

FOR WARHAMMER RPG

WARPTSTONE

-REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION-

*Horror and
Supernatural Special*

**2 Scenarios:
A Buried Past &
Thicker Than Water**

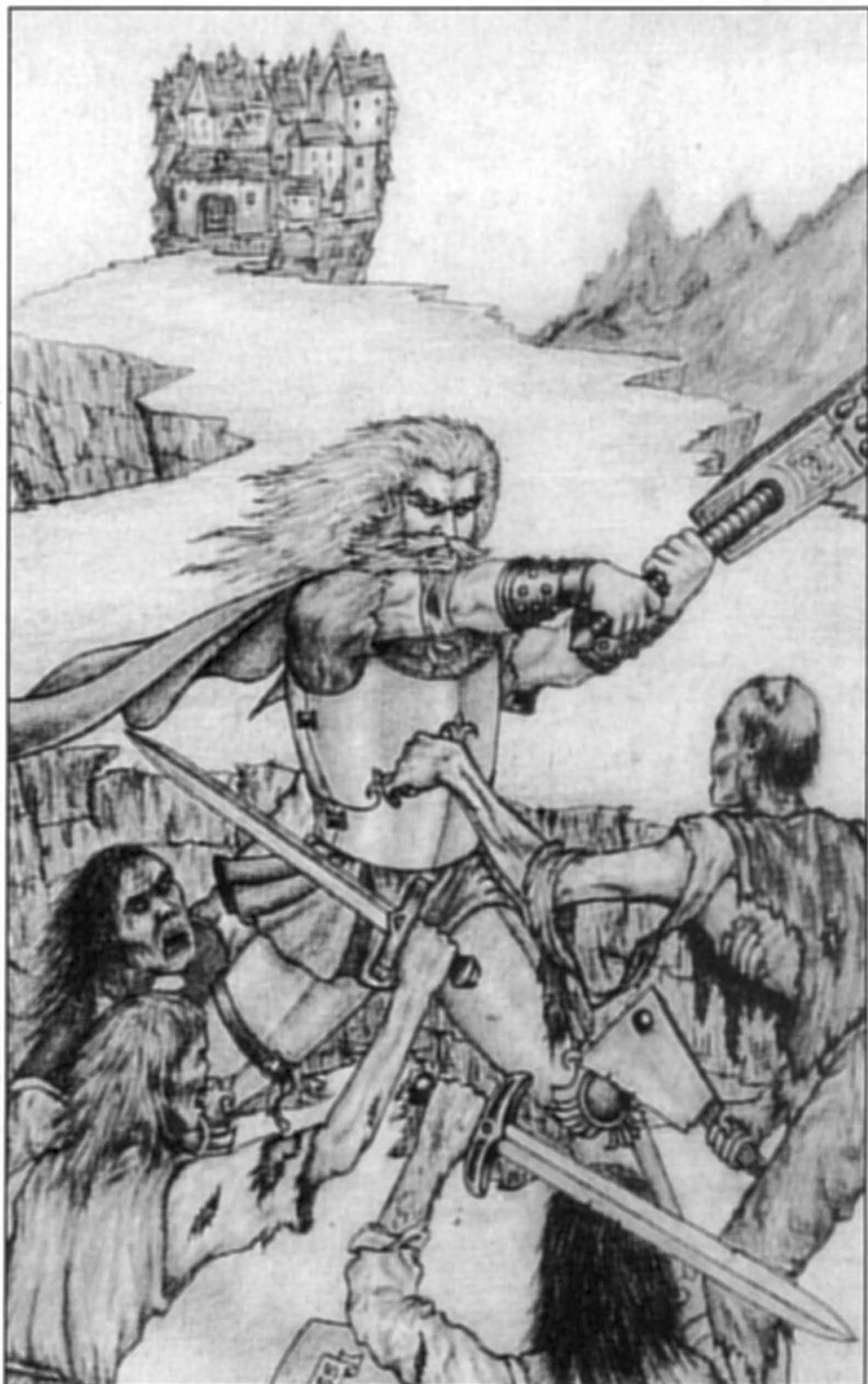
**The Hofbauer-Bodelstein
Trading Company**

**WFRP on the
World Wide Web**

**Templars Part Two:
The Templars of the
White Wolf**

ISSUE FOUR
WINTER 1996/97

*"Listen to them -
The children of the
night. What music
they make!"*



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Etc. Imagine, if you will, a small room in the slums of Altdorf. Inside sits a scribe, huddled against the cold. Occasionally, he throws a log on the fire and returns to his work. Around him are scattered letters from afar and works for inclusion in the journal known as The Properties & Uses of the MoonStone. Once more he swears as ink splurts across the page, "By Sigmar, I will have to start again." In time the truth is made clear, all has been infected by Chaos and he is cursed. Distant shores call and he makes ready to travel. As he makes ready to depart, a champion of Law arrives ready to sort out the mess and actually reply quickly to letters. "Begone Chaos spawn." he cries and the scribe is thrown into the snowy street. Through the window I see him begin work. It will get him, the scribe laughs. And he leave I hear one of his brethren say to him "Can't you get some new candles its always dark in here." The scribe watched the swans disappear, slowly entered room 18 and was gone.

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ABBREVIATIONS

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

"The horror grew in him, seeming to hold him bound in his chair. He was cold. Looking over his shoulder he saw that something was crouching beside the closed door, a shapeless clot of shadow darker than the darkness. It seemed to reach out towards him, and to whisper, and to call to him in a whisper: but he could not understand the words."*

EDITORIAL

Straight outta Clapton

"I am just going outside and may be some time."
Lieutenant Oates

Welcome to issue four of Warpstone. This issue is our first themed issue and much of the content contains material on 'The Horror and Supernatural'. These elements have a big part to play in WFRP in both their more traditional forms (i.e. Ghosts and Ghoulies) and those of Chaos (a more Call of Cthulhu style element of creeping horror). Future issues will be themed 'On The Road' and 'Marienburg'. Let us know what you think.

It is only a year since I said to John, "Lets do a WFRP fanzine." And we did. So twelve months on it is worth looking back on what we have been attempting to achieve? (Here's my Citizen Kane bit)

We wanted Warpstone to fulfil a number of roles. We wanted it to act as a forum for players to express their opinions and share their ideas in a useful way. However, this did not mean we wanted arguments about the minutiae of rules. Indeed, we have purposely steered away from rules discussions and rewrites. This issues letters page looks at the feedback to Tim Eccles 'Fighting Chaos: Why Bother?' article. Warpstone was never intended to be our personal visions of WFRP but a bringing together the readers views and ideas.

The Empire (and beyond) is a place with a character of its own but one that we hoped to add to. There are thousands of facets of society to be looked at and thousands of adventures to be had.

Many moons ago, someone wrote a letter to WD stating it was like a good wine (gets better with age). This is perhaps our main (and most ambitious) aim. We want Warpstone to be used as a supplement, articles you will look back on and scenarios you will play again. The scenarios were to be a mixture of styles, some you could drop in at a moments notice, others that will take a couple of sessions to play. Last issues 'One hour (To) Morr' and this issues 'A Buried Past' show that different styles can easily work in the Warhammer world.

From the beginning we knew that we wanted to make Warpstone as professional as possible. Trying to keep to deadlines and improving the look and size as resources allowed.

So, a year down the line and your feedback seems to confirm we are a good way to meeting our goals. Personally, I'm pleased with how things have gone. We're learning all the time (Pictures shouldn't be too dark, don't promise as yet unwritten articles etc.) and each issue goes from strength to strength. There is still room for improvement and we are looking for these all the time.

Finally, As you may have guessed from the title above, our address has changed. John Keane will be the Editor and the point of contact from now on. I am off to spend March & April wandering America. See you soon.



*'A Wizard of Earthsea', Ursula le Guin

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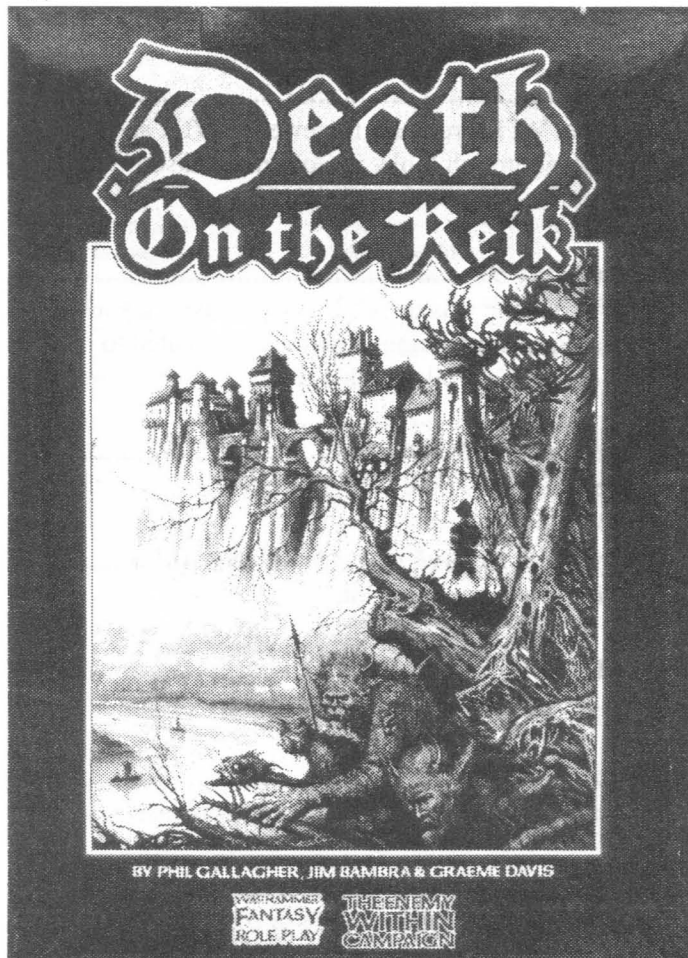
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A Short Story from Martin Oliver

REVIEWS

DEATH ON THE REIK:

Part Three of the Enemy Within. Published by Hogshead by Phil Gallagher, Jim Bamba & Graeme Davis



Death on the Reik was probably the EW adventure that my group enjoyed the most. Hogshead's re-release adds nothing to previous versions, keeping the two-sided map and the 'River Life Of the Empire' supplement. Ian Miller's cover art is one of my favourites and sets the tone perfectly. Even more so than SOB, DOTR really began to flesh out the Empire and develop the personality of the game. Many

themes which originated here have become staples of the game.

The scenario is, broadly speaking, spilt into two main parts. The first is a wilderness adventure (but far more than a series of wandering monsters). It starts with one of the most memorable sequences in a published adventure which leads on very nicely from the plotlines introduced in Mistaken Identity. A couple of vignettes built up the overall plot, but all this is leading to one place: Castle Wittgenstein.

Castle Wittgenstein. Yahoo! As previously mentioned in Warpstone, the castle is heavily evocative of Peake's Gormenghast. Full of strange characters and a sense of decay it gives a real sense of having its own personality. As is WFRP's want, there are plenty of other pilloried influences. Doomstones aside, this is the nearest WFRP has gotten to a 'dungeon bash', and even this transcends the moniker, although occasionally things have been stuck into rooms because it simply seemed like a good idea without worrying too much about the overall effect.

The whole scenario is full of interesting characters, and combats are generally well justified and balanced. The only negative point is that the ending does feel slightly arbitrary, but only in execution, not the resolution.

The map, which covers the southern Empire on one side and the Castle on the other, is of a very high quality. The Empire map covers all the towns, villages and other assorted bits for the entire Reikland. One day we will hopefully get a companion for the rest of the Empire.

The 'River Life Of the Empire' section (originally a separate booklet) is also full of good material. It contains rules for river navigation, boat damage, locks and trading. These are well thought out but I personally have never used them. More interesting is the description of the people that use the river and encounters that can spring from these. My players have never treated nobles the same after the 'Floating Party' encounter.

In summary, the scenario itself is an excellent reason for buying DOTR, but with the River Life section and map it becomes indispensable for all WFRP referees. As you may have guessed, highly recommended.

My original copy of DOTR came with an advert for miniatures for each character in the scenario. Was this the point when GW began to realise RPGs don't pay?

BORKELBY'S FOLLY - ISSUE 3

Skyrealms of Jorune Fanzine

Skyrealms of Jorune is a RPG set on the world of Jorune, the home of humanity, after the destruction of Earth. It is an atmospheric setting, mixing low and high tech with a multitude of alien cultures. This atmosphere could be as strong as WFRP, although it will be much more difficult to create as the setting is so unfamiliar.

Borkelby's Folly is a well put together A4 46 page fanzine. It is slightly amateur in presentation, but this is far outweighed by the quality of the contents and the fact that the first three issues have been free. The Editor Ray Gillham

concentrates on the society and culture of Jorune, ignoring rules discussions. The articles are a mixture of new and reprinted material. These are well written and interesting, although some are stronger than others.

In summary, BF will be of very little use to WFRP players. However, if you are looking for another system or just interested in finding out a bit more on the game, this is worth getting hold of. This issue has a number of articles which are specifically aimed at the newcomer.

To obtain an issue send a A5 SAE(45p stamp) to Ray Gillham, 22 Mirador Crescent, Uplands, Swansea, SA2 0QX. (Sogilla@swansea.ac.uk) From issue four it will be priced £2.00 an issue.

DA BOOK OF GOBLINS

by Ian Ward



Recently posted on the Internet, 'Da Book of Goblins' is a similar project to 'The Book of the Rat', reviewed last issue. Ian Ward has put a lot of work into producing this volume, which promises to be vast in scope

when completed (DBOG is a work in progress).

The first chapter begins with the line, 'OK, hands up those of you have ever thrown a clutch of Goblins at a party of low level PCs as cannon fodder.' Mentally my arm drifted ceilingwards. It's true that Goblinoids have become synonymous with cannon fodder, but this is partly due to the fact they are the stock fantasy baddie, making up in numbers what they lack in intelligence. Was it always so?

To an extent, yes. While ultimately tracing their roots back to the goblins of fairy tales, the real ancestors of the modern Goblinoid are Tolkien's Orcs and Goblins. These were the results of Sauron's experiments, the dark side of Elves. While they were just foot soldiers, they were greatly feared and very evil. They were creatures of the night, cowards who preferred to kill with missile fire, but full of cunning and ambition.

In D&D they became just another set of statistics, real low-level cannon fodder. However, they were hardly unique. As this seemed the fate of most creatures in the Bestiary. In my dim recollection, it was a series of articles in White Dwarf that started to put forward the idea that monsters could be interesting in their own right. As far as the Orc was concerned, a piece called 'The Naked Orc' introduced different classes of Orc (Middle Earth style), including Urak Hai (proto-Black Orcs) and Snagga (proto-snotlings).

Whilst the Middle Earth RPG returned Orcs to their original design, GW started to take them in a different direction. This became more pronounced as WFB and 40K developed. Their new personality was full of cunning and mayhem, their evil replaced by a dim viciousness. They became more like fig-



ures of fun than dangerous adversaries.

WFRP came along before this process had gone too far, and they remained in tune with the spirit of the Old World. I have always treated them like the Mongols - a constant threat in the East that could pour into and destroy civilisation.

So where does DBOG fall? Well, its WFB roots are very evident, but they have been balanced to fit WFRP. It concentrates on the various tribes inhabiting the Badlands. Ian covers the differences between the various Goblin species, going into details about their religion, Magic and culture. A



bestiary is included which covers the main creatures inhabiting the Badlands. The book also features careers and skills for Goblinoid characters, with NPC's and plot lines promised for the future.

An amazing amount of work has gone into this project, which is full of nice ideas. It would be an excel-

lent sourcebook for those who wished to try their hand at playing a Goblinoid Campaign, although I do think that this would be quite difficult to do well, and I am looking forward to seeing the promised plot suggestions.

To make Goblins a more interesting race, their structure and politics need to be pushed to the fore. How different tribes interact also needs to be detailed, especially since many players will not be interested in Goblins PCs. More needs to be made of tribes in and around the Empire, or the sourcebook may be of limited appeal. One of my favourite pieces is Arrak: the Spider God, whom Forest dwelling Goblins worship.

DBOG is not as strong as "The Book of the Rat", but this is partly due to the fact the goblin race is not as strong a concept. Currently, the book lacks a connecting thread that will pull it all together, but this is a work in progress with several important chapters still to come. I

look forward to seeing the finished version. So if you can, download the files and contribute to the project's direction.

"Da Book of Goblin" 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 files are stored, and copy it to disk from there.



DRAGONHEART (PG) (Rob Cohen, 1996)

A big-budget Hollywood film, hyped for its computer-generated dragon. Dragonheart stars Dennis Quaid, David Thewlis, Dina Meyer and features the voice of Sean Connery as Draco, the Dragon.

The film starts with a peasants' revolt against the local tyrant king. The king is killed and his son mortally wounded. His life is saved when the Dragon shares his heart with him, exacting an oath along the lines of 'service to all men'. All this has been observed by Bowen (Dennis Quaid), the last Knight of the Code, a chivalric set of mores. When the new King turns out to be a bad egg, Bowen blames the Dragon, abandons the code, and begins killing the last remaining Dragons for cash.

Time passes, and the people are enslaved by the King, while Bowen comes face-to-face with the last remaining Dragon. They join forces to extort money from villages by faking the Dragon's death. Soon they become loyal friends and set out to save the Kingdom.

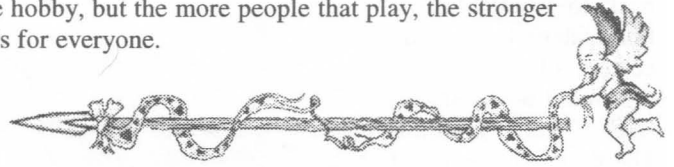
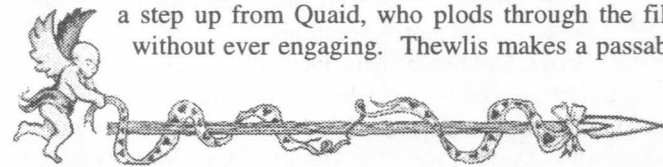
Dragonheart's big plus is the dragon. It looks very good, interacting nicely with the surrounding scenery. Connery's voice does a good job of giving it a personality. This is a step up from Quaid, who plods through the film without ever engaging. Thewlis makes a passable

villain but comes across as half-hearted. The film makes passable fare for its PG certificate, neither offending nor challenging the audience I was in. They were all oo'ing and ah'ing at the appropriate points. All except me!

The film was Hollywood by numbers. Amusing side-kick, English villain, feisty love interest, evil villain, peasants who just need someone to lead them etc. Maybe I'm being too harsh, but no, that's not counting a couple of moments so truly cringe-worthy that I won't mention them.

As long as you expect no surprises, the film is worth seeing just for the Dragon. Don't expect to find any help in writing scenarios or creating characters. Apart from swords and big flying lizards, the film is so un-WFRP. Everything is so clean; even the dirt covered peasants seem well-nourished and tidy. When will these fantasy films fall outside the conventional?

However, Dragonheart has packed in the crowds. It was the top grossing UK film in half term week, which is pretty impressive. However, as far as I can tell TSR and GW have done nothing to try and capture this audience, some of whom could possibly be interested. Arcane didn't even mention it. Fantasy films of this mould come along so rarely (especially ones which are actually seen) that it should have been an opportunity. Many role-players moan about kids in the hobby, but the more people that play, the stronger it is for everyone.



WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

NEWS

James Wallis of Hogshead Publishing tells us that the GM's screen is nearing completion. This will contain various inserts including a new collection of critical hit tables (blunt weapons, falling etc.). WFRP author Graeme Davis is heavily involved in this project.

HP are also beginning to work on a Website and work will begin soon on Realms of Chaos, while RoS continues full steam ahead. Negotiations have also begun with a 'Big Industry name' on Doomstones 5. HP have their lips sealed on the real identity, but as soon as we know so will you.

SORRY

To all those that have submitted work. We will come back to you very soon.

CLASSIFIEDS

From next issue we hope to run a small classifieds section. This will be FREE. A number of Warpstone readers seem to be after old WFRP scenarios/books and White Dwarfs. Sections as follows;

For Sale:

Wanted:

Players/Clubs: Those that host WFRP.

Obituaries: A final send off for your recently deceased character. Try to keep in the spirit of the game. (Approx. 100 words)

Other Stuff:

Those of you who are after out of print games and magazines could try 2nd Games Galore. Tel: 01234-823873 (Mention Warpstone)

LE GRIMOIRE

Sebastien Boudaud, the editor of Le Grimoire, the French WFRP magazine has given the following prices for anyone wishing to buy copies (UK only). All prices include postage.

Issue 15 - 80FF

Issue 14 - 40FF

Issue 13 - Sold Out

Issues 11, 12 - 35 FF each

Issues 6 to 10 - 30FF each

Issues 1 to 5 - 25FF each

Write to Le Grimoire, 3 rue A. Le Notre, 49300 Cholet, France

NEXT ISSUE

Next issue will contain an interview with Graeme Davies. Graeme was one of WFRP's original authors and was closely involved with the game during its time with GW(including Flame). He is currently working on new projects with Hogshead.

SUBMISSIONS

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions (articles & text). Payment is a free copy of Warpstone. The deadline to be considered for Issue 5 is March 1st and Issue 6, July 1st. However it is likely any accepted will work will appear in the following issue after being received.

Art - Art should be A4(ish) 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). Please state if your submission has been posted to the WFRP archive. We are also happy to receive submissions via E-mail.

THE ARTICLE LIST

The Article List is a list of ideas for articles that readers would like to see. If there is an article you would like to see (and don't want to write) please write to us. All the articles previously on the list are now in development and will be appearing soon.

Insanity - The playing of insanity's in WFRP could do with some fleshing out. (Not just a list of new insanity's)

GAMES DAY 96

Five O'clock, Sunday 29th September. Bella Pasta, Birmingham. Six individuals are gathered around a table in silence while the seventh member of the group waits elsewhere for his long, long journey home (Colin was travelling back to Aberdeen on the GW coach - an eight hour journey!). We anticipated the arrival of our food, completely exhausted, our brains winding (shutting?) down in the quietness of the restaurant. And then, we realised: we had survived Games Day 96.

We had spent all day demonstrating WFRP to anybody who had wandered too close to the Hogshead stall and been collared. "Roleplaying at Games Day?", I hear you ask. Yes, there was. Here follows the true tale of that day. Any mistakes are the result of the confusion and mayhem that took place.

It all started (for me) with a letter from James Wallis, Director of Hogshead Publishing. James said that Games Workshop wanted their license holders to demonstrate their products - no selling, just showing the game off, and explaining what it was all about. Hogshead needed a team to run the stall and demonstrate WFRP.

I said I would be happy to help out, and joined the other volunteers (mostly from the WFRP E-mail list). Over the next couple of weeks we received various missives from Hogshead with time, dates and locations. Soon, I was on my way to Games Day, an event which, in truth, I never thought I would see again.

Come the day before (the day after my PC decided to trash the nearly finished Issue 3) I found myself travelling North with James, weighed down by rulebooks and other paraphernalia. Making our way to the National Indoor Arena we attempted to find the Hogshead Setup area. Already the NIA was taking shape; demonstration tables were being put together, and piles and piles of stock was being moved in.

With its imperial eagle banners hanging from the ceiling I wasn't the only person to think the main arena looked like the Nuremberg rally.

Hogshead was in an area called the Black Library. This was the smaller hall where GW's licensees were kept. Things were looking chaotic here, with lots of people armed with walkie talkies trying to make sense. "Is that Andy?" "Yeah! This is Andy." "Have you got those bolts?" "No, that's nothing to do with me. It must be one of the other six Andys" "...Oh, OK then."

However, the overall opinion was that this was one of the best organised conventions/fairs around. All the GW staff knew what they were doing, and most impressively there were no walking egos in charge making things difficult for everyone. There was real teamwork visible amongst the 450 staff, which you don't often see in large organisations.

But that was of no concern to us as we were directed to our corner. Three hours later we had plastered the wall behind the stall with copies of the WFRP rulebook cover, and laid out the sample stock and piles of Hogswash. Hogshead had been placed next to the cinema which was showing "Inquisitor", a 25 minute 40K movie consisting of a lot of walking down corridors. An awful lot. As they tested this, the sounds of bolter fire and slightly B-Movie dialogue boomed out, washing over our four demonstration tables. They kindly turned it down. A little bit. On the other side of the area were three display cases containing full size replicas of bolters etc. Very, very impressive. WFRP would have its work cut out to interest players.

After we had finished the set-up, we stood back from the area and looked. It was quiet and uncluttered. The calm before the storm.

From out of the window I could see the long queue snaking around the corner of the building. Thousands of people (8,500

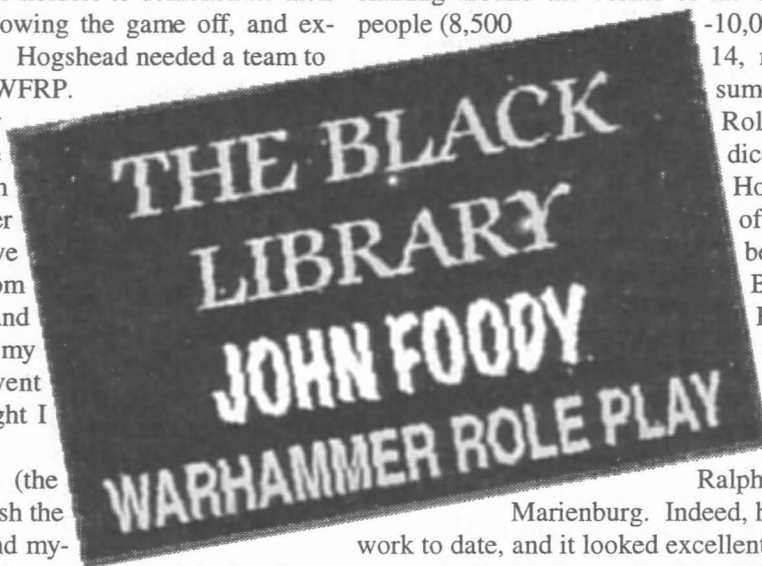
-10,000), mostly around 10-14, many of whom we assumed had never heard of Roleplaying or percentile dice. Against this hoard Hogshead's team consisted of myself, Colin Campbell, Hal Eccles, Shawn Briggs, Jonathan Quaife, Ralph Hornsey and (of course) James Wallis. Jonathan is in the process of writing a WFRP module, and

Ralph is doing the map for Marienburg. Indeed, he had brought along his work to date, and it looked excellent.

As the punters started to drift in I began by fending questions and showing products. Surprisingly, many people had previously played WFRP but were unaware of its re-emergence. The trickle began to turn into a river and I headed for a table to begin to GM. Gulp.

This was the first time I had ever GMed in this sort of situation and I was a little unsure of how I would do. Colin had written a good introductory adventure called 'Warband', which consisted of the players rescuing their commander from a Chaos warband and saving a village. This had been commissioned to run between 1.5 -2 hours, but on Saturday Andy Jones of GW had come along and said, "Just keep them flowing. Twenty minutes a game." So, it was up to us to rip through it as quickly as possible.

Most of my first group had Role-played before, and got into the flow pretty quick. The second group hadn't, but we stormed through it nonetheless. After a ten minute lunch break, it was back to the fray. As I returned to the hall, already half stunned and exhausted, Hal greeted me with the words, "The next lot are ready to go." After a bit of trouble finding the dice, adventure, and character sheets, I started again. A fourth session brought me up to the end.



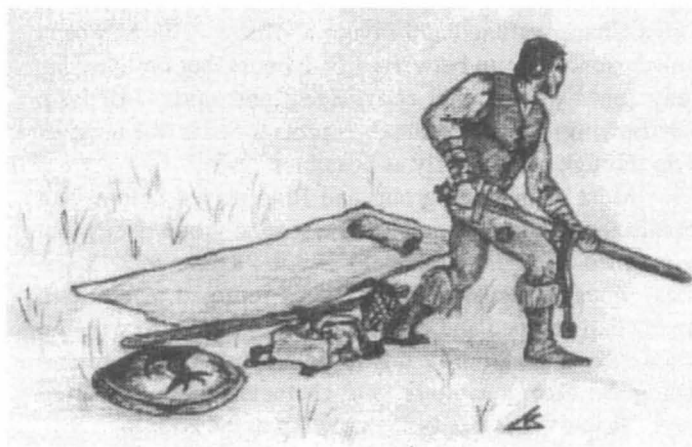
Occasionally I did have to shout over the sound of bolter fire, and for some reason the player at the end of the table always had the quietest voice. "My character will <Die Chaos marine. Bam! Bam! Bam! Boom!>. Is that OK?". "Erm, yeah, sure. Roll the dice then." Well, it usually worked.

To be honest, I remember very little about individual sessions. It all just blurs into one mass. It was only when I had rested that I realised I was glad it was all over. Running the adventure had been fun. Most of the players on my table had a real enthusiasm, although my nerves did fray a little with a player who insisted of attacking everything with a spoon. Still, there you go. They approached it with an attitude of, "lets give this a go", instead of "go on, impress me".

So did we convert the hordes to the wonders of WFRP? There was certainly some success. It would be great if someone reading this article had discovered Role-playing there. Many remembered the game from when GW used to sell it. Hogshead gave out 500 copies of Hogswash by lunch time, and 250 Warpstone leaflets went (only one reply however!!). Over eighty players took part in play-tests and many more looked on with interest, so at the very least we raised the game's profile. It didn't hurt that the players had a solid knowledge of the background, "Is that Chaos warrior Khorne or Nurgle then?"

I still haven't answered the question of whether the rest of Games Day was any good. I really haven't got a clue, as I only saw it en route to the canteen (Yes, GW fed us). It all looked good, but how much substance there was I'm not sure. However, everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. I really must give special mention to the central diorama. Even though I am not fussed by figures, the 200+ Bretonnian cavalry charging the lizard army emerging from the sea was impressive. Can't say I'm overly thrilled by the new Bretonnian background although it could have potential. One end of the area was a stall, selling figures and games. This was very, very busy. GW is often accused of having overpriced figures, and four pound for a plastic horse and lead rider seemed to bear this out. ('I remember when you could buy ten dwarves and a dragon for 10p and still have change for a chip supper etc. etc.')

As we sat eating our survival meal, we all agreed it had been good fun. I would certainly do it again next year which, in the end, speaks for itself.



Mentioned in Dispatches

Martin Oliver's regular look at the WFRP E-Mail list

A new year, a new version of Warhammer Battle, a new and bigger box to put it in. The relentless machine that is Games Workshop continues to develop the Warhammer world — but where does this leave WFRP?

There's an ongoing tension between those who believe WFRP should remain exactly as defined in the original rulebook, and those who think that it's got to adapt to survive. As they point out, Hogshead's contract forbids it from contradicting published GW material, and that includes WFB5. So, what's to be done when Bretonnia, that corrupt and decadent nation ruled by Charles de la Tête D'Or III, is transformed in one edition into a pseudo-Arthurian nation of chivalry and questing knights, complete with a new monarch?

James Wallis has said more than once that Hogshead is treating WFRP as being set about five years behind Games Workshop's developments. Five years is, after all, a long time — don't forget what changes were wrought during the brief span of the French Revolution. Just imagine the roleplaying potential that surviving (or thriving during) The Terror has. There's a lot of mileage in the idea of a glorious uprising sweeping the old order away.

Frequently suggested when discussing WFB material is that the army lists only present the public face of the nation. The pomp and chivalry of Bretonnia could hide some pretty grim secrets. After all, the touch of Chaos is easily masked when you spend all day covered in plate mail. In terms of social justice, equipping and feeding those knights must involve an awful lot of peasants. How many of them are happy under this new regime?

Then there was the Pythonesque alternative. Have you seen Monty Python's "Quest for the Holy Grail"? Questing knights they might be, but they could hardly arrange a shrubbery between them, let alone deal coherently with a few grubby locals who had even the vaguest notions of political reform.

Right, that's going to be it for this issue. I know it's short, but we've got good excuses. Firstly, the list quietened down over the summer, so there's been less in the way of debates to report on. Secondly, we've got too much in this issue already, and this was the last piece to get written... Rest assured, though, we'll be back to our usual length next time.

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WE'RE HERE TO SAVE THE WORLD.....AGAIN!

The Dwarf fell to his knees, exhausted by the battle he and his group had been fighting for two hours. His friend, the Noriscan lay heavily wounded, his bleeding body found under a pile of goblins. The healer was unsure if he would live past the hour. It had been worth it though, the threat to the town had been stopped, this time at least. Indeed there were more immediate rewards.

He gazed at the sword clenched tightly in the chief's still hand, lying ten yards from his body. The sword was beautiful, finely tempered steel inscribed with ancient runes glowing in the shadow. Forged in the belly of a volcano, polished by a master smith, finishing the work of his father and his father before him. At each stage of the process the High Wizards had entwined enchantments into its very fabric and when finished it was presented to the legendary King of the Norse.

The group's leader, covered in the enemies blood came and stood at the Dwarf's shoulder. "The Kings legendary sword?" The Dwarf nodded and leant forward to take it. "Chuck it on the magic pile then, we'll sell it when we get to town."

As roleplaying has grown older, games have generally moved away from the idea that a good game results from an excess of magic items, treasure and enemy corpses. Constantly throwing a surplus of rewards at the players means that treasure hordes must become larger, magical items more powerful and monsters ever bigger, just to keep alive players interest. This solution tends to work only in the short term as soon there is nowhere left to go.

While most reasonably experienced players recognise the faults in having too many magic items and treasure, fewer recognise the impact of this principle in other facets of games. What it boils down to, is that if you always include exotica too much it will no longer be exotic, therefore losing part of what makes it special. Saving the world every week soon becomes boring.

I decided to write this article for a number of reasons. One, reading DOTL and re-reading SOB reminded me of the biggest problem in published adventures and two, after ten years(ish) of GM'ing this is perhaps the best bit of advice I have to pass on.

This article will hopefully offer some ideas on helping GMs avoid the stagnation of campaigns by simply thinking some personal guidelines through before starting. Build a solid foundation first and then add the flash bits. The WFRP rulebook and background does much of this for you and I believe this is part of what makes WFRP the game I have always come back to. But, as always you know what type of game your group enjoys and that is always the most important point.

Starting with the most obvious area of escalation, magic items. Just to prove what a mean GM I am, players looking through TEW modules tended to find most magic items had been crossed out. The problem with giving villains magic items is that the PCs tend to get their grubby little paws on them. In time they have a couple each or even worse, one or two have four or five items each.

"But players like magic items!" I hear you cry, and that is true. They will like them even more if you don't give them any. If you do put in a magic item, think through the consequences of putting an item in. A ring of invisibility may allow someone to backstab your PCs but it would also allow your PC virtual access to wherever they wanted.

Make magic rare, something unknown and mystical. Sure, magic users cast spells but the effects are temporary (OK if a fireball kills you, that's permanent, but you know what I mean). Limit your items effects, if you really want to put in a +10WS sword, change to a expertly made sword instead (then it can't be used against undead etc.). Give items charges or restrictions. In time, players will come to look at magic items with awe and fear. This is far more preferable

than treating them as a profile bonus.

Magic users should be similarly treated. Most people in Warhammer will never have come across Magic. Therefore magic users tend to inspire fear in the general populace. This attitude leads makes to them heading towards the cities, where they are safer. Also they have better access to research facilities and knowledge. So if all the magic users head to the cities what about those that remain? What secrets do they hide?

A less obvious area to look at is Non Player Characters, including the enemy, most importantly monsters. The Warhammer world mostly concentrates on Humans, followed by Dwarves, Elves and Halflings. This is a good thing which the WFRP background has concentrated. If you make men and women your main NPCs then their motivations and actions will be immediately understandable. There is no shortage of plots to be had from people and you should make full use of this.

When you do include a non-human race or a monster the effect will be greater. Also, modify your monsters to add interest and keep players on their toes. If using goblins use different tactics, or give a couple dodge blow, or a two-handed sword. If a monster has a weakness, change it (include hints on what it is). Don't always use these tactics but do it enough so your players will realise they can't always rely on knowing the Rulebook.

Chaos: As Timothy Eccles pointed out last month, Chaos has got out of control in the official WFRP world. I don't really believe this is a problem, simply chop out abilities and weapons you don't like. Chaos in WFRP is best used to motivate people, whether it be cultists or those that unearth their activities. It doesn't have to be an all prevailing effect but an insidious infection affecting everyone.

Finally, saving the world. If every adventure gives the PC's the chance to save the world then it becomes boring. They may save a village, then a town, city, continent, world, galaxy, universe and then the multiverse. Using this as a plot device is an easy way to generate immediate interest in your PCs but also bear in mind what will happen if they get it wrong. If they are questing to save a city and then decide to run away, do you wipe out the city. If yes, that leaves a big hole in the world. A bad idea given the nature of the Warhammer world. Just as bad is fudging the plot. "Just as Tzeentch is about to devour the city a Templar army turns up. Luckily they were on manoeuvre's nearby."

Magic, monsters and saving the world. Things that make adventuring great. This is true and I am not suggesting changing that. Just be more subtle about it. Use these elements to spice up your campaign and not fill it. You will have a much stronger game for it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? PART 3: BRETONNIA

by John Keane and John Foody

MALE FORENAMES	Luis	Blanchette	Justine	Alcover	Hugo
Alain	Marc	Camille	Léonie	Amar	Jobert
Algernon	Marcel	Carina	Lilas	Anglade	Joyeux
André	Maynard	Cathryn	Lorraine	Ardant	Kalfon
Antoine	Merle	Celeste	Louise	Artaud	Kreis
Antonin	Michel	Celine	Lucille	Autant	la Fort
Bertrand	Miles	Chantel	Lya	Baye	Lafont
Bonar	Nathalie	Charlotte	Magdalene	Béart	Le Vigan
Claude	Neville	Chérie	Marcel	Belmondo	Léaud
Daniel	Noel	Claire	Margot	Berbert	Le Courageux
Denis	Norris	Claudette	Marguerite	Blanc	Lesaffre
Didier	Oliver	Claudine	Marianne	Boulangier	L'Herbier
Edwige	Orson	Clementine	Marie	Boyer	Lys
Elliot	Pascal	Corinne	Marlene	Brasseur	Malle
Émile	Paul	Delphine	Melanie	Bresson	Marais
François	Phillipe	Denise	Meriel	Bunuel	Marchand
Gaston	Pierre	Désirée	Michèle	Canatona	Marlaud
Georg	Quentin	Elaine	Mila	Carette	Menzer
Geory	Quincy	Emmanuelle	Mirabelle	Carmet	Montaigu
Gérald	Ralph	Emmeline	Nadia	Cauchy	Moreau
Gérard	Renée	Esmé	Natalie	Clouzot	Noiret
Gervase	Sebastien	Estelle	Nicole	Cocteau	Olivia
Gilbert	Vladmir	Eugenie	Odette	Colpeyn	Picard
Godfrey	Yves	Fabrice	Odile	Constantine	Piccoli
Gustave		Fifi	Rosalind	Dalle	Prévert
Guy	FEMALE FORENAMES	Fleur	Rosamund	Darget	Reno
Gye	Adèle	Francine	Sandrine	Daste	Rivette
Henri	Adrienne	Gabrielle	Simone	De Bray	Romand
Hubert	Agnes	Genevieve	Sorrel	De Montalban	Ronet
Hugh	Aimée	Germaine	Stephanie	De Montfort	Roquevert
Humbert	Anne	Helene	Sylvie	Debucourt	Rosay
Isidore	Antoinette	Henriette	Therese	Delair	Rouleau
Jacques	Ariane	Irene	Virginie	Denicourt	Seberg
Jean	Arielle	Isabelle	Yolande	Desmouceaux	Seigner
Jerome	Arlette	Jacqueline	Yvette	Dorzait	Serrault
Jules	Aveline	Jany	Yvonne	Dubois	Stevenin
Julien	Béatrice	Jehane		Dussollier	Thevenet
Leonard	Bernadette	Johanne	A FEW SURNAMES	Faure	Tissier
Loius	Blanche	Joisse	Abril	Feuillère	Trintignaut
Luc		Josèphe		Godard	Tussand
		Juliette		Guilbert	Varenes

NOTES

- 1) This list has been compiled from several sources and it is possible that some non-French names may have crept in by mistake. Also, some that may seem to be of origins other than France are actually of Old-French origin.
- 2) Many female names are equivalents of male names (e.g. Isidore - Isidora, François - Françoise, Jean - Jeanne/Jeanette) and have mostly been excluded.
- 3) Surnames and words with equivalent function:
 - The place of birth could follow the name after the preposition "de". For

- example *Phillipe de Montfort* means *Phillipe of Montfort*.
- If using an adjective then this would be preceded by "le/la" depending on the gender. For example *Francois le Courageux* (Francis the Brave), *Marguerite la Fort* (Margaret the Strong). Of course you'll need a dictionary for the adjectives...
 - 4) The letter "e" (i.e. with an acute accent) should be pronounced like the "a" in *hate*, whilst "è" (i.e. with a grave accent) is like the "e" in *there*. Were there is a cedilla "ç" this sounds like hissing the letter "s".

- 5) It is quite common for two forenames to be combined to make one name but in these cases they should be separated by a hyphen. For example *Jean-Pierre*, *Jean-Paul*, *Marie-Claire*.
- 6) Titles are as follows:
 - Monsieur* = Mr., sir;
 - Madame* = Mrs., madam;
 - Mademoiselle* = Miss., young lady;
- Some nobility titles:
 - Écuyer/Chevalier* = Squire/Knight,
 - Baron/Baronesse* = Baron/Baroness,
 - Comte/Comtesse* = Count/Countess,
 - Duc/Duchesse* = Duke/Duchess,
 - Roi/Reine* = King/Queen.

A BURIED PAST

A Short Scenario

"Guilt is perhaps the most painful companion of death"

Elisabeth Kubler-Ross

"Of everything I have done on my journey, I regret nothing. Except what first set me on this path."

Unknown Warrior, as recorded by the scribe Henri Bresson

This scenario has been designed to be played in Nuln but will fit easily into any city or large town. While it is very simple and short it can leave the party with some good friends or powerful enemies. As always feel free to change or amend any parts you wish.

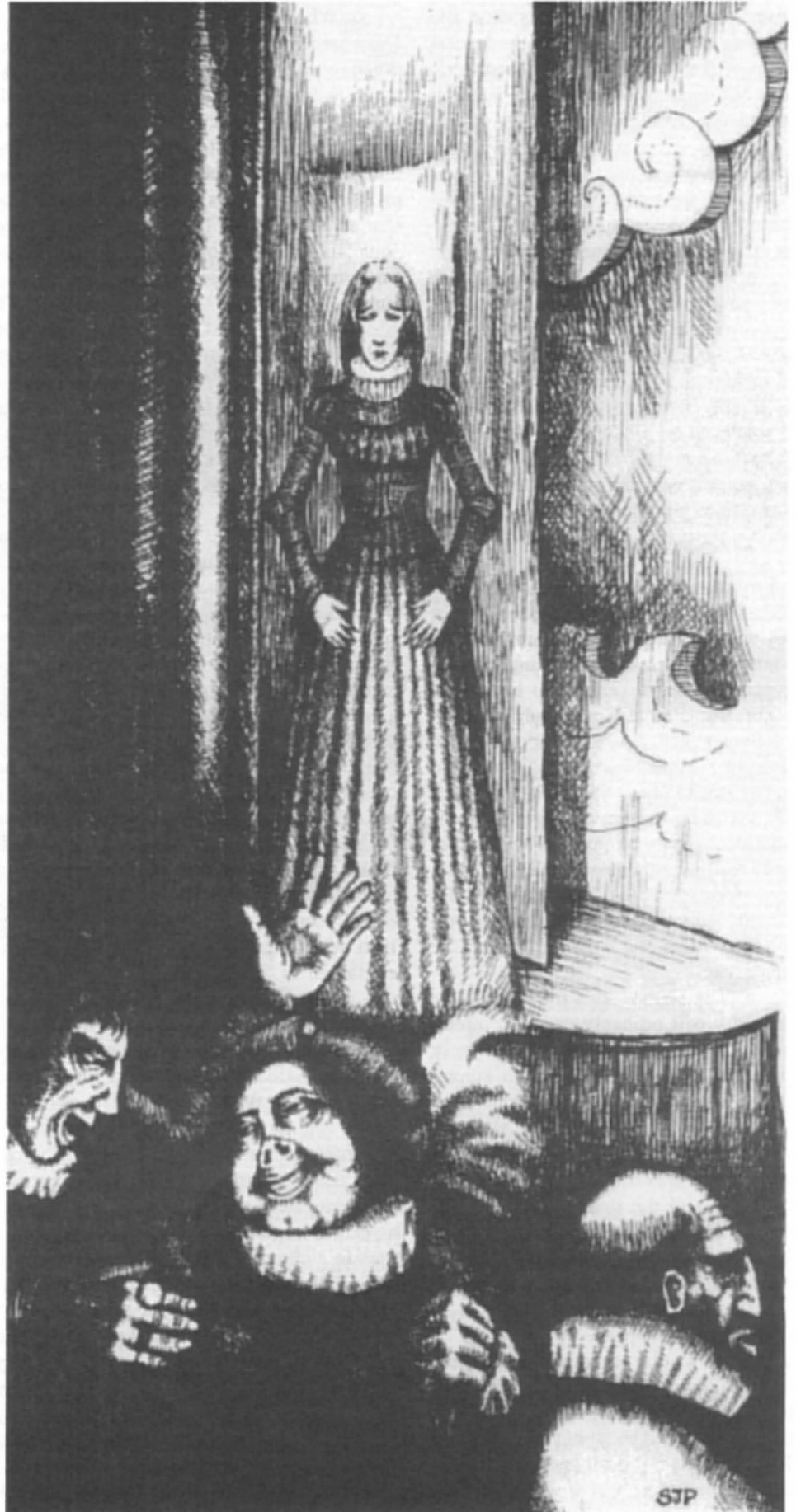
PLAYERS STOP READING HERE

Twenty-five years ago Duke Mathieu von Blech fell in love with Maria Kier, an actress famed city-wide for her talent and beauty. Although, they were greatly in love, she was a commoner and he felt unable to break the restraints his family and society placed on him. A year passed and when their affair was discovered a marriage of political convenience was arranged by his family. From that moment he was forbidden to see her.

However, Maria was pregnant and when she got a message to Mathieu he was devastated, unsure what to do. His family honour was at stake. His closest friend and personal attendant Erwin Wolheim, was sent to see Maria but angered her and on his return informed his master that Maria was irrational. Mathieu stated, "She will ruin this family's name, she must be silenced." Erwin returned and when they argued for a second time he killed her, burying the body under the theatre's stage. He returned to find Mathieu ready to leave town and take Maria with him. Devastated, Erwin fell to his knees and begged his Lord's forgiveness.

The Duke felt responsible for the killing, forgiving Erwin his mistake. Days passed until it was the day of his arranged marriage. Still consumed by guilt the first light of dawn saw the pair leaving the city and heading West. They spent years fighting the Goblins and Chaos in the Dark Lands and Northern Steppes, where Erwin lost his left arm.

The Duke had no intention of



ever returning, expecting to die in combat. Recently, however, he heard his father was dying and wishing to see him, returned home. However he arrived too late: his father was dead and he was expected to take on the leadership of the family. He has tried to do this but remains uncomfortable amongst the niceties of high society.

Enter the PCs

The party are going out about their business when down an alley they hear a scuffle which everyone else in the street is ignoring. An old man is tussling with two young boys, who run when the party approach the man's purse clutched in their hands. The victim, Hieronymus Kappelmuller (a Tailor of some renown) is slightly stunned from the attack, with a small cut on his forehead. If the PCs take him home they will be sent away by his housekeeper but not before he tells them to return later to receive his gratitude.

"I'm not wearing that"

When they return to visit Hieronymus, he will be happy to see them inviting them in for drinks and talking about a fantastic reward. They will be poured some fine Bretonnian brandy and Hieronymus will ring the servant's bell. Two of his apprentices bring forward a set of fine clothes (X6 quality) for each PC which he has made, taking the measurements from memory. They require only a slight adjustment. He then pulls out tickets for the Tilean Opera 'La Scorta' which is showing at the von Blech Theatre and will not take no for an answer.

The clothes are very fashionable and PCs will probably feel uncomfortable, especially when told that only members of a military order (a human one, uniform required) may carry swords. Sheathed Knives are allowed. If the PCs refuse, Hieronymus will be upset as he was looking forward to the company and the tickets were hard to obtain. He will therefore hire the PCs as Bodyguards with a fake story that his life has been threatened.

A Night at the Opera

The opera will be packed full of nobility and wealthy citizens, and unless the PCs have Etiquette they will be severely out of place, ignored by all but Hieronymus. The talk will be about the new Duke's first official visit to the Opera House,

and a mixed feeling as to whether he is brave or foolish for his lost years. There will be a lot of rumour and hearsay being passed about.

When everyone is seated the Duke will make his entrance, walking quietly into the Royal box escorting his niece and followed by Erwin. He is dressed in fine clothes and carries a sword and he nods to the crowd who murmur as they notice a silver hammer of Sigmar around his neck and a large scar across one eye. (As an option you could have him escorted by Countess Emmanuelle von Liebewitz, ruler of Nuln)

As he sits, the Opera begins, and will last for a further three hours. Some of the PCs may even enjoy it, as it tells the story of a group of adventurers protecting a Magistrate from attempts on his life by a powerful chaos cult. More likely they will be bored rigid.

"I tell you, I saw something."

During the performance one of the PCs (a female PC preferably, or the else the most heroic) will notice movement at the side of the stage. A young woman in some distress beckons for the PC to approach, seemingly uninhibited by the full theatre. This is the ghost of Maria Kier. She is dressed in fine but unfashionable clothes, her hair a complete mess, wearing a jewelled necklace around her neck. It is dark in the theatre and the PC will not be able to tell it is a ghost (unless they have the Identify Undead skill) but they will be filled with dread and a standard fear test should be made as usual.

If they approach they will have to make their way through a row of tutting people and will find the woman has disappeared. If they make their way backstage they will not be questioned as long as they are quiet and unobtrusive in the backstage bustle. When they reach the stage wings, they will again see the woman, now standing centre stage. Suddenly, she disappears in a cloud of smoke produced as one of the actor/adventurers 'dies' from a 'fireball'. (It takes him twenty song filled minutes to finally die).

Dreams of the Dead

If the PC does nothing about the apparition, she/he will become plagued by dreams. These contain brief visions of Maria but will soon begin to escalate

to include violent overtones (although nothing specific). After a week, the PC will start to dread sleep and may even begin to gain insanity points.

A Girl like Maria

With the reappearance of the Duke, Maria has returned for two reasons, one is vengeance and the other is to be laid to rest properly. She has chosen a PC (and therefore the whole party) as the means to achieve these aims. Apart from the first appearance she will not show herself again.

The Theatre

Otto Braun, the theatre director, will laugh off any suggestion of a ghost and will proudly show the PCs around the theatre (if asked politely). The building is a particularly fine example of local architecture and very well funded by the von Blechs. There will be a couple of stagehands and actors hanging around, but they will only confirm the manager's statements. All these people have worked at the theatre for less than twenty years.

If you wish you can have the PCs come across a worried Otto. One of the spear carriers in the opera has been struck ill and he is looking for someone with a reasonable **Fel** who looks like they could carry a weapon without dropping it. This will be his price for allowing the PCs into the theatre.

Maria's body is buried under the stage, directly under the point where she disappeared from the PCs sight. The chosen PC will begin to feel Maria's presence as they approach the stage and will feel very cold. Her body is little more than a skeleton, nothing remains of the foetus. The only object to have survived is a diamond and gold necklace.

This is a magic necklace which allows the spell Aura of Protection to be cast for one hour each day. It is linked to the spirit of Maria and again the chosen PC will feel a desire to own it.

Old Friends

At this point the PCs may or may not have an old corpse but either way they should be looking for the ghost's identity. There is a couple of ways that this can be done but in the end they will have to search out old members of the cast and crew.

Also under the stage are boxes filled with old props and the theatre's

collection of posters from the last thirty-two years together with various other documents of little importance. Looking through the posters will not prove very helpful as there are no pictures, and the names of actors and actresses are forever changing. The theatre has put on up to fifty performances in a year.

As they are leaving the theatre or ask if there is someone who may have some knowledge of the people who used to work in the theatre, they will be shown a bust of a man with the plaque. "In acknowledgement of this theatre's debt to Dieter Walbrook. For thirty years of service."

Dieter Walbrook

Walbrook is still alive and lives nearby, regularly visiting the theatre. His house is full of theatre memorabilia but his portrait by Jurgen Korff, takes pride of place as it was a gift from the von Blech family. In the last few years he has grown senile and is looked after by his niece Ellen, but is always happy to receive visitors.

He will talk enthusiastically about his time in the theatre and wax lyrical on the merits of any actor whose name is mentioned. He will not be able to recall any actress from the description of the ghost but should he be asked if any performance was ever cancelled (or similar) he will answer, "Yes, yes there was." Pause. "It was the chicken but I still suspect the fish had something to do with it. Never could trust Depburrow again, although I heard he's working for some lord in the sticks. Young Braun [current theatre director] was sick for days but we missed only one night, even though the night after consisted of the actors being ill every moment they walked off stage."

He will chuckle to himself about this bout of food poisoning, and his niece will arrive to take him for dinner at her house, asking the party to leave. As they are leaving, Walbrook will suddenly announce. "Yes, the show must always go on. We almost cancelled when Fraulein Keir went missing but Anna-Lise stepped forward and she was just wonderful as Pandora, just wonder-

ful: almost as good as Maria." He remembers none of the details of this episode.

At the theatre the PCs will find a poster for 'Die Buchse der Pandora' (Pandora's Box) with a list of the main actors (see player handout one).

The Von Blech's Theatre presents
Die Buchse der Pandora
 by F. Wedekind
 with Maria Kier and Fritz Kortner
 and Franz Lederer, Claus Goetz, Olivia Pascal and Gustav Diessel
 For all Pflugzeit



It won't be too difficult to track down these cast members as most still circulate in local society. Claus Goetz died eight years ago from natural causes. F. Wedekind, the writer died over a hundred years ago.

Most of them are friendly but will all find questions about Maria odd after twenty years. The PCs will have to tread carefully, making sure they do not cause any offence.

Anna-Lise Oldenhaller

Anna-Lise was Maria's understudy and replacement and still occasionally appears on the stage. She married into

the Oldenhaller family and still lives in Nuln.

She is very over of the top and dramatic in all her actions. She remembers Maria with fondness as she was very kind to her, helping her with acting. She speaks well of every one in the play but will need prompting for the names. She did not notice if Maria was acting differently before her disappearance. She once saw her get into a carriage with a coat of arms on the side (this was the von Blechs but she does not know this). This was after a performance two months before her disappearance.

Lord Fritz Kortner

Fritz Kortner was one of the most famous actors in Imperial high society, frequently appearing before the most powerful families. Although he is an excellent actor, some of this success grew from the fact he is a noble himself. Ostracised by his family at first, they soon came round once his fame grew.

He retired from the stage ten years ago, spending his time enjoying the intrigues and parties of high society. He will vividly remember Maria and when he talks of her, will seem quite bitter. He will pass on that he was very close to Maria but their relationship finished a couple of years before her disappearance and she barely spoke to him afterwards. In the play he took the part of Pandora's killer. He will say the night she disappeared was like any other. He will mention that she was taken from him by a rival but will mention no names.

This is his view. The truth is that their relationship was very stormy and often he resorted to violence. He could not accept they had finished, became obsessed by her and they constantly argued. He knows that she was seeing von Blech but will not divulge this information.

He knows Maria was close to Olivia Pascal, whom he dislikes, as he does Franz Lederer, whom he once came to blows with. He will call Claus Goetz an old fool and does not remem-

ber Gustav Diessel or any of the stagehands.

He will not tolerate the PCs for long and can be dangerous should they accuse him of Maria's disappearance.

Franz Lederer

Franz Lederer still acts, but only in travelling troupes. He is presently in town for a funeral. He is an honest, generous and open man, not afraid to speak his mind. He remembers his time at the von Blech theatre with fondness but will not be surprised to hear Maria died violently. On the night she disappeared he remembers she was upset and argued with Fritz. He suspects she may have been having an affair with a married man and therefore chose to keep it secret.

He can tell the PCs that Maria and Fritz had an affair two to three years before she disappeared and that Fritz was frequently violent. He hates Fritz, calling him an arrogant thug, recalling they once fought over insulting remarks he made to Olivia Pascal, of whom he is a close friend. He will happily pass on her address. He will say that Claus Goetz was a fine actor and man, and that his death was a sad loss. Also, he knows where Gustav Diessel lives, sadly relating that he has wasted his life on drink. He can also point them in the direction of Slyia Ekman and Karl Thiele, stagehands at the time.

Franz will offer the party any assistance they require but will be setting out on the road in three days time.

Olivia Pascal

Olivia Pascal is now a well regarded cleric of Verena (3rd Lvl), serving much time as a mediator across many parts of the Empire. She is friendly and intelligent, looking back on her time in the theatre with happy memories.

She will tell the PCs that Maria was having an affair with a noble but she does not know who. She suspects Maria was pregnant although she cannot confirm this. She will sadly acknowledge that Fritz was violent towards Maria and was infatuated with her, begging for her hand in marriage. On the night she disappeared, Maria was upset and as Olivia left, her last words were, "Don't worry I'll be alright, it will be sorted out tonight." Olivia investigated the disappearance but could find no clues, although Fritz had a solid alibi. She hoped Maria had left for a new life

somewhere else.

Her distaste towards Fritz will be made apparent every time she speaks of him. She has only good things to say of Franz, Claus, Slylia and Karl. She will also speak of wasted opportunities when talking about Gustav.

Should the PCs find the killer of Maria she will offer to serve as a Lawyer if the murderer is brought before the court.

Gustav Diessel

Gustav will be found in a tavern in the lower class part of town drinking himself into a stupor with his friend Zolver van Reed, also an ex-actor. Both will be intoxicated even early on in the day. Gustav will speak of the play as an important work in which he was the leading man.

Gustav loved Maria but never made his feelings clear to her. He long since guessed that she was killed. He heard the first argument between Maria and Erwin where they talked of a baby and disgrace to the family, mentioning "his Lordship". He also saw the man leave and will describe him as about twenty five, tall, ginger-haired and mean looking. He was hiding in the shadows for all this time.

He dislikes Fritz and will tell rumours of girls whom he has made pregnant city-wide. There is also a rumour of a husband he had killed [false]. Olivia and Franz he will describe as variously self righteous, pompous and generous as both have given him money intermittently over the years. He does not remember Claus, Slylia or Karl.

Slyia Ekman

Slyia was in charge of the wardrobe and can give the PCs details of the other stagehands (none of whom can add anything.) She remembers the play fondly as it was her first in charge of the wardrobe, but also because of the sudden disappearance of Maria.

She knows that Maria hated Fritz and was intending to tell him to stop bothering her that night. Previously she had also seen Maria wearing a fine necklace that she hid beneath her clothes, and Maria had made her promise to silence saying, "You mustn't tell anyone, we must keep our love secret for the time is not right to declare it. But we will marry as this

was given to his mother by his father and his grandmother by his grandfather as a sign of loyalty and love."

Karl Thiele

Karl was the stage manager at the theatre and now works in his son's construction business as a foreman. He also remembers the play clearly. He knows various unrelated gossip about the cast members but on the night of Maria's disappearance he will remember seeing Fritz's bodyguards beating up someone on the far side of the city. "He stood there laughing."

He will also recall how Maria and the other actresses would normally receive gifts of flowers from the young Duke Mathieu von Blech "...but she never did. I thought it was a real insult from his Lordship, not that I ever said anything but she never did mind."

The Duke's Past

Once the PCs begin to suspect that the Duke is behind the killing, they may try and gather some facts about him. Two possible sources of contact are his fiancé and the family jewellers.

When the Duke escaped to the wastes he left behind his fiancé Mariann Kieslick. She has since married Lord von Liebenfels, with whom the von Blechs have an old blood feud. She no longer lives in the city but the PCs can talk to her father. Herr Kieslick is a pleasant man who will talk to the PCs all day if they let him. He will tell the PCs that his daughter was upset at the Duke's disappearance but no reason was given for it.

The family jeweller (Herr Kobbel) has made jewellery for the von Blechs and his two sons work with him. Asked about the necklace, they are certain that they never made or repaired it.

Another answer the PCs may dig for, is the colour of Erwin's hair. No one will know this and asking about the colour of the Duke's bodyguard's hair will get the answer, black. This is because most people still think of the old Duke as "the Duke".

Visiting the Duke

If the party visit the Duke at any time they will be told he is out by staff and a couple of men at arms will hover nearby. If they stress the importance of talking to him, Erwin will come out and answer any questions. If they mention Maria he will keep his cool but arrange

to have the party followed. He will not hamper them in anyway.

The Past Catches Up

If however he suspects they know the truth he will invite them in and ask what they know. He will try for as long as possible to soothe the party's fears, acting reasonable and helpful. However, once it is obvious the PCs know the story he will confess to the killing taking full blame and then pull his sword. Quick adventurers will probably be ready to fight and he will respond if attacked, although he actually intends to kill himself.

In the house can be found the portrait of the Duke's grandmother in which she wears the same necklace as found on the corpse. Only Erwin and the Butler know of this story and neither will tell of it.

Should Erwin kill himself the PCs will be hunted down by the Watch who have been forced into action by the Duke. Once captured he will wish to talk to them before stringing them up. If they tell what happened he will drop the charges without explanation.

If the PCs accuse the Duke of the murder directly to his face he will agree that he is responsible and should pay the price. His price is to return to fighting Chaos were he will die in time. "It is not a pleasant existence, every moment

you are on guard for the end. Your day full of monstrosities and fighting, surrounded by wastelands. Your sleep eventually becomes the same." He will leave within the hour never to return. He will refuse to be handed over to the authorities or kill himself as this would dishonour his family.

Maria's Wishes and the End of 'A Buried Past'

This will not be good enough for the spirit of Maria, who wants the Duke dead or the crime to be known and a sentence passed. If this has not been achieved, the chosen PC will still occasionally suffer from nightmares and feel that the business is unresolved.

If it has all turned out to her satisfaction, the PC will have the necklace as their reward. If not, in one year and a day it will become cursed (still retaining its other abilities), the PC gaining one insanity point each night (this is severe but of course feel free to change). This will last until the Duke dies. Either way the PC will feel attached to it and unable to part with it.

If the PCs accuse the Duke publicly he will disappear to the wastes and the curse will not take place. However this will result in extreme hatred from the new Duke (his nephew) and the rest of the family.

Experience Awards

Experience points rewards have been left for the GM to decide.

The Cast

Most of the cast members have been dealt with earlier and should not require stats. Only the Duke and Erwin need fuller details.

Duke Mathieu von Blech

The Duke stands six feet tall with the body and mannerisms of a warrior, and although he still remembers his social manners he looks uncomfortable out of armour. He has a large scar across his eye although the wound did not cause any permanent damage. He appears dour and never laughs, but is likeable. There is an immense sadness and weariness about him, forever emotionally scarred by Maria's death and from years of fighting.

He is a very honourable and loyal man, believing fully in the ideals of knighthood and is a devout follower of Sigmar. He also believes the nobility are there to lead and protect the common people and not just bleed them dry. While not very important to him personally he is steadfastly loyal to his family and will go to lengths to protect them and their honour. He has only ever loved Maria and will always do so. Erwin is and always has been his best



friend but it has only been in the last few years that the barrier of master and servant has broken down.

The PCs should realise he is always going to be a tough opponent in a fight and should be about apprehensive of resorting to such measures.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	67	56	4	4	14	63
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	53	62	51	56	53	54

Careers: Noble (Lvl 1), Templar (Sigmar), Noble (Lvl 2) Age: 48

Skills: Charm, Dance, Disarm, DB, Etiquette, Heraldry, Luck, Night Vision, Read/Write, Ride, S.L-Battle Tongue, SMB., S.S.-Templar, STS, S.W-Flail, Two-Handed, Lance

Possessions: Head of Family Ring (1000GCs):

In City-Fine Clothes (x10), Sword Outside City/Fighting-Full Plate mail, Two Handed Sword.

Psychology: Suffers from nightmares

Erwin Wolheim

Sent to work at a very young age, Erwin was seen as an ideal servant for the young Mathieu and so began a friendship that grew as the years passed. Erwin learned much in those years, listening behind doors to his master's tutors and acting as a combat partner, although he was nearly sent away when this was discovered.

Erwin is a strong willed individual, but when met with the Duke it will be obvious he is a bodyguard even though they talk as friends. His only loyalty is to the Duke and his greatest sorrow was the death of Maria, the loss

of his arm being but a small price to pay for this.

Erwin stands a little under six feet, his once ginger hair now white and cut short.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	70	41	6	5	10	47
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	26	55	36	60	29	37

Careers: Servant, Squire, Freelance

Age: 47

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Disarm, DB, Etiquette, Heraldry, Read/Write, Ride, S.L-Battle Tongue, SMB, STS, S.W-Flail, Lance, Parrying Weapons, Strike to Injure

Possessions: In City-Sleeved chain shirt, sword: Outside City-Plate Armour, Flail Psychology/ Health: Frenzy, No left arm



RECOMMENDED

Dracula by Bram Stoker

Recommended by Martin Oliver

This is the vampire story, recounting in the form of journals and letters the horrors which ensue when a certain Transylvanian count decides to visit England. It's a real gothic classic. The prolonged, deeply felt struggle for Lucy's life, together with the painful choices which have to be made after her death, are an excellent example of how horror can be made tragic and effective. Renfield, the "zoophageous" (life eating) mental patient, is a great example of insanity at work. Many plots could come from the persistent, invasive and subtle workings of the Count. In all, not only does this make for a good read, it's also a font of good ideas for bringing those horror-based scenarios to life. Or at least, to Undeath...

Anno Dracula by Kim Newman

Recommended by John Foody

What would have happened if Dracula had survived the events in Bram Stoker's novel? This is the question that Kim Newman sets out to answer and what could have been a complete failure ends up as something quite brilliant and perverse. This is a book that shows no respect for anything.

Many of you may be familiar with Kim Newman's Warhammer novels (as Jack Yeovil) and indeed Genevieve the Vampire turns up here. Newman has also written a number of other novels including a sequel to Anno Dracula.

So what did happen to the Blood-sucking count. Quite obvious really when you think about it - He goes to London and marries Queen Victoria. Eh! Together they begin a reign of terror, throwing dissidents into concentration camps and generally behaving badly.

The novel is obviously written very tongue in cheek and with great energy and style. A multitude of characters (both real and fictional) are thrown into the mix. For WFRP GM's it shows how a mixture of styles can be made to work and there's even a

secret society. It shows how far you can push a concept and still not completely lose it.

Frankenstein by Mary Shelley

Recommended by Kathy Baker

Mary Shelley's classic novel tells the story of Victor Frankenstein, a young science student who becomes obsessed with the idea of creating life and, using the bodies of the dead, builds a man...

Predictably, when a human takes on himself the mantle of a God, disaster must follow. The instant Frankenstein's creature comes to life, Frankenstein is overcome with horror at the thing he has created. The story turns into an all-consuming pursuit, during which the monster, desperately unhappy because of his rejection by mankind (and his abandonment by his maker) systematically murders Frankenstein's family.

Read it for: Pursuit—the obsessive, desperate, all-consuming chase; what it feels like to be both the hunter and the hunted. The mutant's view—feared, despised and rejected simply because of his appearance, it is Frankenstein's monster that you really sympathise with. (Worth remembering next time you go hunting chaos mutants!)

The Terminator and Alien

Recommended by Martin Oliver

It's like nothing you've even dreamed of. It's faster, tougher, and more versatile than you are. It's unstoppable. And it's coming to get you.

With both of these films, it's the atmosphere that really makes them memorable; both plots are really rather straightforward. With these, it's this atmosphere that should be borrowed. Yes, it's tense when you watch it happen to some character on the screen, but take those same elements and target them on a player, and everything becomes that much more intense. Real horror is not being able to look over your shoulder because you know that something is catching up with you.

Holy Knights, Pagan Days

Knights Templars in the Old World

Part II: The Templars of The White Wolf (or Ulric's Sons)

by Peter Huntington

"From beyond the armed ranks of the Middenheim spearman, we could hear the rise of the frenzied screams. I could see my men glance around nervously, unnerved by this supernatural horrific sound. Even the small contingent from the Fiery Heart on my left flank shifted in their saddles. It sounded like a hundred pack of wolves, their frenzy rising in pitch. Suddenly, it stopped. Silence drifted across the battlefield like carrion.

And then it began.

From the centre of the enemy a trumpet blew and was answered by others along the lines. The whole army began to steadily advance. Then, from the ranks burst near fifty men. Heavily armoured, those that did not carry two handed weapons carried two swords. As they ran at us, cloaks made of wolfskin billowed up behind them, their faces contorted with rage and frenzy. The howls they screamed could be heard over all else. They were more like animals than men. These were Ulric's sons and the blood of battle flowed through them. "

General Otto-Volker von Delbrez, Battle of Hopden

Mad men, lunatics, psychopaths, the Templars of the White wolf have been called many things by many people but they have always been known as "Ulric's Sons". After the Knights of the Fiery Heart, they are the most famous order of holy knights in the Old world and with a history which is just as long and bloody.

While their order is in fact younger than that of the Templars of Sigmar, they claim a pedigree as a fighting order which predates that of Sigmar by many hundreds of years. It is a claim with some justification. After all, there have always been warriors down through the ages who have been prepared to fight and die for the greater glory of Ulric, long before the religion of Sigmar was even founded. They were just never organised into a permanent standing force of soldiers before the founding of the Templars of the White Wolf.

Heresy

It is fair to say that the Templars of the White Wolf were founded through heresy, or at least the cult of Ulrics interpretation of it. During the life of Sigmar, when he was building the Empire for mankind there were many warriors who fought, died and embraced the ideals of Sigmar yet followed the word of Ulric. It was widely believed that Sigmar himself had been a follower of Ulric so it was a great shock to the hierarchy of



the religion of Ulric when the Cult of Sigmar was founded.

Ar-Ulric, leader of the cult of Ulric began to grow jealous of its popular appeal. After all, how could a man who had worshipped one god become deified and then attract more followers than the true god that he had worshipped in the first place? He protested loudly at this turn of events to the Emperor himself, claiming it was heresy to worship a man but the Emperor did nothing. Why should he? Any member of the cult of Sigmar was dedicated to the Emperor, the Empire and all it stood for. Ar-Ulric was forced to concede that for all its popular appeal the Cult of Sigmar was no real threat at this time and the charge of Heresy was not pursued.

Across the Empire, the worship of Sigmar began to eclipse that of Ulric's. (Although never around Middenheim & Talabheim, especially the nobility that made up their aristocracies). Throughout this transition, Ar-Ulric ensured that the thorn bush of discontent, planted by the worship of Sigmar, flowered.

The news of the formation of the Knights of the Fiery Heart by the Grand Theonist was greeted with horror by all those loyal to Ulric. From the very start the Graf of Middenheim and Ar-Ulric pressured the Emperor to disband them. It was after the battle of Ochen Mounds in 666ic that the Religion of Ulric began to feel that the time had come to respond to the threat of the cult of Sigmar. With the permission and sponsorship of the Graf, Ar-Ulric began to assemble loyal warriors to form his own fighting order. They would be dedicated solely to the protection and promotion of the religion of Ulric. The Templars of the White Wolf had been born. (The Knights of the White Wolf are a separate Order. More details can be found on page 18.)

Holy War

From their inception the uncompromising attitudes of the Templars of the White wolf were in conflict with the other religions. Often it was all that the Graf could do to keep them in check and stop them offending all his other political neighbours and starting unnecessary wars. Things were particularly tense with the cult of Sigmar whom they believed to be heretical and inferior, and in 1360ic, they almost brought it to its knees.

When the Grand Duchess Otilia of Talabheim, declared herself Empress without election (with the backing of the Ar-Ulric), one of her first edicts was to outlaw the cult of Sigmar. This situation had arisen through jealousy and rivalry among the electors of the Empire. Ar-Ulric had recently been made an elector to counter balance the influence of the Grand Theonist. However, due to provincial alignments it meant that in reality the grand Theonist had the deciding vote in imperial elections. The cult of Ulric believed that nobody apart from themselves deserved to hold any casting vote, so when the Cult of Sigmar helped the Count of Stirland to rise to Emperor, the Duchess' arguments for a Holy War met with Ar-Ulric's keen support.

The Duchess claimed that she could provide evidence that the Cult of Sigmar had been founded on the hallucinations of a madman whose visions had been misinterpreted. Sigmar's reign had been blessed by the gods (including Ulric) and he was no god in his own right. Therefore, anybody who followed him as such was a heretic, including the Emperor. Using this to convince Ar-Ulric to back her in her own quest for power the Duchess persuaded Ar-Ulric to order the Templars of Ulric to move against the followers of Sigmar in and around Middenheim and Talabheim. Religion and politics had become the excuse to destroy Sigmar's Empire. This was a political and holy war.

Battle Joined

The Templars of The White Wolf moved swiftly against all followers of Sigmar, burning temples, desecrating shrines, murdering followers and burning clerics at the stake. The Templars of Sigmar who were stationed in the area mounted a valiant defence against what were overwhelming odds but were easily swept aside by the aggressive fighting of the White Wolves. Those that did survive were forced to retreat back towards Nuln.

The Templars of the White Wolf took all the credit for defeating the Templars of Sigmar, and rightly so. It was their willingness to fight them in open combat when other troops would not that had ensured the success of the suppression of the cult of Sigmar in that region. As the Templars of the

White Wolf pursued the followers of Sigmar back towards Nuln, more and more Templars of Sigmar were drafted in to protect the fleeing followers. The early encounters between the forces are well documented and accounts can be found in both cult's archives, contemporary sources of both sides say that they were some of the most bloody and violent encounters ever fought in the Empire.

"The ground shook and the air was filled with the of baying wolves, crashing steel and splintering bone. The followers of the new god were forced to retreat before the fury and vengeance of the White Wolf and Ulric's sons. When all was done there was no sound of the injured, no cries of the maimed, of the vanquished none lived, all were dead, and of the victors, all suffered in silence and offered prayers of deliverance."

To be fair to the Templars of Sigmar they were usually greatly outnumbered in the early engagements and most of the advantages lay with the Templars of the White Wolf. When things were more evenly matched, the result was more often than not a bloody draw. However, it was only a matter of time before the areas surrounding Talabheim and Middenheim was cleared of the followers of Sigmar.

For two hundred years civil war shook the Empire, with neither the followers or descendants of the Grand Duchess Otilia or the count of Stirland able to force a victory. All the while, Templars of both sides persecuted and pursued their own private conflict against each other disregarding all other enemies on the battle field. In 1547ic the Grand Duke of Middenland also declared himself Emperor, plunging the Empire into the age of the three Emperors. War raged for the next 400 years and the Empire steadily disintegrated and with it both orders. Attrition and lack of recruits took its toll, but perhaps most importantly, people were losing faith in the Gods who had bought such misery.

During this period of instability the Templars withdrew to positions of strength, keeping smaller contingents garrisoned in and around high temples and other important sites. They only ventured forth when their intervention was deemed absolutely necessary; they were considered far too valuable to waste when ordinary troops could be used. However, individual Templars of both religions could be found wandering

the land gathering intelligence and carrying out quests. It was not until 2302ic, when the chaos gates in the north became more active than the Templars of both sides remembered their duty and took to the field in all their splendour and glory, ready to fight for the Empire.

Magnus the Pious

In that year a noble man of Nuln, known as Magnus the Pious, inspired and gathered around him the men and women of the war torn Empire and led them north to stem the black tide of Chaos that threatened to engulf them all. With him marched the Templars of Sigmar. Magnus knew that if his army was to have any chance against the forces that opposed them he would need every fighting man that the Empire possessed and that included all warriors of every political faction and religion. To achieve this he knew that he would have to bring peace to the two warring orders. If this could be done he felt sure that every body else would follow. Magnus used his considerable charisma and logic to convince the Grand Theogonist of the wisdom of his plans but he felt that the Templars of the White Wolf would be far harder to convince.

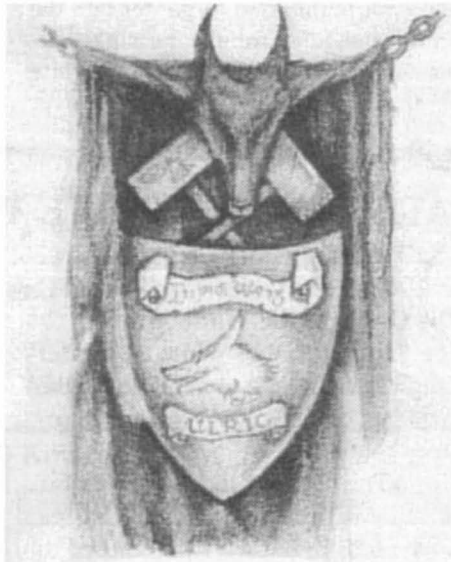
In what was to become known as the 'Year of the Shaming', Magnus travelled to Middenheim with his brother Gunther. Magnus convinced the Cult of Ulric to join him and they began to make plans. However, the White Wolves took a different view, believing Magnus's protection from the fire a trick. Days pass and it seemed increasingly likely the Templars would break away from the main Cult. Other duties, forced Magnus away from Middenheim and he left Gunther to finish negotiations with the Order.

However, things went in a different direction to what Magnus intended. Gunther told of Magnus's dream of reuniting the forces of the Empire in order to face the threat of Chaos. He told of how the Templars of Sigmar were prepared to set aside their grudges for the good of the Empire. The Templars and the Cult remained spilt, many suspecting an elaborate trap. The issue resolved itself after Gunther converted to the faith of Ulric and became a Templar. Centuries of civil war had finally come to an end. (Some academics argue that Gunther lied in becoming a follower of Ulric, simply to bring the dispute to an

end.)

The sceptics believed that Ar-Ulric had been fooled, and several clerics and high-ranking Templars devised a plot to overthrow Ar-Ulric. When they were discovered, they fled the city, taking many important documents and cult items, including the banner of the Templars of the White Wolves. They fled East, and although they were hotly pursued, they were never seen again.

This split almost caused the collapse of the fragile alliance between Ulric's sons and the Fiery Hearts even before it had been officially agreed. Many followers of Ulric openly wondered if the loss of their brothers and their banner was too high a price to pay for a unified Empire. In the end, Gunther convinced them of the sense of



Magnus's plan, arguing that when chaos had been repelled and the Empire saved, their misguided brothers could be found and brought back into the fold. To this day, this has not happened!

Magnus's victory over the forces of Chaos is now a matter of history and accounts of it can be found in any library of the Old World. The Templars of the White Wolf did join his army and they served with distinction under Gunther. Fighting alongside the Templars of Sigmar the enemies of the Empire were thrown back by the united religions of the Empire. After the war the two cults kept on polite if not friendly relations with both sides swearing loyalty to the new Emperor, Magnus.

It was the question of the succession that threatened to bring them to

war once again. When Magnus died he left no heir, and many thought that the title of Emperor would automatically fall to Gunther. However the Cult of Sigmar now had no less than three electors, and felt that under no circumstances could they let a Templar of The White Wolf ascend to the throne. Using their influence they blocked Gunther's election. The cult of Ulric were livid and prepared to go to war again, dragging Middenheim and Talabheim with them. Fortunately, Gunther was an intelligent and reasonable man and knew that another civil war would probably destroy the Empire (the ideal of which he strongly believed in). He convinced the Cult of Ulric not to fight, and a fragile peace has been maintained between the two religions ever since

The Order of the White Wolf and its influences on player characters.

The Order of the White Wolf is made up of the most fierce and dedicated followers of Ulric. It is no longer as large a force as it used to be, nor yet as large as the Fiery Hearts. It is financed entirely by the Cult of Ulric and the city of Middenheim, and does not enjoy the royal patronage that the Templars of Sigmar do. Members are drawn almost entirely from the ranks of the Knights Panther, Clerics of Ulric or Knights of the Whit Wolf. Potential recruits undergo tests of martial prowess, endurance, character and faith. Finally, sent out into the wilderness of the Drakwald Forest, alone, unarmed and naked, they must hunt and kill a wolf and bring back its skin. Success in this final test is seen as Ulric's blessing for joining his holy order of Knights.

While its members are less formal in appearance than their counterparts in the Templars of Sigmar, they remain unmistakable. Many decorate their bodies with tattoos in the style of Norse warriors, using designs and symbols sacred to Ulric. Over this they wear plate armour, again decorated with sacred designs and images. Their swords are decorated with wolf-head pommels, and their shields are also decorated with wolves. Every image is different, and a great source of pride to the knight, who will have spent many hours creating it. This creative endeavour is a way of declaring undying loyalty to Ulric. All Templars wear the wolfskin they brought back from the Forest on ceremonial occasions, or when going

into battle.

The Templars are a secular order, and tend to keep themselves to themselves. They have a great sense of brotherhood, considering themselves totally superior to every other warrior in the empire, although they do hold a grudging respect for their fiercest enemies. In war, unless fighting under their own leaders, they fall under the command of the representative of Middenheim. In battle they have a fierce reputation, often attacking enemies that greatly outnumber them. Before they charge, they drive themselves to the point of frenzy. When they do commit themselves, they rush in howling like wolves. This sight is so terrifying, many enemies simply flee in panic rather than fight. The Templars never use magic themselves, preferring to trust in the clerics of Ulric for such support.

Another thing that sets them apart is their attitude to racial purity, which is more intense even than that of

the Knights Panther. They hunt down mutants in the Drakwald Forest and surrounding areas with a fanaticism that would make a Witch Hunter proud, and very often collude with such individuals to further their common aim. Their definition of mutant can be quite loose, and has sometimes been extended to include the non-human races of the Old World.

PCs are most likely to come across The Templars guarding the Temple or Ar-Ulric in Middenheim, or else out hunting mutants in the Drakwald Forest. Sometimes, they may be found either alone or in small parties delivering messages to some far flung Temple of Ulric, or escorting an important cleric on a dangerous journey. Occasionally a Templar may, as an act of penance for some actual or imagined sin, seek permission to go out into the world and hunt for the missing war-banner of the Templars of the White Wolf. Most who do this go East over

the Worlds Edge Mountains, where they believe it has fallen into the hands of Orcs. Others turn North, seeking it in the Chaos wastes. To this day, it remains lost. Players may also see a whole army of Templars, should there be a war in which Ar-Ulric feels the cult of Ulric needs representation.

No matter how the player characters come across the Templars of the White Wolf, the situation must be handled with care. They should be sensitive to the beliefs and attitudes of the Templars, and aware that the wrong word said at the wrong time could cause all sorts of trouble for them. As with the Templars of Sigmar, it is usually safest to avoid interaction whenever possible. Offend them at your peril!

NEXT ISSUE:

Part Three looks at Templars of Myrmedia.

TEMPLARS OF THE WHITE WOLF

Advance Scheme

"These were Ulric's sons and the blood of battle flowed through them."

To outsiders, the Templars of the White Wolf are all of one rank. This is because they are closely bound up with the cult hierarchy, and simply viewed as elite guards. However, within the Order there are three grades of Templar, headed by the Master of the White Wolf. Movement through these grades is obtained by a combination of prowess in battle and the favour of Ulric.

The Templars are referred to as The Chosen Sons by most. However they themselves make a further distinction with the additional titles of Kindred and First Born.

Master of the White Wolves

The Master of the Order is known as the First Son. He is directly answerable to Ar-Ulric, who is responsible for his appointment. While located in Middenheim he often leaves to fight.

Nearly all of the Masters have died in battle, leaving behind many tales off their bravery.

The Order of the White Wolf

The Order of the White Wolf (or Knights of the White Wolf) and the Templars of the White Wolf are sometimes confused.

The Order of the White Wolf is an army of warriors that fight in the name of Ulric but who are not tied to the Cult in any official way.

The Order is far more like an army than the Templars having a full military structure and fighting on a number of fronts.

The Kislevian Order is one of the largest and most feared. They live for months in the cold wastes constantly skirmishing with Chaos.

Requirements

Joining the Templars of the White Wolf is a difficult task. Only the most skillful and dedicated warriors are admitted, many of whom are drawn from the ranks of the Knights Panther and the Order of the White Wolf.

Templars are asked to join after proving their devotion and loyalty in battle.

On joining, the recruit spends a month in the temple proving his purity

of purpose, after which he should be fully versed in the ideals of Ulric (he must acquire the Theology skill). As soon as winter comes, he will be sent forth into the forest, where he must survive for forty days, and return having killed a wolf with his bare hands. Only then will he be considered a full Templar of the White Wolf.



Blanchiktu

Put simply, Blanchiktu is the belief that Ulric favours his bravest warriors with white or grey hair. This ancient belief disappeared from the clerical hierarchy long ago, something which has caused arguments for years. Although it is not acknowledged officially, many still have faith in it.

Lupenir

Literally translated as "Spirit of the Wolf", this is the state of frenzy that Ulric's followers are famed for. There are three stages of Lupenir, which correlate to the three ranks of progression. Each advance must be purchased as a separate skill.

- 1 The first stage: treat as the 'Frenzied attack' skill.
- 2 As above but with a -20 Cl modifier, making Frenzy more likely.
- 3 The Templar attains complete control of his frenzy.

Before battle, Templars of Ulric bring themselves to a state of frenzy by screaming and roaring. This is known as the "baying of the wolves". If more than one Templar attempts to invoke Lupenir in this way, each gains a further -20 modifier to their Cool roll

Horses

While Templars of the White Wolf do travel by horse, they refrain from using them in battle. They believe it is up to them to fight the battle on their own.

Appearance & Armour

The Orders members are difficult to miss. They are rarely seen without their armour and Wolfskin cloaks.

Only Templars of the first rank use shields in combat (all ranks may use them against missile fire), although all Templars carry them on ceremonial occasions (see main text) Similarly, wearing helmets is discouraged, and Templars make much of growing their hair and beards.

Many Templars are also heavily decorated with tattoos in the Norse style.

Scarring

Another ancient practice, now dying out is scarring. This involves filling battle wounds with dyes which stain them a permanent black.

The Sigmarian Heresy

Whilst the Order tries to remain within the boundaries of the Cult of Ulric, certain official teachings are scorned. Most Templars believe that Sigmar was a prophet of Ulric and that the Cult of Sigmar is heretical. This is embodied as a fierce rivalry with the Knights of the Fiery Heart. The faithful of the White Wolves wait expectantly for the time of truth, when the heresy will be revealed.

Maimed Templars

Templars who are unable to fight cannot remain in the Order, and there are many tales of Templars maimed on the battlefield being killed by their fellows. Those who leave the order are not supported by it in any way.

Celibacy

"Does the wolf not take a mate"

Templars are not required to become celibate but only those that are can enter the Priesthood. This is another source of tension within the cult, the Templars angry at what they see is unwanted interference from the Cult of Sigmar. (see Warhammer City)

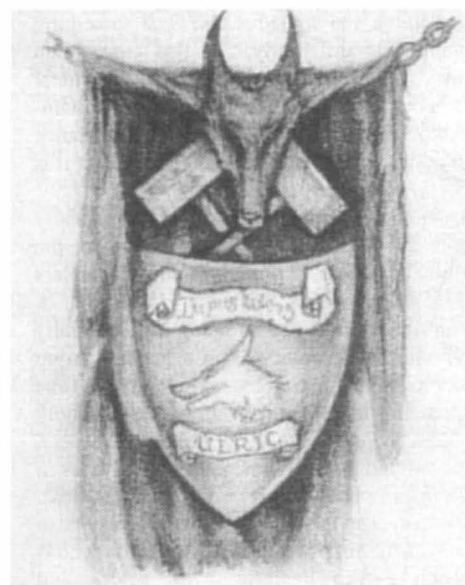
Wanderers

While the Cult has many duties both

in and outside Middenheim a number of Templars have chosen to forsake this. They take to travelling (alone or in parties), carrying the word and sword of Ulric far and wide.

While Templars of the White Wolf are in no way encouraged to tread this path, it is accepted some may feel restrained by the Order.

However, to become a wanderer and remain a Templar, the warrior must have proven his loyalty and bravery.



Kindred

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20		+1	+1	+7	+20	+1	+20	+10	+10	+10	+10	

Frenzied attack (Lupenir), Secret Signs -Templar, Secret Language - Battle tongue

Chosen Sons

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30		+1	+1	+8	+30	+2	+30	+10	+10	+10	+20	

Specialist Weapons- Two handed, Fist weapon, Double weapon strike*, Double Weapon Parry*, Double Weapon Feint*, Street fighter

First Born

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40		+2	+2	+10	+30	+2	+30	+30	+20	+20	+30	

Specialist Weapons - Flail, Parrying

Skills available at all ranks:

Charm animal (wolf), Game Hunting, Silent move rural, Strike to Stun, Disarm

*See Warpstone Issue 2

LETTERS

From this issue the Forum and the letters page shall become one. Last issue we asked for your thoughts on Timothy Eccles article 'Fighting Chaos: Why Bother?' and this dominates the topics this issue. Many thanks to all those that have written to us.

"Party with Liadriel Ales"

Tim Eccles: Thanks for issue 3. It looks really impressive now. Great artwork - and very Warhammer/Old World.

Some scattered points;

Size - I think consistency is more important than A4 or A5. Select one and stick with it!

Reviews - were good. And I thought that I knew everything that there was for Warhammer. Good job the Eurostar is nearby!

Fighting Chaos - this bloke is brilliant!!! Actually, it just goes to show how I can write one thing, and someone else read something completely differently. In this case, I am referring to Martin's editorial. My ideal situation would be for a 2nd edition Warhammer with the Old World, with game balance in mind. Yes Chaos is creeping evil, but it is not so completely invincible.

Templars - a good article, but realistically only an NPC option/background unless the entire party join. I find non-human Templars the most enjoyable. I have a PC Templar of Liadriel which I see as being an essentially individualistic order within a general group ideology and hierarchy. I spend my time spreading the word, planting trees and holy places [copses for parties] holding banquets, parties and 'cultural sessions' and have even set up a brewery "Party with Liadriel Ales". Oh yes, she hacks Chaos. My party also holds a halfling Templar of Esmeralda who is committed to defending the hearth and kitchen from Chaos and helping out all halfling mothers. The role was essentially a penance for past behaviour. Again, the Order is seen as Largely individualistic, merely 'forcing' players to 'do good' in order to gain the career bonuses.

Scenario/Cameo - good ideas. My main criticism is in length. The scenario is fairly linear and essentially simple. I would like more detailed/lengthier scenarios. Perhaps you could print a scenario every other issue (or in two parts) in order to fit in everything else and give us a really meaty adventure.

The WFRP e-mail list you gave out in issue one - it seems to be wrong.

That's about all on the issue. except to say, and quite genuinely (honest!) that Warhammer will continue to have a future with support the quality of Warpstone.

Ed: Warpstone will remain at A4 from now on. Scenarios will vary in length and some will be spilt over numerous issues. WFRP has room for different styles of scenarios, from simple hack n' slays to more complex political plots, with a multitude in between. Our aim is to make sure they are all of high quality.

The correct e-mail list can be found on page 6.

"just hint that they're best mates with Durth the Dancing Dwarf"

David Neale: The concept of Chaos in Warhammer is a very original and interesting idea, and basically I disagree with the points made in the article. Chaos is WFRP, even the forces of good and law have come from this infinite mesh of possibilities, Chaos is the world itself, it makes the game's background. The aim of the article seems to be to show Chaos is too strong, -why bother fighting it?

That seems a pointless question - we all know we're going to die (just as we know Chaos is inevitable) but that doesn't mean we just give up our health and waste away! It is a base instinct to survive, and without heroes like our PC's in WFRP, Chaos could not kept at bay. This foul, corrupting force seeks to take away one's humanity, and people fight because they must. The facts that Chaos "also gnaws from within" and that its victory is inevitable, adds to the atmosphere of the world; a darkness, an unspeakable horror. Anyone who has played "Call of Cthulhu" will know this type of dark vision of the world, and I think it highly atmospheric.

I also wish to comment on the strange way the article made the point. Timothy discussed the game mechanics that give Chaos its power, but I don't see a problem. Statistics can be altered, the GM is under no obligation to set the PC's against an invincible killer if he believes it too much for them. Timothy says "An ad-hoc removal of hellblades etc. would not work", but that is not the point, the GM can include or exclude what he wishes to make the game balanced for the PC's. The point is put across by showing how powerful Chaos is in battles, how much damage they do etc. But WFRP isn't about the game rules and mechanics, they are second place to the story and atmosphere.

Chaos should not be overused, do not pit the PC's against it in every adventure you run - that would ruin its impact. But it should not be scrapped, especially not simply because of game mechanics, that would change the game completely. Change is Chaos, and we don't want to let Chaos have its way, do we?

Has anyone else noticed the inconsistent money situation in WFRP? On page 297 it states that an Artisan (note: Advanced career) earns 60/-, or 3GC a week. Deducting money for food (7/- a day) at the end of a week an artisan would have enough for a pack of cards! Or, if he wished, a sack, and if he saved up for a bit he could even afford a yard of chain! Luxury of luxuries for an experienced craftsman. I don't dare consider

the labourers.

This situation really struck me when I noticed something else, because there is a job out there for those who wish to increase their living standards - and what is it? Busker. Yes, your average busker earns more in a day than an artisan does in a week (see rules page 268). A skilled one would be a millionaire in no time. So, inform your players that next time they need to bluff their way into an upper-class meeting, they shouldn't claim to know one of the town merchants; no, just hint that they're best mates with Durth the Dancing Dwarf and in they'll go!

Or you could simply change the busking rules slightly (D4 shillings or D6 pence seems right).

Ed: This is valid point. Indeed, a Warpstone scribe is already hard at work on an article looking at money in WFRP.

"unrelenting horror"

Paul Scott: Instead [of being able to buy WFRP material] I find myself buying stuff for my other favourite roleplaying game - Call of Cthulhu which I think shares quite a few similarities with Warhammer. In CoC all the victories that the investigators win merely hold back the unrelenting horror for a while longer. The games underlining presence is one of doom. Doom is no stranger to the Old World, Chaos lies to the north and the south, waiting to corrupt mankind. Poor old Man cannot defeat the Mythos or Chaos. Stories for both games have sinister cultists running around plotting the destruction of civilisation and of course both games have systems designed to deal with the awful prospect of insanity. While there are many other similarities I can think of, they do have their differ-



ences and I wouldn't claim they are the same game. Perhaps its the similarities that cause me to enjoy them both so much (or after all that it could be that they are just two very good games).

"the Lawful Gods are just as useless"

Robert Elliott: At first I agreed wholeheartedly with him [Tim Eccles], Chaos is too powerful. This I still believe, the magic items need to be made less deadly.

However, having considered this, I think the current published position is probably right. Chaos is invincible in the long run, the rulebook tells us they will eventually win. But P.C.'s aren't living in the long run, they're too busy trying to survive day to day. Nor do I think the forces of Law need beefing up or changed into "good" powers. Warhammer has always been a dark (gothic?) game, and the fact that the Lawful Gods are just as useless adds to the bleakness. Besides how many games have the Lawful Gods in them? Sigmar & Ulric do most people, I'm sure.

I would like to see more adventures that avoids Chaos (like Death's Dark Shadow) or treat it in a new way (as Warpstone did with Persecution). That way, when PC's stumble upon a cultist's stronghold, it should be more exciting (A case of familiarity breeding contempt?)

"the Old World needs the fear of Chaos"

Tim Ellis: Re: Fighting Chaos - Timothy suggests that the game was at fault when an Overpowered Chaos band wiped out his campaign, rather than the experienced GM and Players. I am afraid I would tend to disagree, (although I will admit now I have not played in or read SRIK so I may be wrong). Experienced Players should be aware of the sorts of risks they are taking and plan accordingly, not rush headlong into combat with every Chaos Demon they see. Experienced GM's should realise if an encounter in a scenario is too tough for the characters to deal with and make alterations appropriately - especially with a commercial scenario when you are not using provided characters. Obviously a sword that kills spellcasters automatically will be much more dangerous to a party full of sword-wielding "Fighter-mage" types than to party whose only spell caster is a "stay-at-the-back" type of mage. The best laid plans, of course, and an experienced GM should be able to save the characters from their worst follies without letting them get away scott free.

I favour an approach that doesn't automatically equate Lawful with Good and Chaos with Evil, "extremism of all sorts is pretty unpleasant, and I see no reason why, in the grand scheme of things, the forces of Law should not suffer from rivalry and schism, the difference being that the forces of Law will tend to work together when threatened by Chaos, whereas the forces of Chaos only

work together when being directly commanded by a Strong leader. (e.g., if you kill the local Templar commander the Templars will still work together and hunt you down, if you kill the leader of a Chaos warband then some of them may hunt you down, others will desert, and others will fight each other for the leadership.)

(And Lunars in RQ2 weren't evil, at least, not in the same way that Broo, say, or Ogres were evil, they were imperialists out to conquer the free-willed Orlanthe and Praxians who were the "default" PC's, but no more evil than say Alexander the Great, or the Romans.)

No. I say that the Old World needs the fear of Chaos in both its obvious (Beastmen, Mutants etc.) and insidious (cultists) manifestations. It also needs servants of Law who make characters question their own positions (extreme witch-hunters and inquisitors). Characters should be fighting against Chaos because it is Evil and Dangerous, and not because it is Chaos. GM's should remember that although it may sometimes appear to the PC's that Chaos is everywhere, it is not the only threat in the Old World, nor is it all powerful. Not every encounter on the road will be a Chaos crazed beastman, nor will every inn in every town be a secret headquarters of some Chaos-coven. Likewise not every Chaos band will be equipped with chaos armour, Hellblades and summoned Demons. Nor should you be led astray by Chaos armies in WFB - remember that wargame armies are balanced to provide interesting and (reasonably) close fought games, and a large organised Chaos army is the exception not the rule.

"Cultists don't view themselves as being in the wrong"

Ashley John Southcott: Tim states that the only alternatives are to weaken Chaos (can't be done) or strengthen Law. Firstly, Chaos can be played in a number of ways: the hack'n/slash approach of which we are all so bored, the insidious horror approach that Call of Cthulhu adopts so well, or the 'redemption' approach. Chaos only seems boring when it's played boringly - players often assume that because they've been playing so long Chaos is a known enemy. This is just not true. The PCs probably know remarkably little - witness the huge persuasiveness of Skaven in the Warhammer world, which so few people know about

Chaos is what separates WFRP from other fantasy roleplaying games. Its very insidiousness is something other games have tried unsuccessfully to copy. Look at Sister Astrid's hospice in Dying of he Light: here we have a situation where Chaos creatures, far from being the mutant horrors that PC's normally face, have actually rejected Chaos and attempt redemption. And strengthening

Law to oppose Chaos is a cop-out. I can deal with scenarios where Law's bigotry takes precedence, e.g. protecting an innocent homestead from a marauding Witch-hunter's band. But it doesn't eliminate the problem of playing Chaos in a way that makes it seem like it's stronger than it really is. On the whole I thought that old WD scenarios that incorporated Chaos did so very effectively - it has been done!

I've viewed Chaos in the past as being an extreme attitude that rejects the idea of delayed gratification. Characters take the easy route - first telling wild bawdy stories of pleasure and depravity; then a little 'donation' via their employer's funds; then to a little illicit observation... before you know it they're full-blown Slaaneshi cultists. Cultists don't view themselves as being in the wrong, any more than real-world fanatics see their attitudes as being completely at odds with what most people would deem 'reasonable' - to a Chaos cultist, the act of blood sacrifice and child enslavement would be in accordance with their religion's doctrine and hence 'reasonable' to them.

So I don't think Chaos isn't worth bothering with. It's a tough and insidious opponent to fight, yes, but that's what heroes are for, isn't it? Chaos is as Chaos does... if played insidiously then it will seem insidious to those that fight it.

Re: the Cameos: keep 'em coming. I liked the Flea Circus one - this is the sort of thing I'd like to see scenarios in Warpstone written around.

"then it should have been toned down"

Paul Slevin: I must say that I think Timothy Eccles' article on chaos was just a bit over the top. First he makes a point that chaos is just too hard pointing out the confrontation of Granax in SRIK. If Granax was too hard for the party, then it should have been toned down. PCs want challenges, not impossible odds. In a similar manner Daemons and chaotics do not have to be FULLY equipped. And anyway, how often do you come across large numbers of Daemons in the middle of the old world, let alone well equipped chaotics.

There may be a lot of chaos in the published materials for WFRP, but when you consider that most of this is EW which is based around the struggle against chaos, this seems reasonable. About half the remainder is Doomstones, which does have chaos in it's plot line, but is primarily concerned with Orcs and Dwarfs. Most of the rest of the material now left is Undead (RD, Litchemaster, Drachenfells) and has little to do (if anything) with chaos.

However I feel that the points on Law and Malal are valid, but do not warrant a second edition, but rather a thorough exploration in whatever replaces ROC.

"Madness is something rare in individuals - but in groups, parties, peoples, ages it is the rule."

Friedrich Nietzsche

WFRP on the WWW

by Brent W. Diana & Martin Oliver

Now that you've all taken heed of John Foody's advice in issue two and got yourself Internet access, you'll need to know where to look for all that great WFRP material you've been promised. Finding anything on the Web involves great amounts of luck and patience, so we thought we'd save you some of the effort. Here, in no particular order, are a selection of addresses for some of the pages where we've found the taint of Chaos lurking... (Which reminds me. As with all things on the Internet, pages and their locations are subject to change without notice!)

The Warhammer Archives

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

Yes, this was featured last issue, but the latest news is that it's moved. Whilst Morten Krog is off on National Service for a year, it's been taken over by Tomas Fjetland, who can be Emailed at: tomasf@sn.no. It remains the most comprehensive of all the sites I've seen, though.

Alex's WFRP Page

<http://www.myring.demon.co.uk/alex/wfrp/wfrp.html>

From the best established, to the newest. This page only has one thing on it at the moment (a highly recommended adventure), but looks set to develop nicely.

Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

<http://www.informatik.uni-oldenburg.de/~henry/spiele/warhammer/>

Most of the material here can be found in the Archives. Links to the Warhammer Encyclopedia, a Frequently Asked Questions page, the "Chaos World Project" (Wouldn't it be fun to play a chaos group running around in the Warhammer world, destroying Sigmar temples and burning down cities?) and a page on "Clearing up the mystery what the pseudo-German names mean". Well worth a visit.

WFRP Expansion Set

<http://www.kjemi.unit.no/~steinhau/WFRP-sys/>

House rules, new materials & so on, well presented. Some of it is a bit too powerful, and I doubt I'd really want to replace the rulebook, but well worth searching through.

Warhammer

<http://www.grm.hia.no/~oddlo/warham.html>

A nice looking page, but there's nothing here except two links to other sites.

Warhammer Fantasy Role Play

<http://zamoy.2lo.lublin.pl/users/wpilat/ang/wfrp.xtm>

A selection of new spells and careers, in theory at least. There seems to be some sort of problem reading the material, but it's worth checking to see if this has been fixed.

Warhammer ftp sites

<http://pena.kareltek.fi/~pegax/warhammer.ftp.html>

A list of ftp sites (places to download files from) for WFRP. Not all of the links seem to be working, and others are time restricted, but you can find material here if you persevere.

Warhammer WFRP Resource Page

<http://zen.sund.ac.uk/~ta5gwo/wfrp.htm>

Looks nice, but only contains three links to other sites.

Index of Magazine Articles for WFRP

<http://venus.ci.uw.edu.pl/users/zwierzak/rpg/WFRP/wfrp-mags.html>

The name says it all.

Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

<http://www.cs.tu-berlin.de/~rossi/Wfrp/wfrp.html>

Another well established site, with a good selection of material. Much of what's here is password protected, but all you need to do to gain access is send a contribution through to the maintainer of the page. The idea is to encourage people to build up a good collection of material, which is worth supporting.

RPG Links

<http://www.mdstud.chalmers.se/~md2engan/rollspel.html>

Two links to material from a player's campaign. In Swedish.

Resources for Other Games

http://www.common.net/~shadow/rpg_index/other.html

Another selection of links to pages, but that's about it.

WFRP Page

<http://www.cs.vu.nl/~wouterw/wfrp/index.html>

Another well presented page of links.

Le Marteau de Sigmar

<http://www.esiee.fr/~chavyiad/sigmar.html> also:

<http://www.esiee.fr/~chavyiad/english.html>

Links to sites, and information about "Le Grimoire", the French WFRP fanzine.

Le Grimoire Home Page

<http://www.geocities.com/TimesSquare/4995>

Contains credits and information on how to order copies. An English version of this page should be available soon.

The Warhammer Encyclopaedia

<http://www.cybercom.net/~tick/Wfrp.htm>

This is a well organised resource (alphabetic pages), covering vast amounts of WFRP history and trivia. The entries are fairly brief, but it's great to browse through, and should prove inspirational to any player or GM.

Mike's WFRP Page

<http://www.ballehs.dk/~mike/wfrp.htm>

Contains pointers to other sites, plus a selection of adventures. It took a while to load when I visited it, but is worth dropping in on.



THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Uhngar the Vampire Hunter by Spencer Wallace

"I am Vengeance, insipid maggot. You will not take me."

Once known as Gunther Kinski, Uhngar was not always a vampire hunter, although he has poached the Emperor's finest harts the entire length of the Drakwald Forest. His life had been hard and lonely, but he chose it and never regretted the decision. That life ended the misty dawn he met Natasha Stanislov, the morning with the strange purple light. She was tied to a gallows oak with silver wire, her flesh steaming at the touch of the faint light.

To this day he cannot recall precisely why he rescued her. Certainly she was beautiful and regal, but he knew what she was, knew better than to go near a blood drinking succubus. Yet he did. His curiosity was his doom, or perhaps it was fate. Her eyes filled his mind, found the darkness hidden in his heart, and then he was hers. Within moments Gunther had severed the bonds and spirited her into the deeper shadows of the forest, where she healed and gave him his reward.

The two became as close as a vampire and a mortal could be. Although Natasha never bestowed the dark gift upon him, she did bind their souls with blood. He became more than just a vampiric minion; she loved him after a time—as close as a child of the night can come to love. The months passed into years and the years faded into decades, yet Uhngar showed no signs of aging. Natasha's blood kept him vital, and he persisted far beyond the span of his mortal frame. Together they saw the world from the Empire to far Cathay, even traversing the great oceans to even more distant lands.

This unnatural affair came, as all things of this sort must, to a tragic end. As time passed, the pair became more brazen and less cautious. They attracted the attention of witch hunters and other self-styled protectors of the innocent. Much worse however, was the keen interest the Vampire Counts of Sylvania began to take in them. After giving Natasha every chance to desist and kill Gunther, as is the eventual fate of all minions, they pronounced justice upon the lovers, in vampiric fashion.

For several years the pair was able to evade the creatures that hounded them from one hiding place to another. Eventually though, the other vampires caught them, in a remote hollow deep within the Forest of Shadows, far from any succor. Natasha found herself once more laid out for the sun to consume her curiously delicate flesh, this time with an iron spike through her belly. They ripped Gunther apart and left him to slowly die, watching his love of nearly a century turn to ash before his eyes. In one last act of love or hate, Natasha attempted to bestow



the dark gift upon Gunther, but she failed. The sunlight and her own wounds made her too weak to push him past his mortal coil into the realm of the undead, but the blood did spawn a transformation. As a century of his life burned up in that hidden hollow, the feeble blood coursed through his ravaged body, healing his wounds and searing his mind. Gunther Kinski died that dawn, and from his hunger for vengeance, Uhngar was born.

Nearly ten years have passed since that dreadful day, and he has felt no surcease from pain, although he carries the grim satisfaction of many kills. Although he does not consider himself worthy or even human enough for any god to embrace him, he acts as a devout follower of Morr, seeking the annihilation of all vampires. Perhaps he does have Morr's blessing at least in some part. How else could a lone mortal stand for so long against such a dangerous prey. Uhngar lives in a shadowy realm of isolation and vengeance, never again to fully rejoin his fellow men. He spends most of his life stalking the fog-enshrouded borders of Sylvania, both hunting and being hunted by the dread lords of that awful land. He does, however, seek meager human contact, from time to time entering the Old World's cities. There he stands apart, aloof and suspicious, as judgmental as any witch hunter, for the lords of the dead hunt in the bosom of civilization as well. Strange and hurting as he is, Uhngar is approachable and may help the right people to battle evil, and he will certainly join any group seeking to kill a vampire. He is a tragic figure, wandering the narrow, hazy path of retribution and madness.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	56	47	5	5	10	69
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	40	31	45	46	79	26

Age: 117

Height: 5' 8" Weight: 156 Hair: Brown Eyes: Blue

Skills: DB, Follow Trail, Game Hunting, Magical Awareness, Necromantic Lore, Night Vision 10 yards, Read/Write, Rune Lore, SL-Arcane, Sixth Sense, SW Fist & Thrown, Silent Move-Urban & Rural, Street Fighting, Theology

Trappings: 10 Silver Rings, 10 Measures of Silver Dust, 5 Measures of Graveroot (blade venom), 4 Silver Throwing Daggers, Black Leather Armor, Silver Wire (10 yards), Various travelling equipment depending on location, 40 Crowns

Psychology: Uhngar is completely obsessed with slaying vampires. He will not suffer their presence in this world and will seek them out anywhere. This is his Achilles heel; clever people can use his zeal to manipulate him.

Note: Uhngar does not use a sword in battle. He still carries a distaste for such weapons of butchery from his days as a poacher long ago. Instead he fights with his fists and the silver rings that adorn them. The outer surface of these rings is rough and jagged, making vicious wounds for such a small implement(d6-1 damage). Also, each ring bears a magical rune upon them. Any hit upon creatures of a demonic or undead nature causes an additional d3 wounds.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF TRADE THE HOFBAUER-BODELSTEIN TRADING COMPANY

The air was heavy with the sweetness of perfume, yet even such sweet fragrance could not quite hide the smell of death that owned the room. The perfume had been brought from Cathay by one of Anton Hofbauer's caravans; he loved the way it summoned memories of his beloved Christel. Terence lit the remainder of the candles as the sun finally disappeared into the horizon's grasp, making way for Mannslieb's light.

Terence was uncertain if Anton could register anything as he lay in bed, unknowingly awaiting his end. Thirty years ago, he had employed Terence as a clerk. How time had flown! The success of Hofbauer-Bodelstein had been borne of hard work, but there had been good times as well as bad. This illness had struck suddenly and although the physicians could numb the pain, they had been unable to find the cause.

Terence knew he should have been running the business, organising caravans, overseeing payments... but Anton was like a brother to him. He would stay to the end. From the hallway, he could hear shouts - probably another charlatan come selling false hope. If only it could be Nathaniel! Alas, it seemed unlikely he would be found in time.

Anton coughed dryly, and Terence dribbled fresh herb water into the cracked lips, offering silent prayers to Shallya and her father Morr. There were now shouts on the staircase outside,

Herr Braun's voice protesting against some laughing, insulting stranger. Moving towards the door he checked that his dagger was in his belt, though he had neither experience nor confidence with blades.

The door was thrown open and there stood Seigfreid Hofbauer, dressed in the finest fashions, a swordstick in one hand, his sneer undiminished.

'I'm sorry, Herr Staffenburg - he insisted!' Braun whimpered. 'Shall I call the watch?' 'Leave us.' Snapped Seigfreid. Braun flinched but stood his ground until Terence nodded, and then he fled.

'Seigfreid. We did not know you were in the city.' 'Did not care, more like. It smells like a whore house in here but I see my...' He laughed, without humour. '...Father... is still alive.'

It won't be long until he travels to Morr's realm.' At this Seigfreid's eyes flared, and for the first time Terence felt afraid of him.

'I wish to be alone with him. Leave.' Terence did not move.

'He has no need of a nursemaid. I am his first-born.' He paused. 'He is my father. Let me make my peace.'

Terence hesitated; then nodded, leaving the room. Anton had always been saddened by his eldest son. It was Nathaniel he really missed. The door

closed with a muffled thud, and Seigfreid strode to his father's side.

'Father...' He spoke quietly but Anton opened his eyes and reached out his hand. Seigfreid knelt and took it. 'Father I have come to say something' 'Nathaniel... I knew you would come.' Seigfreid stared at him and then laughed.

'No Father, it is I Seigfreid.'

'Seigfreid.' the old man spoke the name slowly.

'Yes, and before you die I have something to say. It was I who poisoned you. A rare and effective brew. I hope you enjoyed it. If your mind still works you probably are wondering why, since I have nothing to gain. You would be mistaken. I have destroyed your will, and the copies, too. The company is mine...'

'Why?'

'...and when I track down Nathaniel, I will have him killed too.'

Anton eyes widened in horror as Seigfreid stood.

'Oh; just in case.' He placed one hand over his fathers mouth and pinched his nose with the other, until moments later the feeble struggle stopped.

Seigfreid swept past Terence on the stairs. 'My father is dead.'

Terence stared at him. He opened the door and left without turning.

'Bury him soon. The dead travel fast.' He laughed, and was gone.



History

A hundred years ago, in the days when Nuln had only just been replaced as the Empire's Capital, Josef Hofbauer started the famous Hofbauer Traders' Company. Slowly he extended its routes all over the Empire. When Josef died peacefully in his bed, his only child Anton inherited the business and proudly took charge. By then, it was one of the richest companies within the Empire, and he continued to build its fortunes.

Anton became highly influential and respected in political circles, although he resisted moving the business to Altdorf, preferring to stay in Nuln. The year after his father's death he married Christel Bodelstein, the woman he loved, and the daughter of one of his rivals. Anton had two sons: Siegfried, and Nathaniel, whom he prepared to take over the business when he died. Anton was heartbroken when Christel died, and threw himself into his work. A year later her father died and the rival company became his. So the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company was born, its coat of arms becoming famous throughout the Empire.

As Siegfried grew to maturity he became increasingly bitter, mainly twisted by the belief that his father hated him. Siegfried was given no responsibilities in the company, and Anton seemed to spend all his time with the younger Nathaniel. Anton did indeed spend more time with Nathaniel, believing him to be the more reliable and intelligent. Relations became strained, and on his twentieth birthday, after a heated argument, he told his father he wanted nothing more to do with him or the company and was leaving. Anton threatened to cut him out of his will. This provoked Siegfried into striking his father and walking out into the night.

Siegfried drifted straight into life as a pimp and gambler, watching from the sidelines for ten years as Nathaniel slowly took control of the business. Anton fell into a slow but steady decline after the argument with Siegfried, withdrawing from the day-to-day management of the business. He left control to Nathaniel and his right-hand man of thirty years, Terence Staffenberg, who took the



company to ever greater heights. However, Nathaniel was starting to feel the call of Shallya, and eventually gave total responsibility to Staffenberg in order to become an initiate in Couronne.

While Staffenberg ran the business, Seigfreid began a life of adventuring, but soon tired of the lack of simple luxuries. Murdering the rest of his group, he returned to the city with their collected earnings and set himself up for the good life. This was short lived, the end coming from an embittered mistress's slow poison. As he lay slowly and painfully dying, he struck a deal for Undeath with a Vampire. Accepting his price, the Vampire left Siegfried to his new Immortality.

Siegfreid saw this as his chance to seize his rightful inheritance. Arrangements were made to poison his father and destroy all copies of the will. This left him as the eldest son and sole heir to everything. His first act was to fire those most loyal to his father and replace them with his own followers. There then followed years of decadence, in which the company grew by diversifying into extortion and smuggling. Those that crossed them seldom lived to regret it.

Siegfreid had been harbouring feelings of hate for his brother through the years and now sent bounty hunters to find him.

The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company has built its fortune on the transport of various goods around the Empire and, to a lesser extent, the entire Old World. They buy the goods from suppliers and transport them to buyers who pay on arrival. Established buyers do not even have to place a deposit. They also transport goods for other merchants, simply charging the handling fees. Most caravans are a mixture of both types of goods.

Such is the public face of the company, and until Siegfried took over, this appearance was justified. Now, however, the company indulges in large scale smuggling, with scores of officials in their pay. They have also begun to build a slave route into Araby. Their practices have become ruthless as they attempt to dominate the market, extending to the fire-bombing of competitors' property, beating staff, and poisoning rivals.

Their competition was slow to react, not convinced that the

Hofbauer-Bodelstein company was behind such bad practices. Now that the facts have become clearer, the competitors have started to work together. This rivalry extends to the teamsters and guards, with brawls between employees becoming commonplace.

Cities

The company has an office in every city of the Empire, each headed by an associate of Seigfreid. These usually just leave the running of the day to day business to the other staff, concentrating on the illegal activities. They each have a selection of magistrates, excise officers and watchmen in their pay. Each office is located in the mercantile district, and is staffed by about ten to twenty scribes and other staff. Some offices have recently employed bodyguards. The largest office, in Nuln, is run by Mellinger, Seigfreid's right-hand man. The company also owns its own warehouses in most cities.

Surprisingly, the company has very little presence in the centre of trade: Marienburg. This is mainly because Anton had excellent relations with one of the ruling families. So far, Seigfreid has maintained this, but just recently he has stepped up his information gathering activities in the area, with the long-term view of becoming one of the ten ruling Houses. This is extremely risky; the Marienburg powers have huge resources at their disposal, and should Seigfreid's secret ever be discovered, the company would collapse.

owns and Village

In most of the Empire's population centres, Hofbauer-Bodelstein have an agent. In increasing numbers this is a company employee. In other locations, it is a merchant who has made a deal with the company.

Inns

The company has a close working relationship with Four Seasons coaches. Caravans stay at their Inns whenever possible.

Caravans (Wagons & Barges)

The company's caravan routes cover most of the civilised continent. Caravans usually consist of between five and twenty wagons (or one and five barges), with a driver and guard for each. They also contain extra guards, a cook, outriders and the Caravan Master. Each wagon or barge bears the company livery, as do employees. Wagon Masters are fined for not strictly upholding this regulation.

Caravans set out at dawn and stop only once it becomes too dark to continue or briefly to rest horses. Food is consumed on the move, with the meals prepared on the back of a wagon, in order to get goods to their destinations as quickly as possible. This practice has led to an official complaint from the Halfling-run Guild of Professional Gourmet Providers in Altdorf.

Jobs

Employment with Hofbauer-Bodelstein is much sought after for one simple reason. They pay 120-170% the wages of their rivals. This keeps the relevant guilds very happy (non-guild members are employed when necessary, but with lower pay). In return, the company expects total loyalty and is happy to fire those that don't comply. It soon becomes clear to new recruits that they are expected to take part in 'not-strictly-legal' activities. This doesn't bother most employees, who will have been recruited straight from prison.

Players handy with a sword shouldn't have too much difficulty getting a job. However, those who look like academics might find it a little harder. All employment by the company is done by introduction. Simply, only someone the company trusts can recommend someone for the job. This makes them responsible for their conduct.



Incorporating the Company Into a Campaign

It should be a simple matter to introduce the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company into a campaign. This can be done on several levels. First and foremost they are a business, transporting and selling goods, employing staff and travelling from place to place. This makes them easy to use as background to your adventures. Get the PCs used to the name. If you wish to use the rest of the background, this will make the revelations stronger.

Developing the organisation, PCs can begin to uncover the Company's plots to force out the opposition by fair means or foul. By occasionally foiling these attempts, they will come to the attention of Seigfreid Hofbauer. In time, his true nature will be revealed and then things will become really dangerous.

Hofbauer-Bodelstein will be most effective if introduced into your campaign as a sub-plot. Don't overdo it by giving it all away in one blast. Play the related scenario 'Thicker than Water' and introduce Terence Staffenburg. Later on, let it be known that he was high up in the company. This may get the PCs thinking.

ameos

The Missing Caravan

The players arrive at an out-of-the-way village. Here they are greeted by Josef Harnish, a friendly member of the law, who treats them to dinner in exchange for news of the outside world. During dinner, he mentions that a caravan is due tomorrow, and that the players may be able to get a safe lift. Mid-morning, a small Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan arrives. One or two of the guards are wounded, but enquiries are met with the curt reply of 'Bandits'.

The caravan plans to stay the night and the men head for the inn. Two are left on guard, but anyone examining the unloaded boxes will notice they are stamped with 'Aguilar Merchants'. During the afternoon, a man appears at the edge of town. He stumbles down the main street, wounded and exhausted. This is Enrique Castro - the only survivor of a small caravan attacked by the Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan.

As the players approach him he tries to run, but falls to the ground unconscious. He has in fact noticed Hofbauer-Bodelstein wagons. The Hofbauer-Bodelstein wagon master steps forward with a couple of men and proclaims this to be one of the bandits that attacked them. He insists Harnish puts him behind bars. Harnish has no reason not to comply.

Castro only speaks Estalian, and will not reawaken until some time during the night. The Hofbauer-Bodelstein Wagon Master has ordered him killed, and a couple of guards will try to do this before he wakes.

What the PCs do is completely up to them. It will be difficult to get any justice for the murders, and challenging the caravan is dangerous. Making sure Castro is alive is the first step to bringing the killers to justice (legally anyway).

Stowaway

The PCs are hired/or are travelling with a Hofbauer-Bodelstein caravan due to an increase in Goblin, Bandit or Beastman attacks. The Caravan Master works his employees hard. In the middle of the journey a missile attack is launched on the caravan, but the attackers retreat into the forest. Outriders report enemy movement along the caravan's flanks.

The next day a stowaway is dragged out of a wagon. This is Rolf Berger, a twelve year old boy who has run away to see the world. The Wagon Master solves the problem quickly, he throws him to the side of the road and orders the caravan to move on. This means certain death for the boy. If the PCs speak up, they will be given the option to "join him or come with us."

Again, it is up to the GM how he wants to play this. Players could argue for the boy to join the caravan, but may find themselves having to join him, finding themselves without supplies or shelter in a hostile country.

Siegfreid Hofbauer - Merchant

ex-Trader, ex-Thief, ex-soldier

"Not my father's way of doing business. Not my father's way of doing business. NO! This is my way. The right way. Get used to it."

"Do not be afraid. Your death will be enjoyable. Be grateful that I will bring interest to your pitiful life. It is not as if you will be missed."

"Greed is good."

Seigfreid is a bitter, twisted and sadistic man. Unfortunately, he has the power to impose his will on anybody he wants. He is despised by all who come into contact with him for any length of time. He comes across as an arrogant snob, superior to all around him. When he speaks he is direct and insulting, constantly using threats. He is famed for having a short temper, but this is not true. He uses anger for effect, enabling him to get away with things he could not otherwise do. When he wishes he can appear charming, but he bothers with this less as his power increases.

Seigfreid stands over six foot tall and is an imposing figure. His hair is long, pulled back into a short ponytail. He is handsome, and looks very similar to his father, but his eyes are cold. He always wears the latest fashions but is recognised for a cloak made from bear hide. He also wears gloves and carries a silver-handled sword stick.

After leaving his father, he drifted into Nuln's underworld. Here he quickly became feared after violently murdering two rival gamblers in full view of a packed Inn. He used his reputation to build a niche in the criminal fraternity. While his reputation has survived to the present day, few actually associate him with the rich owner of Hofbauer-Bodelstein.

After a few years he had made numerous enemies. He had also grown bored with his life. He left Nuln and travelled across the Empire, joining with a group of adventurers. For five years he travelled with them, becoming a competent fighter. Clashes with his comrades were frequent, and occasionally violent.

This period came to an end when the group tracked down a Vampire's lair. Only three of them got out alive, but they were weighed down with treasure. A day away from Altdorf he slit their throats and took the earnings himself. In the capital, he set himself up as a Merchant using a very efficient mixture of violence and bribes. Once the business was established he settled into a life of hedonism. This came to an end when he was poisoned. As he lay dying, fate brought him face to face with the Vampire he had robbed. Using every resource at his disposal, he had the Undead hunted to its lair and trapped as it slept. On awakening, Seigfreid offered him a deal. Immortality for survival. The Vampire agreed, more convinced by Seigfreid's nature than his threat. In time, Seigfreid emerged as one of the Undead.

Seigfreid then began to fulfil his true desire: to avenge himself against his father and brother. After murdering his father he took over the company and began to aggressively expand its operations. Although much work is



delegated to his immediate staff, his presence is felt throughout the company.

He has kept his vampirism secret, although he feeds frequently. He is regularly seen as part of the Nuln social scene but does so surrounded by hangers-on. Four of these are his trusted lieutenants, who guard him by day as well as carrying out any dirty work he needs done. They are extremely well paid and loyal. Occasionally, one of them dons his masters clothes and goes travelling around town in daylight, shopping, visiting the temple, etc.

He has plans to arrange a marriage, which will produce a son (kidnapped). He will then be sent away (killed), only to return in the future after the death of his father. This will leave him free to carry on his nefarious activities, following in his "father's" footsteps.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	74	69	7	7	22	88
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	65	67	64	51	54	57

Age: 46 (looks 38)

Alignment: Evil

Magic Points: 24

Skills: Charm, Concealment Urban, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Evaluate, Haggle, Law, Magical Sense, Numismatics, Palm Object, Read/Write, Ride, SL - Battle Tongue, Guilder, SMB, Speak - Tilean, Thieves Tongue, SMR, SMU, Super Numerate,

Trappings: x12 quality clothes, 200GCs of jewellery, 100GCs, sword stick

THICKER THAN WATER



into his boots and grabbing his coat, he ran down the stairs. A whiff of sulphur followed him into the alley.

PLAYERS STOP READING HERE

Introduction

Thicker than Water is designed to be played in one session, and can form a useful stopgap between longer scenarios. It is an extended cameo and some work needs to be done by the GM before playing. It is set in a large town but can be easily moved. If you make common use of magic in your game, it might be advisable to add magic items and traps. As always, make whatever changes you wish.

Background

This expands on the background given in the article on the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading company on page 24.

After taking control of the company, Seigfreid sent out agents to find his brother, scouring the borders of the Empire and beyond. On the seventh anniversary of his father's death,

Mellinger reported that Nathaniel had been found.

Leaving control of the company to Mellinger, Seigfreid set off to meet Nathaniel. For several nights he watched his brother, finding him to be a cleric of Shallya with a great talent for healing and a deep sense of sanctity. With great amusement, Seigfreid decided to inflict a slow revenge instead of a clean death on his hated younger brother. He turned him into a vampire, enjoying every second of watching him beg for death. As Seigfreid walked away, Nathaniel could only ask, "Why?"

Horrified by what had been done to him, Nathaniel somehow found his way to Terence Staffenberg and told him his story. Staffenberg had never lost his loyalty to Anton and Nathaniel, and took him in. Nathaniel could not bring himself to kill and survived by drinking from cats, dogs and occasionally from Terence. This was not enough, and as he weakened, the desire for blood grew stronger. He could stand it no longer. On a cold winter's night, he tracked down and killed the hapless Silas - a common burglar.

As he drained the thief's blood he

Shutting the window behind him, Silas slipped to ground with a sigh of relief. Once more, he had gotten away with it, born lucky they said. How right they were! Hugging shadows, he stole down the alley, his hand feeling the cool brickwork. From somewhere behind him he could hear the click and jangle of a watch patrol passing by, the sergeant barking orders. Pausing, Silas spat out his tobacco and smiled softly jingling the sack containing his evening's work. The alleyways stretching into the night posed their own questions: home? or to Frau Camilla's House of Pleasure via Old Lommel's pawnshop? Ah, the joys of being rich!

Suddenly Silas shivered, the hairs on his neck rising. From behind he felt rather than heard the movement. His hand quickly drew his dagger from his belt and turning, he lunged. The blade pierced something soft, but the dark figure pushing him down seemed to shrug it off. The strength of his assailant was incredible, but he seemed to be an inexperienced fighter and Silas was able to half squirm his way free when pain shot through his body. He had been stabbed in the neck! Again, the pain - but this time it cut into his jugular. With a sudden shock, he realised that it was a mouth ripping at him, and with the clarity of terror he knew what his fate would be.

The last memory Silas had was of tears dripping onto his body.

As the attacker moved away, Marcus let out the breath he had been holding for what seemed an age. Quickly slipping



was spotted by Marcus Turin, a wizard dedicated to arcane research. Marcus followed Nathaniel to Terence's house, waited for morning, and memorised the location. Returning home, he started hatching plans. Intending to have the vampire killed as a means to supply numerous ingredients for research, he contacted his mentor and friend Leonardo 'Firefingers' Shroud. Leonardo responded with delight, sending back a substantial amount of gold to fund the collection of the specimen.

Marcus hired a band of seasoned adventurers to kill the vampire and bring the remains to him; promising them a bonus if they could complete the job within seven days. He then reported the developments to Leonardo, sat back, and waited.

The four swords Marcus hired were led by 'Mad Dog' Huxley. On receiving an advance on the money, they briefly scouted their target, then headed to The Snail and Lettuce for a celebration and discussion of their plans. Hiring a private room, they spent the night getting very, very drunk. Come the morning, as they lay sleeping, the inn's serving girl travelled to see her uncle, Terence Staffenberg. Although she did not know for certain if they had spoken of him, she feared for the safety of her family.

Terence sent the girl on her way, telling her to send the rest of the family away for a week. He then set out to find

some protection. Firstly, he hired Wilhelm Langenburg, a friend and ex-captain of the watch, to keep an eye on Huxley's group. Secondly, he decided to hire a group of strangers from out of town to guard the house. Unsurprisingly, enough, this is where the party come into the story.

Introducing...

Terence will offer the party a sum of money that they should find hard to refuse. Ten percent will be offered now and the rest on completion of the task. If they accept he will ask them to accompany him to the house for fuller details.

"I live here with my son Nathaniel, who at the moment is suffering from a severe illness and is at death's door. Information has come to me that a group of assassins have been hired to kill him. I believe they will attempt their evil deed in the next few days and I therefore wish you to guard our home for the next five days. You are to have free run of the house, except for the Master and Guest Bedrooms on the third floor. Any questions?"

The House Of Staffenburg

Terence's house stands in the wealthy Merchant quarter of town. It had been previously used as his place of business and was once staffed by ten servants. Since Nathaniel's arrival he

has sacked them all apart from Frau Spears, who comes to cook and clean. It is well furnished with fine art and furniture, and the kitchens are well stocked. One noticeable feature is that there are no windows on the ground floor. This was a security feature incorporated by the original designer and owner of the house.

TIMELINE

Day 1: The Party and Wilhelm Langenburg are hired. Once Huxley and the others have recovered from their indulgences they scout out the house properly. They leave before the PC's arrive. That night they break into the town hall and copy the plans of the house (The basement is not on these drawings). Wilhelm Langenburg reports this to Terence.

Day 2: Leorana visits the Temple of Shallya and obtains some Holy Water. The group travel to the forest to cut hawthorn stakes. Langenburg reports their departure, but does not follow. Terence passes this on to the PC's. Huxley's men burn down a farmhouse, killing its three inhabitants. Leorana rushes to the town and reports an Orc attack. A hunting party is raised, and she leads them to the site. They remain here for two days awaiting news of another attack but near to the town. This leaves a shortage of guards in the town itself. Heinrich bribes a gatekeeper to let them through the gates at a moment's notice. They leave their horses at a stable near the house, ready to quit the town in a hurry.

Day 3: At Dawn, they move to attack. The streets are very quiet, with few Watch patrols. They go straight to the main doors and open them (with an open spell) and move to the bedroom). If they are attacked they will be surprised. They will fight their way out, trying to gain a knowledge of their opponents' range of skills. They will parry if they start to take to much damage. Later that day they will send a message offering the characters a large sum of money to leave.

If they took a lot of damage from the PCs, they will hire a couple of local thugs (Molay and Jacque) to back them up.

Day 4: They will strike again at dawn, intending to grab a PC and use them as



a bargaining piece.

Huxley's party will try constantly to gain entry. They prefer to avoid a stand up fight, using every other available means if possible. If anyone is killed, they will go all out for revenge. If two die, they will reconsider their position based on how the PCs fared. At no point will they send a single person in to try and kill the vampire.

Outcomes And Ongoings

This should be an extremely difficult battle for the PCs, who should realise it's sometimes better to retreat than fight, and also there's more than one way to skin a cat. If they defeat the group Terence may hire them to track down their employer, and Leonard Shroud is a powerful man. Of course, there will also be their reaction when they find out that they have been defending a vampire. Just as there are a number of possible conclusions to this adventure, there are many events it could set in motion. For example, will Nathaniel hire the PCs to kill Siegfried? If they leave and events are reported by Arnold, will Siegfried Hofbauer think they are hunting him? If they do not kill Huxley's men, will they exact revenge?

Experience Points

Experience points are left to the GM to decide.

THE CAST

Nathaniel Hofbauer

Always an intense young man, Nathaniel was moved by the plight of the poor. While easily learning the skills his father taught him, he knew there was something else for him in life. One day, a pregnant woman collapsed in front of him and he helped her home. She was in great pain, and beginning to bleed. He ran for help, but the physicians would not take this young boy without money seriously. It was only when he found a cleric of Shallya that he got help. The woman survived, giving birth to twins. Nathaniel could only think, "if one of these healers had been at my birth, I would have a mother."

Nathaniel set off on foot to the great Temple of Couronne. Here, he was accepted as an Initiate. After this he travelled through Bretonnia, bringing help to the poor and afflicted. He dedicated his life to Shallya, and his superiors predicted that he might one day join the

cult's leaders. However, Seigfreid put an end to this.

Nathaniel appears to be suffering from a wasting disease, and the bloodlust he tries so hard to suppress is slowly driving him mad. He stands just under six feet tall, handsome despite his affliction. His hair is pure black and hangs loose, cut roughly. His clothes are always simple, consisting of a just a shirt and trousers. He never wears shoes indoors. Hanging around his neck is a symbol of Shallya (a heart with a drop of blood).

He is incapable of holding a conversation with anyone except Terence at present, and will escape as soon as possible if such a situation arises. He has no idea that he is being hunted, and believes that the PCs are Terence's friends. Although he is a vampire he has not learned any of the usual skills, nor does he wish to. He possesses many healing skills and clerical abilities and still prays constantly, his faith being, for the moment, stronger than ever.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	78	62	6	7	20	83
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	76	68	67	74	85	82

Age: 35

Careers: Cleric 3, ex- Initiate, ex- Cleric (1, 2)

Skills: Cast Spells (Clerical 1, 2, 3), Evaluate, Haggle, Heal Wounds, Herb Lore, Identify Undead, Magical Awareness, Magical Sense, Manufacture Scrolls, Meditate, Numismatics, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Scroll Lore, SL-Classical, Magick, Surgery, Theology, Spells: None.

Terence Staffenberg

Now in his seventieth year, Terence is still an imposing figure. Six feet tall with white hair, he is never seen without his sword stick. He is a man of unimpeachable character and honour. After being sacked by Siegfried Hofbauer he started his own company. He has since sold this, and now lives comfortably on the proceeds. He remains totally loyal to Nathaniel and will give his life for him, if necessary. He is a very important figure in the town, popular with many important people, and is therefore a dangerous man to cross.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	33	27	3	3	8	51
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	34	45	56	52	54	50

Age: 70

Careers: Scribe, Merchant

Skills: AL - Magick, Haggle, Magical Sense, Numismatics, Read/Write, SL - Guilder, SL - Classical, Speak Bretonnian & Estalian, Super Numerate

The Attackers

The descriptions of the following are intended to be fleshed out by the GM, especially in terms of equipment and skills. As a fighting unit they should be better than the PCs, and certainly as intelligent.

'Mad Dog' Huxley

'Mad Dog' gained his nickname from diving headfirst through a second story window and fighting his way out of a garrison town to escape members of the watch. Although he lost his eye in this escapade he refuses to wear an eye patch, making him a rather frightening figure. A mass of scars, his skinhead haircut and ears full of rings only add to this image. He is of average height, but makes up for this with pure strength. He wears full chain mail (except on the head where he wears nothing).

He spent years as a mercenary in Tilea and beyond, but returned to the Empire after killing his superior officer. Upon arrival, he spent six years in jail for killing a man in a bar room brawl. Bodyguard work proved erratic, so he took up adventuring, joining a group which included Leorana. They fell in love after spending weeks lost in the Kislevite wastes after the rest of the group was killed. In time they joined up with Heinrich and Eluggej. Heinrich once saved Huxley's life, earning his trust. However, he remains wary of Eluggej. He is a very embittered man, willing to take extreme risks. The only person who can control him is Leorana.

Leorana Venbace



The scout of the group. She joined the army at the age of sixteen but left after two years of constant harassment. She took to the streets as a foot-

pad and eventually learnt the skills of a thief. However, she grew tired of paying the local Guild a percentage and joined a friend's party. The one which Huxley would later join.

After a number of years of adventuring, she became a skilled tracker and scout. The group met its end in Kislev - Leorana still sports a large scar across her neck where she was wounded.

Leorana tries to avoid combat situations if possible. Leorana stands a couple of inches taller than Huxley, although she is far leaner. Her long black hair covers her scar. Her reactions are superb, and she is constantly alert - Heinrich doesn't believe she actually sleeps. She also carries two doses of Manbane.

Heinrich

A cautious man by nature, and generally the group's schemer. He constantly spars with Eluggej. He is certainly the most level-headed of the group, and can sometimes even reason with Huxley, whom he nearly approaches in combat skills.

Heinrich started his career in the local watch, but soon succumbed to corruption. He advanced quickly, coming up with new schemes and plans all the time, each one taking more money from the population. In the end he left, realising he was pushing things too far. A week later, his accomplices were arrested for fraud.

His appearance is always immaculate, and he dislikes wearing armour.

When he must, he wears chain mail. His appearance and attitude is that of a Noble, an image he cultivates. He carries a crossbow and sword, and uses a net left-handed which doubles as a second weapon and shield.

Eluggej

This elf seems to be anything but a typical adventurer, and certainly appears to be the odd one out in this group. He is a ruthlessly callous and evil man, working to his own agenda. He is an academic, with an amazing knowledge of magic, languages and other such skills. He carries a crossbow and dagger, both permanently coated in a poison to which he is immune, for this according to his logical mind, is the quickest way to down an opponent.

His past is clouded in mystery and he refuses to speak of it. He has joined the group to earn finances and seek out old manuscripts. The others believe he is searching for one particular piece of information.

He stands at six foot three, thin and willowy. His skin is dark for an Elf. His eyes are cold and piercing and he speaks little. When he does, it is always in a patronising manner. He hates Elves and doesn't particularly like anyone else either. He will have no hesitation about abandoning the rest of his group.

Eluggej describes himself as a half-elf. This is true in one way. His mother was raped by a Dark-Elf pirate and he has inherited a mixture of both races traits. (He tells humans who ask that his father was an Arabian). He is wanted for the murder of two guards who tried to arrest in Loren.

Minor Players

Wilheim Langenburg

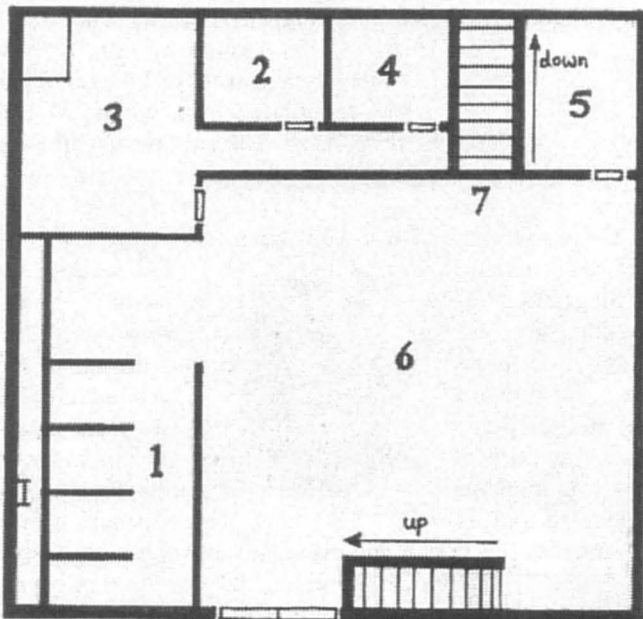
A pleasant, sixty year old man who prefers to sit in the Local Inn and let the hours slip by in the company of friends. He blends in perfectly with the town as he knows and is respected by everyone. He was a member of the Watch for forty years, ten of those as its captain.

Arnold the Sproat

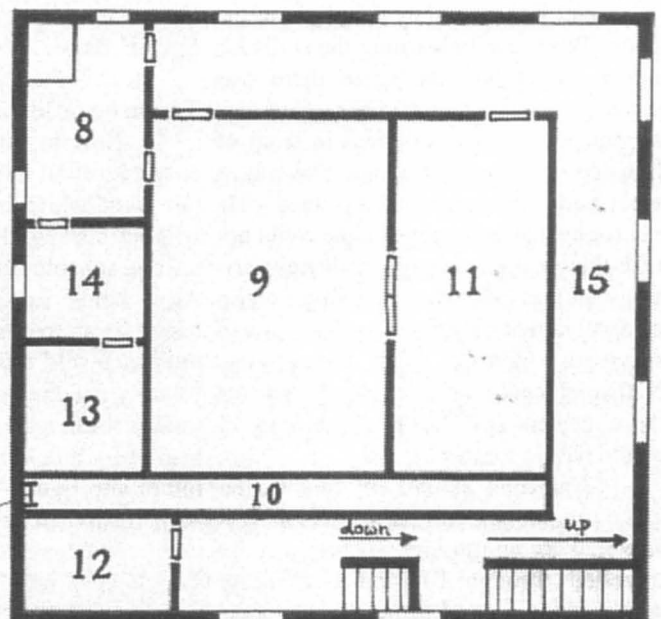
Although he may play no direct part in the proceedings it is worth mentioning Arnold. He has been hired by Siegfried Hofbauer to spy on Nathaniel and report on progress. Arnold is an outlaw, good at spying, but not at fighting.

In the small circle of pain within the skull,
 You still shall tramp and tread one endless round,
 Of thought, to justify your action to yourselves,
 Weaving a fiction which unravels as you weave,
 Pacing for ever in the hell of make-believe,
 Which never is belief: this is your fate on earth
 And we must think no further of you
 T.S. Eliot, Murder in the Cathedral

THE HOUSE OF TERENCE STAFFENBERG



Ground Floor



First Floor

KEY

Ground Floor

- 1. Stables, with four horses.
- 2. Bedroom. This is where the groom usually stays, but it is presently empty.
- 3. Kitchen. Unused. Contains a dumb waiter (with a squeeze, this is large enough for a man).
- 4. Bedroom. Empty; usually the coachman's room.
- 5. Storeroom. Horse feed, cleaning materials, etc.
- 6. Coachroom. Two large coaches are stored here, although there is space for four.
- 7. Bricked-up wall hiding stairs leading to the cellar. It is virtually impossible to spot except by measuring.

First Floor

- 8. Kitchen. Dumb waiter.
- 9. Dining Room. A huge stylish room with a large table, and chairs for fifty diners. There are numerous expensive pictures, candlesticks, etc.
- 10. Secret passage ways with a number of spy holes into Rooms 9 & 11. A ladder goes up to room 24 and down to the basement.
- 11. Lounge/Drawing Room. Another stylish room filled with chairs and cupboards.

- 12. Cloakroom.
- 13. Storeroom. Food Stores.
- 14. Servants' Room. Cheap chairs and a set of uniforms.
- 15. Hallway. Lined with expensive pictures and statues.

Second Floor

- 16. Bathroom. The hot water is brought up in the dumb waiter to fill the two tin baths.
- 17. Master Bedroom. A richly decorated comfortable room.
- 19. Servant's Bedroom. Empty.
- 20. Servant's Bedroom. Empty.
- 21. Guest Bedroom: Simple but comfortable.
- 22. Guest Bedroom: Simple but comfortable.
- 23. Guest Bedroom: Simple but comfortable.
- 24. Guest Bedroom: Nathaniel is staying here. The fireplace has a secret door in the bottom, leading down by ladder to the listening hole on the first floor

(10) and the basement.

Basement

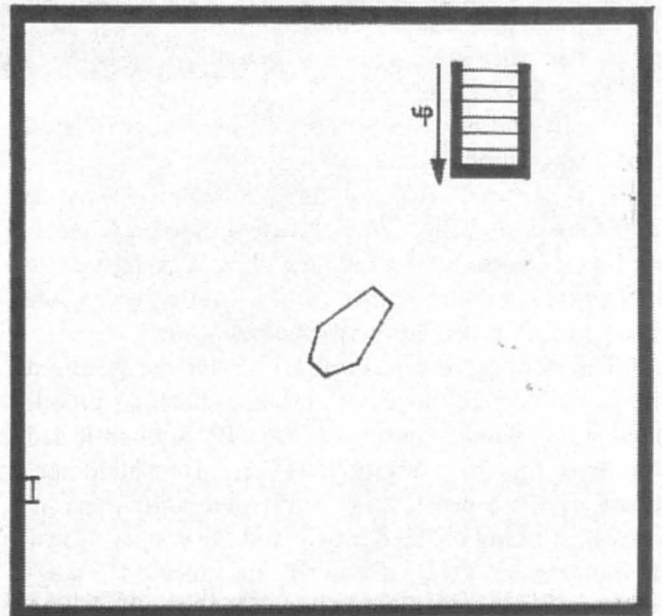
Nathaniel's coffin lies in the middle of the floor; apart from that, it is empty. The stairway is bricked up.

Attic

Filled with boxes of various items, most of which are worthless. The trapdoor leads up from Room 20.



Second Floor



Basement

Red Moon Rising

A Short Story by Martin Oliver

The bloody moon hung low over the black of the forest. Beneath, mist curled between the trunks. Maybe that was red too - but Albrecht was in no fit state to notice, as pain wracked his body and convulsions flung him to the floor.

Spasms forced his face into the dirt, and the smell of rich loam became almost overwhelming. His sight swam, colours blurred and changed alarmingly, and he felt his flesh crawling across the altering bones. The time of changes was upon him, and Albrecht knew he was too close to home. Fighting it, dragging himself forward inch by painful inch, every advance became a triumph of will. Fingers - they were still recognisably fingers, for all that they were stunted and clawed, he noticed with relief - dug into the soil, pulled at tree roots, struggling deeper into the mid-night darkness of the forest's heart.

Albrecht regained his senses in a state of agony he knew only too well. Every muscle, every tendon, was stretched and aching. His head pounded, his ears rang, and when he finally dared to open his eyes they were lanced by the harsh light of a noonday sun. It was all he could manage to haul himself upright against a tree trunk, panting and sweating even from that small exertion. But it was only when the beating in his head lessened a little and he had caught his breath that the real horror struck him. Like rough brown gloves, scaly and dry across both hands, was what could only be dried blood.

A long, tired, groan slipped from him. What to do? What could he do? Wait. Recover a little. Then... Then find a stream, or a pond, and clean himself up. In the meantime, nothing - apart from muttering a despairing prayer, half anger, and half unalloyed grief.

The pool gave no favours. Under the gold-red canopy of reflected leaves, the tan-brown of his blood-stained skin. Hands, chest, and face. By Sigmar, it had never been this bad before. Never. He shuddered, thinking of some beast, lying half eaten somewhere in the forest, stinking of fresh blood, and the weight of raw meat bloating his guts. It was all too much. He staggered away as his stomach rebelled. This time, he felt no regret about succumbing to convulsions and retching violently.

The next few days were spent deep in the forest, living wild, hunting when each morning's pain subsided, gathering enough pelts to justify his claim that this was just another hunting trip. Regaining his cotton shirt and breeches was an easy matter once he had his bearings again, and several evenings were spent repairing and cleaning them. He stayed there even after the pains subsided and sleep returned. He needed time to gather his thoughts away from the bustle of the village, and besides, this way he could concentrate on trapping until he had gathered enough pelts to live off for many weeks to come.

But when it came, his return brought him no joy. Glad as he was to hear the laughter and noise of the children, to recognise the familiar faces, to smell the woodsmoke and cooking meat, it was plain that something was amiss here. A strange frisson chilled him; intuition chided him for returning, and he wished he had taken a few more days in which to prepare himself. Warm greetings from fellow trappers were mixed with sorrow, and a news that chilled him. Reiner, one of the younger hunters, had not returned from his trip. He had been found by a search party, three days ago - or at least, what was left of him had been. His throat was torn out, his body gored and mauled. Wolf bites, they all agreed - but only the one set of tracks.

Albrecht felt, once again, spasms deep in his gut. His mouth swung open, puppet-like, but no voice would come. Ashen and silent, he left his friends and began clearing up.

It was clear the news had shaken him. The traders grumbled that he hadn't even haggled as they fleeced him; friends could not draw him into conversation. Grief, they all assumed.

Desolate and despairing he went about his own strange business. It did not take him long.

The ground was red. Maybe he was, too - this time, he didn't care. He gave himself up easily as convulsions wracked his body for the last time. When they found him, he was curled around a silver knife that stuck out from his punctured heart, and the blood filled his crescent out into a still-spreading circle.

But what mystified them most was the look of contentment on Albrecht's face.



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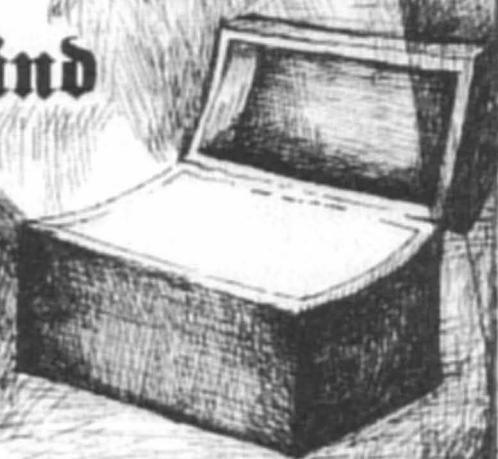
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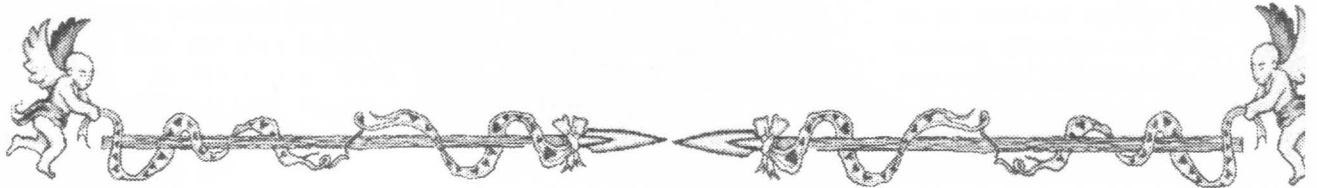
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