

FOR WARHAMMER RPG

WARPTONE

-REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION-

Templars Part One: The Knights of the Fiery Heart

Scenario:

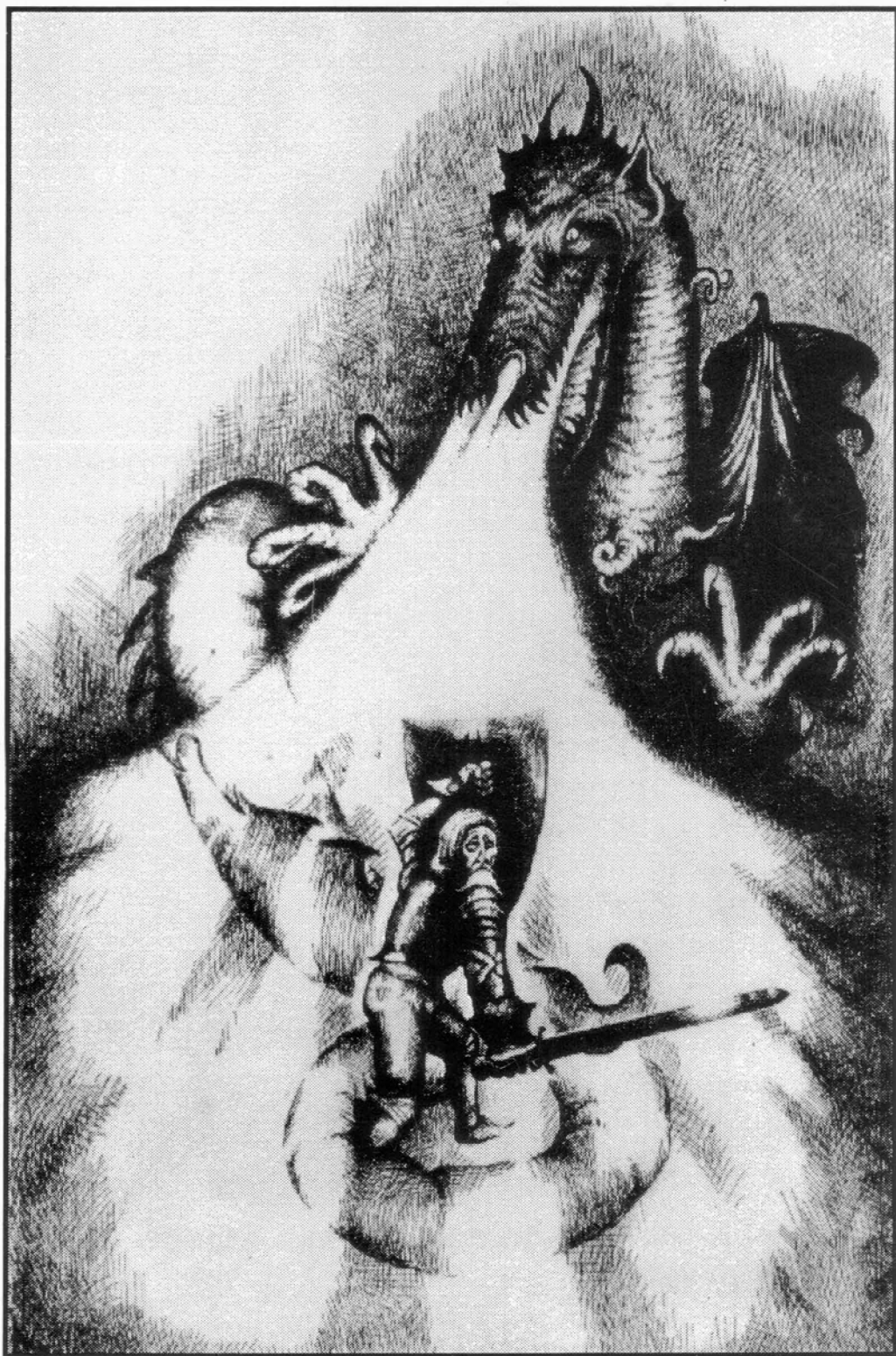
One Hour (To) Morr

Fighting Chaos:
Why Bother?

Paired Weapon
Combat

ISSUE THREE
AUTUMN 1996

*"When soldiers
have been baptized
in the fire of a
battle-field, they all
have one
rank in my eyes"*



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Thanks to: Steven Punter, Tim Eccles, Peter Huntingdon, Ricard Gelabert Peiri, Justin Curtis, Roger Kay, James Wallis, Arcane, Kathy Baker, Peter Moore and as always the overpaid and underworked playtesters Adam, Anthony and Peter (wow!, two mentions). Also thanks to everyone who had the faith to buy a subscription and those that took the time to write.

Hello to: Hal, Colin, Shaun, Jonathen, Ralph and everyone else I met at GamesDay. (There will hopefully be a report next issue). Sorry I didn't get to talk to you for longer Paul but I'm glad someone got the jokes.

Never Forget - The owls are not what they seem.

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ABBREVIATIONS

A	Number of attacks (melee)	M	Movement
AN	Apocrypha Now	MP	Magic Points
AP	Armour Points	NPC	Non-player characters
BS	Ballistic Skill	P	Parry
CI	Cool	PBT	Power Behind the Throne
CR	Complexity Rating (locks)	PC	Player Character
D	Damage	R	Range (missile weapons)
DB	Dodge Blow	RD	Restless Dead sourcebook
Dex	Dexterity	Rld	Reload time (missile weapons)
DOTL	Dying of the Light	S	Strength
DOTR	Death on the Reik	SL	Secret Language
EiF	Empire in Flames	SMB	Strike Mighty Blow
EPs	Experience Points	SOB	Shadows over Bogenhafen
ES	Effective Strength	SRIK	Something Rotten in Kislev
EW	Enemy Within campaign	SSS	Scale Sheer Surface
Fel	Fellowship	STS	Strike to Stun
FP	Fate Points	SW	Specialist Weapons
HP	Hogshead Publishing	SS	Silver Shilling
GC	Gold Crown	T	Toughness
GM	Gamesmaster	W	Wounds
GW	Games Workshop	WC	Warhammer City
I	Initiative	WD	White Dwarf
Int	Intelligence	WFB	Warhammer Fantasy Battle
Ld	Leadership	WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
		WP	Will Power

“This weapon will become your tongue, and soon you will write your poetry in blood”*

EDITORIAL by John Foody

The best career move he ever made' was the comment of one music biz executive when Elvis died, and although it is a tenuous analogy to make, the same could have been said about WFRP. Once GW stopped producing the game it was left in limbo, forcing players to resort to their own devices or look elsewhere.

This has resulted in a dedicated following which has provided a solid foundation for the Lazarus-like return of the game, many of you using the term 'an avid player of WFRP' when writing to us. Warpstone's readership at present is mostly comprised of members of this 'old guard', and this has many advantages.

Hogshead do seem to have found a new audience for WFRP but there is still some way to go before these new players become loyal players. Warpstone can play some part in this by using the vast wealth of experience of its readers to make an interesting and useful addition for all players. This will also show those new to WFRP what makes it so special as a game.

Hopefully this issue will continue to provide you with new ideas and an enjoyable read. As many of you will already of noticed we have gone A4, although our page count has dropped. Even so, there is a large increase in the amount of text from last issue and it gives us much more space to play with.

This issue we also welcome Martin Oliver to the Warpstone editorial team. Apart from articles in Warpstone he has previously contributed to Interactive Fantasy. Also the 'fourth Beatle', so to speak, is Steven Punter whose art has helped define Warpstone's look. To date the four of us have provided the bulk of Warpstone but we are looking for your contributions. If you haven't the time to write an article, how about a response to the forum questions or some comments on any of the issues raised on the letter's page.

Also Mel Tudno-Jones has come on board as proof reader and hopefully we will tidy up the spelling and grammar problems that we have suffered to date.

OK, I've gone on long enough and anyway you probably read this last, so see you in issue four.



EDITORIAL 2 by Martin Oliver

Chaos. Just say no. Trouble is, you're forever saying no to it in WFRP. This creeping, insidious force is supposed to inspire fear, loathing, paranoia... Instead, it features so frequently, it's become commonplace.

I for one was glad to see submissions to Warpstone that didn't involve the same old enemies doing the same old things. Submissions like "The Cannon Ball Run" last issue, or the piece on Templars this time around. Let me reassure you, we've got more excellent material, also guaranteed Inquisitionally Pure, ready for inclusion in issue 4. Then I read Timothy Eccles' piece, and wondered if perhaps he had a point — is it time to do away with Chaos entirely? To recast it in another image? Has Chaos finally met its match by becoming too successful to use? Your opinions are invited. Read the piece, send us your thoughts, and see yourself in print in next issue's Forum.

While you're waiting for your thoughts to gather, go play "One hour (to) Morr". It's got a plot and atmosphere which are all but guaranteed to make your players sweat. Timothy certainly has a point, but whilst there's still material like this to play, I can't believe that I'm the only GM who's relieved to hear that Chaos never sleeps...

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REVIEWS

BOOK OF THE RAT by Garrett Lepper

Reviewed by John Foody



Why are the Skaven so popular? In part it is due to the fact that Rats summon up images of uncontrolled decay and disease, images that James Herbert successfully used in his trilogy. Many people fear rats, carriers of plague and harbingers of decay, for who knows what activities their scratching behind the walls covers. All will have cringed as Winston Smith in 1984 had a cage of rats strapped to his head, ready to eat into his face.

The dictionary also tells us that we have applied the word "rat" to 'A despicable, sneaky person, especially one who betrays or informs upon associates.' Although some people will defend rats as being fine loveable pets, the majority still associate them with the dark and unknown, alien minds scurrying beneath their feet.

In the Skaven, Warhammer managed to build on these fears to give us an excellent race and enemy. Unlike Orcs or Trolls, we know of rats and their habits, which makes them far more effective. As an enemy, they are physically not overly powerful but still very much to be feared, for they are everywhere in large numbers and sometimes armed with strange devices.

What really makes them excellent opponents in a campaign is the knowledge that unlike the other creatures, all their movements and plots are part of some overarching conspiracy. Machinations unknown to everyone but the Skaven themselves. A plot to rule the world it may be, but behind such a cliché the servants of the Horned Rat know something we don't.

A supplement on Skaven would need to be a balanced work not taking away the Skaven's mystique, and this is especially true of a work that is designed for the running of Skaven PC's. Garrett Lepper's BOTR mostly succeeds in this. It contains both the rules and background needed to run such

a campaign.

This, he hopes, will allow greater scope for treachery and politics within the game. He covers Skaven society and psychology, going into further detail about the various clans. He details Skaven careers, Magic, the effects of Warpstone and more.

The Book of the Rat achieves the greater part of its aim in that does provide a solid basis in which a Skaven campaign can be run, concentrating more on the internal wrangling of the Skaven as opposed to their wider plots (although this can easily be added). My only minor criticism is that GM wanting to run a Skaven campaign would certainly need to do a fair bit of preparation, but this is only a work in progress, the author's list of future inclusions should make it an exceptional work.

Most GM's will never run such a campaign, but will be interested in knowing how useful this will be in an above ground campaign. Many parts will be very useful, specifically the Bestiary, the list of Skaven strongholds and the Warpstone corruption

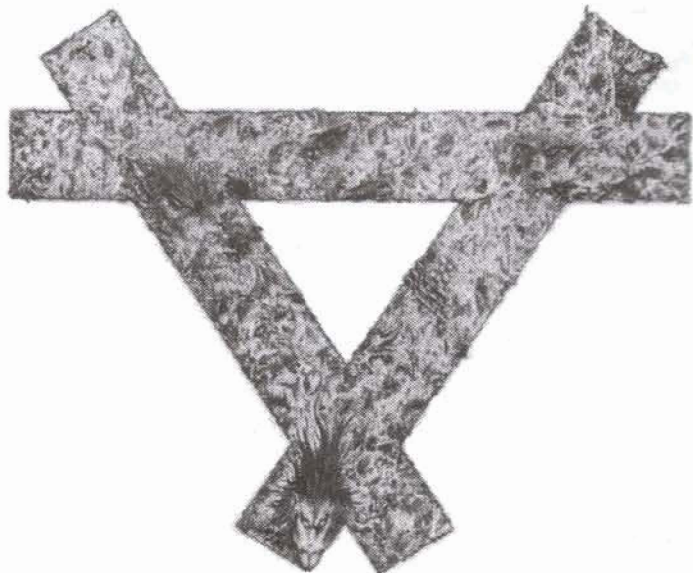
table. The rest will certainly give you much food for thought in the motivations of your Skaven and their plots. Some of the ideas in the BOTR are a bit too 'Warhammer Fantasy Battle', but these can easily be left out. Also the reliance of Warpstone in Skaven culture is acknowledged but its use seems a little too casual.

Overall this is a good addition to WFRP literature and well worth getting hold of a copy.

"The Book of the Rat" can be downloaded by anonymous ftp from the Warhammer Archives. In plain English, this means that you need to find the web site at

<http://home.sn.no/~tomasf/WArch.html>

where the file's stored, and copy it to disk from there.



Fire and Blood :

Volume One of the Doomstones Campaign

by Simon Forrest & Basil Barrett (with Brad Freeman, Graeme Davis & Nigel Stillman)

Reviewed by John Foody



The latest re-release from Hogshead collects the first two parts (of five) of Flame Publication's Doomstones campaign, 'Fire in the Mountains' and 'Blood in Darkness'. It is their largest release to date, clocking in at 176 pages (including 20 pages of Player Handouts). It is well put together, with good art, although some of this has already been used in other supplements.

The Doomstones campaign was originally a set of AD&D adventures, converted to Warhammer RP by Flame Publications soon after their formation as a separate publishing wing within GW. Their motive

was simply to release a module as quickly as possible, proving to GW that WFRP was a commercially viable product.

Taking place in the Yetzin valley, which joins the Empire and the Border Princes, the PC's set out on the trail of a powerful artifact, last seen in the hands of the leader of an Orc war band. They then head to an ancient Dwarven Shrine to find a second artifact.

Doomstone's history shows through, as, in spite of Flame's amendments, it feels like a AD&D release. It is simply a Dungeon/Wilderness/Dungeon/Wilderness (etc.) set up, although the 'dungeons' have been reasonably well put together. There are too many magic items, with the Sample Player Characters averaging three each. The major enemies do not fair too badly, though, with most having reasonable motivations and goals rather than just acting as punch bags.

Part One is the strongest of the two parts, with the story beneath the surface peeking through just enough to give the trek some depth. This is not carried through to part two, unfortunately, which is just a standard monster bash. I also feel that you will need all parts of the Doomstones Campaign to make it worth playing, as once they're involved, PC's will be too unbalanced for normal Empire life.

The next release of the Doomstones campaign sounds more promising, being closer to the Warhammer scenario style we've come to expect. The campaign is worth buying, as long as you release its limitations and don't expect another S.O.B or D.O.T.R. Nonetheless, if it's classic Warhammer you're after, you'll have to look elsewhere.

Pour la Gloire d'Ulric

Warhammer Campaign. Published by Jeux Descartes

Reviewed by Martin Oliver



"Pour la Gloire d'Ulric" is the first section of a three part campaign, "La Campagne de L'Architecte des Destinées" (The Architect of Fate campaign, by my rough and ready translation), produced by Jeux Descartes. It's set after the Empire in Flames, so don't even think of getting it before you've finished "The Enemy Within", as it's full of spoilers.

PLG is a world-spanning epic, involving the machinations of some of the most sinister elements of the WFRP background, and promising (in part 2) developments which could change the very nature of the WFRP world. It also claims to be useful as a sourcebook, detailing Handrich (God of Trade), a cult of Khaine, rules for naval engagements, and so on.

Unfortunately, it falls short of its promise. The changes brought about after EiF happened too smoothly for my liking. The campaign is self-admittedly linear. Some of the alliances in the background strike me as unlikely or impossible. This campaign opens in 2513 (my TEW campaign

is still going in 2514). The material on the Middenheim carnival is a poor substitute for that in "Power Behind the Throne." The Khaine cult is too direct, not subtle nor sinister enough. One vital NPC is called Percegob Garlic (that's just a bit too tacky...). The GM has to repeatedly "fix" incidents to maintain plot direction; the art is adequate but not inspirational. And so it goes on.

What really griped my players when I showed them this supplement was that they're obliged to take up the pre-generated characters, as these are integral to the plot. Most are interesting and would be fun to play, and it does solve the problem of why the characters are travelling together, but this seems just a bit too dictatorial. Besides, the characters are already well advanced (making this heroic rather than gritty), which won't help players to feel as if they're all that involved with the development of their characters.

Additionally, this whole book seems to be a long introduction. It covers little more than the prequel and a journey to Norsca, where it halts abruptly. As a result, I'd be reluctant to recommend this to anyone until part 2 is out and shown to be worth buying. Another concern is about the way this campaign is going to develop the world. The background for PLG and the developments promised in part 2 are unlikely to fit with other material. For example, Marienburg as described in PLG won't have much in common with the forthcoming Hogshead supplement, and is already incompatible with existing White Dwarf articles.

Complaints aside, there are several nice touches, and I'd gladly adapt sections and fit them into my own campaign. However, if I intended to run it as a campaign in itself, I'd want to rewrite it considerably before letting my players loose on it.

HOGSWASH - ISSUE 2

Reviewed by John Foody

The second release of Hogshead's occasional fanzine-style publication contains all their latest news (amongst other things). As WFRP is Hogshead's only game to date, this features strongly, although its next game (FRUP) and important news about the magazine Interactive Fantasy are also included. There is also a special offer on issues of IF, which is highly recommended by Warpstone. If you haven't seen a copy yet, don't miss this chance to get an issue for a pound!

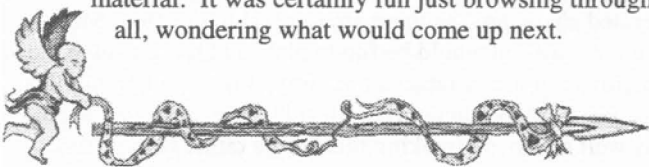
Issue 2 celebrates the tenth anniversary of WFRP and contains details of all the products released to date. There are also descriptions of forthcoming products, with the Marienburg sourcebook sounding very promising, as do parts of Realms of Sorcery (no, not all of it) — but we shall just have to wait and see.

Le Grimoire - Warhammer Magazine

Reviewed by Martin Oliver

"Le Grimoire" is the French fanzine for Warhammer, which is now up to issue 15, and is extremely well established. In fact, it's so well established, that its editor has confirmed that Games Workshop are "officialising" it. This seems a pretty dodgy move to me — the material is produced by amateurs, and none of it (to my knowledge) actually gets checked by GW to see if it fits in with the Warhammer "canon". Still, there you have it...

Issue 15 bills itself as "The Player's Handbook", and is replete with over a hundred new character classes, a feature on the Gods of Law, Snow Elves, 10 new skills (including 4 types of art), rules for magical combat, a focus on mercenaries, and a 4-page cartoon strip. Particularly useful for the likes of me is an English-French translation of all the skills and careers! I'm not quite sure, how all this qualifies as a player's handbook, but it does make for an interesting mix of material. It was certainly fun just browsing through it all, wondering what would come up next.



Also included is the Exorcist Character Class by Graeme Davis. Exorcists spend their time dealing with the Undead and the supernatural, especially cases of possession. The career structure is similar to that of other magic-users, although the exorcist's spells are a mixture of the five WFRP schools of magic. I like this career; it's nicely balanced and will be great to play (although they will need to be careful of stairs and green pea soup, methinks).

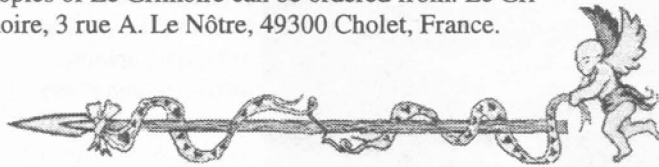
For this career alone, WFRP players are recommended to obtain a copy of Hogswash. Although it is only fifteen pages long, it has the great advantage of being free, and Hogshead is to be congratulated on taking the time to put it together.

To obtain a copy of Hogswash, write to: Hogswash, Hogshead Publishing, 29a Abbeville Road, London SW4 9LA or email hogswash@hogshead.demon.co.uk
P.S. Does anyone remember the Black Sun?

Being brutally honest, though, there's not much here that I'd consider worth using; the Nippon, Lustrian, Norse, and Arabian careers just aren't relevant to me, and the rest vary greatly in quality. There was also a furore on the Warhammer E-mail list when this issue came out, as many of the careers (and Gods of Law) already existed in the Archives, something not mentioned by the editor. One of the contributors admitted that there was a similarity, but denied that anything had been pirated.

I may have had mixed reactions to the content, but I really liked their artwork. There are plenty of good pictures in here, several of which would make excellent handouts. In fact, the general quality of the production is extremely impressive for a fanzine.

If you're fairly fluent in French, and have 105FF (about £13.40) spare, you could do worse than get hold of a copy. (Normal copies cost 60FF, or £7.80) However, I couldn't quite shake the feeling this was quite a bit to pay for something I'd had such mixed reactions about... Copies of Le Grimoire can be ordered from: Le Grimoire, 3 rue A. Le Nôtre, 49300 Cholet, France.



WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

NEWS

It is unlikely that realms of Sorcery will now appear this year.

Hogshead now have a Skaven sourcebook in the works. Also probably appearing next year will be a WFRP book based very heavily on GW's 'Realm's of Chaos'. This is very, very tentatively titled 'Chaos, Death and Spiky Things' (hopefully this will change).

SUBMISSIONS

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions (articles & text). Payment is a free copy of Warpstone. The deadline to be considered for Issue 4 is December 1st and Issue 5, March 1st.

Art - Art should be A4 size or less (so we can scan). If you wish to do specific work for Warpstone please send us examples of your work. Please only send copies.

Writing - If possible please submit on a PC formatted disk and always include an ASCII version. If possible also send a hard copy (foreign writers do not worry about this).

THE ARTICLE LIST

If you like to write one of the following articles, please contact Warpstone first. Also feel free to suggest other articles.

Diseases - Its effects and cures.

Old World History - (From I Smedley) "One idea for a good feature would be the various changes in the "official history" of the Warhammer World. I hear that GW have even removed the Slann in their current 'explanation'. The detailed background - similar to traditional fantasy conceptions but with its own distinctive emphasis - has always seemed to me to be the greatest strength of WFRP."

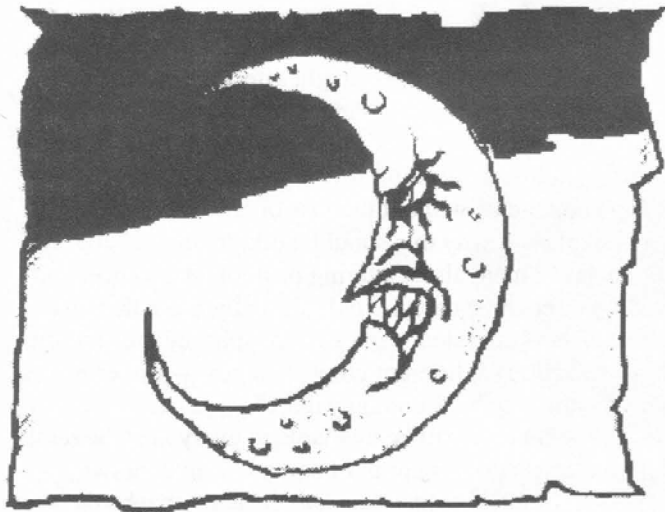
WFB Reviews - A comprehensive review on GW Old World material and what use it would be to an WFRP player.

FIGHTING CHAOS: WHY BOTHER?

by Timothy Eccles

Introduction

The point of this article, as is suggested by the title, is to question the reality of the fundamental concept of Warhammer. In WFRP, the aim for PCs is to save the world from the insidious spread of Chaos - the rulebook states this and the published scenarios also develop this. And yet neither the PCs, nor the forces of law (or good), stand a chance. Chaos is simply invincible in the long run.



The Strength of Chaos

The forces of Chaos are perfect examples of power-gaming gone mad. The most blatant personal example of this was when my party, having completed all the published adventures (and many others) went off to Kislev to do SRIK. There we met Granax and demon (with the hellblade = +3d6 damage). Three years of role play were demolished in 5 minutes. Both DM and players were experienced; it was the game, not the players that was at fault. I know Kislev is not for the weak, but I mean: chaos armour (2AP; no encumbrance); magic resistance; strength +3 (yes, THREE); sword kills spellcaster automatically on a hit (and he hits 3/5 of the time); 4d6 sword; poison etc. etc. Our entire party had less items than Granax and his band.

If Chaos is run as in Realm of Chaos, it gets so many boons and items on top of ordinary skills (yes, they also get dodge blow, strike mighty blow etc.), that there really is no chance for the forces of 'good'. But even that is not all. Chaos magic items cannot be used by PCs. Chaos itself is so easy to catch - a disease, a questioning attitude, a desire for enjoyment - that the Old World cannot survive. The entire concept of the world is out of balance. It is now worse than AD&D, where at least (say) the Forgotten Realms books read a passable fantasy world until you realise that even the whores have to be made level three fighters. The catch-all excuse about the chaos forces too busy fighting themselves just doesn't make sense. And the forces of law

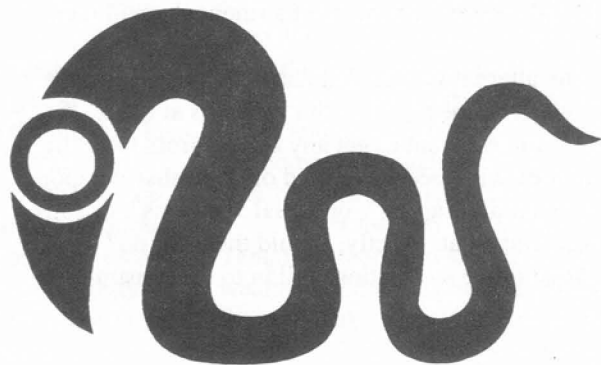
(Solkan etc.) are just as 'evil' as chaos, and even more divided.

The Solution

I am not sure that there is one. I admit that I am from the old school of wargaming. By that I mean, I have been brought up on Aragorn and Gandalf triumphing in LOTR, LG/CG AD&D parties against CE baddies, and playing Runequest 2, where the Lunars were evil, rather than RQ3 where they are merely another culture. I like my games to have the beleaguered forces of good overcome evil. In WFRP, we are just beleaguered. That is not to say I don't like 'grey areas'; I love WFRP for that. Some of the merchants in SOB were stupid and greedy rather than evil.

Fundamentally, I think that the linked mass battle rules (WFB) have led WFRP astray. Chaos armies became popular, and thus were given increasingly more items, skills and power. Rather than an abstract enemy, chaos became a focus in itself. The only real way to restore game balance is to junk WFB/GW and produce a second edition with balance in mind.

The only alternatives are to weaken chaos, or strengthen law. The first I think is too difficult, because the game's ethos has changed. An ad-hoc removal of hellblades etc. would not work. The second needs to be done consistently, and thus also needs a new edition. I think that the gods of Law need strengthening (and returning to 'good'), new 'chaos-hunter' type career classes need to be created, more skills would be useful, and I think Malal should be reintroduced as a god for those innocents unfairly infected and seeking revenge. In my game, I also have relics of the 'good' gods (like Sigmar's hammer) that eat chaos for breakfast, but are otherwise weak (and thus don't unbalance the game). And now we have a new Emperor, perhaps we could also have some social justice to remove the need for the masses to seek solace in Chaos?

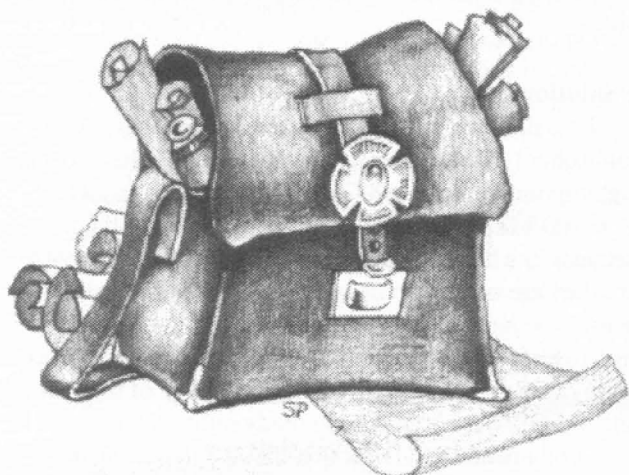


Conclusion

WFRP is a brilliant system, although many of the rules need tweaking ten years on. However, in my opinion, the Old World is no longer a strength of the system. Chaos is just too strong, and PCs might as well not bother trying.

MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

Martin Oliver's regular look at the best of information on the WFRP E-mail list.



Two blows, or not two blows, that was the question. What happens when a character with one attack picks up a weapon in each hand in an attempt to give themselves a little extra edge? (pardon the pun...) Well, the WFRP mailing list wasn't found wanting for ideas.

Firstly, Warhammer Battle was cited as a solution. There, characters with two weapons double their attacks, taking a -1 to hit penalty with one hand and a -2 penalty with the other. This translates to a -10%/-20% WS penalty, with twice as many attacks as usual. The problem with that, though, was that the rulebook (pg. 118) states categorically that:

"characters may strike as many blows against the enemy as they have Attacks. A blow can be struck by any weapon held in either hand, but holding additional weapons does not increase the number of attacks."

However, it does seem a bit unrealistic to assume that a second weapon gives no benefit whatsoever, and besides, people weren't about to let a rulebook spoil their fun!

The alternative was that characters in WFB have been properly trained to use both weapons at once. If WFRP characters want to get any benefit from the extra weapon, they will need some kind of Specialist Weapon skill — "Paired Weapons", or "Dual Weapons", or some such like. But what, exactly, should this skill do?

Most of the suggestions fell in to three main categories:

- The skill adds one free attack.
- The skill can be bought cumulatively, 100 EPs a time, up to a maximum of your A score.
- The skill simply doubles your attacks.

Other options were more complicated. Such as doubling the difference between one character's number of attacks and his opponent's. (For example, a character with

A2 vs. a character with A1: the first gets $1+(1 \times 2)=3$ attacks, the other gets 1). Instead of allowing characters to strike more often, the skill could augment their weapon skill, since using two weapons gives a better chance of forcing an opening in a defence. For example, if one attack failed, the next could be made at +10 WS, using the second weapon to follow through on the first. Another argument was that dual weapons should give an initiative bonus, representing the chance of being better positioned to make a good strike. Similar to this was a way of tying multiple weapons into the effective initiative rules. If someone normally attacks at I 60, 40 and 20, a second weapon might allow them to get the first two blows in at the same time (I = 60), giving them an edge over slower opponents.

As an alternative to improving the character's profile, using a second weapon might affect the enemy's chance of dodging and parrying, since it would be harder to deal with tactics such as a simultaneous high and low strike. Another suggestion was to allow characters to change opponents without the loss of an attack. It wasn't really explained why this should work, though; changing opponents is more about altering position and stance, and holding a second weapon wouldn't really make that any easier. Also suggested were ways of splitting the skill up into a selection of different combat tactics — Roger Kay's rules for this can be found on page 15.

Should this skill be available to everyone? Several different restrictions were put forward. Wielding two weapons would be exhausting and difficult; maybe the second weapon should be restricted to daggers, short swords, and the like. Perhaps only "competent" fighters should be allowed to buy the skill — characters with a WS over 50, say. It also got suggested that the character would have to be ambidextrous, but most people thought that this should be for off-setting the penalty for using a weapon in your second hand, rather than being a requirement.

So, with all these ideas flying about, was the list able to decide on which should be adopted? Well, no; not as such... Still, with this many variations, you're bound to find *something* that suits your campaign. And finally, to wrap up, a few points which everybody *was* able to agree upon:

1. A second weapon can act as a reserve in case you drop the first or get disarmed.
2. A "paired weapon" skill already exists: Specialist Weapon — parrying weapons. As far as I'm aware, this is pretty close to the way that second weapons were used historically, especially in European styles of fighting such as the Art of Defence (which became fencing).
3. Holding a second weapon can give you a choice of different weapon modifiers. The most obvious example of this is a shield, which offers +20% to parries. (Actually, the paired weapon penalties cut this back to +0 if you attack, but it's better than nothing...)

Happy Hacking!

HOLY KNIGHTS, PAGAN DAYS

Knights Templar in The Old World

by Peter Huntington

Two Hundreds and Twenty in a line we came,
Silent, rode 'gainst Sigmar's bane,
Corruption 'pon the Empire's plain,
Steel and horse we fought their gain.

In their midst the heart of flame,
Burnin' bright the Templar's aim.
Spilling blood like winter's rain,
Cut like a scythe to the very main.

And when the few scurried home,
They told;
"We could not take Sigmar's own."
Knight & Poet Justis Vasternaut

Most roleplayers have some idea of what a Templar is, even if it's just as a shortcut to a neat set of skills and advances. Some of you might even be thinking, "Ah, mediaeval crusader turned Rosicrucian turned Freemason" (or any other secret society you care to mention). I'm going to try and explain what a Templar really was, what they were about, and then suggest how they could be integrated into your game. They were (and are in WFRP) the avenging sword-arm of a religion — and if that doesn't make for some blood'n'guts fun, nothing will.

Much of the history about Templars is, in reality, unsubstantiated speculation, and you could argue about what is or isn't true until the cows come home. The first part of the article is just to report on the 'official' story, so if there's something about it you want to argue with, at least it won't be my problem...

THE REAL TEMPLARS

The Founding of the Templars

Jerusalem, 1118 A.D. — Godfroi de Bouillion had seized the Holy City during the first Crusade, but now his brother, Baudoin, was king. It was he whom the French nobleman Hugues de Payen, along with eight friends, approached, asking to form a knightly order, intending that, "as far as their strength permitted, they should keep the roads and highways safe — with especial regard for the protection of pilgrims." They took the name, "The Order of The Poor Knights of Christ and The Temple of Solomon", and in spite of the daunting size of this self-imposed task, they recruited no help for nine



years.

When the nine returned to Europe in 1127, their fame and reputation had spread far and wide. The Pope officially recognised the order, and for the next two decades they expanded on an extraordinary scale. Younger sons of noble families flocked from across Europe to enrol, bringing with them huge donations.

Upon joining, knights took a vow of poverty, handing over their property and wealth to the order. This, coupled with the fact that the order never refused gifts, meant that the order was soon richer than most nations, and better equipped, too; it had its own navy, doctors, surgeons and priests. No European monarch would even consider going on a crusade without their support. However, the Templars answered to no monarch, only to the Pope.

In the Holy Land

In the holy land, that the order gained a fearsome reputation, becoming the archetypal crusader. Upon en-

try into the order, a knight not only took a vow of poverty, but also of chastity and obedience. They also shaved their heads and grew beards. They were seen as fierce, fanatical warrior monks, knight mystics distinctively clad in a white mantle or surcoat with a splayed red cross over their hearts. They were the storm troopers of the holy land. They fought, to the death never retreated unless outnumbered at least three to one, never asked mercy if captured, and knew that none — up to and including the Grandmasters — would ever be ransomed by the order.

Over the next 180 years the Templars flourished and the order grew wealthier and more powerful, although they did make a few mistakes as they went. In 1153, a Christian army was laying siege to Ascalon. The Templars forced a breach in the city walls, through which the Grandmaster of the Order entered with a party of forty knights. He ordered his remaining knights to defend the breach in the wall against the other Christian soldiers who would try to enter, intending that the

"The Heart of Bruce"

by W.E. Aytoun

The trumpets Blew, the cross-bolts flew.
The arrows flashed like flame.
As spur in side and spear in rest,
Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and men;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men.
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lances length,
So dense was their array.
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried,
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of Clair:
We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker, grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James.
"Thou kind and true Saint Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off
I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood
So lion like and bold.
And held the precious heart aloft
All in its case of gold.

He slung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more.
But - "Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou went wont of yore!"...

We'll bear them back unto our ship.
We'll bear them o'er the sea.
And lay them in the hallowed earth.
Within our own countrie.

This poem concerns the heart of Sir Robert the Bruce and William de St. Clair both of whom Andrew Sinclair in his book 'The Sword and the Grail' claims had close connections with Templar orders.

capture of Ascalon would be a victory purely for the Templars. At first, the Muslim defenders fell back, daunted by the Templars' reputations — but when they realised that there were only forty Templars, they made short work of them.

I include this story to show the sort of mentality it took to make a Tem-

plar. Supremely disciplined, yet prone to incredible arrogance, they are prepared to fight and die (and slaughter as many heathens as possible) in the name of their religion.

The Fall

For the Templars, though, the end was near. In 1306, Philippe IV of France, jealous and afraid, decided to rid his lands of the Templars and seize their wealth. To do this, Philippe had to enlist the help of a Pope (there were three at this time), as only a Pope could order their dissolution. Between 1303 and 1305, Philippe had one, possibly two Popes killed, and had one of his own candidates elected to the position. The new Pope, Clement V, was greatly indebted to Philippe and could hardly refuse his demands, including the suppression of the Templars.

Philippe planned his moves with a secrecy any secret service would have been proud of. Sealed orders were dispatched across the country, to be opened and acted upon at exactly the same time. At dawn on Friday, October 13th 1307, all Templars were to be arrested and their wealth seized by the kings men. But despite his best efforts, word seemed to reach the Templars, who were able to hide their wealth where Philippe would never find it. Many Knights were captured and charged with crimes against religion, including Heresy and the worship of idols. Those that did not confess and repent were tortured and executed.

Although Philippe tried to get other monarchs to join his cause, none matched his zeal. In France at least, the Templar's fate was sealed — Philippe harried and persecuted them without mercy. In 1312, bowing to pressure from Philippe, the Pope officially dissolved the order, and in 1314, the last official Grandmaster of the order, Jacques de Molay, was burned at the stake.

Considering the large number of Knights that escaped arrest, both in France and abroad, the order did not cease to exist. It went underground, only to surface in legend and rumour time and again throughout the coming centuries. Some maintain that it still exists.

PLAYING A TEMPLAR IN WFRP

How can you realistically play a

character like this? And will they survive more than ten minutes?

A player wanting to become a Templar ought to be able to justify this choice, be it as penance for some crime or a 'divine calling'. They should be familiar with the religion (rather than the advance scheme) — the GM could even insist on them serving as an initiate first. Acceptance into the order will involve the character swearing to serve the god for a fixed period, which will usually be until they die. From then on, the character's first loyalty must be to the order, to their new brothers and their religion. They will be expected to hand over all worldly possessions, to obey the cult strictures, and often to complete some task or trial set by the Grandmaster or clerics.

All this will make it necessary to have a large stock of plot devices if the player wants to continue 'adventuring'. More appropriate are adventures involving obligations such as ceremonial rites, acting as an honour guard, or joining military campaigns. Since Templar detachments are highly regarded for their professionalism, every warring Prince or Baron will seek to win their support with a suitably sized donation to the order's coffers.

Rivalry between orders is legendary, with the Sigmarite and Ulrican disputes being the most famous. While orders are not openly hostile, there have been many wars over the last thousand years which have seen them take the field simply as an excuse to fight each other. However, despite this antagonism, threats to the Empire will always unite them against the common foe.

On the battle field there are few sights more awe inspiring then watching a Templar lance charge. Whilst it's unlikely a GM would ever have to referee this, it could be included in a narrative to add atmosphere to a dramatic battle. Templars are cavalry — very heavy cavalry. They will draw up opposite the most dangerous opponent on the field (unless tactics dictate otherwise) in silence — only the commands of their officers and the blessings of their clerics will be audible. Then, when the order is given, the company will charge, falling on their enemies like a spiked wall of polished steel. This sight alone is enough to cause most foes to break, but if combat is joined, the Templars will not willingly withdraw unless ordered to do so. It is said that any body wit-

nessing a Templar charge will never forget it, and a well timed charge can easily turn a battle.

TEMPLAR ORDERS IN THE OLD WORLD

Many religions have followers willing to defend them, but few have enough ardent enough to form an order of any size. Typically, only the warrior gods can muster enough men and clerics, and for the Old World, this means Sigmar, patron deity of the Empire, Ulric, god of battle, wolves and winter, and Myrmidia, goddess of war. The largest, oldest, strictest regulated and most easily recognised force is the Order of the Knights of Sigmar. We shall deal with these first, and look at the followers of Ulric and Myrmidia in part two.

THE ORDER OF THE HOLY KNIGHTS OF SIGMAR.

Helrick's Vision

In 666 IC (Imperial calendar), Emperor Otto von Dassbutt II signed the Royal Charter and proclamation (see Panel) which effectively bought the Templars of Sigmar into being. At this time, the cult of Sigmar was still relatively

young, still at the stage when its structure was fluid, with many Holy Men vying for the position of Grand Theogonist. The clerical orders of The Silver Hammer, The Torch and The Anvil (TEW, pg. 19) were still in their infancy.

Despite the lack of firm organisation, many felt drawn to this new religion, especially warriors and fighters who felt a great affinity with Sigmar's ideals. In the year 656 I.C., according to the order's own history scrolls, Helrick Frisk, a young warrior from the Imperial bodyguard, first approached the Grand Theogonist. He claimed that he had received a vision from Sigmar himself. At first, the Grand Theogonist refused to see the young warrior (he was, after all, a busy man with a religion to run, and didn't have time to see every wandering priest or mystic who came to

him). However, Helrick was determined, with the courage of his convictions, and as an excellent soldier and bodyguard he had earned the ear of the emperor. Eventually, the Grand Theogonist gave him the hearing he desired.

Helrick told the Grand Theogonist of his vision, and how Sigmar had commanded him to "gather about you like-minded men, and fashion them into a force to protect my empire. Become my hammer, and deliver crushing blows onto all mine enemies, from which they will never recover. Choose men of iron will, pure of heart, who will never turn from this worthy cause. Test them, bend them, fashion them. Only the weak will break. Do as I

*From this day forward, until the end of all time,
I relieve the Holy Order of the Knights of Sigmar
And all orders contained therein, of all bonds
Of serbitude, loyalty and responsibility to any
One man upon this world apart from the Emperor himself.
Upon their mighty shoulders they must bear the
Responsibility for the spiritual well-being of all
Lawful citizens of the empire.
Where words and reason fail, may their swords and deeds convert.
Where Sigmar's law is questioned, may his knights enforce.
They shall be Sigmar's will embodied,
May all enemies of our great and noble empire quake
At their presence and in them know the will of Sigmar
As I have proclaimed, it shall be.*

*Emperor Otto von Dassbutt II
Bakertag 18 Sigmarzeit 666 I.C.*

command."

The Grand Theogonist questioned and interrogated Helrick about the vision, trying to catch him out. After all, why would Sigmar bless an ordinary soldier with such a vision? Why not visit the Grand Theogonist himself. Envy aside, though, the Grand Theogonist recognised a good idea when he saw it. He knew it would be a good excuse to form an official guard devoted to protecting his position in these troubled political times.

The Founding of Sigmar's Templars

So it was that the Grand Theogonist announced that Helrick had indeed received a vision from Sigmar, and that a new religious fighting order was to be formed. Unfortunately for Helrick, he was to play only a small role in the Grand Theogonist's plans.

Initially, the fledgling force was little better than a band of mercenaries, lacking inspired leadership. The Grand Theogonist placed men he could trust in positions of rank, with a man called Anton von Karroll as the first commander. von Karroll was an officer and a noble who had served without any great distinction in the Imperial cavalry. He also happened to be the Grand Theogonist's cousin. After his military service, he had joined the cult of Sigmar, quickly rising through the ranks thanks to his family links. By giving him command of the order, the Grand Theogonist had guaranteed his control of the Templars. For the next ten years, the force claimed to act in the name of Sigmar, but did little more than imple-

ment the Grand Theogonist's will, seizing land from other religions, and seeking out heretics (i.e. opponents of the Grand Theogonist).

All this time, Helrick remained loyal to the order, occupying a position of low rank. He despaired of what his vision had become, fearing that he failed in his task. However, he and a few like-minded comrades were fulfilling his task already, living a monastic lifestyle and devoting their

time to martial training and the praise of Sigmar. The time was just not quite right for him to realise it.

Chaos Invades

In the spring of 666 I.C. chaos made one of its regular probing incursions into the north of the Empire, through the wastelands surrounding Kislev. The vast bulk of the imperial forces were away in the south-east fighting a large force of goblins and orcs, who as usual were knocking at the door of Black Fire pass. This left the forces of Middenheim, Nordland and Ostland stretched to breaking point, and unable to send enough men to reinforce their Kislevite neighbours.

The Emperor decided that he had little choice but to find more troops from somewhere. After conferring with his advisors, it was decided to raise and

send a force of reserves and local militia to the north. To strengthen this force, the warriors of Sigmar's Temple (as they had become known) would also go, although they were, as yet, an untried force — this would be their first open battle. At first the Grand Theogonist objected to the idea of risking his own private soldiers, but the Emperor insisted and the Grand Theogonist was forced to give in gracefully. Besides, it would be good propaganda for his warriors to save Middenheim, the city of the White Wolf and seat of the cult of Ulric. Little did he realise that when they marched from Altdorf, they were marching away from the control of the cult of Sigmar forever.

The Grand Theogonist made a great spectacle of his warriors leaving Altdorf, insisting that they marched at the head of the column of reinforcements destined for the north. He made sure that the procession stopped in front of the grand Temple of Sigmar, so that he could give his public blessing to the assembled troops. Secretly, he had ordered Anton von Karroll to avoid combat where possible, to guarantee his army's safe return. He had also ordered him only to accept orders beneficial to the cause of Sigmar, "on religious grounds."

The details of the campaign are hazy, but are not vital to the story of the Templars of Sigmar. Suffice it to say that in the opening encounters and skirmishes, Anton von Karroll kept to his orders, refusing to commit the warriors to anything even remotely risky. Whilst the whole blame for the campaign's failure to turn back the incursion cannot be given to him, the demoralised and disgruntled warriors of Sigmar, together with the other soldiers in the campaign, soon started to point the finger in his direction.

So it came to pass that the forces of the Empire took to the field on 17 Nachexen 666. What had begun as a mission to halt a minor Incursion now faced disaster. With their forced spread thinly across the field of battle, they were all that stood between Chaos and the Empire.

The Battle Of Ochen Mounds

I see the heart of Sigmar.

I see the fiery heart of Sigmar that burns with the pride and joy of battle.

It burns in the centre of a sea of darkness.

I will achieve it, or die trying.

This I swear.

Helrick Frisk, at the Battle of Ochen Mounds

The battle of Ochen Mounds would see Helrick Frisk made into a hero, the birth of the Order of the Fiery heart and the Templars of Sigmar, and the beginning of a long, proud and illustrious history.

The terrain at Ochen mounds was such that it did not lend itself to cavalry charges. The ground was made up of wet, soft earth situated between two large mounds about a mile apart, which in themselves were situated in the fork of a river. The commanders of the imperial forces had chosen the sight as it offered very little opportunity for their demoralised forces to break and run. This was a battle they *had* to win, and they knew that the Chaos horde would attack them no matter what the conditions on the battlefield.

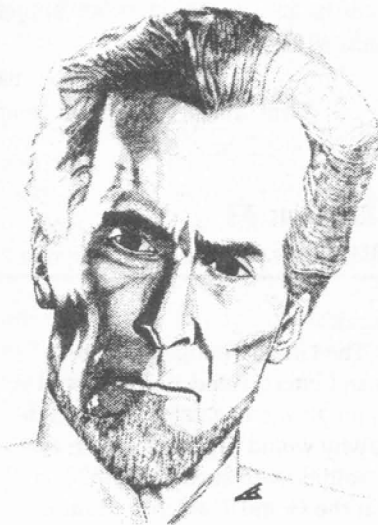
The mixed force of cavalry and infantry that made up the warriors of Sigmar were (at the insistence of their leader, and to the fury of the other commanders) kept to the rear, where von Karroll claimed that they would

plug any holes in the imperial lines and deter would-be deserters.

The forces of Chaos used the tactic that they most favoured in open battle: a full frontal charge in all their grotesque glory, falling upon their enemies with a fury that could shatter an army's confidence and steal the sanity from its soldiers. In a short time it appeared that the army of the Empire would be swept away in a screaming, howling black tide. The front line buckled and began to give after the very first charge. Panic swept through the imperial forces, and still von Karroll refused to commit the warriors of Sigmar. The other commanders remonstrated and cursed him, but still he stuck to the Grand Theogonist's orders. Even his own warriors begged to be allowed to fight, but he would not order it. He considered the position to be beyond redemption, and all he was concerned with was saving his own life and avoiding the wrath of the Grand Theogonist.

It was at this point that the imperial line collapsed. It was also at this

The Grandmaster



The current Grandmaster of the Templars of Sigmar is Conrad Thornkov. He was born to a noble family of merchants in Kislev, and his first love was always horsemanship, and with it, the noble concept of the 'Pure mounted knight'. As soon as he came of age, much to the despair of his family, he ran away to join the imperial cavalry in Altdorf. His burning ambition was to become a member of the Knights Panther.

It was while serving against Orcs at Black Fire Citadel that he first saw the Templars of Sigmar in action. In one mounted charge, with the close support of Dwarven infantry, he saw them drive back a determined Orc attack. It was an action that his own commander had called folly and refused to commit his troops to.

Inspired by what he saw, Conrad immediately did all he could to find out about these Templars of Sigmar, and upon his return to Altdorf began to worship Sigmar as his patron deity.

At the first opportunity he resigned from the imperial cavalry and tried to enrol as a Templar. For two years running he was turned down, and ended up living on the streets as a beggar. He refused to accept defeat or return to his family in Kislev.

When he tried for his third time he was ill and starving, but the masters of the selection saw the potential in him and he was welcomed into the order. In no time he proved himself an able and gifted soldier and horseman. His rise through the ranks was meteoric. Time and again he proved he could command men with authority and flare, never asking them to do anything that he would not do himself.

He ascended to the position of Grandmaster a little under five years ago, and was a popular choice for the position, with both orders voting unanimously to accept him. In appearances he looks much younger than his 68 years and heads his order with the vitality of a much younger man.

He is of medium build with average looks, making him a far cry from the doughty warrior that most people expect. He is very intelligent, with a razor sharp wit, and will not suffer fools at all. He is incredibly proud both of what he is and what he represents.

point, in a fury that he later claimed that he could not remember, that Helrick Frisk broke all military law. He struck down Anton von Karroll with a single blow, almost killing him in front of his own men and the other panic-stricken commanders. He then turned to the other members of the Warriors of Sigmar and said, "I would rather die fighting an enemy of the Empire in combat, then have my shame paraded through every road, street and alleyway in the world. I am soldier of the Empire, loyal to the emperor, loyal to my word and above all loyal to Sigmar. And what is more, I will die that way!"

He then turned to face the Chaos horde and said, "I see the heart of Sigmar. I see the fiery heart of Sigmar that burns with the pride and joy of battle. It burns in the centre of a sea of darkness. I will achieve it or die trying. This I swear." Then other members of the order began to mutter that they could see something too, and as if in a daze they began to mount their horses and form into a line. Those without horses climbed up behind their friends, and, to the total amazement of the rest of the Imperial forces (who swore they could see nothing) they charged the centre of the chaos horde, driving deep into its heart, smashing and destroying all that lay before them, until they reached very centre of the chaos army.

Realising that they had been given a chance for a victory, the commanders rallied their almost broken army and rejoined the battle, but the warriors of Sigmar had already done the damage and the army of chaos was put to flight.

In the aftermath, while the rest of the imperial forces celebrated their astonishing and unexpected victory by looting what they could from dead and the abandoned, the warriors of Sigmar quietly, dazedly, gathered their dead. Almost as one, they fell to their knees, and with Helrick Frisk (who had survived in spite of terrible wounds) leading the prayer, they gave thanks for their deliverance.

Herlick Excommunicated

On the triumphant return to Altdorf, the Emperor summoned all the commanders to him to explain how they had almost brought disaster to the army. As one, they blamed the warriors of Sigmar under the leadership of von Karroll for their lack of commitment.

But when they told of how the warriors had fought under Helrick, they could hardly contain their praise. The Emperor was not satisfied and summoned Helrick, the injured von Karroll, and the Grand Theogonist to explain to him and his advisors how this situation had arisen.

In that meeting, the Grand Theogonist denounced Helrick as an heretic for striking and disobeying Anton, and in so doing disobeying him and ultimately Sigmar himself. Helrick countered, saying that it was Sigmar who had told him to disobey and attack, and saying that he would leave the practice of religion to the clerics and holy men and that they should leave the practice of war to warriors and soldiers. Furthermore, from this point onward, he and any warrior that would come with him would operate outside the confines of the cult of Sigmar.

In a fury the Grand Theogonist excommunicated him on the spot, believing that none would follow him. However, on learning of his excommunication, the warriors who had seen the fiery heart and followed Helrick into battle announced that they too would leave the cult to go with Helrick. Among those who said he would leave was Anton von Karroll, who confirmed that for the most part he had followed the Grand Theogonist's orders, but now he had seen the error of his ways and wanted to make amends for his cowardice.

Faced with this potentially disastrous split in the cult, the other high ranking members (including the two Arch Lectors and most of the ordinary Lectors) met to see if they could come to some sort of compromise but none seemed possible. This inability to find common ground came to an end with the death of the Grand Theogonist, who was murdered while conducting a religious ceremony by a strangely calm and serene Anton von Karroll. Afterwards, at his trial, he would only say that what he did was for the benefit of all mankind and that it was the will of Sigmar.

The True Order Emerges

After this, the Arch Lectors and Lectors elected a much more reasonable man to the post of Grand Theogonist. Negotiations were begun to bring the Templars of Sigmar back into the

fold once more, but Helrick insisted on certain conditions. The main one was that the Templars would essentially be an autonomous group, who, while closely linked with the Cult of Sigmar, would govern themselves and would answer to no-one but the Emperor. This was met in an Imperial proclamation on the 18th Sigmarzeit, 666 I.C. The Order of the Templars of Sigmar had been born.

Civil War

Over the following centuries the Order grew in power but much of their energies were dedicated to fighting in the East.

It wasn't until the years of civil war in the Empire that the Order truly came to prominence, fighting the cult of Ulric after Talabecland outlawed of the worship of Sigmar.



THE ORDER TODAY, AND ITS INFLUENCES ON PLAYER CHARACTERS

The Order is as strong today as it has ever been, with the loyalty and professionalism of its members beyond doubt. It is the largest order of Templars in the Old World, due to the patronage of the Imperial family. Through the years, the order has won a reputation for ferocity in battle. It quickly developed into a predominantly cavalry force, which could operate and respond quickly to threats to the security of the Empire or Sigmar's religion.

Its members did more than fight, though, and many a sacred item or relic was saved by the swift intervention of the order. They also gained a reputation for upholding the letter of the law,

leading to a drop in the crime rate (everyone is so frightened to risk being caught by these religious warriors).

Despite their somewhat awkward start, the order and the cult of Sigmar are now virtually inseparable. Templars are stationed at all main temples in all the major cities, with their grand lodge being in the grounds of the main temple in Aلدorf. The Grandmaster of the order is elected in almost an identical way to the Grand Theogonist, from within the hierarchy of the order. While the Grandmaster does not have a vote when it comes to electing an emperor, the Grand Theogonist while not obliged to, will almost always seek the opinion of the Grandmaster.

The general rank and file of the order are drawn from almost every walk of life, though most are warriors of some description. When they join they

can either elect to serve for a fixed period of time or to join for life. Advancement in the order is primarily by commitment and talent, rather than wealth or birth. The order is divided into two main groups: the order of the Fiery Heart (named by the founder, Helrick), and the order of the Fist (see below). All new recruits are initiated into the Fiery Hearts, and members of the order often claim to be able to see the fiery heart of Sigmar before a battle, and will often charge heroically (recklessly!) after it, into the midst of the battle.

The order's natural enemies are all creations of chaos and threats to the empire or the emperor. They also hold great animosity towards all followers of Ulric, especially the Templars of the White Wolf. This is due to their persecution at their hands during the Age of

the Three Emperors. The only reason that the two orders are not engaged in open hostility to this day is the fragile peace secured between the two orders by Magnus the Pious and his brother Gunthar, when he united the Empire against the Chaos threat in 2302 I.C.

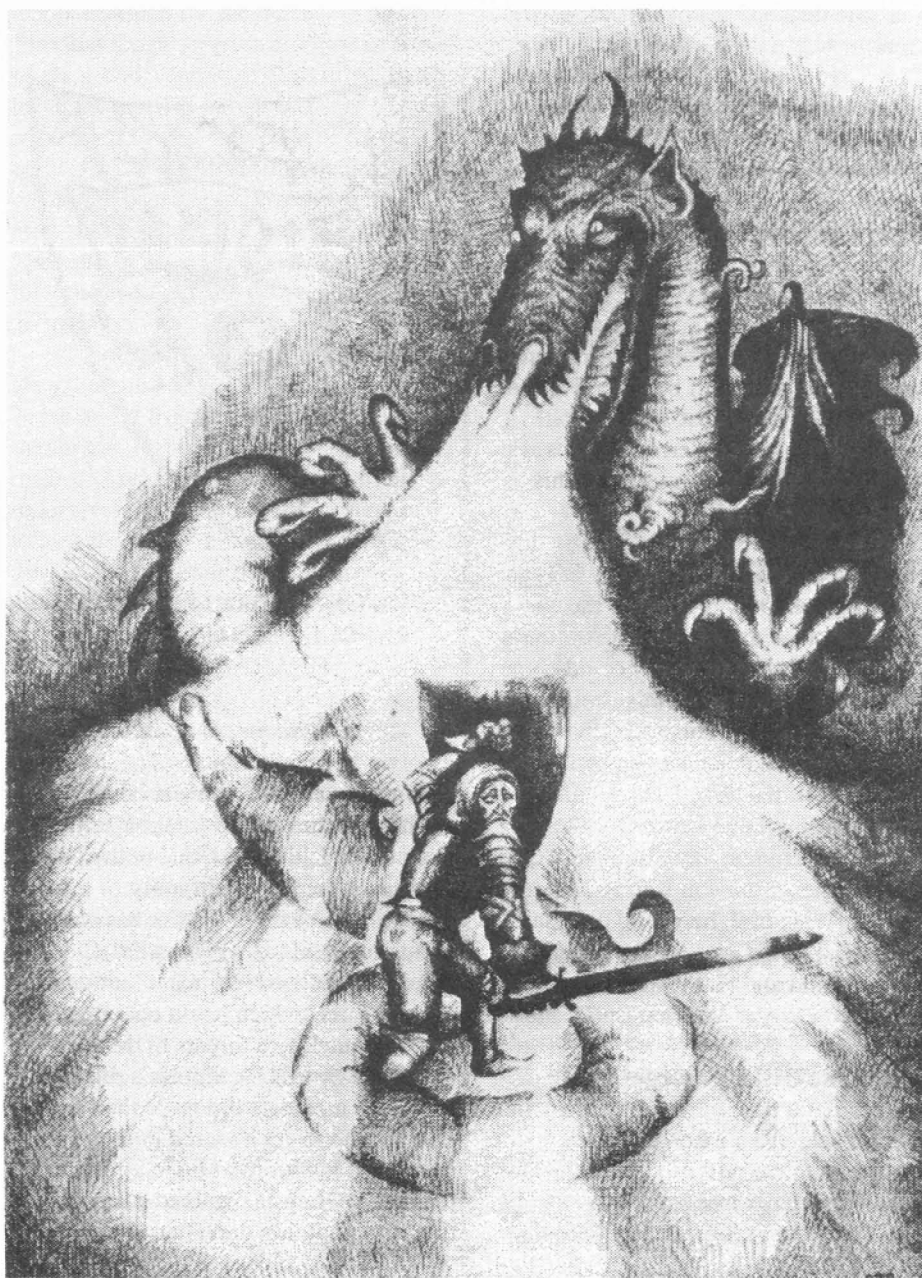
The Order of the Fist

The secret order within the Templars made up of the more religious and fanatical members, and is called the Order of the Fist. This order is entirely dedicated to the promotion of the religion of Sigmar, and while they tolerate other religions, they will often accuse them of heresy if it suits their aims. Most members often have an academic as well as a military background.

The members of this order are made up of the more intelligent members of the Templars of Sigmar very often having academic backgrounds to go with their military ones. Whereas most Templars are to be found honing their skills on the parade ground, you are more likely to find a member of the Order of the Fist pouring over an ancient magical or religious scroll that he has recently found. Members of this secret order often roam abroad in the world, infiltrating other religions, collecting evidence of heresies, or stealing artifacts and knowledge from them. Admission to the order is by invitation only and is always for life, and they answer to nobody but the Grandmaster himself. The Grandmaster is always a member, even if not invited to join them until his election.

Their origins are murky, but they filled a need that the Templars had during the Age of Three Emperors (TEW, pg. 10). When Grand Duchess Ottilla declared Talabheim independent and persecuted the cult of Sigmar (with the aid of The Templars of the White Wolf — see Part Two), they set about working behind the lines to gather information and keep the flame of Sigmar's faith burning. It was dangerous work, and they were hounded by the followers of Ulric with a fanaticism and hatred that would have made a Witch Hunter proud. Only the best were used for these dangerous tasks — a tradition that survives to this day.

In spite of this subversive training, when the horn of battle is sounded, the order of the Fist is often first to the fray, and last to leave it. They are also the only part of the Order who make a



point of studying and using magic. For the rest, such support comes only from associated clerics.

Out of all the religious warriors of the Empire, the player characters are most likely to come across members of the Order of the Templars of Sigmar, especially members of the Order of the Fiery Heart. This could be an encounter at any of the temples or shrines to Sigmar that are scattered around the cities and towns in the old world, or it could be that they are found reinforcing imperial troops or aiding their Dwarven allies in their ever continuing struggle against the Goblin hordes.

It is possible that characters may discover a member of the Order of the Fist. If the member realises that his identity has been uncovered, he will do every thing possible to protect himself and his mission, usually including silencing the player characters. So let them be warned, if they interfere they, do so at their peril.

Dwarves in the Order

Technically, there is no restriction against Dwarves joining the order, although applicants have to follow Sigmar and be able to ride a War-horse. No Dwarf has ever been a full member of the Fiery Heart, although many have fought alongside them. Some have been invited to join the Order of the Fist, where they are much valued. Also, the Grandmaster of the order keeps six places spare (out of 20) in his personal guard for Dwarven warriors. These are recommended by their ruling king, and Dwarves consider it a great honour to render such service. Each is required to serve the Grandmaster for seven years and a day.

Actually, Dwarves are allocated seven guard positions (the 21st). The seventh, however, has been left open ever since Dost Snubnose saved the life of the seventeenth Grandmaster and numerous Templars. During heavy below-surface fighting, the Templars were forced to retreat, with a numerically superior goblin force close on their heels. As they crossed an old stone bridge, Snubnose stopped, and with mighty hammer blows began to smash it to pieces. The Goblin vanguard soon reached him, but he held his ground, fighting until the bridge crumbled and fell into the chasm below, taking tens of Goblins down with it. Witnesses swore they saw him hacking

away at his enemies even as he fell into the darkness. Dost's body was never found, and he is referred to as "our missing brother". Each day, armour is polished for him and a place set at the table.

Joining the Order

If a player character decides that he wants to join the Templars of Sigmar, make it plain that they are relinquishing their freedom, and will have to answer to a higher authority for their actions. They have, after all, joined an army. While they may work for the order directly or covertly, they should not be allowed to join the Order of the Fist.

Players can only join the Templars of Sigmar by turning up at the entrance to the main Templar barracks in Altdorf on the 18th Sigmarzeit, and declaring for one whole day to all who will listen their intention to serve Sigmar. If and when they are invited to try for a place, they will be tested on their fighting abilities, courage, loyalty and faith. Only when they have satisfied all the conditions will they be asked to join. The details of the tests can be left to the Games Master (just don't make it too easy to pass).

Templar Stricture

Templars must follow the same strictures as Clerics of Sigmar, as well as the following:

- Those joining the Order relinquish their possessions. This includes armour and weapons. Those joining for a temporary period will have these returned when they leave. Should they die during their period of service, all possessions become the property of the order.
- On being accepted into the order, the recruit's head is completely shaven. They are allowed to shave, but many choose not to, to indicate their length of service to the order.
- Taking a Dwarven name. This is not compulsory, but many lifers choose to do so.
- Templars must be celibate. This encourages purity of mind.

Successful applicants will be trained in Altdorf in the arts of warfare and horsemanship, before being assigned to a Temple. They will be allowed to wear the emblem of the fiery heart on their shield, and from that

point onwards can claim to be a Templar of Sigmar, a member of an organisation as powerful in influence and wealth as any guild, and with a fighting force known and respected even outside the Old World.

On rising to Knighthood, they receive full orders. They can request to be allowed to continue adventuring, as long as they are dedicated to Sigmar's ideals. If possible, they are to return to Altdorf every two years, for new orders (although these can be the same).

A Templar's Armour

After his weapons and horse, the most important item a Templar has is his armour. On entering the order, they receive a complete suit from the armoury. On rising to the rank of Knight, they are presented with a suit of armour that once belonged to a previous Templar, giving them a link with the Order's past. To lose their suit is considered a great sin, and a dishonour to the order.

Considering the damage done to armour in battle and the progress in production methods, most armour is fairly recent, although it is likely to include elements of older suits. The Temple employs its own smiths to ensure that it is always of the finest possible quality.

Desertion

As is to be expected, the order takes a very dim few of Templars deserting. Those that do so are hunted down and brought back dead or alive to face a Court Martial, headed by the Grandmaster (the dead ones don't usually get off, as they can't say that much in their defence). Those that deserted in battle have a slim chance of only being expelled when special circumstance are taken into consideration (such as terror inspired by unnatural creatures, or Magic). Those that cannot explain their actions are executed swiftly and privately. The Order does not wash its dirty linen in Public.

IN PART TWO

Soon after they were founded, the Templars of Sigmar, became entangled with the Order of the White Wolf — Ulric's holy warriors. Part Two, will look at this order in depth, along Myrmdia's Templars, the Order of the Shield.

Templars of Sigmar Structure & Advance Scheme

by John Foody



Knights

The standard Templar rank. These are not referred to as 'Sir', but as 'Knight'. Only those that have sworn life-long service to the Temple can progress past this rank.

Select knights may become part of the Grand Master's personal guard. Knights can also be seconded to the Order of the Fist for specific tasks.

Temple Master/Knight Commander

Each Temple Master has the responsibility for the running of a Temple. This involves not only internal politics, but also dealing with the local government and nobility.

Many Temple Masters are knights of long serving, who have retired to this less active role after being badly wounded. They are expected to have some degree of diplomatic ability as in addition to strong leadership

Squires and Support Staff

Templars could hardly be expected to cook or fend for themselves. As a result, the Temple of Sigmar employs a vast number of support staff (approximately five to one knight), whose duties cover every possible menial task. In fact, the only responsibility left to the Templars is the upkeep of their own horse, which is a commodity too valuable to be entrusted to a servant.

General staff are banned from dealing with Temple finances and must swear an oath of secrecy when first employed. Oathbreakers are dealt with severely, with punishments ranging from a flogging for minor offences to excommunication and execution for treason.

Templars are not expected to provide their own squires, but are allocated one by the administration. Squires are also required to abide by Temple Stricture. Unlike the squires of secular orders, those of the temple do not necessarily come from Noble families. A squire's indenture ends on their sixteenth birthday, at which point they must choose whether or not they wish to be inaugurated as Templars.

They must pass the same criteria and tests as a non-squire joining the order. Officially their previous service gains them no advantage, but the fact that they've lived, worked, and trained with the Order stands them in good stead to pass the tests.

Temple Guards

This is the lowest rank of Templar, and the obligatory starting point for all who enter the order. Once knights have completed the advance scheme and served for at least a year minus a day, they become full Knights Templar. The period of a year minus a day means that most Temple Guards become Templars before the arrival of new recruits the next day.

As the name suggests, many Temple Guards are sent out to protect Sigmarite sites of worship across the Empire. However, prior to being posted, they must complete a substantial period of training.

Temple Guard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+20	+1	+1	+6	+20	+1	+10	+10	+10	+10	+10	+10

Trappings: None (see main text)

Skills: Animal Care, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Read/Write, Ride-Horse, SL-Battle Tongue, SS-Templar, SMB, STS

Knights

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+30	+1	+2	+8	+30	+2	+20	+20	+20	+20	+20	+20

Skills: Heal Wounds, SW Lance, Theology

Temple Master/Knight Commander

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+30	+2	+2	+10	+30	+2	+20	+30	+20	+20	+30	+30

Skills: Etiquette, Law, Public Speaking, Intimidate*, Read/Write, Speak Khazalid, SL Classical

Marshall (NPCs only)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+30	+2	+2	+12	+30	+2	+20	+30	+20	+30	+30	+30

Skills: Influence*

Grandmaster (NPCs only)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+30	+2	+2	+14	+40	+2	+20	+40	+30	+30	+30	+30

Order of the Fist

Additional Skills

Secret Signs - Order of the Fist
Scroll Lore
AL - Magick
Disguise
Linguistics

Career Exits

Cleric Lvl 1
Scholar
Spy
Wizard Lvl 1

skills.

Knight Commander is an equivalent rank, generally applied to battlefield leaders. When not at war, they are responsible for training. This is the standard rank for the Order of the Fist. Although if they rise higher in the Order, the duties of the post (Marshall or Grand Master) take precedence.

Marshals (NPCs only)

The four Marshals of the order are its generals and ministers. Each post has its own area of responsibility. These are;

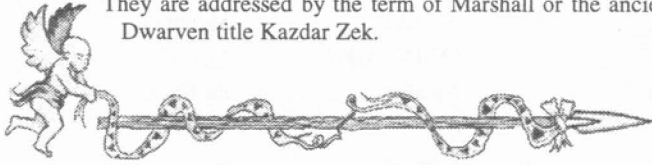
Training - Located in Altdorf. Takes charge of the recruitment and training of Templars.

War - There are two Marshal posts for war. One of these is always in the field, the other, a close adviser to the Grand Master. Typically, one of these will succeed the Grand Master on his death.

Puriti - Also located in Altdorf and historically having great influence with the Grand Master. The holder of this post is responsible for maintaining the ideological purity of the order, and controls the Order of the Fist.

The marshals fulfil various roles, acting as the Grandmaster's trusted lieutenants in all matters. At Court they deal as equals, although retaining a certain distance from courtly intrigues.

They are addressed by the term of Marshall or the ancient Dwarven title Kazdar Zek.



Grandmaster (NPCs only)

The leader of the Templars of Sigmar. The Grandmaster is located in Altdorf, where he has considerable influence. Of necessity, he must be a formidable leader and statesman. Once he starts to fail in his powers, it is the responsibility of the Marshals to recommend his retirement (generally to a post of Temple Master outside Altdorf).

The Grandmaster's symbol of office and power is Reticulum, a magical Dwarven-crafted warhammer. It was presented to Beaufort Ishmail, the 13th Grandmaster, to symbolise the close friendship between the Dwarfs and the Order. It's true powers are unknown, except to the Grandmaster and the Marshals.

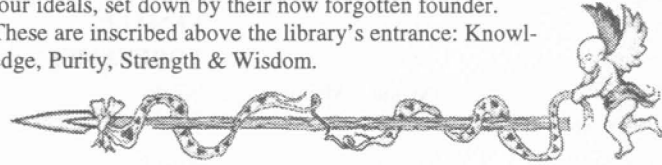
Order of the Fist

Although the Order of the Fist has a number of career exits, these are taken within the confines of the order. Where possible all training is partaken internally. Where this is not possible the Templar secretly (not to the Order) finds his knowledge elsewhere.

The Order owns a large secret library of writings that would be considered heretical and blasphemous by most authorities. These are maintained in a secret location by the Quadix, a sub order dedicated to this task.

The Quadix take their name from the Order of the Fist's four ideals, set down by their now forgotten founder.

These are inscribed above the library's entrance: Knowledge, Purity, Strength & Wisdom.



Paired Weapon Skills

by Roger Kay

Do ambidextrous characters that pick up an additional weapon suddenly have twice as many attacks? Probably not. They can certainly swing each weapon independently, but they would probably need to be trained before they could swing the weapons together in a useful way. Once trained, a character wielding two weapons should have a few more combat options. These additional options might include:

- 1 Attempt to hit the opponent with both weapons at the same time. It seems reasonable to assume that the attacker will not be able to put his or her full strength into both blows.
- 2 Attempt to parry a blow with both weapons. This will probably increase the chance of a successful parry.
- 3 Attempt to hit the opponent with one weapon while feinting with the other. This may catch the opponent off-guard and reduce his or her ability to parry or dodge the real blow.

The skills described below should be all that is needed to implement these ideas. I have tried to ensure that the skills are useful and not unbalancing. If you think that the S/2 penalty is too harsh then remember that the chance of getting a 6 is increased by 50%. Use common sense when it comes to different weapon combinations. For simplicity, I've assumed that both weapons are standard hand weapons.

Double Weapon Strike — Characters with this skill

have the ability to strike with two weapons in one attack. When using this skill during an attack the character rolls against WS as usual. If the roll is under half the effective WS then both weapons hit. If the roll succeeds but is *over* half the effective WS then only one weapon hits (equal chance of either). Each hit does S/2 + D6 damage (round up). Opponents may parry one blow and (if able) dodge the other. However, it is not possible to parry both blows. This skill cannot be used in conjunction with Strike Mighty Blow, Disarm, Strike To Injure, or Strike to Stun.

Double Weapon Parry — Characters with this skill can use two weapons to parry blows. When employing this skill characters gain a bonus of +10 to parries made with two weapons.

Double Weapon Feint — Characters with this skill can feint with one weapon while striking with another, placing the opponent off guard. When using this skill during an attack the character rolls against WS as usual. If the roll is under half the effective WS then the feint succeeds and the opponent has a penalty of -10 to dodge or parry the real blow, which does standard damage. If the roll succeeds but is over half the effective WS then there is no penalty, and the real blow is resolved in the normal way. This skill cannot be used in conjunction with Strike Mighty Blow, Disarm, Strike To Injure, or Strike to Stun.

(Special thanks to Rick Davis for his idea of several skills)

WHAT'S IN A NAME? PART 2: ESTALIA

by Ricard Gelabert Peiri

MALE	Guillermo	Rodrigo	Clara	Petra	Garcés
FORENAMES	Gumersindo	Roque	Cristina	Pilar	García
Adolfo	Gustavo	Rubén	Diana	Priscila	Ginés
Agustín	Ignacio (Nacho)	Salvador	Dolores (Lola)	Rebeca	Gomález
Alberto	Isidro	Sancho	Elvira	Rocío	Gómez
Alejandro	Jacinto	Sebastián	Emilia	Rosa	González
Alfonso	Jaime	Sergio	Eulalia	Rosalía	Herrero
Alfredo	Javier	Severo	Flora	Rosalinda	Ibáñez
Andrés	Jerónimo	Tancredo	Genoveva	Rosario	Íñigo
Antonio	Jorge	Timoteo	Gertrudis	Sandra	Lara
Arturo	José (Pepe)	Tomás	Gilda	Sofía	López
Benjamín	Juan	Valentín	Gloria	Susana, Tecla	Manrique
Bernardo	Julio	Vicente	Helena	Teresa	Marín
Bruno	Lázaro	Víctor	Inés	Úrsula	Medina
Carlos	León		Irene		Montoya
Calixto	Lorenzo	FEMALE	Isabel	A FEW	Moreno
Camilo	Luis	FORENAMES	Josefa	SURNAMES	Muñoz
César	Manuel (Manolo)	Ágata	Juana	Aguilar	Pacheco
Cristóbal	Mario	Ana	Julia	Aguirre	Pardo
David	Mateo	Ángela	Laura	Álvarez	Paz
Eduardo	Mauricio	Aurora	Leonor	Arrabal	Pérez
Eleuterio (Lute)	Miguel	Azucena	Lucía	Bertrán	Peña
Enrique	Onofre	Bárbara	Luisa	Borges	Pizarro
Ernesto	Óscar	Beatriz	Margarita	Campos	Rodríguez
Esteban	Pablo	Berta	María	Carretero	Ruiz
Eugenio	Pedro	Blanca	Marta	Casal	Sánchez
Federico	Pelayo	Camila	Matilde	Castro	Torres
Felipe	Rafael	Carmen	Mercedes	Cortés	Vargas
Félix	Ramón	Carlota	Mónica	Domínguez	Vásquez
Francisco (Paco)	Raúl	Catalina	Ofelia	Espronceda	Vega
Gerardo	Ricardo	Cecilia	Paloma	Fernández	Vera
Gregorio	Roberto	Celestina	Patricia	Jiménez	Vergara

NOTES

- 1) Some names might be non-Spanish in origin. Anyway, in the list you'll find the Spanish version. A few of the names above are quite old fashioned.
- 2) Lots of female names exist which are similar to the male names (for example, Juan -> Juana, Pedro -> Petra, José -> Josefa, etc.) and I have not included most of these.
- 3) Between parentheses there are some often used nicknames (present day ones at least). An English example of this would be *Richard (Dick)*.
- 4) Help on creating surnames and words with equivalent function:
 - The place of birth could follow the name after the preposition "de". For

instance, *Pedro de Magrita* means *Pedro of Magrita*.

- If, instead, one would use an adjective, then this would follow the articles "el / la" depending on the gender: a few examples could be *Pedro el Justo* (Peter the Just), *Juana la Sabia* (Joan the Wise). Of course, you'll need a dictionary for the adjectives...

- Often it was customary to add the name of the father after one's name, followed by the suffix "-ez", meaning "son of." Examples of this could be: *Pedro Rodríguez (Pedro, son of Rodrigo)*, *Severo Sánchez (Severo, son of Sancho)*. A great deal of surnames could be created following this kind of rule.

5) As a rule of thumb, the tilde (´) indicates which one is the stressed part of the word. The strange letter "ñ" has a sound of its own non-existent in English, which is the same (?) as appears in the French words *cognac*, *champagne*, *Perpignan* (the 'gn' part).

6) Titles are as follows:

Señora or *Doña* = Mrs., Lady;
Señorita = Miss;
Señor = Mr., Master or Lord;
Don = Mr.

Some nobility titles:

Hidalgo = Squire or Knight,
Barón/Baronesa = Baron/Baroness,
Conde/Condesa = Count/Countess,
Duque/Duquesa = Duke/Duchess,
Rey/Reina = King/Queen.

14/7

Marco Castro

Karina Schud

Darp Schmeer

~~Georg Knopp~~

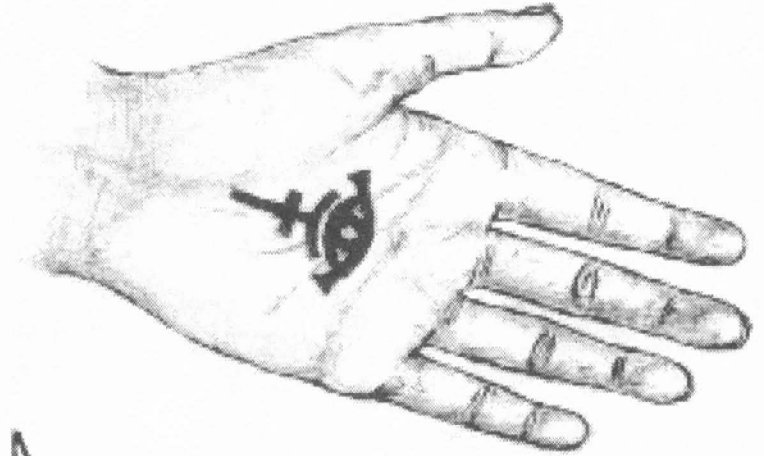
Armin Blech

H. von Strider

Johann J.

~~Dieter Horzog~~

Johann Keine



A



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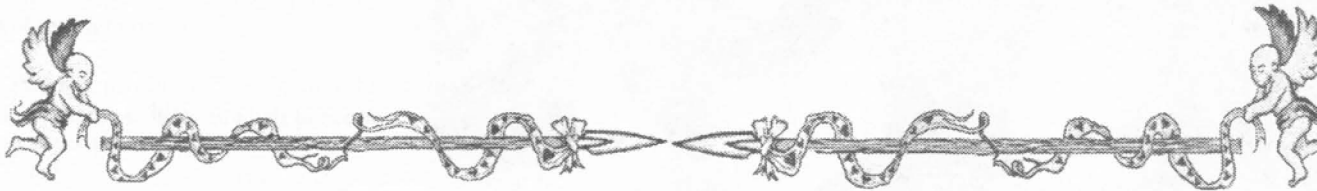
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ONE HOUR (TO) MORR

by John Foody

"The blood hunter. I had read vague references to these in Ali Mustpahs text, but there was no confirmation of their existence. Now I know why. They always take their prey. Mustpah speculated that it was one of Khornes brood, although to my mind, it shows one or two marked differences. They exhibit....."

"The sands run faster now. It is too hot here a miserable place to die. Soon, it will come for me. I have run long enough. Something... *gathers* in the corner of the room, making solid from nothing; it i... (unintelligible)"

Surviving fragments from the final entry in the journal of Demonologist Andreas Kraken

PLAYERS STOP READING HERE

This short scenario is set in Nuln, but can easily be located in any city or large town, although if somewhere lacking a bridge (i.e. Middenheim), you will certainly have to modify one section. It is only a very short scenario and does require the GM to lead the players by their noses to some extent, but this does not mean that they should be safe from the consequences of their own actions. I have adapted the normal rules for summoning demons as they didn't suit my purpose for this adventure.

Adventure Outline



'One Hour (To) Morr' concerns the desire of a chaos cult to find an incriminating piece of paper that they have mislaid. To this end they resort to summoning a demon to retrieve it and kill the bearer. When the demon comes-a-hunting, the piece of paper will be in a PCs hand. However the summoning will be incorrect and the demon shall disappear, promising to will return in one hour.

The PCs will therefore have one hour to track-down the cultists and halt the ceremony to re-summon the demon. For it is now too late to even destroy the piece of paper. The PCs will be involved in a mad dash across the city until they come face to face with the cult of 'The Third Eye'.

The PCs will therefore have one hour to track-down the cultists and halt the ceremony to re-summon the demon. For it is now too late to even destroy the piece of paper. The PCs will be involved in a mad dash across the city until they come face to face with the cult of 'The Third Eye'.

PART 1: RUY'S SCARED

Careless Talk Costs Lives

The local Third Eye cult (see page 18 for full details) is in trouble. It all started when the Third Chancellor, Mannfred Rotlander, grew tired of juggling the responsibilities of the Third Eye, Purple Hand and his job as a master of the Boatmen's Guild. So to make his life easier he made a list of all those members who owed membership fees and placed the list in his safe.

However, a couple of days later, two thieves broke into Mannfred's house and found the safe. As the paper was the only

item in it they immediately assumed it was valuable and decided to blackmail the owner. Mannfred was deeply afraid, knowing he had placed his Third Eye group in extreme danger, and agreed to pay the money.

However, by the time it came to the meeting, Mannfred had panicked, changing his mind. He stabbed the thief, and searched the body, but did not find the note. When he realised how foolish he had been, he was still too afraid to run, instead he went to the Purple Hand and told all. They in turn did not wish to sacrifice this particular

group since they had their own plans for them. Instead they set about finding the piece of paper containing the list of names. Soon the Third Eye were told the name of the dead thief's long time accomplice - Ruy Paulsen.

Ruy Paulsen

Ruy is a small time crook who has suddenly found himself in way over his head. With his partner and friend dead, Ruy went underground in a guild safe house but only narrowly escaped with his life after an obvious internal betrayal. Now he cannot trust anyone in the guild, but he knows an



old friend is in town. Out of options, he has decided to pay this friend a visit. This old friend will be one of the PCs, ideally one that owes him a favour. He may even be a friend of a character's parents, but make it clear that the PC has always thought of Ruy as reliable and honourable.

The Players' Introduction

You have been contacted by an old friend of the family - Ruy Paulsen. He wished to meet you here in the Stag's Head. The Inn is packed when you arrive, but you are shown to an empty booth and as you take your seat Ruy slips in. He looks nervous and when a tray of drinks is placed on the table, he jumps!

"I haven't much time, for I have to meet a friend in a hour. I'm in trouble, someone is after me and I think it's because of this."

He pulls out a scroll case and from it takes out a page containing a list of letters. You assume that it must be written in some sort of code.

"You must help me, they've killed Dagmar and tried to get me. All for this piece

of paper!"

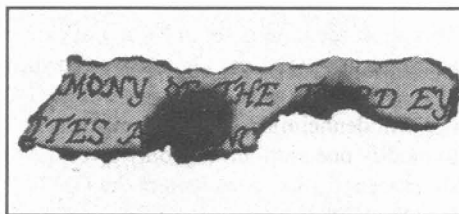
Ruy will answer any questions put to him as best he can, although he will not say who he is going to meet (a boatman that can get him out of the city). The most important information will be the address of Rottlander's house (11 Rillingheim Platz). He also gives them the address of a friends smithy where he wants to meet them at ten thirty that night That will be in five hours and he hopes that the Party will have come up with some useful information by then.

11 Rillingheim Platz

Mannfred Rottlander's house stands silent. Outside the front his neighbour plays with her two children. She can tell them that Herr Rottlander has gone away. She saw him leave with packed bags only this morning. She can also tell them that he lives on his own, is very polite, but keeps himself to himself. He works for the Boatman's Guild down on the docks.

If the PCs search the house they will find a trapdoor under the mat in the dining room. This leads down into a small room containing a desk and a chair. Mannfred has cleared this room of all the papers that

were stored here as well as his robes, etc. However down the back of one of the drawers is the cipher to the code, and with this the PCs will be able to decode a list of names. Amongst these are Karina Schud, Darp Schneer, Georg Knopp, Hans von Strider and Dieter Herzog (this is crossed out as he paid up). See Player Handout One. On the floor is a burnt scrap of paper which says: 'mony of the Third Ey.' & 'ites and inc..'



The List of Names

The PCs now have a list of names but no indication of what they mean or to what extent if any they are involved with the threat to Ruy. The next step is to track down some of those named. This will prove quite a difficult task as full records of births, etc. are not kept. Allow the PCs to do what they want here for they are bound to come up with something clever.

THE THIRD EYE

And although both my eyes are closed,
I can see the changes he will bring,
Hail Tzeentch,
Let him speak and I will listen.
The Oath of Joining.



The Third Eye is a chaos cult dedicated to the worship of Tzeentch. It works towards the collapse of the Empire by infiltrating positions of authority. If this sounds familiar, it should, for it mirrors the goals of the Purple Hand. Many observers believe it is an offshoot, although it does not seem to have gained the same measure of power and influence, in spite of being quite widely spread.

This observation is only partially correct. In fact, the Third Eye is tightly controlled by the Purple Hand and fulfils a number of functions for them. The reason that it has not gained the same measure of power is that those that have shown their loyalty are promoted into the Purple Hand. The Third Eye acts a testing ground for new members and checks their loyalty and resolve, without ever showing them too much. It has proved especially useful in identifying infiltrators from other cults or the law. The Third Eye is usually only set up in large towns and cities where the Purple Hand is already well established.

It can also act as a fall-guy to protect the main cult. The Purple Hand will have no hesitation in leading the authorities to all the members of the Third Eye should investigations into any of their schemes get a little to close. This sometimes has the added benefit of making one of their own members look good, and may lead to a promotion or two.

The Purple Hand also uses members of the cult as heavies. Large numbers of the lower membership have no real chance of gaining any sort of power useful to The Purple Hand, and so act as muscle instead.

Each branch of The Third Eye is led by 'The Third Magister', seconded by the 'The Third Chancellor'. The chancellor controls the finances, most of which will find its way into the coffers of the Purple Hand. Both of these will be very dedicated members of the Purple Hand. The third position of command is the 'Voice of the Eye'. He is treated as the senior of 'The Third Magister' and a direct link to the Great Changer. Although rarely seen by the members (and then always masked.) It is simply a means for the Purple Hand to control them should the Magister and Chancellor become unable to lead.

Reporting to the ruling trinity comes the next layer of command. The three 'Wardens of the Eye', organise the members and pass on commands from the leadership. The Wardens will normally be selected from those considered loyal and intelligent but just not quite useful enough to become full members of the Purple Hand.

Below this is the general membership of the Third Eye. They wear red robes but no other symbols. A newcomer is shown the different ceremonies slowly so that they are not shocked. By the time forbidden rituals are held they will already be in too deep.

The fact that The Purple Hand control the Third Eye should be difficult to discover, and therefore they should be generally considered a different cult. This is also confused by the fact that some places have more than one Third Eye group. This is to make sure any losses are minimised if the group is infiltrated or arrested.

Marco Castro
 Karina Schud
 Darp Schneer
 Georg Knapp
 Armin Blech
 H. von Strider
 Johann F.
 Peter Herzig
 Johann Kain

Can Fear T.C. Man

Pages Locked On

of lies, but she had to think of an excuse to cover her surprise. She has been summoned to a Third Eye meeting tonight but she had no idea why. She will give the PCs Darp's address which is half an hour away.

Darp's Address

The address that they have been given for Darp leads them to a fishmonger's (who sell Red Herrings?) The couple who live there have never heard of him and they've lived there for twenty-two years.

Ten Thirty

It is now time to meet Ruy. When they arrive at the smithy, the blacksmith will be watching out for them. He doesn't say much, and asks no questions, but since Ruy has vouched for them he will leave them alone to wait for the meeting. Outside, it is starting to rain.

PART 2: THE PCS ARE SCARED

The Attack

The following shaded text has been written as a narrative for you to read out. If you do not wish to do so then it is easy enough to change.

The time for meeting Ruy passes. In the distance, clearly heard through the quietness of the city, a clock strikes a quarter to eleven. The streets around the blacksmith's are empty, and rain lashes on the cobbles outside; however, the forge fills the room with warmth, even though it has been left unattended for two hours.

Minutes pass and there is still no sign of Ruy, but a chill begins to be felt by each of you. Strangely, you begin to notice that the air is starting to thicken and become warmer. This continues for a little while until each of you starts to sweat. You also have to try hard to quell a feeling of panic.

At this point PCs with insanity's may start to have mild symptoms. For example, those with frenzy would begin to feel they are slipping out of control, those with claustrophobia begin to feel the room is becoming to small and crowded. The exact details are left to the GM to decide. It leaps forward, launching an attack on the character with the note, oblivious to the others unless they intervene directly between the hunter and his prey.

Sparks start to crackle in the air, and the space in the centre of the room starts to visibly thicken into a blackness. It sud-

denly disappears and the room temperature quickly returns to normal. You relax and wonder what just happened.

Without warning, the hair on the your arms and necks rise and shivers run down your back. Emerging from nowhere into the centre of the room, stands a seven foot tall creature. Standing on hooves, a spiked ridge runs down its back and bones show through the tight blood-red skin. It takes a step forward, raises its arms and shows the large hooked claws on the end of each. Then it opens its mouth to show four rows of pointed teeth, speaking with a voice seemingly made of blades. "I have come for you."

Because The Third Eyes' summoning was incorrect, the demon is highly unstable and all attacks from and towards it are 75% likely to simply pass through the target. This makes the demon more and more enraged. (Make much of the fact the characters can sometimes see through bits of his body). In 1d3+2 (or GM's choice) rounds the demon disappears, screaming in agony and distorting widely (each watcher should make a CI test or gain 1 insanity point). As he does do he speaks. 'The fools have got it wrong! Aarrrrggghhh, No matter! One hour and you shall be mine, for I have your aarrrrr, your blood scent. One hour, all of you will be mine.' Then it is gone, and in the distance the clock strikes eleven. If the PCs do kill it, the demon will promise that more of its brothers will appear in an hour. The next time it finds its way to this plane, it will search out the PC to avenge itself.

"Ah Faustus, now you have but one bare hour to live, and then thou must be damn'd perpetually."
 The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus
 (Christopher Marlowe c.1589)

Tag, You're Faustus

The character to whom the threat was made (i.e. the one holding the paper) must make a Terror test. If they fail they will have a screaming fit from which they will need to be calmed. This will take about five minutes. The demon's initial attack (and the second one if necessary) will take place wherever the PCs are. If they are in a public place they will have to deal with panicking civilians and questions from the watch.

The PCs will be in a bit of a dilemma but they have only two real clues; the list of names and the fact that Karina lied to them. Unless they continue to try and track down those named on the paper, they

Going to the guilds is a good idea, as they all keep lists of their members. However, there is no guarantee that one of the names is a guild member. By the time they've passed over a few bribes, they will soon tire of this avenue. (Especially as the clerk will probably just say, 'I'll just go and check'. Then disappear into a back room, make some noise and come out shaking his head.)

Asking the Watch is another possibility. After a while this will give them some information about Karina Schud. She is reasonably famous as a result of running one of the best bars in the city, 'The Moon's Oar.'

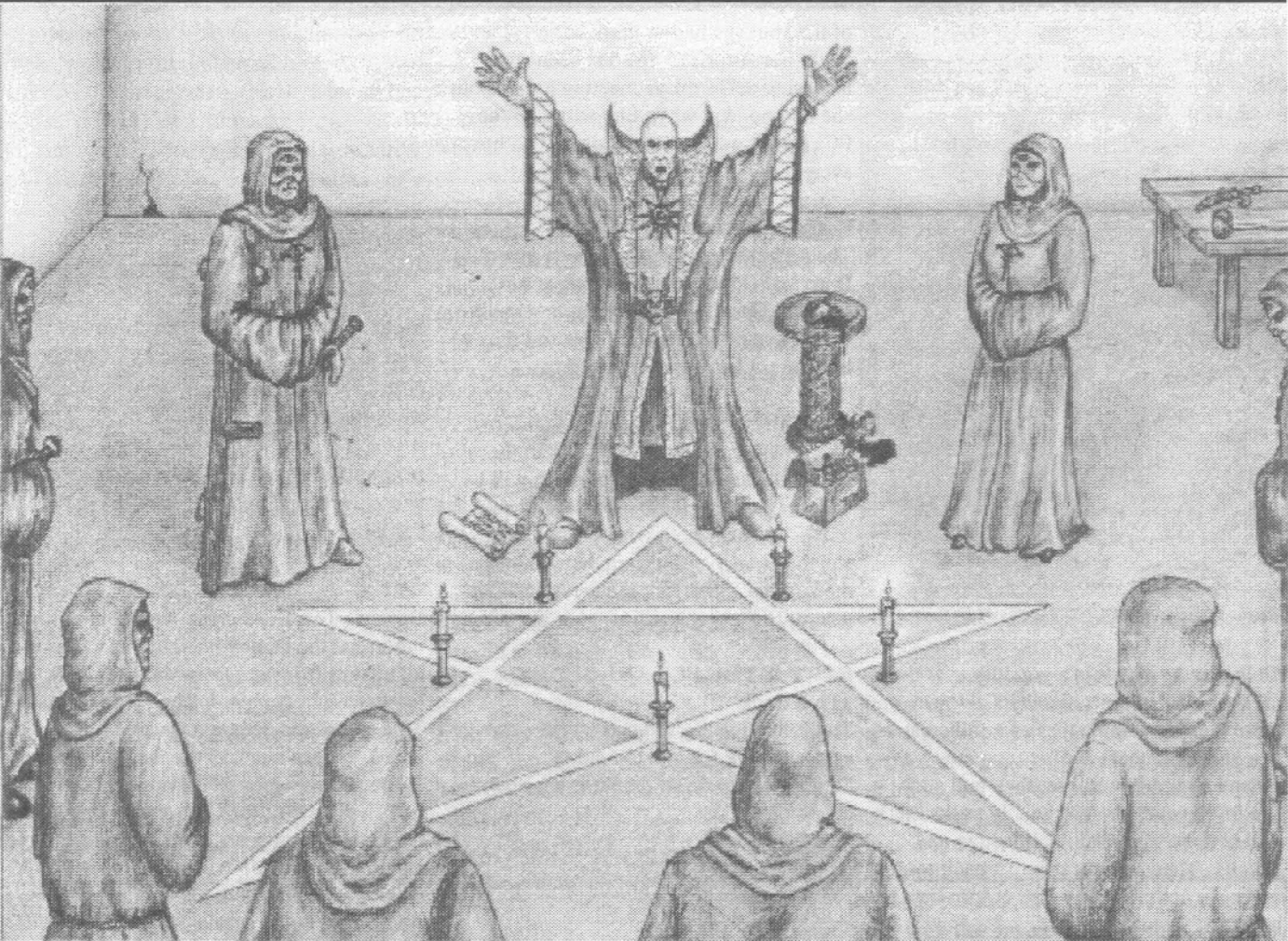
The Boatman's Guild

Nothing of any interest can be gained here, except news that Rottlander has gone to visit a sick relative in Talabheim and resigned his post.

The Moon's Oar

The Moon's Oar is located on the docks and is frequented by boatmen and stevedores looking for cheap drink and large portions of food. It opens all day and is full most of the time, the atmosphere being pleasant and trouble is rare. Karina is very well liked by her customers and staff, who will react badly to any high handed tactics from the PCs.

She will be surprised that her name is on the list but explains that she recognised the name of Darp Schneer. If pushed she will confess that she had an affair with him some ten years ago, yet believed no one knew of this. She says that the other names mean nothing to her. This is a pack



will probably try to talk to Karina. The next stage of the scenario will concern the PCs in a desperate rush across town, following Karina to the house of Hans von Strider, where the ceremony is being held. As part of the secrecy inherent in cults such as the Third Eye, she is the only one who knows von Strider's address.

Time Keeping

The Demon said he would reappear in an hour's time, so this is all the time the PCs have got to find the cult. If you so wished you could use real time. This would certainly give the chase an edge. However, it may be better to simply decide on how much time has passed and have the PCs turn up just before the second summoning providing they don't make any foolish mistakes. Use the striking of the clock, which will be heard every fifteen minutes, to hurry the PCs along and remind them of the impending attack.

The Moon's Oar revisited

When the PCs return to the Moon's Oar they will find the room crowded by a mass of drinkers and will have to fight their way to the bar. All the staff know that Karina has gone out for the night but only Norbert the head barman can tell them anything

useful. Norbert doesn't know where she has gone, only that she was picked up by Otto Semper, a local cab driver. If the PCs do anything to make him think that Karina is in danger he will not give out Otto's address. However, some of the locals in the bar can point them in the right direction, especially if extra ale money is provided.

The Coachman

Otto lives with his wife and son at 52 Aubenstrasse and is presently asleep. Knocking loudly at the door will cause him to come to the window to shout some abuse. Again he will not give out the address if he suspects the PCs are up to no good, but if they pay or use a good cover story then he will talk.

He collected Karina at ten and drove to Siden Strasse where they collected a man. He dropped them in Jurgen Platz, where he saw them walk east down Luben Wag. As long as they're paying he will quite happily drive the characters to Siden Strasse; otherwise he can tell them it was the first red door on the right.

Darp Schneer

The door will be answered by Darp's mother, an old lady of seventy years, who

the PCs have got out of bed! She will look and talk disapprovingly at the PCs and will answer all questions with disdain (but truthfully). She knows that Darp has gone to visit someone named, "Georg 'something or other.'" She has heard Darp talk of him before and she believes he is an Excise man, which she disapproves of.

The Treasury

There is a Royal Excise Kommission sub-office located near Jurgen Platz, within the commercial district. The Kommission is closed at this time of night and lies quiet. In the distance a watch patrol disappears around the corner. The Kommission is a base for the Excise men, but no money is kept here and any important documents are securely locked away. Inside the PCs will find a list of Excise men including Georg's address. The PCs will not have too much difficulty breaking in. The main Kommission building is located in the docks and is manned and guarded twenty fours a day. It will take a large bribe to gain Georg Knopp's address from here.

Georg Knopp

From inside the house can be heard raucous laughter. As the PCs reach the door they will be able to make out various fe-

male voices. A young woman answers the door, and it is obvious that she is very drunk. She will nod in confirmation if asked if Georg Knopp lives here and shake her head if asked if he is in. However, when asked where he has gone, she will giggle, motion for them to wait and stagger off.

As they wait in the hallway, by the front door, they will notice a pair of crutches leaning against the wall. Above the crutches is a battered shield, decorated with a coat of arms. A successful heraldry role will identify the device as that of the Kappelsteads, a noble family famed for their love of war. Also a successful I-20 role will reveal hooks in the wall where a sword would normally hang. After a minute or so, a renewed burst of laughter will emanate from the front room and it will become obvious that they have been forgotten. Renewed knocking will be ignored. Inside the front room are six women of various ages, one of whom is Frau Edith Knopp. The woman who answered the door is asleep on a chair. All of them are very drunk and it will be difficult to get a straight answer out of any of them.

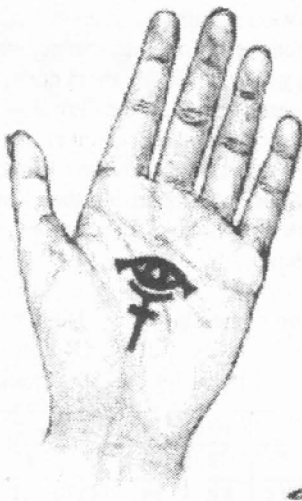
Frau Knopp knows that her husband went out with friends but does not know where they went. "...probably down the 'Marshall's Folly' to talk about the same old stories." She will also remember that he took extra money with him to pay the toll on the bridge. She will confirm if prompted that the 'The Marshall's Folly' is not over the bridge. Also if asked, she can confirm that Knopp only has one leg.

The Body in the Water

As the PCs approach the bridge they can see a commotion to one side. A number of boats are approaching, and a group of Watchmen and passers-by are standing on the quay side. When the boats reach the quay, the boatmen lift a dripping wet body up to the Watch who lay it out for examination. The sergeant will look around the crowd and ask, "Does anyone know this poor fellow?" The PCs, who will be walking past or waiting to cross the bridge, will recognise the body as Ruy Paulsen. They would be foolish to mention this as the Watch captain will want to ask some questions and if the PCs seem overly eager to move on he will become suspicious.

As the PCs leave the scene, one of the watch will cry, "Look at his hand." On Ruy's hand a brand has been burned. It is the symbol of the Third Eye (Player Hand-

out Three).



Crossing the River

The quickest way across the river is to use the Nuln bridge, this is course the more expensive option costing 1GC compared to 5 shillings for a ferry. There will be small queue and quite a few watch about as they have a barracks above the bridge. Private Reitz, a young part time watch member, will remember giving the group containing the man with one leg (Knopp) directions to Dubenplatz.

Dubenplatz

Dublenplatz consists of twelve house but at this late hour only two houses have a light on. The second one they knock on will be Dieter's house (although they are not to know that he hasn't gone out).

Yob Culture

Standing on the corner of the platz is a group of four drunk and arrogant young men. They will not approach the PCs looking for a fight, but if they are questioned they will be obstinate and react to any violent overtones by attacking. They will also pass on information with any sort of bribe. They did see a one-legged man and remember the house he went to, as they poked fun at him. However, they will also remember that they did not enter the house, but headed down Lubenstrasse.

Kris and the House of Dieter

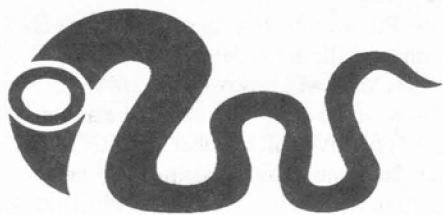
The cultists only came briefly to the house, where they were told Dieter was down at the Inn. The door will be answered by Kris, a twenty year-old student, lodging with Dieter. He will complain about answering the door every five minutes and will tell the PCs that Dieter has gone to the

Inn. He does not know which one, and assumes it is either 'The Alchemist and Clock Maker', 'The Nest of the Three Eagles' or 'The Grapes and Hop'. He has in fact gone to the to the Nest of the Three Eagles (three Eyries. Ouch!).

The Grapes and Hop is a cheap and frequently rough inn, which caters for boatmen travelling into Nuln from the Southern vineyards; however, it is not down Lubenstrasse. 'The Alchemist and Clock maker' is, but it is almost empty after rumours that the landlord is suffering from leprosy (false).

The Nest of the Three Eagles

The Nest of the Three Eagles is a quiet inn, full of sailors and boatmen. The barman can tell the PCs that Dieter left a while ago with some friends. Dieter had earlier told the barman that he had been invited to dinner at von Strider's down on Kuchak Wag. The barman was impressed by this as von Strider is a well known business man.



PART III: THE CULTISTS ARE SCARED

The House of Hans von Strider

Hans von Strider's house is located in the middle class part of town where most of the more successful professionals have their homes. It is a large three storey building with an impressive oak doorway covered by a stone arch. The lights on the middle floor are on, although the curtains have been pulled across the windows. Outside each of the front and back doors stand two men, all of whom appear relaxed. They are members of the Watch who have been hired as guards and know nothing of what is going on inside. They will not be overly happy about fighting, especially as the PCs will probably be quite agitated and stressed by this time.

Inside the house

The house is deserted, although on the middle level the dining room can be found with the plates left uncleared. The ceremony is taking place in the basement and the entrance is in the kitchen (locked T5 W7 CR-20%). Once the door is opened, the PC's will see a spiral staircase going downwards.

The Ceremony

As they move down the staircase the faint sound of chanting can be heard and the smell of incense grows stronger. Three quarters of the way down a step has loosened. If this is not spotted it will flip up causing the lead character to stumble. The stone itself will crash noisily down the remaining steps, as will the character unless he makes a successful **I** test. The character will not take any damage, although he will be stunned for 1D3 rounds.

In the basement a pentagram has been drawn on the floor and around it are gathered the seven cultists. The Demonologist is on the far side, with Karina and Georg on either side of him. Each of them is dressed in red robes and for this ceremony they have put on a wooden mask which has an eye engraved on the forehead. The stairs are the only exit from the room and therefore the cultists will be forced to fight although most will run, given the chance (see details in The Cast section below).

Outcomes

If the PCs win the day by stopping the ceremony or killing the demon and the cultists, they will receive a reward for the capture of the cult. This should be about 10GCs per live cult member and 5GCs for each dead one. The authorities will be very happy if there are any live cultists, as a good hanging always keeps the people happy. If the demon is summoned the PCs will have to fight for their lives. Should the hunted PC lose a fate point, the Blood Hunter will take the paper and flee. If the character is killed, the Blood Hunter will take the body. If the cult wins the combat, any captured PCs will be locked up ready for sacrifice in a few nights time.

Not all the people on the troublesome piece of paper are to be found here, and further adventures could be had tying up these loose ends. The Third Magister was also absent from the proceedings. Finally, if the demon was not summoned for the second time, he will still have the PCs blood scent.

Experience Rewards

These are only a guide, adjust them as required.

- Up to 30 exps for role-playing
- 10 exps breaking into 11 Rillingheim Platz and finding the cipher
- 10-40 exps for getting to von Strider's house
- 20 exps for destroying the cult



The Cast

Arsha'trew - Blood Hunter Demon

Although the Blood Hunters are demons of Khorne, some now serve other masters. When summoned, they are assigned a prey who they are required to hunt down and kill. Once they come into contact with their prey they will track them down until one of them is dead. If the demon is killed their essence will still remember the 'blood scent'. It is not unknown for a Blood Hunter to be summoned and then head off and track down an old scent before following the new.

When summoned the Blood Hunter appears near its prey and only part of its 'essence' is trapped in the pentagram.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
6	53	42	5	5	15	50
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	89	20	75	89	89	12

Psychological Traits: Causes Fear

Ruy Paulsen

Ruy has been a burglar for over thirty years. For the last twenty, he has been in partnership with Dagmar Griem. He is very loyal to his friends and disapproves of the use of violence, believing that if you have to resort to this you're not doing your job properly. However, he has been forced to fight once or twice. He and Dagmar also did four years in prison together before Ruy's daughter managed to buy him out.

Ruy is in mid-forties and he looks it. His face is wrinkled and tired looking, his grey hair mostly gone. He dresses in drab clothes, enabling him to blend into the background. The only weapon he carries is a knife. He is very loyal to his friends and once he trusts someone, a more relaxed side of him can be seen.

Karina Schud



Karina has been running 'The Moon's Oar' for seven years, ever since her husband died of Red Pox. She has lived all her life in the poorer parts of the town, and two years ago, when

her friend Darp Schnee approached her about joining an organisation that strived to make a difference, she jumped at the chance. Unsure at first, she soon became a faithful convert to 'The Third Eye', securing the position of 'Warden of the Eye' last

year. The Purple Hand intends to raise her to their ranks in the near future.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	29	29	3	3	5	34
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	37	34	31	38	38	35

Age: 37 **Career:** Trader

Skills: Blather, Charm, Cook, Evaluate, Haggle, Scale Sheer Surface, Street Fighting

Otto Semper - Coachman

Otto is a fifty year old lifelong native of Nuln. He is generally very friendly, loves to talk and enjoys his job. He is committed to his family and has many friends locally, including Karina.

Darp Schnee



Darp Schnee is an Excise man of ten years standing. He enjoys his job and dislikes all those who try to avoid paying their dues. He is good friends with Georg Knopp, who introduced him into the cult. Darp

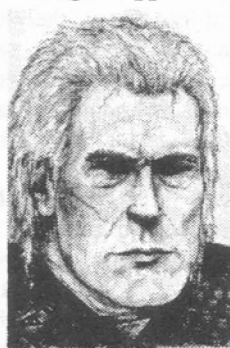
still lives at home with his mother, to whom he is very protective. He has no intention of leaving home. Darp is a small weak man, whom many would describe as bookish or maybe weasel-like. He will try to avoid any fighting unless he can get behind someone, and if hit will play dead.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	33	30	4	3	7	36
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	26	27	33	36	28	30

Age: 32 **Career:** Excise man

Skills: Acute Hearing, Blather, Embezzle, Law, Numismatics, Read/Write, Super Numerate

Georg Knopp



Georg Knopp looks older than his forty years, with a mass of white hair. He uses a crutch to walk as he has lost his left leg below the knee and wants everyone to know. He served for twenty years with a noble household

fighting in a long blood feud, until he lost his leg in a training accident and was

forced to retire with no pension. The only job he could find was as an Excise man, where his combat experience has come in quite useful. He feels bitter towards the army and the nobility and fell in with the cult with relish.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	50	40	4	5	9	38
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	35	42	39	42	37	31

Age: 40 **Career:** Soldier, Mercenary Sergeant, Excise man

Skills: Ambidextrous, Consume Alcohol, Disarm, DB, Embezzle, Gamble, Law, Read/Write, SL-Battle Tongue, SMB, Street Fighting, STS, SW-Parrying Weapons

Trappings: Leather Jack, Sword, Left Handed Dagger

Dieter Herzog



Dieter has been an old friend of Georg's since they fought together twenty-two years ago. This

was in Tilea, both men being employed by the same City State. He has travelled much and only retired as age caught up with him. He now lives with his lodger Kris, who he insists on telling his old stories to. When he was young Dieter signed on as a Marine and in time became a pirate. He made plenty of money with which to retire and came back to Nuln and bought a house. He spends most evenings in 'The Nest of the Three Eagles' where he is much liked. He joined the cult on Georg's advice and now feels loyalty to those within it.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	43	30	4	3	7	36
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	26	27	33	36	28	30

Age: 42 **Career:** Marine,

Skills: Consume Alcohol, DB, Row, SL-Battle Tongue, SMB, Swim

Equipment: Sword

Hans von Strider

A merchant of some renown, von Strider has been a member of the Third Eye for some years. He is a Warden of the Eye, and has just been approached about joining the Purple Hand. He is excited at the prospect as he joined the Cult in the pursuit of personal power. He recently ac-



quired a rival company through foul means and it is this that brought him to the notice of the cult hierarchy.

Von Strider is a mean, petty individual, obsessively concerned with the pursuit of money and power. He will try not to get involved in the fight unless the cultists are definitely winning, and will try to run if it looks as if they are losing.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	24	30	2	3	5	36
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	35	29	35	35	32	27

Age: 44 **Career:** Trader, Merchant

Skills: Evaluate, Haggle, Numismatics, Blather, Law, Read/Write, Ride, SL-Guild, Speak Breton

The Other Cultists

The other three cultists are Klaus Kochl, Theodor Hintz and Armin Blech. They are all new members and will try to escape any fight if given the chance. They know very little of interest.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	30	25	3	3	36	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Skills: Various, as you see fit.

Peter Edel - Champion of Tzeentch

Peter is a demonologist and follower of Tzeentch. Although not affiliated to the Purple Hand they pay him for favours when they require his services, allowing him to continue his research. He is resident in Nuln, but never ventures out without good reason preferring to get others to run errands for him.

This is the first time he has attempted to summon a Blood Hunter and was not one hundred percent certain that it would work, although he didn't tell anyone that.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	25	29	3	4	8	41
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	36	35	40	42	47	37

Age: 35 **Careers:** Wizard's Apprentice, Wizard Level 1, Demonologist Level 1 & 2

Skills: AL-Magick; Demonology, Cast Spells- Petty; Battle Lvl 1; Demonology Lvl 1 & 2, Demon Lore, Identify plants,

Identify Undead, Magic Sense, Meditation, Read/Write, Rune Lore, SL-Classical, Scroll Lore,

Magic Points: 27

Trappings: Spell Ingredients, Scroll (contains Summon Blood Hunter)

Spells: Petty: Open(3), Sleep(2), **Level One:** Bind Demon(3), Flight(3), Steal Mind(4), Zone of Demonic Protection(2)

Level Two: Stop Demonic Instability(3), Summon Magical Aid(4)

Psychology: Suffers from Nightmares

Guards

The four men hired to guard the outside of Hans von Striders house are all moonlighting members of the watch, earning some extra money. They have been told that they are acting as bouncers for a dinner party, but that Herr von Strider has many enemies and so they are to make sure that no one without an invitation enters the house. They will fight, but they will not put up any serious resistance as their first allegiance is to their own skins.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	33	30	3	3	7	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	29	29	29	29	29

Career: Watchman

Skills: SMB, STS

Equipment: Sword, Leather Jack

Thugs

These five young thugs work are employed by one of the criminal factions in town. They have been out on the town celebrating getting paid and are in a reasonably good mood, although that does not mean they won't refuse a fight. They will attack with clubs and knuckle-dusters and will taunt anyone who draws a proper weapon but run if it is used on them.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	30	30	3	3	6	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	33	25	29	29	29	25

Career: Footpad

Skills: Silent Move Urban, STS

Equipment: Club, knife, bottle of alcohol, knuckle-dusters



LETTERS

"Going to a tavern became as important as fighting a champion"

Martin Oliver, Warpstone: I was disappointed to read in the James Wallis interview (issue 2) that Power Behind the Throne might get sidelined or even replaced. As James himself pointed out, there have been few real innovations in roleplaying since WFRP first came out. As far as I am concerned, PBT is one of them.

Most scenarios I've seen have been rigidly linear. Even the supposedly innovative storytelling systems often leave players railroaded along on some course of action controlled solely by some GM. And invariably, everything revolves around the PCs. In PBT, the NPCs lead ordinary, realistic lives. Going to a tavern became as important as fighting a champion; social interaction was a powerful tool in its own right; there are plots to solve, threads to unravel, and all the while, in the background, people go about their day to day business. No other scenario that I'm aware of manages to convey this as well as PBT.

Granted, it's difficult to run. I had a nightmare job preparing and tracking all the resources, but pulling it all off brought a great sense of satisfaction. The scenario really added to the variety of TEW, and gave a couple of my quieter players their own chance to shine.

Cutting this out would be a great loss to the campaign, and, as far as I'm concerned, a real step backwards in terms of game design. I know that pressures of business mean that whatever isn't popular can't be re-released, and that reworking the scenario to make it easier for GMs to run might be unfeasibly expensive. Nonetheless, I for one would be reluctant to let such an important scenario disappear without trace.

Thanks for listening to the rant.

"Magic is not a thing to be trusted"

Sam Stockdale, UK : I'd like to add to the comments expressed on Magic Items in the review of Apocrypha Now! I am an advocate for maintaining the sanctity of magic (or should I say Magick) and in an effort to bring back something of the mysticism of magic and those using it, I have made Wizards a rarity and magic items equally, if not more so. Indeed, the relative scarcity of magic was another of the factors that led me to run WFRP, especially after playing games where the magic-users seem to be a dime-a-dozen and where a disproportionate number of spells are fantasy's equivalent to the nuclear bomb! WFRP magic is far more subtle (if removed from its Warhammer Fantasy Battle origins), is less accessible and therefore more rewarding when PC's finally get those 'decent' spells and magic items.

I have also actively encouraged the belief that, for Basic Career characters of more rural back-grounds, magic is not a thing

to be trusted and that practitioners of magic are generally feared; of course, more 'civilised' characters from the larger towns and cities know better. This scarcity of magic enables a party of PC's to get along without the Wizard that is so necessary in AD&D games, for example.

"...how to become the hardest steel-coated killing machine in record time"

Phil Campbell, UK: On the contents of Warpstone I would like to say that I am very impressed, I'll be using the scenarios when I start playing WFRP (I'm currently sanity-blasting in Call of Cuthula). I found the article about Hogshead Publishing very informative and it's good to see how keen James Wallis is in raising the profile of WFRP and bringing out more modules. We can only hope that they can maintain the standards set by the Enemy Within campaign.

On the topic of the Usual Suspects, I'm not convinced of their worth. Most GMs are able to think up quirky NPC's for their campaigns (a deranged, meat cleaver wielding Halfling called 'Sleeves' anyone?) and I think the characters would be better with some info about a particular event or scenario in which PC's could get involved.

On the subject of Power Gaming I have found some WFRP players studying the rulebook to see how to become the hardest, steel-coated killing machine in record time. Personally in the past I've told PC's that they cannot progress to their second career until they have finished their starting career. Another option would be for players to pay experience points equivalent to 100 EP x the No. of careers (including the new career), e.g. if someone were to move to their fourth career they would need to expend 400EP's.

A further option would be to apply the above rule to each individual skill or increase. So someone on their fourth career would pay 400EP's for each skill or 10% increase. However I suspect that this could only be used in an extensive campaign with plenty of EP's, otherwise PC's will struggle to get past their first career.

Finally, the GM. could reduce the EP's awarded and have PC's progress more slowly (this is not an original idea - it was originally suggested in the letters page of WD many moons ago)

"Excuse the rambling, this could take a while"

Zeno Collins, UK : [Issue 1 comments] 'Persecution was good; straightforward logical plot, interesting NPCs (doing things for a reason not just because the plot needs them to behave in a certain way), can be put anywhere in a campaign and shouldn't create problems for a long running campaign. And who wants to pick a fight with witch-hunters who are fanatic enough to incinerate children. Some investigation, some thinking, a large dose of

role-playing and a bit of combat, something for everyone.

I've always thought the rulebook needed an index.

The order of the Dark City was an interesting idea and was a nice change from more 'standard' knightly orders, there was enough information to introduce the order to the PC's but still allow a GM to tailor the group to his own campaign. Having read it I have several ideas of how to use them but I'm not tied to anything yet, the Skaven are hinted at in the dream but nothing is carved in stone.

Joint favourite with the Order was the article on prosthetics, obviously necessary with WFRP's critical hit tables and very interesting. The new rules were straight forward but had the right amount of detail to make them realistic and still usable.

Of all the NPC's present Dr Proster was my favourite by a long way. Sard Skaven Hunter I'll probably not use because tough adventurer type NPC's, I feel, have limited use and many players seem to resent NPC's doing the fighting for them, especially if it's a loner of an NPC. Sard would be nice as a PC but not an NPC as his background and personality couldn't be used to their best, unless perhaps if the PC's were hired to capture Sard by a mayor or watch captain who was secretly a Horned Rat cultist and so got involved with his background more closely.

But Dr Proster *what a character*, he's so bizarre and interesting he'll bring hours of fun to the game as a neighbour, surgeon for hire, patron requiring the PC's to find old medical tomes or just pick up the Wandering Cleric's arm for study.

[Issue 2 comments] Having thought about it I may have been a bit harsh about Sard but unfortunately I have experience of Powerful NPC's, joining parties, and going on to do most of the fighting. I have strong memories of waiting for the GM to finish roleplaying (or maybe roll-playing) the combat as his favourite NPC killing machine walks through the opposition leaving the party to clear up after him, count the cash and contemplate our navels.

Maybe a bit exaggerated but roleplaying games are good at getting players involved, putting them in the centre of the action and making them feel they could have a real effect on the game world and the more NPC's do for them the less involved in game events the players feel.

It's NPC's like Dr. Proster and Daedulus Kreiger that I prefer, real characters with special talents players could make temporary use of, fun to roleplay and entertaining for the players to interact with. Though I have been told most of my NPC's are barking mad no matter what they are.

Issue two was also very good, the Energy Critical hits are very useful, I'd also like to hear more from the E-mail and Internet, which I haven't got access to but sounds like

it's full of useful stuff.

The "Cannon Ball Run" was good, nice clues and opportunities for investigation and good NPC's. The names are useful, especially surnames, most of my NPC's were called Schmidt up until now, the cameo was also good fun, oh no not another moral decision.

This bit is partly in response to John Keane's editorial and Martin Oliver's 'Mentioned in Dispatches' about the problem of power gaming and partly a few thoughts about Fate Points and careers generally. Excuse the rambling, this could take a while.

I have noticed that players don't really want to spend FP's, after all they only have a few. Combat in WFRP is quite random with the additional damage rule, low wounds compared with possible damage and the critical hits table. I've seen PCs lose two FP's in a single scenario, it depends a lot on player strategy and a lot on randomness, which is how it should be. Also as WFRP is low fantasy, surviving long enough to become powerful enough to be heroic in a mythic or epic sense requires a bit of help and FP's are just right, incredibly powerful, rare, and very limited (depending on your GM's generosity.) (*GM & Generosity: Contradictory terms according to my players - Ed.*)

Character careers, well my personal view is that the career has to be in character and the PC *must* do the job at some point. Yes this may rule out some careers for some PCs but can the player really justify a sea captain who's never been near the sea, clerics who don't believe in Gods, thieves who don't steal and assassins who don't assassinate. I get the feeling the Assassin career was the specific career John wasn't talking about.

In one group at the moment I have an assassin and a Troll-Slayer so I'm mainly speaking from experience, the players know how to run the characters well. To cover one loophole, I've disallowed the Assassin to Witch-Hunter path as it eventually leads to Templar which is too easy, that sort of career change would require a lot of roleplaying on the part of the player.

I also agree with the idea of an Elf assassin being treated like a Dark Elf, hated and hunted by his own people, also the Assassins job is to kill people for money and the player must do this if he/she is going to gain experience and training.

The assassin in my campaign has become a follower of Khaine for obvious reasons and when this happened we discussed it and the player is willing to have his character leave the party and be written out when it's too difficult for him to remain in the group.

The Troll-Slayer is more than a killing machine, although he that does at times, he's got a good reason to be a Troll-Slayer and if he survives long enough to finish the Giant-Slayer career I've built a way for him to redeem himself into his back-

ground. He's got personality and is played as very dwarvern, devout, guilt ridden and looking for a glorious death in combat to atone for his failings.

So far both players have run their characters as more than clichés and high stats, the characters are more than the sum of their parts.

I've had quite a few brushes with power gaming, even power GM'ing, and your right about how they enjoy rules changes and adjustments, always looking for the slight advantage. The main thing I'd suggest is to try and get players to follow the spirit of the game as opposed to the letter of the rules.

Try to emphasise that WFRP is low fantasy, the character's aren't going to become Conan or Elric clones, magic should be rare and special. Also remember whatever items your NPC villains have will end up in the hands of the PC's once they've wasted the villain.

Be reasonable but remember as GM you have the final say and the players are going to accept that you *know* what's needed to maintain game balance, you know all about the opposition, what's going to be a problem, the plot and where it's going.

Everyone has to remember that it's not a confrontation between players and GM, if the players don't behave reasonably about his rulings in the interest of game balance, or won't accept that the GM has final say, there's not a lot of point having a GM.

"..for new GM's it would be nigh on impossible"

Murray Steele, Scotland: I find it strange, and annoying, that GW rejected Hogsheads Realms of Chaos and Flame's The Horned Rat supplements because they were not happy with the idea of chaos PC's. They certainly didn't seem to be bothered about it in their own Realms of Chaos supplements' nor in the WFRP rulebook itself (see Demonomologists and Necromancers). If this was the only reason the supplements were rejected why not take out the PC creation parts and stick in more NPC creation or background parts and just release the supplements as they are. I'm sure many new players would love a detailed Chaos supplement, and I know for sure that my group would love a Skaven supplement. We all know that we can buy the WFB armies books for the background and then convert the stats and special rules to WFRP. However it's a lot of work and wargame and RPG rules when converted from one system to another always need tweaking to balance them. This can be daunting for experienced GM's but for new GM's it would be nigh on impossible.

Perhaps I'm writing to the wrong place here, and should, in fact, be petitioning GW to give Hogshead the go-ahead. I suppose I'd like to know if I'm the only one who feels this way. I'd like to think that I'm

not just a mad Scottish student miser who would resent paying £12 for a background book with loads of rules I'd have to spend time reworking to get my money's worth from.

"..clearly didn't have a leg to stand on"
Phil Gallagher, Games Workshop

Many thanks for sending us copies of issues 1 & 2 of Warpstone. I haven't read them cover to cover yet, but I have enjoyed the bits I've quickly skimmed through so far. I'm looking forward to issue 3 already!

I hope you get the support you deserve and that your energy and enthusiasm doesn't wane. It's really excellent - not to say positively heart-warming to come across this kind of labour of love. Keep up the good work!

Incidentally - the legal action against us in the US...(see issue two - Ed.) the true (greatly abridged) story is that, in September last year, GW US decided to abandon its policy of operating a two-tiered discount structure whereby distributors could buy the product more cheaply than retailers. We offered all distributors the option of returning unsold stock (for cash/credit), but three of them decided to apply for a "temporary restraining order" to prevent us doing this. They argued that we had "stolen" their customer lists, and that we were in breach of an unwritten contract between us and them. Now US law says, basically, that you can only get a TRO against someone if you can show that 1) there is a case to answer, and 2) that, on the balance of convenience, less harm will be done by stopping someone doing something, than will be done by letting them carry on. Note that a TRO does NOT purport to decide who's right and who's wrong, but merely attempt to hold the status quo until the issues can be resolved at a full trial. In this case, the 3 distributors, (out of the 20-odd with whom we dealt) managed to get a TRO granted by virtue of going to a very minor court in New Mexico, in front of a "judge" who didn't know the law, without any representations from our side (we were given notice - in Maryland last thing on a Friday, of the hearing which was to take place first thing on Monday!), and so, unbelievably, the TRO was granted - preventing us from selling to the "distributors' customers" for 15-days. Subsequently, we got the order thrown out and the judge at the court made it clear that not only should the original order never have been granted, but that the distributors clearly didn't have a leg to stand on. The whole thing was clearly an outrageous manipulation of the US judicial process, and our position has been vindicated...

"hogshead"

Learner <falcon@Babba.CU-Online.com>: Just wrote so say, "Did you know that wines other than Port or Madeira were measured in hogsheads at the turn of the century? 1 hogshead = 1.5 barrels or 54

gallons!"

"There are so many gaps to fill..."

Oliver Rosenkranz, Germany:

Yesterday I received issues #1 & 2. I haven't read all articles yet, but my general impression is that you're on a good way...

I do not know who wrote the adventure in issue one, but I must say though the idea is not too bad, the product (the adventure itself) is IMHO of poor quality. It is far too 'straight forward' for my taste. Please try to reach the level of the adventures published in the old White Dwarf issues in matters of quality and originality. The adventure in issue two is a first (or second if you want) step in this direction.

Your NPCs are great and useful, too, for the most part. I would like to see them described even more detailed...not in stats but in background, behaviour and background.

I'm glad to see that Warpstone doesn't go too deep into rules' debates - if at all. Warhammer Fan-

tasy Roleplay is so much loved because of its game world, mood and general setting - not for its rules.

I'm looking forward for the next issues already. Hopefully you will provide some articles about different non-Empire locations...what about Tilea, Estalia, the Border Princedoms...?

There are so many gaps to fill... :)

Last but not least, I'm sorry to say that the article "Specialist Weapon - Net" about WFRP on the internet in issue #2 contains incorrect information.

I do maintain a WFRP web page, but its (URL) address is not <http://www.cs.tu-berlin.de/~rossi/wfrp.html> but the following: <http://www.cs.tu-berlin.de/~rossi/Wfrp/wfrp.html>

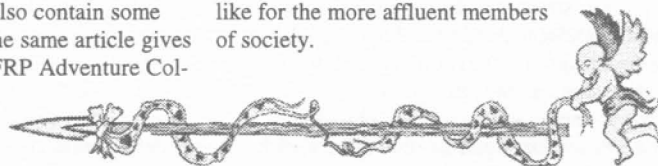
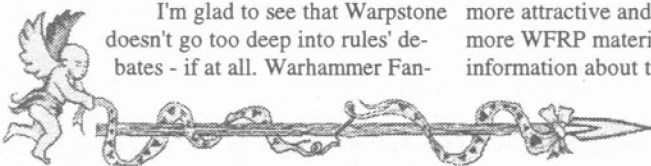
However, I'm working on a new version of this web page which may be visually more attractive and will also contain some more WFRP material. The same article gives information about the WFRP Adventure Col-

lection. Since I'm the editor of this collection, which is non-commercial material, you can get informed via the above mentioned web site, send email to rossi@cs.tu-berlin.de or even reach me via normal (snail) mail at: Oliver Rosenkranz, Winterstr. 9, 13409 Berlin, Germany

"good source of ideas"

Steve Jackman, UK: You might like to suggest the following series of books to your readers as I find them a good source of ideas (there's no harm in a little plagiarism now and then):-

The Hugh Corbett series by P.C. Doherty and the Owen Archer series by Caudice Robb. Both of these are set in Medieval England and are murder mysteries. They give a reasonably good flavour of the times, especially with regard to the intrigues and what life was like for the more affluent members of society.



RECOMMENDED

by Martin Oliver

Tales of Mystery and Imagination

by Edgar Allan Poe

(Price varies from 99p for a cut-down collection in bargain bookshops to £100+ for an illustrated antiquarian edition)

This collection of short stories covers a whole plethora of plot ideas. There are detective stories with unexpected twists (Murders in the Rue Morgue), accounts of introverted nobles in Gothic castles (Fall of the House of Usher), traveller's tales (A Descent into the Maelstrom), supernatural plagues (Masque of the Red Death), doppelgangers (William Wilson), demons (Silence - a Fable), alternative necromancy (The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar), and the terrors of being buried alive (The Premature Burial). What can't be purloined as a plot could well be brought in as a rumour on a journey or a story in a tavern. The quality of the tales varies considerably, but even where the atmosphere falters there are some excellent ideas to be found.

If possible, try and get hold of an edition with Harry Clarke's illustrations. These are wonderfully atmospheric, and could make excellent handouts. Also recommended would be any good biography of the author. His stories may seem gothic and bizarre, but for him, truth really was stranger than fiction.

by John Foody

Life Among the Pirates

by David Cordingly

(£7.99 Warner Books)

David Cordingly does a very fine job of evocatively showing the life of pirates. He succeeds in his premise of comparing the myth to the reality, discussing the pirates methods, life at sea and buried treasure among others.

For WFRP there is plenty of excellent material here, especially if you wish to incorporate pirates into your campaign. If not, it is still worth reading for there are plenty of ideas here for invoking the atmosphere of the dockside. This will make a useful companion piece for the upcoming Marienburg source book.

THE BUNNY PERIOD

by Francis Plunder

The 'Bunny Period' is a ~~weapon~~, sorry, technique developed for countering moaning players. You know the type of thing, constant complaints about how life has dealt them a bum deal and how everything that moves (and a few things that don't) is out to get them. You as GM are morally required to listen to your players and cater for their every wish.

A bunny period is like the lull before the storm, only without the tension. So describe the sunny sky, lambs frolicking in the fields and bright flowers swaying in the breeze. Don't forget the birds singing, fluffy rabbits eating grass and how everyone they meet happily gives them food and drink. The world will be wonderful and the players will be filled with joy. The only worry is everything is seen in soft focus, but they will no longer care.

Everything will be lovely. Like Dorothy in the poppy field, sweetness is out to get them. Play it right and soon they will be screaming for attacks by orc hordes, and begging for Chaos cults in every corner.



THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Barreltum Burrfoot by Justin Curtis & Martin Oliver

Barreltum Burrfoot, rogue extraordinaire, dashing young Halfling about town, and a blight on the fat purses of the rich. Well, that's the theory, at least. Usually, Barreltum's efforts fall short of the mark, sending him off into the sunset, searching for adventure wherever the Watch isn't quite so interested in him...

Back when he was a mere strip of a lad, his fondness for fine foods and good drink left him with a well-rounded physique, from which he earned his moniker. The hard

life of an adventurer has long since trimmed him into a leaner shape, but he still uses the name. The interesting life he has led have left him with several scars, and he will gladly recount brave tales of how he earned them to anyone willing to listen. His eyes are deep brown, his grin, wide, and his height of 4' 1" means that he occasionally gets mistaken for a child. (This is fine as far as he's concerned, since it usually makes people less careful with their possessions) In fact, he's 49, with ambitious plans already laid for his half-century celebrations.

Barreltum is a care-free individual, a joker, always ready to fill someone's boots with berries, or paint their faces while they lay sleeping, even in the most dangerous of situations. For reasons he cannot quite understand, such japes are not always appreciated, especially when he was supposed to be on watch duty at the time. He is fond of mimicking irritating people behind their backs. (WP tests to those who see him, to avoid laughing) Although he manages to acquire quite a bit of loose change on his travels, he never seems to get rich. Celebrating new-found affluence can prove ever so costly — but easy come, easy go, as they say.

The politics (and laws) of the Empire hold little interest for this knavish rogue. He'd risk life and limb for fun, friends, or money, but he wouldn't know a noble cause if it fell on him. He's also a little dismissive of all this paranoia about Chaos. As he points out, he had great fun for several months with a pair of Skaven assassin's blades (until they got confiscated by some well-meaning meddler who thought he knew best), and shows no ill-effects whatsoever from carrying them around. His friends believe that his innocent outlook on life may be what prevented his corruption.

His diminutive stature and small strength led Barreltum to develop a deep insecurity about himself. To compensate, he has been acquiring magical items whenever and wherever he can, and now owns a fistful of magical rings, which help to reassure him of his security. His preferred strategy is to try to keep out of trouble, working subtly behind the scenes rather than foolishly risking his neck like so many of his companions. When he arrives in cities, for

example, he will often wander off on his own for a day. By the time he returns, he will have set up links with street urchins, possibly thieves or crime syndicates, and anyone else he thinks might be useful to get to know. In this way, he often becomes an invaluable source of information (and restricted goods) for whomsoever he happens to be travelling with. Whilst others are busy prevaricating about how to most fairly and efficiently deal with a situation, he'll be sidling off to have words with his contacts and getting the whole thing back under control single-handed. Or ending up in a complete mess right in the middle of it all. One of the two.

"Middenheim? Are you kidding?

I'm a dead man if I go to Middenheim!"

Barreltum once apprenticed himself to an assassin's guild in the city of the White Wolf, but lost interest when he realised they were just another crime syndicate with delusions of grandeur. By this time, he'd also mastered the tasks they'd set him as training (cooking and washing up — they'd never intended to train him properly), and felt that it was time to move on. There was no way the Guild would let him go (he knew who they all were), so he eventually faked his own death. He ended up having to spend four days wandering through the tunnels and sewers of Middenheim before he finally found a route out of the city — *four days* without proper meals! *Not* an experience he is fond of remembering...

It often seems odd to people who see Jake Ulricson (issue 2) travelling with Barreltum. Even though they've saved each other's lives time and again, it's hard to image two people with less in common. To some extent, though, this is why they work so well together — their strengths and weaknesses complement each other perfectly. Jake is seen as a "big brother" by Barreltum, which is not always a good thing — Barreltum's wide experiences and finely honed skills have nearly overcome his low self-esteem, and he can get frustrated by Jake's over-protectiveness. Similarly, he's annoyed by people who won't take him seriously. He won't challenge them about this, though; he will just strive ever harder to prove his competence.

For some reason, Barreltum is certain that all medicines are painful, bad tasting, or potentially lethal, and will have nothing to do with them, just in case he gets one that kills instead of cures.

Although he'd be wary about admitting this, his ultimate ambition is to buy his own inn somewhere outside a city, there to retire to a life of fine meals, good stories, and freshly imported Curly's Finest Moot-grown pipeweed.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	56	60	2	4	9	85
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	75	34	50	42	68	59

Skills: Cook, Concealment Rural & Urban, Disguise, DB, Drive Cart, Evaluate, Follow Trail, Herb Lore, Marksmanship, Mimic, Pick Lock, Prepare Poison, SSS, Secret Language: Thieves' Tongue, SS: Thieves, Sense Magical Alarm, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural & Urban, Spot Trap, SW — Repeating Crossbow, Lasso, Net, Blowpipe, Fist, Parrying Weapons, and Throwing knives, Street Fighting, SMB, STS.

Equipment: Short sword (causes fear), dagger, knuckle dusters, repeating crossbow and two clips, 5 throwing coins, lasso, helm (with big, white wings on the sides), chain sleeved vest, Dwarven breastplate (+1), shield, a selection of interesting poisons and deleriants (at GMs discretion), cash (at GMs discretion), camping gear, spikes & hammer, manacles, lantern & oil, wire, rope, grappling hook, a lock picking kit, and a pouch crammed with pipeweed.

Magic rings: Cure Light Injury (1 charge left), Protection from Chaos, Immunity to Steal Mind, Immunity to Fireballs, Amulet of Iron (WP +20).

Psychology and Health: Fear of medicines, general insecurity.



STP

CAMEOS

FLEA CIRCUS by John Foody

The Years the locusts ate will be mine,
I have come back to claim what is righteously
mine,

The Streets I never walked,
The bodies I never buried,
This is my Empire,
I am the Insect,

The Parasite Inside,
Now I am back to tell you what to do,
Look on my works and despair,
Look on my works and rejoice,

For I am the Lord of the Flies.

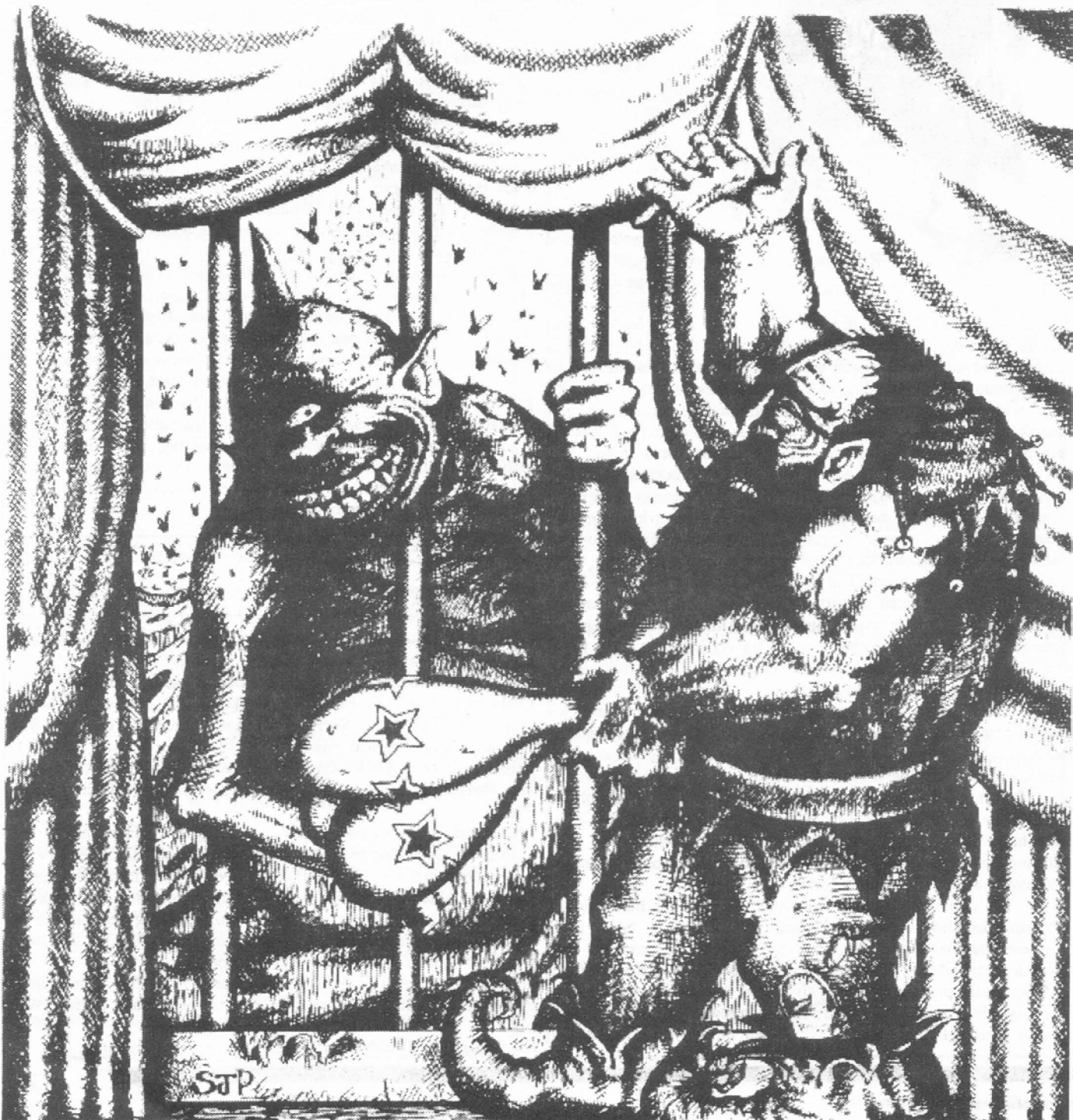
The divine words of Nurgle, Cantos XIX-XXI
of the Moussillon Plague texts*

While the party are approaching a village they will notice that is unusually quiet. There are no children playing, and no one is working the fields. However, smoke still billows from some of the chimneys. As they grow nearer a man will run the nearest house, his face covered in bandages and his hands firmly gripping a wooden dove.

"Don't.. No-Don't come..any closer." He says through blistered lips. He seems to be struggling for breath. "As you see, travellers, we..boils all over. We cannot swallow food. Many...are already dead. Shallya have mercy on us." He pauses for a moment.

"We are all dead. It is just....a matter of time. But....but you might...be able to save...the next village. They may be infected. Stop them and make them...make them come back."

The man can tell them the potential carrier is Doktor Theodor's Mutant Side-show, and that it left two days ago. Should the party follow, they will arrive at the next village to see the caravan surrounded by villagers fascinated by the show. There is a single wagon on which stands a flamboyantly dressed man (Doktor Theodor) giving a speech about the how he is going to show them the evil that threatens them all. To his





versed in Sigmarite dogma to justify the show as a warning against Chaos and will be loath to resort to violence. He carries nothing that could identify him as a follower of Nurgle. Before leaving town he hired Otto to act as a bodyguard, but will kill him should he show signs of disease (some people just don't appreciate Nurgle's blessing). On the first day, Artan approached the Doktor to give his service, but has not made it clear how he came to know of the plot.

Doktor Theodor: ex-Initiate (Sigmar), Wizards Apprentice, Wizard Level 1. Once a passionate follower of Sigmar, now a Champion of Nurgle.

Artan: Chaos Dwarf. Maggot blood.

Otto: Bodyguard. Loyal to his employer as a matter of honour. Very robust.

Mutant 1: Surrounded by flies, single horn, one eye, skin is dissolving.

Mutant 2: Fungus like growth on body, Large horn, single eye and tentacles for arms.

This cameo could easily be placed anywhere in the Empire. Should the PC's not pick up on the scheme, it will come to an end once the 'mutants' die. Doktor Theodor will then move on elsewhere, possibly to meet the PC's again (who will vaguely recognise him).

If they kill the mutants they should burn them to make sure no disease is spread. If they inform a nearby Temple of Shallya they will be rewarded and get help for those inflicted.

side stands an armoured man, watching the crowd, while a dwarven jester juggles clubs in front.

The man reaches the climax of his speech, saying "and for those turn from Sigmar's teachings.. ." He pulls a cord and the side of the wagon drops to reveal two cages, each containing a dirty, frightening mutant. The crowd pulls back in revulsion and the show is over. If the party tell him of the stricken village he will be concerned about the people but unwilling to return, as he has to make a living. However he can be convinced, 'So no one else comes to harm'.

Doktor Theodor's real name is Kurt Swiger, a champion of Nurgle who has decided on a novel approach to bring Nurgle's blessing to the people. After the summoning of a Beast of Nurgle went wrong and all but two of his followers were killed. They were infected (blessed?) by Nurgle's Rot (pg 318 WFRP). The two mutants now also carry various other contagious diseases which they hope will spread as far as possible.

As the two started to mutate into plague bearers they concocted this scheme. They are now onto their second village. Doktor Theodor is well enough

I Hired a Contract Killer** by John Foody

Henri Murzeau is a Bretonnian exile living in the Empire. He has worked as an Imperial excise man for fifteen years, but when a visiting dignitary objected to a foreigner working for the Emperor he was fired. Henri had dedicated his life to the job and all he was left with was some savings. He had no family or friends.

Henri decided to end his life, but lacked the courage to do so. Instead he hired a local criminal group to do the job for him. They quite happily agreed. That night he visited his favourite tavern for a farewell drink and here he met and fell in love with Ellen Paulsen, an ex-pit fighter struggling as a footpad. Henri tried to cancel the contract but his contact had moved on.

The party can become involved in a number of ways: The most interesting is that they have come to the notice of a member of the criminal group, who will wish to hire them since the job is simple and they're cheaper than an assassin (so he can pocket the difference, very naughty). He will convince the party by telling them they are doing the man a service. This should provide a nice dilemma for the PC's once they find out the man has changed his mind. The second and more straightforward way is that they see the assassin attack the couple and help.

If you use the first option the PC's will have to chase Henri and either kill him or let him go. The group will not look favourably on letting him go, and send in an assassin to do the job properly, this will be Max Ordrow. They will not be too badly disposed towards the PCs, as long as they return

the money (plus interest?). The criminal group will forgive their wayward member, as this is his first (noticed) betrayal. However, he will not forgive the PCs.

Max Ordrow is an experienced assassin who is dying of leprosy. He appears with his face wrapped in bandages and stays in the shadows so they cannot be seen. The GM may allow the PCs to reason with Max, for in the face of death he may gain some humanity. Max wants a simple life and will be unhappy that the PCs are making it difficult.

Whichever option is used, try and draw the hunt out with encounters interrupted by a nearby Watch patrol or characters retreating to tend their wounds.

At the end of this cameo the PC's may have gained a number of useful friends or some dangerous enemies.

*Paraphrased from Lord of the Flies by Cubanate (Barabrossa 1996)

**This cameo is inspired by the Aki Kaurismaki film of the same name

THE FORUM

In issue one I raised two topics that I thought would provide some thought for discussion. We only received a few replies but a number of you supported the idea. Below are the responses, and they go to show what the forum can become.

Next issues Forum will be your thoughts on Tim Eccles article, 'Fighting Chaos: Why Bother?' to be found on page 5.

Should Fate Points be kept secret from the players, controlled solely by the GM? How much would this affect a players actions?

Phil Campbell: I would say players should retain control of their fate points. It gives them a reminder of their mortality, although I can see there could be an argument that PC's knowing that Fate Points are available to save their necks could take unnecessary risks. However such players would frequently see their characters die and would either modify their playing style or get bored and leave.

If a GM were to control Fate Points you could have a scenario where a PC dies and has to ask the GM if he can use a fate point. If he then told he cannot, it could rob the player of the full impact of the characters death. If the PC knows how many fate points are available he knows that once that last fate point has gone he can no longer rely on the Gods to smile upon him. I would say that there is therefore more dramatic impact when that character dies.

David Simpson: I personally believe that player characters should not know how many they have, I think this should apply for magic points too.

Zeno Collins: I've talked to various players about the Fate Points idea and one or two points have come up. Firstly my players have said they don't really think about their Fate Points during a game, the choices they make and the risks taken are not guided by how many Fate Points they have. Also having so few means they don't want to use them (The EW campaign was alot more generous handing out Fate Points than I ever was) in case they need them later. Secondly they sometimes forget they have Fate Points when making decisions, they don't think "we will sneak past the Trolls because it doesn't matter if we're caught; we have Fate Points." Their decisions within the game aren't affected by their Fate Points but rather their skills and equipment and their goals.

Nick Drake: With regards Fate Points, I always let the players know how many they have. I have tried keeping them secret, but it didn't improve the game and the players seemed to feel slightly less in control of their characters. Using Fate Points may seem a bit obtrusive at first, too

much of an obvious 'game mechanic' but if you get the players to actually describe the stroke of luck (or whatever) that saves their life then it all adds to the fun.

Are Trollslayers good player careers or are they too psychotic if played properly?

Phil Campbell: With regard to Trollslayers, I must admit that the first WFRP character I played was a Trollslayer and I enjoyed it immensely. I was one of the more experienced PC's that gamed in that group and so my Trollslayer was also one of the lead characters in the party, giving me a broader role. I think if Trollslayers/Giant slayers are given specific reasons for their behaviour with options for redemption they could eventually rehabilitate themselves into society. (sorry that sounds like a party political broadcast)

Murray Steele: I have to agree that if played properly a Trollslayer PC can be psychotic, but this is not necessarily a bad thing. I remember one instance where the group was sneaking out of a castle after being imprisoned there. We arrived at a doorway to find a couple of well armed and well armoured guards, erm, guarding it. Most of the rest of the group were clad in prison issue loincloths and carried little weaponry. Whilst the rest of the group discussed sneaking up on the rest of the guards, the Trollslayer declared:

"In an effort to confuse the guards I shall run screaming up the corridor at them, I shall also rip off my loincloth and use the manacles on my wrists as weapons. I believe that the sight of a naked charging Trollslayer should confuse them enough. Heh heh."

The GM decided this would definitely be confusing and providing that the Trollslayer could cover the distance in one round the Trollslayer would be attacking confused guards. Amazingly enough the Trollslayer did it and despite the modifiers for his weapon, he dispatched the guards relatively easily. The rest of the group just stood there dumbfounded as the PC grinned at us like a maniac.

"If we'd talked about it you never would've let me try it, would you?"

A Trollslayer PC can be psychotic but if played with the right balance of humour and psychotic glee, it can be fun watching the Trollslayers mad antics. Ours has got us out of a few tight spots. So give

them a chance.

Francis Plunder: To start with a character should not start out life as a Trollslayer. If an incident occurs that gives them a good reason to change to the Trollslayer career this will make the change all the more powerful and fun.

However once they have entered the cult of the Trollslayer they should seek to meet their end as soon as possible. This does not mean they always act foolish, putting friends lives in danger for short term blood letting. However unless the reason for becoming a Trollslayer can be reversed (which should be very difficult) they should be heading for death, leaving behind a clutch of stories and a tattooed corpse.

Nick Drake: Trollslayers? I've never actually been in a group where a player has had one as a character, but I never thought of them being too psychotic. They don't have to rush into every combat opportunity.

Zeno Collins: Trollslayers, well this all depends on your definition of properly, assassins, with-hunters and a few others could cause problems if the players aren't sensible. Even elves in general could be a problem if the player takes the description in the rule book too literally, an elf PC who is rude to all humans and dwarves because he/she believes them to be crude brutish savages will cause no end of problems, and I'm speaking from experience.

A balance has to be struck by player and GM, just because he's a Troll Slayer does not mean he must be rude to everyone and pick fights with all the NPC's. He can have friends, morals, respect for others, he can allow the rest of the party to use tactics and cunning even though he doesn't. On the other hand the GM can't expect the Troll Slayer to back down from the fight, he can't get the trollslayer to surrender by challenging him with impossible odds. Capturing the party or forcing them into certain actions cannot be done by brute force, the GM must use cunning to get the party to do as he/she wants, not simply threaten them with a dozen trolls.

The player and GM must act reasonably and take into account the expectations of the other, most of the work is the GM's but in a way the GM did volunteer to make the effort.

A BARD'S TALE

A Short Story by Ricard Gelabert Peiri

The twilight shed its reddish light along the dusty road. Even though winter was far away, the northern reaches of the Empire could hardly be considered a warm and welcoming place to be. A group of travellers was making slow progress towards Middenheim. Their faces showed the extreme exhaustion that preyed on their limbs. The road leading from Salzenmund to Middenheim was empty, the last coach having passed some two hours ago bound for Middenheim. It was then clear that they would not be able to reach the next inn before midnight.

Thanks to the efforts of the Graf's soldiers, the neighbourhood of Middenheim was a safe zone, at least in comparison with the surroundings of other cities of the Empire. However, it would be an unwise traveller that one that chose to travel alone - let alone spend the night - in the dark forests. Anyway, they were still far away from the city of the White Wolf and still in the lands of Nordland.

"We could be warming ourselves in front of a fire..." said one of the travellers with a gasp. "Why did you have to start that brawl, Erwin? You certainly could afford to lose those crowns."

"Mind your own business, Klaus, or maybe I'll have to take care of your nose too." answered Erwin.

Staying in an inn could be risky business, especially if you had a weakness for gambling and had enough bad luck as to find a professional gambler. Erwin had played cards with the stranger and at first won a few shillings. However, the inexpert youth soon fell for the bait and lost a few crowns before realising it. He accused the stranger of cheating and a nice brawl ensued. It goes without saying that the inn-keeper would hear nothing about them staying in his inn, and a blunderbuss convinced them all that it would be healthier for them all to leave.

A gaunt man who was travelling with them stopped to look at the forest. He wasn't obviously one of their company, and was obviously tired of hearing the other two arguing. That was the third time in which that conversation had sprung up. He was tired of the old song, and consequently, after the two other men stopped their argument, he politely and with a slight accent which revealed his foreign origins, said:

"How far away was that inn? Ten miles, did they say? I'd bet we'll never get there before midnight. I suppose we'll have to make camp here."

"Oh yes, wonderful, make camp in the middle of the forest and enjoy our meal. Later someone will enjoy his meal, and we'll be that meal!" said Klaus.

"C'mon, Klaus, this hasn't been the first time we've spent a night in the open." Erwin reminded him.

"Yeah, but there were six of us then, not three. And one of us is just a minstrel." moaned Klaus.

The tall stranger cast a glance to Klaus, and after finishing chewing his tobacco, he spat into the gloomy forest. He travelled with them since the brawl, just because he decided to enter the fray to help the impulsive youth. After all, the youth seemed to need help then. That meant that, in the end, he had had to renounce to a comfortable bed and a good hearty meal. If that wasn't enough, he had now to put up with their insolent remarks. He said:

"Appearances might deceive you. Certainly I'm only a

minstrel, but that doesn't mean I can't take care of myself. Be it as it may, we should be making camp for tonight and lighting a good fire instead of indulging in idle talk. Otherwise we'll end up in the belly of some nice mutant."

There was a clear spot near the road in which they dropped their few possessions. They wished there was a water source, but there wasn't any. Erwin went into the forest to gather a few branches. They lit a fire and after resting for a while, began to eat their meagre rations. The forest was a scary place. Darkness was everywhere, and the beasts that roam the forest at night began their prowling. Some of these would be animals, some others maybe not. After an hour, Klaus threw a pair of branches into the fire, and then in a calmer voice than before he spoke again.

"Hey, Mike," said he, finding difficulty in pronouncing the foreigner's name, "it's high time you showed your talents to us, isn't it? How about a song from your foggy homeland to help us relax and prepare for the night? "

The stranger lifted his glance from the fire and looked at Klaus. He replied then:

"I don't think an Albionese song would soothe you. No, this night I don't feel like singing songs." He leaned on his backpack, produced a little more tobacco and began to chew it. After a while, he said:

"However, the night is fine for telling stories. If you want, I could tell you a little tale..."

"Sure. Go ahead, then." replied the others.

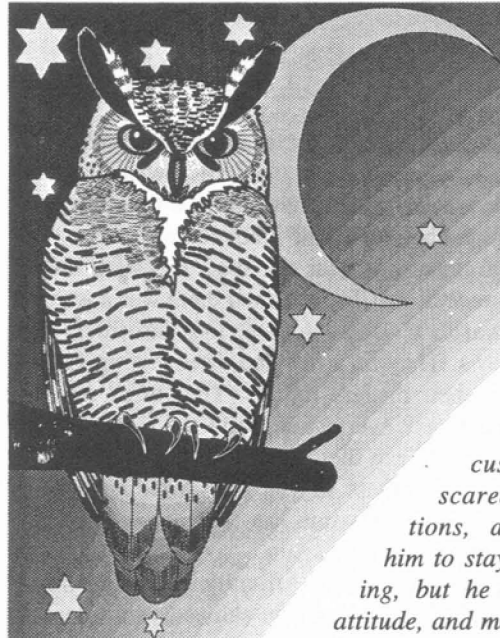
Then the minstrel began to tell a most strange tale...

* * *

It was a cold autumn's evening, just after twilight. A rather fat but smartly dressed man had just arrived at the old inn, 'The Last Bridge'. He was obviously fatigued, having been riding his horse for a long time. He appeared to be a wealthy man, but did not look like a brave soul likely to face the dangers that roamed the roads by night. So weary did he feel that after unmounting and giving his horse to the stable lad, he hurriedly entered the inn.

The inn was very crowded that night, its atmosphere warm and welcoming. Everyone in the inn turned his head to scrutinise the stranger. He took off his dusty hat and, after ordering some food and mulled wine for himself, he sat on a bench near the hearth. In those past days people were far more friendly and this stranger found that the inn's customers were very interested in his travels and experiences, and eager to hear the news he had to tell them. He loved to talk and be listened to, and hence spoke for a long time. When he had drunk enough wine, he let slip that he was carrying a very special merchandise to Herr Baumann of Beeckerhoven, a man whose name was known to everybody because of his fabled wealth.

When the inn-keeper heard this, he steered the conversation towards a rather unpleasant topic. He warned the weary traveller against the highwaymen who had been robbing a lot of unwary travellers of their belongings, especially near the bridge. Everybody in the inn admitted this fact and seemed so afraid that the traveller, reinvigorated after his meal, boasted that he was not afraid of travelling alone that



same evening in the dark to Beeckerhoven. All the customers seemed scared of his intentions, and admonished him to stay until the morning, but he persisted in his attitude, and made light of their fears. The inn-keeper explained that the bridge was haunted, or cursed, or both. He told the traveller that forty years ago a man whose name was Jochen Lindemann was outcast by the count Reinhardt von Eckbert, a local noble, thereby losing all his wealth and honour. After that, in revenge Lindemann became the most ferocious highwayman of the region. He was hunted throughout the country, and only after being betrayed was he apprehended at the bridge and sentenced to death by beheading. It was a widespread belief that he returned from Hell to haunt forever the bridge where he was betrayed.

The traveller, lacking imagination, did not believe this story and mocked the other customers and the staff for believing it. He stood up, paid the food and wine and went out of the inn, followed by a scared group of worried customers. As he rode his horse everything stood still. When he departed, the great disgrace that could befall him was on everyone's lips except the inn-keeper's. Only a sinister smile lingered there for a minute or so, and then faded away to nothing.

Meanwhile the traveller headed for the bridge. His former high spirits, caused by the wine he had drunk, slowly disappeared carried away by the chilly wind. The scary woods cast looming shadows on both sides of the road, and he gradually became scared by the eerie noises that came out of the woods. Perhaps they were just the hunting cries of an owl... maybe not. The atmosphere was so unsettling that the traveller began to cast nervous glances over his shoulder. At last, he sighed with relief when he saw the bridge coming closer in the horizon.

When he was only a few yards from the bridge suddenly a rider emerged from the woods, all clad in black robes. The sinister rider breathed steadily the icy night's air, an air he should not have been able to breathe, because over his shoulders there was no head. His head was resting on his left hand, close to the rider's chest, for he was the beheaded off Beeckerhoven. With a deep, weird voice the spectre demanded the purse of the traveller while he aimed his pistol towards him as a silent threat. The traveller panicked, took his purse and threw it away. Then the rider moved his mount from the road and let his victim go. The scared traveller spurred his mount till blood came out of its flanks, and the beast began to gallop

frenziedly like a stag hunted by a pack of bloodthirsty wolves. He was soon out of sight.

The dark rider waited for the hooves' sound to die away, and then unmounted and tied his horse to a mossy branch. Next, he placed his gun back in his belt, unbuttoned his shirt and slowly a blond head appeared above his shoulders where none had been before. It was the smiling face of the inn-keeper's son. He placed the hollowed pumpkin he was carrying in his left hand, which had been craftily carved and painted to resemble a head, on the grass. Then he took the purse, opened it and found some jewels inside. He laughed loudly, because he was amused of the traveller's gullibility.

Anyway, no one ever saw the inn-keeper's son again, neither alive nor dead. Many people believe that when the inn-keeper's son was ready to return to the inn he met the actual spectre, who had come forth from Hell to avenge his infamy. What is true is that when morning came and the disappearance was discovered, a thorough search was carried out but nothing was found. Well, something was found indeed, near the bridge. There, at the same spot where the highwayman had been betrayed forty years ago, the peasants found some odd things: a bulging purse which contained a few really valuable jewels and, surrounding it, everyone could see the grisly remains of a bloodstained, crushed pumpkin.

* * *

The minstrel ended the tale. It was clear that, as lots of times in the past, he had captivated his audience, even though in this case the audience consisted of two uncouth men. After a while, Klaus asked:

"Hearing you no one would guess you're a foreigner, barring your slight accent, that is. However, you seemed to talk from knowledge. Is it a tale from your country that you use to frighten our peasants and earn a warm meal and a bed for the night? "

"I've been living in this country of yours for a long time now, and I know it quite well. That story, be it true or pure fantasy, was born in your country. I heard it a long time ago, and have added not a little word to it." and saying this, the bard fixed again his glance in the flames.

"It's a good story, then. By the way, Altfeld, " and in this he used the Reikspiel version of the foreigner's surname, "what was the name of the town of the story?" asked Erwin.

"Beeckerhoven." answered the minstrel.

"Funny thing that. That's the name of the town we were in this morning, I believe." Erwin seemed transfixed by a thought. After a while, he said "And, wasn't the inn in which we've been this afternoon, the one of the brawl, called 'The Last Bridge' ? "

"Yes, it was that." said the minstrel.

"You naughty youth, what are you up to? " asked Klaus with a booming voice.

"I just asked because I saw something down the road when we camped this night, as I was looking for wood for the fire, just before the night fell." replied Erwin.

"And what was it? " asked Klaus.

"Only an old bridge, some fifty yards or so down the road."

Klaus seemed not to understand. When he did, he opened his eyes in astonishment and looked at the minstrel.

The minstrel was silent, and only a sinister smile appeared on his face for a while.

THE END

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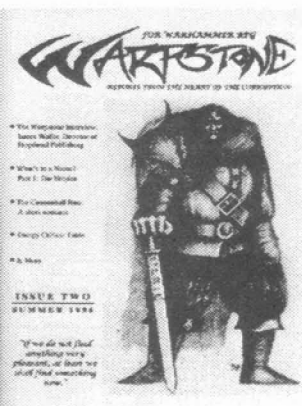
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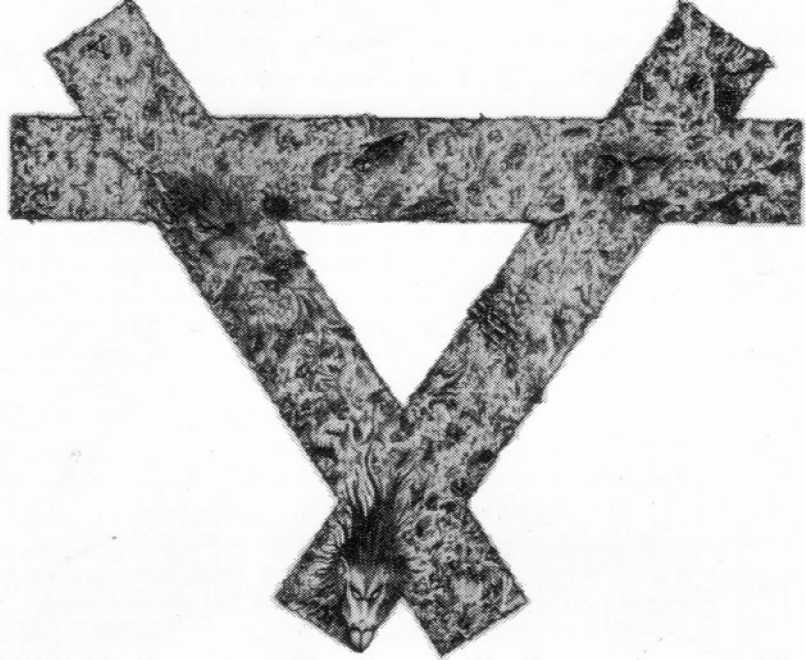
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