

A WARPSTONE PUBLICATION

LEGION

issue four – November 2003

HELLO

With issue 20 finally out of the door, we thought it appropriate to do another issue of Legion. Just to way thanks to our readers for their patience. Unfortunately, as is the way, it wasn't possible to get Legion copied in time for issue 20's release. Anyhow, in this issue you will find a copy of Hogshead Publishing final press release announcing their demise, an article reprinted from Warpstone issue one (which shows how much things have improved) and finally, Meeting the Best of the Worst. This is an excellent WFRP companion piece to Game's Workshop's Champions of Chaos, as reviewed in Legion issue xx. Even you haven't got a copy of that, there is still plenty there to give you ideas on using powerful Chaos characters.

GAME OVER

Press release, London, 2002-11-26

As of 30th November 2002, Hogshead Publishing Ltd is leaving the adventure-gaming industry.

Please note that the company is not going bankrupt. It is refreshingly solvent. However we are bored, creatively frustrated, and increasingly despondent about the future of the specialist games industry. After our successes in 2002, particularly the mould-breaking and critically acclaimed games *Nobilis* and *De Profundis*, we think we've gone as far as we can and this seems a suitable high-point on which to call it a day.

Nobilis has moved to *Guardians of Order*, and will be available from them with immediate effect. The English-language licence for WFRP has handed back to Games Workshop. SLA Industries is back under the control of Nightfall Games. Warpstone magazine will continue publication under its own imprint.

All the future products Hogshead has announced are cancelled. The only exceptions to this are the *Nobilis* line, which will now appear from *Guardians of Order*, and the full-length WFRP adventure 'Fear the Worst' by Michael Mearls, which we are making available as a free PDF download from our website, as a farewell-and-thank-you present to all our players and fans.

The majority of Hogshead's existing stock has been sold to our favourite distributors, and the rest has been destroyed.

Thanks to everyone who has worked for Hogshead in the last eight years, whether full-time, part-time, freelance or voluntarily. All your efforts are appreciated more than words can say.

Our gratitude and our apologies go to all the fans of our games.

If you have any outstanding accounts with Hogshead, whether for money we owe you or invoices you owe us, please settle them as soon as possible. Now we don't have to maintain good relations with our distributors any more, we have no reason not to set the bill-collectors on you. You know who you are.

That's it. It's been fun. Nothing more to see. We now return you to your regularly scheduled status quo.

ORDER OF THE DARK CITY BY JOHN FOODY

This article (originally published in issue one of Warpstone) briefly and loosely describes an order of knights, individuals of which can be used in any campaign. I have kept the details sparse providing information known only to the Orders members.

Kaspen Dennis stood up to address his fellow knights, his face warmed by the huge fire which burnt at the centre of the ring of his thirty three brethren.

"I welcome you all to the tenth gathering of the Order of the Dark City and especially those that join us for the first time. I hope that some of us have found some clues that will lead us to the end of our quest."

This article describes an Order of knights who travel the Old World in a quest for a goal which none of them know for certain is truly obtainable. To all intents and purposes they are grail knights searching for something physical but which is also a spiritual quest for personal attainment.

The Order of the Dark City is a collection of, at present, thirty-nine knights who have dedicated their lives to searching for a lost set of ruins known only as the Dark City. The Order was founded twenty years ago by Kaspen Dennis, two years after a reunion with his old friend Cotel Kapper when they discovered they had both received the same dream.

"The first of our new brethren is Helene von Wittenstein and she will tell of her dream, for a further clue may be contained there in."

In the dream the dreamer stands on a ledge at the side of a vast cavern which stretches into the distant darkness. Along the cavern floor lie the ruins of a thousand buildings covered in a layer of black soot, statues lie broken in plazas and what may once have been gardens. In the streets lie the mummified bodies of men, women and children and something else humanoid but unfamiliar all caught in the throes of an early death. Each is curled into a foetal position as if trying to protect themselves in some pre-natal memory from the horror that overtook them.

Staring out into this destruction the dreamer senses a change in the dead silence, a distant rumble carried on a wind which grows slowly stronger stirring the dark soot

Editors: *The usual suspects.*

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into the air, cracks appear in the roof of the cavern and momentarily the watcher believes they can see the city as it truly stood, but only long enough to grasp the magnificence and the power that once resided there.

Rocks begin to fall further aggravating the dust, now dancing in the daylight shining through the cracks in the ceiling. For a second the collapse stops, silence reigns and in the rubble the dreamer is sure he can see shadows moving, coming closer. The dreamer is suddenly forced to cover their ears as a single crack rips open the roof echoing throughout the cavern. The rest of the ceiling falls to the ground in one huge piece and as it falls, a city is seen on top of the rock. A moment later this is recognisable as Altdorf (others have seen Middenheim, Nuln and Talabheim) before it shatters on impact, glass and stone fragments cut painfully into the dreamer's skin and blood begins to flow down their face.

As the dust clears no sign remains of the city but at the centre of its impact can be seen the bloodied figures of a dwarf and a wolf. The shadows seen before now start to show themselves, evil, hooded figures poisoned blades held out before them. They clamber silently over the stones in three lines forming a triangle around the two figures, who know the fight can only have one ending. The dreamer awakes and one thing remains certain, the evil creatures have come home and everything is at an end.

The last of the game was eaten and the bones blackened in the fire. Passing his hip flask to Cotel, Kaspén bought the meeting back to order. "Let us now speak of new signs and progress."

Denris and Kapper both came to the conclusion that they had been chosen to find the Dark City and protect it against the 'hooded evil.' They set out together and searched through the libraries and universities for any references to their dream but could find none even amongst the obscurest volumes and most eccentric scholars.

In an inn outside Altdorf they dejectedly came to the conclusion they had wasted the last two years in a fruitless search and agreed to go their own ways come tomorrow. As their horses blew clouds in the morning chill they shook hands and promised to meet again when the words 'I too have seen the dark city and the corpse of the Empire upon it.' gave them the hope they have not since lost.

The speaker was Jiza Stries a notorious and feared slaver on the Tilean coast working out of Sartosa. Stories and songs of her had long circulated around the Old World used by travellers as currency for a night's bed and bowl of soup. She had received the dream of the Dark City five times over three years and had handed her three ships over to her second (who she expected to have to fight on her return) and headed to her homeland of the Empire.

They spent the day talking and it was here the Order was born although Jiza refused to join (she has only attended the second gathering). They also agreed on the rules of the order;

- There is no hierarchy. All members are equal although Kaspén Denris is seen by most as the spiritual leader.
- Anyone who has had the dream and is committed to

the search for the Dark City can join.

- A meeting is to be held every two years (17th Vorgeheim) to discuss developments although it is not compulsory to attend. It is held in a forest clearing outside Altdorf.

Dopar Joseph stood and began to speak, 'I have sad news to speak. Our brother Gergor Tours was killed two moons ago in the forest outside Bofenhagen. The Road warden I spoke to said they had no idea who the killers were but he suspected beastmen or mutants as nothing had been stolen and there were signs of torture.'

The order's members are all warriors that have had years of experience in fighting chaos, and they include ex-witch hunters and Templars in their ranks (Jiza Stries seems to be the odd one out). All have a primary loyalty to the Order and a sense of fanaticism that tends to make others uncomfortable. Each member is on their third career at least and most are over forty years of age. They have a wide range of contacts and a few enemies around the Empire.

Members of the Order travel around talking to remote scholars, listening to local tales and generally trying to discover any clue to the city. They are not adverse to travelling with others if they are going in the same direction and will happily join a party on a quest if there is a chance of finding a source of undiscovered information.

Kaspén Denris stood to close the meeting, saddened that once more no real lead had been found. The sun had begun to rise over the trees and the fire was low when the stranger stepped from the tree line and strode forward ignoring the mass drawing of swords. He stopped a foot from the nearest blade and pulled back his hood, to reveal a handsome elven face.

"My name is Sard and I have come to speak. I knew your brother Kaspén Denris and I know he spoke of me before his death."

The others turned to Kaspén and then most sheathed their weapons.

"Speak then Sard."

"Two fragments of information is all I have for you and I leave it up to you what you make of them. These are garnered from my last journey into Skavenblight." Looking into their faces he could tell that even among these travelled men and women there was a mixture of disbelief and fear at the accursed name. "The Thirteen lords of Decay have a secret body of knowledge that is hidden from all, even their Grey Seers, but among them is talk of a place they call Sp'ss'darg. There is no direct translation for this but it means Sp'scar's Home, Sp'scar's Median and Sp'scars Stone. Sp'scars is a forbidden word outside the priesthood and they speak of it with a reverence close to that of the Horned Rat. It is possible your city and Sp'ss'darg are one and the same"

The Order was stunned, this was important news but there was more to come.

"There is one other thing. Your Order's name has been mentioned among the Grey Seers who have sent members of Clan Eshin to search for you. My information is that they have already killed one of your number and I can tell you from experience, he won't be the last."

MEETING THE BEST OF THE WORST

Using the *Champions of Chaos* book in WFRP by Steven M. Gerke

"I can still see him as clearly as I see you. The mind won't let ya' forget something like that. It can't. He had marched right up to our fire. 'May I join you?', this figure suddenly asks. We hadn't heard a sound until he spoke! And since everyone was too terrified to face that hellish flail, he took the silence for a yes and his enormous bulk hunkered down. 'I have a tale to tell, if you'll listen.' And with that, the inhuman voice continued talking."

Games Workshop's 1998 Warhammer Armies book, *Champions of Chaos*, was an expansion for their *Realm of Chaos* boxed set. Although somewhat dated and originally created for WFB, this 48-page "companion volume" is a great source of personalities for the Old World's deadliest foe, the forces of the lost and the damned. With minor adjustment by using the conversion chart on page of the WFRP Rulebook, these megafiends can be transferred to a WFRP campaign and immediately begin terrorizing it. This transition is worthwhile because the unique NPC's from *Champions of Chaos* are both interesting and well-suited to the Warhammer world, albeit partly because they're good at destroying large sections of it. However, even if you never open this book, you'll recognize the archetypes that these guys and gal were based on. And do not worry about stats or equipment descriptions, since any party looking for a direct fight will be burning fate points *real* quick. These are monsters that mandate brains, not brawn. Luckily for WFRP games, in addition to wanton destruction and mayhem, there are five practical uses for ultra-strong antagonists like these. In order of lethality, here is how these or any other silly-powerful personas could be utilized:

1) STORIES: Doubtless many tales, true and otherwise, have been told about these creatures. Any minstrel, bard, jester, or gypsy worth their salt should be able to recite a captivating narrative around them. Using a fictional device such as this is an effective way to impart background information while also embellishing the setting. Furthermore, providing in-game entertainment for characters provides in-house entertainment for players. Separating fact from fiction may be difficult, but the theme (these things are b-a-d) should still be obvious. Adding to the atmosphere is easy by sharing info on such infamous folk, since the morals are very WFRPish; i.e. quick power always has a powerful price. It is the lucky group that never gets to see the truth behind the fiction.

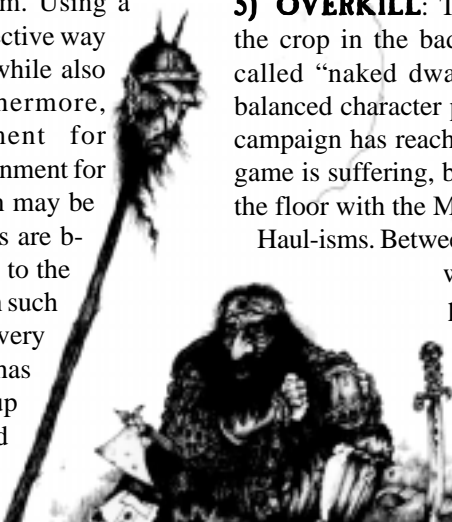
2) RUMORS: Legendary beings do

legendary things, and will certainly end up "in the news" during tavern talk or official proclamation. The majority of announcements will undoubtedly contain ill tidings. Local gossip should sound much worse, as it is nightmarishly descriptive yet also unhindered by Imperial censorship. Players will want to pay close attention so they learn, where to go (in the opposite direction if they're smart), and what is happening (Chaos is slowly but surely taking over piece by piece, soul by soul). The rumour mill and administrative declarations are definite starting spots for adventurers, whether players want them or not.

3) MOTIVATION: Everyone has reasons for doing things and reasons for not doing things. Want your players to go somewhere? Have a Champion chase people in that direction. Want your players to stay away from part of the castle that you haven't finished creating? Have a Champion hanging around. Tired of a character bugging an NPC for favours? "Retire" the NPC by having them try to stop a Champion and get squashed silly in the process. Endangered family and friends are other obvious inducements. Certainly these things kill so many from all races and places that their very existence will make PC's uncomfortable somehow.

4) IDEAS: Maybe you need the perfect, ominous-sounding name. Or just the right wicked weapon. Or you're looking for a crazy mutation that isn't found on a table. Pick your poison and choose the bits and pieces which would work for your campaign. Mix and match if you'd like. Edit a baddie down a bit or hey, transform it into something even sicker. After all, this is Chaos! Its supposed to be constantly changing and completely unpredictable. The point is to make this or any other published material work for you.

5) OVERKILL: These Champions are the cream of the crop in the bad guy section. They easily fix so-called "naked dwarf syndrome" or any other over-balanced character players managed to sneak by. If the campaign has reached the point where the spirit of the game is suffering, bring out this heavy artillery to mop the floor with the Min-Maxers and clean up any Monty Haul-isms. Between awesome ability scores, ridiculous weapons, and amazing special powers (oh, and troops too; did I forget to mention they can have lots of followers?) PC's fighting any of these Champions won't stand a snowball's chance in Lustria during Sommerzeit. But of course,





this eventual negative outcome is the underlying point of the game...

WHAT ELSE THE BEST OF THE WORST CAN DO

Grim and perilous philosophy aside, there are possibilities for things to get more personable between Champions and your players. What is required from the GM is a slight change in the expectations/participation of Chaos. Instead of the typical see-fight-die that seems to happen whenever players meet up with our mutated friends, conversation, negotiation, and even co-operation are required. After all, these are unique beings and should be handled differently than your average monster; how often do you get to roleplay an almost unbeatable bad guy? What is required from the PC's, meanwhile, is a lick of common sense to realize the futility of fighting, which therefore forces players to think (gasp!) of alternatives. Here, in rough ranking from hardcore to Super Hardcore to the guy with "BMF" on his wallet, are the "dread servants" with ideas for each individual:

Khazrak The One-Eye: huge-horned Beastman chieftain who expertly raises Chaos Hounds and uses *Scourge*, a 10' barbed lash to ambush farmsteads and coaches. The price on him attracts (foolish) bounty hunters

As Beastlord of the Drakwald Forest, it is easy to have a party in the Middenheim area encounter one of his roving bands. Perhaps, (foolishly) motivated by the 10,000 crown reward placed on his head by Boris Toddbringer, they (foolishly) seek out Khazrak directly. The fools. Or maybe one of them knew the late Johann Gensher, Knight of the White Wolf who was soundly thrashed by Khazrak, and now wants to avenge the late knight. Either way, the beastmen have home field advantage and will be sure to set up surprises for the (foolish) intruders.

Gorthor The Cruel: Beastman shaman-Warlord with a vision of eradicating humanity to appease the Dark Gods. Used charisma and *Impaler*, 9' hooked spear to unite bands into a horde. Stopped by tactics of late Mikael Ludenhof.

Although killed in the battle of Hochland, this Beastlord can be reanimated to fight again. Another beastman might take his name or, after finding Gorthor's magic cloak and *Skull of Mugrar*, slowly become him entirely. Finally, the book's account of the Hochland battle, "Ravages of Gorthor," provides an excellent excuse for time travel back to the fight as well as a great



opportunity to use WFB. Will the adventurers survive the mass combat and if they do, can they escape to their own time? When they figure out how to return, will the world be as they remembered, or has it changed because of their actions? Will they have to set events right? You betcha.

Egrimm Van Hortsmann, Master of the Cabal: former Grand Master of the *Order of Light* who went to the dark side, creating a secret society with acolytes everywhere after freeing the yuckiest dragon ever to fly the Warhammer skies.

Since numerous Tzeentch cults are controlled by Hortsmann, adventurers should come to learn of this big fish. The fact that there is one corporeal entity pulling so many strings is bound to affect the players eventually, if only by accident. Going by an old adage, they will likely try to cut off the serpent's head without getting bit. Certainly there are enough covens running around to make this a worthwhile goal. But its safe to say that heroes tracking him down aren't expecting to also face Baudros, the Chaos Dragon. A more blatant way to include Hortsmann is to have the party spot a distant object in the sky - which is gradually growing closer. Sharp-eyed characters will notice that it is a two-headed dragon. Being ridden by someone who looks nasty. Smart parties will immediately scurry for cover, but did they make it in time? And how visible are metal armour and shields when light reflects off them?

Valnir The Reaper: Nurgle's personal giant-sized, regenerating hitman who collects spirits for his boss until he can rest. Seeping with maggots, the more he slays, the stronger he becomes. *Hates* the living for keeping a soul. A nice way to motivate/move/punish PCs is to set this terminator-like bad boy on them. Maybe they peeve off the wrong sorcerer, get a magic item they shouldn't, or simply have a case of bad luck. In any event, Valnir is on their trail, always just a few short steps behind and always leaving death and destruction in his wake. Players will have to think fast if they want to stop the bloodshed and save their skins in the process. Hopefully from legends or their own creativity they can find a way to "stop" an unstoppable force. But if the tales are wrong or there's a slow day in the imagination department, consider having Valnir restrained through the intercession of someone (preferably an unlikely source) whom the party will owe, of course, a favor. The situation becomes more complicated if the PC's need to free a spirit from Valnir's massive flail, the *Gatherer of Souls*.





How, or if, this is possible is up to the GM, but one thing is certain: destroying the almost artifact flail will be easy compared to getting it.

Count Mordrek The Damned: knight cursed to forever live without a solid form while living forever. On the positive, often engages strangers in discussion or, failing that, uses *Sword Of Change* to turn the unsocial into Chaos Spawns.

As Mordek's narrative to a dying Reiksguard Knight in the *Champions* book suggests, here is a guy not unwilling to hold a conversation. Those who happen upon the Count might be sought for brief companionship. Provided he is not attacked or abused, the Count could become a useful source of lore. Those who try to help or at least show concern for Mordek's *Living Damnation*, would probably find him obliged. The Count may even ask the party for help, putting them in a moral dilemma; and a tough situation to explain. ("Hey, why is your friend all covered up in cloaks?") Yet because he is not immediately always hostile and generally travels alone, Mordek makes an excellent option for GMs to use regarding non-typical Chaos in campaigns. Indeed he is the most likely possibility for anything positive out of this bunch, but will associating with him only cause more problems?

Aekold Helbrass, Champion of Tzeentch: bad guy with a good gift - life springs from his touch; grass grows where he walks and his hands bring people back from the brink. Swings *The Windblade*, a broadsword with powers over air.

Someone very important to the PC's is dying and their only option is getting them to experience the *Breath of Life*. This means tracking down Aekold Helbrass and convincing him to help. He will certainly insist upon a favor in return. After the person is healed, they will likely be changed from the experience. As they say, "Sometimes dead is better." Of course, the very opposite could be occurring: the players keep slaying baddies and they keep popping back up; here is a nice way to return foils players have foiled. To end the recursion, they need to put an end to Aekold himself. Which may require asking someone else for a new favor, etc.

Dechala, The Denied One, Mistress of the Tormentors: previous High Elf princess, now six-limbed twisted beauty whose beguiling dances charms others for sick pleasures. Tail/weapons coated with *Elixir of Damnation* to incapacitate prey.



While wandering where they shouldn't, the party bumps into this snake-ish Slanneshi demon and her retinue of drugged attendants. As they are about to be slaughtered Dechala becomes intrigued with one of the

PC's. What happens next depends on both the role-playing skills of the player involved and the GM's motivation, but it should certainly not be easy to get out of this pickle. They can't stay, they can't have her come with them, and they definitely can't offend Dechala. Love may be blind, but it definitely can hurt. And lets not forget her host of mind-robbed slaves. Leaving them behind will require a costly future penance from the characters, whether it's an alignment change or more earthly punishment- "Say, wasn't that the Baron's son in her thrall?"



Scyla Anfinngrim of the Tribe of the Hound, The Spawn of Chaos: leader of Scyla's Raiders who gradually devolved into a horrific beast with a reptilian head, beaked tail, apish claws, and *Iron Hard Skin*. Wears the *Collar of Khorne*.

Although assumed to have fallen at the Gates of Kislev, our heroes learn the saying behind assumptions as one night the ground shakes when something wicked their way comes. Fortunately, the gigantic form pauses mid-swing, mistaking one of the PC's (choose the weakest) for his long-departed lieutenant turned handler, Erlock. Scyla then follows the character around like a lost dog, always staying nearby while being over-protective. With claws that can crush stone, Scyla is clearly helpful, smashing those who threaten his "old friend" but he can't exactly be hidden under a cloak either. So the PC's must figure out how to shake off their newly adopted pet without losing their lives in the process.

Arbaal The Undefeated, Destroyer Of Khorne: devoted Khornate who has axed literally thousands and breached the gates of Praag. As Blood God's chosen, allowed to ride biggest Flesh Hound, but has to perform to avoid spawndom.

On his travels, one of the characters picks up an item which he senses is magical, but can not discover its purpose. During an apparently hopeless confrontation (when meeting another Chaos Champion, for example) the item glows red hot, then explodes into a flaming doorway. From this, Arbaal and his followers rush forth, slaying everything nearby. Smart players will (try to) quickly flee, but once cornered, Arbaal offers to spare their pathetic lives if they can help his mount; it seems something is not right with *The Hound of Khorne* and the players have to quickly make the right diagnosis. What is wrong with the over-large flesh hound, can anything be done about it, and will the ill-tempered dog let it be done? Talk about out of the frying pan...

Amon 'Chakai, The Great Winged Demon, Wisest and Oldest Lord of Change: omnipotent puppet master. Makes Dark Elf sorcerers of the Witch King cry like babies. Helps/hinders friend and foe alike in grand plan to reshape the





world.

Perfect for the character who has gone insane, or on their way there, this Evil with a capital “E” Tzeentch demon appears in visions to madmen and torments dreamers. Residing in the

Impossible Fortress with his mind touring the universe, players are unlikely to come into contact with Amon’s physical form. But those who dabble too far into hallucinogenic drugs or mysteries best left untouched might unexpectedly meet an existential traveller with a penchant for promising sure doom. How about having a Dark Elf sorcerer, far from home and help, desperately enlist the PC’s aid to halt one of ‘Chakai’s terrible plans. Of course since the semi-omnipotent Amon is like a chess master playing ten moves ahead, this is probably already part of his larger plan and something he will surely be prepared for, but let the PC’s try anyway.

Azazel, Prince of Damnation, The Right Hand of Slaanesh:

the body of an angel with the soul of a devil. Contemporary of Sigmar who was transformed into such perfection that its nearly impossible for anyone to want him harmed. This demon serves as the ultimate temptation of Chaos. Those who face him may, like the Questing Knight, Guido de Brionne, not even have a choice of damnation. Every player should be enticed to the dark side, but the attraction of Azazel is simply too great a danger for PC’s, unless they’re really asking for it. A more usable meeting can occur when the party is flying in the air, whether through a balloon, air ship, or magic. Azael appears, wondering how puny beings can be in sky without beautiful wings like his. Whether he appreciates the answer or not is up to the GM, but if angered he insists of a contest to decide their fate. And although PC’s should temporarily be off-limits from his lure, it is absolutely OK for anyone else (those the players care about) to be seduced.

Archaon, Lord of Chaos Undivided, the Chosen One (in the latest WFB edition, has since become Lord of the End of Times, The Everchosen, Herald of the Apocalypse): dude who will bring about the end of the world. Chaos version of Nagash.

The baddest of the bad, Archaon, mainly shows the complete power and dread of Chaos through story and rumor. His steed (its not really fair to call it a horse) could beat up most groups with one hoof tied behind its back. So unless used as the epitome of a Slayer’s Quest, story and rumour is where Archaon should stay; until the end of the world, that is. One slight (read extremely dangerous) possibility is to have the players learn of the sixth



treasure of Chaos that still remains hidden and rush to recover it before he does. This would then entail a multi-part adventure of the most heroic (again, read extremely dangerous)

proportions: discover what the treasure is, learn where the treasure is located, travel there, go in & get it & bring it out, and then figure out what, if anything, to do with it. Unfortunately in the current WFB setting, Archaon has already recovered the *Crown of Domination* from the First Shrine to Chaos, nicely located in the World’s Edge Mountains in Kislev. PC’s won’t know this until they successfully battle through its underdark, which still has things that Archaon and his army of followers deliberately left alive. Once our heroes get to the end and realize their sacrifice was for naught, the big question is, “what next?”

WARNING: USE OF THE BEST OF THE WORST IS DANGEROUS TO PC’S HEALTH

Go easy with dropping these mega NPC’s on players, since dealing with Chaos can take a lot out of a person figuratively and literally. But with a little thought, a link connecting Champions can be threaded together into an epic backdrop for the main WFRP campaign. Certainly, the *Drachenfels* or *Something Rotten in Kislev* books hold super antagonists that may have enemies/allies such as these. Imagine the fun of making players meet up with the big names in the Warhammer world: owing demons favors, hiding demons in cloaks, and of course, the ever popular, running in terror from demons. The personalities in *Champions of Chaos* are great fun for GMs and players alike (read extremely dangerous for characters) while demonstrating the lessons we expect from the WFRP setting.

“Afterwards the voice quieted. Then his great form abruptly rose. ‘*Those are a few of the things out there,*’ he warned, clawed hand gesturing into the woods beyond our firelight. ‘*There are others of course. Sapir Redwolf. Werner Flamefist. Galrauch, First of the Chaos Dragons. But what we all share is being touched by the Dark Powers, and with their will, all things are possible. For the truth of Chaos is that it is always chaotic, and therefore never the same. So the lesser races can never know what to expect and should act accordingly.*’ With that, he turned and stomped off into the night. Somewhere from the black it hollered, ‘*Go back to your puny city and await your end there instead. The Time of Changes is at hand.*’ We left at morning’s light and I put that adventuring foolishness behind me. These days I just try to get what little sleep I can until that voice returns. Because it will.”



Many of the pages from the *Champions of Chaos* book are now available at www.gamesworkshop.com/warhammerworld/warhammer/chaos/chaos.htm