

FOR WARHAMMER RPG

WARPTSTONE

-REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION-

**The Warpstone
Interview:
Graeme Davis,
Co-designer of WFRP**



**Complete Scenario:
The Eternal Guard**



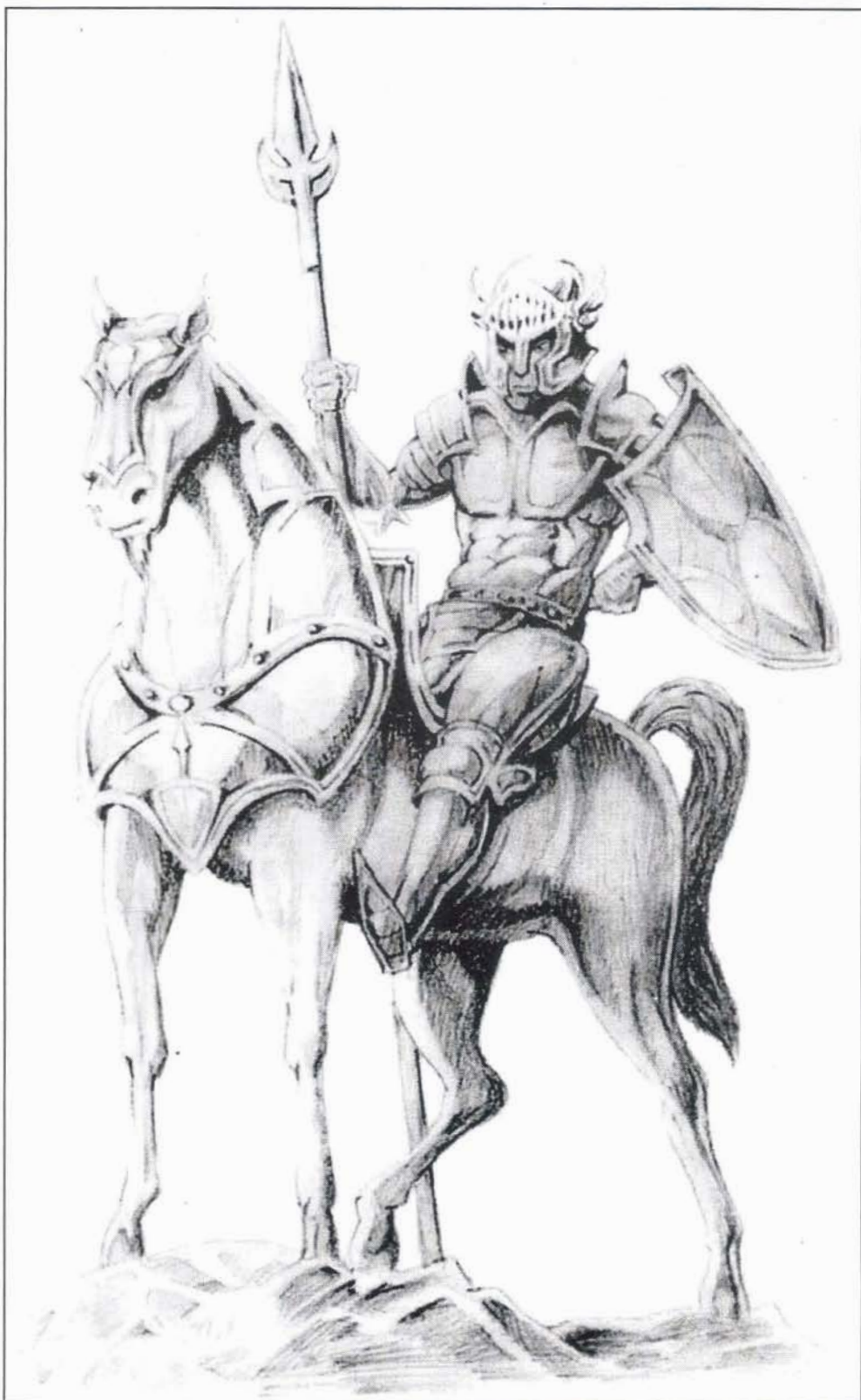
Who are 'The Greys'?



**Templars Part Three:
The Order of the Shield
Templars of Myrmidia**

ISSUE FIVE
SPRING 1997

*"We owe respect
to the living;
to the dead we
owe only truth."*



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Etc. "Are they finished?" inquired the Champion of Law, to which answered a chorus of voices singing the same ugly tune: "Today?" He rested his head on the table and began slowly to lift it then drop it, over and over again. They had almost reached the door when he shouted at them, "When, foul wretches, when will they be ready?" Shifting uneasily from one foot to the other and studying the floor as if it contained an answer, the bravest amongst them spoke up "Next week?" In one swift movement the Champion of Law was on his feet with his gleaming sword unsheathed and in his fist. "If it's not, I'll have your heads! Now be gone from mine eyes." Left alone once more in the small room in the slums of Altdorf, he caught the faint glimmer of a recollection. "*It will get him!*" he heard drifting on the wind. The voice was only too familiar and he almost said the scribe's name aloud, but what good would it have done? None at all, none at all.

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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	Rld	Reload time (missile weapons)
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	ss	Silver Shilling
FP	Fate Points	SSS	Scale Sheer Surface
HP	Hogshead Publishing	STS	Strike to Stun
GC	Gold Crown	SW	Specialist Weapons
GM	Gamesmaster	T	Toughness
Gu	Gilder (Marienburg Coinage)	W	Wounds
GW	Games Workshop	WC	Warhammer City
I	Initiative	WD	White Dwarf
Int	Intelligence	WFB	Warhammer Fantasy Battle
Ld	Leadership	WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
M	Movement	WP	Will Power
MP	Magic Points	WS	Weapon Skill

It has been said...that there are few situations in life that cannot be honourably settled, and without loss of time, either by suicide, a bag of gold, or by thrusting a despised antagonist over the edge of a precipice upon a dark night.”*

EDITORIAL

I'd like to start off the issue with an introduction of sorts. When John and I produced issue 1, it was just the two of us. John as the editor and writer, myself as the nearest thing he could get to an artist and sub-editor. We set ourselves a deadline and we stuck to it, the result of which was issue 1.

As soon as issue 1 was produced we knew that we could do better and made this our goal. This goal has not changed, and although the magazine has transformed into the A4 Glossy-covered monster it is now, we still think that we can do better.

So, how are we going to do that, I hear you ask? Well, at the moment it's by recruiting new talent to the staff. As you may have noticed from the front and inside cover, we now have ourselves a third artist whom we hope will be a regular contributor to the magazine. I am especially pleased with this, as producing artwork whilst being the editor makes life just that much harder. (Boo hoo, sob, sob!!!) We hope to be able to show you a lot more of Stephen Jones' artwork in the next issue, but for now you'll have to do with the cover pic and the scenario portraits.

For all of you who think that John Foody has departed the magazine for good, I am happy to report that his American jaunt is nothing more than a long holiday. He will be back with us for the next issue and we'll be taking turns editing the magazine from now on. That's assuming I haven't completely destroyed the magazine during his absence of course!

So, what does the future hold? Well, for WFRP, quite a bit actually. With the *GM's screen*, *Marienburg*, *Realms of Sorcery*, *Realms of Chaos*, *Doomstones 5*, *Apocrypha 2* and *The Skaven Sourcebook* all in the works, it looks like the game's finally going to get some of the support it deserves. As each are released we'll keep you informed of what's going on and where possible produce material for use with them.

To celebrate the launch of the *Marienburg* supplement we will be producing a themed *Marienburg* issue; however, it looks as if that won't be for some time. Good news though, to celebrate the re-printing of *Death on the Reik* we are happy to be able to give away the original cover chromalin for *Death on the Reik*, as kindly donated to us by Hogshead's James Wallis. For the full details of how to win this unique and extremely collectable prize, turn to the middle pages.

That's all I've got to say for now, except to quote the great bard himself:

*"A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep."*

[William Shakespeare, Macbeth]



Ernest Bramah (Kai Lung's Golden Hours, The Incredible Obtuseness...)

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SHADOW OF THE HORNED RAT

by Games Workshop and Mindscape

Reviewed by Adam Januszewski

Format: Playstation



"Shadow of the Horned Rat" is based on Games Workshop's Warhammer Fantasy Battle. The action takes place in the familiar realms of the Old World where you are the leader of a band of mercenaries (the sadly named "Grudgebringers").

The game is a campaign-style strategy simulation. The aim of the game is to build your army up from the

pitiful two units you inherit, to an unstoppable force capable of foiling the scheming Skaven that you are pitted against.

You must therefore accept different missions which involve taking your army to battle against various Warhammer badies. As commander in chief you must deploy your forces to the 3D battlefield and then control up to ten units in real time action.

The action is slick with glorious graphics and satisfying sound effects which range from the clashing of arms to the Skaven war cry of "Die, Die". Game-play consists of reacting to enemy movements and threats. Each scenario (of which there are up to 50) can be replayed to perfection. This is often important so that your army stays at maximum strength, as only limited reinforcements are available. The action is punctuated by animated interludes which keep you abreast of the fairly feeble plot. However, this does not detract from the enjoyable atmosphere and addictiveness of the game.

Overall, this is a quality game. However, it's longevity could have been improved by adding a further feature. The game could have been extended to a two player format where each player has a choice of the units and 3D landscapes on offer. This would provide the ultimate challenge of taking on an experienced human opponent in split screen or network action, elevating the game to a classic!

I heartily enjoyed this challenging game and would recommend it to all but the most ardent critics of WFB. If you hate to lose, like being in control and are addicted to computer games SOTHR is right down your street. The playstation format retails at around £40 and is a sound investment given the weeks of game-play that will ensue.

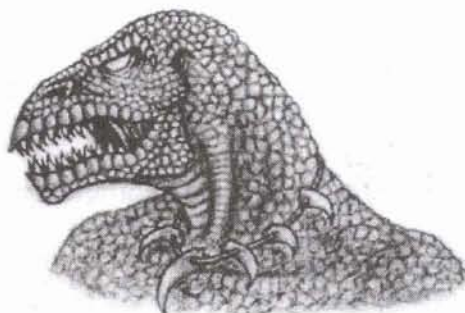
Warhammer Armies: Lizardman

by Nigel Stillman

This is the second army book released since the fifth edition of WFB. About half the book contains usable information for WFRP, the rest is for the WFB enthusiast. So what's changed?

Lizardmen have been moved from their tunnels in the Old World to the jungles of Lustria. There are now several types, including Slann, Sauruses and Skinks, but the Troglodyte and Lizardmen connection has gone and the Slann are now the servants of the "Old Ones". Big changes? How many have played in an adventure that used Lizardmen?

The Lizardmen book gives us a convincing, vibrant culture and provides us with another powerful group of movers and shakers in the Warhammer World. There are new exotic locations such as the Norse colony of



Skeggi, to which adventurers flock in droves after the famous gold of Lustria, or the island of the eternally youthful Amazons (who survive from WFRP - no sign of the Pymies). The snake-god Sotek is the biggest surprise as he is presented as the opponent of the Horned Rat.

If you are running campaigns that can lead the Players to Lustria then this is excellent stuff but the book also gives a solid motive for Lizardmen agents in the Old World - the recovery of stolen sacred relics (although this isn't new - reread the lead-in story in the WFRP rulebook). Recent White Dwarfs have also let it be known that Lizardmen can travel throughout the Warhammer World by using stone circles as gateways when the "stars are right". This can place Lizardmen right in the heart of your current campaign, right now, with very little effort.

In all, a good addition to the Warhammer World and the most useful WFB army book for WFRP to date. Worth a look.

It has been some time since I reviewed Arcane and this issue is a good place to start. The magazine was obviously not as popular as hoped; page size is down and the paper cheaper. However, more use is made of the available space.

This issue contains the usual news and reviews, as well as good articles on Celts, communication and breaking the law.

The regular columns remain generally interesting and the reviews fair (although some in recent issues have been awful). There is also a free Magic: The



Gathering book, which as a M:TG player, I found disappointing. A missed opportunity. The pull out and keep encounters remain disappointing and in my opinion a waste of valuable space.

I recommend this issue to all WFRP players for two reasons. One is the article on The Law in RPGs which includes the thought that prison life, in the middle ages, couldn't be much worse than most peasants' normal lives. The second article that may be of interest to WFRP players is on communication in medieval games. Both are very strong pieces that give plenty of ideas for WFRP GMs. Overall, I liked this issue. Arcane is worth supporting.



WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

NEWS

James Wallis has informed us that the first draft of the Skaven Sourcebook is on its way from Australia as we go to print. It doesn't as yet have a title and is simply being referred to as 'The Skaven Sourcebook'.

The second volume of the Doomstones series is currently in the works, but there is no further news yet on Doomstones 5. There is nothing new to report on Realms of Sorcery, Marienburg, Realms of Chaos or the GM's screen. However, we have seen the new computer rendered map which is to be included in the GM's screen and can say in all honesty that it is worth the wait.

WARHAMMER BY MAIL

GW and KJC Games, one of the largest British play by mail companies, have recently announced the setting up of a Warhammer play by mail game. It will be set in the Old World and based on Warhammer Quest. The expected release date is September.

KJC have been in the business for many years now and run a number of different games. I have played in two of these and haven't been overly impressed (However, this was a number of years ago). GW are well known for keeping a tight control on products bearing their name and so the quality should be good. How much this will appeal to WFRP players remains to be seen, but we shall keep you informed. (JF)

GAMES WORKSHOP

GW have recently released their latest sales figures. These cover the period upto the 1st December 1997 and show an increase in sales of 42% to £27.62 million. These figures would therefore include the release of WFB 5.

During this period they have also opened four new stores and are planning nine more this year. This will bring the total in the UK to 103. This is in addition to strong sales in Europe and the US, while they have also opened a store in Hong Kong. (JF)

CLASSIFIEDS

Do you have any old WFRP scenarios/books, old White Dwarfs, or other relevant WFRP paraphernalia that you would like to sell? Do you want to gain contact with other players/clubs that host WFRP? Did you have a really interesting character that has ceased to be, is pushing up daisies, bleedin' snuffed it?

If you answer yes to any of the above questions why don't you take advantage of our FREE Classifieds section. The sections are 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); or LSW Games. Tel: 504767-1432, Email: Tim@lswgames.com

SUBMISSIONS

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions (articles & text). Payment is a free copy of Warpstone. The deadline to be considered for Issue 6 is June 1st and Issue 7, September 1st.

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 - 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. (warpstone@edgemail.ha1.com)

Regular articles

- Cameos* Short scenario ideas and brief encounters. Up to 1500 words.
- The Usual Suspects* Interesting NPCs that can be slotted in at a moment's notice. 400-800 words, including stats.
- Scenarios* 4000-8000 words including full stats. Please keep to the overall feel of WFRP and try to avoid new creatures.
- Short Stories* 800-3000 words.
- Reviews* We will review WFRP material, but if you have other material that would be useful to WFRP players then please write a review.
- My Campaign* 1000(ish) words on your campaign, briefly mentioning its scope and house rules etc.

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 insanities in WFRP could do with some fleshing out. (Not just a list of new insanities)

*Well, that's all the fragments we've got for now.
So until next time, keep the home fires burning.*

TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT? THAT IS THE QUESTION.

by John Keane

How many times have you the PCs found yourselves in a situation where it seems that you have no options available to you except the good old trusty (or possibly rusty) sword? It doesn't sound familiar? Well, you're either very lucky, have an extremely short term memory, or you're the GM. If you happen to be the latter then show us some mercy, please!

It must be said that this situation doesn't necessarily come from sadistic GMing. It often crops up as part of a pre-written "official" publication. One of the most recent occurrences that springs to mind was as follows.

We, the PCs, were desperately trying to save the world (again!), and had unwisely (in retrospect) deemed to stop at an Inn before the onset of the rapidly approaching night. We thought it would be safer to be inside in the warmth and hospitality of this small town Inn, than outside in the beastmen infested woods. In reality it was about as safe as inviting a Troll to your Birthday party and then running out of cake. It should be noted at this juncture we had in our possession an artefact that didn't strictly belong to us. This artefact was imperative for the completion of the mission and had been given to us willingly and without duress by its rightful owner.

Upon entering the establishment and obtaining a room and some strawberry comestibles, we set ourselves down at a table near a worldly looking stranger. We soon discovered that he was in fact the Captain of the Watch for the town and an ex-adventurer. We chatted away with him quite happily in the sublime knowledge that we were not "wanted" men/women at this precise time in our careers. As the night continued the aforementioned artefact disastrously came into the possession of the Captain (through no fault of the PCs, and that's the honest truth) and at this point our dilemma reared its ugly head (as did the rest of the Watch). The Captain accused us of stealing the artefact and threatened to arrest us. What should we do? The fate of the world rested on our possession of that artefact.

I'm sure that this situation, in different guises, can be recognised by all. So, what *do* you do? Although it may not seem like it at the time you do have a number of choices.

It's good to talk

The truth is out there: And it will probably sound like it - way out there! The truth is good, the truth is honest, but let's face it, the truth sucks. Just imagine if a group of odd looking people told you they were mankind's only hope against the resurrection of some long forgotten evil. You'd probably lock them up in a padded cell and throw away the key. This is exactly what the Watch will do. First they'd lock you up for a night or two and then it'd be a one way ticket to the Nut House. The only possible good point is that you may have a chance to escape from jail or whilst in transit. However, this will delay your mission and may result in the loss of equipment.

The lying game: Make up some wild story like "We're mankind's only hope against the resurrection of some long forgotten evil...", but remember not to go too over the top. Making up a convincing story on the spot is an essential art for most role-players, but no matter how convincing it is they

probably won't believe you. Even if they do, chances are they'll still want to detain you until they can verify it. Either way you're screwed.

Call my bluff: This needs to be done without flinching and with plenty of bravado. Like *the lying game* the story is a complete fabrication and can easily be exposed. If you try the old "You're completely surrounded!" routine, be prepared to have them check out the story and arrest you anyway. A good one to try (or maybe not) is convincing them that they've confiscated a powerful chaos item which if handled incorrectly (which it currently is) infects the individual. This in itself can develop into an interesting situation where you get arrested and executed as chaos worshippers, or the rest of the Watch/townfolk turn against their Watch Captain, convinced by your argument. Unfortunately this may have repercussions later in your campaign when a Witch Hunter tracks you down and dispatches his usual brand of summary justice.

It's a fair cop

Mercy be thy name: Throw yourself onto the mercy of the Watch and beg for forgiveness. You never know, it might work! However, this is the most likely one to fail unless you have an extremely generous GM. If you do have such a GM you probably don't realise the full potential of WFRP because a GM like that wouldn't have put you in such a situation in the first place. If you try this one, be prepared to be incarcerated for quite some time (if you're lucky!).

The 5th Amendment: Say nothing. If you don't say anything then it can't be used against you at some later stage, such as your trial. This will give you some time to concoct a real whopper of a story or may give you the chance of a jail break. Who knows - maybe you'll even be thrown a future plot line whilst in the midst of the legal process. One thing is certain: your mission will suffer delays.

Run away, run away!

The Goodyear Blimp: The idea here is to distract everyone long enough for you to make a hasty retreat. This is most often used when any or all of the above ploys have failed. The distraction may be verbal such as "By the light of Shallya what's that big ugly monster outside the window which is fascinating to look at!", or physical, such as, "Whoops, I've dropped my lantern onto a keg of gunpowder!" The verbal approach usually gives a much shorter window of opportunity to escape unless you have confused them so much that they no longer understand the difference between standing still and running away at break-neck speed. The physical *Blimp* can give more time, but if you've burnt down the town's favourite/only tavern and then get caught, you may be invited to a lynching (and no that's not the meal between breakfast and dinner).

Sacrifice a Pawn: Or preferably a raving mad Troll Slayer. If you decide on this rather extreme solution you'll need to take a few things into consideration. Is the candidate willing? If he/she is a Dwarven Troll Slayer, suffering from Heroic Idiocy or some such, then the answer is probably 'Yes'. Will the

candidate survive long enough to cover your escape? With a Dwarf you've probably got no problems, but maybe you should think twice if it's a Halfling. Do they have anything on them that you want? The most important thing to consider (other than 'Do they have any magic items or gold?') is that if they're caught they might talk. There's not much point escaping if your ex-companion tells them where to find you!

Once more into the breach dear friends

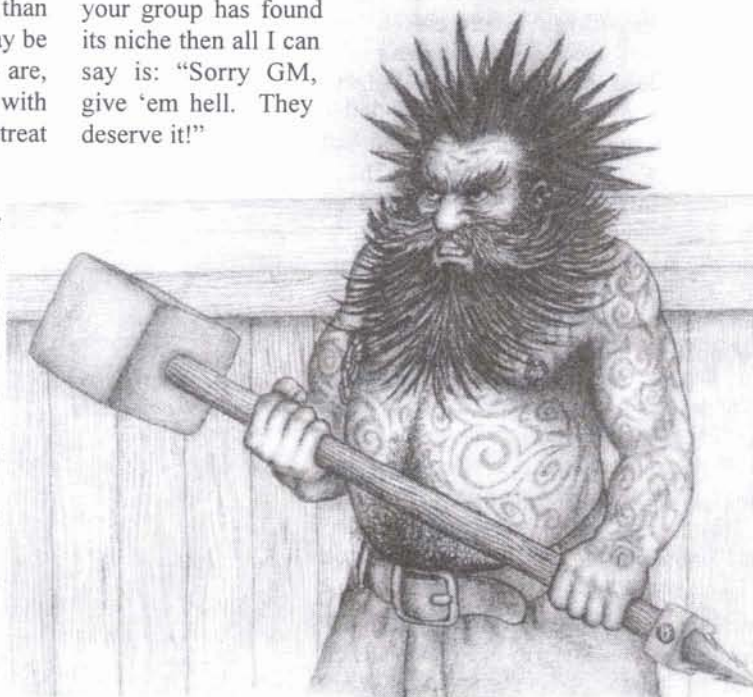
Passive Combat: Just because you're forced into a position where you have to fight, it doesn't mean that you have to kill anyone. To disobey the law is one thing but to kill it is quite another. If you fight using stunning and knock-out tactics and are arrested it will be significantly easier for you than if anyone was killed. This tactic will be harder to achieve than the straight *Hack'n'Slay* option below as not everyone may be acquainted with the Strike to Stun skill, and even if they are, it's not that easy to knock out an opponent (especially one with head armour). Another version of this is a defensive retreat where you try and parry your way to freedom.

Hack'n'Slay: This has got to be the most widely used of all the options. Whether you've tried any of the passive options or not makes no difference - once you've started, someone's likely to die. If captured, the full weight of the law will be brought to bear on you. If there was minimal loss of life the sentence may be a lifetime's incarceration, but if the death count was high, execution is probably on the cards. Evading capture or jail break will only prolong the inevitable as your descriptions are circulated throughout the Empire and the vulture-like Bounty Hunters hunt you down like the dogs you probably are.

The final option seeks to redress this problem, and if carried out carefully will leave no threat of retribution.

Genocide: This is the ultimate form of hypocrisy, where

the perpetrators will probably cite the immortal words, "*The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few!*", just before they begin carving the inhabitants of the pub/inn/town into little bite sized bits. The idea behind this tactic is if you're going to save the world, a few people have to die along the way (natural selection or something!). Another consideration is that in case the world needs saving again some day, you'd better destroy any possible evidence/witnesses so that you're sill around to save it! This tactic is often chosen automatically after developing Post Dramatic Stress Disorder. The warning signs are clear: An unnatural affinity with your die, inability to keep a readable Character Sheet and finally a total lack of comprehensible speech, other than "Kill!", "Maim!", or "How about a nice orc complex!" If this is the category where your group has found its niche then all I can say is: "Sorry GM, give 'em hell. They deserve it!"



RUMOURS

"Aye, surs, but you'n a sure to'o heard 'bout ol' Johan. You ain't? Roit, well'n, listen roit good. Gurt big rats, he seyz, bigger'n a bairn, a-scuttlin' about in the straw of 'is ole barn. Oi, well, I reckons all he's a-seein' is too much home-brew coider, like, an' tha's why we ain't seen him for the las' few days. Afeard to show 'is 'ead after makin' such a fool o'imself. Gurt big rats indeed. I dunno..."

"Beastmen. Don't try and tell me they ain't dangerous. Travel up to Ostenwald and talk to some of the folk there. They'll tell you what dangerous is. The stories they can tell you, not just things they've seen but tales from the father and his father. The roadwardens know it's bad too. Why do you think they've got double the men there?"

"You looking for work in town? Well, mark my word - you want to watch your step. Lots of people been looking for work here recently, and a good few of them found face down in puddles, if you get my drift. Beats me why - if you lot were worth robbing, you wouldn't be here looking for a job, now, would you?"

"I heard this great story. True as well. I'll tell you like I was told in Marienburg. This councillor, or someone important anyway, was doing the naughty with his maid when his wife walks in. Well, she spends all day giving out food at the temple of Shallya and she goes "I feel sorrier for you than I do for the beggars". Ah, ha, ha, ha. Oh! I thought it was funny."

"Listen, and I'm only saying this to you as you look trustworthy and because you'll be on your way in the morning. Two moons ago this was, just after the festival, when I was out in Hollow Tree Wood. No, I was not poaching! Just listen. I saw the Lord and Lady come riding by. Nothing funny there you're going to say ain't ye, but you're wrong. She was with child and in a big way. My better half looked like that the week before she dropped. Anyway, I sees her again last Markttag, in her carriage, flat as the bar she was and no sign of a sprog."

"Reports say that Armin Semmelrouge, one of the members of the Wizards Guild Council in Altdorf, is near death's door. The favourite candidate to replace him is Hieronymus Thiele, but no doubt Joachim Wolk will be campaigning for himself already."

"Understand this, I'm no looney, no matter wot no-one sez. Big bright light it was, comin' from the Grey Mountains. Could've been seen for miles I'd say, and I'd bet my front teeth it had somethin' to do with those pointed eared gits livin' in Loren forest. Mark my word, evil, that's wot they are, evil."

Holy Knights, Pagan Days

Knights Templars in the Old World

Part III: The Templars of Myrmidia

by Peter Huntington

"The Shield is the greatest weapon your troops can have. It protects against missiles. When used by novices, it gives them something to place between themselves and the enemy. I have seen troops break in front of a charge, when they would have stood had they shields. Finally, in the hands of a warrior, it gives time. Time to plan a strategy, time to wait, time for you to strike back."

Captain Artus Oldenheim

Of all the religious fighting orders of the old world, the Templars of Myrmidia are probably the most tolerant and reasonable. They were born from a situation where co-operation and trust were essential to the survival of the many peoples and religions involved in one of the most dangerous periods of the Empire's history - the crusades against Araby in and around Estalia and the Tilean city states. These Templars differ from the other orders in that they were raised not only as a fighting force to stand against a specific enemy, but also to provide an ideal around which to rally followers of several religious and political factions. As such, they have come to be seen as independent, and above the political interests of any one ruler.

The Invasion of the Southern Lands

Prior to the founding of the Templars of Myrmidia, the Southern lands were divided between many rulers, with no-one able to unite them. This fact was not wasted on the rulers of Araby, and for many years they hungrily eyed the lands of Estalia and the Tilean city states from across the waters.

The clerics of Myrmidia were a very astute group. They were men and women of a very high calibre, called to the worship of Myrmidia by a love of the science of battle and war. Many of them joined the faith after serving as soldiers or mercenaries for many years, and there were many high ranking ex-officers from across the Old World in its clergy. They were not, however, just fighters - they were also superb diplomats. For many years (through a combination of spying, magical divination and superior intelligence activities) they had known that some form of offensive from Araby was inevitable, and had also concluded that the South was not prepared. Despite their best efforts to promote unity and peace, they swiftly realised that lasting alliances were impossible between the shifting factions that held power. A common enemy was needed to unite them. The clerics knew what this meant: they would have to wait for the Arabians to attack before the alliances could be made. With this grim thought in mind, the clerics set about



readying themselves. They, at least, would be prepared.

The first attacks were merely small scale lightning fast raids all along the coast, paying special attention to the major ports of Luccini and Remas in the Tilean city states, and to Magritta and Bilbali in Estalia. Sartosa, the pirate city, was blockaded. As the respective rulers of the ports always managed to repel the attacks on their own, they still refused to listen to pleas for an alliance. The clerics tried pointing out that the damage to these ports and the blockade of Sartosa made it impossible to mobilise a fleet, making it safe for large sea-going transports. The rulers simply couldn't believe it - they weren't capable of such co-operation, so neither were the Arabs.

However, the message of the Clerics did not fall entirely on deaf ears. Many local commanders began to see the logic in what they were saying, and turned to the clerics for advice. All the clerics would say to them was, "When the goddess calls, answer her and come. She will lead and protect you."

On the eighth day of Jahrdrung, just before the spring Equinox, the Arabians launched their full scale invasion. They attacked all along the coast, concentrating on Luccini, Remas, and Bilbali. These cities were besieged and taken in days, their defenders were scattered into the surrounding country side and their rulers forced to flee. But nowhere did the hammer fall harder than at Magritta, spiritual home and site of the High Temple of

Myrmidia. It was only through the inspired leadership of the clerics of Myrmidia and the courageous self-sacrifices of the people of Magritta that the city refused to fall for those first bloody weeks of the Arabian invasion. The people of Magritta prepared themselves for a long siege with no obvious hope of deliverance - all the other major cities had fallen, and help from the Empire was months away at best.

The Call to Arms

It was at this point that clerics of Myrmidia began moving amongst the fleeing troops, spreading the word that only unity under the banner of Myrmidia could save them from total and irreversible defeat. Only the banner of Myrmidia supported the cause, rather than one leader. Only the banner of Myrmidia could be relied upon to listen with impartiality to the plans and grievances of all. Almost immediately, the commanders of these forces reformed their troops in answer to the rallying call.

On the Autumn equinox of 1455ic, a council of war brought all the remaining rulers of the region together. It was presided over by the Clerics of Myrmidia. At the same time, word went out to clerics in the Empire that the high temple itself was about to fall, bringing the faithful flooding South in order to prevent the disaster. As they travelled, they spread the word to all that would listen (especially the Sigmarites, with whom they were on good terms), that if the South fell to the invaders, Brettonia and the Empire would be left open to attack. It is fair to say that the clerics did their best to cause panic and raise awareness of the invasion, and soon troubled voices were raised at the very highest levels. The news reached the ears of the Emperor himself, who played down the worries of the nobles in attendance, and asked the Templars of Sigmar what could be done. In the autumn of 1455ic, the Emperor called for a holy war against the heathen Arabs. He called for a Crusade.

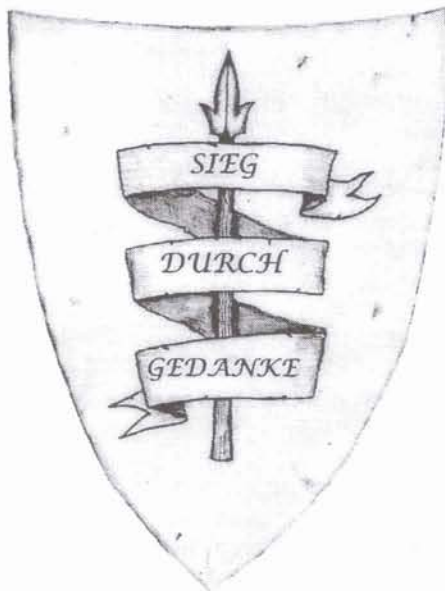
However, the army could not be organised immediately. It would not be until the spring at the very earliest that a force could be sent. This was particularly unfortunate - in the south the winters were mild, and the fighting would not wait until Spring. Until then, the South, rallying under Myrmidia, would have to stand alone.

The Inception

Meanwhile, in the South, the Clerics held their council of war. Progress was slow - the dejected commanders of the various forces of the south would only

co-operate in a very limited way with each other, and none would place their troops under the command of any traditional rival. All this time, the Arabs secured their positions in the towns they had taken and intensified the siege around Magritta. The loose coalition of Southern forces attempted to retake some of their lost towns, but due to their poor command structure their attempts were doomed to defeat.

By the autumn of 1455ic, the Southerners had withdrawn to defensive positions, unable to function as a cohesive fighting force. It was with the onset of Autumn that clerics began to return from the other parts of the empire, and with them, many volunteers. These warriors and errant Knights had come in answer to their appeals for help.



At first, the clerics had intended to use these fresh warriors to prop up the struggling forces of the South. However, when these new men saw the morale and leadership of the armies they refused to join them. The clerics, too, had grown tired of all the in-fighting and decided to take matters into their own hands. They decided to fashion these men into a fighting force in their own right, under their direct command, which could act as an example of what could be achieved with co-operation and tolerance. They did not have much time - Magritta was close to falling, and the clerics wanted to avoid that if at all possible. Myrmidia's clerics decided that this battle would be a test for the feasibility of their force. They would strive to raise the siege, or, at the very least, harry the attackers so that supplies could be brought through.

The clerics now had to decide how to mould this rag-tag collection of troops from across the Old World into a well-rounded and balanced fighting unit. They

needed a way of instilling pride and passion into a force which had never fought together before. They took the Templar orders of Sigmar and Ulric as a model, trying to copy the way these orders used religious beliefs to inspire their men to amazing acts of courage and valour. The question which remained was whether Myrmidia would inspire as much fervour in the heat of battle as Sigmar or Ulric did.

Over the winter months, the clerics used their vast experience as soldiers and their knowledge of tactics to create a force that could operate with efficiency and strength. They overcame the problems caused by diversity of language by training all of them in battle tongue, but no matter how hard they strived, the clerics always felt that there was a certain something missing.

Eventually, the time came when the training had to stop and action had to be taken. The situation had grown desperate for the defenders of Magritta, and it looked as if the city must fall. The siege had to be lifted or the Arabs sufficiently damaged so that the city could be given room to breathe. The problem was worsened by the hold of forces of Araby on the sea. So far, only they had been able to land reinforcements. It was at this point that the clerics had two pieces of good luck. Firstly, the region suffered the worst storms it had ever known, which lasted for days and sank several Arabic ships which had been bringing reinforcements. Then, as the storms subsided, the ships of Sartosa broke through their blockade and wrought carnage on the ships that had survived the storm. Legend adds that the high priest of Myrmidia received a message from the temple of Manann telling them that now was the time to move, but the clerics knew full well that their time was ripe. The Arabs could not be reinforced now until the early spring, and even then would have to run the gauntlet of the pirate fleet of Sartosa.

Visions and Portents

The attack on the forces at Magritta was planned for the 1st of Vorhexen. It was to open with an attack by a mixed force of foot soldiers, cavalry and archers, comprised of troops drawn from the local forces. These would rush the Arab lines and withdraw quickly to minimise casualties. This would be repeated as often as necessary in order to lure the Arabs into pursuing. These forces would then be ambushed where the terrain favoured the Southerners. Meanwhile, the new foreign legion of troops would attack the gap left in the Arab lines, aiming to strike behind the front line and cause mayhem before

retreating. The plan in itself was a sound one, as you would expect from clerics of Myrmydia. Its aims were also sensible - to weaken the Arab forces around Magritta, preventing them from taking the city and buying time for the forces of the Empire to arrive with his crusaders. The raid would also serve to raise the morale of the defenders, who had been besieged now for almost 10 months. If the attack went really well, it might also be possible to get supplies to them. The clerics did not believe they were about to save the city by themselves; just buy some time.

In the days leading up to the attack, many of the Knights of Myrmydia (as they were now known) suffered nightmares and bad dreams. Several soldiers were also found staring trance-like into space during the day. Those who experienced the dream all told the same story. They dreamed of charging the enemy, only to see the ground open up to reveal the bodies of their comrades in arms crashing down in crumpled heaps. Their bodies were consumed in fire, at which point giant black serpents would rise in front of them, bellowing thunderously and spitting fire and brimstone down on their armour and shields.

The clerics, to whom they turned in panic for guidance, had no idea what these portents meant. In desperation they prayed for guidance, but none was forthcoming. Their only conclusion was that the forthcoming battle would be a disaster, and as the date for the attack approached, they considered calling it all off.

On the eve of the battle, a strange thing happened. All the soldiers, to a man, fell asleep. It was as if a spell had been cast on them. Nothing could raise them, and the clerics began to panic, fearing that the sorcerers of Araby had bewitched them. However, as dawn broke, the men rose, feeling alert and totally refreshed. As they began to talk among themselves, it became obvious that they had all experienced the same dream. Although it had started exactly as the earlier one had done, this time, when the serpents began to spit and their armour had failed them, a beautiful woman carrying a spear and a shield appeared and told them to follow her. Promising that no harm would come to them, she led each warrior past the spitting monsters and on to a glorious victory.

Faith

In the early morning mist, the forces loyal to the leaders of the South began their attacks on the Arab lines. They attacked by unleashing volleys of arrows into the units dug in around Magritta, trying to lure them out. On the sixth attempt, just before noon, a column of cavalry burst

forth to pursue the attackers. The cleric leading the knights of Myrmydia spotted the gap this left in the Arab defences. He mounted his horse, and ordered the 480 men hidden in wood above the battlefield to do the same. Slowly, he led them out at walking pace, and headed them towards the enemy in perfect cavalry formation.

This was the moment Emir Wasir the cruel had been waiting for. He had been in charge of the siege of Magritta



since the beginning of the invasion and was a very experienced general. The cleric's tactics had been obvious to him from the first faked charge. Although it had taken him all morning to prepare his "weak spot", all was now ready. He turned to a short man standing next to him, covered in sweat and black powder, and told him to wait until he had given the command. He raised his telescope, scouring the ground between himself and the slowly approaching cavalry. As they reached one third of the distance, the cavalry began to canter. As they reached the half way mark, he gave his command.

The Arab line exploded. At first the Knights of Myrmydia were unsure what was happening and continued their advance. Suddenly, behind them, the ground shook and great fountains of burning earth were thrown up around the rear line of men as more explosions boomed out from the Arab line. The ground around them heaved violently like a stormy sea. Men were plucked from their saddles and smashed to the ground, some never to rise again. The order was given

to charge, but the siege guns had found their range and rang out in a series of deafening volleys that brought down the attackers. Before they had even covered two thirds of the distance the Knights of Myrmydia were forced to retreat to the cover of the forest.

Wasir the cruel watched the retreating troops. This was the first opportunity he had had to use the newly developed siege cannon. It was meant for castles and cities, but he had always wondered what it would be like on formations of soldiers. Now he knew - and so did the Southerners. Intelligence sources had indicated that gunpowder weapons were still virtually unknown in the Empire and he had been sure that they would give him a considerable advantage. It would not have surprised him if the city surrendered after that display. He looked at one of the guns, fashioned in the style of a black serpent with its mouth open, and thought that as long as he had enough gun powder and trained gunners, he would have few problems dealing with this small skirmish. Assured of victory, he set about making plans for the final assault on the city.

In the woods overlooking the city the surviving knights quickly took stock. A third of their number, including the cleric who had led them, lay dead or dying on the ground between them and the enemy. It had been as the dreams and visions had foretold - the fire, the ground moving, the spitting serpents - all true. But even as this became clear, some began to argue that if one dream had come true, so would the other. If they put their faith in the goddess, she would protect them, guard them, and guide them.

Quickly and professionally they formed a new plan. They would charge the whole way across the divide in loose formation, making it harder for the serpents to target large numbers of them. At the last minute, they would close formation, driving a deadly wedge through the ranks of the defenders in order to strike at the serpents themselves. Myrmydia would protect them!

They had, at last, discovered the thing that had been missing, the thing that had distinguished them from the fighting orders of Sigmar and Ulric. They had discovered faith. What they were about to do they did for Myrmydia, and for Myrmydia alone.

Not all the remaining Knights of Myrmydia charged out of that wood. Some just did not have enough faith. However, of the 320 or so who had survived the initial slaughter, over 280 made the second charge. They moved faster than the Arab gunners could cope with, closing their for-

mation at the last minute, smashing through the defenders to strike at the gunners. Wasir the Cruel looked on in horror as his defences crumbled. His gunners were slaughtered to a man, and he knew there would be no replacements until a new fleet arrived - whenever that might be.

Although the knights took heavy losses and were eventually forced to retreat, they weakened the Arabs so greatly that Wasir's plans for a crushing assault were made impossible. Perhaps more importantly, though, the Templars of Myrmidia had forged themselves in the heat of battle into a fighting force with faith as its motivation, its weapon, and above all its shield. Myrmidia now had Templars of her own.

The Order of the Shield

As a unit the knights had been reduced in number to just over one hundred men, the rest having sold their lives dearly to give to the people of the south their first taste of success. Instead of glorifying themselves the survivors took themselves away to a Temple of Myrmidia to give thanks for their lives and pray for the souls of their fallen comrades. The story of their mad charge into the teeth of death spread through the rest of the dejected army like a fire. The Templar charge had shown what could be done when the good sense of the clerics was used and petty differences put aside.

More and more people flocked to the clerics and faith of Myrmidia believing that they alone offered the best hope of victory. Realising that their peoples were losing faith in their ability to deliver them from the Arab invaders the local rulers begrudgingly aligned themselves with the clerics of Myrmidia. At last a true alliance had been won - through the example and sacrifice of the Templars.

Meanwhile, as the Arabs held their positions awaiting the spring and the arrival of their supply fleet, the Templars hid from the world. Taking over a Myrmidian Temple, they allowed nobody other than the most senior clerics to see them. No-one apart from those involved can ever know what transpired between the clerics and the Templars, but the Templars did not venture forth from the temple for over two months. When eventually they did it was as a knightly order in their own right - the Order of the Shield. The name was to serve as a reminder of how, in the charge into the guns, they had used their faith as a shield. During their two month absence from the fighting, many of the survivors took holy orders and became initiates of the goddess - but all had sworn allegiance to Myrmidia and renounced any other gods

as their patron.

Many fighters flocked to the new order, wishing to join their ranks, but almost all were turned away as they did not fit the criteria laid down by the knights. Nobody, other than the knights, seemed to know what these criteria were. Of the few that were accepted into the ranks some were women and some were clerics. All were treated as equals within the ranks.

With the arrival of spring there also came the resumption of hostilities with the Arabs. The organisation of the forces of the South was much improved to that of the previous year, with the Clerics of Myrmidia providing a consistent chain of command. Using superior tactics they prevented the Arabs from breaking away from the coast and moving further inland. The Templars were relatively few in number and were used sparingly as their number never exceeded more than about 250 men and women. However, when they were used, it was with great effect. Often providing the hammer blow in some cleverly laid plan, the Arabs came to dread the sound of their horns that signalled a charge. Frequently an individual Templar or small detachment would be used to lead or strengthen a unit of poorer quality troops, which often meant the difference between success or failure on the battle field.

As the war progressed the Templars gained a reputation for ruthlessness and savagery when dealing with the enemy and the Arabs came to loathe them - putting a bounty on their heads. Amongst their own side they gained a reputation for professionalism which was unparalleled in the rest of the army. While they were respected by all they were never feared by their troops in the same way as the Templar forces in the North. Towards the end of the war as the crusade swept down from the Empire the Templars (whose forces were depleted by their apparent wish not to take recruits) were reduced more and more to commanding rather than fighting. They eventually reformed as a fighting unit for the battle of Magritta in 1457, the final large battle of the war. The city looked as if it would fall to the Arabs as the city's defenders fought bloody hand to hand battles in the streets against their numerically superior enemy. Then, on the field in front of the city where it all began for them, the appearance of the entire force of the Order of the Shield routed the Arabian forces and saved the city from capitulation. This defeat marked the beginning of the end for the Arabs and by the following year they had retreated back across the sea to

Araby. Estalia and the Tilean city states were once again free. The clerics and Templars of Myrmidia had, through example and self sacrifice, saved the South, and potentially the Empire.

*Strength through Tactics,
Victory through Thought.*

Psalm 16:5 The Words of Myrmidia

The Mysteries of Myrmidia

The Templars of Myrmidia are a far more "religious" and mystical order than their counterparts in the north. Their members are more like warrior priests than religious knights. They guard their secrets and traditions jealously and nobody outside the order or the priesthood is allowed to know them. Following their charge into the guns they retreated into seclusion where legend has it that Myrmidia herself came to them through dreams and visions, giving them a blueprint for the order they were to become. At first the clerics of Myrmidia did not want to lose control of their knights but they soon became convinced of the validity of the dreams and visions and relinquished control of the order making it autonomous and giving it their blessing.

In hindsight this was probably the best move they could ever have made. It enabled many of the knights to take holy orders and become clerics as well as knights. It ensured that there was no split in the religion in the same way as there had been when the Templars of Sigmar had first been founded. By letting the Templars dictate their own affairs they did in fact bind the two orders tightly together in one faith and even to this day that alliance has never been threatened and the warrior priests forced to choose between their order and their religion.

The Templars of Myrmidia live their lives very differently to their Templar brothers in the north. Whereas the templars in the north are for the most part feared and avoided, the Templars of Myrmidia are respected by the population of the south. While they have a reputation for savagery in battle that is comparable to any other order they also have a reputation for calmness, serenity and above all fairness when dealing with people who are weaker than they. Very often when an appeal is made to the clerics of Myrmidia to intercede in a dispute it will be the Templars who make sure that the judgement is fair.

They are not kept together as a standing army in the same way as the orders in the north. You will find the



promising young men and women, who do not necessarily have to come from a warrior background. They may search for a very long time before finding a suitable individual. They then befriend them, secretly test and assess them without them even knowing, and only after they are convinced of their qualities do they invite them to travel with them to their preceptory to be tested further. There they are tested on their faith and their intelligence. If selected they are invited to learn the mysteries of Myrmidia. These are not just martial skills but mystical ones as well. They are taught meditation so as to be able to stay calm and keep a clear head in battle, they are taught how to channel their will to resist spells and psychological attacks, and battle tactics and history of warfare so they can be prepared for any eventuality on the field. They are also taught individual specialist skills to a high level such as animal care, first aid and even surgery. Even though they are a small force they are well rounded and prepared for almost anything. The serving members who are also clerics have a full range of battle magic spells. All of the Templars observe the same strictures as the clerics.

The Templars, in conjunction with the clerics of Myrmidia, also make it their business to find out what is going on in the rest of the Empire with regards to politics. To this end they have no qualms about spying. Their main target for activities of this kind remains Araby, sometimes resorting to bribery and blackmail to further these ambitions in addition to ordinary spying. They also make it their business to root out spies that may have infiltrated the courts and households of the rulers in the South.

As a religion they have no enemies as such, though they do share a professional rivalry with the followers of Ulric who they consider to be barbarians with little understanding of the art of war. While the two orders are not hostile to one another each considers themselves to be the superior. So far this has not been tested on the field. Apart from this the Order is on good terms with all the other main stream religions and does not go out of its way to persecute anything other than enemies of the Empire, especially Araby, and Chaos.

As a rule, if players come across a Templar the chances are they will not recognise them for what they are, especially if they are travelling on the road in disguise. Unlike Templars from other orders they will often behave quite reasonably to the players. If recognised, however, the players should treat them with the respect they deserve. They are religious fanatics, after all.

newer members performing guard duties at all the major temples in the cities and there is always a detachment kept at the ready at their own preceptory, which to all intents and purposes is their own castle. It is located just outside Magritta and is called the Temple of the Shield. Apart from that, many wander the empire openly, joining armies as advisors, in which capacity they are always welcome. They may also travel secretly as priests trying to convert the

simple soldiers who make up the armies. They are also always looking for recruits.

Their recruitment policy is different to the other orders in that they go looking for members and do not expect the recruits to come to them. Very few people are able to show the strength of faith and the discipline needed to learn the practices of war to the high standards required by the Templars. These Templars who travel secretly search for

TEMPLARS OF MYRMIDIA

Advance Scheme

The Order of the Shield

The Order of the shield is perhaps the most individualistic of the Templar orders. Its members are often to be found in the role of advisors to various nobles. They also spend time in the Empire's wilder borders, teaching settlements how to defend themselves better. They are more likely to be encountered in Tilea or Estalia. Templars of Myrmydia are also sometimes to be found defending Temples of Shallya.

Entry to the Order

To become a member of the order, the character must complete the initiate career (and therefore a warrior career). During their training they are taught the Art of Warfare. At the end of this period they are expected to have learnt the basics and to progress are required to make a successful **Int** test in addition to paying the standard 100EPs. Failure means the EPs are lost. This test must be made to advance each level. The clerical level costs are also to be used.

Advances

The Templars are closely bound to the clerics of the order. The four Templar advances for this are equal in responsibility and position to the Clerical levels. As they progress they are expected to learn all aspects of warfare. For this reason progress is slow.

Mentor

On reaching the first rank, new entrants are assigned to a senior Templar. They travel together until the trainee reaches the rank of the Shield Bearer.

Appearance & Armour

In appearance a Templar of Myrmydia is very different to the Templars from other religions. Unless preparing for battle they do not dress in an obviously military way. When in barracks (usually this just means staying in a temple) they will dress as clerics in robes. When travelling on the road, whether as a group or as an individual they will wear a minimum of armour, carrying the rest on pack horses. They do not display their membership of their order as openly as their comrades in the North, preferring not to draw attention to themselves if it is unnecessary. They will, however, wear a ring or medallion declaring their allegiance to Myrmydia and usually wear white cloaks with red edging. When they do put on their full armour it is as impressive as any Templar from any order. The armour is always immaculate and in the best condition and they all have a shield showing the simple device of their order - a shield and a spear. On ceremonial duty they carry a spear and shield, but otherwise the choice of weapon is left up to the individual.

Squires

Templars of Myrmydia each have a squire (should they wish). These squires usually approach the Temple by themselves, when their previous Knight has died. The Templars sometimes look amongst the towns and villages for those that have the potential to be good squires. In Tilea it is considered a great honour to be chosen for this calling.

The Gathering

When the temple finds it necessary to call the Templars together, runners are sent to track them down. When the Templar's location is not known, magical summons are used. This is a rare event and Templars are expected to obey straight away.

Knights of the Blazing Suns

The Order of the Shield maintains a very close relationship with this order.
[See Warhammer Armies *The Empire* book]

War Council

All decisions regarding the Temple are made by the War Council, the nine most experienced warriors. They can be Templars, Clerics or Knights of the Blazing Sun; There are no preferences.

"Your troops are your greatest asset. Rule them through fear and they will die for you, but gain their loyalty and they will fight and die for you."

War Marshall Juan Medina

The Three Books of the Temple

The Temple of Myrmydia places three books above all others:

The Words of Myrmydia - Scripted by Henri de Havialland from a series of visions. Contains advice for warriors in the field. Also contains the two hundred psalms of Myrmydia. Many warriors consider it a great gift to be presented with a small book containing these.

Tactics and Strategy - A very old book, translated from an Arabic source. Contains advice on strategy and commanding troops. Strong rumours suggest lost chapters. The book details ideas for weaponry, not yet invented.

Sieges, Siege weapons and using dead cattle - A book by Otto von Ottoheim III which details the constructing of various siege weapons, as well as defences. This has been rewritten a number of times as progress in this field is made.

The Singouri Conspiracy

Pablo Singouri, was a member of the War Council who rose to fame in the siege of Carrosack. It was during the fierce fighting that he grew to hate the Arabs. He believed that unchecked they would eventually rule the civilised world. He began to campaign for a crusade to wipe them out once and for all. However, he would need to convince the nobility to supply troops and money. Many believe he was on the edge of a breakthrough, when he was murdered by an unknown assassin. Since then a number of templars have strived to influence a generally uninterested nobility.

Spear Bearer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+20	+1		+5	+20		+10	+20	+10	+10	+10	+10

Disarm, Dodge Blow, Heal Wounds, Read/Write Other Language, SL-Battle Tongue, SMB, SS-Templar, STS, SW (player's choice)

Shield Bearer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20	+20	+1	+1	+6	+30	+1	+10	+30	+20	+20	+20	+20

Carpentry, Engineer, Heraldry, Ride Horse, Read/Write Other Language, STI, SW-Lance, SW (player's choice)

Knight of Myrmydia

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+30	+30	+1	+1	+7	+30	+2	+20	+40	+30	+30	+30	+30

Public Speaking, Meditation, Read/Write Other Language, SW Bolt thrower, SW-Bombard, SW Stone thrower, SW (player's choice)

War Marshall (NPCs only)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+30	+1	+1	+8	+30	+2	+20	+50	+40	+30	+40	+30

Read/Write Other Language, SW (player's choice)

THE WARPSTONE INTERVIEW: GRAEME DAVIS

Questions by John Foody

Graeme Davis was one of WFRP's original authors, and was involved with its development throughout its time with GW. Many thanks to Graeme for his time.

"I spent the money on beer, and churned out more ravings"

Could you give us a brief biography?

Sure. I got into RPG's through acting, in the late 70s. I was a member of the Bracknell Drama Club (plug!!), and some of the other guys worked for ICL in Bracknell (Douglas Brown, if you're reading this, it's all your fault!) and had picked up Caverns and Caterpillars (TM) in college. I went on to college myself, and started sending stuff to White Dwarf, who were in the throes of going monthly at the time, and had put out an appeal for new writers. Amazingly, they printed my ravings, and sent me money. I spent the money on beer, and churned out more ravings. It was a very satisfactory arrangement. I also wrote for TSR UK's magazine *Imagine*, and for the *Fighting Fantasy* magazine, *Warlock*. My first non-magazine credit was in GW's British *Call of Cthulhu* supplement, *Green and Pleasant Land*; I wrote the archaeology section and part of one adventure.

Shortly after GW was taken over by Citadel and the design studio moved to Nottingham, I was offered a job working on the development of the new Warhammer roleplaying game. Shortly afterward, Jim Bamba and Phil Gallagher joined GW from TSR UK, and the three of us were responsible for the *Enemy Within* adventures, up to *Death on the Reik*. I stuck with WFRP after that, doing the editing and development (and occasional bits of writing) on everything WFRP up to *Castle Drachenfels*, the last of the *Flame* supplements. In fact, the only WFRP publication that I didn't get to work on was *Hogshead's Dying of the Light*! I also wrote a lot of silly stories for the backs of Citadel Miniatures boxes, and stuck my two penn'orth into the earlier editions of Warhammer 40,000, *Adeptus Titanicus*, *Space Marine*, various *Talisman* supplements, and all sorts of other stuff.

Since leaving GW, I've moved to the USA, got married, moved back to the UK, and moved to the USA again. I've worked as a freelancer on historical sourcebooks for GURPS (*Vikings*, *Middle Ages 1*) and AD&D (*Celts*), on *Vampire: the Masquerade* (contributions to most of the earlier books, and most recently *Clanbook Assamite*), and on some mainstream writing (including an article on hedgehogs in the *Saturday Telegraph*!). Nowadays I make my living in computer games, like my erstwhile GW colleagues Mike Brunton, Jim Bamba and Ken Rolston. I haven't produced anything famous yet, but I'm working on it! Currently I'm working for an online games company called VR-1, based in Boulder Colorado. Check out their Web site at www.vr1.com (another plug!).

Do you roleplay yourself? What games do you play?

These days, I'm ashamed to admit, I haven't been able to put

the time into a regular roleplaying campaign. Work keeps me pretty busy, and a lot of my spare time (too much, according to my wife!) is spent writing - if I started gaming on top of that, I think I'd be sued for divorce! My favourite games to play are *Call of Cthulhu* and *Bushido*, and I ran a rather patchy *Space 1889* campaign when the game first came out, which was fun. I still buy and read roleplaying games, and mostly I like fantasy/horror hybrid games in interesting settings. I'm intrigued by *Castle Falkenstein*, though I haven't read it thoroughly, and right now I'm reading *Deadlands*, which looks quite promising.

What other products have you worked on, both inside and outside gaming?

Apart from the things mentioned in the answer to the first question, I've written a *Fighting Fantasy* book (No. 29, *Midnight Rogue*), three or four computer games that never came out for various reasons (usually involving massive redundancies - just call me Jonah...), reconstructed rules for an ancient Egyptian boardgame (tau or 20 squares) for a mainstream Egyptology journal, a multimedia nature guide called "One Small Square: Backyard" (which even won a couple of awards), and a lot of proposals that never went anywhere.



"Here we are ten years later, still with the same flawed magic system!"

Was WFRP the game you set out to write, or did GW impose many limitations?

WFRP was written to fill a requirement that GW had at the time - namely, for a roleplaying game set in the Warhammer world and complementing the battle game! When I came onto the project in May 1986, there was already a fairly extensive first draft by Messrs. Ansell, Priestley and Halliwell, in which concepts like multiple careers, advance schemes and combat mechanics were pretty well established. Obviously it was necessary to ensure that everything remained compatible with WFB (second edition, at that time), and the greatest constraint was time - GW needed a Christmas release, so the thing had to be at the printers no later than September! Jim and Phil joined the team shortly after I did, and went over the mechanics and attributes. For a long time, the character stats were identical to WFB2, and things like percentile attributes, Fellowship and what have you were very much last-minute changes. Overall, the whole thing was done in rather too much of a rush, and I think it shows - especially in the magic system. The numerous mentions of *Realms of Sorcery* really amount to an admission that we knew the magic system needed some work, but we didn't have time to do it then, and we really intended that *RoS* would come out very soon after the rulebook and fix everything! Real life being real life, however, there was always something happening that pushed *RoS* aside, and here we are ten years later, still with the same flawed magic system!

If the rulebook itself was rushed though, we were

determined that we would make the Enemy Within adventures the best we possibly could. Jim and Phil had just written (with Graeme Morris) a superb little campaign module for AD&D, called *Night's Dark Terror*, and we were all into Call of Cthulhu and other leading-edge games of the time that emphasised roleplaying and character interaction over hack and slay. Bryan Ansell gave me a brief to write, in his words, "a bloodless ... Call of Cthulhu adventure for Warhammer", and the result was *Shadows Over Bogenhafen*. At the time, I had no idea how much it would set the tone for everything that came after, and in fact the *Doomstones* adventures were an experiment to see if a more traditional type of FRP adventure would work in WFRP.

Can you give us the story behind GW's discontinuation of WFRP and the setting up of Flame?

There are several different points of view on this, but here's mine, for whatever it may be worth. You have to bear in mind that GW was taken over by Citadel, instead of the other way round. Because of this, games were perceived mainly as a means of selling miniatures -you'll find ads for miniatures deals in the backs of early printings of the *Enemy Within* adventures, for example. WFRP disappointed GW's top brass because it did not double miniatures sales overnight in the way that Warhammer 40K did. At the same time, GW's other roleplaying lines, *Judge Dredd* and *Golden Heroes*, achieved cult status rather than becoming blockbusters. Their licensed UK printings of *Call of Cthulhu*, *RuneQuest 2nd edition* and *Paranoia* sold patchily, by comparison to the licensed printings of original D&D, 1st edition AD&D, 1st edition *RuneQuest* and *Traveller* which had formed the basis of GW's early success. So from GW's point of view, there was far more to be gained by putting resources into, say, another 40K spin-off game, than by carrying on with a roleplaying product that got good reviews but didn't generate secondary sales of miniatures in any significant quantities, especially since, in GW's experience at the time, roleplaying games in general - apart from the AD&D juggernaut that was now handled by TSR UK and out of GW's reach - appeared to be in a decline.

Flame was a last-ditch effort to save WFRP, in many ways. It was a stripped-down operation consisting of just three people, and with overheads kept to a minimum. Though Flame proved very efficient in producing WFRP material, GW was still not satisfied that it could be profitable, and in the end it faded away.

With hindsight, could Flame have worked?

That's a very tough question, and one with many facets. In terms of GW's business strategy, I think not. There's no question that it's done them a power of good to focus on miniatures and miniatures-based games, and I don't honestly think they could have achieved with roleplaying games what they have achieved with miniatures games, either financially or in terms of market domination. Having three full-time staff, a number of freelancers and a whole lot of overhead, printing, warehousing, shipping and marketing expense devoted to a low-growth, low-return offshoot of their main business was a

brave experiment to try, and I'm glad to have had the opportunity to put a good amount of WFRP material out in that way, but in the end Flame was swimming against the tide. Roleplaying's brief flirtation with the mass market was coming to an end in the late 80s, and at that time only TSR was really making money at it. It's an open question as to whether Flame could have been developed into a major thing with more backing and commitment from GW, but I think it's unlikely. The only roleplaying company to make it big in the 90s has been White Wolf, and that was because they had an idea that was timely and they were very shrewd in building upon it. By and large, roleplaying has been a shrinking market for the last 5-6 years, and I'm sure that almost nobody apart from TSR and White Wolf is making significant amounts of money from roleplaying games. Personally, I think roleplaying is better off in the hands of smaller companies, who do it for love as much as for money. Alongside the decline of roleplaying in the mass market, we've seen a real explosion of creativity from smaller companies, and I think there's a wider range of roleplaying games on the market than there has been at any

time since the early 80s. Smaller companies, with smaller overheads and a less revenue-oriented approach, can afford to take risks, be creative, be provocative, and generally push at the edges of the medium. The larger the market, and the more cash is involved, the more there is to lose and the greater the incentive to play it safe, imitate something that's already successful, try not to offend anyone, and so on. I've seen this to an extent in the computer games industry, and it's certainly a major force in Hollywood.

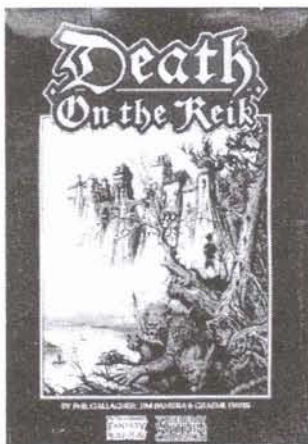
Oops! That turned into more of a lecture than anticipated. Hope you're still awake.

At what point did you part company with GW? And Why?

I left Flame in September 1990, for a mixture of reasons. Some were personal and some were professional. The main personal reason was that I had a girlfriend (now a wife!) in Denver, and it made more financial sense to move out there than to keep on paying phone bills the size of Bolivia's national debt. Professionally, I wanted to keep working on roleplaying material, but I could see that the opportunities to do that at GW were in the process of disappearing. I'd been talking to someone called Mark Rein-Hagen, who had some intriguing ideas for a modern horror roleplaying game where the players were all vampires. And I had a couple of other leads in to freelance work, all of them based in the States. In short, it seemed like time to move on. I continued to work with Flame in a freelance capacity, and hoped that somehow WFRP would survive, but I can't really say I was surprised when it all died away after the publication of *Castle Drachenfels*.

Should WFRP be allowed to go its own way instead of being tied to GW's Old World?

Well, as long as it's *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*, then it surely has to have a connection with the world of the battle game. And although I know some people hate the way the Warhammer world has developed over the last couple of editions of the battle game, I remain convinced that it's not as



bad as all that. Sure, there are a few contradictions that need to be ironed out, but I'm sure it can all be resolved without damaging WFRP in any way. In fact, I'm going to try and approach this in Apocrypha Too (or whatever it ends up being called). Watch this space.

Do you believe Hogshead are doing a good job?

Ha, ha - I want them to give me lots of money for writing WFRP stuff again, so *of course* they're doing a good job! Seriously, though, I'm still amazed (and a little humbled) that the fans have kept the game alive without oxygen so that it is still a paying proposition to revive it, and that James has put so much time and effort into doing so, under conditions that have often been less than ideal (such as the US distributor problem of a few months ago). A lot of publishers in James' position would bang out reprints and take the money, so I'm very happy that Hogshead is producing original material as well. Obviously the veteran WFRP fans want to see more original stuff and fewer reprints, but reprints help pay Hogshead's bills, and hopefully, they will introduce the game to a new generation of fans as well. I think Hogshead is doing a fantastic job.

What is the best part of WFRP?

To me, the tone of the world. It seems odd to say it now, but at the time there simply wasn't anything like it. Fantasy games were always very clean and heroic; every character had gleaming armour, a bodybuilder physique, perfect teeth and masses of back-combed blonde hair. Moral questions were always black and white, with no real dilemmas. It was very shallow, and I found it unsatisfying. I still love the way WFRP blends horror and humour, and challenges players to deal with complex situations and choices of evils.

What is the worst part of WFRP?

All of the game mechanics are a little shaky, if you ask me, but players seem willing to forgive this because the adventures and the world are appealing - and to be fair, it's not a mechanic-intensive game, the way most people play it.

What is the best WFRP scenario, and why?

Wow, that's a tough one. At the risk of blowing my own trumpet, I still like *Shadows Over Bogenhafen* a lot, and I think it's the best thing I've ever written, in any context. But overall, I'd have to say *Power Behind the Throne*. It's so innovative, so deliciously complex - and, as someone recently pointed out, such hard work for the GM - I still don't think there's anything else to compare it to, even eight years on. But I'm probably the worst person in the world to ask, because I'm so close to all of them. I'd say, ask the fans.

What is the worst WFRP scenario, and why?

Ironically, it's another one by Carl Sargent - *Brothers in Blood*, from the *Warhammer Companion*. To me, it has that certain - nothing. There's certainly room for bug-hunts and hackfests in WFRP, but I think they have to make players think, and this one doesn't. I'm not a huge fan of *Lichemaster* or *Death's Dark Shadow*, either, but to be fair to Carl, he was commissioned to convert WEB battle packs into roleplaying adventures, and in

so far as it's possible to fit a square peg into a round hole with elegance and style, Carl did.

A number of "in jokes" contained in the rules have been circulated 'previously' such as the Roland the Rat "Skaven" origins and Slann "Chariots of the Frogs". Is the rulebook full of these and do you have any favourites?

There are lots of these, and in fact I hope to collect them all together. You can see if you think they make an entertaining article for *Warpstone*. *Chariots of the Frogs* is probably my favourite, although I also like the fact that in early editions of WFB the goddess of the Amazons was called Rigg (after Diana Rigg from her *Avengers* days).

What do you think of the new Bretonnian background?

I haven't had a chance to look at it yet, but I'm looking forward to doing so. I know there have been howls of anguish on the internet mailing list about it, but from what I saw in the write-up of the King of Bretonnia in a recent issue of *White Dwarf*, there's nothing there that seriously damages the WFRP background. It's all a matter of viewpoint, and while the nobles may see Bretonnia one way (as reflected in the WD article), it's likely that the peasants and commoners may see things more in the way that WFRP presents them. All I'm saying for now is, don't panic.

"At the moment, the only organised magicians are cultists!"

What do you hope to see in the new *Realms of Sorcery*?

Um - a better magic system? Okay, okay - I have a first draft on disk that James sent me and I still haven't had time to look at, but basically I'd like to see a thorough revision of the spell-

casting mechanics, because this part of the book was so rushed in the original design process. I like the fact that magic is rarer in WFRP than in most other fantasy games, and I'd like to see it stay that way, but at the same time, there is always room for more imaginative spells and suchlike. One thing that would be very useful would be some more background on magician's guilds and colleges, to bring them up to a similar level of detail to the temples and religious orders. At the moment, the only organised magicians are cultists!

What did you think of Ken Rolston's version of *Realms of Sorcery*?

Not a lot, I'm afraid. Ken is a great guy and a personal friend, but I don't think he got the support and feedback he needed from GW until it was too late. I guess I'm partly responsible for that myself, since Ken was writing it at about the time *Flame* was set up. Ken's version, to me, misses the spirit of WFRP in some intangible way, and feels a lot more like *RuneQuest*.

You regularly contribute to the WFRP E-mail list and still maintain an active interest in the game. Is this simply because it is a game you helped develop, or more because it's a game you like?

Both, really. Four years of my life went into WFRP, so I have



a great affection for it. And as I've said earlier, I'm so awed by the loyalty of the fans and the dedication James has shown to reviving the game, that I feel almost duty-bound to help out. Above all, though, I love the world; it's a place I love to revisit.

How should WFRP develop?

Hmm - another tough one. For now, I think it should keep on going exactly as it is. I can't wait to see Marienburg come out, and I'd love to see other areas of the world opened up, although as I think James has explained before me, we have to wait for GW to officially open up an area with a WFB army book, and then go from there. A second edition of the rules would probably be a good idea for some time, as there are quite a few glitches and loose ends, but the first edition seems to work to most people's satisfaction, and I'm a big fan of not fixing it if it ain't broke!

James Wallis mentioned that Power Behind the Throne may be dropped and additional episodes added. Do you think this is a good idea?

James has certainly pointed out to me that there is an uncomfortably large jump in power between DotR and PBT, and I'm all in favour of Carrion Up the Reik plugging that gap. PBT is an adventure you either love or hate, I guess, and as I've already said, I love it. I guess a lot would depend on what replaced it in the new-look Enemy Within campaign. I've always thought that the overarching plot of the campaign gets a bit derailed after PBT - the trail of the Purple Hand goes cold after this, and SRiK and EiF don't somehow feel as though they belong with the rest - but I've always thought that PBT is a worthwhile part of the campaign. James has said that it's not been one of the adventures that people have clamoured for, so maybe there is a business angle I'm not aware of. And of course, you can't publish PBT without publishing the Middenheim sourcebook first, and I'm sure there's been more demand for Marienburg than for Middenheim, simply because Marienburg will contain new material.



Why did the over-arching Purple Hand plot get 'derailed' after Power Behind The Throne?

The Enemy Within campaign was carefully planned up to PBT, but after that some real-world forces intervened. Ken Rolston was commissioned to write an adventure, because a big-name American author would hopefully boost US sales, and while Something Rotten in Kislev was never intended to be an integral and vital part of the Enemy Within campaign, it made a lot of commercial sense to stick the logo on the book, and include plot hooks to tie it into all the existing products. SRiK took up a schedule slot and a chunk of budget, of course, and resulting in pushing back the next "pure" Enemy Within adventure. Then a whole lot of other projects came down the pike - things like WFB second edition, Warhammer Siege, Space Hulk, Adeptus Titanicus, Space Marine, Advanced Heroquest - and the pressure increased to get Realm of Chaos

finished, since it would cover WFB and 40K as well as WFRP - and what with one thing and another, the Enemy Within campaign got a bit lost in the shuffle. I don't think anyone intended the gap between PBT and EiF to be as long as it was, but somehow there was always something else with a more urgent demand for our attention. In many ways, that's why Realms of Sorcery never came out, despite being promised in the rulebook. And in hindsight, I think that the awareness of this long delay led to EiF being rather more rushed than it should have been. Also, PBT offered some kind of closure on the Purple Hand plot, but didn't cut GMs off from developing it further in their own campaigns if they wanted to. That's often a difficult balance to achieve. The action in EiF didn't explicitly call for the participation of the Purple Hand, so their plot was not advanced there. I guess it would have been possible to develop the campaign in a whole different direction with the Purple Hand at the centre of things, but it was never the intention that they should be the only "Enemy Within" - just one of a number of cults. Maybe we could have done more with the cult of the Jade Sceptre and the others, to take the spotlight off the Purple Hand a little so that the abrupt ending of their plot would not have been so noticeable.



"WFRP is exactly where it needs to be"

Do you believe WFRP has a long term future?

I certainly would like to think so. After all, it's not every game that could survive a three-year hiatus and still have loyal fans. Even with continued support, there aren't that many ten-year-old games still on the market. Role-playing games in general are a shrinking market these days, and we've seen things like the disappearance of GDW lately, so it's dangerous to predict. Personally, I have a feeling that roleplaying - apart from TSR who make their own rules - will go back to where it was in the late 70s, with a lot of garage operations and small companies working on tiny overheads and small margins. The development of PCs and DTP software makes that even easier than it was back then, and I think Hogshead is part of that along with companies like Talsorian, Sanctuary Games, and Pinnacle. In which case, WFRP is exactly where it needs to be.

What would you like to see in a WFRP 2nd Edition?

An index (nice job, by the way). A few organisational changes like putting all the careers in one place. More streamlined mechanics. More details on the cultural background of non-human PC races.

What WFRP supplement would you like to see?

Right now, I can't wait for Marienburg. I love city adventures and city packs. Apart from that, Araby and Nippon are areas I'd like to see explored (even though I was one of the people at GW who rejected Tetsubo), but I think we'll have a while to wait before those areas are opened up in the battle game and Hogshead can do anything official. I know there's an enormous amount of fan-written material out there, and I can only wish that one day I'll have the time to read it all.

You had a WFRP Vampire sourcebook turned down by GW. Considering your work on Vampire the Masquerade, was your view on Vampires very different to GW's view? Is this part of GW's shift towards a more black and white background, moving away from the moral uncertainties and grey areas that makes WFRP so strong?

My vampire sourcebook (or outline, for that's as far as it got) was actually something I'd started developing at Flame, and really it fell victim to the changes in GW's source material since then. It relied heavily on vampires as portrayed in Drachenfels and the other Genevieve stories, and in the intervening time GW had decided that Warhammer fiction was not to be regarded as canon. Additionally, they had developed vampires in a different direction in the Undead army book. The Karstein vampires owe much more to the Hammer movies of the 70s (even unto the family name) than they do to Genevieve, Anne Rice, or any of the other sources that Vampire: the Masquerade is built upon. Given that GW's concern is for the battle game and its associated miniatures sales, this makes perfect sense, and I can see why they would not want a roleplaying sourcebook that suggested that vampires might not be entirely evil, and even occasionally fought on the side of the Empire, for instance. It would play hell with the balance of the army lists, and the battle game has far less room for the moral uncertainties that make for great roleplaying, because you simply must be sure of who's on what side.

What should WFRP magazines, like Warpstone, contain?

Whatever their contributors want to write, whatever their editors want to print, and whatever their readers want to read. No, seriously. The worst thing in the world that can happen to a roleplaying system - or just about any other form of creativity - is a single dictatorial voice. It's the quickest way to stagnation. GW and Hogshead obviously have a say over what is "official", but "unofficial" material is just as valuable, and in the end it's up to the individual GM what to use and what to ignore in his or her own games, so the more voices, the more ideas, the more involvement from everyone who cares, the better.

Do you believe Roleplaying has a popular future or is it always going to remain at the edges of the mainstream?

I think that round-the-table roleplaying has been surpassed by computer games as a mass-market hobby or form of entertainment, and I don't see the trend reversing. On the whole, I think that's a healthy thing for roleplaying, though. I remember in the early to mid 80s when there was a feeling in the industry that roleplaying was on the brink of breaking into the mainstream, and so many compromises were made in the interests of chasing the mass market that the whole hobby went a little bland. Nowadays, with smaller companies chasing smaller audiences of like-minded people, everyone can do their thing and be happy. Obviously TSR is a law unto itself, and maybe - just maybe - White Wolf will get into that position too, but the bulk of the hobby is going to be small and personal.

Is the perception of the hobby different in the States to the UK?

Well, age is less of a factor in the US, I think. Roleplaying is more of a hobby for life, and less of something that you're expected to grow out of once you discover girls, or leave

college and get a real job, or at some other arbitrary time in your life. There is more money around, and prices are generally lower, so it's easier for a new game to get a foothold in the market place as people will take a risk and buy the book out of curiosity. On the other hand, there are still sectors of the population who firmly and seriously believe that roleplaying is a tool of Satan, which is something that I think has died out in Europe.

Are GW going to dominate the American industry as they have done the British?

I don't think anyone - not even GW - is going to knock TSR off the number one spot. I don't have access to the statistics, but my impression is that GW is either number two or three, depending on where White Wolf is. But in a way, you're comparing apples to oranges. When it comes to tabletop games, GW is by far the biggest, whereas TSR and WW are both based firmly in roleplaying. The US is a huge market, and can support a lot more companies without getting cramped. It's a far bigger proposition to dominate the US market than the British one, and I don't think GW will do that. I don't think they want to. They've staked out their territory as being fantasy and SF miniatures games, and they're doing very nicely, thank you. They haven't annihilated the competition in that area - in fact, they've spawned a lot of imitators - but nothing else is Warhammer and nothing else is WH40K.

What do you think of the latest RPG games?

I like the recent trend toward mix-and-match backgrounds, like Castle Falkenstein and Deadlands. To be honest, I've been getting rather tired of dark roleplaying - it seemed for a while there that no-one was doing anything else - so these are a refreshing change. I go for worlds rather than systems, personally, and there are one or two quite intriguing ones out there. We're reaching a stage, I think, where just about everything has been done - we've had fantasy, we've had science fiction, we've had horror, we've had cyberpunk, and we've had comparatively short-lived fads for superhero roleplaying, oriental roleplaying, swashbucklers, pulps and westerns. There's not a whole heck of a lot left that's completely new, and the challenge to anyone designing a new roleplaying system these days is to come up with a setting that has a strong identity of its own and doesn't get lost in the crowd. Blending genres opens up a lot of possibilities - I was impressed with the boldness with which Shadowrun did that, when it first came out, and it's still something that's guaranteed to catch my eye.

Will we ever see a new WFRP product by Graeme Davis?

I really hope so. As I said earlier, I've signed up to edit Apocrypha Too, and I'll be contributing original material to that. I've been talking to James about other ideas, and we're kicking a few things around at the moment. I don't want to give too much away, as nothing is definite at this stage. If only I had more time, he whined.



**NEXT ISSUE: The Secrets of WFRP Artists
by Graeme Davis**



COMPETITION



WIN A UNIQUE "DEATH ON THE REIK" COVER PRINT

This issue we're happy to run a competition to give our readers the chance to win a one-off print of Ian Miller's DotR cover painting. This is the original colour cover chromalin used for the recent reprinting of the supplement and has been kindly donated by Hogshead Publishing. The cover chromalin is used by the printers to ensure that the colour balance is correct before the plates are made. Only one chromalin is produced in this process and it is this you have the chance to win. In addition, the winner and runner up will take home a Warpstone subscription.

So what do you have to do? We want you to write a cameo adventure for WFRP. A cameo is an scenario idea from which a referee can fill out the details. It should be no longer than 1500 words and contain no NPC statistics. The actual subject is completely up to you. Look in previous issues of Warpstone and Warhammer city for cameo ideas.

The closing date is the 2/7/97 and the best entries will be printed in issue eight or nine. If you do not win we may still publish your entry, and in that case you will receive our standard payment (a free copy of that issue). You may enter more than one cameo.

It's up to you now. We look forward to receiving your entries.



An urgent matter has arisen in relation to the will and the passing over of the company. We must present certain signed papers to the clerks, before midnight. These must be signed by Frau Cloos. She must also swear an oath. I am drawing up the required documentation now. Please bring Frau Cloos to my office as soon as possible. Also, collect Johannes on the way. We need him to translate. Please hurry.

Yours,

Oswald Kant

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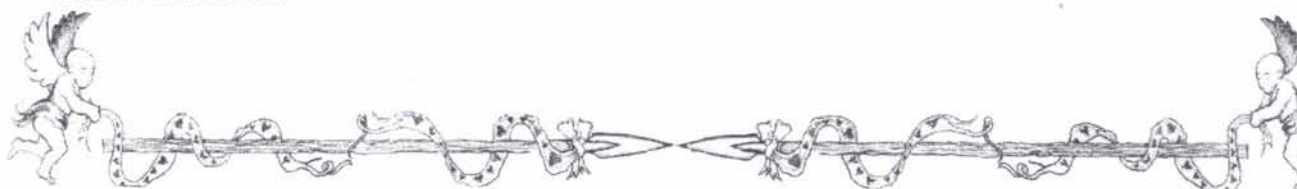
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THE ETERNAL GUARD

A scenario by John Foody

Twelve years. Twelve years of his life he had served that madman. He had been hardworking and totally loyal. It wasn't as if it paid much either. Not for what they had to do - long sea voyages, insane locals and murderous diseases not to mention damp jungles and plants that could eat people. Few believed that. What's that noise? Bloody drunks.

Drexol had always been unreasonable but it had sent him over the edge. Fool. Still, I should have kept my mouth shut, not my place after all. Oh well, it will be good to get out of Marienburg, I can get better in the Empire. After all, they're not quite as bright, are they. Hmm... There it is again. What is it? Sounds like the door.... No! It can't be! No!

Carlos screamed as the hands enclosed his throat and tore the life from him.

'The Eternal Guard' is set in Marienburg. The city is the Empire's gateway to the rest of the world and a large variety of strange objects are brought here. However, the adventure can be run anywhere, simply by having the goods brought down the Reik from Marienburg.

them, obscuring them from sight so that even they would be forgotten. However, eventually, explorers came to find the relics of this ancient civilisation.

Arno Cloos and Fredrick Drexol were old friends and business partners. Originally Drexol had supplied the money while Cloos provided the expertise. In time Drexol grew to love the adventuring and exploring, and they would both travel on the trips. On their last trip they discovered the tomb of Ofra and Omar. From it they took

ond, Carlos, had seen the change in him and was fired for speaking up.

Both men returned to their homes and began unloading the items. During the unloading, Drexol threatened Johannes (who was in charge). Johannes became worried that Drexol would attempt to steal the Sarcophagus and set out to hire some guards. This is where the PCs come in.



Introduction

Centuries ago, a mighty empire ruled Araby. These people built great monuments to their God-kings, huge pyramids and mausoleums where they buried their leaders, surrounded by their retainers, their favourite items, and anything else they might need when they reached the next world.

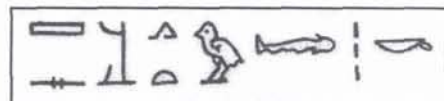
One of the longest reigns saw the King pledge his daughter's hand to the Prince of the neighbouring kingdom in order to end a long and bloody war. However, the Princess was in love with one of her guards, the handsome Omar. The other guards kept watch as the couple talked, knowing that if the pair were caught, they would all be killed. However, as the arranged marriage grew nearer, one of the other guards grew scared and revealed the secret. In a rage, the King butchered the guards to a man - including the one who had brought the news.

When the young Princess Ofra heard this, she was heartbroken. In her grief she asked her loyalist lady in waiting to procure her some poison. As she lay dying, her father refused her last request that Omar be buried with her. However, her loyal servants sneaked his body into the tomb before it was sealed, and finally, in death, they lay together.

Eventually, the Kingdom fell to dust, all but forgotten but for the huge stone monuments they left behind. The sands would occasionally rise up around



everything, including the two sarcophagi containing the lover's mummified bodies. As they always did, the two partners chose the items they wished to keep. Each took a sarcophagus. It wasn't until after the items were spilt that Drexol became obsessed with owning both of the sarcophagi, and during the return journey became antagonistic. The two began to fight. Cloos had fallen in love and married a local girl, who was travelling back with them, and on board the Far Swan she and Johannes supported him. This only served to worsen the situation. By the time the ship sailed into port the two men were on the verge of violence. Drexol's sec-



Player's Introduction

The players are sitting quietly in an Inn, having just finished their dinner. They are relaxing in the near-empty room, people rushing past outside. One of the players is feeling sleepy and is stretched out, their legs sticking out from under the table. At that moment a rough looking man (purposefully) trips over the character's foot and stumbles, spilling his own dinner and drink. He angrily turns around and threatens the character.

This is Pablo Divillo, a protagonist looking for trouble. It will be obvious that he is only interested in fighting. He asks the character to step outside to answer for this insult. Pablo is actually working a scam with his partner Mikhail, a pickpocket, and as soon as the fight has begun, Mikhail will take the opportunity to fleece the gathering crowd. One of the purses he attempts to lift will be from a PC.

The Clerk

However this situation resolves itself, the PCs will have come to the attention of Johannes Jaegaer. Johannes is a smartly dressed, pleasant man who will offer to buy them a drink. Once they are gathered around the table, he will introduce himself. "I am Johannes Jaegaer, clerk for Master der Cloos of Cloos and Drexol... erm, sorry. Master der Cloos of Cloos exploration." He goes on to

hire them for a brief job (10 Gus for 2 hours), which he says may lead to more work.



The Far Swan

Johannes takes the PCs to the docks, telling them on the way that he simply wants them to guard some boxes. He doesn't elaborate on this. They arrive at the busy dock side, where three ships are being unloaded. One of these is the Far Swan, an impressive looking ship. A few crew members are helping the Stevedores unload. Johannes walks straight up the gang plank, nodding to a couple of men. He makes his way down to the hold, ensuring that the characters are following. As he does so, he finds himself face to face with two thugs, who have been hired by Drexol to watch the box (containing the sarcophagus) while he returns with a wagon (used to carry his own sarcophagus). Johannes orders the characters to pick up the box. One of the thugs steps forward, showing his knuckle-dusters and says, "You'll have to come through us"

Once the PCs have finished with the two thugs, Johannes will get them (or Stevedores if they complain) to carry the box out into a cart. The box is nine feet long, constructed from wooden boards and bound with two iron straps.

Drexol

As the box is loaded onto the wagon a

richly dressed, middle aged man (Drexol) heads straight for Johannes and launches into a verbal attack on him in Arabic. Any character that understands Arabic will hear they are arguing over rightful ownership of the box. Drexol ends the conversation by storming off.

The journey back to the house is uneventful, although Johannes constantly looks around nervously.

Cloos

The cart pulls up outside a large well-to-do house, and Johannes gets off, just as a middle-aged woman (Cloos' housekeeper) flings open the door, visibly distraught. She rushes to Johannes, explaining, "Master Cloos has collapsed, Herr Jaegaer! You must call a surgeon!" Johannes asks one of the characters to fetch Herr Auben, Cloos' personal physician.

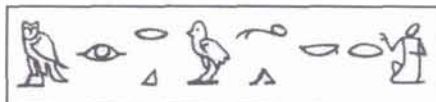
Inside, Cloos is lying on the floor of his study, his wife pouring drink from a hip flask into his mouth. He looks pale and is shaking, staring vacantly into the distance. Any character with heal wounds and surgery will be able to make him comfortable. They will also be able to tell that he has had a heart attack.

When Herr Auben arrives he checks Cloos quickly and then asks the PCs to carry him to his bedroom. Once there, he sends everyone out of the room except for the housekeeper. However, Ofra refuses to leave, and a frantic argument takes place between her and the doctor. It is soon over and she stays.

As the physician carries out his job, Johannes gets the PC's to finish their own. He asks them to carry the box to the basement. While they are carrying it down Johannes will happily answer any questions about Cloos and the journey. However, if asked what is in the box he will just say "various artefacts". The cellar is huge (Cloos bought the neighbour's basement, too, and blocked their entrances), and is filled with a massive array of artefacts from the Southlands, Cathay and Araby. Johannes gets them to place the box in the middle of the floor. When they have finished, he thanks them but explains apologetically that he cannot pay them just yet as Cloos has the key to the safe. He asks them to return in the morning, when Cloos will have recovered enough to hand over the key, at which point they will be fully paid.

If the PCs decide to watch the house, they will be arrested/chased off by a watch patrol led by Sergeant Lhimes. Incarceration will end with a 5 Gu fine for disturbing the peace.

* The cult of Morr does not look kindly on the raiding of old tombs. Arguments about the fine line between grave robbing and archaeology does not always sit well with them.

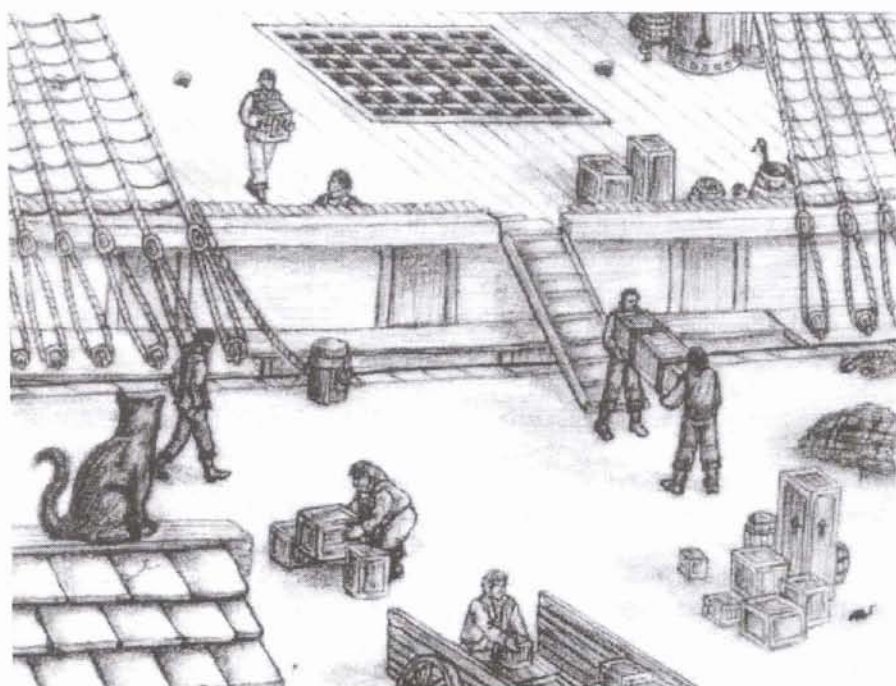


Next Morning

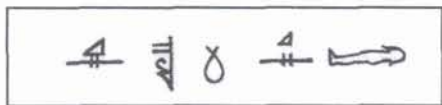
As the PCs make their way to the house the next morning they are passed by a carriage, going in the opposite direction. Anyone making a successful I test will recognise the occupant as Fredrick Drexol.

The door is opened by a visibly upset Johannes. He stares at them for a moment, but before he can speak Sergeant Lhimes interrupts. Lhimes invites them in, and they see three other watchmen standing around. Lhimes starts questioning the PCs - who they are, what they are doing here, etc. Johannes will confirm their stories by nodding. Once satisfied that the PCs know nothing, he will explain what has happened. "Herr Cloos was found dead in his study early this morning. The door was broken down, but he was unmarked."

Lhimes will dismiss any explanations involving undead mummies rampaging through the night as simply daft.



Johannes will agree with him. Should the PCs insist that they check the basement, they will find the box is still locked with the iron straps firmly in place. "So you want me to believe, this... this thing, burst from the box, killed Herr Cloos and then nailed itself back in, hmmm?"



"He wishes me dead"

Once he has questioned the PCs, Lhimes will ask them to leave, and makes his exit. Johannes hands them the money they are owed and thanks them. As they are making their way out, the newly widowed Ofra appears at the top of the stairs, a older man standing behind her. She looks upset and calls down in Arabic to Johannes. He turns to the party and translates, "Frau Cloos would like you to stay. She would like to talk to you all." Ofra disappears again and Frau Steper makes her way downstairs to make the players some lunch. If they have not found out some of the background story on Cloos, Drexol & Ofra by now, the housekeeper will fill them in.

They should know that Ofra and Cloos were recently married and that she was much younger than him. Also, it should be made clear that Drexol and Cloos had fallen out. However, both Steper and Johannes will speculate that the real reason for the dispute was Ofra, rather than ownership of the box.

A little while after lunch, Steper announces that Ofra is ready to receive them in the drawing room. Johannes stands at her shoulder. She is composed, and stares intently at the party. An older man sits across the room. He stands as the PCs enter, introduces himself as Oswald Kant, lawyer for the Cloos family and says that Frau Cloos has a business proposition to put to the them. He sits, and Ofra begins to speak. She pauses every couple of sentences so that Johannes can translate.

She wants to hire the PCs as bodyguards, to protect her until after the will has been read. She believes that Drexol wishes her dead and that he murdered her husband. Her husband had changed his will so she inherited everything, including half of the Drexol-Cloos partnership (which was never officially dissolved). However, if she was to die

before the reading of the will, then under Marienburg law (an obscure one) Drexol would gain total control. He could also argue (as in the case of van Deert vs. van Deert, interjects Kant) that Cloos' possessions were the results of mutual trading, and so therefore part-owned by Drexol. If she is asked why Cloos and Drexol fell out, she will blame the sarcophagus.

Should the PCs accept, they will have be given the two guest bedrooms to share. They will be well paid for the three days (amount at GMs discretion) until the reading of the will and have all their meals provided. Kant and Johannes leave, while Ofra retires to her room.



If the PCs try to visit Drexol, he will be unavailable. At this point their is no way they will be able to see him. If they persist, the Watch will be called without hesitation.

Should the PCs wish to open the box they will have to do it in secret - Johannes will not give permission. Once the iron straps are broken it will not be possible to get them back on. Once inside the box, they will discover that in addition to the sarcophagus, there is a stone tablet which recounts the story of Ofra and Omar. It is written in hieroglyphics and will take an expert in this field to decipher it.

Note: You may not want the PCs to know the full story of Ofra and Omar until it is obvious that there are two sarcophagi. However, once the names are learnt the PCs may believe that Ofra Cloos is possessed by the spirit of Ofra (due to the same name), or that they may be able to use Ofra Cloos to control Omar (which she cannot). If you think that having identical names is

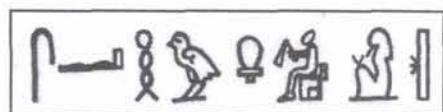
too much like a 'Hammer House of Horror' film, then please feel free to change one of the names to Akasha, or another Arabic name.

Love will tear us apart

So who killed Cloos? Omar did. When the two sarcophagi were separated, Omar was awakened. He is driven to revenge himself on those that have separated him and his beloved. As well as Cloos, he has already killed Carlos, Drexol's second. Carlos was robbed by the landlord (who found the body), and buried in a pauper's grave. Friends will not find his disappearance surprising - after being sacked, he had intended to leave town anyway. Omar still intends to kill Drexol, Johannes and Ofra.

Drexol has managed to avoid him so far simply by not being near the sarcophagus of Princess Ofra. Omar was drawn by his beloved's presence, but when he arrived, he was heard by Cloos who opened the door to find out what the noise was. He chased Cloos to the study, breaking down the door, at which point Cloos' weak heart gave out and he died before Omar touched him. Ofra was saved by Lhimes' passing watch patrol, who scared Omar off. However, Lhimes chose not to investigate until later.

Should the PCs decide at any point to destroy the Princess's body, they are added to Omar's list. Reuniting the two sarcophagus will not satisfy the mummy; revenge will be exacted on all those who offended.



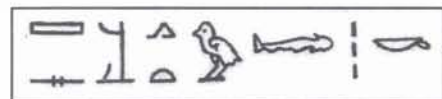
In the heat of the night

Later that night, any PCs who remained awake will hear sounds - this is a gang of four thugs hired by Drexol to steal the sarcophagus. Drexol has told them that the house only has a woman living in it and that they should have no problems retrieving the box for him.

Once they realise there is more than just a lone female in the house they will try and get away. They will fight, but would rather escape if they can. If captured, they will say they were just burgling the house. If they think it will help them get away they will give the PCs Drexol's name.

If/once they are handed over to the watch, they will clam up. They know

they will just put them in front of the magistrate.



The Funeral

The next morning is Cloos' funeral. This takes place in the Deedesveld Graveyard, and will be well attended. Ofra rises early to ready herself (with Frau Steper's help). Johannes arrives at eight, and Kant an hour later. When Kant arrives, he asks two PCs to guard the house while the others escort Ofra to the funeral.

Kant has arranged a couple of carriages and they are the last to arrive at the Graveyard. An initiate of Morr greets Ofra and escorts her to the site, where the cleric awaits. Around sixty mourners have gathered, including members of the Far Swan crew. Drexol is also there, and stares at Ofra throughout the service.

When it is over, many of the mourners give their condolences to Ofra (Johannes translates) and the Far Swan's captain presents her with a talisman of Manann to protect her. Drexol waits for everyone else to finish (& the clerics to disappear) before approaching Ofra and offering to buy the sarcophagus. When she refuses, he will raise the price a couple of times, and then storm off, enraged.

Followed

As the group returns home, Ofra asks the carriage to stop, and requests that one PC escorts her whilst she sees something of Marienburg. Johannes makes to accompany them, but she refuses, and leaves.

Ofra just wants to get away from the house and see the city. Wherever the PC takes her she will be happy with. Marienburg is unlike anything she has seen before and she is fascinated by it. She will pay for all expenses. If you wish you could have her go missing briefly, when she has only stopped to see a street entertainer.

As night falls, the PC will begin to feel uncomfortable, as if being watched. It will be late evening when Ofra is ready to return, at which point she gestures until the PC realises she wishes to walk back. By now, the PC should be certain they are being followed, every shadow becoming a threat.

Ofra will sense it too, and will start to get panicky. This will blossom into great relief as they finally arrive back.

They are, in fact, being followed by the mummy. If other characters are trailing the PCs the mummy should attack one of them unseen, knocking them unconscious.

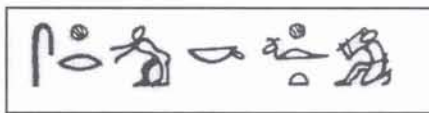
Next Day

The only incident of note the next day is a visit by Drexol, who arrives with two heavies and asks to see Ofra. When she refuses, he becomes demanding and then abusive. Some of this will be directed towards the PCs. Eventually he storms off, saying, "Tell her, I'll see her tomorrow."

Oswald Kant arrives in the evening with Johannes to explain the procedure for tomorrow's reading of the will. Ofra asks for an explanation of the legal points, and the translations stretch into early morning. Ofra insists that one of the PCs escorts Kant home. The city is covered by early morning mist and few people are around, although the player may be worried.

That Night

During the night, Omar attacks Drexol. Rising, he encountered two servants and a guard, whom he proceeded to tear apart. Drexol was in his bedroom and heard the screams; looking out he saw walls covered in blood and a shape coming out of the shadows. Trapped, he panicked and escaped by leaping through the window. Unfortunately, this was the first floor, and he was hurt in the fall.



Day of the Will

As dawn rises over the city, the Cloos household is approached by twenty members of the watch. They are led by Sergeant Lhimes, who is ready for a fight. Drexol has accused the PCs of trying to kill him, and Lhimes has decided that they are probably to blame for all three murders and the attempted murder of Drexol (a noble).

What happens depends on the PCs reaction, and how they have dealt with Lhimes previously. Both Ofra and Kant can give them an alibi. Should the PCs decide to run or fight, there are twelve men out the front and eight at the

back. Such action is guaranteed to get them thrown in jail.

Jail

This is the worst possible outcome for the PCs. Should the mummy be allowed to carry out its attacks, the PCs will not be excused for the crimes already committed. If this happens, there is a very real possibility they will end up swinging on a rope.

The Reading of the Will

The PCs will escort Ofra to Kant's office. Drexol has hired a desperate villain named Otto to kill her. If the PCs are with her, he chickens out. If not, he stabs her and runs. This will result in only a minor wound; Ofra will still attend the reading.

Inside the office, the PCs are expected to stand back. Present are Oswald Kant, Drexol's lawyer ("Kappatt of Kappatt, Kappatt, Kappatt & Kappatt"), two second cousins and Frau Steper.

Once Ofra and Johannes have taken their seats, Kant begins. "This will was written by the late Arno Cloos while on the Far Swan. It was witnessed by the Captain & First Mate, and conforms to Marienburg law. It reads as follows:

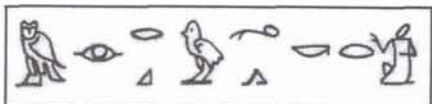
I Arno Cloos of Marienburg, being of sound mind and body, leave my worldly possessions as follows. To Ernst Cloos, Ingo Tager and Nadja Cloos I leave 100 Gu each. To Frau Steper I leave 100 Gu and the painting by Jorgen Korff which hangs in the drawing room. To my loyal friend Johannes Jaegaer I leave 250 Gu, and ten per cent of my share in the company. To Oswald Kant, my oldest friend, I leave 500 Gus. Finally, everything else that I own, I leave to my wife Ofra Cloos.

At that moment Drexol bursts into the room, angry and bandaged. "I object to this! The company is mine! I built it up, and she has no part in it. This woman turned my friend against me and then murdered him. It is obvious. I mean, she even got her lackey thugs to break into my house and attack me!"

What happens now depends very much on the PCs reactions. There is little Drexol can actually do at this point except rant and rave. Drexol becomes abusive and ignores Kant's requests to leave. As the situation gets out of hand, Kappatt gets up and whispers in Drexol's ear. Drexol looks surprised and Kappatt smiles and nods. Drexol bursts out

laughing and leaves.

This should worry everyone. Kappatt has found a loophole in the law which means that Drexol will gain complete control of the company. An archaic inheritance law requires women under 25 who inherit business interests to sign a form and swear an oath at the records office. This oath is to say that, should she be found unfit to run the business, the role will be handed on to the partners of the company to manage on her behalf. Additionally - and this is what so delighted Drexol - this oath has to be sworn on the day the will was read, or the woman's rights to the inheritance are forfeit, meaning that Drexol would own the whole business.



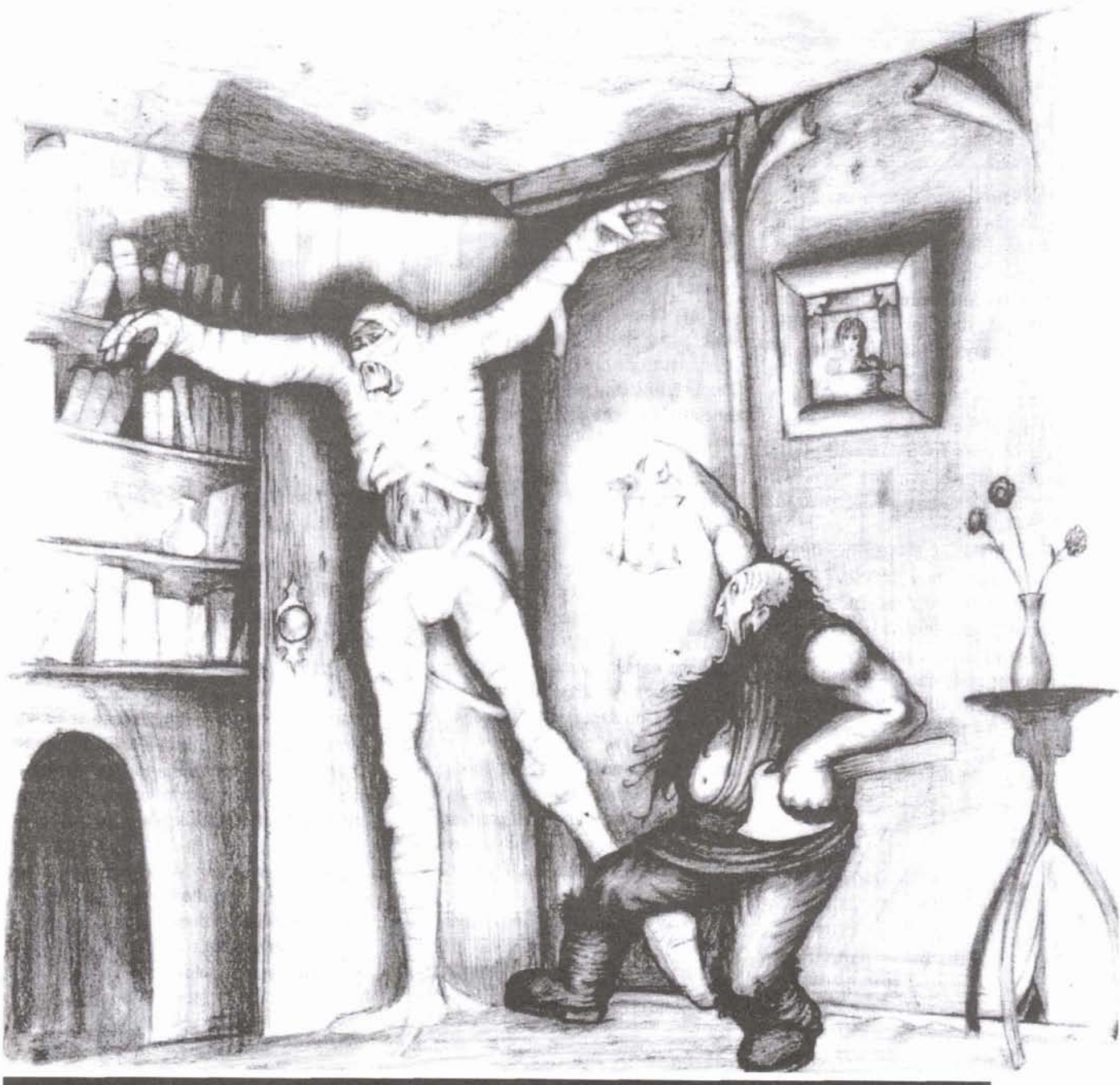
"We're letting you go"

Back at the house, Johannes asks the players to sit in the drawing room, as Frau Cloos wishes to speak to them. Ofra enters minutes later and says, in broken Old Worlder, "Thank you for all you have done. It means much to me." She then continues in Arabic, with Johannes translating. She explains that she has hired a professional bodyguard, starting tomorrow. She then pays the PCs in full, including the money for tonight (they will be required to stay until the guard arrives). If they have got on well with Ofra and been efficient,

she will give up to a 25% bonus. Also, at your discretion, she hands them each a "Fazi". This is a stone that the giver carves, filling the lines with red dye. It is given to friends who are parting, and is supposed to give luck. This is simply a gift of friendship; it has no in-game benefit although, if you wished, you could allow it to affect a player's dice roll in a similar way to a luck point (once).

A sub-clause

Whether or not anyone asks Kant to look into the will after the incident at the reading, he takes it upon himself to do so. After finding the loophole, a clerk will be sent to deliver a message to Ofra and the PCs, asking them to go at once to the Hall of Records. Unfortunately, an-

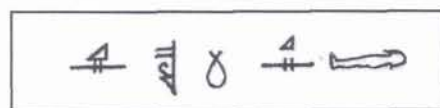


other clerk has long since been in Drexol's pay, and warns his boss, who takes the chance to set an ambush.

The young clerk arrives with the message (*player handout one*) at around ten o'clock. He then leaves for home. It is addressed to the character who has acted most responsibly. The message reads:

"An urgent matter has arisen in relation to the will and the passing over of the company. We must present certain signed papers to the clerks, before midnight. These must be signed by Frau Cloos. She must also swear an oath. I am drawing up the required documentation now. Please bring Frau Cloos to my office as soon as possible. Also, collect Johannes on the way. We need him to translate. Please hurry.

Yours Oswald Kant"



Johannes, Omar and some heavies

Outside in the night, rain is pouring down. After a minute or so outside, the PCs will be soaked through.

The quickest way to Johannes' is by carriage, but it is not too far to walk. In the alleyways (out of sight) are Drexol's thugs (two more than there are PCs). Their leader watches the house, ready to signal the moment that the PCs enter. As he does so, a cart will pull in front of the carriage and the thugs will attack. Their primary purpose is to kill Ofra.

An added complication is that Omar has broken into Johannes' house and attacked him. As the PC's arrive, they hear a crash and shout from upstairs. When they get upstairs, Omar is standing over Johannes (Terror tests). At some point the thugs attack. What happens now is basically a free for all. (If only one or two players rushed upstairs, separate them from the others.) The thug's primary target is Ofra.

Unless the players distract the mummy immediately he will kill Johannes and then, sensing Ofra, will attempt to kill her too. He will flee if things look too dangerous. The thugs will also flee if the battle starts to turn against them.

What now?

The PCs may end up in a three way

battle. If they are having trouble destroying the mummy, escape will probably be the best option.

The PCs only have an hour to get to the hall of records so that Ofra can sign the papers. Johannes will be (at the very least) unconscious, and the GM must decide on whether players need to find another Arabic speaker. You could even get the PCs to explain by sign language.

Leading the mummy to the Temple of Morr is another option. If the PCs manage to do this, the clerics will be able to deal with the creature. However, only a single initiate is on duty and (unless presented with evidence) will take some convincing to get more senior clerics.

The Future

If the mummy is not destroyed, it will continue its plan to kill Ofra and Drexol. If Ofra is alive and has signed the papers, she will take control of half the company. The company will then be successfully split. If she doesn't sign the papers, she will still get part of the company, but only after a long, drawn out legal battle. Drexol, meanwhile, becomes increasingly unstable. He blames the PCs for his failure, and has enough money to make their lives miserable.

Experience Points

These are for the GM to decide.



The Cast

Pablo Divillo

An Estalian immigrant who has fallen on hard times. Standing at six feet tall, he appears scruffy and slightly unhinged. Constant stubble fails to hide a mass of scars around his face. He speaks little, unconfident about the little Old Worlder he knows. He looks to Henri for advice and guidance, trusting him totally. He is happy to go along with this current scam, as he knows his talent is combat.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	42	23	4	4	8	45
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	40	24	24	30	41	30

Skills: Disarm, DB, Street Fighting,

SMB, SW - two-handed, SW - parrying weapons

Equipment: Sword, left hand dagger, chain shirt

Henri

Henri is a local pickpocket who works in partnership with Pablo. He spent his youth in street gangs but was always too small and weak for the associated violence. Standing at five feet tall, he is ill and weak looking. He also suffers from asthma, which means he gets out of breath very quickly. He always dresses well, which means that people often ignore him.

He is a very good pickpocket, with a sharp eye for potential victims. He has become great friends with Pablo and feels much more confident when he is around. Should the PCs catch him but treat him kindly, Pablo will not hold it against them.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	28	46	2	2	6	57
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	55	20	31	26	35	40

Skills: DB, Lightening reflexes, pickpocket, sixth sense, SS-Thieves

Equipment: Throwing knives

Johannes Jaegaer

Johannes is five and a half feet tall but walks with a slight stoop. His hair is slicked sideways, and he always wears simple black clothing. He has been a steadfast employee and friend to Cloos over the years. He is both intelligent and loyal, speaking a number of languages fluently. He loves traveling and is an expert on the culture of Araby.

Johannes is single, never having found the time to settle down. It is not something he regrets, being happy to spend his life working and in research. He is also a follower of an Arabic God, although only Cloos knew this.

Arno Cloos

Arno Cloos is a distinguished looking man in his early forties. His hair is white and balding, his face gaunt. This is the result of a tropical dis-



ease he suffered six years ago whilst in the Southlands. He was lucky to survive, and was permanently weakened by it. He dresses simply but smartly, and is rarely seen without his wide brimmed hat. He also carries a short sword and left handed dagger. The only piece of jewellery he wears is a wedding ring. Ofra has an identical one.

Cloos is a kind and honourable man. He is also very proud, and hates anyone helping him. He is deeply in love with Ofra, but is also saddened by the breakdown in his relationship with Drexol. He hopes to resolve their differences after a break away from the confines of the ship.

From the age of sixteen he adventured across the world. Five years later, he met Roberto Pieri, an experienced explorer. For ten years Roberto became his mentor and taught Cloos many secrets and lessons. When Roberto was killed by pirates, Cloos travelled to Marienburg where he met his old friend Fredrick Drexol and founded their partnership.

Fredrick Drexol



Fredrick has just turned fifty, but is often mistaken for a younger man. He wears his hair short, with a neatly trimmed beard (no moustache). He dresses in the finest clothes, often wearing elaborate suits trimmed with lace in the Bretonnian style. He also wears lots of jewellery, including elaborate rings and earrings. He carries a finely carved walking stick, topped with a rock from a volcano he climbed (this counts as a mace).

Drexol was born to a minor noble family in the Empire. Although his title officially means nothing in Marienburg, it still lends some authority. However, he does not boast of this fact.

He spent the early years of his life partying. From reading, his desire to see the world grew. He first met Cloos when he hired him to sort out the problem of a jealous husband. When the pair met years later, he saw his opportunity.

Drexol is opinionated, petty, obnoxious, and increasingly paranoid. His one love in life has been exploring, which always brought out the best in him. During expeditions, he is brave, resourceful, reliable and generally a per-

fect companion.

Ofra Cloos



Ofra is the daughter of a port official in Araby. She is very beautiful, almost fragile-looking. Although she had turned down many suitors, she fell in love with Cloos almost immediately, and the two were soon married. Whilst highly intelligent and emotionally very strong, she remains slightly afraid of the city. She also feels cut off because she cannot yet speak the language. She dislikes Drexol, but trusts Johannes completely.

In order to deal with her husband's death, she will involve herself completely with the business. She will wear black for a year after the death. Although she knows much of her nation's history, little is known about the pyramids that pre-date it. They are spoken of as belonging to the 'Old Ones'.

Frau Steper

Edith Steper has been Arno Cloos' housekeeper for twelve years. She firmly believes in keeping a professional distance, although time has brought them closer than most masters and servants. She is in her early fifties and is short, with a worn face. She wears a brooch of Shallya. She lives with her husband and youngest daughter; the other four children have moved elsewhere in the city.

Oswald Kant

Oswald is a dignified looking man of sixty two years of age. He is always calm and quick on the uptake, and is completely loyal to his long standing customers (of which Arno Cloos was one). He will extend this loyalty to Ofra. Away from work he lives alone - the death of his son thirty years ago has cast a long shadow over his life. He does not get involved with criminal law. He intends to carrying on practising until no longer capable.

Sergeant Lhimes

Sergeant Lhimes is a long standing Sergeant of the Watch. With his huge handlebar moustache and brusque manner it is hard to imagine him ever being anything else. He has served his whole

adult life with the local watch, and is completely loyal and incorruptible. He tends to treat everyone else like children, and firmly believes life is black and white. Although he believes in the existence of the undead, he firmly rejects the idea that such things will ever be found in his city.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	43	42	4	4	7	34
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	29	37	36	32	37	26

Skills: DB, Disarm, SMB, STS

Equipment: Sword, Breastplate, Mail sleeves, Mail Leggings

Omar - The mummy

Omar's one purpose is to hunt down and kill those who have separated him from his beloved. Once this is done he will return to her side. His actions are not entirely rational - he has, after all, been dead for centuries, and has had his brain removed.

Omar's abilities are not entirely standard, which should keep players on their toes. Some of his weaknesses have also been removed (but could be re-introduced), and flammability could be avoided by either having him wear a ceremonial head-dress and robe (which aren't flammable), or by having the rain and mist of Marienburg soak into his bandages.

Although most mummies are subject to stupidity, Omar is not. He has a very clear purpose, and is simply going to carry this out.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	43	0	4	5	25	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	24	89	63	43	89	0

Special: Causes Terror

Thugs (& Otto)

These are local roughs, hired by Drexol (directly or indirectly) to do his dirty work. Most are out-of-work labourers, sailors, dock workers and the like. Their primary loyalty is to their own skins, and generally they are mean and vicious.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	42	25	3	4	7	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	43	24	29	24	43	43

Skills: As you see fit.

At docks: Club, dagger, leather jack

In house: Sword, dagger, leather jack

In ambush: Sword, shield, leather jack

WHAT'S IN A NAME? PART 4: TILEA

by John Keane and John Foody

MALE FORENAMES	Lou	Anita	Tina	Cela	Maggiorani
Adalberto	Luchino	Anna	Valentina	Celi	Magnani
Aldo	Luigi	Anouk	Valeria	Cestié	Malfatti
Arnoldo	Luis	Carmen	Violeta	Cirino	Manfredi
Augustine	Marcello	Chaterina	Virna	Citti	Martinez
Augusto	Marco	Coralina	Yvonne	Corbellini	Mastroianni
Benvolio	Mario	Crocetta		Corbucci	Mazzolini
Bernardo	Massimo	Dalila	A FEW SURNAMES	Cozzo	Mazzotti
Biagio	Maurizio	Delia	Adolfo	Crisci	Melato
Brizzio	Mauro	Domenico	Alberti	Cruciani	Milo
Bruno	Mercutio	Dominique	Alberti	D'Alessio	Minnoli
Calisto	Michelangelo	Dora	Antoniola	D'Amato	Montinaro
Carlo	Montague	Eleonara	Antonioni	Dante	Nichetti
Celi	Paolo	Franca	Apicella	De Rosa	Orsini
Cesare	Pasquale	Francesco	Argentino	De Rossi	Parracchi
Claudio	Peppe	Gabriele	Argento	De Sica	Pasut
Dado	Piero	Gariella	Asti	Di Lazzaro	Petruzzi
Damiani	Placido	Gianessa	Balestra	Drago	Piccoli
Dario	Raffaello	Giulietta	Barberini	Eco	Pierro
Donatello	Raimondo	Laura	Barbetti	Esposito	Pistoni
Duilio	Renato	Leonara	Bava	Fabrizi	Renzelli
Enrico	Roberto	Leonie	Bello	Fantoni	Rizzuto
Enzo	Romano	Ligia	Belli	Farrannino	Rosseselinni
Ettore	Ruggero	Lilli	Bendali	Fellini	Saltamerenda
Fabio	Sergio	Lisa	Benedetti	Ferrini	Salvatori
Federico	Stefano	Loredana	Berkani	Furneaux	Scaringella
Fiorenzo	Tino	Lucia	Bertolucci	Garrani	Scarpa
Flavio	Tommaso	Marcia	Blasetti	Gazzolo	Segurini
Franco	Ugo	Maria	Boccardo	Gemma	Seratto
Freddo	Umberto	Mariangela	Bonetti	Giaccobe	Staiola
Gaetano	Urbano	Marina	Branice	Giannini	Taroscio
Gerolamo	Vincenzo	Marisa	Brusati	Giorgi	Tassoni
Gino	Vittorio	Michèle	Bucci	Girotti	Taviani
Giordana	FEMALE FORENAMES	Monica	Busarello	Gora	Tinti
Giovanni	Ada	Pina	Calandra	Jamonte	Tognazzi
Giuliano	Adriana	Raffaella	Calisti	Jannacci	Tollucci
Giuseppi	Agostina	Romy	Callegari	Labate	Turco
Guido	Ajita	Rosanno	Canaletto	Labini	Valli
Julio	Alessandro	Rudy	Capolicchio	Leto	Vettriano
Lamberto	Anabella	Sacha	Carell	Loren	Visconti
Leonardo		Silvia	Castellari	Lorenzo	Vitti
		Soffia	Cavara	Maffioli	Vivaldi

NOTES

1) This list has been compiled from several sources and it is possible that some non-Italian names may have crept in by mistake.

2) Many female names are derivatives of male names (e.g. Dario/Daria, Claudio/Claudia,) and have mostly been excluded.

3) Surnames and words with equivalent function:

- The place of birth could follow the name after the preposition "di/da". For example Raimondo *di Guardia* means Raimondo *of Guardia*.

- If using an adjective then this would be

proceeded by "il/la" depending on the gender. For example *Vittorio il Famaso* (Vittorio the Famous), *Agostina la Magnifica* (Agostina the Magnificent). Of course you'll need a dictionary for the adjectives...

4) The letters "ci/ce" should be pronounced like the English "ch", whilst "c" followed by any other vowel is a hard "k" sound (i.e. like *coffee*). Note: "chi/che" are also pronounced "k". The letters "gi/ge" have a soft "j" like in *jacket*. "g" followed by any other vowel is a hard g sound (i.e. like *garden*). The letter "z" is pronounced as either *tz* or *dz*. "zz" tends to have the *tz* sound. In

Italian there is no equivalent to the "ph" sound, and so words are spelt with *ff* (i.e. *Raffaello*).

5) It is possible for two forenames to be combined to make one name. For example, *Pierluigi*.

6) Titles are as follows:

Signore = Mr., sir;

Signora = Mrs., madam;

Signorina = Miss., young lady;

Some nobility titles:

Gentiluomo/Cavaliere = Squire/Knight,

Barone/Baronessa = Baron/Baroness,

Conte/Contessa = Count/Countess,

Duca/Duchessa = Duke/Duchess,

Regnante/Regina = King/Queen.

LETTERS

Just to prove that you can't keep a good topic down, this issue continues the Timothy Eccles article 'Fighting Chaos: Why Bother?' discussion, headed off by the man who started it all to begin with. Many thanks to all those that have written to us and please keep them coming.

"The whole premise of Chaos is to destroy"

Tim Eccles: I am not disputing the importance of Chaos to WFRP and the Old World, but rather the inevitability of its dominance. If you see the Old World in Cthulhu terms, then I agree that this is the case. But, that is not my reading of WFRP, the early editions and scenarios for WFB, or TEW. Indeed, in White Dwarf 206, the most recent version of the world history stresses hope and the prospect of victory over chaos. This is my WFRP; gothic, yes, but crying out for a lot less over the top powergaming chaos. Chaos is not invincible, and we are not pre-destined to be consumed by it.

I also regard chaos as clearly evil. This is not a relative thing, like the European view of the Mongols. The whole premise of Chaos is to destroy. You can dress it up as transforming, or transcending, but in my book murder, slaughter, rape, pillage, genetic manipulation and mutation, plague infestation, deliberate infection of disease and epidemic, etc are evil. These acts are self-fulfilling and mindless; there is no superior or ulterior motive. This is an absolute, and allows for another absolute to rise in opposition to it: the Gods of Law. I would not dispute that they may not be well followed, but on the borders of the Wastes, I know who I would worship!

Chaos is a theme that runs throughout the Old World. I think that there is some credence to it as a disease: Chernozavtra in SRIK suggests radioactive pollution; one of the collected stories in the Warhammer books has someone treated for it successfully by a doctor; the early histories in WFB 1 and 2 also seem to me to be pointing this way. In any event, as Tzeentch, the twister of designs in the Doomstones, or the power behind the Undead of Kemmler, or the cultists meeting in the stables behind the inn, or the lone beast preying on isolated villagers, or the squabbling hordes in the Wastes, it is fine. As the Chaos Wastes sweeping down and obliterating entire nations, as Granax and hellblade, and as ROC, I still think that the game, and the world, have got way out of balance. It is this, which I believe, needs attention.

Ed: I totally agree with you, whether they're called Genghis Khan or Khorne the Blood God it doesn't change the fact that what they do is evil and that the same evil is an inherent part of them.

As for your ideas about Chaos being a disease - and one that may be curable, well...I'd have to disagree with you on that one (to some extent anyway!) I can see how Chaos may be seen as a disease of the mind,

and thus potentially treatable, but a physical disease...no. It is true to say that Nurgle's Rot and mutations are an actual physical disease, but what of the original chaos creatures that came forth from the Warp gates? Should they be likened to the Black Death, Red pox, or the common cold? I think that they'd lose their credence if they were.

I agree that sometimes game balance can and does get out of control - quite often due to official supplements, but you don't have to save the world every playing session. More often than not, it's better if you don't.

"Complete disorder"

Séan O'Cacháin: There is always plenty of talk about chaos in the Warhammer world, but what exactly is it? Is Chaos evil? Some may agree that Chaos is synonymous with evil, although you could not realistically say that evil is synonymous with Chaos. If you disagree with this statement take a look at Witch Hunters, clearly they can be extremely evil but they are a definite opposition to Chaos.

The dictionary describes Chaos as: Complete disorder or confusion. If you transfer this meaning to Warhammer Chaos it is plain to see that Chaos would never defeat order, because they are by nature in a state of disorder and confusion. Without order to guide them, the elements of Chaos would never be able to organise a raid on a village let alone a war against an intelligent, resourceful and ordered enemy. Likewise, the Gods of Law would be unable to defeat the forces of Chaos as they too are an aspect of Chaos. This is not to say that Chaos is stupid, on the contrary, they are highly intelligent, motivated and above all organised!

So it seems clear that Chaos does not mean Chaos as we know it according to the dictionary definition, but rather is a name that has been adopted to strike fear into the hearts of all. For what scares an ordered person more than the fear of 'complete disorder and confusion', for this is their weakness and one that is being successfully and continually used.

Ed: This is certainly an interesting slant that you've put on the meaning of Warhammer chaos, and who knows, maybe this was the original interpretation of it at the design stage. However, at the end of the day, whether they strike fear into the hearts of all because of their name or because of their big teeth doesn't really make much difference. But on a dark night in a mist covered forest on the outskirts of Nuln, I know which would scare me more!!!

"Orgy of the Blood Parasites"

Paul Scott: I was quite surprised to find (Recommended - Issue 4) that Jack Yeovil who wrote the excellent "Drachenfels", the rather good "Beast in Velvet" and the sometimes brilliant "Genevieve Undead" didn't exist. I then made the unfortunate conclusion that Kim (sorry Kim) was a female writer.

Well I forgot all about this until in a cheap book shop I noticed a book titled "Orgy of the Blood Parasites" by Jack, the inside cover of which soon put me straight on the writer's sex. It has to be said that if it hadn't been written by Yeovil I wouldn't have bought it (I spent much of my time while reading it, hiding its title) and unfortunately it's a bloody awful book (sorry again Kim). However I'm not sure if that wasn't the idea, so I'll look out for "Anno Dracula".

Could anyone let me know which of the other Warhammer novels were any good, I bought the "Orfeo trilogy" but wasn't too impressed. Oh, I'd also be curious as to what Yeovil's "Dark Future" books were like.

Ed: I hope that one of our readers takes up your request and writes a review on some of the other Warhammer novels. I myself would be interested in finding out which were the wheat and which the chaff in the collection of Warhammer novels. If we receive any reviews that aren't published we'll send you a copy.

Well, I think I've waffled on far too much already, so I'll say *Lebewohl* and be gone.



Mentioned in Dispatches

by Neil Taylor, Spencer Wallace
and Martin Oliver

Spell components are usually forgotten - not just in WFRP, but in most FRPGs. Be honest, hold your hand up if you've ever just "assumed" that your mage has the components for a spell handy, or bought them in bulk at the start of a campaign. But spell components are in the rulebook for a very good reason - to act as a secondary check, after magic points, on the awesome power mages wield.

One major reason why they get ignored is how rare they are. Take Strength of Combat, a level 1 spell. Its component? A giant's scalp. Not easy to get hold of, considering that "[Giants] were driven out of the Old World by the expanding Human races" (WFRP rulebook). The inherent danger in obtaining a scalp once you've found a Giant would stop most level one mages from bothering to learn the spell, especially since "every spell requires one or more material ingredients which are consumed by the magical energy of the spell" (pg 135). Kill a giant, every time you want to cast that spell? Perhaps not.

Add to this all the book-keeping required, and you can see why many people ditch spell components altogether. Which is a shame, because it's great fun to watch the dawning realisation on a player's face that their character, currently mere yards from the screaming goblin horde, is fresh out of tuning forks, and their spare sulphur's tucked away safely in the bottom of a rucksack!

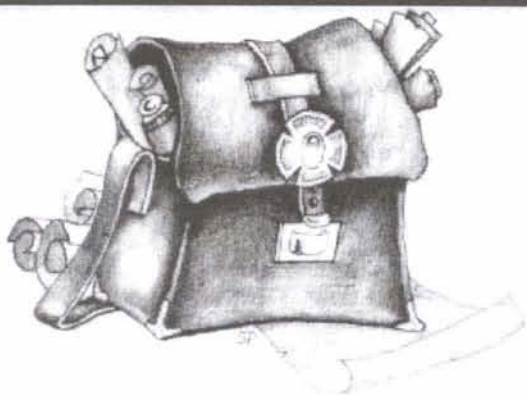
The idea of buying components also raises problems. If you can't get hold of giant's scalps, how come some shop's got a stock of them? Are sales restricted to a Wizard's Guild? How much do they cost? (How much have your PCs got?!) Are they taxed? Are mages forced to register as available for military service before they're given their goods? Getting hold of rare ingredients is an obvious excuse for adventures, but using these sort of restrictions could make even the simplest components an excuse for excursions into the city's underworld.

One suggestion to deal with all this is that the spell ingredient, as listed in the rulebook, is the *ideal* focus for a spell. With careful research, a Wizard (particularly an Alchemist) could produce alternatives. Perhaps not as effective, nor as reliable, but alternatives none the less. For example, Zone of Steadfastness requires a Pint of Dragon's blood. A suitable substitute would be some kind of blood with an aspect of dragonness about it - such as human blood mixed with sulphur and boiled for a week in a pot with a lizard's skeleton. This might give a 20% chance of outright failure when cast, a 40% chance of the mage's hair turning blue for a month, and a 5% chance of an insanity point. You could also moderate the effects of the spell - just take a look at the climax to EiF for an example of this. Alternatively, if you're feeling really brave, you could use the table below...

Of course, it's up to players to devise substitutes, and for the GM to decide how effective or risky it is. True, the mage will have to live with any side-effects or possible backfires, but at least they'll be able to cast the spell. After a fashion. And at considerable risk: the GW web site (<http://www.games-workshop.com>) includes comments such as, "Magic by its very nature warps and corrupts, turning men into monsters and fuelling the dark tide of Chaos." With all this in mind, we've come up with a set of rules to cover the use of improvised components.

When some poor mage runs out of the components they need, all is not lost. By dint of great effort, and at no small risk to everyone in the close vicinity, they can sometimes twist the forces of magic to their own ends using the power of their mind alone.

When a wizard casts a spell without using the right



components, they should test against WP with a penalty of -10% per level of the spell. Extra magic points can be expended to offset this penalty (but *not* to enhance their WP) at 5% per point. Using a substitute component can give a 5-20% bonus to the roll (GM's discretion), depending on how similar it is to the component listed in the rulebook. If the roll succeeds, the spell is cast as normal. If not... well, things start to get interesting, and the player should roll on the following table:

SPELL MISCAST TABLE

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 1-25 | The spell is cast, but range, duration and effect are all halved. |
| 26-45 | Spell stalls. Caster must spend an additional d6+6 MPs to make it work. |
| 46-60 | Spell stalls, and a further d6 MPs are required to make it work. In addition, the effort of bending the Warp to the caster's will causes d6 insanity points. |
| 61-70 | Lacking a proper material focus, the backlash of warp energy as the spell goes off causes blood vessels to burst and violent spasms to throw the caster to the ground. The caster takes d6 wounds, irrespective of toughness or armour, and is prone for a round. |
| 71-80 | Although the spell goes off as normal, channelling the power of the Warp without proper protection results in a 25% chance of the caster developing a random mutation. |
| 81-90 | Disaster! The caster's failure to control the Warp results in a rift opening for d6 minutes. Each minute, there is a 30% chance that something will find its way out into the material world... In addition, any character foolish enough to even look into the tear must take a terror test. |
| 91-95 | Oh Shiii...! The caster's body shimmers for an instant and then disappears, as it is pulled into the Warp by entities best left unimagined. |
| 96-00 | Just when you thought it was safe... The spell works as expected, and all seems normal. However, the caster's meddling has resulted in something sinister sidling into their mind. There is nothing they can do but watch helplessly as this being uses their body and power to further its own strange aims - whatever they might be... |

The Greys

A secret society by Martin Oliver

The greys are a secretive group. They have no option - hated by the servants of chaos, attacked as heretics by everyone else, there are few they dare confide in.

Not everyone who turns to Chaos does so willingly. Some find themselves corrupted, tainted, and left with no alternative but to cast their lot in with the marauders who roam the Empire. And when the powers of Chaos play with their toys, there are bound to be some that get broken - maybe some demon thought their plaything might look better with their guts on the outside, or lacking several important organs. In such situations, the greys try to make the unfortunate victim's passing less painful, or at the very least, swift.

The greys also get involved when someone makes a stand, calling for mercy for an unfortunate, or even defending a loved one touched by Chaos. For this, protesters can be tried for harbouring a mutant, the penalty for which is death by hanging. The greys move swiftly to extricate the protesters and, if appropriate, the people they are defending. These are ferreted away, tended to, and set up with a new identity. If they have been too badly tainted, they are taken to hidden enclaves where they can live out their lives peacefully. These sites are invariably placed well away from any habitation. The depths of forests, disused mines, in valleys tucked between forbidding crags - only places as secluded as this are even considered. The watches around these settlements are unrelenting, and only the foolish would think themselves able to approach undetected. Enclaves are usually little more than small shanty towns, with around two dozen of the afflicted living side by side with a handful of volunteers. They seek self-sufficiency, hunting and occasionally farming a little (a risky business, as such a venture is hard to hide). Impromptu shrines to Shallya are sometimes built, but on the whole, religion is a topic best avoided. Most of the inhabitants feel rejected and betrayed

by the gods of the Old World, and to even speak of the powers of Law or Chaos is to risk drawing their attention. Such forces are already keenly seeking the sites; the last thing the inhabitants desire is to hasten this process.

The nature of the greys attracts individuals from many quarters. Clerics of Shallya join it, becoming outcast for associating with a group that supports mercy killing. Intellectuals and academics join it for ethical or moral reasons. Many universities contain such liberals and dissidents. Clerics of Law who rail against their masters' lack of compassion, warriors whose comrades have been touched by the powers they fought, and even renegades from the forces of Chaos, lend their strength to the group.

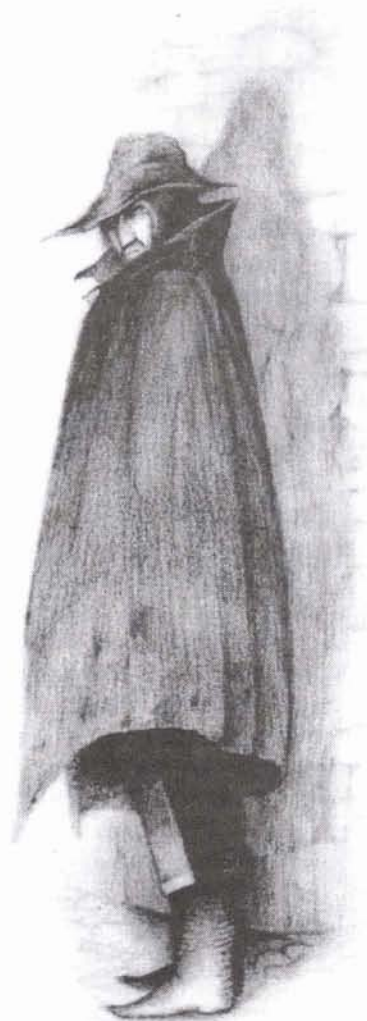
There is no hierarchy of command. To some extent, this is due to the intellectual and egalitarian radicals in the organisation, but it also limits damage when members are discovered. When support is needed, word is spread through the network until appropriate skills are found. It is rare that someone cannot be found to help.

The greys can be encountered in many ways. Characters might stumble on an enclave of mutants, and have to decide what to do with them. They might witness a protest, or see members spirited new recruits away. They might even be approached and recruited if their reputation is good. The other possibility is that (on a suitably modified Int or I test) a character spots a group of people with a similar "uniform". The grey's code for meetings would be something like, "glove, Heinrichstrasse, noon, dogsbody", where the time and place are accompanied by a grey item of clothing and a password for confirmation. PCs might then try to trail the group, or (if they're feeling cunning) don a similar item of clothing. Of course, they still have the password to guess, but they won't know that...

If you're using the Greys in

your campaign, you might want to introduce a new secret signs skill (Greys). In addition to covering the trail markings used to lead members to the enclaves, this would also cover the codes used in public notices (such as adverts on the Deutz Elm) to alert members to meetings or warn them about persecutors in the area.

Once in, they will discover a sincere and active group that could form the basis for an extended series of adventures. There are always people who need saving, or innocent mutants who need support. You could even tie in existing material like the home for Foundlings in Marienburg. There are also matters of internal security to worry about - many witch hunters who would dearly love to infiltrate the organisation, and their zeal is only matched by the warriors of Chaos who seek to eliminate this thorn in their side.



GREGOR

"Gregor hurts. Pain. Help Gregor. Please —" She screamed. With her hands clasped to her face, she screamed and screamed and screamed. "No! No callings! People come hurt Gregor!" But she was transfixed with terror, rooted there, and screaming was all she could do. "Stop! Gregor make you stop!" As the... the thing loped towards her, she turned and ran, calling for help every stumbling step of the way. Gregor was faster.

The prostitute Nastassja Veidt was found two days ago, with five blade wounds in her back and her jaw ripped off. You may recall that small stab wounds surrounded the face.

Since she was the third female found stabbed to death near the warehouses in the last fortnight, I took my squad out to investigate. Locals refuse to give details, attributing this to some daemonic presence. We commenced a search of the area. Whilst I covered the alley where Nastassja's body was discovered, I sent my men off to check the security of nearby buildings. Thadius was attempting to peer through a window when the hand smashed through the glass, grabbed his head, and pulled him through. By the time we reached him, he was dying of blood loss from the glass lacerations. The marks on his head were consistent with the wounds on Nastassja.

We found no trace of whatever did this. My conclusion is that it is fast, dangerous, and inhuman. I recommend that watch patrols in this area be suspended, and that a price be put on its head. If we use those disruptive mercenaries and adventurers, we may find ourselves able to kill two birds with one stone. Perhaps literally.

Joachim Rudiger

*From the Report of Watch Captain Joachim Rudiger.

Once a reputable and upstanding citizen, Gregor's curiosity led him to seek the touch of Chaos. This is something he has lived to regret. Although the slow and terrible changes he is undergoing wrack his body with terrible agonies, these are as nothing when compared with the mental anguish he is undergoing.

Realising that discovery would lead to his death, Gregor hid in the less used warehouses of the city's mercantile quarter. Guided now more by instinct than rational thought, he is seeking reassurance and solace from a mother figure who can help him through this agonising rebirth. He never meant to kill any of them, just quieten them. In his more coherent moments, Gregor is wracked with grief over this.

Deeply insecure, Gregor will attack anyone he thinks is trying to hurt him. He will also turn in a furious and accusing rage on anyone he believes has betrayed or tricked him. He favours hit and run tactics, and will use his claws to climb out of sight and reach, and then leap onto his victims.

Several groups are trying to find Gregor. The watch still has an interest, but is only sending volunteers. A reward of 25 crowns has alerted bounty hunters and small mobs of rabble. The mobs patrol by day, whilst the more professional bounty hunters brave the shadows of night. The reward will increase when, after two days, three bounty hunters are found dead.

The greys (see pg 27) are also interested. They recog-

nise the pattern as that of a mutant in anguish, and are gathering a team to spirit Gregor to safety (pg 29). They would prefer to reason with him, but if this fails they will sedate him with manbane. If Gregor must be killed, they will try and do so swiftly and painlessly.

Player involvement can come about in a number of ways. They could hear of the killings or the reward. They might be approached by a bounty hunter as hired muscle. A female PC might even be approached by Gregor, if she seemed to be alone. A twist would be to have Gregor know some piece of information which they need, meaning that they not only have to find Gregor, but will have to persuade him to reveal it to them. And, of course, should the greys or bounty hunters find them holding this monster, they may consider it necessary to deal with the PCs themselves.

Gregor (Ex-labourer, other careers at GM's discretion)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
6*	35	22	4	5	7	58*
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	36	28	30	33	32	22

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Night Vision (30 yds), Lightning Reflexes*, Fleet Footed*, Scale Sheer Surface, Sixth Sense, Very Strong*.

Mutations: Hideous appearance, hunchback, razor sharp claws (damage +1), very agile*. His skin is turning a dark green colour (+15 to hide tests in darkness).

Psychology and health: Gregor has been injured, and with claws for fingers, he has been unable to deal with the wounds properly. A gash on his chest is becoming infected, and two broken crossbow quarrels jut from his left leg. He will pick at these distractedly when he is thinking.

Gregor suffers animosity against males, depression, fear of light, and frenzy. He causes fear, and terror if you meet him when you're alone...



THE USUAL SUSPECTS: The Greys

by Martin Oliver

Frances Keller



Sometimes, when you hunt something for long enough, a bond forms. Frances had convinced herself that she had been helping the poor, pitiful creatures she slew, but as years passed, she began to see things differently. Now when she hunts mutants she does everything in her power to ensure that killing them is the last resort. She is fiercely dedicated to the cause, seeing it as the only way to assuage the grief and guilt she feels for having needlessly ended so many lives.

Frances has trained many fledging members of the group in self defence and subversion. She has also dealt professionally with the brutes who slaughter the unfortunate or probe too deeply into the actions of the greys. As with the mutants, she does her utmost to ensure that their end is swift and painless.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	37	24	3	3	8	38
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	24	32	48	42	29	46

Skills: Acute Hearing, Concealment Rural, Concealment Urban, Excellent Vision, Follow Trail, Marksmanship, Prepare Poisons, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Silent Move Rural, Silent Move Urban, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapons - blowpipe, lasso, net, parrying weapon, Strike Mighty Blow.

Possessions: Mail shirt, sword, 4 doses of Madman's cap, grappling hook and 10 yards rope, net, lasso, long cloak.

Psychology: Nightmares, Animosity against Lawful religions.

Theodor Kielgeld



Theodor used to be a student at Nuln University, researching the behavioural patterns of mutants. His work was well regarded; after all, understanding their motives would be a powerful weapon against corruption.

Theodor's results surprised him. Far from degenerating into brutish animals, many mutants showed great suffering, remorse, and pity. For each that turned into a slaving monstrosity, another showed the finest qualities of humanity.

Indeed, many seemed more human than the soldiers and witch hunters who followed his work. With growing horror, Theodor looked long and hard at his fellow men, and

realised that they had sacrificed the very qualities they sought to protect, becoming worse monsters, more pitiless beasts, than anything they butchered.

When he made his findings public, he was immediately denounced as an heretic, corrupted by the work he had undertaken, and a price of 100 crowns was put on his head. Theodor has led the life of an outlaw ever since.

Theodor is not without sympathisers. Some liberals in Nuln welcomed his findings, and it was one of these who put him in touch with the greys (see page 27). He has worked with them ever since, taking refuge in their mutant colonies, where he carries on his studies.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	61	42	4	3	9	63
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	44	52	36	51	49	35

Skills: Animal Care, Arcane Language - Magick, Astronomy, Cartography, Concealment Rural, Dodge Blow, History, Luck, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Languages - Classical and Thieves' tongue, Speak Additional Language - Black Tongue, Strike to Stun.

Possessions: Enveloping cloak with hood, knife, crossbow and 10 bolts, leather jack, rope.

Psychology: Animosity against chaos hunters. He is also convinced that all of humanity is already touched by Chaos, and that they should just come to terms with this.

Knud Richter

Knud's involvement with the greys is simple. His brother Odo had started growing scales, which drew the attention of a witch hunter. Knud's wagon, filled with wares for peddling, seemed the ideal way to sneak him out of the village.

Fortunately for him, Theodor caught up with him before the witch hunter and managed to find a safe house for Odo. Since then, Knud has broadened his peddling to take him to wherever the greys need him. He will avoid trouble if at all possible.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	32	37	3	3	6	33
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	24	26	32	26	32	44

Skills: Animal Care, Blather, Drive Cart, Evaluate, Haggle, Herb Lore, Secret Signs - Peddler, Sing, Specialist Weapon - fist.

Possessions: Cart and peddler's wares, sling, 2 doses of Madman's Cap blade venom (used to make mutants drowsy as a last resort).



MY CAMPAIGN

by Sam Stockdale

This is the first in what we would like to be a regular feature of Warpstone. We have always hoped that Warpstone could be a way of allowing WFRP players to share their experiences and give others food for thought, or at least to pass on ideas. Sam Stockdale has certainly raised some good points with this article and we hope this will inspire you to submit your own version.

WFRP has been my primary system since I first started GMing way, way, back in 1987. I've been running (or re-running) The Enemy Within campaign for about two years now (including one or two breaks to recharge the creative juices). Players (and adventurers) have come and gone - have you noticed how easily adventurers buy the farm in WFRP? I only have one of the characters who started the campaign left alive!

I've found it's difficult to run the campaign as it stands, using only Mistaken Identity, Shadows over Bogenhafen, et al, so I bolster it with published scenarios as well as my own and some conversions from TSR's Ravenloft campaign world (which, with a little tweaking, can fit the Warhammer ethos quite nicely). However, this creates a problem. The characters end up being too experienced, so I have to make the NPCs more powerful, and the snowball effect comes into play. With hindsight, I'd keep it simpler. I shall enter the next campaign in that frame of mind.

I have exploited not only the scarcity of magic and the fear and distrust of wizards, but also that of Elves, Daemons and Beastmen by examining the popular views and producing a list of beliefs for first-time players. For examples, Elves are treated as woodland spirits and, as such, are greeted by most Old Worlders with suspicion bordering on fear. To this end, I've steered away from the traditional appearance of Elves. Having read and thoroughly enjoyed the Deverry novels by Katherine Kerr, I decided to give Old World Elves cat-like eyes which contracted not only in broad daylight but also when the Elf feels threatened, as with the appearance of a Dwarf or such like. Oh yes, Dwarves hate Elves, and vice versa! These race relations cost us an Elven character, but the whole encounter was very well played and enjoyed by all concerned, despite the loss of the character. Additionally, in a party just starting out I allow no Elves whatsoever.

In order to characterise the

different demi-Human races, my group adopted accents: the Elves talk with Irish accents (to emphasise the Irish-Celtic background that GW gave them), Dwarves speak with a Scottish accent, and halflings adopt a West Country style. I must say that this seems to work pretty well on the whole.

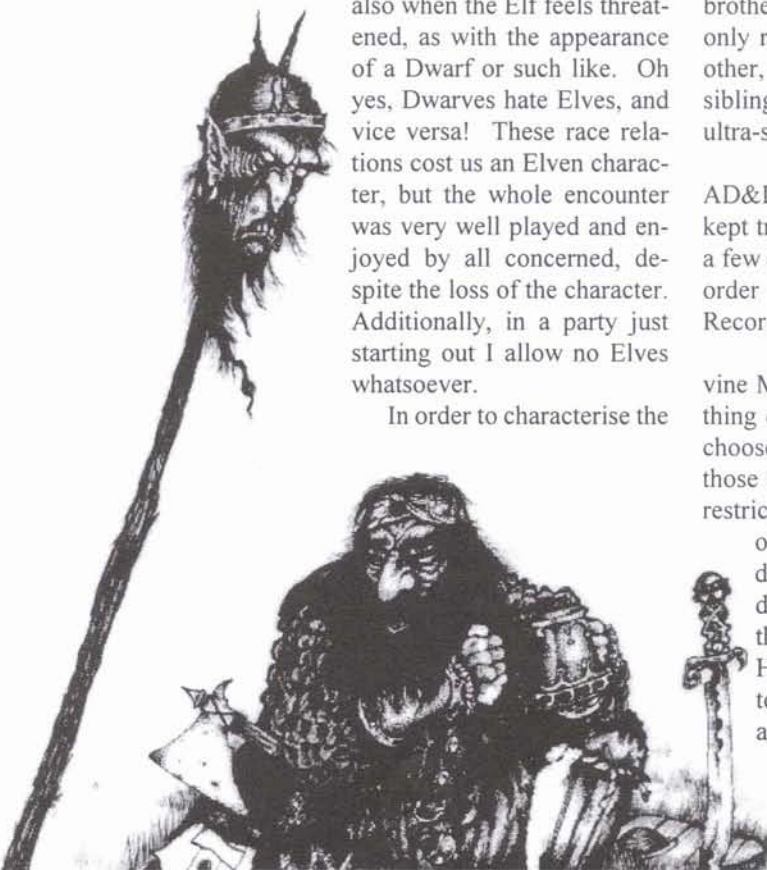
In my interpretation of the Warhammer world, Daemons do not exist! Yes, all players of WFRP know that they do exist, but most *characters* (unless they have discovered otherwise) shouldn't, in my opinion. To these uneducated folk, Daemons are the stuff of folk tales, of nightmares, of stories told to naughty children. Therefore, when these characters encounter their first Daemon, I can sit back (after delivering the description) and revel in the looks of shock on their players' faces. Likewise with the Beastmen: I have exploited the relative scarcity of actual Beastmen and made them something approaching Daemons, the subjects of tall tales which we all know adventurers are wont to tell. I think that what David Eddings says about the Sendarians in the Belgariad - "Most Sendars are solid, practical men with little patience for such things as sorcery and magic and other things that cannot be seen or touched" - holds true for Old Worlders.

Our group at the moment has, I think, the first ever Dwarven Priest of Ulric: a former Giant Slayer and devout Ulrican who prefers not to be called Dwarf because of some psychological wound his people dealt him, decided he didn't want to die after all, had a visitation, and is now causing a storm amongst the Priesthood of Ulric. We also have two brothers from Nuln who had been separated in childhood and only recently came together after one tried to assassinate the other, thanks to a case of Mistaken Identity! The antics of the siblings are riotous, as the more streetwise one tries to get the ultra-serious former assassin to lighten up a bit.

I've borrowed spells from various sources (namely AD&D) to boost the wizard's repertoire, but I have always kept true to the spirit of WFRP magic. I've also incorporated a few of the optional rules such as damage to armour, while in order to make combat run smoother, I developed Rounds Record sheets and Damage Record sheets.

The only real problem I've encountered is with Divine Magic and it's largely of my own making. While everything else about Priests' Careers lies well with me, having to choose a certain number of spells and be able to cast only those spells (just as a wizard does) for the rest of your life is restrictive. Basically, we are giving priests spell books/piles of scrolls and I don't feel they should have such: it detracts from the divine nature of their powers. Are they direct channels for the divine power of their deity, or are they merely wizards with a certain religious leaning? However, wizards spend EPs on spells and, by the same token, so should the priests...Aargh! Suggestions greatly appreciated.

Anyway, there you have it: a WFRP campaign a la Sam Stockdale of Weston-Super-Mare. I hope you find something of this thought-provoking, or, at the very least, entertaining.



TWO TALES

A Short Story by Francis Plunder

Young Jorg pushed the Inn door shut, making sure he had put the latch down solidly. Outside he could hear the horses, afraid of the storm lashing the stone walls. Wiping the water from his face he returned to the bar, where his mother and father were busily serving customers.

'Jorg, The gentleman by the stairs is still waiting for his supper.'

Jorg looked over at the tall stranger, removing his dripping wet cloak to reveal tarnished armour.

'Oh but father, Uncle Theodor is about to begin.' Jorg whined.

'I won't tell you again!'

He was already through the kitchen door as his father reeled off his stock reply. Stuffing a piece of warm bread into his mouth, he took the customer's tray and placed it before him, smiling with a crumb filled mouth. The stranger immediately drank the warm wine, smiling thinly as the heat warmed his bones.

Jorg saw his father talking to the lumpy shape of Hanns Kluge and risked sneaking towards the fireplace. Here Uncle Theodor had begun one of his stories, surrounded by patrons. Jorg sat down under a table. His cousin Lena stuck her tongue out at him, but he ignored it (he was ten now after all) and settled down to concentrate on the tale.

"So our heroes promised the young woman that they would avenge her father's death and find her brother Mannfred, who had been kidnapped by the evil necromancer, cleric of the same foul gods the mutants worship. Some said the foul sorcerer was a mutant himself, his foul horns hidden by dark illusions.

Our heroes welcomed the chance to fight evil and lay the woman's fears to rest. For payment they accepted her hospitality for the night, setting first thing. As always, Anton, the cleric of Sigmar, blessed them before they set out on their brave quest. I have told stories of this brave band before: Alfred Silberg, famous for his skill with the sword, Hotpot Underson, a Halfling of extraordinary skill with a crossbow, and Ter Birchinsun, an Elf of rare beauty and skill.

What was that, Erik? Outhouse? Why! Outhouse Baerow had been sent on a vital mission for the Emperor himself, arranging to meet his friends in Carroburg for the winter festival.

They travelled for two days, telling stories from childhood memories and laughing at Hotpot's tales of life in the moot. At night Hotpot would cook and Ter would entertain them under the clear night sky with tricks she had learnt in the fair.

On the third day, the forest quietened considerably and they could sense evil ahead. As they went deeper into the trees, branches became more and more entangled, tripping their horses. Eyes watched them from the dark shadows, cast by the ever thickening canopy of leaves. Soon they could hear the evil chatter of goblins, bellies full from eating helpless farmers. Anton charged ahead with the battle cry of Sigmar till they came face to face with forty goblins, armed with black poisoned blades.

Anton charged, with Alfred and Ter flanking him. As they hacked through these foul creatures, Hotpot and Flame guarded their backs and made sure none escaped. Soon the goblins' bodies burned so that their foul corpses would not pollute Taal's forest.

The goblins were pawns of the evil wizard, so following their trail led our heroes to his dark tower. Nothing could grow at the base of his construction except for thick, gnarled vines covered with thorns the size of a man's finger and sharp as an assassin's dagger. Made of black stone, the tower twisted to the sky, warped by the evil power that had raised it from the ground. Around the top waited crows and ravens, ready to gorge themselves on the remains of sacrifices.

They approached under these watchful eyes until they stood before the imposing double doors, guarded on either side by a huge gargoyle, placed to warn off those of lesser heart. Alfred stepped forward and charged open the door so he stood inside the base of the tower, surrounded by the bodies of the dead.

But these bodies were not truly dead. Tempted by forbidden knowledge, this was chaos' reward: a life of living torment. Flesh peeled away from their faces and they groaned as they sensed the presence of true followers of Sigmar and Ulric, ready to do Morr's will. Each cut of a heroes' blade removed another foul presence from the world and soon they were making their way upstairs.

On the walls, symbols of chaos had been painted in blood. The air was heavy with death as they entered a room, filled with strange apparatus. They moved across the floor to the staircase when suddenly Ter turned, throwing a knife with total accuracy.

Five men had sneaked up behind but the middle one fell to his knees, Ter's knife embedded in his throat. The others screamed and attacked, fighting like demons - maybe they were - wounding Anton and Hotpot. Just as the heroes were about to dispatch them, Alfred fell to the floor gibbering, for magic had taken his mind.

The wizard had appeared. Dressed in a flowing black robe, covered in dark symbols, crowned with a headpiece made from the skull of the fabled Pegasus. His staff crackled flame and spat lava, its brightness matched only by his red eyes. He floated across the floor, supported by invisible spirits, and struck at Ter, throwing her to the floor. They fought for an hour until his followers were dead. All our heroes lay wounded.

With an explosion he knocked them to the ground and moved in to kill the helpless Alfred, but Hotpot managed to pull himself to his feet unseen. This brave Halfling threw himself in front of the lightning streaming from the wizards' hands. As he writhed in pain, Alfred regained his senses and chopped the mage's head from his shoulders. The vile sorcerer collapsed to dust.

It was too late for Hotpot, for he was dead. Higher in the tower they found the poor woman's brother strapped to an altar, ready to be sacrificed to foul gods.

Leaving a burning tower behind, they returned Hotpot's body to his family and he was buried a hero. Each of the others returned home, spending time in the loving arms of their families before leaving to meet Outhouse in Carroburg, ready to fight Chaos once again.

So ends another tale of this band of heroes. Now, who's got my drink?

"Another!" cried Jorg, drawing the attention of his father.

"In a moment, young Jorg. Let me finish this ale."

"Another warm wine for the customer by the stairs." Jorg didn't believe that having his ear pulled really allowed him to hear his father any better.

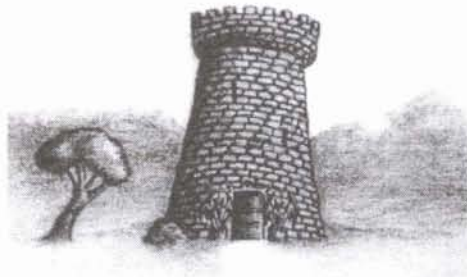
He poured the wine from the earthen pot simmering above the fire, trying not to burn his fingers. He placed the flagon in front of the man and made to return to the group.

"Take a seat." The stranger spoke kindly, motioning at the chair opposite. "Jorg, is it?"

"I cannot. My father will scold me, sir."

"I will put a couple of extra crowns in his pocket. He will not mind."

Jorg sat down opposite the man, keeping an eye out for his father. The man was old, older than his father, and his face was hardened like a farmer's from days spent in the wilds. Jorg had seen adventurers like him before - sometimes trouble, but usually free with their coin. The older ones always had the same manner about them -



tense and alert.

"I also have a tale to tell you, Jorg."

Jorg was excited. Mostly, adventurers' tales descended into boasting; sometimes, though, they were even better than Uncle Theodor. The man sipped at the wine and began.

"This happened a few years ago, in the time of Baron Heinrich. We had been hired in Nuln by a nervous young man. I forget his name. He was acting on behalf of his mistress. We did not know the nature of the task, but he paid well.

One of our number was missing. Eventually I found him drunk in a bar, thieves eyeing his purse. He said he'd catch us up once the alcohol wore off. It never did, and he never adventured again. He sleeps most nights in the gutter, now.

That left five of us. We arrived at our patron's house, under a brewing storm. There was something unlikeable about this woman but she offered a lot of money, more than we had seen for a while, and the job seemed simple. Her half-brother Kurt had sent thieves to steal a necklace which had belonged to her mother, his step-mother. He was a wizard by trade, spending his hours researching new spells. He was more powerful than she, and rumoured to have dabbled in dark arts. This settled it. Money to be made killing dark sorcerers.

Gorsh and Otto led the way, as both of them were experienced scouts. Gorsh could move like the wind when he wished, which surprised most people - he had quite a girth on him. That second day, we stumbled in to a clearing that Gorsh and Otto had missed, and came face to face with two goblins. They knew we outclassed them and tried to make a break for the trees. They didn't make it. Teartanis took one in the leg with her bow and I cut down the other. The wounded one tried to drag itself away but Alf, who became a follower of Sigmar in later years, just smiled strangely and chopped off its sword arm. It soiled itself in its terror. Teartanis finished it off with an arrow to stop Alf torturing it; he cursed her, but she didn't care. They'd fought many times over Alf's insults.

Otto had spotted a large band of goblins ahead, so we moved out before they could notice their scouts had gone missing. From then on, every sound heralded a new terror and every shadow a possible hiding place. Even eating and other private business was dealt with in full armour.

For two days we stumbled through that forest, eventually finding the place by sheer luck. The wizard lived in the ruins of an old castle, its broken stones overgrown with moss. One of the gate towers had been patched up, and in the gathering dusk we could see a light in the top-most window. Once in, we had to wade through a foot of dirty water to reach the stairs. When we reached the top, two men were carrying a shrouded body across to a line of corpses. They died within seconds, slumping to the ground in a pool of their own blood. Pulling back the shroud, we saw that the corpse had been slit open, emptied of organs. That smell would turn your stomach.

"He died of consumption, but enjoyed a good life and had two fine children." We turned to face the voice, bows and swords at the ready. On the stairs stood two men. One held a crossbow in nervous hands, his young face full of fear. The older man wore an apron splattered with blood, sharply contrasting with his shock of white hair. I could see the family resemblance with our patron. He didn't look like an evil necromancer, but time has taught me never to judge by appearances.

"There was no need to kill them. They had done no wrong." The man spoke with a calm voice which did little to steady our sword arms.

"Followers of dark arts should be cut down" spat Alf.

"No-one here is, or was such."

"Your sister told us it was so. Can we not see the proof with our own eyes?" He gestured towards the corpses with a nod of the head.

The man stared at Alf with sad eyes. We waited for the conclusion of

this war of words.

"It is because of your kind that I have been forced to work in secret, away from cities and towns. Yes, it is true I work with the dead, but only to discover what makes us live so that I can help heal others. You are too cowed by superstition to appreciate such concepts."

"Maybe he is right. What proof have we?" Teartanis spoke directly to Alf, who was starting to sweat.

"The bodies."

"But I have explained that!" His temper was starting to surface, tempered only by fear.

There was silence while we waited - what for, we weren't sure. Alf spoke up, his eyes shining as if he had found Ghal-Maraz in his belt.

"The necklace, you stole the necklace from your sister."

The man's face reddened and he stepped forward, heightening the tension. The young man with the crossbow was in a bad way, obviously unused to such confrontations - not that we were much better.

"The necklace was mine; she stole it from me. This is none of your business."

"You tell nothing but lies!" Alf spat out the final word. "Necromancer!"

From the stunned pregnant pause burst the twang of a crossbow. Gorsh fell to the ground, the bolt sticking through his side. The young man was probably the most surprised of us all; he still pointed the empty crossbow uncertainly at the Halfling.

The wizard moved quickly, pulling a bag from his pocket and beginning an incantation. Alf and I charged, and Teartanis' cursed as we ran straight into her bow line. Suddenly, we were knocked from our feet by a wind from nowhere. Grabbing the young man, the wizard ran upstairs, almost making it to safety before Teartanis' arrow struck. In spite of the pain, he still managed to cast a spell as we ran after him. Alf collapsed, gibbering nonsense, his eyes blank and uncomprehending.

I leapt towards the prone spellcaster as he began his third spell. The young man whimpered in fear, crouched against the wall. In truth, you know, I believed the man's story, but I knew I had to knock him out to halt his incantation.

Fate is a strange mistress. As my sword flashed out, the young man leapt between us, and the blade impaled him. He sagged, and slumped to the ground, dead. The wizard froze, shock visible on his face.

"Max, my son." He gasped, wounded far worse than if the blade had hit him.

With a yell Otto reached us, but before he could strike, fire erupted from the wizards' hands and caught him in the chest. With no choice now but to protect my friends, I struck out and split his throat. He fell, bleeding, across his son's corpse.

So we completed our task, and we collected our money. Some victory. We burnt the tower as a pyre to the dead, and carried Gorsh home. His injury was bad - he never recovered fully, and he ended his days an invalid, earning pennies by mending boots.

I returned to find that my wife loved another and my children did not recognise me. It had been years since I had been home. I fought with my rival and beat him easily, but earned only the fear of my children and the hatred of my wife. With nothing else left, I returned to the road. A road I have seldom since left."

The man had finished his story and finished his wine. Jorg could see his father staring daggers at him.

"You stole some of Uncle Theodor's story."

The man smiled. "So I did."

A thought was sitting just out of Jorg's grasp and he knew if he grabbed it, something about this tale would become clear. His father was starting to beckon at him, and he stood.

"No offence sir, but think I like his tale better."

"So did I lad. So did I." And he laughed.



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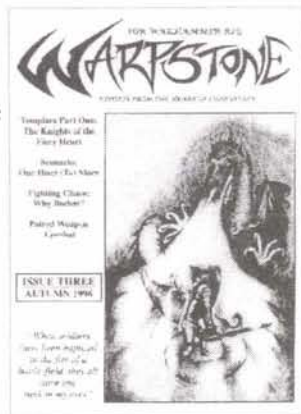
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