	52%	48%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	16	4	4	4	0	2	0

Skills: Command, Common Knowledge (the Empire, Tilea), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow +10%, Evaluate, Gamble +10%, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate +10%, Perception, Row, Secret Language (Battle Tongue, Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Tilean), Swim
Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Lightning Reflexes, Menacing, Quick Draw, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Suave
Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt, Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Mace), Shield, Knuckle-dusters, Crossbow with 10 Bolts
Trappings: Good Clothing, Gilded Nose, Hat, Scroll containing list of debtors' marks.

Unctuous to the Last

It is unclear who Azluhr is talking to. His notes are scattered here. Many sentences are incomplete. But what he speaks of here is heresy and should be considered as fraudulent as the rest.

"Long ago, two Elector Counts were killed when their lands were overrun by Orcs and Beasts. This is well documented. But it is not the truth. So bear with me child, for this tale is not easy to follow and I have no cause to repeat myself. And listen close, for I keep my voice low, lest someone overhear and report us. The Elector Count of Drakwald is not dead. Worse yet, I believe some day he shall return to claim his land."

"It goes back many generations to the era of Hilig the Great. A promise was made, and a betrayal planned. The beasts did not conquer. They were let in. See it? They were let in. For the Count was about to become a Liche, and the beasts gave him the power of many dead souls to complete his unholy transformation."

"It's so obvious."

"And of course, there's the true Elector Count of Stirland who is buried under the city of Tilea, where his unkempt body keeps the grounds hallowed and the burial mounds free from Chaotic taint."

wear masks while conducting business. If a person does not have a mask, the owner provides one.

The Blackfish Docks

Long ago, the piers of the Blackfish Docks were devastated by a freak tidal wave. During the reconstruction, there was great confusion and bickering about how they were to be rebuilt, resulting in a confusing, twisting mass of docks and buildings. These docks are used by the "middle class" of Sartosa—average pirate captains, fishing businesses, and the like. Many of the Blackfish's businesses are located directly on the piers, meaning a sailor doesn't even have to leave to get all the services he requires.

The Blackfish Docks have several inns, taverns, food shops, and houses of ill repute lining their cramped piers. These business teeter on tall pilings rising several stories into the air. Ropes are slung from building to building and numerous flags and banners wave in the wind. It's considered good luck to drape the flag or banner of a looted ship on these ropes—some banners are ancient beyond compare. The Blackfish Docks are famous for the hawkers that line the streets, selling all manner of baubles from all over the Old World. Most of these items are worthless, although there are times when a seller has something of true value. Buyers should beware, however, as thugs often target those who flaunt their wealth, robbing them and returning the item they purchased to the hawker.

Fitzmann's Firearms

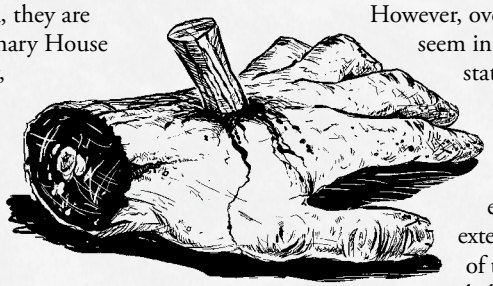
Fitzmann's Firearms is the largest dealer in gunpowder weapons in Sartosa. Although Fitzmann does manufacture some weapons, he's primarily a broker and buys most of his weapons from pirates after successful campaigns. As a result, a buyer can find guns from all over the Old World, but the quality varies wildly. Fitzmann typically pays less than half for weapons, but full price for gunpowder, which is always in high demand in Sartosa. He often tests weapons by firing them out into the water—the locals are used to the occasional blast, though newcomers may be startled by the gunfire.

A year ago, to prove the accuracy of his pistol, a drunken sailor fired off a shot, which hit a barrel of powder. Half of the building blew up, although the fire was quickly extinguished and the business saved. Fitzmann hasn't completed the repairs and employs two Tilean bodyguards to ensure that no one breaks in during the evening. These thugs are armed to the teeth and often strut about with a half dozen of Fitzmann's pistols on their person to discourage larceny.

— Adventure Seeds —

Lively, vibrant, lawless, and dangerous, Sartosa is a place where adventure awaits around every corner. Although most potential adventures feature the pirates that dominate the city, it could also serve as a base from which adventures are launched, or the end goal of a sea-based campaign. Described below are several adventure seeds where your characters could involve Sartosa, the City of Pirates.

- As the characters arrive in Sartosa, they are immediately sized up by a Mercenary House called the Blue Blades. The leader, Alfonse, sets up situations where his men challenge the characters whilst he watches from afar. However, another House catches wind of this and tries to enlist the characters to their side. Regardless of their wishes, the characters are caught in the middle, and if they give in to the pressure from either side, they could find themselves hauled off to fight in the Border Princes.



- A pirate ship comes into town laden with treasure and booty. The sailors begin their carousing, paying with gold coins from some country that no one has ever heard of. They also sell off small, strange statues crafted from ruby, giving one to the characters as payment or a gift. However, over the course of a few days, the sailors seem in a panic and attempt to get back the statues from everyone they gave them to.
- A ship moored at Deadman's Docks bursts into a strange green flame one night. The fire is quickly extinguished, though the damage is extensive to the docks. At night, the remains of the ship and dock glow with a dim green light that seems to slowly spread—and is drawn to the presence of people…



Chapter VIII: Tobaro

City of Sirens, City of Fools

By Andrew Kenrick

Ahh, sweetest Tobaro, city of sirens, city of fools. How many men have been wrecked upon its treacherous rocks, both physically and metaphorically? Tobaro clings to a cliff face like an ancient barnacle; all the houses and streets of the city are carved into the rock face itself, extending into the network of natural caverns which riddle this particular coastline.

Geography and Trade

Tobaro lies apart from the rest of Tilea, both physically and psychologically. Geographically cut off from the rest of the land by the towering Abasko Mountains and made nearly unreachable from the sea by the perilous Fool's Rocks, travelling to Tobaro is no easy task—a fact Tobarans relish, for only their pilots and navigators are able to safely guide ships to the harbour, for a fair sum of course.

By virtue of its geography Tobaro is rather insular, choosing to keep itself from the squabbling of the city-states across the Tilean Sea. This often rankles with the other states that take this as a show of Tobaran arrogance. Tobaro is on good terms with the Estalian kingdoms, much to the jealousy of the other states, and of the few foreign vessels to be found within the harbour, at least half will be from Estalia. Tobaro has little to trade in the way of luxuries; its wares are, as befits the down to earth nature of its people, of a much more basic nature—most commonly ore mined from beneath the city, traded for less readily obtained items such as foodstuffs.

Tobaran Folk

The people of Tobaro are a gruff folk, weathered by the harsh coastal storms and their stony homes. Tobarans are inevitably great sailors, for the rough waters of the Abasko coast quickly weed out the weak from the strong. Those who do not sail or trade for a living work in the tunnels, either as miners, engineers, or warriors hired to keep the tunnels clear of monsters. The Tobarans are an embittered and stubborn people, with a demeanour and outlook more in common with Dwarfs than their fellow Tileans. In appearance they are somewhat shorter and stockier, with paler skin than other Tileans.

Religion

As in the rest of Tilea the dominant gods of Tobaro are Myrmidia and Ranald, and their shrines can be found scattered

throughout the city. There are several churches to Myrmidia in each of the districts, and some of the rock-grottoes fashioned into churches are amongst the most stunning buildings in the whole of the city, despite their innocuous outward appearance.

Manann is worshipped widely in the Porto district, where many fishermen and sailors make their homes. A large temple of Manann is situated on the dockside right by the customs house.

The Navigator Families also venerate Manann, although the temple has taken a keen interest in their worship of late after rumours surfaced that the Cult of Stromfels has a heavy presence on the Fool's Rocks.

The Dwarf god Grungni is worshipped in parts of the city—and not just by the Tobaran Dwarfs—especially in the tunnels and streets of Trafuro. Within the city Grungni goes by the Tileanised version of his name, il Grungnio, although his strictures and doctrines remain the same.

History

Like any city in the Old World, Tobaro is defined by its past and the great events of its history are in its very streets, tunnels, and architecture.

Tolarie: Colonisation, Abandonment and Rediscovery

Local legend has it that the entire coast was once inhabited by fell, bird-like creatures that made their nests in amongst the crags of the cliffs. Untold millennia of their scratching contributed to the erosion of natural sea caves, leading to the cliffs becoming maggot ridden with tunnels and caverns. With the arrival of Sea Elves seeking either wealth in the mountains or a defensible site for a trading post, the creatures were driven from their homes and the Elves made their home in the cave system, enlarging it and constructing the harbour. The city of Tolarie was inhabited for nigh on a thousand years until its abandonment at the end of the Dwarf Wars.



Tolarie lay abandoned for centuries until its chance rediscovery by a group of Tilean shepherds seeking shelter from the worst of the Abaskan winters. Tobaro, as the city was renamed, was quickly settled by farmers who knew a good thing when they saw it, building on the Elven ruins found within the rock face.

The Rise of Tobaro

As the only harbour on the western Tilean coast, Tobaro grew, acting as a sometime stopover point between Tilea and Estalia. However, the danger involved in actually reaching the port prevented it from attaining the wealth or the stature of the eastern Tilean city-states.

This very same danger acted as a deterrent to would-be aggressors as well, and during the Arabyan Conquests of Estalia, Tobaro proved invaluable as a safe haven from which the crusading forces could be based during the defence and re-conquest. Over the course of the Conquests the city was besieged from both land and sea on five separate occasions, but did not fall.

Tobaro's Bane

Although unassailable from outside, Tobaro was not so secure from within and its extensive and uncharted network of tunnels proved to be its bane. Skaven forces attacked the city from below in a series of raids between IC 1563 and 1565, razing large parts of the city and enslaving much of the populace.

Tobaro was only saved by the arrival of the merchant-prince Meldo Marcelli at the head of a mercenary army accompanied by Sea Elf allies. The force succeeded in entering the harbour unnoticed and sneaking into the city, catching the Skaven unawares and driving them back into the tunnels.

Fighting between the Tobarans and the Ratmen continued on and off for many years with countless skirmishes in the lower levels. An end was finally achieved with the collapse of several strategic tunnels by Dwarf engineers, allowing the city guard to better watch the entrances to the city. A permanent garrison of warriors, the Deepwatch, are employed to regularly patrol the tunnels and to root out any sign of Skaven. As a result, Tobaro is probably the only city in the Old World without a significant population of rats—bipedal or otherwise.

The Golden Age

Meldo Marcelli was summarily elected as prince of the city and his family remained rulers for many years after. Their reign is often looked back upon as the golden years of Tobaran culture. The rule of the Marcellis came to an end in 1877 when a secession squabble erupted following the death of Antonio Marcelli III. Civil war was only averted when the court seer

prophesised the next prince would meet with an unpleasant fate. The crisis of secession was turned on its head, as suddenly no one wanted the post. Instead, in an attempt to ward off the prophecy, a pig was chosen as prince.

Years passed and under the benevolent reign of Piggalo I, Tobaro enjoyed peace, free from the machinations and manoeuvrings of the Marcellis, who returned to what they did best: trade. Piggolo I died twelve years later when he fell over the cliff edge and into the sea as he was inspecting his guard. Rumours abounded of an assassination and a number of his courtiers were arrested on suspicion of treason.

A new Human prince was elected and the court swiftly returned to politicking as before. Tradition now dictates that a pig must always be running as a candidate for the princeship and other candidates often adopt their own pigs as lucky mascots. To date, no more pigs have been elected, but princes are always wary lest they be shamefully usurped by a swine!

Tobaran Politics

Tobaro steadfastly remains a monarchy despite countless attempts at social revolution, each firmly put down over the years. Tobaro has no single ruling family, however, but rather a collection of semi-royal merchant houses, all of which stake their claim on the throne and from which the prince is chosen.

At the time of a prince's death the dominant houses all jostle and vie for the throne, until one of them gains enough popular and political support for its patriarch to be successfully elected prince. The prince is elected by a council of peers made up of the most prominent merchant patriarchs and community leaders, as well as a single representative of the Navigator Families and the Engineering Guild.

The incumbent prince may well have named his heir and successor, but this counts for nought unless his house and his heir remain strong after the prince's death. Being named heir gives the prince's successor a definite edge, but unless he can move swiftly to claim the throne and secure his position, a more powerful house will brush him aside in the scramble for political dominance.

The throne of Tobaro is sometimes referred to as the Fool's Rock—more than one house has been broken upon it, and the turbulent political eddies surrounding it are said to be more dangerous than those surrounding the real Fool's Rocks in the bay beneath the city.

This being Tilea, where political assassination is practically the national pastime, it is rare that a powerful house has the patience to wait until the prince has succumbed to natural causes. A comment often heard when discussing politics within the city, only half jokingly, is that, *"'Tis a far quicker path to death to name yourself Prince than it is to throw yourself over Tobaro's edge."*

The current Prince of Tobaro is Prince Tibaldus Marsarius de Vela, youthful patriarch of the de Vela banking house. Prince Tibaldus has been prince for little over two years, having taken the throne from his late uncle who died on the blade of a spurned lover—an impressive death for a man in his nineties. Tibaldus' election was surrounded with rumours of heavy bribery as he brought his family's considerable financial resources to bear on his rivals. Political rivals have been unusually quiet in their opposition to the Prince, and will presumably remain so until their finances run low and Tibaldus is forced to issue a new round of "funding."

The Navigator Families

As in every Tilean city-state, no sooner had a ruling family been founded than another family had sprung up as rivals. It was not long after the founding of Tobaro that the first dissidents sprang up, but in a city so short of space they had little opportunity to establish their own territory, except for deeper into the tunnels or out onto the rocky islets that dot the channels to the city. Those who delved deeper were never seen again. Those who took to the Fool's Rocks became the first of the Navigator Families.

The Navigators hold the monopoly on sea trade to and from Tobaro's great harbour, for only they and they alone know the safe channels between the deadly rocks. Each family tightly controls its own routes—some more dangerous than others, but each just as deadly to anyone else—and their secrets are highly guarded, passed from father to son and never written on a chart.

Many have died to protect their family secrets, for they are all that guarantees the Navigators their protected status and prevents them becoming a mere nuisance to be swatted by the Prince.

There is a fierce rivalry between the families, each of them vying for the custom of passing ships and guarding their territorial waters ferociously. It is not unheard of for fighting to break out between pilots on the decks of ships as representatives from more than one family jump aboard to try and win the job, often by disparaging the reputation of the other pilots.

Despite the hostility and rivalry, the families present a united front against their age-old enemies—the ruling family of Tobaro. The Navigators have not forgotten their origins, nor are they ignorant to the threats that still exist to their livelihoods. This is no idle suspicion or paranoia, for the Prince and the city's merchants would dearly love to be rid of the Navigator Families and control the access to the city themselves; but so long as the families keep their secrets to themselves, there is little chance of that.

Many families supplement the income from piloting ships to and from Tobaro by salvaging the remains of unlucky or foolish ships that are wrecked on the Fool's Rocks. This often leads to accusations that the pilots take unnecessary risks with their charges, knowing that they can make a tidy profit either way. If asked, the pilots just shrug and smile, remarking that business is business.

Nanna de Naufragios

The most infamous of the Navigator Families is the de Naufragios family, a family with a notorious—if hard to prove—reputation for piracy and shipwrecking. The de Naufragios are led by their ancient matriarch, Nanna

New Talent: Fool's Pilot

Description: You are a member of a Tobaran Navigator Family and have learnt the secrets sailing a ship through the dangerous channels of the Fool's Rocks. You gain +20% to Sail Tests made to sail through the Fool's Rocks, and a +10% to Common Knowledge (Tilea) Tests that specifically involve Tobaro.

de Naufragios, and despite being one of the older and wealthier families, still live in relative squalor on their craggy outcropping.

The de Naufragios' territory is easily spotted, especially at night, for there are an extraordinarily large number of lanterns and torches burning around their islands—almost too many, one could say, and more than a few hapless captains have mistaken the bright lights for Tobaro itself, with disastrous consequences.

Nanna de Naufragios

Career: Charlatan (ex-Smuggler, ex-Fence)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
28%	39%	31%	45%	24%	60%	55%	55%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	15	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Tilea) +10%, Drive, Evaluate +20%, Gamble +20%, Gossip +10%, Haggle +20%, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Row, Search, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue) +10%, Silent Move, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Breton, Tilean), Swim
Talents: Dealmaker, Savvy, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Super Numerate
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Dagger, Crossbow with 10 Bolts
Trappings: Lantern, Rowing Boat

One of the De Naufragios Boys

Career: Smuggler (ex-Seaman)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
65%	30%	55%	50%	45%	25%	40%	20%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	17	5	4	5	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Estalia, Tilea), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip, Perception, Row, Sail, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Estalian, Tilean), Swim
Talents: Fool's Pilot, Seasoned Traveller, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Warrior Born
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Cutlass), Crossbow with 10 Bolts
Trappings: Bottle of cheap Tilean wine, Lantern

Adventure Seed

Although many encounters with the de Naufragios will revolve around conflict, their extensive ties with the Tobaran underworld may mean PCs come to them for help. Perhaps the PCs need to get something into or out of the city discretely and require the assistance of the de Naufragios, or maybe Nanna has "found" an item that the PCs are also looking for and she wishes to make a deal with them.

On the Rocks

There are several ways you can involve the Navigator Families in a Tobaran campaign.

- One or more of the PCs could come from the Fool's Rocks, perhaps still earning an honest living as a Seaman piloting boats to and from the harbour or a dishonest one wrecking passing ships.
- PCs might come into contact with the Navigator Families by other means—perhaps a ship they are sailing on needs to engage the services of a pilot or a Tobaran merchant sends the PCs as envoys to negotiate a fairer price for the passage of his ships.
- Alternatively, the ship the PCs are travelling on is docking in Tobaro and needs to pass through the Fool's Rocks. The PCs are asked to assist the captain in negotiating with the rival pilots and to stop tempers getting out of hand.
- There might be a bad storm and the ship the PCs are travelling on across the Tilean Sea is looking for somewhere to shelter. The ship's captain makes for the lights of shore he can see in the distance but it turns out that they are the lanterns of wreckers and the ship begins to ground. The PCs must drive off the wreckers before the ship breaks up, and row to fetch a genuine pilot to help the ship make it to Tobaro.
- Or perhaps the Prince of Tobaro has had enough of being dictated to by the upstart Navigator Families. He enlists the help of the PCs in stealing the secrets of the navigators, by any means necessary!

The Deepwatch

The Deepwatch are both the first and last line of defence between Tobaro and the threats it faces from below. The city authorities paint service in the Deepwatch as glamorous, a life of heroics and adventure in the tunnels beneath the city.

— New Basic Career: Deepwatcher —

Description: The Deepwatch is made up of those too caught-up in the tales of adventure and glory to pay heed to the inherent dangers, or those too desperate to care. The Deepwatch are in essence a guild of professional adventurers, with groups dispatched into the tunnels beneath the city to keep them clear from monsters and stop any creatures from reaching the city. It's a dangerous job, all right, but somebody has to do it.



With your GM's permission, you can substitute Deepwatcher for Militiaman as your starting career.

—Deepwatcher Advance Scheme—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
+10%	—	+5%	+5%	+5%	—	+5%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
+1	+2	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Dodge Blow, Navigate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move

Talents: Evaluate, Orientation, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Tunnel Rat

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Lantern, Lamp Oil, 10 Yards of Rope

Career Entries: Rat Catcher, Shieldbreaker, Soldier, Tomb Raider, Watchman

Career Exits: Engineer, Explorer, Mercenary, Sergeant, Smuggler, Veteran

In truth it is anything but—service in the Deepwatch is distinctly unglamorous, with long days spent in the dark, damp, and cramped conditions. It is hazardous work with risks from natural hazards such as gas explosions, getting lost in the dark, or caught in cave-ins. Not to forget, of course, that the fairy tales about monsters in the depths are in fact true.

The potential rewards are substantial; a well kept secret amongst the Deepwatch are the occasional hoards of ancient treasure to be found in the deeper caves, all of which goes straight into the pockets of the finders. It is this that has earned them the nickname "the Deep-pockets," and not the characteristic over-generosity exhibited by a Deepwatcher upon surviving long enough to collect his next pay check.

The Deepwatch Commander is a Middenheim ex-patriot named Oldar Wulfberg, a seemingly gruff and cheerless authority figure at first encounter, but proves to have a razor sharp sense of humour once he lets down his guard.

Olio Contano, Deepwatcher

Olio Contano is a typical Deepwatcher, having joined the Deepwatch as a teenager attempting to avoid the life of crime into which his older brothers had fallen. Contano takes his job and his responsibilities seriously, truly believing it is his duty to keep the populace above protected from threats they cannot begin to comprehend. Contano has encountered Skaven only once, in deep and flooded mines, but once was more than enough, and he still has nightmares about their chittering.

Olio Contano, Deepwatcher

Career: Deepwatcher
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
40%	33%	32%	40%	33%	28%	35%	35%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	12	3	4	5	0	3	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Tilea), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Navigate, Perception, Scale Sheer Surface, Search, Silent Move, Speak Language (Tilean).
Talents: Evaluate, Fleet Footed, Luck, Orientation, Resistance to Disease, Resistance to Poison, Tunnel Rat.
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)
Trappings: Lantern, Lamp Oil, 10 Yards of Rope

Adventures in the Deep

A campaign set amongst the Deepwatch provides an excellent source of adventures and can play out like an old-fashioned dungeon crawl, albeit with more danger and less rewards.

PCs could easily be a group of Deepwatchers that either joined willingly or who were press-ganged into joining after falling afoul of the law.

Or perhaps miners are vanishing in the depths and the Deepwatch are sent to investigate. But it is not monsters that are responsible, but a criminal gang using the tunnels to move contraband goods and causing any who snoops too close to disappear.

Possibly a recent cave-in has blocked off sections of the tunnels, and the Deepwatch are sent in to escort a team of engineers to reopen them. The disturbances have opened up tunnels into more dangerous areas, however, and loathsome Skaven now stalk the tunnels. Securing the tunnels will be no simple task.

The Tobaran Engineering Guild

The Tobaran Engineering Guild is one of the most powerful organisations in the city, responsible for the construction, expansion and maintenance of its network of tunnels and caverns, as well as its mining equipment and lift mechanisms. The city's sizeable Dwarf population dominates the guild, utilising their people's expertise to guide the growing number of Human engineers.

Thanks to the power the guild holds within the city, the guild master is the only non-mercantile member of the Tobaran council. Although no one would ever seriously consider the guild master to be a contender for prince, there are no laws against it and the guild often jests about how an engineer-prince would keep the city in order.

Sorrio de Stonehelm

One example of an engineer is Sorrio de Stonehelm, a senior Engineer in the guild. Sorrio's name amply demonstrates the mixed cultural influences at work within the dwarves of the city. Sorrio has a deal with some of the shadier members of the Deepwatch, helping them find long forgotten tunnels and caverns in exchange for a share of any treasure they might happen upon along the way. Such dubious dealings are all too common beneath Tobaro.

Sorrio de Stonehelm

Career: Engineer (ex-Miner)
Race: Dwarf

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
44%	33%	50%	57%	17%	46%	48%	19%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	19	5	5	3	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering, Science), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, Tilea), Concealment, Evaluate, Navigation +10%, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Speak Language (Khazalid, Tilean), Trade (Miner, Prospector)
Talents: Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Orientation, Resistance to Magic, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer, Two-handed), Stouthearted, Sturdy, Very Resilient
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Great weapon (Two-handed Pick)
Trappings: Engineer's kit, Pick, Spade, 6 Spikes, Storm Lantern

The City Districts

Tobaro is roughly divided into four broad districts, each of which has its own unique personality and atmosphere. The four districts are: Altezza, which is the wealthy area built on the clifftops; Scogliera, which encompasses the streets and houses built on the cliff face itself; Traforo, which is the underground district built in the city's tunnel network; and Porto, which is the trade town built up around the harbour in the cavern at the base of the cliffs.

Each of the districts has a separate watch house and garrison that maintains law and order on their own patch, although each reports to the main watch barracks in Altezza.

Altezza

Altezza is the wealthiest part of the city, sitting atop the cliffs overlooking the sea. From Altezza the rocky foothills of the Abasko Mountains rise sharply and although there is more space in Altezza than in the rest of Tobaro, and hence the houses are much bigger than elsewhere in the city, conditions are still cramped compared to the wealthy quarters in other Tilean city-states.

In Altezza the residencies of the Tobaran merchant houses can be found, as far removed from the rest of the city as they can manage to get. Each of the merchant houses maintains "estates" that are in reality little more than houses and towers huddled together within walled compounds. To compensate for the lack of horizontal space, many of the residents of Altezza build vertically, and the houses atop Tobaro are more like towers than traditional Tilean villas.

On the highest point of Altezza, built on a rocky promontory overlooking the rest of the district, is the Palazzo del Vento—literally, the Palace of the Wind, named for the harsh wind that constantly blows through the streets from the sea, or the mountains, or both. The palace was originally built to act as the city's citadel, but its defensibility has long since been neglected since the last of the Skaven were driven from the city.

The palace is the official residence of the Prince of Tobaro. As a result of the ever-changing nature of Tobaran politics, it has seen a lot of different inhabitants, each of which has imposed their own unique style and taste, with hideous results.

Although Tobaro is far removed from the corruption prevalent in the north of the Old World, it is by no means immune, and shadows lurk in the corners of the city. Ironically, it is not in the dank darkness beneath the city that the greatest corruption lurks, but in the decadent palazzos of Altezza.

One consequence of the Skaven invasion was increased vigilance in the depths and the creation of the Deepwatch, and whilst all eyes are turned to the darkened tunnels of Trafuro, no one is watching the courts of Altezza. Here greed and jealousy



turns the minds of men to dark cults and the worship of the Chaos Gods.

Adventure Seeds

Dark deeds are going on in the plazas and palazzos of Altezza at night and the PCs are tasked to find out what. This will likely involve a degree of infiltration and stealth, but luckily it is the masquerade ball tomorrow night and the PCs can slip in unnoticed behind their masks. So long as their etiquette is up to scratch, that is….

Someone has stolen a pig! This is not just any pig, but the mascot of Prince Tibaldus. To lose a pig is very bad luck indeed, and the Prince is eager to get it back—at any cost…. But nothing in Tilean politics is ever straightforward or safe.

Scogliera

The district of Scogliera is built into the cliff face, with streets cut into ledges and tunnels that wind up and down the cliff, and houses clustered on outcroppings or cut into the rock face itself. Wooden lifts and cranes allow rapid travel between parts of the district, and winding stairs and ramps provide slower but steadier access to the rest.

In many parts there is nothing to stop a careless or unlucky person from falling over the edge and into the sea far below. In places where this has happened more than a few times a stern warning or crude railings are erected, although this rarely prevents accidents.

Scogliera is where those wealthy enough to avoid living in Trafuro live—predominantly the professional classes such as merchants, physicians, and scholars, but also many of the city's well-to-do traders and craftsman.

Scogliera has a number of distinct areas, such as Faccia, an affluent street of artisans and merchants; or the precariously balanced houses clustered along Sporgenza, built on ledges enlarged by scaffoldings so that they jut out at strange angles, hanging over nothing.

The buildings of Scogliera are mainly small two-storey terraced houses or squat cottages, built atop one another and hewn from the rock face so that the back rooms are little more than caves. In true Tilean fashion, the houses are brightly painted in yellows and pinks and whites, although the sea air takes its toll, leaving many of them looking faded and decayed.

Trafuro

Those Tobarans unable to afford housing in Scogliera must live in the warren of tunnels that make up the Trafuro district. There are countless miles of tunnels beneath Tobaro, most of them uncharted and unexplored. The Engineering Guild only maintains the tunnels near the surface, for there are too many to maintain them all.

The Trafuro district was once much bigger, sprawling far underground, but in the aftermath of the Skaven invasion most of it was razed and its boundaries officially pulled back and restricted so that it can be defended more effectively.

The furthest limits of Tobaro are demarcated by the Deepwatch barracks and the numerous mines and tombs beyond. The mines and the surrounding tunnels are patrolled regularly by the Deepwatch, which maintains a heavy presence in Trafuro itself.

Mamma Ymelda

Mamma Ymelda is a familiar sight in the tunnels of Trafuro, pushing her loaded cart along and ringing her bell. Mamma's frail frame is bent double with age, and although she acts as though she is senile, those who know her know better. Ymelda is a peddler in all manner of objects found within the tunnels, from broken lanterns and discarded toys to valuable signet rings and long lost antiques. Where she gets her goods, nobody knows for sure, but it is supposed that more than a few dead Tobarans have become a whole lot poorer since they were interned in the tombs beneath the city.

Mamma Ymelda can prove to be an interesting source of adventures, for almost anything can be found for sale on her cart. PCs searching for that special something might be directed to Ymelda, and if she doesn't have it she might be able to point the PCs in the right direction.

Mamma Ymelda

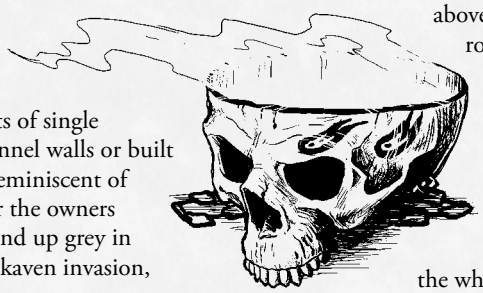
Career: Grave Robber (ex-Bone Picker)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
25%	20%	25%	30%	25%	40%	38%	35%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	13	2	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Tilea) +10%, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Perception +10%, Search, Secret Signs (Thief), Silent Move, Speak Language (Tilean)
Talents: Hardy, Night Vision, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Streetwise
Armour: None
Weapons: None
Trappings: Old bell, Hand Cart loaded with goods

The poorer members of Tobaran society inhabit Trafuro, and housing there is the cheapest in the city, but also the worst. The majority of residents work as miners in the ore mines, or engineers responsible for the upkeep of the tunnels.

Conditions in Trafuro are unpleasant at best. The tunnels are damp and dark, with natural light only illuminating the tunnel entrances. The rest of Trafuro is perpetually gloomy, lit only by torches and lamps placed at irregular intervals.



Housing in Trafuro mainly consists of single storey cottages carved from the tunnel walls or built on the cavern floors. The style is reminiscent of tombs, and no matter what colour the owners paint the houses, they invariably end up grey in a short space of time. Before the Skaven invasion, the inhabitants of Trafuro had nearly unlimited space to build, and their houses were large and spacious. Since the city limits were restricted to allow the Deepwatch to better provide protection, Trafuro's extent has been vastly curtailed and it is now just as cramped as the rest of the city.

At the centre of Trafuro is a large cavern dotted with stalactites and stalagmites, each ornately carved into a beautiful statue by the Elves who once inhabited the city of Tolarie. This is the Plaza in Profondita—the plaza of the deep—and it is here that the Engineering Guild is situated, based in a huge, hollowed-out limestone column in the centre. The tunnels surrounding the plaza are known as Profondita and comprise larger and more well off housing, inhabited by and large by engineers and their families.

The Deepwatch barracks are located right at the edge of Trafuro in the area of Scuro, where the tunnels are at their narrowest and most burrow-like. The Deepwatch guard the narrow tunnel that leads from Scuro and Trafuro into the deeper tunnels and mines, and only authorised miners and Deepwatchers are permitted to pass. The site is a natural bottleneck that can be defended easily should the city be attacked, and although it is not the only entrance to Trafuro from the deep, it is the largest entranceway. The Engineering Guild has rigged this area of Trafuro to cave in should the defences be overwhelmed during an attack, sealing the city off from below.

Adventure Seeds

Rumours of the discovery of a hoard of ancient Elven treasure have triggered something of a gold rush in Trafuro, with parties of prospectors and tomb raiders venturing into the tunnels. The Deepwatch is too busy looking for the treasure to stop the prospectors, and the PCs can slip by and join the treasure hunt!

With the Deepwatch preoccupied, no one is guarding the tunnels. Something wicked this way comes, and it's about to enter the city unnoticed.

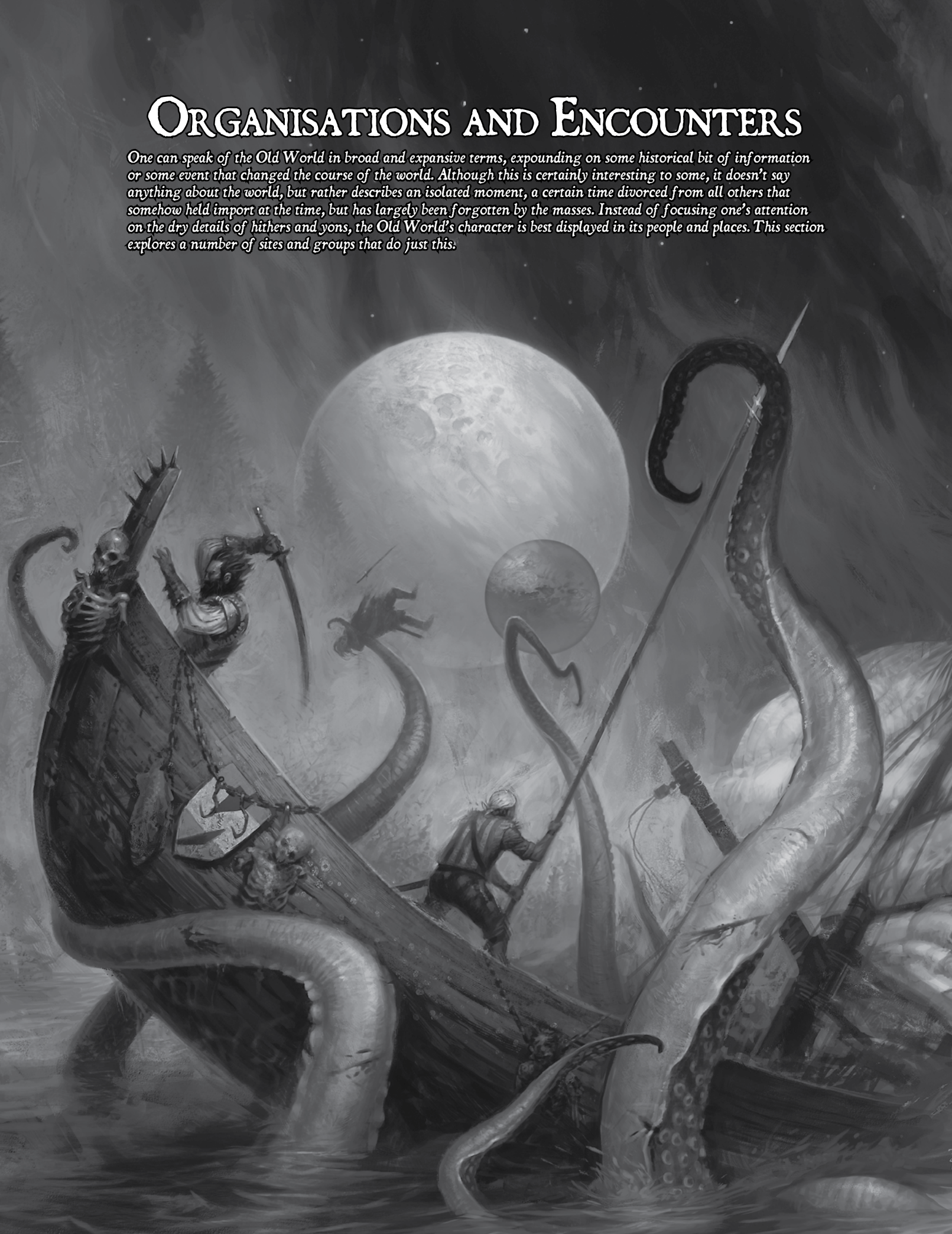
The Harbour & Porto

Seven mighty sea-gates lead from the base of the cliff into the harbour of Tobaro. The Elf-made harbour was built within a huge domed cavern hollowed out by millennia of erosion and sheltered from the sea by the gates. The point where the natural and the Elven section of the cavern meet is all but undetectable, but what surely can be no act of nature are the shards of quartz and diamond that stud the roof of the dome, glittering in a breathtaking recreation of the night sky.

Docks and wharves ring the cavern and the bustling trade district of Porto has grown up here, connected to Tobaro above by tunnels which spiral up through the rock. Porto is filled with a mixture of markets, warehouses, inns, and brothels, where both goods and sailors can be attended. Few of the crewmen who sail into Tobaro take the steep road up into the city proper, so those Tobarans who rely on the passing trade of outsiders are forced to come to them, selling their wares and services from makeshift stalls set up on the wharves.

Organisations and Encounters

One can speak of the Old World in broad and expansive terms, expounding on some historical bit of information or some event that changed the course of the world. Although this is certainly interesting to some, it doesn't say anything about the world, but rather describes an isolated moment, a certain time divorced from all others that somehow held import at the time, but has largely been forgotten by the masses. Instead of focusing one's attention on the dry details of hithers and yons, the Old World's character is best displayed in its people and places. This section explores a number of sites and groups that do just this.





Chapter IX: The Cult of Illumination

By Brian Clements

Within the large cities of the Empire, groups gather to celebrate the various arts of music, literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture. Men and women demonstrate their works for each other in an innocuous fashion, purporting the arts above all else. At the same time, sister groups of the influential and powerful gather to observe these great and secret concerts and offer patronage to their favourite artists. These groups work together on a public level to promote the beauty and pleasure the arts present to the world. Their public face is only a thin mask hiding a much more sinister purpose.

The Cult of Illumination is an underground fraternal organization that works for the good of its members and the advancement of their lives and careers. This sect of enormously powerful individuals in both politics and the arts commit heinous acts worshiping the Dark Gods Tzeentch and Slaanesh. The Cult works for clear purposes: power, money, and fame. Everyone in the innermost circle is well known to the public in their normal lives, but it is unknown to the majority of members who the Circle members are. Many members have risen to prominence in the Empire through the machinations of the Cult and those that openly oppose it rarely survive the experience. Within the Cult 's brotherhood are the aspiring, the famous, and the infamous of both the political world and the artistic world, combining efforts to raise the notoriety of all involved and to continue the legacy of the Cult.

The reach of this Cult is Empire-wide, stretching between the cities of Altdorf, Nuln, and Talabheim. The destruction and constant fighting in Middenheim makes it an undesirable place for most artists. Smaller cities and seats of power throughout the Empire have come under the influence of this Cult as well. Whilst brave warriors battle for good and right, these men and women of the Cult of Illumination fight only for their own egos and position within the Empire.

At the lowest levels of induction, the Cults are separate and unique. Members usually are led to believe they are joining a fraternal order that supports their chosen profession. Both brotherhoods provide seed funds for campaigns and new projects. Higher up members of the political arm offer jobs to artists and famous artists support smaller campaigns. Over time, members who gain some bit of renown on their own are invited to move up in the organization. Once the blasphemous nature of the Cult is revealed, members are given the choice of worshipping the Dark Gods or becoming the next sacrifice. Nearly everyone bows down before their new masters. Further up the fraternal ranks are a group of men who will do anything

for power and fame. These men have taken that unforgivable step to become worshippers of two distinct Ruinous Powers: Tzeentch and Slaanesh. Politicians and merchants call upon Tzeentch to further their careers, twist intrigue in their own direction, and bring fate to their doorsteps. Singers, actors, and writers ask for Slaanesh's blessings to grant them aberrant talents and charm audiences into following their baser instincts and support the hedonistic acts they espouse as art.

Tzeentch—Lord of Change—is worshipped for his blessings as Master of Fortune and the Great Conspirator. The politicians and public figures who turn to his service want nothing more than the power and money he can offer through his manipulation of others. Artists seek the blessings of Slaanesh to bring pleasure that their usually mediocre talents could never provide. Without his unholy blessing, the blasphemous worshippers would most certainly starve in their roles as unsuccessful playwrights, bar musicians, and interior decorators.

Men are lured into the Cult with promises of fellowship, brotherhood, and career advancement, but are ultimately led slowly to their doom at the hands of the Gods of Chaos. Some never reach a level high enough to become more than hapless pawns at the hands of more powerful men. Some fail the test of will and become unwilling sacrifices to the Ruinous Powers. Others still step beyond their bounds and receive hideous mutations for their insolence. In the Cult of Illumination, only patience and caution can lead the self-serving man to riches and glory. He who fails in this is punished by the twisted hands of the Grand Illuminator himself and his Illuminate Guard.

History of the Cult

Rumours abound as to the actual foundations of the Cult, even among the high-ranking members. In truth, there are multiple versions of the founding history that serve to keep the shroud of constant mystery in place. The truth behind the legend is older than most imagine and begins with a singular, sinister individual: Constance Drachenfels.

The Great Enchanter Constance Drachenfels began the Cult as a method of influencing others to his nefarious ends without direct interference. It was he who set the first Grand Illuminator Johannes Graumann in place. "The Grey," as he was often called, recruited the first Circle of the All-Seeing and brought a few key, hand-selected nobles into the fold of the Cult.

Setting up the Cult's base in Altdorf gave The Grey easy access to the nobility he desired to control. He found issue with convincing these low-level leaders that joining the Cult was desirable and right. They found no direct gain for themselves and were loathe to hand over such control as the Cult wished to anyone, let alone someone named The Grey. Johannes brought together his Circle and fashioned new, intermediary steps in which they could further deceive new members and eventually turn them towards the desires of Chaos. Many in the Circle knew the sway held by artists throughout both the lower and upper class and understood the important role that properly placed propaganda could take. With the addition of these new mouthpieces, the Cult could recruit and control the fates of politicians, nobles, and the wealthy by singing their praises or by spreading vicious rumours and lies. Johannes' understanding of perception being reality brought noble recruits to him in droves to become a part of his new order. Soon enough, the Cult had enough members to begin its true purpose: to be an agent for Chaos in the Empire.

The Patronage Cycle

Begun by Johannes Graumann early in the Cult's development, the Patronage Cycle allows members to use one another for personal gain in a pleasant and altruistic manner. Wealthy nobles and merchants within the Cult become patrons for painters, sculptors, writers, and musicians outside the Cult. The more money spent in this manner, the happier the artists will be to sing the praises, so to speak, of their generous benefactor. Well-known artists and musicians within the Cult compose works dedicated to up and coming nobles, exaggerating their prowess and importance. Having cultural works dedicated to oneself certainly increases one's standing among society's elite.

Through this cycle of money and power, new members are recruited into the Cult. More money flows through the Cult's coffers and more power comes into the hands of the Circle of the All-Seeing and the Grand Illuminator. Appropriate members can be culled in this fashion to shape the Cult in the manner befitting its current needs. If more nobles are needed to round out the ranks, more artists are sent to fluff egos and recruit members and vice-versa.

Young nobles and artists often look to their elders for support and admire their achievements. More experienced members of the Cult bring new students and protégées into the confines of the Cult and the bright-eyed youngsters are eager to follow in their heroes' footsteps. The Patronage System demands this of each and every member. Members who do not recruit or support these endeavours will, at the least, never progress further. Those who continue to abuse the system by taking and never giving back occasionally disappear, their hearts lying as a midnight snack for the next Daemon summoned by the Order of the Star.

Punishment

Cult rules are rarely broken. Most members understand the consequences of being a part of a secret organisation by itself, let alone one with such a dark past. Punishment is dealt swiftly for violations. Any who reveal the basic secrets of the Cult to non-members are usually fined a great deal. Members of the higher levels who reveal dark secrets are removed from the Cult and from life itself. Most end up as sacrifices, but some are put on display as public signs of the Cult's displeasure. Assassination plots are inevitable in a self-serving group, and the Grand Illuminator has had many attempts on his life. Those members of the Circle who dare to cross that boundary are cursed by the Grand Illuminator and usually fed whole to Daemons. The Illuminate Guard metes out any punishments requiring a mundane hand such as murder, mutilation, or other methods of corporal punishment. These violations crop up now and again, but one public execution usually quells such problems.

Fear of Ghosts

Ghosts are not the ancient creatures and haunts that people have believed them to be. Rather, the first ghost was but a single child, lost in the woods, some 150 years ago. That is all. No longer than 150 years.

His name was Osric, and one night the young boy went missing in the Drakwald. For days people searched the woods, looking for the boy. But, it being winter, after only a week the worst was feared and the child's fate was left to the Gods. The family, distraught, gave up their home and moved to Bögenhafen. The fate of their child was never known to them, but the people of Frederheim know a different tale.

Almost a year to the day after the child went missing, the sounds of sobbing and crying could be heard coming from a glade in the forest. Going to investigate, a villager found nothing but swore he heard a child crying. Several days passed and again the sound was heard, this time by a pair of older women gathering kindling from the wood. They too found no child, but described the unmistakable sound of weeping.

Rumours spread quickly through the village. Fear followed. A town meeting was formed, but there was nothing that could be done to ease the minds of the townsfolk. The sound continued throughout the winter and parents urged their children to stay inside.

Then by spring it stopped.

Upon summer, the sounds returned, only this time it was laughter that came from the forest. But none could find the source of it and again meetings were called. Something had to be done, but the peasant villagers were unsure what, if anything, could be done.

A priest was called for from the township of Jungbach. Bringing with him a few prayers and a book on unnatural beasts, he struck out into the forest.

He never returned.

The people of Frederheim were beside themselves. How could the simple sounds of laughter be so powerful; so cruel?

Year after year, the creature tormented the people. Year after year, they sought help, but none would come. None would face a creature they could not see. None would challenge a beast that dared to kill a holy man, and do it whilst laughing.

Fear gripped the people and within a few seasons the doors of homes were boarded, children were kept indoors at night, and the edge of the forest became something to avoid. Fear turned to panic. Panic turned to terror. And, slowly, the stories of this ghost spread from village to village. Soon, the simple sound of a child's cries and laughter became the voice of a powerful Daemon, making its way across the land.

The name, ghost, was mostly likely born from the ghastly legends of the "child who lost his way." And the first true Ghost was born with it. But, as I have known all along, the Ghosts that haunt us today are born from the fear of the unknown and not the other way around.

But that is a tale for another time.

Structure

The Cult is organized in a strict hierarchy beginning with the Grand Illuminator who sits in residence at the Cult's main home in Altdorf. There are no public temples for the Cult, nor are there any outward signs of the Cult's singular purpose: the furthering of their own ambitions and goals above all others at any cost. Beneath the Grand Illuminator are eleven Prefects of the Circle of the All-Seeing. The Circle elects new Prefects with input from the Grand Illuminator. The Grand Illuminator is always chosen by the Circle from amongst its own.

The Grand Illuminator is the end authority on all matters related to the Cult. Disobeying his will is to anger the Ruinous Powers worshipped by the Cult members and to incur the merciless wrath of the Grand Illuminator himself through his personal guard. The Circle is divided into quarters with governance over cities of the Empire in which the Cult functions. Three Prefects oversee Talabheim, three Altdorf, three Nuln, and the final two have influence in the camps of multiple Elector Counts.

The eleven Prefects and the Grand Illuminator are the only people who know the identity of each and every member of the Cult. Close tabs are kept on potential recruits and even closer records are kept once the hapless pawns have sworn their allegiance. At a moment's notice the Cult can call in innumerable favours and immediately discredit any member they deem to be in poor standing amongst the order. After the scandal, the miserable wretch left behind is given a final opportunity to serve the gods to whom he swore fealty. His sacrifice and public shame are more than enough to please Tzeentch and Slaanesh and to serve as an example for all other members who consider betraying the Cult.

Divisions

Members move up the ranks through three separate orders that designate their status within the Cult.

Unlit Candles

PCs who join the Cult begin among the Unlit Candles. These members are the initiates of the Cult who use its contacts and influence for modest personal gain. Their symbol is a silver candle, still whole with the wick intact. It is usually worn as a small pin on the lapel. Unlit Candles have no specific duties to the Cult beyond paying an annual tithe—usually a percentage of total earnings—and attendance at various rituals throughout the calendar year. They generally see the Cult as a way to further their own career through fraternal interaction. Unlit Candles know of only three ranks above their own and have no knowledge of the Circle of the All-Seeing, the Illuminate Guard, or the Grand Illuminator himself. They are never exposed to the Chaos magic or rituals performed by the Grand Master and his hidden superiors. The severe rhetoric of high-ranking members of the Cult is never loosed upon the Unlit Candles so as to keep them in the dark about their selfish intentions. This keeps the rank and file members complacent in their roles and serves to raise the image of the Cult amongst those in both the political and artistic community.

The Unlit Candles are split into two separate groups that only interact on High Ritual days. Members are recruited from two very different classes: artists and politicians. Many are recruited for their talent and potential but all have the element of desire within them. All desire fame, fortune, glory, and power, and will do what it takes to get them. The Cult sees their ambition and brings them into its fold. Artistic training is given by older members and the wealthy nobles donate money to support the various arts produced. This seed money is usually considered a gift to the Cult itself so everyone stays in its good graces. Young, upstart politicians are taken under the wings of older, more experienced statesmen and are led along the necessary paths. Well-to-do artists and musicians give campaign donations and gifts to these men allowing them to challenge authorities not under control of the Cult. Most Unlit Candles never rise above this rank. They serve their time and are useful in their own manner, but never show the true talent for further progression. Some, however, desire more.



Beacons

Only about one-fourth of the Unlit Candles ever reach the next level of membership. These men are hand-selected and instructed in the ways of the Cult. They still are given no indication of the Cult's darker purposes. They are raised up to the status of Beacon through a secret ritual involving a blood oath of loyalty to the Cult and everlasting fellowship to its members. The symbols used throughout the ritual are those of the Lord of Change, Tzeentch. Blood traced in his ever-altering symbols gives the Cult more direct control over a person and his fate.

Beacons are marked by the symbol of a burning torch made from bronze. It is usually worn on a chain around the neck. They consider themselves to be the evangelisers of the Cult and are charged with recruiting new members. The personal and financial commitment to the Cult rises when one becomes a Beacon, and the members are usually more than happy to pay the cost. Beacons are more likely to be tapped for specific jobs within the Cult and are more directly supported in their worldly endeavours.

Order of the Star

The third level of the Cult is the Order of the Star. Very few Cult members make it this far. Perhaps one out of every ten is tapped to join the Order. These hand-selected members are the ones who show the most potential for growth and the most moral ambiguity on how they reach their goals. At a special ceremony in front of all the Cult's members, twenty names each year are read out as nominees for the Order. They are called into a special session where they must stand a daylong vigil. At the end of the day they are brought before the entirety of the Order of the Star and shown the true nature of the Cult. They are shown the altars to Tzeentch and Slaanesh and told of the blood sacrifices that accompany the political and cultural accomplishments held by members. Each man individually must speak his choice: will he stay and join the Cult or will he become the next sacrifice to the Ruinous Powers.

The Order of the Star is represented by an eight-pointed star etched with a diamond in the centre. The star pin is made from pure gold and is worn on the left breast. Members of

New Talent: Politic

Description: You can manipulate others into seeing things your way. You gain a +10% bonus on Charm, Blather, and Haggle skill checks.

the Order are responsible for the day-to-day workings of the Cult, recruitment of new Beacons, higher-level political manoeuvring, and furthering the Cult's agenda. Many members of the Order choose to dedicate their lives to the Cult itself and keep the Cult's headquarters organized. The Order is also responsible for the vast wealth of information gathered by and about its members. A group within the Order keeps these records and uses valuable bits of information to their advantage. Any time a political rival needs to be ruined, the Order steps in. Whenever an Unlit Candle steps above his station, the Order pulls him back to the flock or humiliates and expels him.

Members of the Order who show particular aptitude are instructed in the Lore of Chaos and aid in the secret rituals. Daemons are summoned at these rituals in order to show the intense power of the Cult and prayers are made to both Tzeentch and Slaanesh for power and glory. Some gladly take on the risk of hideous mutation to gain these magical powers and influence over common men. Those who receive the dubious blessings of the Ruinous Powers are kept out of sight in the back rooms of the Cult's Altdorf headquarters to keep their secrets safe. They are given life-long assignments and careful treatment by the Cult as they are truly the blessed of the Lord of Change and the Pleasure Lord.

Grand Master

One man stands above the Order of the Star. He is the Cult's Grand Master and he is the highest ranking officer in the guild as far as the membership is concerned. He is selected by vote of the Order of the Star from amongst its members and he represents the perfect Cult member. Shortly after rising to the position, the Grand Master is brought before the Circle of the All-Seeing and the Grand Illuminator himself. He is instructed as to his duties and his true role as a puppet in their hands. Once again, he is given the opportunity to refuse. Death does not await his refusal this time, however. The powers of the Grand Illuminator allow him to control the minds of those weaker than himself and he gladly will do so to the Grand Master if need be.

The Circle of the All-Seeing, the Illuminate Guard, and the Grand Illuminator are all members of a Cult within the Cult. They are the puppet-masters pulling the strings of members across the entire Empire. They pose as normal members of the Order of the Star and never show any open movement for more power. They seem content with their work inside the Cult's headquarters. Their purpose is to keep the secret of the Cult safe and secure at all costs. Even under the direst of circumstances, the Grand Illuminator and the Circle could escape and begin the Cult anew.

Careers

Since few Cult members ever reach true career status within its confines, many other careers are desired by the Cult leadership to strengthen the ranks. Many lower-ranked members among the political arm of the Cult are burghers or nobles and most in the artistic wing are entertainers. Those further along the path to enlightenment through the Cult are more often artisans, courtiers, guild masters, merchants, minstrels, noble lords, politicians, or stewards. Although the most-desired members are from these careers, others may be influenced by the Cult to aid in completing one of the Cult's goals.

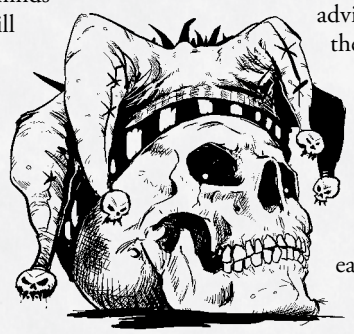
Certain careers are wholly unwelcome in the Cult. Any of the poorer, baser careers offered throughout the Empire leave little to desire for the upper-class Cult members. Few nobles would care to be part of an organisation that allowed the lowly equal access. Agitators and Demagogues are particularly despised by Cult leadership. The last thing the Cult desires is a vocal proponent. Advertising the Cult's very existence is against its rules and very nature. Having loud mouths shouting in the street would only peel off some of the layers of mystery, which could damage the very existence of the Cult.

Cult Skills and Talents

Cult members are required to learn the secret symbols and meanings behind the Cult. All members receive instruction in and gain the Secret Signs (Cult of Illumination) skill. Members can, at their option, gain the following skills and talents: Charm, Haggle, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Master Orator, and Public Speaking.

Prominent Figures

Very few people realize the far reach of the Cult. The current Grand Illuminator is Klaus von Talber, an advisor to Duke Berndt Wechsler, a mid-level Noble Lord in Altdorf. Von Talber's constant influence and use of Chaos Magic have left him in virtual control of the Duke's holdings. No one in the court cares much for Wechsler, but they find his advisor a calming sort who constantly reassures them to the Duke's desires.



Among the followers of the Cult, several notable figures emerge. Burgomeister Gerhard Rabe of Averswald, Guild Master Norbert Cullen of the Merchant's Guild in Altdorf, and the famed Tilean tenor Iacoppo Cento are all members of the Order of the Star. They have each given large donations to the Cult and have risen in prominence since joining.



Chapter X: Pub Crawling

By Jody Macgregor

Inns and taverns give everyday Old Worlders somewhere to go to relieve the stress of a hard day, to meet with friends, and to get stonkingly drunk. For less ordinary Old Worlders, like adventurers, they are no less important. They provide a place to stay for those new in town, even if that place is just a sticky patch of floor near the hearth, and they are an excellent place to pick up local gossip and the news of the day. Not every town is large enough to have its own broadsheet, and many adventurers are illiterate anyway, so a visit to the watering hole is the best way to find out what's going on, and yes, also get stonkingly drunk.

— A Selection of Watering Holes —

The following inns and taverns are described so that they can be placed in any large settlement of the Empire; however, it will be worth altering them to fit the mood of certain places. For instance, in populous Altdorf buildings are taller, so an extra floor or two should be added to the top of inns with extra rooms for guests.

The Arena Inn

Type: Inn, former fighting pit
Sign: A chainmail glove

The Arena is a little different from other inns. First-time visitors are struck by the large sunken area in the middle of the room, and the gutters carved into the stone floor that ferry spilt ale and vomit away on busy nights. The Arena has this striking appearance because it was originally a fighting arena, until Hargin Gagrimson, one of the tougher pit fighters in town, bought and renovated the place. That sunken area used to be the pit and those gutters once carried away blood.

To get down into the main drinking area, still affectionately called the pit by regulars, you have to walk down a flight of stairs. The pit is seven feet deep and 30 feet in diameter and has an overhang running around its edge. The spikes that once prevented combatants from climbing out now hold the candles to light the pit. On the floor of the former arena, there are half a dozen tables and the potboys are constantly ferrying drinks down from upstairs. Drinkers who don't like getting too far away from the alcohol sit on benches around the pit. Upstairs from the bar is a common room and several private rooms where pallets can be rented.

Occasional bands of entertainers perform at the Arena, and on such special occasions the tables are moved out of the pit and it is turned into a stage, with the audience looking down at the performers. The acoustics aren't the best, but it puts the

viewers in a ripe position for throwing food at performers who disappoint.

Hargin is a Dwarf and has managed to get good deals on Dwarf concoctions like Zhufbar Ale and Korben's Finest beer. He sells these for the price of normal drinks, which has won him many loyal customers. Not everybody loves Hargin, though. The other pit fighters in town resent the loss of their pit and their livelihoods, and threaten Hargin's business by throwing bricks with angry notes wrapped them through his windows. So far they're just a nuisance, but the pit fighters are violent and unimaginative men and things are bound to escalate.

Hargin "Hook-hand" Gagrimson

Hargin's father was an inveterate gambler, who sold his son to the fighting pits to pay a massive debt. For most of his life, Hargin knew only the pit and the feel of his opponents' skin breaking against his knuckles. But when Hargin lost his hand to an axe-wielding Middenlander, he lost his will to fight as well. Scrimping as only a Dwarf can, he saved enough to buy his way out of slavery and then buy the pit itself. Hargin runs a friendly bar and does not allow violence—but if it comes to it, he won't back down from a fight. Even with one hand, he is still the equal of many.

Hargin "Hook-hand" Gagrimson

Career: Innkeeper (ex-Burgher, ex-Pit Fighter)
Race: Dwarf

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
64%	35%	40%	53%	40%	43%	44%	26%

Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	17	4	5	3	0	1	0

Skills: Charm, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Lip Reading, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Khazalid, Kislevian, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook, Stoneworker)
Talents: Dealmaker, Disarm, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Night Vision, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Flail, Parrying, Two-handed), Stout-hearted, Streetwise, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Very Strong
Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 3, Legs 0
Weapons: Hook (Hand Weapon), Knuckle-duster
Trappings: Abacus, Inn, Servants
Quote: *"Put away that weapon and leave right now if yer know what's good for yer. If yer don't I'll rip yer from bunghole to breakfast."*



The Crow and Cat

Type: Tavern and gambling house
Sign: A crow perched on the back of a black cat

The Crow and Cat is a single-storey tavern that backs onto the river. To the casual observer it appears to be a simple, well-appointed bar offering beverages and basic grub (no rooms are available; it's a tavern, not an inn). Followers of Ranald know better. Flash the crossed fingers to one of the bar staff when you pay for a drink and they'll let you know with a curt nod if the shrine room is open for business.

The tavern has two to four staff members behind the bar most of the time. As well as several tables, there are semi-private curtained booths along the walls for customers who seek a little privacy. It seems a little colder than the usual pub, but is otherwise ordinary.

At the end of the hallway leading to the privies is an unmarked door. Knock once for each worker behind the bar when you entered and you'll be given entrance to the shrine room. Being devoted to Ranald, the Crow and Cat's shrine is a little different—it's a gambling den. The atmosphere is noticeably more jovial here than in the front room, perhaps because the drinks are ten-percent cheaper. Under the watchful eyes of Big Sigrid and Brother Reuban, roulette tables and card games do a brisk trade. The odds are fairer than at the typical gambling den (usually the house adds +40% to its Gamble Test; Reuban only adds +10%. Those trying to cheat must make an opposed Sleight of Hand Test against Reuben's Perception Test. For every degree of success they gain a +10% bonus to their next Gamble Test, but failure means they have been caught). One coin in ten that is won is expected to be tithed to the Lord of Luck. Brother Reuban approaches winners with a collection plate; those who refuse to pay will be asked to leave the back room and told they should be considered lucky their coins are still accepted at the bar.

Brother Reuban keeps the money in a safe in his office. For a fee, Reuban will also store dubious items here for other

followers of Ranald until the heat dies down. The safe is Dwarf-designed and has no visible opening mechanism, but if you turn the roulette table on Reuban's desk to black-five, red-twenty-three, black-five, the safe opens.

A door in the office opens out onto the river. Goods held by Reuban are typically smuggled directly onto a boat from here.

Brother Reuban

Reuban was a down-and-out gambler with bad debts hanging over his head. He risked everything on one last roll of the dice, uttered a prayer to Ranald, and won big. In that moment he found religion. He used the money he won to buy an old tavern and turn it into the Crow and Cat, dedicating his life to the one god who answered his prayers.

The underworld is happy to have Brother Reuban around, since he paid his debts as he's been known to look after hot items, but the legit gambling houses aren't so pleased. Reuban runs a fairer game than they and people are beginning to realise it. Some of the city's high rollers have started patronising the Crow and Cat exclusively. The gambling houses have tried to get the Watch to close Reuban down, without success. Brother Reuban, as it happens, makes sizeable donations to the Watch's Widows and Orphans Fund.

Brother Reuban is an easygoing fellow who relies on his luck instead of thinking things through, but he doesn't suffer fools gladly. Any patrons failing to pay the proper respect to him, his staff, or his god will be efficiently ejected.

Brother Reuban

Career: Priest of Ranald (ex-Initiate, ex-Gambler*)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	41%	35%	41%	49%	45%	52%	53%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	15	3	4	4	1	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Astronomy, Theology), Blather, Channelling, Charm +10%, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire), Evaluate, Gossip, Heal, Magical Sense, Perception +20%, Read/Write, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Sleight of Hand, Speak Arcane Language (Magick), Speak Language (Classical, Reikspiel +10%), Swim
Talents: Flee!, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Master Orator, Night Vision, Petty Magic (Divine), Public Speaking, Streetwise, Strike to Stun, Suave
Insanity: Fortune's Thrall
Armour: Leather Jerkin
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Dagger
Trappings: Deck of cards, dice, prayer book, religious symbol (sacred dice), robes, writing kit
Quote: *"Luck is just another word for fate."*

*This career appears in *Sigmar's Heirs*

Big Sigrid

Big Sigrid was a street-rat kicked out by her mother—a "lady of the evening"—as soon as she was old enough to look out for herself. With her innate toughness she bullied together a gang of urchins who terrorised the neighbourhood, picking pockets, stealing food, even committing some small-scale extortion, and eventually coming to the attention of the Guild We Don't Mention in Polite Circles. At first, calling the loud-mouthed little brat "Big" was a joke of the Guild members who took her in and trained her talent for living by her fists and wits, but Sigrid grew into her name fast and became an accomplished Guild enforcer. She's 5 feet 11 inches tall and broad-shouldered, with an impressive collection of tattoos of roses, butterflies, and other surprisingly feminine things.

The Guild gave Big Sigrid the job of looking after Brother Reuban when he started up his business. She acts as bouncer and underworld advisor to the rash Reuban, helping him negotiate with the Watch and the crime families when he'd usually rely on his luck. Before taking on this job Sigrid wasn't a religious girl, but listening to Reuban and watching his seemingly charmed life unfold, she's growing into a believer. Maybe her next tattoo will be one of Ranald's cats.

Big Sigrid

Career: Thug
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
46%	29%	49%	42%	29%	33%	43%	36%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	4	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Gamble, Gossip, Intimidate, Secret Language (Thieves' Tongue), Speak Language (Reikspiel)
Talents: Coolheaded, Disarm, Quick Draw, Strike to Stun, Sturdy, Very Strong, Wrestling
Armour: Medium Armour (Mail Shirt and Leather Jerkin)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 3, Legs 0
Weapons: Dagger, Knuckle-dusters
Trappings: Lucky rabbit's foot
Quote: *"You've got stones to try cheating in here. If you want to keep them, you'll hand over the money and leave."*

The Cock and Bucket

Type: Inn
Sign: A rooster's head sticking out of a bucket

Most of the Empire's cities have a Halfling ghetto or Kleinmoot where the city's Halfling population live in small, brightly coloured houses on cramped streets. Some businesses are also run out of the Kleinmoots, and members of other species often visit them for specialist goods and services, in particular food and drink. Halflings are known as the best cooks in the Empire and Bretonnians have come to blows in

the street with Imperials for daring to suggest their chefs can out-cook a Halfling.

The Cock and Bucket is a Halfling-run inn close to the edge of Kleinmoot, popular among the city's lawyers and magistrates, as it is near the Worshipful Guild of Legalists and serves some of the city's better food and drink. Lawyers receive a 10% discount at the Cock and Bucket ever since they saved the inn from being demolished as part of a plan to build a new market square—they had the plans declared unsafe in court. This was completely false, but the lawyers didn't want to have to find a new watering hole and the builders couldn't find a single lawyer to represent them. The Cock and Bucket is unknown to most Humans outside of legal circles, but anyone setting up a legal meeting outside the office (such as clients wanting to make the kind of payments better kept off the ledger) may be told to meet here. Things are a little different in the Kleinmoot, however, and certain local customs should be adhered.

Mounted on the wall is the Cockatrice, which is obviously just a dusty rooster's head with the tip of a cow's horn roughly stitched on at a jaunty angle. A ring hangs from the roof by a thread two yards in front of the head; the patrons play a game called "Ringing the Cockatrice" by swinging this ring in an arc so that it hooks onto the horn—a Challenging (–10%) Ballistic Skill Test. Each contestant is allowed three tries, with the loser buying the next round. Big Folk who violate one of the quaint Halfling rules observed in the Cock and Bucket will be offered a chance to play one of the bouncers, Samfast and Chundo, at Ringing the Cockatrice and only allowed to stay if they win. These rules, known by anyone with Common Knowledge (Halflings), include:



- Don't wear a hat or a helmet when ordering drinks.
- Never order a "tall one."
- No spitting.
- Don't wipe the dust off your glass.
- Anything you feel like making up to get the PCs into trouble.

The Cock and Bucket has a ceiling a few inches shy of six feet. Most Humans and Elves have to stoop to enter and are at a disadvantage should they get into a fight (–10% penalty to Weapon Skill Tests). The furniture and upstairs bedrooms are all half-sized, but the meals and mugs are full-sized, and in the case of the meals, then some. Chicken dishes are a specialty.

Meradell Gumbucket

Meradell Gumbucket is the latest in a long line of Gumbuckets to run the Cock and Bucket. She's traditional-minded, old and set in her ways. Being a Halfling, one of those ways involves saying things that would make a grown Human blush. She thinks nothing of prying into the intimate details of her customer's love lives and offering the kind of helpful advice someone of her experienced years can offer, whether anyone wants to hear it or not. Meradell never did get around to marrying, although not for want of offers in her youth. That's all right with her, though—her cousins, the Quiggly brothers, are set to take over when she passes on and continue the proud, traditional Halfling heritage of the Cock and Bucket.

Meradell Gumbucket

Career: Innkeeper (ex-Servant)
Race: Halfling

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
22%	42%	23%	32%	47%	36%	39%	45%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	12	2	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (Halflings, the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Evaluate, Gossip +20%, Haggle, Perception, Read/Write, Search, Speak Language (Halfling), Speak Language (Reikspiel) +10%, Trade (Cook) +20%
Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Resistance to Disease, Specialist Weapon Group (Sling), Strike to Stun, Very Resilient
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: None
Trappings: Inn
Quote: *"What's wrong, dear? Problems with the privates? I know plenty of remedies for that."*

Fun with Gossip

A successful Gossip Test can lead to a vital clue, a fascinating bit of news, or a useful contact. But what about failed tests? Well, that can lead to having your ear bent by a time-wasting drunk with Skill Mastery in Blather. These are examples of some of that kind of gossip:

"Valten isn't dead, you know. My cousin saw him in the market square last week. He was buying cabbages."

"Dwarfs are so superstitious they drown black cats on sight so that one never crosses their path."

"Lady Spitzestadt went gambling with the Baron of Norden, won 1,500 Karls, and left with the Count of Nordland. Bastard."

"This is the worst winter we've had in years. I blame the Ulricans."

"Esmer says that turning in Mutants is our civic duty. Are you one? Have you checked?"

"Of course Frau Schmidt's a witch. Have you seen her wart?"

"You never see Elf children, do you? That's because they don't have babies like normal folk. They lay eggs instead. And they lay them in people."

"Are you looking at me?"

Samfast/Chundo Quiggly

Samfast and Chundo, the Cock and Bucket's bouncers, are identical twins sharing the same blond bowl cuts, bright blue eyes, and burly physiques—well, burly for Halflings, anyway. One of them is usually perched on a stool beside the entrance whilst the other either plays at Ringing the Cockatrice or helps Meradell in the kitchen. The brothers are rarely seen far apart, have a habit of finishing each other's sentences, and even their friends have trouble telling which is which. Both have chips on their shoulders about living in a Human settlement and are eager to prove themselves against Big Folk who enter the inn but don't respect their customs.

Samfast/Chundo Quiggly

Career: Bodyguard
Race: Halfling

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
31%	45%	38%	36%	46%	29%	32%	34%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Genealogy/Heraldry), Common Knowledge (Halflings), Dodge Blow, Gossip, Heal, Intimidate, Perception, Speak Language (Halfling, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)
Talents: Disarm, Night Vision, Resistance to Chaos, Specialist Weapon Group (Parrying, Sling, Throwing), Street Fighting, Strike to Stun, Very Resilient, Very Strong
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Buckler, Knuckle-dusters, 2 Throwing Knives
Trappings: Pewter tankard, pipe and tobacco
Quote: *"The bigger they are…"*
"…The harder they fall."

The Flying Bat

Type: Flying inn
Sign: A bat's wing made of black felt stuck to the door

Flying inns are not buildings that fly. A flying inn is like a travelling party that sets up in a different location every week to avoid the attention of the authorities and the cleaning bills. This week a flying inn might set up in an abandoned warehouse, next week a decadent noble's run-down mansion or a dockside tavern. Only those with the right connections, or enough money to pay a good bawd, know where an establishment like the Flying Bat will set up next.

At the Flying Bat, run by Klovis Wurznelke, many illegal pleasures can be had for a price, most notably Mandrake Root, Mad Cap Mushrooms, and other hallucinogenic substances. There are always private rooms containing bunks and hammocks for those who prefer to spend their evenings horizontal, even if the privacy is only given by thick curtains hung from the rafters of a warehouse.

Several deliria dealers and doxies plying their trade greet fresh blood entering the Flying Bat for the first time. It's not unknown for fights to break out over who gets to deal with the new patrons. The old patrons are a mix of sailors on shore leave, slumming nobles, and the worst dregs of society. It's the kind of place adventurers fit right in.

The rogues who sell deliriums in the Flying Bat are not known for their discernment. Anyone foolish enough to buy from them is playing Kislevite roulette. The substances they sell sound impressive; they offer Weirdroot, Ranald's Delight, Daemon Dust, and Mandrake Root, but what they really sell is a random concoction of stolen herbs and chemicals mixed together in some filthy back room and cut with things you don't want to know about. They charge whatever they think they can get, averaging about 25 *gc* for a hit. Anyone foolish enough to consume what they sell effectively becomes Stinking Drunk (as per the rulebook) and plagued by hallucinations and must make a Will Power Test or gain an Insanity Point.

Klovis Wurznelke

The Wurznelke family have been servants of Lady Lenora for almost 200 years. Generation after generation of Wurznelkes have been taught how to look after Lenora; there are many important things to learn when your mistress is in an urn.

When the Vampire Hunters came for Lenora, a Wurznelke was waiting in the shadows to sweep up her ashes and keep them safe in a metallic urn fixed to a black base with the name 'Rory' engraved on it; it was the first thing at hand (the previous owner's ashes were dumped in a dustbin). Every Wurznelke since has passed on the sacred duty from parent to child, caring for and feeding Lady Lenora.

Yes, feeding. Lenora may be dead, but she still hungers. The urn has been filled with blood on a regular basis, despite run-ins with the law over the years, and yet it never reaches the brim. Legend has it that it takes 10,000 deaths to bring a Vampire back to unlife, and the Wurznelke family are about to prove legend true.

Klovis is especially determined to be the one who brings Lenora back from the dead because he's in love with her. In his dreams she makes him her Vampire mate out of gratitude and they dance through the centuries in an orgy of bloodshed and he never has to see the inside of a den of delirium-sots again.

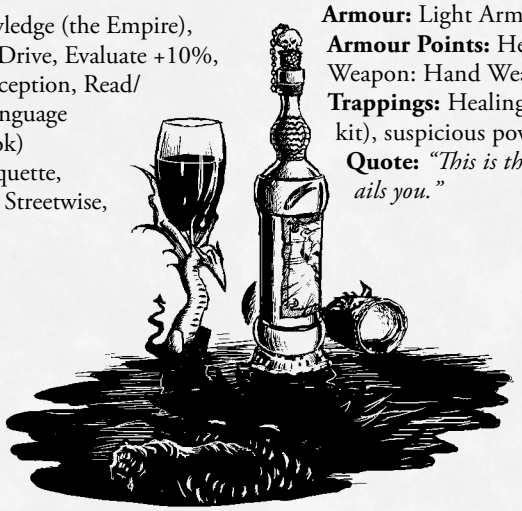
Klovis is a charming sociopath with delusions of grandeur. He has nothing but contempt for drug-fiends, but he hides it behind a friendly façade that only slips when he has one of his patrons alone and stupefied, and he brings out the knives.

Klovis Wurznelke

Career: Innkeeper (ex-Servant)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
37%	36%	38%	41%	56%	41%	41%	55%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	14	3	4	4	0	0	0

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Consume Alcohol, Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip +20%, Haggle +10%, Perception, Read/Write, Sleight of Hand, Speak Language (Kislevian, Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Etiquette, Flee!, Lightning Reflexes, Mimic, Streetwise, Strike to Stun
Insanities: Lost Heart, The Beast Within
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: 2 Knives
Trappings: Mysterious urn, Inn
Quote: *"You look unwell, sir. Maybe you'd like to lie down somewhere quiet? Follow me, sir."*



Bernhardt Hofstetter, a.k.a. Herr Doktor Bliss

Bernhardt used to be an apothecary, crafting the medicines prescribed by physicians and ensuring repeat business by mixing addictive substances with them. His customers kept getting sick when they went off their medicine, so they kept coming back, until the Guild caught wind of that little scam and blacklisted him. Now, Bernhardt makes a living on the other side of Guild law as Doktor Bliss, selling the same stuff but being more honest about it. Well, a little more honest. He won't say how much of the madness-inducing chemical Sigmar's Blood is actually in the laughing powder he just sold, and his customers don't ask. Of course, he never indulges in them himself.

Bernhardt Hofstetter, a.k.a. Herr Doktor Bliss

Career: Rogue (ex-Tradesman)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
32%	33%	43%	37%	44%	44%	41%	40%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	14	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Blather, Charm, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip +10%, Haggle, Perception, Performer (Actor), Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue, Thieves' Tongue), Secret Signs (Thief), Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Apothecary, Herbalist)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Dealmaker, Public Speaking, Streetwise, Sixth Sense, Super Numerate
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapon: Hand Weapons (Cudgel)
Trappings: Healing draught, trade tools (apothecary's kit), suspicious powders and paraphernalia, 20 *gc*
Quote: *"This is the stuff, trust me. It's good for what ails you."*



Chapter XI: Bring Up the Guns!

The Imperial Gunnery School of Nuln

By Bill Bodden

Artillery has long been in use in the Emperor's armies. The great city state of Nuln has forged much of it's wealth from the booming cannon that are the pride of many an Imperial regiment. Despite the terrible reputation for explosions, jams and failure, blackpowder weapons are regarded with affection by many a nobles, both for their impressive noise and their Dwarf origin. Developed and perfected by the Dwarfs as a response to the devastating incursion of a massive Greenskin horde under Gorbad Ironclaw, blackpowder weapons *look* very effective, and that alone, for some folks, is enough to justify their presence within the Imperial arsenal.

At first, Imperial guns were entirely the product of Dwarf engineers expelled from the Dwarfen Engineers' Guild for spreading radical ideas. Offered substantial amounts of gold and land by powerful Imperial nobles, these expatriate Dwarfs set about to construct the best guns possible under primitive conditions and often with only clueless Humans to assist them. Eventually, Humans learned the art of their manufacture and began to design their own weapons. Some recent developments include the Hellblaster Volley Gun and Imperial Steam Tank.

Nuln was selected as the site for the Imperial Ordnance Foundry for several reasons. First of all, it was a prosperous town on several trade routes, meaning that raw materials were easy to obtain and that finished products could be transported to all corners of the Empire with reasonable speed. Nuln also had a large bell foundry for the manufacture of church and municipal bells, which was easily converted to the casting of guns. In addition, Dwarfs had by this time become a well-established minority in the city, so qualified labour was in ample supply there.

The first foundry and gunnery school was established in the century leading up to the Great War Against Chaos. The Dwarf engineers were permitted by the Dwarfen Engineers' Guild to share their casting secrets with the Humans so long as the magical Runelore was kept secret from them, never to be used to embellish Human weapons. In addition, a hefty tithe was required of the exiled engineers by the Guild. The Empire paid it happily, for they were desperate for an edge against the hordes of Orcs that routinely overran Imperial borders in the south. The coffers of the Count of Wissenland were completely emptied several times in a span of 10 years by the demands of the construction, but in the end he was able to recoup his costs threefold in less than a decade following its completion. Today, the Imperial Gunnery School is the best place for a Human to learn to operate guns, particularly artillery pieces, and is also nearly the only place outside of Dwarf foundries where such guns are manufactured.

The Gunnery School is an imposing sight. An 18-foot high wall surrounds the grounds on three sides, with the 20-foot high city wall making up the fourth. The School overlooks the Aver River and has a commanding view of Aver Island, where much of the actual gunnery practice takes place. The walls are cut limestone blocks, blackened from two centuries of soot and river air. Two 25-foot high towers mark the intersections of the shorter north and east walls with the longer east wall, which also features the main gate. The school grounds form an uneven rectangle in front of the walls, widening slightly where the city wall follows the line of the river. Inside the walls are barracks-style dorms, a large courtyard for drills not involving the discharge of weapons, and smithies lying in low buildings along the riverside. The entire length of the wall bristles with cannon and several mortars are mounted on wheeled carriages in the centre of the courtyard, with large stacks of heavy stone cannonballs nearby. A pair of Hellblaster Volley Guns guards the front gate from within. A large multi-story building occupies the north wall; within its basements are the kitchens, the great hall (which doubles as the students' mess hall) on the ground floor, the classrooms on the next level, and the quarters of the staff on the top floor. The west wall has only one gate: a man-sized door leading out to a narrow wooden staircase that descends to the river. A small dock is located there, with two or three small rowboats moored to the dock at any given time.

Sons of the Guns

The Gunnery School has had a long relationship with the city's orphaned boys, teaching them the necessary skills to be tradesmen, artisans, and gunners, and seeing to it they not only receive training and upkeep, but also a modest education in the basics of math and literacy. Besides the many who go on to become soldiers, engineers, gunsmiths or artillerists, many are hired on as secretaries, scribes and heralds by noble houses, and more than a few serve with distinction in government circles as clerks and secretaries in the vast Imperial bureaucracy.

Typically, Sons of the Guns have already been up for an hour by the time Morning Salute is fired, and have had breakfast, tended the forges to bring the fires back up to full, and taken care of dozens of small chores necessary for the day's learning to proceed smoothly.

Sons of the Guns are as much apprentices as they are students, and their chores help them earn their education. Sons may also take on extra chores to reduce their debt to the school; particularly ambitious Sons might even work hard enough be debt-free upon graduation, but those cases are extremely rare.

The Temple of Verena handles most of the city's orphaned girls, but it's not unheard of for a girl showing sufficient interest or aptitude to be sponsored at the school by one of the Masters or by an interested noble. She may then learn any of the various trades taught at the Gunnery School—even gunnery itself. Great care is taken to ensure her safety, including her separation from the rowdier male students and the granting of a level of privacy lacking in typical all-male dorms.

Sons of the Guns and sons of nobles typically don't mix socially. Besides having their own dormitory, private cooks and better food, children of nobility tend to look down on orphans, not to mention most of the staff, as being inferior. The staff is keenly aware of the rivalry, and act quickly and decisively to dissuade it from escalating. Fights are actionable offences, resulting in extra (and particularly unpleasant) chores, suspension for a week or more, and in the worst cases, expulsion. Serious infractions (theft, murder, and other capital crimes) are turned over to the city authorities for prosecution. It perhaps goes without saying that in these cases, and often regardless of guilt or innocence, Sons of the Guns tend to fare far worse than their highborn counterparts.

The Guns of Nuln

Three types of field pieces are cast at the Gunnery School: cannons, mortars, and the Hellblaster Volley Gun, along with hundreds of smaller weapons, pistols and handguns. Since each weapon is individually cast by hand, repairs must be made to fit the piece. Cannon, Hellblasters and mortars that burst or crack cannot be mended, and are brought back to the Gunnery School's foundries to be melted down, mixed with new metal, and cast into new field pieces. These weapons are typically made of bronze.

The Master Alchemist oversees the gunpowder mix and maintains a stock of its required ingredients from local suppliers sufficient for a year's heavy use. Ammunition is cast on site. A shot tower is used to form the bullets for hand-held weapons, while moulds are used for the cannonballs for cannon and Hellblasters. Mortars more often use shaped stone balls rather than the more expensive iron projectiles, as well as cannon and Hellblaster Volley Guns in a pinch. Stonemasons are often hired to accompany an army expecting to lay siege, their duties being to find and work a local quarry from which these balls can be cut.

Bells are also still cast at the School foundries, helping to supplement the School's, and thusly Nuln's, income.

The Curriculum

Every student is taught the basics of caring for all manner of firearms: how to clean and oil them when not in use, how to prepare them for travel, and how to perform temporary field repairs. Students are also taught the art of siege craft, including making siege engines like catapults, ballistae and siege towers from scratch in the field.

Numerous skills can be learned here, but the price is high. Potential students must first meet with a senior Son of the Guns to determine the desired course of study, then compare their desires to the available openings in the given year. A person seeking to enter only one specific class to augment existing knowledge is charged at a higher rate per subject studied than one seeking to immerse himself completely in the study of gunnery, but are also less likely to be turned away if classes are full. Such students are not offered food or lodgings at the school.

Available Training

To actually benefit from classes at the Gunnery School, PCs must not only pay tuition, but must also have the necessary experience points available to spend in acquiring new skills and talents. However, the quality of instruction and potential for total immersion at the Imperial Gunnery School is such that learning skills and acquiring talents costs half the usual amount of experience; in other words, studying a skill or talent outside

of a character's current career costs 100 XP each rather than the normal rate of 200 XP per skill, talent or advance. Characters beginning play as students are assumed to effectively be starting their education from scratch, and so receive no similar bonus.

Skills taught at the School are:

- **Basic Skills:** Command, Drive, Ride
- **Advanced Skills:** Read/Write, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Trade (Field Repairs, Gunsmithing)
- **Talents:** Coolheaded, Marksman, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Artillery), Specialist Weapon Group (Gunpowder weapons), Sure Shot

Tuition

The tuition rate is decided upon by the Council of Masters of the Mechanic's Guild—top instructors at the school who all have achieved unparalleled success at their given avocation. Typically, the Master for any given discipline sets the tuition for classes within his area of expertise.

To determine tuition rate, have the PC make an opposed Fellowship Test. Failure means the potential student was not accepted for this year. Success means tuition will be 1 *gc* per experience point spent on acquiring a new skill, talent or advance. A successful appeal by a student to one of the masters (additional Fellowship Test) indicates that the cost is halved. Sons of the Guns who volunteer for extra work detail have their rate halved again. Students who cannot pay at all are not thrown out if they show promise; rather, they must sign a document pledging their service to the Imperial Army as a gunner for a period of no less than 10 years. Gunners typically earn 100 *s* per month, more than three times the 30 *s*/month salary of the average foot soldier. A gunner in such a situation has half of his or her wages garnished until the debt is paid.

The Daily Routine

The firing of the morning salute is the signal for the majority of students to rise. Before breakfast, students must join in mandatory callisthenics led by the Drill Master, which culminates in running three laps around the central courtyard of the school. Those who are fleet of foot may spend that much more time eating, which is seen as a significant incentive. Breakfast is immediately followed by target practice with hand-held firearms. Next come lessons in mathematics and reading, followed by heavy gun drill or forge work in the afternoon, with clean-up duties preceding dinner. There is no break for lunch.

No one is exempt from clean-up or messy work; if a noble wishes to study here, he must endure the same privations as everyone else, and the sponsoring parents or nobles must sign an agreement that they understand and agree to these terms. Highborn students do have considerably more comfortable lodgings and better food, but there is no shirking work at the school.

Summer is for teaching gunnery itself: target practice, speed loading and firing drills, and learning how to best transport the guns from place to place in times of war. Winter is for maintenance: learning to repair and maintain the guns and



their carriages, learning the alchemy behind producing gunpowder, forging new guns, and so forth. All students participate in the same winter routines, though not all pupils study to be gunners, so for non-artillery students the summer drill is very much the same as in winter. No matter the season, the forges are never allowed to go out, though they are allowed to burn down a bit overnight.

The Council of Masters of the Mechanic's Guild is a lifetime appointment, barring severe injury, retirement, or departure of the master. Recommendations are made to the Council by each of the three departments—gunners, smiths and engineers—and are voted on by the Council members and subject to approval of Countess Emmanuelle von Liebwitz, the current Elector Countess and patron of the school.

The Headmaster runs the School, and is responsible for taking commissions for guns from the various Elector Counts to bolster their armies in support of the Empire. The Headmaster must not only administer the school, but must also be a shrewd businessman. His negotiating skills mean the difference between a good year and a lean one for the school.

The Foundry Master controls every aspect of casting the Guns of Nuln, and is an important member of the community for that reason. He is highly skilled in all aspects of gun production. His job is to oversee production and make sure projects stay on schedule. This is as much an administrative position as a skilled trade, and the current Foundry Master, while largely unknown outside of Nuln, is something of a celebrity inside the city's walls. The Foundry Master is also required to be a diplomat, smoothing injured pride and easing flaring tempers fanned by

the heat of the forges. The Foundry Master is the final arbiter of any disputes; his word is law within the Gunnery School, and carries weight outside of it as well.

The Gunnery Master teaches his pupils the art of using artillery on the battlefield, with an emphasis on precision and safety. Students are taught how to accurately calculate distances and elevations for siege work, and how to fire effectively while under a simulation of direct attack on a battlefield. The Gunnery Master oversees physical training, makes assignments for the Daily Salute schedule, makes recommendations of students worthy to take on field assignments as gunners in the army, and sees to it that gunnery students receive no less than an adequate education in the use of all standard Imperial artillery weapons.

Traditions

What follows is an overview of the important traditions recognised by the School.

Daily Salutes

Students of the gunnery school have the importance of timing impressed upon them from an early age. One of the most longstanding traditions of the school is the morning and evening salute. One hour after dawn and one hour before sunset, the largest gun in the school is fired to signal the time to all within hearing distance. The report is easily heard by everyone within the city of Nuln itself and the sound often carries two miles or more up and down the Reik and Aver rivers, depending on weather conditions. No projectile of any kind is loaded into the weapon for this purpose; the explosion of the powder and wadding alone is loud enough to mark the time, and the lack of ammunition reduces the chance of injury. Each student is assigned a day to man the gun for the daily salutes, with senior students typically acting as supervisors and standing duty for a full week. Those standing the daily salute watch are typically treated well during their term; extra food and beer rations are provided for the day or week.

Black Powder Week

This festival marks the end of the full gunnery season and the cessation of outdoor gunnery practice for the winter. The Mechanic's Guild spends months leading up to the event procuring the necessary supplies for the event. Every day for Black Powder week, the Sons come to the gates of the Gunnery School at noon with baskets full of firecrackers, sparklers, and smoke bombs, and pass out handfuls of fireworks to anyone who asks. The Senior Sons spend the time after dinner and before bed cramming gunpowder and fuses into paper wrappers for the next day's handouts, all under the watchful eyes of the Council of Masters. Originally designed as a means to get rid of leftover powder before it grew old and unstable, it's now a celebration of the end of the year and the coming of winter.

Feast of Verena

Once a year, the Countess Emmanuelle holds a great feast to honour the Mechanics Guild for bringing so much trade and prestige to the city. The school practically empties out for this feast, held in her palace ballroom. First-year students are not invited, though many sneak in anyway, and the palace guards tend to turn a blind eye to such infractions. Guild members are expected to turn out in their best finery for this event, and many Nuln tailors make a nice living off their commissions for the feast.

Iron Silence

Tradition states that when a gun cools, any loud noise could cause a flaw in the cooling metal. Just before a newly cast gun is set to cool, special bells with highly recognizable tones ring out in the Industrialplatz, and for an hour afterwards, the city is mostly silent—no carts, wagons, or carriages move, conversations and business are transacted in whispers, and gunnery practice is suspended until the hour has past. Then the Silence Bells ring out once more, and everything returns to normal. During time of war, the Silence Bells ring several times a day. Typically, though, they ring three to five times a week.

Gun Christening

Each time a new gun is finished, the Mechanics Guild holds a brief ceremony of naming. The Countess sends the name by special courier to the Foundry days in advance so it can be inscribed on the gun, and the reigning Guildmaster, Erich Stahlheim, arrives to dribble a bit of sacred oil over the barrel. If the oil runs off the right side of the barrel, the gun will be a great siege weapon, inflicting great destruction on buildings and structures. If the oils runs to the left, the gun will be ferocious in battle, sending many foes to their end. If the oil should pool on top of the barrel, disaster is foretold. This omen heralds flaws in the gun that will most likely claim the lives of her crew as well as any other targets. Those guns are frequently retired from active service immediately.

Siege Parades

Siege trains herald a time of increased revenue for the city, and are carried off with great fanfare. All businesses close for the day except public houses, which open after the parade has cleared the city gates. Nulners come out by the thousands to send off a siege train and to bid farewell to their loved ones going off to war.

The School and Nuln's Economy

In addition to the direct monetary contribution it makes to the coffers of Nuln, the Gunnery School provides a substantial indirect boost to the economy of the area as a whole. Many people travel to Nuln to attend the school or to purchase firearms, and they need food, lodgings and supplies while travelling. The school itself provides jobs for dozens of woodcutters, miners, coopers, wheelwrights, carpenters and other skilled tradesmen not in residence at the school. Farmers sell tons of grain, produce, milk and meats to the School's kitchens to keep the students well fed. The Gunnery School is the lynchpin of Nuln's economy.

Locales of Note

The Imperial Gunnery School affects every part of Nuln, but its influence can be most strongly felt in proximity to the campus grounds

Aver Island

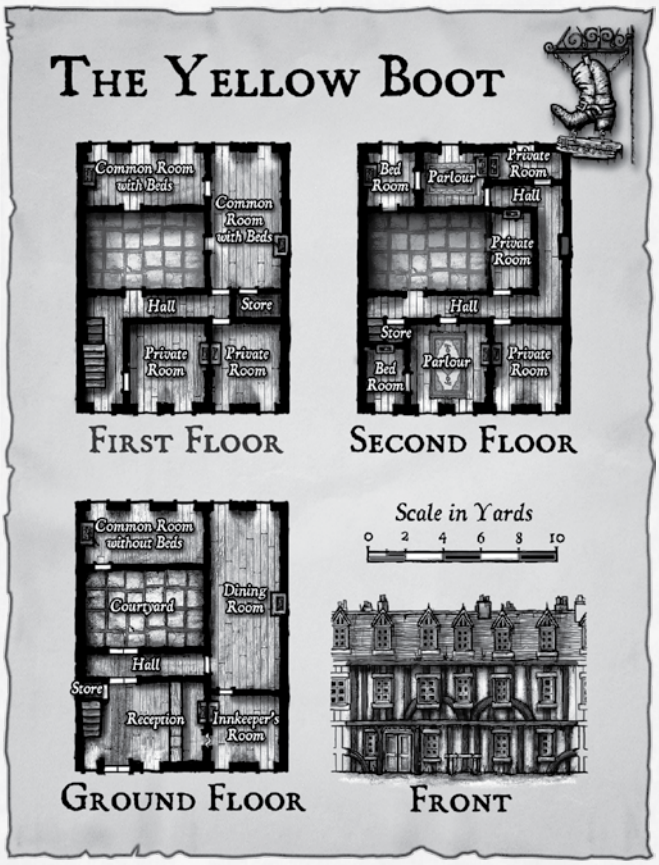
This island is used for live practice with the heavy guns. Strict rules of conduct must be followed while on or near the island during practices, as injury and death come too easily under such circumstances. Practices follow a set schedule, which is posted a week in advance in the town square.

The Gunner's Arms

This public house is the favourite of off-duty artillerists and gunners. Underage Gunnery School students are forbidden to enter the premises on pain of suspension (though they are only ever turned in for this infraction if involved in a fight or other serious offence), but adult students, soldiers and members of the School staff are more than welcome. The beer here is good, the food average, and the company pleasant if boisterous.

House of the Yellow Boot

This cosy rooming house features comfortable rooms and quiet meals. Alcohol is not served here, which makes it unpopular as a local social spot, but which makes it a perfect place of rest for adventurers desiring peace and quiet. The second and third floors have guest rooms, while the ground floor boasts a small dining area and common room. The family running the inn sleep in a small ground floor room separated from the front desk by a discreet curtain. Horses may be brought into a courtyard for the night via the hallway between the front desk and the stairs. Room prices range between 15 *p* for a place in the common room on the far side of the courtyard to 5 *gc* for a large sleeping room with attached parlour. Prices include a hearty breakfast, and are not negotiable.



Personalities of Note

The Imperial Gunnery School is home to many students and faculty. Notable individuals of the school are described below.

Albrecht Hahnemann

Headmaster of the Gunnery School

Herr Hahnemann began his adult life as a soldier in the employ of Countess Emmanuelle's father, Count Konstantin von Liebwitz. He survived exposure to the Poisoned Wind during a battle with rat-like Beastmen, but his lungs were no longer strong enough for campaigning. He showed an aptitude for math, so he was tutored by military scribes and taught to be a quartermaster. He excelled at the position and quickly learned the fine art of resource management. When an opening presented itself, the Count, also Chancellor of the University of Nuln, personally invited Herr Hahnemann to fill the headmaster's job, recognising in him the skill set necessary to run the school well. Herr Hahnemann has occupied this post quite successfully for the last 17 years.

Albrecht Hahnemann is a distinguished-looking man in his late 50s. His shoulder-length grey hair is streaked with silver and neatly combed. He is of average height and a bit stocky; though still in decent shape, he runs out of breath easily due to his injury. He favours formal dress at all times in public, as is only proper for his post. His eyes are a pale, earthy brown, and his eyelids are puffy and wrinkled from too many sleepless nights on campaign. This gives him the appearance of being perpetually sleepy, but he remains more perceptive than most even at his worst. He seems aloof and cold, though at times there is a twinkle in his eye that says otherwise.

Career: Guild Master (ex-Engineer, ex-Student, ex-Soldier)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
41%	52%	41%	40%	46%	69%	52%	60%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	15	4	4	4	0	1	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering) +10%, Academic Knowledge (History), Academic Knowledge (Science) +10%, Animal Care, Charm, Command, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire, Tilea), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate, Gamble, Gossip, Haggle, Intimidate, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Ride, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Classical, Khazalid, Reikspiel, Tilean), Trade (Gunsmith)
Talents: Dealmaker, Etiquette, Linguistics, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Disease, Savvy, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineering, Gunpowder), Super Numerate, Very Resilient
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

Weapons: Best Firearm, Best Hand Weapon (Sword), Shield
Trappings: Uniform, Library of Books on Engineering, Mathematics, and Science, Writing Kit, Engineer's Kit, 6 Spikes

August Scheinmeier

Gunnery Master

Scheinmeier is, put simply, the finest gunner in the whole of the Empire. His accuracy is legendary, and his ability to calculate firing trajectories in his head is a rare talent indeed. He is somewhat less successful at passing on his exceptional skills to others, but he does produce plenty of serviceable artillerymen as well as the occasional prodigy. Only on rare occasions does Scheinmeier himself go to war; he is old and no longer in the best of health. He has a reputation for being haughty because of his tendency to ignore questions directed at him. What is little known is that Scheinmeier is almost completely deaf from years of being too close to gunpowder reports. He is adept at lip-reading, but persons talking to him out of his line of sight are unlikely to receive a response.

Scheinmeier is tall and gaunt. His face is bony, with a craggy nose and forehead, and his bushy eyebrows are a dirty shade of brown. He is mostly bald, save for a bit of steel grey fringe at the back of his head that runs from ear to ear. He wears square spectacles at all times, often resting them on the crown of his head to look at something up close or to read. He keeps to himself and is cold and businesslike, both on the firing range and in battle. His sole interest is in his guns, and his artillery weapon of choice is the ancient Bronze Maiden, delivered to the armies of the Emperor by the first Master Gunsmith of the school, the Dwarf Odvar Hallgren. Scheinmeier seems to have an incredible affinity for this particular gun, and can tell how well she'll do in any given battle, suggesting her mood to the crew before the first shot is fired. There are whispers that Scheinmeier is touched by the Dark Powers; his loyalty to the Empire has never been in doubt, but his talents are remarkable and at times seem unnatural. Scheinmeier is an honorary member of the Mechanic's Guild.

Career: Artillerist (ex-Engineer, ex-Tradesman)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
39%	65%	35%	47%	47%	73%	57%	26%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	16	3	4	4	0	2	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering) +10%, Academic Knowledge (Science), Animal Care, Command, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Secret Language (Battle Tongue, Guild Tongue), Speak Language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Trade (Gunsmith) +10%, Trade (Smith)
Talents: Coolheaded, Marksman, Master Gunner, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Savvy, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer, Gunpowder), Super Numerate, Sure Shot
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jack)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Firearm, Hand Weapon (Sword)
Trappings: Best Engineer's Kit, Telescope

Janos Kazinsky

Foundry Master

A Stirlander who is fiercely proud of his heritage, Janos Kazinsky makes welcome anyone he meets that hails from his homeland. Janos has closely-cropped jet-black hair, a high forehead, and a neatly-trimmed goatee and moustache, the latter of which is often waxed into handlebars for social occasions. He has piercing, ice-blue eyes and a hard, firm jaw line. Janos is cool-headed and calm, even under the most dire of conditions. He is friendly and outgoing, quick with a joke, and understanding of students' mistakes, but he can turn deadly serious when the need arises. In his youth he was a duellist of some note, and bears a long, straight scar on his left cheek as a visible souvenir. He is tall and long-limbed, and keeps himself in excellent physical condition. Kazinsky is a member of the Mechanic's Guild.

Hans Eggert

Drill Master

Eggert has been the Drill Master for several years. Formerly a sergeant in the Averland militia, Eggert knows how to keep people in shape and in line. Herr Eggert is in charge of doling out punishments for minor infractions, and has a tendency of deciding that entire neatly stacked piles of cannonballs need to suddenly be moved and restacked on the other side of the courtyard. First-year students learn to hate the man, but more experienced students benefit from his softer side; they're only made to move half-stacks of cannonballs. Herr Eggert is tall and slender, with beady eyes and closely cropped iron-grey hair, and is clean-shaven save for a thin moustache. Several knuckles on his left hand seem out of joint or at odd angles; this is a battle souvenir from combat with a Beastman. Eggert has trouble gripping much of anything with his left hand, but his right is as strong as ever, a fact he eagerly demonstrates to anyone who shakes his hand.

Ignatz Stenzlow

Master Apothecary

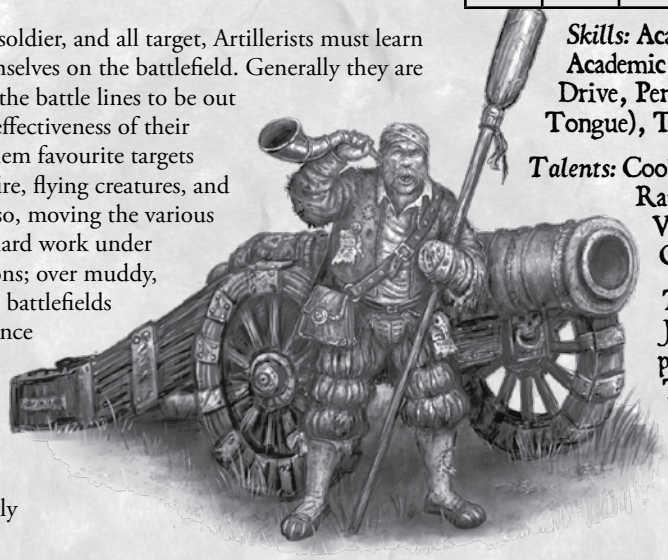
Herr Stenzlow teaches students how to make gunpowder, including how to recognise and collect the ingredients while in the field, a lesson that has been the salvation of more than one gun crew when supplies have run low. The students do not particularly like him, and the feeling is mutual; he'd rather be doing what he considers more important work than teaching snot-nosed young nobles how to blow things up. He makes a show of grudgingly supporting the Black Powder Week festival, but he secretly takes great pride in providing only the best quality gunpowder for the many thousands of fireworks crafted by the Mechanic's Guild for the festival.

Stenzlow is stoop-shouldered and wears narrow spectacles perched on the end of his nose. He has greasy brown hair that occasionally slips out from under his close-fitting coif. His eyes look watery, and his vision isn't as sharp as it once was, causing

—New Advanced Career: Artillerist—

Description: The Artillerist is skilled at operating all manner of siege weapons, from the ballista to the trebuchet, and even gunpowder devices like the cannon, mortar and Hellblaster Volley Gun of the Imperial arsenal. Field repairs are often necessary when a wheel breaks or a gun carriage cracks, and a smart Artillerist quickly learns how to make temporary repairs to ensure minimal interruption in firing rate. Artillerists rely on teamwork and command groups of Engineers to operate their weapons effectively. They are rarely found outside of a large army.

Part engineer, part soldier, and all target, Artillerists must learn to take care of themselves on the battlefield. Generally they are far enough behind the battle lines to be out of danger, but the effectiveness of their weaponry makes them favourite targets for enemy missile fire, flying creatures, and magical attacks. Also, moving the various engines around is hard work under the best of conditions; over muddy, rutted, rock-strewn battlefields it can be an endurance test with lives hanging in the balance. The career of an Artillerist is not all glory, as is frequently supposed.



—Artillerist Advance Scheme—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
+15%	+25%	+10%	+10%	+15%	+30%	+15%	—
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
—	+5	—	—	—	—	—	—

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Science), Command, Drive, Perception, Secret Language (Battle Tongue), Trade (Gunsmith)

Talents: Coolheaded, Marksman, Mighty Shot, Rapid Reload, Sharpshooter, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineering or Gunpowder), Sure Shot

Trappings: Light Armour (Leather Jack), Firearm with ammunition and powder for 10 shots, Engineer's Kit, Telescope

Career Entries: Engineer, Sergeant

Career Exits: Artisan, Captain, Guild Master, Mercenary, Veteran

him to employ a trusted Son of the Gun to assist him with his duties. His hearing is still sharp, however, and he is quite spry even if he doesn't look it. He is not particularly old—just worn out. Stenzlow is a member of the Apothecary Guild.

Boris Dohvzhenko

Master Founder

The stocky Kislevite is built like a brick, massive and blocky, with black hair and a heavy beard. He is not very tall but has a barrel chest, a short neck, heavy features, and thick hands and fingers. Dohvzhenko was tutored by Dwarfen smiths in his native Kislev, and his skill at casting is legendary. He can coax even the most delicate details out of the crude sand moulds used to cast the gun barrels, and is known for the particularly fine decorative work he lavishes on the guns he personally casts. Dohvzhenko is a master craftsman without peer among humans, and his skill even rivals that of many of the lesser Dwarf craftsmen. He is sometimes mistaken for a tall Dwarf, in fact, which he finds amusing.

Adventure Seeds

The following game ideas can be used as sparks for building adventures of your own design that feature the Imperial Gunnery School.

- Evidence of activity by proscribed Cults has been discovered within the school. The perpetrators could be anyone, but Gunnery Master Scheinmeier falls under suspicion. The PCs, one or more of whom may be enrolled at the school, must help exonerate the fabled gunner and avoid the scrutiny of the Witch Hunters to unmask the real cultists. If the PCs are able to take care of this problem quietly, Countess von Liebwitz would be most grateful. Of major concern is fear of the secrets of the guns' construction falling into the hands of the forces of Chaos. The Cultists may be able to sabotage the guns, undermining the school in the process. For a more detailed plot involving the sabotage of cannon, be sure to check out *Forges of Nuln*.
- The Elector Count of Ostland has scraped together a fairly large percentage of his domain's meagre earnings to purchase one of the famous Nulner Guns to help protect the remnants of his people. It will be transported to Ostland as part of a large caravan of relief supplies, but it will require extra protection regardless. Trained gunners are also required to demonstrate its operation and to lobby for the need to have men sent to the School to be expertly instructed in its use. Dangers lurk behind every tree along the way. Greatest of these may be the threat of rival Electors through whose domain the gun must pass. Jealous nobles might think to confiscate the weapon or, at the very least, delay it until the proper palms are greased.



Chapter XII: Gugnir's Blackpowder Shop

By Eric Cagle

Though often decried as "new-fangled" or seen as the weapon of someone too cowardly to stand up and fight, gunpowder weapons are common sights in the Old World. Guns need powder and shot to work and there's only one place to get the best—Gugnir's Blackpowder Shop. Gugnir, a grizzled war veteran turned craftsman, prides himself on the quality of his product and few can dispute this claim. Although this article presumes the shop is set up outside of Middenheim, it can be placed near any city or town, depending on your campaign.

The Owner

Gugnir is an aging Dwarf originally from Karak Kadrin. Nearly a hundred years ago, he studied under a master craftsman who had made great advances in the creation of gunpowder for mass production. Once released from his service, Gugnir wandered about the Empire for many decades and fought alongside its army in the many crusades against the Greenskins and Beastmen. After a grievous wound that resulted in the loss of his leg, Gugnir decided to retire from life as a mercenary and start up his own shop.

Gugnir is typical of both a Dwarf and Engineer—gruff, serious, and terse. Gugnir says he lost his leg due to an explosion of powder during a siege against a Goblin horde and constantly belittles the quality of Human-made gunpowder, guns, and cannon. He actually enjoys the company of Humans and prefers dealing with them to his Dwarf brethren. He's extremely proud of his business and would rather die than see it fall into ruin.

Gugnir has craggy features and surly demeanour. His hair and beard are charcoal-black, with lines of white revealing his years. Typical of most craftsmen that deal with flames or dangerous chemicals, Gugnir keeps his waist-length beard tucked into his belt to keep it from catching fire or getting covered in toxic substances. His replacement stump is well crafted and adorned with runes in the Dwarf script. Gugnir typically wears a leather jerkin and apron when working. His hands, arms, and face are spotted with small powder burns and his left eyebrow is permanently burned off from an experiment gone awry.

Gugnir is a stern but fair master craftsman, and treats his apprentices with more respect than one would expect. He holds a particular soft spot for his housekeeper, Helga, and would seemingly do anything to keep her safe from harm. Gugnir is a shrewd businessman and very proud of his accomplishments.

Gugnir

Career: Engineer (ex-Artisan, ex-Militiaman, ex-Tradesman)
Race: Dwarf

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
53%	47%	43%	52%	38%	57%	41%	29%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	16	4	5	2	0	0	0

Skills: Academic Knowledge (Engineering), Academic Knowledge (Science), Animal Care, Common Knowledge (Dwarfs, Tilea), Dodge Blow, Drive, Evaluate +10%, Gossip, Haggle, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Read/Write, Search, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Speak language (Khazalid, Reikspiel), Trade (Gunsmith) +20%, Trade (Miner), Trade (Smith)
Talents: Artistic, Dwarfcraft, Grudge-born Fury, Master Gunner, Night Vision, Rapid Reload, Resistance to Magic, Savvy, Specialist Weapon Group (Engineer, Gunpowder), Stout-hearted, Strike Mighty Blow, Sturdy
Armour: Good Light Armour (Leather Jack, Leather Skullcap)
Armour Points: Head 1, Arms 1, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Best Firearm, Repeater Pistol, Good Pistol, Hand Weapon (Hammer)
Trappings: Grugnir's Shop, Engineer's Kit, Gunsmith Tools, False Leg, Ammunition and Powder for 20 shots, Best Craftsmanship Sleeved Mail Coat and Helmet (worn during emergencies), Keys, 23 *gc*

The Goods

Gugnir prefers quality over quantity and most of his gunpowder is Good Craftsmanship. He does produce a large amount of average gunpowder, which he sells in bulk. Gugnir's pride is his small cache (3 barrels) of Best Craftsmanship gunpowder. He keeps two barrels in the Finished Gunpowder Storage bunker and has portioned out his remaining keg into individual horns, which he keeps in his home and the shop. His own personal weapons are loaded with this fine powder and he makes a great show of it when haggling with a potential buyer.

The Property

Gugnir's property consists of a few solid, well-built structures that serve as Gugnir's workspace and home, surrounded by thick trees—black alder, poplar, spindle tree, willow, and dogwood. The workshop proper is crafted from solid stonework to minimise the damage that might occur from an accident that ignites the gunpowder inside. Gugnir's talents as an engineer and craftsman have been very lucrative over the years, and the quality and upkeep of his property shows it.

1. Work Room

The workroom is the heart of the shop. This is where Gugnir and his assistants mix and prepare the ingredients to make his quality gunpowder. The room has numerous tables and shelves, lined with all the necessary tools and components. The room is packed with stuff, but is very orderly—Gugnir runs a very tight ship and demands extreme tidiness from himself and his apprentices. The room is well lit from thick-glassed lanterns on the walls and tables. These lanterns were specially made to resist damage, in case they are knocked over by accident. The rare visitor that is allowed into the workroom is first asked to undergo an inspection by Gugnir to make sure he carries nothing that could cause a spark or flame. Those refusing this inspection are not allowed inside and if they make a bigger issue of it, Gugnir declines to engage in business with them.

2. Storeroom

The storeroom contains additional raw ingredients in massive barrels, along with spare tools. Other than a single, small, barred window, the room lacks lanterns or any other light source. There is enough raw material in here to concoct nearly 10 barrels of gunpowder.

3. Finished Gunpowder Storage Bunker

The finished gunpowder storage bunker is set far apart from the rest of the buildings. It is partially built into the ground and crafted from immensely thick stones. The door is made from thick steel and boasts an intricate lock—the "payment" from a nobleman who hired a master locksmith to make it specifically for Gugnir. The engineer strives to keep the storage bunker full at all times, but the actual volume depends on recent sales. At peak storage, the room holds fifty barrels of gunpowder, ranging from "rough" cannon powder to highly refined (and expensive) pistol powder, stacked on wooden racks. Gugnir strives to keep the room as dry as possible to keep his product in peak performance for as long as possible.

4. Living Room

Gugnir relaxes here when he's not working. The living room boasts an enormous fireplace (attached to the one in the kitchen), several comfortable chairs, and other finely crafted furniture. The walls are lined with mementos of his time as a militiaman, including his unit's banner and several swords and shields. Over the fireplace hangs the skull of a Skaven, mounted above a splintered shield and broken sword—the head is a trophy from the Ratman that severed Gugnir's leg. He killed the creature by snapping its neck and often berates the skull during private times when he's deep in his cups.

5. Master Bedroom

Gugnir's bedroom sits on the second floor of the house and is designed in the style of his homeland. A massive oak bed dominates the room. A rack in the corner holds Gugnir's heavy armour, which he dons only when things get truly desperate. The locked chest at the foot of his bed holds his finest clothing, a loaded pistol, and a silk pouch containing 40 *gc*.

6. Guest Bedroom

This small bedroom is cosy, but rarely used. It has a bed, chest, and clothing rack, along with a small table. Gugnir reserves this room for clientele that stay the night, often after numerous mugs of ale.



7. Office

Gugnir's office is relatively small, but serviceable. An intricately carved oak desk sits in the middle of the room, along with a huge chair that has belonged to his family for untold generations. The chair is adorned with four precious gems worth 20 *gc* each. The desk is locked and contains all of Gugnir's bills of sale, purchase orders, and writs of payment.

8. Kitchen

The kitchen is large and comfortable. The fireplace is enormous—Gugnir wanted a massive hearth that reminded him of the kitchens back in Karak Kadrin. The middle of the room is dominated by a huge wooden table. Helga spends most of her time in the kitchen, preparing meals for Gugnir and his ravenous apprentices. In addition to a huge larder, the kitchen boasts two large barrels of fine beer—one local and one from Karak Kadrin. After a particularly good sale, Gugnir likes to pour a (small) tankard of his finest brew to share with the buyer, and takes grave insult from anyone who refuses to partake.

Helga is Gugnir's housekeeper and cook. He met this now elderly woman back in his days in the militia, where the two formed a solid bond. When Gugnir started his business, he took pity on the woman, who was suffering from some mild insanity during her hardships as a camp follower. Helga is responsible for the upkeep of Gugnir's home and is extremely loyal to him.

Helga suffers from The Fear (see **Chapter IX: The Game Master** in *WFRP*) and goes into hysterics when she must leave the safety of her home. She can move about the property with only mild discomfort, and feels only truly safe inside the house. If she must go more than 100 feet from the property, she must make a Will Power Test or succumb to The Fear's effects. Gugnir does his best to keep Helga safe and shielded from the tormenting and taunting of others—most just think that she is a recluse. She has made deals with local vendors to bring their food and products directly to her or makes Gugnir's apprentices go get anything the business needs.

Helga

Career: Servant (ex-Camp Follower)
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
32%	28%	36%	42%	44%	35%	32%	44%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	14	3	4	4	0	8	0

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (the Empire), Drive, Evaluate, Gossip, Haggle, Perception, Search, Speak Language (Reikspiel), Trade (Cook)
Talents: Acute Hearing, Dealmaker, Flee!, Hardy, Resistance to Disease, Suave, Very Resilient
Insanities: The Fear
Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Dagger
Trappings: Lucky Charm (Rabbit's Foot), Pouch, Keys

9. Storeroom

This room contains various odds and ends. Gugnir's housekeep, Helga, keeps the room very neat and orderly. In addition to old tools and clothes, Gugnir keeps a few swords, axes, and armour pieces in here from his war days. Most of these arms and armour are treated as being Poor quality, due to their age and lack of care. The door to this room is locked and only Gugnir and Helga have keys to it.

10. Attic

In addition to storing all manner of Gugnir's junk and family heirlooms, the attic is where his housekeeper Helga stays. Most of Gugnir's spare stuff is packed up in neatly arranged boxes and chests. Most of these items hold only sentimental value, although there is a torc made of gold worth 100 *gc* that Gugnir keeps hidden away. The torc represents his true lineage—Gugnir is the grandson of his homeland's current leader, making him a possible contender for the throne were it to become available. However, for reasons unknown, Gugnir denies such things and refuses to talk about his life at Karak Kadrin before he left to wander the Empire.

11. Apprentice House

Unlike most masters, Gugnir treats his apprentices fairly well, although he's still extremely strict and demanding. His four apprentices sleep in this small, but cosy hut. The single room has two bunk beds, a central table with four chairs, and a

fireplace. Each apprentice has his own chest in which to keep personal effects. Gugnir imposes harsh discipline on any of his apprentices found in here during working hours. During their downtime, and when they are not sleeping, Gugnir's apprentices play dice and cards, or crudely gossip about the local girls.

Gugnir's apprentices are four young lads from Middenheim, chosen for their strength and relatively quick ability to learn. Although they fear their master's wrath, the apprentices are quite loyal to Gugnir and consider it an honour to learn such an important trade. Gugnir doesn't as of yet trust giving his apprentices any pistols or other gunpowder weapons, but has agreed to bestow one to each apprentice once their terms are complete.

Felix, Magnus, Pieter, Waldemar

Career: Tradesman
Race: Human

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
27%	30%	46%	31%	46%	35%	39%	27%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	10	4	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: Animal Care, Drive, Haggle, Evaluate, Perception, Read/Write, Secret Language (Guild Tongue), Trade (Gunsmith), Trade (Weaponsmith)
Talents: Dealmaker, Sturdy, Very Strong
Armour: Light Armour (Leather Jerkin)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Hand Weapon (Hammer)
Trappings: Common Clothing, Trade Tools, purse with 1d10 *s*

The Cave

A large cave sits a quarter mile away from Gugnir's shop—a well worn path through the dense forest goes between his property and this limestone outcropping. The cave is the home for hundreds of thousands of bats. During the day, the bats roost high in the ceiling, which towers almost a hundred feet in the air. An immensely thick and dense layer of guano coats the cave floor. At first, it seems that the floor moves and writhes on its own. In truth, intermixed with the guano are untold thousands of bat corpses, serving as food for an immense carpet of beetles and other insects.

Gugnir's apprentices travel to the cave once a week to shovel up barrels of guano, which are rendered down for nitrate—one of the crucial ingredients for creating gunpowder. Although the apprentices are used to the gruesome site and smell of the cave interior, they delight in bringing newcomers (particularly local women they fancy) to it, to show how they work and to give a fun scare to the squeamish.

Neither Gugnir nor the apprentices have explored deep into the cave, as its entrance is full of more guano than they could ever use. However, unbeknownst to them, the cave is actually the opening to miles of tunnels and caverns that lead deep into the earth. Some tunnels lead to openings far away, whilst others plunge farther into the darkness than anyone realizes. It is up to the GM to decide what is inside the cave network or what sort of creatures reside inside it.

Although no one has claims to the cave itself, thanks to a writ of business granted to Gugnir by a grateful, wealthy nobleman, no one else is allowed to harvest the guano from the cave (and few would want to). If Gugnir or his apprentices finds someone inside the Cave without their permission, they become very defensive and thrash the intruder if they feel they can do so without complications. The locals know that the cave is under Gugnir's watch and go to great lengths to avoid it whenever possible.

Adventure Seeds

Although you could simply use Gugnir's Blackpowder Shop as a place where your characters go to get their gunpowder or firearms, it can also serve as a focal point for intrigue and new adventures. Described below are some adventure seeds that include Gugnir's Blackpowder Shop.

- Whilst travelling through the woods near Gugnir's Blackpowder Shop, the characters hear a woman screaming. They find Helga curled up in a foetal ball along the path between Gugnir's property and that towards the nearest town. As soon as they try to help, they are challenged by Gugnir and his apprentices, who set out to find her after she disappeared. The characters must convince the extremely irritated Gugnir they did not harm Helga (and woe to them if they did). If it becomes apparent the characters were actually trying to help her, Gugnir is grateful and offers them a night at his property. He'll offer them a free meal and a slight discount on any gunpowder they might want to purchase.
- The characters are hired by Gugnir to guard a large quantity of gunpowder destined for a rich nobleman's palace to the north. Along the way, the characters are waylaid by bandits that fight with surprising skill. During the combat, the cache of gunpowder is destroyed—the bandits seem to be intent on annihilating the cache rather than capturing it. If the characters survive, the characters discover the one of the bandits wearing the livery of the noble they are supposed to meet. When the characters meet with the nobleman, he is incensed and demands another load at half price.
- After purchasing some gunpowder from Gugnir, the characters notice that something is amiss. As the deal is concluded, Gugnir lets it be known that one of his apprentices, Felix, has been missing for nearly an entire day after making a trip to the cave where the guano is collected. Gugnir offers the characters 40 *gc* or 50 *gc* worth of gunpowder in exchange for them locating his apprentice—alive. If they accept and head to the cave, they discover Felix's cart tipped over in front of the entrance. What's stranger, the cart is covered with disgusting mucus that makes a trail into the mouth of the cave itself.



Chapter XIII: Perilous Beasts

By Andrew Law and Jody Macgregor

When Odric of Wurtbad compiled his work, he excluded many beasts because he was unable to find proof of their existence beyond a handful of conflicting accounts—some were said to be the last of their kind. These creatures, many of which he heard of in dockside-tavern talk and his travels through the outskirts of Loren Forest, were thus described in an unpublished appendix to his book. After *Perilous Beasts* was suppressed, this appendix found its way into the hands of scholars and copies have circulated throughout the Old World. The authorities have yet to clamp down on this activity, either because they are unaware of it or because they believe it only harms Odric's credibility as a source. Believing in Skaven is one thing, but here he even claims to have spoken to a faerie.

The creatures in this chapter use the skills and talents presented in **Chapter Four** of *WFRP* as well as making use of a few new talents, described here.

Amphibious

Description: Amphibious creatures are suited for life in and out of water. They can either breathe underwater or hold their breath for sufficiently long periods that, as far as the rules are concerned, they cannot drown. Further, they may take actions as normal while underwater, and do not halve their statistics (including Movement) while swimming. See page 27 for details on halved statistics and restricted actions when swimming.

Daemonic Aura

Description: Daemons are made of the stuff of magic, which protects them when they are in the mortal world. Any time a non-magical weapon hits a Daemon, the Daemon's Toughness Bonus is treated as though it +2 higher. Additionally, the Daemon's own attacks are considered to be magical. Lastly, Daemons are completely immune to the effects of poison and suffocation.

Scales

Description: The creature has tough scales that protect it like armour. This talent provides the creature with a number of Armour Points equal to the number noted in parenthesis, usually on all locations. For example, a creature with Scales (2) has 2 Armour Points on each location. If the Armour Points are limited to just one location, it will be noted in the creature's description.

Unstoppable Blows

Description: A creature with this talent is so large and strong that its attacks are incredibly difficult to parry. Opponents suffer a –30% penalty to parry attempts.

Will of Iron

Description: A creature with this talent is immune to fear and terror, as well as the effects of the Intimidate skill and the Unsettling talent.

Amoebae

The Common View

"If ever there was a reason not to camp by the water, it's those bloody blobs! A few years back, when I was just like you—young, stupid—I was travelling to Talabheim with a couple of... friends. Anyway, we found this quiet spot on the bank of the Talabec and set up camp. Fiezel took first watch as we kipped by the fire. Problem was, he never woke anyone up. Next morning there was a blob where Fiezel should have been. You could see bits of him in it. Half melted like cheese on toasted bread. It was horrible. We killed it—burned it—but that didn't bring Fiezel back..."

—Jens-Karl Kircher, Innkeeper

"I likes t' watch the little meebers in the water while me mam rows us up t' see Kirsta. They is de'd pretty. Come in all sorts a' colours. I likes the red uns best. They've got big black bits in 'erm."

—Jenna Taübl, Stablegirl

"Before I'd seen one I had absolutely no idea what to expect. But Marta knew that I'd have to deal with them, so she took me upriver. So, there I was, on the banks of the Stir, when I saw my first Amoeba. I was expecting a big ball—or, at the very least, some sort of bulbous blob—but that's not what they're like at all. It looked like... well... something Kastor throws up on a Festag night! It was about 8-foot wide and moving slowly. Well, creeping vomit is one of the least frightening things I've ever seen, so when it attacked, as Verena is my witness, I almost died of shock. It shot out a... an arm? Or something like that, hit my leg and wrapped around it. All I could feel was the burning! Even through my clothes. Marta swatted at it with her torch. It pulled away at that, and slurped back into the river. I'm telling you, when I went looking for the Lesser-Spotted Bogtrotter, I was so damn scared of those things that I never once slept anywhere near the water."

—Daffen Maurer, Egg Collector

"Listen close, this here's a trick I'll bets yer muvver never tolds ya. You got a, uh, problem you needs rid uv? Nothin' to it! You just takes it over to Goosey Pond and drops your problem on the bank. Guaranteed, in two hours those jellyfish will've come. They eats anything, they do. Especially problems.'

—Willigis "The Wolf" Lingen, Problem Solver

The Scholar's Eye

Amoebae are often confused with jellyfish, for the two creatures appear similar when viewed underwater. However, they could hardly be more different. Amoebae do not require water to suspend them, and often leave it when prey is scarce. Out of water, they are capable of sending out strands of their body to a surprising distance, and can prove to be implacable predators, absorbing anything organic in their path.

"Amoebae are common in the rivers of the Empire. However, the unicellular organisms commonly referred to as Amoebae are, in truth, several different species. Although each have their unique traits, they all share a few points in common. For example, all are capable of employing temporary projections called pseudopods formed from their cell walls, and all have a highly developed 'vacuole' that helps maintain their osmotic pressure. Exactly how this operates is still to be ascertained, but I strongly deny claims that it must be the product of, or influenced by, this so-called aethyr. It is because they can be explained by sound scientific principle, without recourse to such intellectual sloppiness, that they are so truly fascinating."

—Professor Hans Pfaff,
Altdorf University Naturalist and Sigmarite

No matter how dangerous Amoeba can be to unsuspecting prey, they are utterly brainless and quite slow. This means they are simple to avoid if one is careful. Of course, it can be very hard to be careful enough, as Amoebae can get anywhere.

"It was over two years ago when I developed the Amoeba House at the Imperial Zoo. It was a simple setup, really: a large, metal bowl, no cracks for the Amoebae to escape through. The top of the bowl had piping attached through which steam was passed. As Amoebae shy away from heat, it worked well. I had it created at the emperor's order by the Imperial Engineers. It made one hell of a racket, but it kept them in... most of the time."

—Wenzel Immelman, Zoo Keeper

Verimakk

This letter was written in a hand, much different from the rest. It is possible that Azluhr purchased or found the letter, or perhaps stole it. Nonetheless, it did not seem to belong among his writings, but the tone and confused belief meshes well with Azluhr's deceptive "truths."

Dear Jorris,

I leave you this gift. In my final days, I found cause to use it twice and I know you will guard this secret well.

It is well known that a stake through the heart of a Vampire shall sunder it. A Werewolf fears silver. A Liche abhors fire. Spirits recoil from the memories of their fragmented past.

But one truth binds all the beasts that live on both sides of the world. One thing they all fear.

And this truth, I gift to you. Hold it close and do not squander it; for there is nothing more terrifying to the Undead than a single utterance of the word—Kriesten.

Do not say again. You will not need to. Hearing the word will cause the creatures of the night to stop in their tracks for a few moments, giving you a birth to escape. Run then, as fast as you can. And never look back, for the creatures of the night are not fond of tricks.

Remember. Do not abuse this gift. And do not say it more than once. Or they will come to find you.

Go in peace, my brother.

Verimakk

Barstool Philosopher

Every tavern has him, the barstool philosopher. Sitting there, drinking, expounding about everything he knows about and more that he doesn't. Telling tales that never happened, reciting epic poems with misplaced verses, and remembering events as happening more dramatically each time he's asked about them. The audience is an afterthought. He enjoys his own voice enough for the whole place.

You know him. He's the one who plunks his empty mug down in front of you, looks you over with a wizened eye, and says "I hear ya be askin' about . . ." whatever you've been asking about. He gives his empty mug a sorrowful look, and if you fill it for him, he'll gladly talk your ear off about the den of thieves or the foul agents of the Purple Hand or whatever else has got the town buzzing.

Every once in a while, though, one of these gasbags knows something worthwhile. Buried as it is under drunken mumblings and misremembered folktales, a kernel of truth might lay their waiting, an invaluable clue for the price of a shilling.

It was from such a man that I learned of Dragons, and I knew instinctively that I had never heard truer words spoken.

Behemoth

The Common View

"Kaptain Agog were a mad zogger. 'E got us a hulk-ship we called 'Da Peeker' and put togevver a crew jus' by promisin' gold and bustin' heads. We fought we was gonner get ter be pirates, wiv da peg-legs and eye-patches and all da parrots we could eat. But we wuz wrong. Agog had bigger fish ter fry, da biggest fish of 'em all: Behemuff, da great white whale. 'E were mad for it, 'e were. Never done find out why. 'E dragged us 'alfway 'cross da world lookin' fer dat whale. We wuz sick and 'ungry and we'd et almost all of da gobbos when we finally saw it off da starberr... starbo... over der. Had a ginormous, dirty horn stickin' out of its forred and teef like nuffin' you ever done saw. I nearly squit meself jus' ter look at it. But Agog jus' had dis mad grin on his mug. 'Get me a whale-stikka, a rope, and me best swimmin' pants', he said. We never done saw 'im again after dat. Mad zogger."

—Pusfudgit, Orc Mate

The Scholar's Eye

"We have sailed these seas since before Man looked upon the waves, but before even we took to the waters, there was the Behemoth and its kin. The sea monsters were the lords of all the world in those days, when land was but a dream of Asuryan's. They fought titanic battles on a scale we will never see again, churning entire oceans to foam as they tussled. Now, short-lived fools take pot shots at the Behemoth with harpoons for sport. Once, he was lord of all, and now he is your target practice?

"What will you do should you ever succeed in hunting this great beast? Eat him? There is a legend that if the flesh of the Behemoth is ever tasted by mortals, the world will end. I pray it does not come to pass."

—Nenyll, Sea Elf Captain

"Explosives. Lots."

—Rikkit'tik, Clan Eshin 'Scholar'

Bloodsedges

The Common View

"The Border Princes are a flat and rugged land. Our wagons had been riding for days without hint of a suitable place to settle when the wolf riders appeared. I knew there was no way we could outrun them. It seemed our only hope was a copse of trees and shrubs ahead, in the middle of the plain... but not to use as cover. I recognised them from my time in the Laurelorn, and directed the train to steer around them. The Goblins, seeing their chance, spread out and came straight through the copse of Bloodsedges at us. Only a single, riderless wolf made it out the other side alive."

—Ottaline, Outrider

"After the Bauer brothers did what they did to Berthilda Reitz, they were wanted men in these parts. They took to hiding in the forest, living like outlaws. One by one, the militiamen dragged them out of the forest and ended their lives on the Hanging Tree of Braundorf. They say that after tasting all that blood, the Hanging Tree developed a liking for it. When Frau Reitz went to gloat over the bodies of the Bauer brothers, that tree snatched her up off the ground with its branches and ate her. Had to burn it down, we did. Shame, too, it was an awful good tree for hangings."

—Adred Ostenwald, Burgher

The Scholar's Eye

"Athel Loren is not the only forest protected by spirits. In other, less ancient woods, that protection manifests as Bloodsedges. They are proof of the holiness of the wilds."

—Irmine Pahlke, Priestess of Rhya

Bog Octopi

The Common View

"It were a Bog Octopus, I tell you! There ain't no bogs anywhere near our village, but the bloody thing moved in anyway! Manaan knows where it came from! But when Gereon didn't come back from his fishing, we knew something was up. Lissa spotted it three days later. "Giant, squirmy fingers in the water!" she shouted. Old Sem figured it out. He told us about the thing his grandfather had seen near Kalkaat more'n a hundred years ago, and what it could do to a man. That's when we stopped fishing. There was nowt we could do, so we sent Tobias to the Baron: he'd surely sort it. He didn't. After a few rewards were posted with no reply, things were getting desperate. Anyone that tried to fish got eaten, we were running low on supplies, and the Baron wasn't getting his

taxes. So, the Baron eventually forced us into a solution: we all moved downstream some eight miles. Never troubled by it again. But if you're going upriver, friend, I tell you this: stay away from the water."

—Jochen Sigmarsson, Fisherman

"It must o' been a witch that did put it there! I was checking the Ludenhof Tunnel 'cause I'd caught wind o' thieves creepin' about in it. It were obvious the tunnel were bein' used, on account of its sides were all clean, an' the Ludenhof ain't never clean. Anyways, I heard splashin' down one o' the pipes—nummer 8 it were—so I pulls up me crossbow and sticks me 'ead in wiv me lantern. As Sigmar is me witness, it were the darndest thing! Big wobbly monster it were, all wriggly bits and mud. And it were huge! The chamber it were sittin' in could only be got ta by pipe nummer 8, and it were only two-foot wide. There ain't no way it coulda got in there! It must o' been witches I tells yer! They wanted one o' those tentacles up the Lord's privvie, if you catch me meaning. Witches 're sick like that."

—Wilmut Eckhardt, Sewerjack

"Chewy."

—Grumbarth, Ogre Bouncer and Food Expert

The Scholar's Eye

The origins of the Bog Octopus are shrouded in mystery. They occupy a unique ecological niche as the only freshwater specimen of their species. This has led to a variety of outlandish claims regarding the creature and its origins.

"The Bog Octopus has fascinated scholars for many centuries. Grimblinnder believed it was created by a now lost civilisation. In The First Great War, *he claimed to have found the following quotation carved into a fallen menhir in the Wasteland: "And the mighty eight-armed one was raised from the sea and made to guard our waste." This origin for the Bog Octopus is contradicted, though, by Liathalissen's epic treatise* Aethyric Dominion, Falling Stars, Geomantic Construction and other Remnants of the Old Ones. *Here, Liathalissen suggests that the Old Ones themselves were responsible, claiming that " Tepok waved his ſhandct and ſthe Bog Octopusct was made. It was charged with patrolling the ſunder passages/tunnelsct, as it had been ſgifted/designed withct a ſbody/shapect for the purpose." Whatever the truth of the matter, the Bog Octopus is an anomaly sure to confound scholars for many centuries to come."*

—Sigo Bentele, Magister of the Light Order

No matter their origin, we should be thankful that the Bog Octopus does not demonstrate any of the other common defence mechanisms of its species, such as ink-sacs or poison. However, they do have suckered tentacles and the same malleable body as other octopi, which allows them to squeeze through surprisingly small spaces. The only hard part of the Bog Octopus is its beak, which is similar in shape to that of a raven. Even though the beak would be capable of causing incredible damage, the Bog Octopus seems unwilling to bring anything living near its mouth, which is probably an innate defence mechanism. Because of this, Bog Octopi rarely eat live meat, preferring to ripen it on the riverbed before ingestion.

Chameleoleeches

The Common View

"I've seens the cameeleeches, or at least I thinks I 'ave. It were abouts a year ago, just after I'd 'ad me keel refitted. It were a pack o' wolves on the bank, rolling arounds like cats in catnip. 'Ad those leeches hanging off their fur, they dids, an' seemed 'appy abouts it too."

—Ludger Schams, Boatman

"Well, since yer bought me another pint, I suppose I can trust ya. Y'see, there's somethin' wrong goin' on at the castle, and they wanted me to be part o' it. When they find me, they'll get fer me, so there's little point in me not spillin' my guts—I'm just glad Theda ain't around to see this. Anyway, I've been working for 'is nibs for about three years. He's good that way, looks after the bereaved. Been like that ever since he lost his mother. I was preparing a new batch o' shoes when that toad Gullie comes over. Tells me that 'is nibs wants a talk. So, I finish up and get moving. But when I get to his room, there's no one there. Suddenly, thud, the door slams behind me, and I hear the click o' the lock. Well, I'm not best pleased, and just a little confused, so I starts bangin' on the door, shoutin' at Gullie. But it's no good. I was worried what 'is nibs would say if he caught me in 'is room. So, I decide to look around for another way out. But when I turn about I get the surprise o' me life. Across the room there's this... slug, but wiv teeth. It ain't too big, so I ain't worried, just a little shocked. It's movin' slowly towards me, so I pick up a chair to squash it if it gets too close. Then I hear the door click behind me. I almost died when I saw who was there. Theda, my dead wife... I just shook my head. I was stunned. She came forward and stroked my head like she used to when I got sad... I was so confused, but... so happy. Well, I'm not going into details, friend, but when I woke up I felt weak and drained. 'Is nibs is there, and so is Gullie. They asked me if I'd liked it. Liked it? I wanted to know where Theda was. All they could do was grin like loons. Told me that everything would be alright. That they 'ad figured a way to bring them all back again. Then... Oh, Sigmar's beard, they're here, I've not said nuffin', right? If they think I've blabbed, it's curtains for yer. They're willin' to do anyfin' for their stupid dreams."

—Reimer Schmidt, Ostler

"It's like heaven, mate, heaven.' sniffs Extracting the spit may be the current vogue in the dens, but it just doesn't compare to the real thing. sniffs I can get you one, I can, no problems. They ain't illegal, really. Not yet, anyway sniffs Whaddya think?"

—Dodgy Dierich, Street Peddler

"Stick t' the roof o' yer mouf."

—Grumbarth, Ogre Bouncer and Food Expert

The Scholar's Eye

The narcotic nature of the Chameleoleech is of great interest to scholars throughout the Old World. Medical uses have yet to be thoroughly explored due to the difficulties involved with keeping



live samples. To make matters more difficult, the humours of the Chameleoleech are very sensitive and decay quickly after extraction. With this in mind, the claims on the streets that Chameleoleech 'spit' has been successfully harvested and stored seem doubtful. Many peddlers claim to be selling it as an opiate—but who can be sure what they are truly selling?

The Naturalists of Altdorf University have begun to study the Chameleoleech, and some claim that they have found answers as to the nature of the hallucinogenic capabilities of the parasite.

"Of course, the Chameleoleech and its origins are a topic of much heated debate, but I feel it is a debate already won. Just between you and I, the pseudo-science of those blasted 'Colleges' makes me sick to the bone. Especially those Magisters of the Golden Order, with their claims of 'logical process' and 'principles of science' when they, truly, have a blind reliance on... on witchery! Should they reach a difficult question, they always retreat to that tired old phrase: 'But, it's the aethyr, isn't it!' Well, no, it isn't.

"The Chameleoleech is a natural creature, and there is no need to turn to 'magic' to find answers. If those Magisters bothered to study a real book, instead of those silly tomes of hocus-pocus that they are so fond of, they might understand that. Let me explain, since you seem more reasonable than they. First, the deliriant—or, to be technical, the anticholinergic—is a dissociative humour that blocks certain flows of the mind, resulting in delusions of an extreme nature. This is no more supernatural an event in origin than Deadly Nightshade or Mandrake's pharmaceutical qualities, both of which are powerful deliriants. As you may note, the two plants I mention are also poisonous if taken in large doses. The same, I'm afraid, applies to the Chameleoleech. Every time one is exposed, one poisons oneself. These poisonous humours build up in the body until eventually the victim dies. Indicators that this fate is immanent include sensitivity to light, dry flesh, dilated pupils, and blurred vision. Chameleoleeches truly are fascinating creatures, but to trivialise them with crack-pot theories without any scientific basis is, to me, a worse crime than using magic in the first place!"

—Professor Hans Pfaff,
Altdorf University Naturalist and Sigmarite

Of course, not everyone agrees with the professor's assessment. In particular, the Gold Order regards the Chameleoleech's hallucinogen to be Aethyric in nature. One Magister is so sure of this that he has been touring establishments of learning across the Empire to demonstrate his proofs. He is rarely well received. The Academic institutions are, at their heart, extremely conservative. Wizards are typically viewed by them as dangerous meddlers who take stupendous risks, not academics to be taken seriously.

"Yes, Gebhardt, bring me the jellied eels. Whenever I return to Altdorf, it's always the first dish I have; they remind me of my youth. Now, where were we? Oh, yes, those damned leeches! Several months ago I made the mistake of leading a seminar at the University about the Aethyric influence upon the fauna of the Empire. It was a powerful speech, if I do say so myself. I had expected a good response. A foolish fantasy, of course, but I was blinded by what I felt was the obvious nature of my conclusions. The beards weren't so easily convinced. I caused somewhat of a ruckus, and not a little offence. But, since you ask, I'll explain the nature of those leeches again: Blood is redolent with iron. Iron is metal. Chamon, *the Yellow Wind of Magic, is attracted to metal. So, leeches attract* Chamon *in significant quantities for their size, as they are often bloated with blood.*

"Now, before I continue, are you sure you understand that? Yes? Impressive! Vampires do indeed attract a great deal of Chamon. *It makes them static. It fuels their immortality. Your master is wise to put so much faith in you. You have a fast mind. Anyway, none of this is too controversial. It is all easily proved by anyone with the Sight. Now, here's the bit that isn't so widely accepted: I believe* Chamon *is not all about alchemy. I believe it is also about greed. High concentrations of* Chamon *can blind the susceptible with desire. This, perhaps, is why gold inflicts others with such greed. We are greedy for it due to the* Chamon *concentration in the metal. Now, assuming you've kept up, which it seems you have, let me conclude: Because leeches are suffuse with* Chamon, *it has mutated some of them permanently. Some of those changed, so called Chameleoleeches, can instinctually inflict visions of greed and base desires upon their prey. Thus, victims are blinded to the leeches' true intent of parasitic hemophagia. So, yes, they are creatures permanently changed by Aethyric forces—in this case,* Chamon—*and are not naturally occurring entities, unless you see the Winds of Chaos as natural. Ah, perfect timing! Here come my eels! I do so like my eels.'*

—Gustavus Guggenberger, Magister of the Gold Order

Doppelgangers

The Common View

"If you knew how many of the great and good are truly Doppelgangers in disguise you'd be horrified. The rot goes all the way to the top, take it from me."

—Adelind Kopp, Agitator

The Scholar's Eye

"Their parents said they were ordinary triplets, but I thought otherwise. They were a nest of Doppelgangers, and had to be burned. As the fire took them, the smoke twisted into unholy sigils, and I felt relief to be so vindicated. On later reflection I realised that, if I felt relief, it was because I had felt doubt. This is the strength of the Doppelganger, to spread doubt among even the most faithful. I resolved never to doubt again."

—Abelhelm Mueller, Witch Hunter

Doppelgangers take on the forms of others, then kill and eat those whose appearance they have stolen, replacing them completely. The brain is said to be their favourite morsel. Doppelgangers infiltrate positions they can use to further Chaotic agendas, and prefer to take the forms of the highest members of society.

Mermaids

The Common View

"In Kislev we call them Rusalki; they are often seen near Erengrad. They are the spirits of drowned women, come back like the Banshee for revenge on menfolk. These stupid Marienburgers put one on their coat of arms because they think her beautiful. Well, I tell you for nothing, that beauty lures many fine sailors to their death."

—Vasily Alexandrovich, Kislevite Sailor

"To drown would not hurt,
All they would find is my ale and my shirt.
But the Mermaid's away,
And the ocean does not want me today."

—Old Tom, Drunken Streetcorner Poet

The Scholar's Eye

"As with the Beastmen, they are a form of Mutant that has stabilised enough to breed true, although their numbers are kept low by the rarity of Mermen. They have a primitive, tribal society and utilise crude tools. They even appear to have a religion, worshipping a being called Triton who bears some resemblance to Stromfels, the god served by wreckers."

—Doktor Brauer, Nuln Scholar

Wreckers have been known to frequent areas of coastline haunted by Mermaids, so that they may loot the ships that those creatures cause to shatter on the rocks. This is dangerous work, and can only be attempted with ears filled by wax to block their siren song. The Mermaids never take anything from the bodies of their victims and seem to gain nothing but enjoyment from the havoc they cause.

Naiads

The Common View

"Well, I met t'prettiest gurl, and she liked swimmin' too! Let's see, what happened? I'd done all me chores, an' I didn't want any more, so I rushed down ter t'brook fer a swim 'cause it were ded sunny. She were sittin' on t'bank, swishin' her little feet in t'water. I introdoosed mesel' like me ma told us ter, all polite like, an' all t'gurl did were laugh! Well, I wasn't havin' that, so I pushed 'er in! After t'splooshin', she swums up t'us and says that me pushin' 'er was the sweetest fing anyun 'ad ever dun ter 'er. So, I jumps in and swims 'bout and splashes wiv 'er 'till t'sun went down, then I tells 'er I have t'go 'ome. She durn't look ter pleased, an says that I shud jus' stay. I tells 'er I can't, cuz me ma'll go spare iffin I durn't get back. Then she tells us that me ma durn't matter an'll be dead in a few years! I tells 'er that's horrid, an' storms off! That jus' isn't a nice fing ter say, is it? But she called after me, askin' iffin I would stay if me ma weren't about. I shouts back that she is, and that's that! Then I comes 'ome an' finds yer 'ere. Who are yer? Where's me ma? Me name? Jenna Taübl, why? What year is it, y'ask? I dunner, how wud I ken that?'

—Jenna Taübl, Stablegirl

Dragons

Eons before the first Dwarf or Elf walked this earth, there were Dragons; thousands and thousands of Dragons. The sky was filled with every manner of winged horror. And they didn't look as they do now. They were massive, so big they couldn't be comprehended. They fed on every living beast. There was nothing that could stop the Dragons. They were kings among kings. The greatest, it's told, was the size of 10,000 Trolls.

As the centuries waned, the Dragons turned on one another, vying for power within their own hierarchy. The wars were bloody at first, with the largest taking over quickly. Alliances formed among them, both big and small. But as the battles waged, food sources became scarce. Allies were enemies. Enemies became meals.

When but 1,000 Dragons remained, a small and underestimated wyrmling stumbled upon a ritual for turning the souls of sentient creatures into fuel for magic. More importantly, this wyrmling learned to harness and control the soul energy, storing it for even greater rituals.

This magic unbalanced the war. The Dragons scattered and the war came to an end. Fewer and fewer lizard kings remained and without predatory fear, the age of man was ushered in. Of the millions of Dragons that once filled the skies, less than 100 remain. But rumours persist that the wyrmling with the power to collect souls survived.

And the rumours say that it waits, silently, collecting souls, preparing for the time when it can unleash its greatest magic upon the world.

"Well, I've read that they lure men into the river to... further their species, eh? Let's hope they are real. Sounds like a whole lot of fun to me!"

—Wilhelm 'Winker' Wattstein, Student

"Aye, the Naiads is real, they is, daughters of Manann they are. Or at least that's what me mad da used to say when we was havin' fish. He said he met one on a big rock inner Reik. He said that if the Naiad 'ad 'ad 'er way, then he would never 'ave met me ma. Said she was dead pretty an' 'er name was Lori. But me da was mad, he was."

—Galthek Rogarsson, Blacksmith

"The thought of those Elveses inner water just makes me mad, especially after what that sorceress did. So, there I was, fishin' to add a little to me daily tally so that I could pay orf the Gaffer for me new extension when this Elf rises out of the water like a bloody empress, all drippin' wet and, if you pardon me for sayin' it, totally starkers except for that blue 'air of hers! Well, I didn't know where to put me eyes, bloody Elveses 'ave no shame! She looked at me like I was sum sorta animal, the way Torri looks at 'er dog before kickin' it. 'What are you doing?' she asks me in a funny voice, all watery and swooshin'. Well, I tells her that I'm catchin' extra fish to pay the Gaffer. 'Who is Gaffer?' Well, I tells her that the Gaffer got me house built and owns all this land, including the river. Well, she didn't like that one bit. Flew into a rage she did. Leaned down and grabbed me by the throat and... well... cast a spell or summat! Became this... thing! It weren't natural, that's for sure. All anger and froth, and it were drowning me! Well, I passed right owt. When I eventually comes to, I find me rod broken and me fish gone. Bloody thief! But it weren't 'till I got to the village that I realised her real crimes. There was a big crowd around the Gaffer's. And blood. Blood everywhere. On the walls. On the thatch. It were horrible. Just horrible. The Gaffer was out back, hanging from an 'ook in his mouf, strung up on 'is own tree. I hates Elveses! An I hates her especially! When I eventually finds her, I'll give her one for me' old Gaffer!"

—Branweed Hucklebucket, Elf-Hunter

The Scholar's Eye

The existence of Naiads is a matter of great debate. What cannot be contested is that many folk-tales are filled with various versions of pretty maidens in the water that lure men to their death. Some of these tales are more famous than others, but none more so than that of the Lorlay.

"I see the maiden sitting
Atop jagg'd mount, so fair.
Her white eyes are a-glist'ning,
As she combs her golden hair.
With gentle hands a-preening,
She sings songs as old as time.
They're powerful, appealing,
And so full of wondrous rhyme.

Hark, there, a boatman staring,
Enraptured by echoed ache,
Ignores cliffs without caring
That barge will share his fate.
The Reik too soon devours
Both boat and man this day,
Now we witness the power
Of my high-voic'ed Lorlay."

—Franz-Heinrich Holzer

What makes this piece unique is that the Lorlay is an actual place. A large igneous rock formation, the Lorlay stands in the flow of the Reik, some 40 miles downstream of Grissenwald. It splits the great river in two, and the flow on either side is very fast indeed. Although it would be possible to bridge here, one has never been built. The travel inn close by makes considerable business from the romantic legend of Lorlay, and has become a popular spot for affluent Altdolfers to spend their last nights before marriage.

The only proof that the Naiads may be something more than fiction comes from older Elven and Dwarven texts, such as these from the Light Order's Libraries in Altdorf.

"Securing reliable texts concerning Naiads is extremely difficult, but not impossible. For example, the Diaries of Inthelion has a possible reference: 'My heart was lanced through when I received the order, for it meant we were to be parted. My beautiful wife cannot leave her flowing home. Unlike Orialthanus, I cannot disobey. I will return, but will never know joy again.' For a more explicit, and vitriolic, description, Dwimmulsson's Personal Book of Grudges: May They All Be Boiled In Oil provides us with: 'Bloody Elves get their fingers into everything! Had to abandon the ships yesterday as they stopped floating. Bloody river spirits!' So, it does seem likely something like Naiads did, if not do, exist. Perhaps they are related to the more commonly seen Dryads of Bretonnia?"

—Sigo Bentele, Magister of the Light Order

The clarity of such extracts is rare and in direct contrast to the current attitudes of the scholars of the Elves and Dwarves, all of whom seem reluctant to openly discuss the matter. This alone suggests that there is something to be investigated.

Our Own Words

"I hear their mocking whispers. Where trees are nurtured and loved, I am not. The Asur turned from me. Well, now I turn from them! I will sing when they come, but this time I will sing a different song..."

—Lorili, Naiad of the Reik

"I am not jealous. But if you choose her over me, I will take your children. Come, come, surely you can see it is a poor match! She is so... fat! And you... well, you are mine!"

—Nihus, Naiad of the Blut

Patchwork Men

The Common View

"Look, I just liberate the souls—all right, dig up the corpses. I don't know or care to know what he does with them after, so long as I get paid."

—Axel, Grave Robber

The Scholar's Eye

"Back at the College they called me crazy. We'll see whether I'm crazy or not. They said it was too dangerous, and they spoke of the monster said to have demolished Castle Wittgenstein. Have you never wanted to do something dangerous, to risk tearing down the heavens for one look beyond the moons and stars and Morr's black veil? If you've ever been alive at all, you have.

"I'll show them. My methods are sound and follow the strictest principles of natural order. Frith! Fetch the electrical fluid!"

—Abrogast Breuburg, Necromancer

Promethean

The Common View

"Morrslieb touched the sun and everything went dark. Huge waves pummelled our ship. As soon as the eclipse was complete, a great jet of steam burst forth from the sea followed by jagged, toothy pillars. My crew thought we were going to be devoured by a Sea Dragon, but it was land, not a Dragon, that rose from the waves.

"We landed on that quivering island of dark rock and I led a small party inland. Picking our way over damp rocks and dying fish, we found the rotted carcass of a sunken Imperial ship. Inside was a hold filled with shining, Lustrian gold. When we ran back to the ship to get the rest of the men, I saw a terrible sight that will remain tattooed on my eyes long after I drink myself blind. A monstrous crab-creature bigger than a Kingship was devouring my crew; as I watched, it snapped the mast in one claw and crushed Strong Sven in the other. I won't tell you a lie, we ran like scared children.

"Now, if you want to hear tell of the temple we found on that island and how I escaped it, you'll need to refill this here mug. I can still see out of one eye, and I sees that it's empty."

—Thangbrand Olafsson, Norseman Sea Captain

The Scholar's Eye

"The Promethean was worshipped by a Cult of Mutants in Marienburg. Each of them had some aquatic mutation—fins, scales, lobster claws, tentacles. They believed their crab god was sending them orders through their dreams, telling them who to sacrifice to bring the unholy beast out of the sea. My men made short work of them, they really were a sorry bunch, and that was the last I ever heard of the Promethean. Just a bit of nonsense made up by some pathetic altered to make them feel special."

—Ruprecht Tore, Witch Hunter

Reik Eels

The Common View

"Aye, there's a few ways to catch yourself a Reik Eel. They're pretty hungry beasts, so will eat almost anything, although the best bait is probably plain old worms. That said, Tobias prefers loach, gudgeon, or bleak, and Smitty swears by fish entrails. Anyway, once you've got your bait, the easiest way to catch them is with a nightline. Attach a bunch of hooks and cast into the water with a big stone as a sink. Now peg the line to the bank and wait. If Ranald's tricked Manaan, you'll have a bunch of eels in no time. Of course, this isn't as likely to work as sniggling or bobbing, but it's easier on the arms, as the Reik Eel ain't small, and can easily pull a lesser man into the flow. For those with time, I'd suggest potting, as a few creels at the bottom of the river will soon yield results. You'll need an Ogre's strength to pull 'em up, though. Ha ha! You could also try spearing them, although if you don't have an eel-spear, I doubt you'll be too successful. I'm a sniggler myself."



—Jochen Sigmarsson, Fisherman

"Most dangerous fing in the waters, they are. Can grow to three-men long or more. But that'd feed a village that would, so we sends out our men to wrestle 'em to their boats. Poor ol' Autgar fell in last year, right in the net. Ripped to shreds before me' husbands eyes, he was. His wife never recovered."

—Gyszel Stoffler, Fishwife

The Scholar's Eye

The Reik Eel is not an aggressive creature, but its extreme size, often longer than 10 feet, elicits fear from the ignorant. The only recorded instances of Reik Eels initiating an attack was when they perceived threats to their young. However, as Reik Eel elver are a delicacy, this isn't as uncommon as it could be.

— Jellied Elvers —

Skin and bone the elvers. Sprinkle meat with lemon zest. Cut into 4 inch strips. Roll up each piece and tie with strong cotton. Cover in a pan with salted water and add lemon juice and bay leaves. Simmer for two hours. Cool quickly, allowing juices to set. Serve with mashed potato and liquor (sauce made of flour, chopped parsley and water). Flavour with vinegar and spices.

—Siculo Does the Empire, *Blasco Siculo*

Indeed, Jellied Eels, beside the humble pie, are the most common fare on the streets of Altdorf, further adding to the stink of the city.

"Altdorf teems and steams with eels. From one end to the other they smoke and bubble away, with manifold fragrant condiments at hand to add to their flavour. For only three pence any man can purchase six long strips with a cupful of thickened juices. Truly, this is a city blessed by Sigmar himself."

—A Prose on Imperial Halieutics, or "The Fish Tattle of Man," *Dietmar Badeni*

Spites

The Common View

"There's a reason they call them faerie stories, love. It's 'cause faeries don't exist."

—Sigrun Gwisdek, Peasant

"Spites? Oh, you mean sprites! Why, they're the most beautiful creatures in the whole world. I leave saucers of milk out for them every night so they don't play tricks on me, the little mischief-makers! They don't mean any harm by their pranks, though."

—Lady Garnsley, Imperial Noble



The Scholar's Eye

"Vicious sons of bitches they are. I once saw a swarm of pixies strip one of my men's flesh from his bones with their tiny teeth in two minutes flat. Don't go near 'em if you know what's good for you, least not if you value your flesh."

—Marshal Senf von Scharf, Imperial Army (Retired)

"I have heard it said that Spites are the spirits of dead Elves and Bretonnians, but this is arrant nonsense. In truth, Spites are a variant form of winged Snotling, brought about by Chaos mutation. If caught, they may be trained to perform minor errands. They taste delicious."

—Doktor Brauer, Nuln Scholar

Spites are a kind of nature-spirit that exists to protect forests. Their natural form is a glowing light, but they are capable of shapeshifting into other forms. There are as many different kinds of Spite as there are trees in the wood, each kind having different abilities and favoured shapes. Some appear as tiny Elves riding beetles or miniature, skeletal horses, others as beautiful winged humanoids or woodland animals with slightly unnatural features.

Our Own View

"You want to put me in a book? What, squished between the pages like a flower? Just try it, big man, I'll slit your jugular quick as blinking."

—Dixiebell Buttercup, Spite

Stirpikes

The Common View

"Sits yerself down. Have yerself a flinter. The Stirpike, ye say? Well, we don't call 'em that round here, we calls them the Direpicks, which is where ye northern-types gets yer name frum. Y'see, they looks like picks they do, with those sharp heads and sharper teeth that they have!"

—Holm Simmendinger, Wissenlander Farmer

"They suckles on the teats of the Ruinous Powers! They is the evil from below! They does waits for yer to enter the water, and like Daemons from the Deep, will rise to eats yer! Eat not of their flesh, lest thee become likes them: evil and forever banished from the Throne of Sigmar! I says there's no evil fish by the Throne of Sigmar!"

—'The Madman' Miedle, Street Preacher

The Scholar's Eye

The average length of the Stirpike is 10–14 feet, with females larger than the males. However, the upper limits of their size have been a subject of much debate, conjecture and misinformation.

"For the last 30 years, the standard reference books listed a 40-foot specimen captured in the Upper Reik near

Loningbruck in 2467 as the largest known example of the species. Some scholars, like myself, have questioned the credibility of this, noting it as much larger than any other accurately reported Stirpike, but it seems the claim will never be disproved, as the skeleton, conveniently, was stolen. I've been trying to trace similar-sized creatures for most of my life now, but local claims of enormity soon diminish when I bring out my measuring stick."

—Terenz Gaubatz, Imperial Zoologist Society Member

Many people believe that various parts of an immature Stirpike, or pickerel, can cure a variety of seemingly unrelated ailments, including backache, Green Pox, impotence and the common cold. This is not a universally held belief.

"Stuff and nonsense! I once heard of a fishwife that rubbed pickerel guts on her face to ease the pox. Have you ever heard such idiocy? If ever there were a reason to petition for universal schooling of the masses, this is it! Please, let us save our citizens from the indignity of rubbing guts in their face because of ignorance."

—Traugott Switzer, Priest of Verena, Carroburg

Tendrophilus Fungus

The Common View

"The what-ilus?"

—Sigrun Gwisdek, Peasant

The Scholar's Eye

"Our expedition was three days out from Praag, in Troll Country, when Bengt, who fancied himself something of a botanist, stopped to take a sample of some fungus of a kind he'd never seen before. It was bright blue and grew like long arms out of the rocks. He got sick soon after, coughing up phlegm with blue spots in it. During his worst coughing fit, he fell to the ground and started writhing about. I went to him and tried to hold him still, but I felt something moving under his skin. I flinched away in horror, and it was a good thing I did. The fungus burst from his guts and those long blue... things... rammed themselves straight down his throat and silenced his coughing forever.

"We buried him under a cairn of stones and grimly carried on. And what he looked like when we next saw him... that's a story no amount of your gold will get out of me."

—Willem Jansz, Explorer

Tree Kin

The Common View

"Maynard was a woodcutter foolish enough to cut the live wood on the edges of Loren Forest. One day, as he struck at such a tree, another tree swung its branch at him. Maynard ducked and struck back, hacking with his axe again and again till the tree moved no more.

"Maynard came back to the village and thought no more of it. That night, the forest came to us on gnarled and twisted legs. The trees gathered in the village square outside Maynard's house, and we knew what had to be done. We gave him to the trees and they dragged him into the centre of their group, away from our eyes. But we heard him scream.

"When his screams stopped the trees were still. They have not moved since. And that is why, in the middle of our village square, there is a thicket of trees no woodcutter will touch."

—Gervase, Bretonnian Rapscallion

The Scholar's Eye

"The average Bretonnian's lack of imaginative powers, as demonstrated by their unusually small skulls and awful food, is the obvious source of the Tree Kin legend. Realising that nobody believed the absurd stories of 'Treemen,' they simply shrank them down and changed their name. Even in their folklore they demonstrate their inferiority to Imperials."

—Ewald Emmerich, Altdorf Legalist

Like Fenbeasts, Tree Kin are dead plants brought to life. Unlike Fenbeasts, they do not require a Necromancer to create them; they are the vengeance of the forest given form. They are pure of purpose, existing only to kill those who harm the woods.

Triton

The Common View

"I never believed the stories of 'living ships' sailed by Dark Elves until I saw one with my own eyes. One of the winter storms of the Sea of Claws had thrown us off course, and we were not the only ones. A storm-tossed creature like a Dragon of the sea began approaching as soon as the waves calmed, towing a ship full of murderous Elves behind it as if it were a coach. Without wind, we sat and waited for our doom as the monstrosity swam towards us. Suddenly, an immense trident burst through the Dragon's hide from underneath and hauled it, and its crew, beneath the waves.

"Before that day I was not a religious man."

—Diederick Niemann, Sea Captain

The Scholar's Eye

"If the Gods of Chaos can have servants to do their work in the mortal realm, why not Manaan? Triton is the very picture of Manaan, and is clearly a manifestation of his akin to the Greater Daemons of Chaos. Now, my son, let me tell you of Saint Olovald..."

—Anders Pallenberg, Priest of Manaan (Heretical)

"Triton is probably the last of his race, one of a near-godlike host of beings who once fought monsters for control of the seas. At the dawn of time it was Triton's people who taught us everything we know of the oceans. That the Druchii have taken those teachings and twisted them for their own dark ends angers him above all else."

—Nenyll, Sea Elf

—Creature Statistics—

Amoebae

Amoebae are simple, single-celled creatures that resemble formless slime or jelly. They either creep slowly or, for speedier movement, extend pseudopods that can reach up to half their length. They feed on organic material, allowing metals and minerals to pass through them. They are inexorable and without mind, simply existing to move and absorb food, whether this be leaves, dead animals, fungus or sleeping adventurers. Amoebae are drawn to warmth, which they associate with sustenance, but shy away from extremes of temperature that can damage their cell membrane. They are otherwise without senses.

Although most Amoebae are very small, some can grow to extreme sizes. As a general rule, for each 2 feet of diameter, give an Amoeba 10% Strength and 1 Attack. Amoebae almost never grow larger than 8–10 feet across. The following stat block represents a large, 7-foot-diameter amoeba.

—Amoeba Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
29%	0%	34%	47%	22%	-	-	-
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
3	11	3	4	3	0	0	0

Skills: Silent Move +10%, Swim
Talents: None
Special Rules:

- *Aquatic:* Amoebae can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 6 in water.
- *Creeping:* Amoebae are relentless, but slow. They cannot take any run actions.
- *Engulf:* Assuming an Amoeba is of sufficient size, any successful attacks it makes, even if it causes no damage, will engulf a victim. Engulfed victims are smothered inside the body of the Amoeba and automatically lose 1 Wound at the beginning of each round as powerful enzymes begin digestion. Victims count as being grappled for the purposes of escaping. If the Amoeba is not of sufficient size to fully engulf a victim, it may still be large enough to immobilise a struck location. Fully engulfed victims cannot be attacked by the absorbing Amoeba, but it can still attack others if they are close enough. Any victim fully engulfed must pass a Willpower Test or gain 1 Insanity Point.
- *Fear of Heat and Cold:* Successful strikes from very hot or cold sources (such as lit torches or metal chilled in icy water) cause Amoebae to retreat.
- *Mindless:* Amoeba have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship scores and never make or fail tests based on these characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0 (01–00)
Weapons: Engulfing Pseudopods
Slaughter Margin: Easy-Hard

Behemoth

Larger than the largest three-point baleen, the white whale called the Behemoth is one of the kings of the sea. The Behemoth has a single horn projecting from its blunt snout like a narwhal. Its teeth, however, are unlike those of other whales: each is over six feet long and razor sharp. The Behemoth's hide is studded with scars and several broken harpoons are still embedded in its back. It doesn't seem to notice them.

The Behemoth attacks from below. The only warning most of its victims get is a flicker of movement in the water before its horn bursts through their ship and the Behemoth begins to feast.

—Behemoth Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
79%	0%	90%	68%	28%	33%	44%	1%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
3	45	9	6	10	0	0	0

Skills: Navigation, Perception, Swim +10%
Talents: Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Hideous Strength:* All of the Behemoth's attacks count as having the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Body 0
Slaughter Margin: Impossible

Bloodsedges

A Bloodsedge appears to the untrained eye to be ordinary plants. When a creature approaches, however, it bursts into motion, flailing with its branches until it grabs hold of the creature and drags it towards the Bloodsedge's trunk. The tree then holds its prey against its trunk, which secretes a sticky acid that dissolves the victim into fertiliser.

—Bloodsedge Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
33%	0%	33%	33%	58%	—	—	—
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	10	3	3	0	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Natural Weapons

Special Rules:

- *Ensnaring Branches:* A Bloodsedge's attack has the Snare Quality. Snared combatants suffer an automatic Damage 5 hit each round they are snared after the first. An ensnared victim may be cut free by causing 8 or more Wounds to the Bloodsedge in a single attack. Note that an ensnaring attack deals its usual damage when it hits.
- *Flammable:* When Bloodsedges are hit with a fire-based attack, any Wounds suffered are doubled. This is calculated after any deductions for Toughness Bonus or Armour Points.
- *Mindless:* Bloodsedges have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship scores and can never make or fail tests based on these characteristics.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Body 0 (01–00)
Weapons: Branches
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Bog Octopi

The terrible Bog Octopus has a strength borne from decades of pulling its massive, mud-coloured bulk through the sucking, sticky fens and quagmires of the Old World. It is a lonesome creature that usually only surfaces to attack isolated targets, although it does attack larger groups when driven desperate by hunger. Bog Octopi usually grow to about six to eight feet across at the body, with suckered tentacles that extend outwards for 20 to 30 feet or more.

—Bog Octopi Statistics—							
Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
35%	0%	74%	76%	54%	2%	56%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
8	24	7	7	3	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Swim +10%
Talents: Frightening, Intimidate, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron
Special Rules:

- *Aquatic:* Bog Octopi can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 6 in water.
- *Drowner:* If a Bog Octopus successfully grapples a victim, it tries to drown him. If the victim fails an Opposed Strength Test, he is dragged under any available water. See page 28 for the rules on drowning. The Octopus releases the victim if the grappling tentacle takes 1 Wound or more.
- *Fear of Fire:* Even though Bog Octopi have the Will of Iron Talent, they still make Fear Tests when confronted with fire. The GM may make a judgement call regarding the effects of any given fire relative to the size of the Bog Octopus. For instance, a guttering torch might be too small to cause Fear to a larger specimen, but might be enough to convince it to retreat.
- *Grappler:* Any successful grapple attempt does not render a Bog Octopus incapable of taking actions as normal, nor does it confer +20% Weapon Skill bonuses to other outside attackers. Further, the octopus need only spend a half action to maintain or cause damage to all grappled opponents, instead of a full action. However, a Bog Octopus does lose 1 Attack from its profile per grappled victim.
- *Speed of Attack:* As long as the Bog Octopus has at least 6 Attacks left, it has so many tentacles flailing about that it can attack twice with a standard attack action instead of the normal once.
- *Tentacles:* All hand-to-hand strikes against a Bog Octopus are considered to hit its tentacles unless the attacker uses a half action to make an Average Agility Test to reach the head/body. A Critical Effect of 1–4 on the tentacles results in the loss of 1 of the Bog Octopus's Attacks next round. A Critical Effect of 5+ cuts a tentacle off entirely, resulting in a permanent loss of 1 Attack. Tentacle Critical Effects cannot kill a Bog Octopus.



Armour: None
Armour Points: Head/Body 0 (01-20), Tentacles 0 (21-00)
Weapons: 8 Flailing Tentacles
Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

Chameleoleeches

The slug-like Chameleoleech subsists by attaching itself to another creature and sucking its blood. It hunts near rivers, preferring wet habitats for its moist skin. It typically grows to between one and three feet in length. After feeding, Chameleoleeches withdraw to digest their sanguinary meal, which can take several weeks. They can detect vibrations, heat, and light with sensory organs on their heads. They are aggressively predatory when not sated, and seek heat sources with implacable drive. Chameleoleeches

have glands near their heads that secrete a powerful hallucinogen. This hallucinogen only affects mammals: Lesser creatures happily roll about the area where the Chameleoleeches are hunting, while sentient creatures are plagued by hallucinations of their greatest desires. Many find these delusions addictive.

—Chameleoleech Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
28%	0%	21%	23%	28%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	6	2	2	3	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Mindless
Special Rules:

- *Allergic to Salt:* Rubbing salt onto a Chameleoleech causes it to retreat.
- *Analgesic:* Chameleoleech bites cause no pain, which allows it to attach to sleeping victims undetected. This effect wears off 10–TB rounds after the leech detaches.
- *Anticoagulant:* Once a Chameleoleech detaches, its victim loses 1 Wound of blood per round for 8–TB rounds or until a successful Routine (+10%) Heal Test is made. Any creature that suffers more rounds of blood loss than their maximum Wounds Characteristic dies.
- *Aquatic:* Chameleoleeches can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 6 in water.
- *Attach and Feed:* A Chameleoleech attaches itself to any unprotected location it bites, which causes every muscle in its body to harden. Once this happens, the only safe way to remove it is death, salt, or fire, but all attacks against the Chameleoleech are at +30%. A Chameleoleech extracts blood every round it is attached, inflicting 1 automatic Wound and the loss of 5% Strength. Victims reduced to 0 Wounds or 0% Strength pass out from blood loss. A Chameleoleech will only free itself when full, which happens on a roll of 9+ on a d10 after the first round of feeding, 8+ on the second round, and so on; it will then retreat to digest the meal. Any unconscious creature that suffers from more rounds of blood loss than their Toughness Bonus dies from blood loss. Strength loss is regained at 1% per hour. The leech can be pulled off with an Opposed Strength Test, but doing so inflicts a Damage 1 hit on the bitten location.
- *Fear of Fire:* Successful strikes from a fire source cause Chameleoleeches to retreat.
- *Hallucinogenic:* Mammals that breathe in a Chameleoleech's hallucinogens (those within 2 yards, more if the Chameleoleech is upwind) must pass an Easy (+20%) Willpower Test or succumb, effectively becoming helpless for 1 round. Each degree of success on the WP Test allows the victim to ignore the hallucinations for 1 extra round before the test must be retaken. Each degree of failure on the Will Power Test causes the victim to suffer the hallucinogens for 1 extra round before the test can be retried.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0 (01-20), Body 0 (21-00)
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Average

Giant Leeches

"Aye, they wuz made by those vampires back inner wars, weren't they? That's what me da used to say when we was havin' blood puddin'. They used 'em as starters before they gots to the mains. Aye, that'd be us: the mains. He reckoned, me da, that they jus' used to be big slugs or summat, before 'em bastard vampires got to 'em!"

—Galthek Rogarsson, Blacksmith

Giant Leeches are a common sight in the Old World. Some believe they are so widespread because, unlike smaller leeches, they can survive both in and out of water. They are also found underground, meaning that caves are not always the best place to shelter for the unwary. They come in a variety of sizes and range from black to bright crimson. Although smaller varieties of leech have broad ranging medicinal uses, larger ones are considered too dangerous to be directly applied to anything but an Ogre. They sometimes hang from wet trees, attaching themselves to any living tissue that brushes by. GMs that wish to use Giant Leeches should use the same statistics as Chameleoleeches. However, Giant Leeches do not have the Hallucinogenic special rule, and thus only have a Slaughter Margin of Easy.

Doppelgangers

In their natural shape, Doppelgangers look like walking anatomy diagrams: skinless humanoids with muscle and organs plainly visible. They are rarely seen in this shape except in death, however, as they may take the appearance of anyone they have seen, even down to clothes and armour. Not only that, they are able to ape the mannerisms and personality of their targets so well that even family would have difficulty telling them apart.

Doppelgangers are unable to breed. They can be created solely through magical means.

—Doppelganger Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
41%	33%	42%	33%	33%	29%	29%	10%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	14	4	3	4	0	0	0

(Note: A Doppelganger's Fellowship Characteristic changes to that of the person it appears to be. Its other Characteristics remain the same.)
Skills: A Doppelganger has all the Skills of the person it is impersonating; however, it tests on Advanced skills with half the usual level of success.
Talents: As per the victim. In its natural form, a Doppelganger

has the Frightening Talent.

Special Rules:

- *Shapeshift:* As a half action, a Doppelganger can take the form of any humanoid it has seen, as long as it does not need to significantly change size to do so. Doppelgangers are typically six feet tall.

Armour: Doppelgangers can reproduce their victim's armour only imperfectly. All armour a Doppelganger is wearing is worth two Armour Points less than it would usually be.

Armour Points: See above

Weapons: Hand Weapon (Sword)

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Mermaids

Mermaids have an upper body somewhere between Human and Elf, usually female, atop the tail of a fish. Their hands are claw-like. The upper body's appearance ranges from a savage attractiveness to a hideous and hag-like twisted mirror of humanity.

Mermaids live along rocky stretches of coast, where they use their enchanting songs to lure swimmers out to drown and sailors to wreck their ships on the rocks. Their song is often mistaken for that of Harpies, to whom they may be related.

—Mermaid Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
33%	25%	49%	33%	49%	19%	52%	31%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	12	4	3	2	0	0	0

Skills: Concealment, Navigation, Perception, Performer (Sing), Speak Language (Tribal), Swim +20%

Talents: Contortionist, Keen Senses, Natural Weapons, Scales (1)

Special Rules:

- *Aquatic:* Mermaids can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 8 in water.
- *Siren Song:* Those who hear a Mermaid's song must make a Challenging (–10%) Will Power Test or be transfixed and unable to take any action except moving towards the source of the song (and possibly drooling). Those who prepare in advance by filling their ears with wax reduce it to a Very Easy (+30%) Test; merely covering your ears with your hands makes it a Routine (+10%) Test. If the victim is attacked, he may test again.

Armour: Scales (1, tail only)

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

Weapons: Claws

Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Naiads

Naiads are beautiful and elusive nature spirits that inhabit some rivers of the Old World. Like Dryads (see *OWB*), they are natural shapeshifters, and can assume a terrible war-form. They usually appear as slender elfin women with pale, blue-tinged flesh. They have white or blue hair and eyes, and they always seem to be wet. Naiads prefer seclusion, and ferociously defend their territory from perceived threats. They are inscrutable creatures, with deep passions that are quick to rise without warning.

—Naiad Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
45%	29%	39%	36%	67%	58%	42%	61%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	15	3	3	5	0	0	0

Skills: Charm, Concealment +10%, Dodge Blow +10%, Heal +10%, Intimidate, Navigation +10%, Outdoor Survival, Perception +10%, Sail, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Silent Move (+10%), Speak Language (Eltharin, Reikspiel), Swim +20%

Talents: Ambidextrous, Amphibious, Natural Weapons, Will of Iron

Special Rules:

- *Aquatic:* Naiads can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 8 in water.
- *Of Shifting Aspect:* When in their War Form, Naiads fluctuate wildly, one moment appearing still, the next a frothing mass of turbulent rage. Each round, a Naiad may choose one of the following aspects (normally those that most closely represent the river where she dwells), but may never choose the same aspect twice in a row:
  - *Flood:* The Naiad's watery body swells and ripples,



appearing as if it may burst, providing a +10% bonus to her Strength and Toughness Characteristics.
  - *Meandering:* The Naiad staggers, appearing drunk, slumping left and right without pattern, making it very hard to predict her movements. Opponents take a –20% penalty on any attempts to Dodge or Parry the Naiad.
  - *Rapids:* White froth whips across the surface of the Naiad's form as she becomes a whirlpool of foaming activity, gaining +10 to her Agility and +1 to her Movement characteristics.
  - *Still:* The Naiad's watery flesh becomes becalmed and nearly featureless as she turns cold and dispassionate, conferring +20% to her Willpower Characteristic.
- *War Form:* The Naiad can form into a fearsome creature of living water, a personification of a river's malice. Doing so is a free action and confers the Frightening Talent and 2 Armour Points to all locations (which represents weapons passing through the watery Naiad, not actual armour).

Armour: None (see War Form Special Rules above)
Armour Points: Head 0(2), Arms 0(2), Body 0(2), Legs 0(2)
Weapons: Drowning
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Patchwork Men

Patchwork Men are the monstrous creations of Necromancy, stitched together from pieces of multiple corpses and then reanimated like a Zombie. Unlike Zombies, Patchwork Men possess a semblance of self due to the use of well-preserved brains in their creation. More often than not, this results in the creature going berserk and attacking his creator, but if the creature is controlled he can be turned into a kind of uber-zombie, capable of controlling other Undead in the Necromancer's absence.

—Patchwork Man Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
30%	12%	55%	55%	15%	10%	10%	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	24	5	5	4	0	0	0

Skills: Intimidate, Perception +10%
Talents: Frightening, Menacing, Natural Weapons, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Wrestling, Undead
Special Rules:
- *Command:* Patchwork Men do not require a Necromancer to control them, and can control Undead within 48 yards (24 squares) as a Necromancer.
- *Shambling:* Patchwork Men are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapon: Fists
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Promethean

The Promethean is an immense crab, 30 feet across. Its eyes wave around on stalks, searching for prey to grab with its claws and shove into its gaping maw. Its carapace, overgrown with seaweed, is strong as steel. Although there was once a Cult dedicated to worshipping the Promethean, it is not a Chaotic creature, merely a destructive one.

Certain scholars believe the Promethean lives on the sea floor, only rising to the surface to wreak havoc on boats or those close to shore when summoned magically. It is unknown whether the Promethean is the only member of its species, or whether there are several such creatures conflated together by sailor's stories.

—Promethean Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
59%	0%	60%	68%	14%	10%	44%	1%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	34	6	6	4	0	0	0

Skills: Navigation, Perception, Swim +10%
Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow, Unstoppable Blows
Special Rules:
- *Aquatic:* Promethean can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 8 in water.
- *Crushing Claws:* Promethean's natural weapons are so strong that they count as having the Armour Piercing and Impact Qualities.

Armour: Tough Carapace
Armour Points: Eyestalks (Head) 2, Claws 5, Body 5, Legs 3
Weapons: Claws
Slaughter Margin: Very Hard

Reik Eels

The Reik Eel is unique to the river Reik and its many tributaries. It commonly grows up to 12–15 feet in length, and has spines down the length of its green-grey back.

—Reik Eel Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
31%	0%	34%	38%	62%	6%	43%	0%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	13	3	3	1	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +10%, Swim +10%
Talents: Natural Weapons
Special Rules:
- *Aquatic:* Reik Eels can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 6 in water.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0 (01–20), Body 0 (21–80), Tail 0 (81–00, Critical Hits as legs)
Weapons: Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Average

Spites

If treated well, Spites can be friendly, if mischievous. However, they are just as likely to be murderous and, well, spiteful, if the mood takes them. They are the essence of capriciousness. Only Elves and Wizards have any real hope of dealing with them, and even then the history of the Wood Elves is filled with instances in which Spites have turned on them or abandoned them in times of need.

Shortly after death, Spites dissolve. This has made it difficult for Old World scholars to study them, and they are considered a myth by most.

This is the profile for a typical Spite. They prefer to appear as winged figures or wooden people covered in thorns. Sometimes they appear to be riding animals or constructs, but these are just part of the Spites' shapeshifting ability. The stats given include any mount they may appear to have.

—Spite Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
48%	72%	19%	10%	66%	23%	35%	41%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
1	6	1	1	2(8)	0	0	0

Skills: Blather, Common Knowledge (Elves), Concealment +20%, Dodge Blow, Magical Sense, Performer (Musician, Singer), Outdoor Survival +20%, Perception +20%, Ride, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Shadowing, Silent Move, Speak Language (Eltharin, Malla-room-ba-larin)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Contortionist, Flee!, Hoverer, Keen Senses, Mimic, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover
Special Rules:
- *Magical:* All Spite attacks count as magical.
- *Poisoned Attacks:* Targets injured by a Spite's attack must make a Challenging (–10%) Toughness Test or take 2 additional Wounds. Note that this test must be made for each attack that deals damage.
- *Shapeshift:* As a half action, a Spite can take any form it wishes as long as it does not significantly change size. Normal size for a Spite is six to 12 inches.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0
Weapons: Tiny Blades (SB–1)
Slaughter Margin: Easy

Subtypes

All subtypes have the same stats and special abilities described above, except where noted.

- Mischiefs: Mischiefs, also known as Marshlights, often appear as balls of light or as glowing miniature Elves with ragged wings. They fly in patterns that stultify viewers; this is a half action with the same effect as the *Bewilder* spell (see *WFRP*, page 158). When feeling mischievous, they use this ability to lure travellers into bogs or off the edges of cliffs.
- Shrikes: Shrikes appear as red-capped creatures or miniature knights and either ride insects or black birds, or flit about on razor-sharp wings. The fastest and deadliest of the Spites, they form a kind of warrior class. They target their enemies' weak points expertly, aiming for the eyes and veins. Shrikes have the Strike Mighty Blow and Strike to Injure talents, a Flying Movement of 18 and a WS of 66%.
- Terrors: Terrors are cruel-hearted Spites who delight in taking on frightening forms and scaring travellers. They find it especially amusing to frighten people to death. Terrors have the Unsettling talent and may put on a terrifying display as a full action. Those seeing this must immediately take a Terror test.

Stirpikes

Although the mottled, grey-green Stirpike has almost been wiped out in Stirland, it is still found in some lakes and rivers elsewhere in the Empire. It is one of the largest freshwater predators in the Old World, capable of reaching lengths of some 20 feet and weighing in at over 4,000 pounds. It eats anything foolish enough to cross its path, but its primary diet is a mixture of fish, eels, and leeches. Immature Stirpikes, called pickerels, are believed to have various medicinal qualities, and are much sought after.

—Stirpike Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**Ag**	**Int**	**WP**	**Fel**
55%	0%	53%	52%	38%	9%	51%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	**W**	**SB**	**TB**	**M**	**Mag**	**IP**	**FP**
2	18	5	5	1	0	0	0

Skills: Perception +20%, Swim +20%
Talents: Keen Senses, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Strike to Injure, Strike Mighty Blow, Will of Iron
Special Rules:
- *Aquatic:* Stirpikes can breathe underwater. They also have a Movement of 8 in water.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Fins 0 (Arms), Body 0, Tail 0 (Legs)
Weapons: Very Sharp Teeth
Slaughter Margin: Hard

Tendrophilus Fungus

The Tendrophilus Fungus grows exclusively in the Chaos Wastes; only a place so unnatural could support such a creation. Growing between cracks in rocks, the visible part of the fungus are long, blue flagella covered in fine hair that wave back and forth as if in a breeze, no matter how still the air.

These flagella launch spores whenever touched that are small enough to be inhaled by anyone in contact with them. Those unfortunate enough to incubate the spores act as hosts; when they reach maturity the tentacle-like flagella burst from the torso of their victims and ram themselves down their throats, choking the host to death.

The worst part is that the fungus is capable of spreading through the host's corpse and re-animating it as a kind of Zombie, which it then uses to travel further abroad to release more spores, preferably somewhere crowded.

—Fungus Zombie Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
25%	0%	35%	35%	10%	—	—	—

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	12	3	3	4	0	0	0

Skills: None
Talents: Frightening, Natural Weapons, Undead
Special Rules:

- *Mindless:* Fungus Zombies are animated corpses with no mind or spirit of their own. They have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship, and can never make or fail Tests based on these Characteristics.
- *Shambling:* Fungus Zombies are relentless but slow. They cannot take the run action.
- *Spores:* Anyone who comes into contact with Tendrophilus Fungus (such as entering hand-to-hand with a Fungus Zombie) runs a risk of inhaling its spores and becoming a host. Alternatively, once in its life span when the fungus senses a dense collection of living creatures around it that might act as hosts, it will release all of its spores in a single burst, dying immediately but causing anyone within 50 yards to be subject to the spores as if they had touched the Tendrophilus Fungus. In either instance, anyone exposed to the spores must make an Average Toughness Test. If they fail, within a week they will develop a wracking cough and suffer sharp abdominal pains as the fungus spreads throughout their body. At the end of the week, the fungus will burst forth and kill them unless a Fate Point is spent. There is no known cure, although finding one would be a worthy quest.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 1, Legs 0
Weapons: Flagella
Slaughter Margin: Routine

Tree Kin

The forest spirits of Athel Loren may take up permanent residence inside trees to become the wise and powerful creatures called Treemen, or they may temporarily animate the dead husks of trees for short-term, often violent ends. When still, Tree Kin appear to be normal, dead, eight-foot tall trees, but when animated they become grotesque parodies of Men, with corpse-like faces in their bark and branches jutting from their bodies at improbable angles.

—Tree Kin Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
50%	23%	50%	55%	43%	66%	65%	18%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
2	24	5	5	5	0	0	0

Skills: Common Knowledge (Elves), Concealment +20%, Follow Trail +20%, Intimidate, Magical Sense, Navigation, Outdoor Survival +20%, Perception +20%, Search, Secret Language (Ranger Tongue), Speak Language (Malla-room-ba-larin)
Talents: Ambidextrous, Frightening, Natural Weapons, Night Vision, Rover, Undead
Special Rules:

- *Flammable:* When Tree Kin are hit with a fire-based attack, any Wounds suffered are doubled. This is calculated after any deductions for Toughness Bonus or Armour Points.
- *Thick Bark:* The tough bark of Tree Kin's skin grants them 2 Armour Points on all locations.

Armour: None
Armour Points: Head 2, Arms 2, Body 2, Legs 2
Weapons: Branches
Slaughter Margin: Challenging

Triton

Triton is a bearded giant with the bottom half of a fish. He carries a trident and wears a pointed crown; where these items came from is unknown. Triton is rarely seen, but the few extant sightings of him range all over the seas of the world. It is believed that he can control the weather and also several of the monsters of the deeps. His hatred for the Dark Elves is legendary, though he is rumoured to have attacked the ships of other races as well. His trident is so large that he can skewer an entire small ship with it, a favoured tactic that cannot fail to terrify his foes.

—Triton Statistics—

Main Profile

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
63%	45%	79%	69%	53%	29%	44%	34%

Secondary Profile

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
5	56	7	6 (8)	10	0	0	0

Skills: Charm Animal, Common Knowledge (Elves, The Seas), Intimidate, Navigation +20%, Perception, Speak Language (Eltharin), Swim +20%
Talents: Daemonic Aura, Orientation, Scales (2), Strike Mighty Blow, Terrifying, Unstoppable Blows, Will of Iron
Armour: Scales (2, lower half only)
Armour Points: Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Tail 2 (Legs)
Weapons: Trident (Great Weapon)
Slaughter Margin: Impossible

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