

LEGION

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Editorial

JFF

I am pleased to present another issue of Legion to the world. The main focus of this issue is an interview with Jay Little, the Senior Line Designer for WFRP with Fantasy Flight Games. Many thanks to Jay for his time. This interview would normally have gone in Warpstone, but issue 28, which will be out soon, did not have the space and we thought you would all like to read it now.

Elsewhere in this issue we have Tim Eccles' listing of Imperial street signs, Steve Darlington in praise of the WFRP career system, William Knight's cameo inspired by Robin Low's article on The Trust (Warpstone 18) and Robin himself with The Spring of Eternal Life, a location for a desert setting.

Enjoy.

Editors: The usual suspects.

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An Interview with Jay Little

Jay is the Senior RPG Developer in charge of the Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay line at FFG, the new publishers of the game. He kindly agreed to answer some questions from the Warpstone team.

Could you give us some background on yourself? What is your past experience in games?

I think it's probably fair to say that I share an experience common with a lot of other people who are currently working full-time in the games industry - for a long time, I had a "Real World" job that afforded me the luxury of working as a freelancer or part-timer in the game industry.

My non-gaming background includes time spent as a technology consultant, a credentialed software trainer, a college instructor, a curriculum developer, a senior web developer, and a variety of other roles leveraging my attention to detail and communication skills.

I started gaming at a very, very young age. I'm fortunate to be from a family that saw value in gaming together, and we played board games and card games on a regular basis. Then my older brother introduced me to the D&D (in the red box) when I was in about 4th or 5th grade, and I was hooked on fantasy gaming for good.

I started developing my own game designs in high school, and by college, I started hooking up with a few people in the industry at GenCon and online. It wasn't too long after college that I started to get some freelance work. Over the years I've been involved with projects for Escape Ventures, Eden Studios, Goodman Games, Wiz Kids, and of course Fantasy Flight Games. I've also fostered friendships with a lot of great people in the game industry.

What attracted you to WFRP?

The grim setting was both familiar yet different from anything else I had seen. The setting's similarities to our own geography and history helped

establish a certain comfort level, but then all the nuances and the infusion of fantastic elements, magic, and Chaos really shaped a unique experience.

Up until playing WFRP, I hadn't been involved in a role-playing game with such a taut gameplay experience, where the characters were frail, flawed, and yet incredibly vibrant and dynamic. There's a certain atmosphere of hope when your lowly rat catcher and band of peasantfolk turn back an invading force of greenskins - even if no one else in the world ever hears of your deeds, or believes you if they do.

What is your role at FFG?

As the Senior RPG Developer in charge of the Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay line, I have a variety of duties with the core responsibility of supporting the WFRP line and fulfilling both Games Workshop's and FFG's goals for the vitality of the licence.

It's impossible to provide a "typical" workday, but here are some of the things I'm responsible for: evaluating project submissions, researching and clarifying rules questions, developing a pool of talented freelance writers, managing projects, laying out books, reviewing and editing manuscripts, creating budgets, writing proposals for upcoming projects, setting project deadlines and expectations, securing contracts with writers and developers, shepherding a project from inception to the delivery of print-ready files, managing playtesters to assure projects are thoroughly tested, supporting the fan base with new materials and information, helping the web team develop content for the web site, and a variety of other tasks as they come up.

No two days are alike, and as you can imagine, these responsibilities keep me busy and on my toes!

How have your first few months in the job been?

It's gone very well. I feel very good about the direction



WFRP is going in, and am very pleased with the quality of the freelance talent we're working with on upcoming projects. It's unfortunate that the fans only get to see the slimmest glimpse of what I work on and what's been going on behind the scenes - there is a lot of work being done!

How has the reaction from the fans been?

WFRP fans are active, vocal, demanding people. I've been impressed with how welcoming and receptive the online fanbase has been. There are a lot of intelligent, creative, and rabid fans out there.

As with anything new, there are supporters and detractors. I'm very pleased that there seem to be a lot more supporters than detractors.

GenCon was a great experience, as well. I got to meet a lot of enthusiastic freelance writers and fans who were excited to see WFRP being supported by Fantasy Flight Games.

How does the relationship between GW and FFG work?

Games Workshop is great to work with. We recently had a face-to-face meeting with Games Workshop, and I was incredibly pleased at how our goals, expectations and processes mesh.

Properly supporting and enhancing the storied Warhammer Fantasy licence is a daunting task. Games Workshop provides invaluable support and feedback to ensure our content and projects accurately reflect the Warhammer intellectual property and provide a gameplay experience fans expect from a Warhammer product.

What are the strengths of WFRP that you want to build on? What weaknesses do you want to work on?

The setting is an obvious strength. I also really like the diversity and flavor found in the careers system. I think WFRP provides a lot of opportunities for variety in play - harrowing combat, taut political intrigue, exploration, mysteries and investigation.

I think some of the weaker parts may be some of the mechanics that support the setting and licence. Sometimes mechanics can get in the way of telling a

great story. I see opportunities to strengthen the ruleset so players and GMs can focus on creating a great story, rather than flipping through pages to resolve a rules question.

How much unpublished material came across from Green Ronin? Will it all be published?

One of our upcoming projects, Shades of Empire, is a sourcebook Green Ronin was heavily involved in. We worked closely with Green Ronin to leverage their experience with the setting and the system to develop this great product. We're still reviewing a lot of the other materials that came across in the transition of WFRP to Fantasy Flight Games.

What direction would you like take to take WFRP?

I'd like to see more support for GMs to develop their own campaigns. I'm looking at ways to provide tools so GMs can prepare exciting adventures for their groups using less time. I'd also like to make WFRP more accessible to a broader range of players - from new players who have never played a role-playing game to veteran gamers looking for a novel setting and experience.

What are the challenges in producing and promoting WFRP?

Despite its legacy, WFRP is still relatively new as a role playing product for a lot of people. A lot of people are familiar with the tabletop game, the wide range of computer titles, the Massively Multiplayer Online Game, or other titles in the Games Workshop line. There are some great opportunities to introduce these people to WFRP.

There are also other games, especially here in the United States, that have been around longer or have a stronger game store presence than WFRP has had in the past. I'm really excited about some of the marketing plans being discussed to competitively position WFRP in the role-playing market. Once people try the game, I really think the setting and the experience can sell themselves.



Guilty Until Proven Innocent

A Cameo By William Knight

This encounter can take place in any urban area in the Empire that has a jail. The PCs meet an imprisoned man who attracts their attention by his erudition and by his rather enormous, bulbous and red/purple nose. He tells the PCs he is an eminent botanist who has been accused of being a mutant (which he is) due to his grotesque nose. He does not tell them that he has more to fear than being burned as a mutant, which is also true. Needless to say, he wants the PCs' help in getting him out.

The Initial Encounter

Just after arriving in town the PCs pass the jail and are hailed by a man whose gigantic and unsightly nose protrudes from between the bars of his narrow window. The nose itself is blotched in a variety of colours-reds, purples and blues-that are not completely unnatural, but extremely distressing in combination; it is easily the largest and the most bulbous nose that any of the characters has ever seen, but it is hard to tell if it is infected or tumourous or the result of a chaos mutation. The man calls to the PCs, saying, "You're new here, aren't you?" and offers to share the local gossip with them if they would like to come over and chat. He introduces himself as Hans, a botanist. If asked about his career he will say that he is a pretty accomplished botanist who has studied Imperial animals as well as Imperial plants in some depth. Hans proves fairly helpful in giving the PCs general information about the town and its inhabitants. His two areas of expertise are the judicial/criminal gossip known to his jailers and information about the local fauna and flora, including the more common monsters and many exotic and useful plants.

Only when asked what he has been arrested for will Hans begin to tell his tale. Two days ago a visiting witch hunter took one look at Hans's nose, declared him a mutant, dragged him before the local officials and condemned him to die. However, a local holiday intervened and the witch hunter was ejected from town. Hans has languished in prison under a death sentence for the past week, with no one going through the trouble of exonerating or

executing him. Hans will be careful not to drop his surname, von Salzenmund, but this can be learned from knowledgeable locals.

After articulating his woes Hans politely asks the PCs if they can help spring him from jail. He promises nothing beyond his utmost efforts to secure an adequate compensation as soon as he is free. Here he offhandedly mentions that he is one of the Empire's foremost botanists and as such his opinions are read and respected by the learned masters of the universities of Nuln and Altdorf, as well as the intelligentsia of Marienburg, including one of the foremost natural scientists in the Empire today.

Things Better Left Unsaid

In fact, as a botanist Hans von Salzenmund is an odd combination of a classical botanist and a radical Derwinist¹. His papers have generated interest but not approval amongst most other Natural Philosophers of the Empire. A few radicals, most notably Claus Derwin himself, wholeheartedly agree with what he has written so far, which has been an attempted justification of Derwin in terms of classical natural philosophy. This information, and nothing more, can be recalled by any character who passes a Very Hard (-30%) Academic Knowledge Test in whatever specialty the GM deems appropriate. One book in particular however, the anonymously written *A Natural History of Beastmen*, included some offhanded remarks about mutation's role in Derwin's theory of Racial Origins that were deemed blasphemous, heretical and friendly to the Dark Powers. Derwin himself had to denounce these particular statements, for they speculated about the arguably blasphemous heart of his ideas-that mutations had differentiated the intelligent races. The disastrous theological/cosmological implications of this

¹Claus Derwin, who appears in Warpstone 18 in the article on The Trust, and his followers are mostly distinguished by their views of the gradual emergence of Old World Species from one another, but are most notorious for their assertion that all intelligent races of the Old World may share a common ancestor-"Are you related to Orcs on your father's or your mother's side?" as the common jibe goes.

are obvious. Fortunately, no one has connected this book with Hans, yet. Hans has heard that the Inquisitors of Sigmar are coming to town, and he has become convinced they will find him out as the author of the above work and burn him after torturing him until he recants. It is this fate that Hans wishes to escape. In fact the Inquisitors are here to persecute unrelated heresies, but Hans does not know this.

Springing Hans

If the PCs ask Hans how they should go about getting him out of jail, he strokes his nose thoughtfully and tells the PCs that he has not been able to come up with a definitive plan, since he has not been able to leave his cell. He says he is not that closely guarded and his jailers are not very zealous, but he adds that he doesn't want them harmed.

If the PCs ask about Hans few people will remember him, but those that do will generally agree that he has either been forgotten by the town officials or he is being held in order to extort money from some friend or relation.

Bribing the guards might not be too hard and even relatively inexpensive, but if PCs try a more direct approach the local authorities do not look kindly upon people storming into the jail and freeing prisoners. In either case the PCs will probably have to leave town. Hans will ask to travel with the PCs at least until he can pay them back for rescuing him. However smoothly the escape itself proceeds, the missing mutant might itself attract the attention of the Inquisitors of Sigmar, who may ask around enough to work out that Hans is the author of A Natural History of Beastmen. In this case they will seek out both the fugitive and those who sprung him, whether the PCs are travelling with Hans or not. Their reach is long, though they prefer to work through local temples and nobles. If the party heads to Marienburg or Ulrican lands their troubles may be somewhat delayed. Still, there is no nation or city in the Old World that would knowingly harbour the author of a work deemed sympathetic to the Dark Gods.

Barring any major catastrophes, Claus Derwin can loan Hans the money to pay the PCs back with a little bonus beyond their expenses. Beyond this, Hans can give the PCs job offers and information from Derwin, for instance information or jobs related to the Trust² and Derwin's investigations of it.

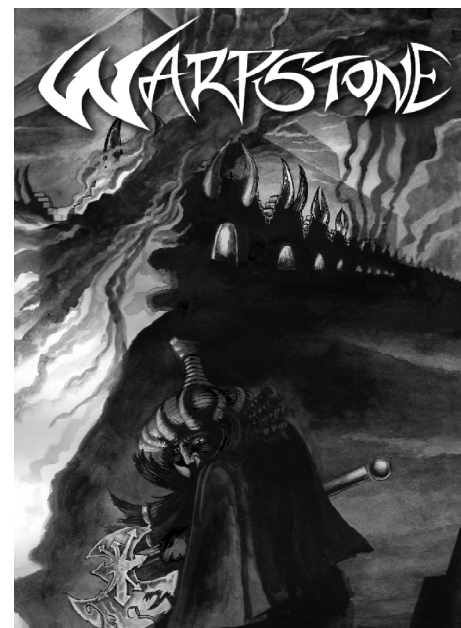
²The Trust is a charitable society for the advancement of human knowledge and artifice that Derwin was formerly involved with, but which has aroused his suspicions due to the disappearance of an expedition funded by the organization.

Other than serving as a messenger for Derwin, Hans might ask the PCs to journey into the wilds to collect specimens for his studies. Also, Warpstone 25, the Fimir issue, includes a campaign outline featuring a journey in to the Wasteland and a subsequent appearance by Derwin.

Leaving Be

Hans might be released regardless of what the PCs do, and if they have left him in his cell it is not likely that Hans will try to avenge himself upon them but he is not going to be feeling very helpful when they next meet. He might warn Derwin about them or convey an unfavourable impression to local Verenans.

COMING SOON! ISSUE 28



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The Spring of Eternal Life

By Robin Low

It might be lost in the sandy deserts of Araby or hidden in the rocky desolation of the Badlands, but legends speak of a magical spring of crystal pure water with remarkable properties. Find the spring and drink your belly full, the legends say, and you will live forever. Unscrupulous merchants and canny charlatans sell water in ancient-looking glass bottles or earthenware jugs with cork stoppers, proclaiming it drawn from this fountain of youth. Every year, explorers and traders set off on expeditions to find this spring, inspired by fascination of the tales, mysterious tattered fragments of map or simple fear of death. A few even return. The long-lived Elves and Dwarfs simply shake their heads.

The spring does truly exist, hidden at the heart of a complex of caves in whatever desert is convenient for the GM. Light penetrates in places through fissures and chimneys carved up through the rock; in places openings have been cut in the rock above caves and tunnels to reveal the searing sky above. The spring's waters burst from the ground like a fountain, quenching the thirst of strangely beautiful and edible desert plants, the like of which are seen nowhere else. The caverns and the spring are protected by a veiled priesthood of young men and women, who receive travellers with courtesy and generosity. Visitors to the spring are allowed to drink their belly full and fill as many water skins as they can carry. All the priesthood asks for in return is news of the outside world; if a visitor can spare any material goods (food, weapons, tools, books, cloth and clothing) these are also accepted with gratitude.

The spring water lives up to the legend: anyone who drinks a bellyful will find themselves restored to the vigour and beauty of youth (about sixteen to twenty years of age for a Human) in twenty-four hours. A few normal teenage spots pop up, but given the other benefits, who cares?

The inevitable downside? Well, firstly, the youth-inducing effect of the water lasts only for a week before age rushes back with a vengeance. A bellyful of

water is needed once a week to maintain the effects. Secondly, and more disturbingly, the spring is a gift from Nurgle the Plague Lord. Remember those youthful spots? They steadily become worse, even if a drinker chooses not to drink a second time. Within a month of drinking a single bellyful, the drinker finds the lower half of his face riddled with the most hideous, tightly packed eruptions of pus-filled acne. Good luck curing it: a new quest awaits!

For the priesthood, Nurgle's loyal cultists, the painful acne is but a small price to pay for eternal youth. The veils they wear over their lower faces are magical, and when removed only a few normal teenage spots are seen. However, the veils' magic is short-lived, good only for a couple of minutes, but long enough for a priestess to show her pretty full lips to a suspicious PC and then hide them again.

Many of the cultists are ancient and will shrivel and age in an instant if denied their weekly bellyful, but some are younger, more recent arrivals. The cult is isolated and, in truth, lonely, so over the decades and centuries has sought to draw others to the spring. Followers of Nurgle who have not drunk from the spring, or those young enough to survive aging again for a while, have gone out into the wider world to seed it with tales of the spring and pass on those tattered maps. The cult hopes to bring new blood to itself, new friends, new experiences, new resources. The cult is not actively evil as such, but individuals may be obsessed with youth or fearful of growing old or dying, selfishly drawing new people to its home to provide some interest and entertainment in their otherwise unchanging world.

Story Hooks

The Obvious Ones

Stories of the spring, fragments of map, weirdly exotic desert fruits and plants with peculiar and probably unpleasant side effects: all these can encourage PCs to head off on a long journey to seek the spring. A patron or

the PCs themselves may be suffering from a serious sickness and hope that a fountain of eternal life is also a cure-all for disease and injury. Perhaps an elderly NPC, terrified by his mortality hires them to take him on an expedition to find the spring before the inevitable happens; merchants and explorers seeking a new product or simple glory might hire them as simple guards.

From the Sky

The PCs are travelling through a convenient desert when they witness a growing dot in the sky. It becomes gradually clearer: two flying things (Harpies) carrying a humanoid figure. They witness the creatures descend and unceremoniously drop whoever it is on the ground before flying off. When they catch up with him, they find a young, sunburned man already struggling back the way he was carried. He is delirious from days in the sun, insisting he "must get back, must get back, must save her". He will gratefully drink water offered to him, but say that it is "no good, no good"; it will not stop him drinking more if offered. He seems to have all but lost his mind and his memory, but will fight to resume his journey back to the caverns and the spring he speaks of (with frustrating lack of detail) to "save her beauty". He will not say so, but he is a priest of the spring.

A group of travellers, one of them a young woman, recently discovered the spring and were made very welcome by the priesthood. The woman and her group were suspicious of the spring and priests and chose to wait and see, drinking and eating their own supplies while exploring the region around the caverns. During this time the priest fell in love with the young woman and found himself turning from the ideals of his cult, not wishing to see her real but transient beauty sullied by the false, corrupting waters; let it grow but fade naturally with time. He made the mistake of speaking of his love for her to his fellow priests, who forcibly exiled him, summoning Harpies to drop him in the desert four days travel from the spring. The priesthood does not force the water upon visitors, but they do encourage it, and the exiled priest knows it is only a matter of time before the woman and her fellow travellers drink, hence his desperation to return before it is too late.

The priest last drank from the well four days ago: it is a four day journey back to the spring, one day too many. Assuming the PCs accompany him on his attempted return, on the third day they will witness him stumble as his legs break under him. His sunburned skin ages, withers and dries, all moisture leaves him in a cloud of acrid steam and soon even his bones have

crumbled to ancient dust. The PCs are one day's travel from the spring.

A Nasty Case of Spots

A single bellyful of water results in a hideous case of spots on the lower half of the face. The search for a cure could be a one-off adventure or the continuing sub-plot of a campaign. For some GMs this will be too cruel, possibly even unfair given that only one dose of the water is necessary to have the effect. However, although the acne is unpleasant and a bit sore, it is purely cosmetic - game effects should be limited to Fellowship Tests where the sufferer's face is visible (although covering the affected area will create a degree of suspicion, too). Also, in the Old World, skin conditions are far from unknown, so even though it will provoke some stares and some comment the condition need not be as big a problem as the players imagine. However, GMs are free to make it more difficult to contract the disease, perhaps by requiring more than one bellyful of the spring water. Crueller GMs can infect the PCs as described and then have them suspected of being plague carriers, mutants or undead corpses wherever they go. Full-face helms, scarves and deep hoods will suddenly become all the rage. This disease is a good tool for GMs wanting to keep the PCs in remoter areas of the Old World.

It does not necessarily have to be the PCs who suffer from this curse. Perhaps rumours spread of a small band of Bretonnian knights travelling the land, performing great and noble deeds, but never removing their great helms. A noble woman who bought a jug of the water from a merchant in order to restore her youthful beauty may require someone to find a cure: the PCs may suspect the merchant is a Nurgle cultist or that he took the water from a bad well, but an alchemist they talk too can tell them the spring of eternal life is real and he can concoct a cure if they can obtain a sample of the spring water.

A Cure for Undeath

The spring water can give eternal youth, but it could have other interesting effects. For example, research into undeath and necromancy may reveal the water counteracts other life-giving magic, making it particularly poisonous to undead creatures such as Vampires, Liches and Wights. Perhaps the water is the only known weakness of the PCs current arch-nemesis.

The Career Song

By Steve Darlington

I started in Initiate, working for the church
But I wanted to learn Silent Move and wanted to learn Search
I stumbled on a poor box, labelled "War Relief"
I took the cash, spent some XP and switched over to Thief

I joined a band of footpads, working on the streets
I soon became an Alley Cat, and my footedness got fleet
But I wanted up my Fellowship, and learn the thieving brogue
So I conned a priest, spent XP and changed across to Rogue

As a Rogue I learnt to gamble, and owned a pair of dice
But the money was too meagre, and the company not nice
So I moved up to a Charlatan, waving good bye to the rats,
Once I'd made myself a fake degree, and purchased d10 hats.

I'm a character in Warhammer, reprobate and rake
I like to raise my stats up and I don't care what it takes
I'm a character in Warhammer, take a look at me
If it's got a skill I want to learn, then that's the job for me

As a charlatan I made a mint selling hair cures to the bald
But the skill list didn't interest me and my stat advances stalled
So when the hairless lords of Altdorf put a bounty out on me
I became at once both Bodyguard, and body-guarded-ee.

As Bodyguard I learnt Dodge Blow, a very useful skill
And my Toughness and my wounds went up, so I was much harder to kill.
I craved a life of violence so got Specialist Weapon (Fist)
Then got paid for starting bar fights as a Protagonist.

In this career I found myself often smacked upon the head
And if it wasn't for my Fate points, I'd probably be dead
For safety I donned some chain mail which I'd managed to "acquire"
And convinced a drunk and stupid knight to take me as his Squire

As a Squire I soon was master of the flail and demi-lance
And we marched off to Bretonnia, to fight in pseudo-France
It was here I met a princess with a very shapely ass
I bedded her, then wedded her and joined the Noble class.

I'm a character in Warhammer, my fortunes rise and fall
There's no trade that I've mastered, but I'm jack of almost all
I'm a character in Warhammer, my stats are getting maxed
My Weapon Skill is sixty, and I'll soon have three attacks!

As a Nobleman, I gained some skills for a better sort of life
Took Etiquette so when dining, I could use the correct knife
But there were combat skills still out there that my XP could afford
So I tried my hand at Duellist, then went on to Noble Lord

As a Noble Lord I was given my own army by the Graf
I sent them to the Chaos Wastes, cos I thought it'd be a laugh
They all came back mutated, spread their poison to my flesh
And now I am a Flagellant, taking orders from Slaanesh!

Street Signs of the Empire

By Tim Eccles

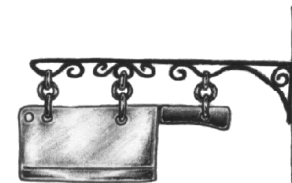
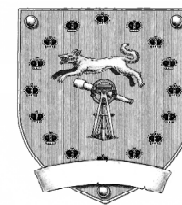
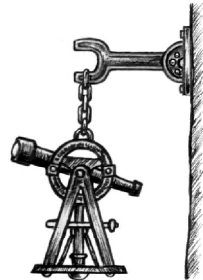
The streets of traders in the Old World are easily recognised by the multitude of signs that hang outside their premises advertising their business. The signs are made for those who are illiterate and so are often simple pictures.

Street Signs are either pictures of representative objects painted on a wooden board or the objects themselves hanging. Some may have local or religious imagery as part of the design. These signs differ greatly from place to place, in detail if not subject matter. Guild signs are more elaborate than street signs and many are heraldic in style. That is not to mention the differences between guild signs, signs of individual members and liveried guildsman.

Typical Street Signs

Alchemist:	Beaker
Animal Trainer:	Whip. Sitting dog
Armourer:	Sword. Helmet
Baker:	Loaf of bread
Barber:	Pair of pliers. Pair of false teeth
Blacksmith:	Anvil
Bowyer/Fletcher:	Crossed arrows
Brewer:	Foaming tankard
Butcher:	Cleaver
Calligrapher:	Pen and inkpot
Carpenter:	Crossed hammer and chisel
Cartwright:	Wagon wheel
Chandler:	Candle
Cheese-shop:	Piece of holed cheese. Mouse

Cobblers:	Shoe
Cooper:	Barrel
Cosmetics, seller of:	Butterfly
Dyer:	Garment (generally simple but could be stylised)
Engineer:	Theodolite
Farrier:	Horseshoe
Glassworker:	Blowing rod
Goldsmith:	Three balls, unlinked in triangle shape (two upon one)
Herbalist:	Mortar and pestle
Jeweller:	Diamond
Lawyer:	Scales
Leatherworker:	Belt buckle
Locksmith:	Key
Merchant:	Numerous depending on what they were transporting
Miller:	Windmill
Milliner:	Women's hat
Pawnbroker:	Three circles (coins), one upon two, not touching
Pharmacist:	Potion bottle
Physician:	Pair of crossed scalpels
Potter:	Pot
Printer:	An open Book
Rope-maker:	Coiled rope
Shipwright:	Ship
Artist/Sign Painter:	Paintbrush
Silversmith:	Three chain links, linked in vertical chain



Stable: Horse's head. Sheath of hay
 Stonemason: Hammer and chisel
 Tailor: Needle and thread
 Tanner: Cow
 Weaver/Spinner: Spinning wheel
 Wig-maker: A wig

Guild Signs

Armourers' Guild: Crossed sword and hammer over a shield
 Artisans' Guild: Three crowns on a shield. All the same with the largest at the top and smallest at bottom
 Barbers' Guild: Wolf over crossed knife and pliers
 Blacksmiths, Guild of: Hammer over anvil
 Brewers, Guild of: Two tankards, tilted and touching, under wolf
 Builders, Guild of: Pickaxe
 Carpenters' Guild: Wolf over chisel and saw
 Cartwrights' Guild: Two Wagon Wheels, mostly overlapping
 Chandlers' Guild: Candle with flame in shape of griffon or griffon
 Cobblers' Guild: Crown over shoe
 Coopers, Guild of: Crown over barrel
 Engineers' Guild: Wolf over Theodolite encompassed by a circle of crowns
 Entertainers' Guild: Three juggling balls with crown over
 Explorers, Guild of: Griffin embarking wolf, both on hind legs
 Glassworkers Guild: Blowing rod with griffin figure emerging over two superimposed squares
 Goldsmiths' Guild: Three balls, unlinked in triangle shape (two upon one). Crown above, griffon below
 Gunners, Guild of: Cannon
 Jewellers' Guild: Stylised gem, crown above, griffon below
 Locksmiths' Guild: Crossed keys over keyhole.

Merchants' Guild: Two hands in handshake under an imperial griffon, linked with local symbol
 Millers' Guild: Crown over windmill
 Mourners' Guild: Tear filled eye
 Physicians Guild: Mortar and pestle
 Pilots, Guild of: Ship on flat sea, surrounded by high waves.
 Labourers' Guild: Pickaxe, usually worn on a patch
 Potters' Guild: Potter's wheel
 Public Works Guild: Imperial griffon linked with regional symbol
 Rivermen, Guild of: Anchor set with five pointed crown
 Sea Captains, Guild of: Telescope against wave background
 Shipwrights' Guild: Five pointed crown over ship riding high wave
 Silversmiths' Guild: Three chain links, linked in vertical chain. Crown above, griffon below
 Stevedore Guild: Rope and pulley
 Stonemasons' Guild: Crown over hammer and chisel
 Worshipful Guild of Legalists: Shield with set of scales and owl
 Teamsters' Guild: Whip wrapped around wagon wheel
 Tailors, Guild of: Crossed needles attached by same thread over a hammer
 Tanners' Guild: Bear and cow standing on hind legs with crown above them

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