

FOR WARHAMMER RPG

WARTSTONE

REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

On The Road Special



Graeme Davis:
Secrets of the Warhammer
Artists



Low Life On The
Highway
Travel on the Empire's Roads



Complete Scenario:
The Drowning Well



Executioner:
A new basic career class

ISSUE SIX
SUMMER 1997

*"The world's an
inn, and death the
journey's end"*



All correspondence to
Warpstone
c/o John Keane
75, Headstone Road,
Harrow,
Middlesex
HA1 1PQ

CREDITS

Editor: John Keane
Associate Editors: John Foody, Martin Oliver & Steven Punter
Proof Reader: Mel Tudno-Jones
Cover: Steve Punter, Quote by John Dryden (1631-1700), Prologue at Oxford (1680)
Back Cover by: Steve Punter, Quote by Catullus (87-54? B.C.)
Illustrations: Steve Punter: pages 4 (Chests), 8 (Man), 10 (City), 20, 25, 28. John Keane: pages 2, 7, 8 (Road & Inn), 9, 10 (Caravan & Vagrant), 11 (Crossbow), 12 (Mutant), 13, 14, 18 (Map), 19, 24 (Klaus), 29, 30, 32 and Player Handouts. Stephen Jones: pages 16, 17, 18 (Elisabeth), 21, 23, 24 (Rolf & Beastman). All others Corel Gallery 2.
All unaccredited text by: John Keane and John Foody

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Congratulations and good luck to Martin and Kathy on their forthcoming Wedding.

Etc. The thick lurid mist enclosed him like the damp, matted, mane of a crazed Beastman, but the fog was no match for his highly attuned senses. "Von Doh!" he cried as he fell face first into a steaming pile of horse excrement. "You seem to have had an accident!" came a voice from the dark. Straining to see through the mist and manure he could make out the outline of a figure approaching. The hooded man stopped still in his tracks with the tip of a razor sharp sword poised at the tender flesh of his throat. "Who's more foolish, the fool or the fool that laughs at him?" questioned the furious warrior. "Foolishness is a state which inhabits us all: from time to time. Once that is understood one can anticipate it. How goes the journal?" A trickle of blood ran precariously down the edge of the blade as the Champion of Law increased his pressure on the sword. "What do you know of the journal?" he bellowed. "More than most." He smiled. Letting the robe fall to the badly cobbled floor, he turned his head towards the light. The scribe had returned, but now he was a Champion in his own right....

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ABBREVIATIONS

A	Number of attacks (melee)	NPC	Non-player characters
AN	Apocrypha Now	P	Parry
AP	Armour Points	PBtT	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 Bogenhafen
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	Guilder (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

**“Like one, that on a lonesome road doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on, and turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread.”***

EDITORIAL

Welcome to Issue Six, which we believe is our best issue to date. Of course, you will have your own thoughts on this particular subject, and we would like to hear them. Part of the reason for starting Warpstone was to initiate discussion and facilitate an exchange of ideas. Although we enjoy praise, we appreciate constructive criticism (if it ain't broke don't fix it - but is it broke?)

With the sad demise of Arcane, one cannot help but dwell on our own longevity. This is a thought that has to be faced from a realistic viewpoint, although there is no point in dwelling on it in any great detail. We have no plans to call it a day for quite some time, and with the readership constantly increasing this threat is some way off. I cannot help but think what will happen in the gaming industry as a whole. With the Wizards of the Coast buy-out of the largest FRP company, it remains unclear. After all, WotC dropped their own FRP lines (Ars Magica, etc.). Are we seeing a prelude to the future? Will we be playing a Warhammer: The Bloodgeoning collectable card game in the near future? Who knows?

You may have noticed in previous issues that we have generally avoided new Creatures, Skills and Careers. However, this issue contains both a Skill and Career. For this reason it is worth explaining our policy again. We have always intended for the magazine to be more than just a set of rules amendments. It would be easy to become bogged-down with these, but we would rather flesh out the Warhammer World. However, some new Careers and Skills will find their way in, but we will ensure that they remain balanced and consistent.

Moving on....Why is it that players try and get away with murder? That is, not in the literal sense, but by the way they try and bend the rules so much that they turn full circle! For instance, the PCs hiring a Torturer to do their dirty work in order to prevent gaining insanity points! When our GM rightfully gave them insanity points anyway, the argument that followed centred on that old chestnut: The Rules Vs The spirit of the game. In the end common sense prevailed (begrudgingly) and the insanity's stood.

As I said at the beginning, we do enjoy getting your feedback and this issue contains plenty to comment about. As you read this we will already be at work on the next issue which will contain the graphically nasty Disease article, among others. As a wise man once said: Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far!

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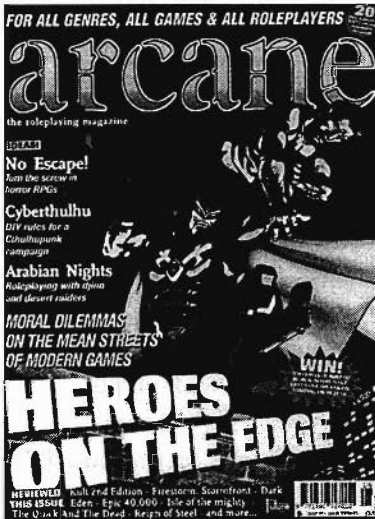
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REVIEWS

ARCANE ISSUE 20

Reviewed by John Foody



And so, twenty issues down the line, Arcane joins the list of RPG magazines that have gone to the great newsagent in the sky. A shame, but perhaps not totally unexpected. Ironically, this last issue is the one that has most appeal to WFRP players.

Containing its usual mix of news, opinion, articles and reviews it had turned into a reasonably solid read. As a decidedly amateur

Magic player, I have enjoyed the regular coverage. Also I was glad that the slightly patronising letter replies had gone. On the downside, Gnome-World remained constantly bland until the end, and bar some interesting points (which I'll come to later) the encounters still fail. Trying to hard too be generic, they remained unfocused and unatmospheric. However, this issue showed a continued move towards particular settings, with a WFRP adventure sending them off. The article on roleplaying an Arabian background was interesting, although further research would have to be done to run a game.

I would recommend this issue to WFRP referees for the articles on dark heroes, the encounter and breeding fear through claustrophobia. The dark heroes articles discusses handling PCs who have moral ambiguities, as has the world around them. So while the article is decorated with superhero imagery, the comments within apply directly to WFRP characters. 'No Way Out' looks at trapping players in 'devil and the deep blue sea' situations. It gives good hints on how to set up and run these for the fullest effect.

Although flawed, the most interesting part of this issue is Kirchheim. This is a brief encounter which is heavily Warhammer influenced. It also includes stats for WFRP (& Elric!). The encounter is written by Ken & Jo Walton, the authors of the forthcoming Realms of Sorcery, and includes a creature called a Warrior Familiar, which they say will be fully covered in RoS. From this preview I am not overly impressed, but we shall see. There are two cameo ideas to use Kirchheim and I would personally use the Elric! idea over the WFRP themed plot. Overall, I think it needs work before I would run it. The idea is a bit much, because it's so overstated. With a bit of trimming it would sit nicely in most campaigns.

And so, the last ever review of the last ever Arcane finishes. It's disappearance is a loss. When launched it hit the ground running, with quality paper and full colour all round. Economies appeared, but it became tighter and more interesting as time went on. Perhaps by trying to appeal to everyone, it weakened its message. Did it attract the average AD&D player, who can get everything they need from Dragon? Should it have tried by balancing emphasis on the biggest selling games like this and World of Darkness? Will the next magazine learn from Arcane's mistakes? We shall see.

For nearly two years I have enjoyed Arcane and looked forward to new issues. They have also supported Warpstone and other Fanzines with reviews and free adverts. Many of you are reading this because of that service.

In a larger context the British gaming community has lost its focal point. Once more the only shop shelf independent games magazine has gone. Perhaps such a venture can never succeed without an overall rise in the profile of gaming. Maybe the Wizards of the Coast buy-out of TSR will start this. Sadly, many gamers seem uninterested in their hobby's future. Without growth it will eventually die. I also get the impression that many people within the gaming community were waiting for it to fall. I doubt that I will see another of its kind for quite a while. Arcane (November 1995-June 1997) RIP.



INFERNO - Issue One

Published by Games Workshop £5

Reviewed by John Foody

"Inferno, good choice sir." Said the cheery GW shop assistant as I pressed a fiver into his hand. "We'll see." I muttered and skulked out of the shop. So what did I get I get for my money? Sixty six pages, sized halfway between A4 and A5 (A5½?), with a colour cover. Inside is mostly text, and apart from the two comic strips, only a few illustrations.

The blurb promises 'Tales of Fantasy and Adventure', and that's what it delivers. Inferno contains a selection of stories and other pieces set in GW's various worlds. Two 40K comic strips have great illustrations but poor ideas. On the same line, a couple of shorter 40K pieces are just excuses for some nice pictures. The same applies to the Siege of Gisoreux map and diary.

The meat of Inferno is made up of four short stories. Salvation and The Demon Bottle are for 40K and Necromunda respectively, with the latter being penned by Alex Hammond, currently writing the WFRP Skaven supplement.

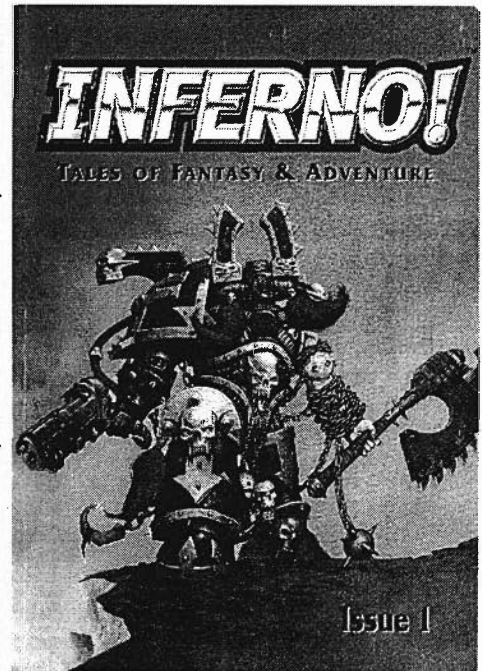
The Mutant Master by William

King is the latest story covering the Troll-Slayer Gotrek and his chronicler Felix. It is set firmly in the WFRP world, with a cast of mutants, peasants, crumbling castles and evil wizards. However, it tends to excess in places, fitting the WFB pattern. With a bit of work this would make a nice WFRP scenario, with an excellent twist.

The Warhammer Quest story, Grunsonn's Marauders by Andy Jones (the Editor), is high-fantasy with a slightly cynical edge. It avoids falling into the trap of being just a dungeon bash, although in parts it reminds me of D&D. The story's twist is obvious but the whole thing is done with such enthusiasm and fun, you can forgive it.

All the stories are fast moving and entertaining, but The Mutant Master aside, without much characterisation. Indeed most of the characters are pretty 2-D, but this does little to harm the stories. Grunsonn's Marauders in particular uses stereotypes in an almost Pratchett fashion.

Inferno is 'Boy's Own Stories' for a more cynical age, with it's tales of heroism and dare-doing. It has been released as 'A Black Library Publica-



tion' in a manner, I assume, similar to Flame Publications and WFRP. Saying this, it is still a welcome move from GW and it will be interesting to see how it develops. I will be buying the next issue. However, if you are looking for inspiration solely for WFRP, I can't recommend Inferno for the price.

RECOMMENDED

Watchmen by Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons; &

Batman: The Dark Knight Returns by Miller, Janson & Varley

Recommended by John Foody

Two of the leading comic books (each available in a collected edition) that formed part of the genre's mid eighties renaissance. Both dealt with superheroes, new ones in the case of Watchmen, while The Dark Knight Returns starts with a retired Batman. Each book is brilliantly written and atmospherically drawn.

Moore's Watchmen is based in a self-contained world, similar to our own, but forever changed by the presence of an invincible superbeing. The plot starts with the murder of one of the superheroes (or 'masks') and the uncovering of a mask killer. What makes Watchmen so special is the pure attention to detail and the excellent characters. It is a book that bears numerous rereads.

Frank Miller's TDKR is the work that reinvented Batman, making him far darker and intense than previously. All the

standard characters are here but their glory days are behind them, with Bruce Wayne retired for ten years. The book is really a swansong for Batman, imagining what would happen at the end.

Both titles make their heroes into humans, and sometimes anti-heroes. While they fight crime, each character has (sometimes odd) reasons for doing so. Many are indistinguishable from the criminals they fight. Very little is black and white in these stories.

These books were both released in the mid-eighties at the same time as WFRP and it is interesting to see the similarity in the way both treat their heroes. No longer were the worlds roamed by clean cut all-American superheroes/shining paladins but something more three dimensional. Part of this change was that things became darker. Although writers had done this before, it was at this point that these ideas began to move into the mainstream. Now anti-heroes are the norm.

Also highly recommended is V for Vendetta by Alan Moore and David Lloyd, and Batman: The Killing Joke

again by Moore (with Brian Bolland and John Higgins).

Flesh and Blood (Paul Verhoven 1985)
Recommended by Zeno Collins

Starring Rutger Hauer (not a sane man!) and Jennifer Jason Leigh. Central Europe (probably Italy/Austria) 1501, a greedy noble betrays and refuses to pay his mercenaries after they've just captured a city for him. A half dozen mercenaries and their camp followers, led by Hauer, kidnap the fiancé of the noble's son in revenge.

The film contains extremely bloody and realistic treatment of medieval warfare, very good costumes and weapons from the period WFRP is set in. There are good characters, mainly played by unknown actors, but all portrayed very well. Ronald Lacey's fanatic priest is brilliant and not a man you want to be stuck in a castle with. The use of a plague infected dog (suitably diced) and a well is particularly gruesome but realistic. It shows what battles, warfare and sieges in the WFRP setting might be like. A very good film to give the feel for WFRP.



WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS



NEWS

The latest news from Hogshead is that the GM screen and Doomstones 2: War & Death are both on their way. The GM screen will be with us first and contains two booklets in addition to the table & reference adorned screen. These will contain a full rulebook index, almanac and a variety of new critical charts overseen by Graeme Davis. The much maligned Doomstones will follow a couple of months later.

In the works are supplements for Marienburg and the Skaven, not to forget Realms of Sorcery and Apocrypha 2. Also a new section will be added to PBT which will give a better link to Death on the Reik.

Hogshead will not be at Euro Gencon although they may sanction some tournaments.

Competition

Last issue we launched a Competition with the chance to win a unique print of the Death on the Reik cover painting by Ian Miller. Due to the late release of issue five we have extended the closing date to the 2/10/97.

Arcane - R.I.P.

As you may already know, Arcane has gone bust. Issue 20 was the last and once more this leaves us without an independent 'newsagent shelf' magazine. Rumours state that poor sales and non payment of bills by TSR were to blame. See page 2 for review.

Three magazines still cover the UK industry. Give them a try:

Games Gazette. Chris Baylis, 67 Mynchens, Lee Chapel North, Basildon, Essex SS15 5EG. Bimonthly - £7.50 for six issues (make payable to Chris Baylis) or available from good gaming shops.

Games Games Games. SFC Press (GG), 42 Wyncdale Road, London, E18 1DX. Ten times a year, sample issue £2 (make payable to SFC Press).

Valkyrie

The latest issue (No 13) of the roleplaying magazine Valkyrie is out now. It squeezes in a lot of articles, many concentrating on smaller games,

although there is a Call of Cthulhu adventure and a number of traveller articles. There is nothing here that I would recommend specifically for WFRP. Now that Arcane is no more, lets hope it can get back to monthly. Valkyrie can be found in Games Stores or ordered from Caliver Books for £3.00 at:

816-818 London Road, Leigh on Sea, Essex, SS9 3NH (Tel: 01702 739986)

Chaos and Confusion

Due to a certain amount of upheaval in the gilded halls of Warpstone, we are not sure if we have replied to everyone who has submitted work. If you sent in your work and we haven't come back to you then please drop us a line. We really would appreciate this. If we receive submissions we will reply whether we wish to publish or not. If we do not publish it, we will point out the reasons why.

CLASSIFIEDS

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:

SECOND HAND GAMES

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

For those of you in America, try Gamescape 333, Divisadero Street, San Francisco, CA 94117 (WWW.GAMESCAPE.COM)

SUBMISSIONS

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions (articles & text). Payment is a free copy of Warpstone.

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 articles 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.hal.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 profiles.

Scenarios

3000-8000 words including full stats. Please keep to the 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 insanity's in WFRP could do with some fleshing out. (Not just a list of new insanity's)



WFRP on the WWW

by Stewart Thorpe

Warhammer Roleplay Fantasy Community: For WFRP Gamers, By WFRP Gamers, and of WFRP Gamers

<http://WWW.chez.com/stonecircle/>

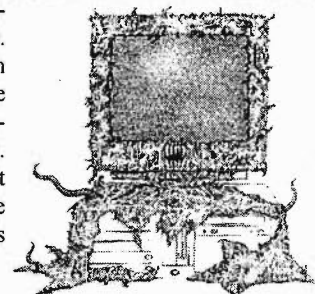
Mirror site at <http://WWW.aros.net/~thorpedo/stonecircle/>

The Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay Community is an Internet community for any WFRP gamers on the WWW. WFRC strives to gather as many WFRP web pages as possible in one location, in order to create communication between WFRP web page authors, make browsing easier, and provide a focus for WFRP on the WWW. WFRC hopes to make a community of WFRP gamers; to form a 'continent' of players and resources, instead of having 'islands' scattered across the WWW.

Membership is totally free, and each member will be a part of a

WFRC web ring of links. WFRC is additionally beneficial to GeoCities members in the GeoRewards program as WFRC will certainly add a number of visitors to your webpages.

Anyone with a WFRP web page may join the scheme by emailing the-stone-circle@juno.com and including details of your Web address. There are no restrictions on location or language, but linked pages are required to adhere to a set of guidelines based on GeoCities' policies. If you have Internet access but don't have a web page, you can arrange for a free home page with GeoCities [WWW.geocities.com].



SECRETS OF THE WARHAMMER ARTISTS

by Graeme Davis

Humour is as much a part of Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay as horror, and although in retrospect this may seem like a truly inspired design decision, I can now reveal that it was mostly the inevitable result of putting a group of people together who were all highly creative and possessed appalling senses of humour. Many readers, I'm sure, will have noticed the bound collection of Playboy on the alchemist's bookshelf, but there's a lot more you don't know. So here, just for fun, is a quick guide to the hidden gags you'll find in WFRP artwork. At least, to all the ones I know about - there could well be more...

By the way, you'll notice that I avoid using page numbers for the most part. This is because there have been quite a few reprintings and compilations, especially of the early Enemy Within adventures, and I didn't want to cause confusion. Besides, you wouldn't want me to make things too easy for you, now, would you?

WFRP RULEBOOK

GW Notables

Starting with John Sibbick's cover illo, the warrior in black armour has the face of Bryan Ansell, who owned GW until a few years ago. The magician looks a little like him, too. On the back cover, the head impaled upon the goblin's banner is a self-portrait of John Sibbick himself.

The career illustrations, by Tony Ackland, feature the likenesses of several Games Workshop notables, not always in the most flattering light!

The Bawd is a portrait of Richard Halliwell, who was known for his spectacularly messy private life. The sign over the door in this picture reads "Ye Olde Den of Iniquity".

The Beggar has the face of John Blanche. There was occasional friction between John and Tony, since they had pretty much an opposite approach to art, life and everything else. The illustration for the Megalomania derangement also bears a certain resemblance to John, probably because of some piece of office politics at the time.

The scribe is Rick Priestley, who has done most of the writing on the Warhammer miniatures games as well as writing the first draft of WFRP. Inscribed on the side of his desk is "Rank Xerox", which was the brand of typesetter GW used at the time.

The Charlatan is Bryan Ansell again. The paper he is holding is "The All-Purpose Unsolicited Testimonial" - obviously from a satisfied customer!

The Cleric is Richard Ellard, who was the manager of the GW Design Studio at the time, and is now in charge of GW US. The holy symbol hanging on his chest incorporates the Volkswagen logo, in tribute to his beloved (and far too fast) car of the time.

The illusionist in the magic chapter is based on Steve Jackson - the British one, who co-founded Games Workshop and co-wrote the Fighting Fantasy gamebook series, rather than the American one, who founded Steve Jackson Games and wrote GURPS.

There are a couple of other hidden celebrities, too. The Bounty Hunter looks a little like Clint Eastwood's "Man With No Name" character from the Sergio Leone westerns, and the Tomb Robber (who also appears in the illustration for the Spot

Traps skill) looks something like Indiana Jones. And if you have the original GW hardbound edition, take a look at the colour plate opposite page 241 - "Evil Races" by Bob Naismith. You'll find the ghouls bears a distinct resemblance to Margaret Thatcher. Well, despite her many years in office, she was the most unpopular Prime Minister in British History...

Arcane Writings

Whenever you see a book, a scroll or an inscription in a WFRP illustration, pause for a moment and take a good look. It's amazing what you'll find.

The character being shadowed by the Bogartesque detective in the skill section is going through a doorway marked "House of Ill Repute".

The alchemist in the advanced careers section has a number of interesting books on his shelf, beside the bound collection of Playboy I already mentioned: "The Electron Microscope", "A Quick Guide to Quantum Physics", "Do-it-Yourself Nuclear Fission", "Organic Polymer Chemistry", and "How to Blow Up..." (we'll never know what, since his head is in the way).

The lawyer in the same section has a book under his arm which will no doubt prove invaluable - it's called "101 Easy Ways to Pervert Justice".

The books for the wizards in the advanced careers section are somewhat more basic - "Magics" and "Book of Base Metals". However, the wizard at the start of the Magic chapter has a more advanced library, including the "Necronomicon" and the "Book of Eibon". No wonder WFRP is often compared to Call of Cthulhu!

Dave Andrews' magician in the section on grimoires has some fairly standard-looking magical books: "1001 Spells", the "Book of Base Metal" again, "Arcane Magic, Vol III", and the ever-popular "Total Mayhem and Destruction". But look closer - you can just make out the first couple of lines of the parchment at the bottom right of the picture: "Once upon a time, there were three bears"...

WFRP SUPPLEMENTS

Death on the Reik

Martin McKenna is another artist who likes to put familiar faces into his illustrations, and you can tell he's a fan of old movies. For example, the cultists pictured alongside the generic cultist stats at the start of the adventure are clearly Peter Lorre and Vincent Price, and the determined-looking lady holding the lantern in the section about the dwarf town is none other than Greta Garbo, in her role as Queen Christina.

The racketeer Luigi Belladonna has a passing resemblance to Marlon Brando in "The Godfather", too. Especially about the cheeks.

Corrobreth the druid is a little more modern - he's based on Ian McShane, best known these days as the roguish antique dealer Lovejoy on British TV.

Herbert Marcuse the Innkeeper looks suspiciously like Stanley Holloway, who played Eliza Doolittle's father in the movie "My Fair Lady".

Kurt Kutzmann is not an actor, but worth mentioning nonetheless - he's based on Steve "Bil" Sedgewick, who was a

graphic designer at GW at the time, and is also the creator of the Gobblebdigook cartoon strip, which ran for several years in White Dwarf.

...And Kurt von Wittgenstein is Charles "Chaz" Elliot, who was also a graphic designer at GW at that time, and is now a very senior member of Wizards of the Coast UK. Which either says something about Chaz or something about WotC...

No prizes for guessing who Graf Orlok in "River Life of the Empire" is based on.

Warhammer City

Martin McKenna strikes again. In the encounters section, the Bunko Artist is Paul Daniels, a popular stage magician on British TV at the time, and the Racketeer is based on Gareth Hale, half of the TV comedy duo Hale and Pace who were renowned for their tuxedo-clad thug characters Ron and Ron.

But Tony Ackland is not to be outdone. The cultists of the Jade Sceptre include Rick Priestley and Sid, who was a Citadel figure painter at the time. Sid, an outlaw biker through and through, was not too pleased with, shall we say, the ambiguity of this portrait.

Back to Martin McKenna, and the major NPCs. Gotthard Goebbels (also in Power Behind the Throne) was based on Paul Cockburn, onetime editor of White Dwarf. (I'll have more to say about this NPC if I ever write "Secrets of the Warhammer Writers")

Something Rotten in Kislev

Martin McKenna again, but at the behest of Ken Rolston: the characters of Krogar and Dolgan Jim are based, respectively, on White Dwarf comic character Thrud the Barbarian and the strip's creator, Carl Critchlow.

Character Pack 2nd Edition: The Graf Manfred

An obscure one from Tony. In the group scene of the street brats on page 10 of the booklet, there's a piece of graffiti on the wall at the lower right of the picture. It reads "Katzenjammer who?" - a reference to the vintage American comic strip "The Katzenjammer Kids".

Lichemaster

The picture on page 40 is re-used from the WFRP rulebook, but is not so closely cropped, so a little more is showing:



RUMOURS by Francis Plunder

"I... I tell you it be true. Master Kohl told me so himself, the Emperor's coming here soon. But in disguise as a beggar. Woe betide you if you treat him bad. I got a shilling ready for the next few I see, I tell you."

"That accursed Flame, took my family jewels. Eh? No, not those ones. Must be a Noble I say, he obviously recognises true craftsmanship when he sees it. Fine tailoring too, may get myself a suit like it made."

"Uouts 'itt. Ut 'alve mi 'ung owt wit ife."

"All of them dead. The whole lot and no loss to anyone. They say the whole of the underworld is at each others' throats. Now the Guildmaster is gone, they're like a pack of wolves."

"The Bretonnian agitator Koe has been seen in the Empire recently. Talk has it, he's looking for fellow minded folks to sponsor his latest campaign. The King has put a huge price on his head."

"Collapsed at my feet he did. Two broken arrows in his gut. "At the whispering rock, the runes hide the Emperor's heads." were his last words. No I don't know what it means. Erm...where's everyone going?"

enough to read the inscription "Nuclear-Free Zone" on the bottom of the tombstone at the lower left of the picture.

The character of Cecil de Vere Cholmondely is based on English character actor Terry Thomas, who was well known for playing upper-class cads, bounders and con-men in the 1950s and 1960s.

Doomstones: Fire in the Mountains

This doesn't really count as a joke, I suppose, but take a look at the picture of the Elves in the section "The Twisted Lands" and see how many rabbits and squirrels you can find.

Doomstones: Dwarf Wars

Another obscure one from Tony. The dwarven robot is based on one from the old Republic Pictures adventure serials. If you look at its chest very closely, you may be able to make out the figure of an eagle (the symbol of Republic Pictures) and the words "Republic Pictures" in runes.

Death's Dark Shadow

The street scene on page 37 (by Steve Tappin, I think, although he's not credited) is reproduced from Warhammer City, and like the graveyard scene in Lichemaster a little more is seen here - for instance, the tavern sign at the far right, reading "Wuthering Heights".

Warhammer Companion

In a picture by (I think) Kevin Walker in the adventure "With a Little Help from my Friends", the kidnapped child is holding a soft toy which looks remarkably like Snoopy, from the "Peanuts" cartoon strip.

In "180!" the Tony Ackland picture from Fire in the Mountains is reprinted. It's a little darker, so you may have more luck spotting the wildlife.

So - there you are. I hope you found at least a couple of things that you hadn't seen before, and were amused in the process. If anyone's interested, I'll be writing an article on the "Secrets of the Warhammer Writers" sometime, explaining some of the gags hidden in the ridiculous German names, and a few NPCs and plot elements that tell you more than you need to know about life at GW in the late 80s!

LOW LIFE ON THE HIGHWAY

-Travel on the Empire's Roads-

by John Foody

"I've come a long way since I last believed in anything. I've been from Araby to Norsca, half way round the world. What have I learnt? I'll tell you.

Nobody with a good horse needs to worry about anything, and nobody with a sword needs to be justified.

Where you've come from is gone, where you thought you were going was never there, and where you are, ain't no good unless you can get away from it."

*Outlaw and traveller Thadius Reitsmann**

Introduction

Travelling on the Empire's roads can be an awkward and hazardous affair, and complacency can drastically reduce your chances of reaching your destination. Dangers real or imagined, are embellished with each telling, and those few who do venture as far as the next village do little to diminish the stories.

Some journeys can be got out of the way simply by saying, 'You arrive in Nuln, after two days hard ride'. Others, you might want to flesh out in more detail. Just using a 'wandering monster' table adds little flavour; using a well-planned encounter can really bring out the atmosphere and add detail to the route.

The Empire's Roads

The roads of the Empire differ hugely. Some are little better than tracks, disused and neglected. Others are broad highways, whose dense-packed and potholed surfaces bear the tread of hundreds of travellers each day. The two most frequently travelled, however, are the great trade routes linking Nuln to Altdorf, and Altdorf to Middenheim.

The Altdorf-Nuln road follows the river closely as far as Grunburg. Whilst the sheer volume of traffic at this end of the route makes it one of the safest in the Empire, the Southern end of the Grunburg-Altdorf road is amongst the most dangerous. Most traffic takes the waterways, passing the impressive site of Castle Reikguard, and as a result most

of the patrols which guard the trade route are river-based. The few travellers who remain on the road are left to wander alone through the dense Reikwald forest at the foot of the Hagercrybs.

The Middenheim-Altdorf road is also hazardous, in spite of regular patrols. Once travellers reach the Drakwald forest, matters become even worse. However, the Middenheim authorities zealously hunt down beastmen and bandits, and have brought a large number of raiders to justice in recent years.

Dispensing justice is not always simple, however. A couple of years ago a prominent road warden was revealed to be in league with a band of beastmen. He was tracked to the Drakwald forest by a small group of Fiery Heart Templars, where he would have escaped were it not for the unit of Middenland Roadwardens who flanked him. Unfortunately, they were being led by a Templar of the White Wolf. The massacre of the beastmen soon degenerated into a three way fight, in which a Roadwarden was slain. Although the diplomatic uproar has since died down, the incident serves as a reminder that outside the civilising constraints of cities, violence often seems the swiftest way to solve disagreements.

The State of the roads

The main proportion of the Empire's roads were once owned by Provincial rulers. Over the years, various parts of the road network have been passed over to noble families or city states. However, after Wilhelm the Wise introduced the Road Tax, the responsibility for maintaining and securing many roads was taken on by the local cities and towns, who saw the immediate benefits in tolls and the long-

term economic advantages that result from being well-connected. For the most part, this has led to a solid and efficient network.

There are various standards of roads, but most fall into one of two categories: roads and tracks.



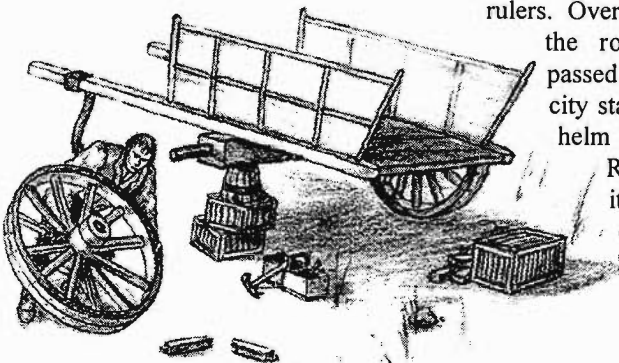
Roads: Roads run between the Empire's main population centres and are, in principal, maintained by the funds raised by Road tolls. These roads often pass through towns, and proximity to a good road is a key factor in a settlement's success.

The best roads were created in the century after Wilhelm's introduction of the Road tolls. Dwarven Engineers were hired to supervise their construction, and the design was practical and solid, based on the pioneering engineering of the Romans. These roads form the basis of all that have followed.

Unfortunately, many of the Empire's roads have fallen into disrepair. While the tolls are intended to maintain the roads, this rarely occurs, so that the best of roads are riven by pot holes, whilst the worst have been allowed to degenerate into little more than stony tracks.

Most roads are around three to four yards wide, enough only for a single wagon. However, there are various passing points along their length. Fights often break out over who should go backwards. Even where roads are wide enough for two wagons, most drivers still prefer to hog the centre.

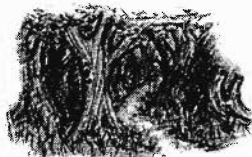
The best road in the Empire (and perhaps the whole of the Old World) is the Middenheim-Marienbourg road, followed closely by the Middenheim-Altdorf road. Middenheim has always taken its roads very seriously. After all, they are its life blood. The Dwarven Engineer's Guild is paid a substantial amount of money to maintain



**Paraphrased from Wise Blood (John Hutson) (via Ministry)*

these roads, and has a department dedicated solely to this task.

Every stretch of road has at least one toll gate; many have more. Another common feature of the Empire's roads are the coaching inns, located approximately a day's travel from each other. Travellers are also likely to pass through numerous villages and hamlets, although most of these will be located around larger population centres.



Tracks: Most of the Empire's roadways are simply tracks. The vegetation on these well-travelled pathways is kept in check by constant traffic, ably assisted by the local peasants who are expected to maintain them.

In winter, these become all but impassable, especially to wheeled vehicles. Rainwater floods holes and dips in the roads, while the cold freezes the mud into solid ridges which can prove just as dangerous for horses.

The EW supplement gives daily movement rates for travel. Table A expands on this, taking into account the season of the year. The rate given is for eight hours of travelling, with sufficient stops to rest the animals.

Table A	Road	Track
	S/W*	S/W
Coach or Cart	30-26	20-n/a
Draft Horse	30-25	20-10
Horse	40-35	30-15
Pony/Mule	36-33	25-12
Wagon	15-12	10-n/a
Foot (as M rate)	100%/80%	75%/50%

* On the Middenheim roads, use the Summer rate all year round.



Inns

Situated along all but the most infrequently used routes are coaching inns. These serve a number of important functions: they act as safe stopping places for travellers, provide fresh horses for coaches, and form bases for road wardens. Additionally, they provide local jobs and create trade, employing staff and buying goods. Just as importantly, they provide a social centre where locals

can gather. Many inns also have thick walls, providing solid defence against attack. Should the need arise, the local population will flock there for protection.

The inn provides an exceptional place for adventures and encounters. A variety of people from all walks of life can be brought together in one place, where (for reasons of safety) they are forced to stay for the night. Inns have been used in a number of published adventures; see 'The Drowning Well' (page 17) or the suggested further reading for more detailed ideas.



Way Temples

Less numerous than inns are the Way Temples. These are simply inns run by a religious group, and provide all the basic functions of an inn together with spiritual guidance. Patrons are not charged, but are expected to give a donation, taking into account the services received and their own personal wealth. Several cults maintain Way Temples in the Empire, including:

Myrmidia: Only one Way Temple, located outside Altdorf. This is actually one of the largest Myrmidian temples in the Empire, and is visited by those hiring mercenaries. It has a shrine to both Verena and Morr, as well as graveyard in which worshippers can be buried. Military training, both practical and theoretical, can be obtained here.

Ulric: A small number of Way Temples are located around the northern Empire. These are guarded by cultists as a minor service to their religion. Those Temples situated on the roads into Kislev are used as a regular stopping off-point for Kislevites entering the Empire. Employers looking for combat-oriented, cheap labour regularly scour these stops.

Sigmar: A number of Way Temples are maintained by the Cult of Sigmar. These are mainly located on the borders of the Empire and are heavily fortified. Some incorporate small shrines to Grungi.

Shallya: Although the cult of Shallya does not run Way Temples as such, they do have a number of out-of-the-way retreats. These will happily offer



hospitably to visitors. Their only condition is that weapons are left outside.

Ranald: Although there are no Way Temples dedicated to Ranald (for obvious reasons), his followers do run a number of inns. These provide the additional service of hiding people on the run. They can also help arrange disguises and transport. Such services are only made available to those recommended by a cleric of Ranald. They will not help those who are wanted for violent crimes.



Shrines: Shrines are far more numerous than Way Temples and are scattered around the Empire's roadways. Most, especially those far from centres of population, are dedicated to Taal and Rhya. Others are devoted to Sigmar or to local deities. They can be used to offer prayers and sacrifices to any of the gods.

Many travellers place small gifts at these shrines as an offering for a safe

journey. Poorer travellers sleep in the larger ones, which offer some protection. Some thieves use shrines as dead letter drops, placing items behind a certain stone or buried a set distance from the shrine. Clerics of all faiths, including the Druids, take time to protect and maintain shrines, and it is considered a grave offence to deface or damage one.



Toll booths

Toll booths can be found 20-60 miles apart on all roads, and are placed where there are few opportunities to bypass them. Road Wardens make sure they are not avoided, and offenders face severe financial penalties. Confiscation of horses is not unheard of.

The booths are usually fortified to some extent, and are regularly visited by road wardens. Some of the smaller ones are left unattended after dusk, on the grounds that only the foolish and the dangerous are abroad at night.

Everyone, except some of the local nobility, is required to pay a toll, which is usually one crown per leg. On more heavily used routes, this will be reduced. Market and feast days, when traffic is particularly heavy, can either see tolls raised or dispensed with altogether, depending on the local politics.

Most coach companies have an arrangement with the toll booths allowing coaches to go straight through. As they approach they ring a bell, and the gate is opened. Some coaches collect the toll money direct from the passengers, delivering it to the city authorities on arrival.

Running a toll booth is perhaps one of the most dangerous jobs in the Empire. Toll keepers are often attacked by those who do not wish to pay or by bandits after the money. Most toll keepers are relatively well paid, with all developing some combat skills. The head toll keeper is usually a retired soldier, often an ex-officer. His assistants will be a mixture of ex-soldiers and locals, who will carry a weapon and wear both leather armour and a badge of office. This could be a uniform, or just a cloak clasp.

Corruption is also relatively common, especially where the road wardens are taking a cut. These can range from taking a chicken or two from a passing trader or hiking up the tolls. Because tolls are so variable, such allegations are hard to prove. Corruption is harshly

punished when discovered.



Coaches

"Rain, wind, snow and ice. Goblins, bandits and worse. You have no chance of getting through. Not unless you travel Four Seasons, the biggest and best."

Quote from a Four Seasons coaches Pamphlet

The population centres of the Empire can be reached readily by coach, and there are a multitude of companies who deliver this service (see EW). Coaches are operated by a driver and a guard, both of whom will be familiar with the area they have to travel through and are ready to use violence to get their passengers through. Coachmen will also be members of the powerful Teamsters guild.

Coaches are sometimes used to deliver post, at a cost of 5GC for a letter and 10-20GC for a parcel, but the cost of this service puts it beyond the reach of most people. The company is also under no obligation to deliver the message by any specified time. However, Four Seasons have recently promised the letter will go with the first available coach and be delivered on the day of arrival for a mere 3GCs surcharge.

An extension of this service covers the delivery of urgent documents. A coach is hired and sent with all haste to its destination, empty of passengers. Coachmen are expected to defend their cargo with their life. A clerk or servant can accompany the document free of charge.



Entertainers

A frequent sight on the Empire's road is the entertainer. There are three broad groups of entertainers: minstrels, theatre groups and fairground workers. Their earnings on the road are minimal, and most only cover subsistence costs.



Minstrels: Generally found to be travelling on their own, minstrels hope to earn their board for the night as they practice their trade. They are forever moving on, 'to try my luck elsewhere' or 'go somewhere where art is appreci-

ated.' They find travel essential for picking up new stories and songs. Many hope they will meet a patron on their travels who will pay them royally forever more.

Elven minstrels only make up a small percentage of these entertainers, but they are greatly valued. Much to the annoyance of their human counterparts, they are seen as the authentic article. This is a feeling the Elves do nothing to dispel. See pg 13 for an Elven minstrel NPC.



Theatres: Groups of actors will sometimes gather together as travelling theatres or circuses. They move from inn to inn, performing each night. They are expected to pay for their own board or sleep in their wagons but are always welcomed by landlords. The standard of these theatres is not usually up to that of their counterparts in the cities.



Fairground Entertainers: Across the old world festivals are celebrated with huge fairs, which draw people from miles around. Larger towns and cities hold week long fairs, annually, in addition to festival times. Entertainers that work the fairgrounds travel all year, moving from fair to fair, spending their whole lives on the road. These people are the current recipients of a tradition and culture that stretches back years. Their trade has been handed down from generation to generation and those that chose not to follow this 'trade of my father' are outcast from the community. They are a very close and insular people, dominated in the Empire by four families who own the best spots in the fairgrounds and marketplaces. They refer to everyone else as 'outsiders'

The fairground entertainers also treat their animals with the utmost care. When times are hard, it will be the animals who are fed first. This is especially true of those used in acts.

While it seems to locals that entertainers just arrive and set up stall where they can, positions are carefully regulated, with the best sites owned by the older families. These allocations (along



with many of the other aspects of a travelling entertainer's life) are regulated by the powerful Guild.

The Guild is responsible for the interests of its members and is much respected by them. The guild is run by the eldermen, comprising of the most respected members of the four main families, with one or two others. The only meeting of the eldermen is held in the week following the Middenheim festival. All guild members are welcome to attend and contribute to this.

All children are expected to join the guild at the age of twelve. To join, they must convince an elderman they understand the laws and customs of their people, and swear an oath of loyalty. The first generation of any family of entertainers is forbidden from joining the guild. In fact they are looked on as outsiders, even if they have worked the fairs for decades.

Once they have joined, the only requirement is to hand over ten percent of all earnings. In return, they can expect the loyalty and support of the community in all matters. The guild also takes care of legal matters, with other entertainers providing alibis and suitable bribes when necessary. However, should the guild believe a member is guilty of a serious crime, they are not beyond hanging them from a roadside tree.

Some of the larger towns may create an independent guild of their own to organise and oversee festivals and other entertainment requirements of the town.

When this happens, the Guild quickly moves to buy off officials and replace them with their own people. These will be entertainers who no longer wish to travel, but who remain part of the community. To step outside of the life like this, they have to be highly trusted.

The Guild also arranges marriages on behalf of its members. Members are expected to marry their 'own kind', although the nature of the lifestyle means that prospective couples are unlikely to meet more than twice a year. During the Middenheim carnival the guild introduces young men and women, who must decide by the festival's end whether they will marry. Women are expected to be married by the age of eighteen, men by twenty-four. Once married the couple travel with the man's family. For this reason, producing a male heir is seen as very important, as it ensures the future of the family.

PCs travelling the Empire's roads are likely to meet entertainers regularly. Most of the time they will be highly suspicious of outsiders and avoid any contact beyond a cursory nod. However, should the PCs come to the aid of a family, they will find themselves welcomed by more and more families as the story spreads.

PC entertainers could come from such a background. Most would have been Guild members, and their family will still be. While they would know many of the customs and the people, they would be treated with contempt by those they have turned their back on.



Caravans

Another frequent sight is that of Merchant Caravans travelling across the Empire and beyond. They usually consist of between two and twenty wagons, although a few have as many as forty. Off-road caravans often use mule trains. Caravans are brought together by a collection of merchants who cooperate for improved profits.

At night the larger vehicles form a circle and light huge fires. These are used to scare off animals and cook the evening meal. Most caravans are happy to have adventurers along for mutual protection. Some may even employ them as guards, although not as mule-skinners unless they belong to the

Teamsters Guild. (See the article on the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading company in issue three for more details on this)

The following table shows the average composition of caravan size:

Wagons/ Mules	Drivers/ Mule- skinners*	Guards	Caravan Masters **	Additional Staff***
2+/10+	1/1	3	1	0
5+/20+	1/2	5	1	0
10+/30+	2/2	7	1	1
15+/40+	2/2	10	1	2
20+/50+	3/2	12	2	2
30+/60+	3/2	16	3	3

* Teamsters. These are in addition to the basic one per wagon or one per ten mules. For every ten Teamsters there must be a Teamster leader. Teamsters also act as guards, although all staff are expected to defend the caravan.

** There will always be a caravan master, who will be responsible for organising the caravan. He will always be a employee of the merchant company. On larger caravans, he will have assistants.

*** These will be cooks, outriders and the like. On smaller caravans guards will double as cooks and outriders. Drivers are exempt from such duties.



Vagrants

Vagrants are regularly found wandering the roads. They have fallen on hard times and been forced to leave the city or town where they had lived. Taking to the road, the vagrant tries to survive as best as they can. Unfortunately, the odds are stacked against them. Alone, and often sick, they have little chance of surviving for long in the forests.

Occasionally, groups of the homeless and ill will be expelled from a town en masse. This will usually be in reply to the nobility's complaints about the town looking messy. "All these poor people are just sooo dirty." They will then move onto the next town, where the same thing will eventually happen. Clerics of Shallya try and get them to stay in one place, making sure they are fed and sheltered. Many of these vagrants are ex-adventurers, wandering the roads in a parody of their adventuring lives. Old, ill and unable to adjust to a normal life, they have no real alternative.

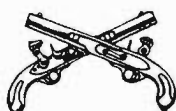


Pedlars

Most villages and hamlets are too small to sustain a shop, and are too far away from the main roads to see merchants. Filling this gap, pedlars serve an important function. In addition to selling small items and trinkets, they bring knowledge, news and gossip from the outside world. The best pedlars concentrate on one area, building a long-standing relationship with the people they visit.

However, less well-known pedlars are often distrusted, and are stereotyped as petty thieves who will steal anything. This is often true, since there is little money to be made in peddling.

Some areas require pedlars to be licensed, although this has done little except start a thriving black market in forgeries. Licences are issued by the local gentry for around 10GCs (forgeries go for 3GCs). Those found with a forged licence (or without one altogether) are sentenced to time in the stocks. Repeat offenders are thrown in jail.



Highwaymen

Highwaymen are the self-styled Kings of the Road. Although technically, they are simply thieves, Highwaymen do everything with style. Many do not simply rob for the money, but for the fame. By robbing coaches with panache, their notoriety spreads, and some people even hope to be robbed by a well known highwayman. The downside is that being caught will lead to certain death.

NEW SKILL

Light Sleeper (Practical)

Idea by Steven Punter

Characters with this skill are easily awakened from their slumber by the smallest of sounds. They are alert all the time and are unlikely to be surprised while asleep. Many people are born with this skill but others gain it through necessity. Light sleepers sometimes find it difficult to sleep well in a noisy environment. Elves cannot gain this ability.

The most famous Highwaymen of the moment is *'The Flame'* who operates on the Altdorf-Talabheim road. He is named for the red feathers and silk shirt he wears. Rumour has it that he is a noble (but then they always say that). He has been operating for over four years and has avoided numerous attempts to capture him. In that time he has killed five people: four stubborn victims who resisted his thievery, and a soldier who was part of an ambush.

The law has had little luck bringing *'The Flame'* to justice. Only once have they come close. Even then, *'The Flame'* escaped from a surrounded inn filled with undercover men, killing one on his way out. Captain Hugo Hess of the Altdorf Roadwardens leads the hunt, having sworn to track and kill *'this common bandit'* who slew his brother. Hess has had little luck but seems even more determined after being wounded in the failed ambush.



The truth is that *'The Flame'* is Captain Hess. He was forced to kill his brother after mistakenly stopping the coach he was on. He loves being famous and has no intention of stopping. The ambush was the nearest he came to being captured. A servant at an inn gave information to the Talabheim Roadwardens that *'The Flame'* was there. They moved quickly, and whilst searching the inn, a Soldier kicked open the door to see Hess hiding his gear. He wounded Hess, who shot him at close range. By the time the other soldiers got there, *'The Flame'* had *"disappeared out of the window"*. Behind him he left a dead Soldier and a wounded 'undercover' Captain Hess. Hess was awarded a medal for his dedication and bravery.



Gypsies

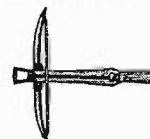
Also wandering the roads of the Empire (and the Old World) are the Gypsies. They are a dark skinned people, a race unto themselves, but people from all the Old World's countries will travel in their company. The history of the Gypsies is shrouded in secrecy, and is jealously guarded. Many stories are told around the evenings campfire, but much is kept and passed on only by the elders. They speak of the lost homeland they were driven from many generations ago. As a people, they are skilled with magic and divination. They worship Ranald, Taal and Rhya, and are on friendly terms with Druids.

However, the Gypsies are frequently persecuted, and are often forced to make a living through petty crime. They will welcome travellers to join them for the night, with the intention of robbing them. They are tolerated by the populous mainly due to fear, as it is believed they can cast curses (the 'evil eye'). The ruling classes and churches have been known to use them as scape-goats.



Witch hunters

Much rarer on the road, but generating an unspoken fear, are the witch hunters. They travel from place to place looking for signs of Chaos. Although their activities sometimes fall outside the law, their air of secrecy is due more to their insularity and paranoia than their fear of justice. Most authorities are too afraid to act against them, even when the evidence is overwhelming.



Outlaws

Although less fearsome than Beastmen or Goblins, the real menace to most travellers are outlaws. These bandits operate across The Empire, attacking those they outnumber or can outmanoeuvre. They prefer threats to actual violence, and will often retreat if attacked. However, Outlaws will sometimes completely destroy a caravan or coach just to show they mean business. Some bands require new members to kill

in order to prove their loyalty.

There are many tales of such fugitives helping the poor, or robbing the rich in order to share out wealth. There is some truth in these stories - only the rich are worth robbing, and the poor are paid to keep their mouths shut.

The authorities' first reaction to a new group of bandits is to issue rewards for their capture, hoping Bounty Hunters will solve their problem. If this fails, or the outlaws kill someone important, rewards will be raised and patrols heavily increased. By this time, the authorities are in danger of making the bandits folk heroes, and if matters are not resolved quickly, a large force will be raised to track down and destroy them. Local taxes will be levied to pay for this force, and the reason for the tax will be spelt out to the peasants.

Once a band of outlaws is tracked down, orders will be given to capture as many alive as possible. Leaders and locals will be hung in the town square, with others displayed at the road side. Mercy is rare, for it is in the lands of the harshest lords that outlaws are born.

Bands of outlaws usually form in areas where locals are having trouble feeding their families. Until the situation improves, they roam the area, robbing whomsoever they find. What they lack in equipment and experience, they make up for in desperation. Their friends and family, who benefit from the raids, provide alibis and support.

Such bands are usually small, and led by a natural leader. More professional bands are larger and better equipped, with a wide range of skills. Their camp will be well hidden and perhaps even fortified. The popular image of the green clothed and bow carrying outlaw is not far from the truth. When available, they will wear brown and green for camouflage, and use bows simply to keep some distance between themselves and those they rob. Outlaw chiefs rule through respect, which is gained by leading their followers on safe and profitable attacks. Those that fail are violently replaced or deserted.



Goblins

The threat of Goblin attacks inspires fear, but is less of a threat than most believe. When Goblins do attack, they do so in great numbers and with plenty

of missile fire. They have learnt to avoid the areas around major cities, where retribution is swift and vicious.



Beastmen

A far greater threat to travellers is that of Beastmen. Although attacks are uncommon, they usually result in a massacre. In large numbers, they will even attack armoured troops, in order to steal their equipment.



Mutants

Mutants are a severe problem on the Empire's roads. Even more than Beastmen or Goblins, Mutants band together. They live around population centres, fearing the forest they are forced to live in, needing to steal food and equipment, and having few survival skills. Many are bitter at their fate, and hope to steal items that will remind them of their previous lives.



"You take the river, and I'll take the road, and I'll be in Middenheim before you."



Roadwardens

With all these problems, who keeps control of the road? This dangerous job falls to the Roadwardens, who watch the roads and struggle to keep them safe. Their job is to protect travellers, capture bandits and keep an eye on the toll booths and isolated farms. In reality, they are spitting into a storm. The areas they are expected to cover are too large for so few wardens, and

the best they can do is keep a visible presence, especially at the inns and toll booths.

The Roadwardens are partly funded by the toll booths and taxes raised from merchants, and are controlled by the watch in their town of origin. The watch captain is the Roadwardens head of command, and he delegates responsibility to between one and three lieutenants, and they in turn to between three and ten sergeants. The sergeants on the road are responsible for up to twenty men.

Wardens work for five to eight weeks, and then take a week off. They spend each day on the road and the night in secure accommodation, such as an inn. Some groups are based in these places, using them as a centre of operations. Others travel the length of the highway, and are a welcome sight to most travellers, some of whom will tag along with them.

The wardens are not afraid of using force to carry out their duties, and often perform summary executions for serious crimes. Lesser criminals will be taken to the base of operations, to await a travelling magistrate. This power of summary execution has given road wardens a reputation for viciousness, which has lessened slightly in recent years.



Magistrates

Found travelling from town to town, passing sentences and ruling on disputes are the Magistrates. These judges are based in the main cities and travel the appropriate surrounding provinces. Depending on the province these civil servants will either be Lawyers or Nobles, newly elected to the rank. Their training will be conducted on the road, before

FURTHER READING

The Sample Inn from the WFRP rulebook.
Travel in the Empire section from EW.

WFRP 'On the Road' adventures worth looking out for:

- On the Road, Night of Blood & A Rough Night at the Three Feathers from Apocrypha Now
- The Affair of the Hidden Jewel from The Restless Dead
- The book 'The Elizabethan Underworld' by Gamini Salgado (reviewed in issue 2) has some excellent chapters on life on the road.

their hopeful rise to the ranks of the City Magistrates. Some never make the grade, becoming embittered and corrupt.

Magistrates usually travel with a few clerks and men at arms, and occasionally an executioner. However, executioners more often travel on their own (see page 28 for more details). A herald is sent ahead to the next town and its surrounding villages to announce the travelling court's arrival. The group then arrive in a population centre, set up court and wait for the people to come to them.

There are still areas of the Empire where the local nobility pass judgements. This is a far more arbitrary form of law, and is slowly disappearing. However, the truth remains that the poor will get a far harder time at these courts.

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

Dead Dwarves

After a period of heavy rainfall, the PCs

are glad to be back on the road, as the ground to each side has become swampy. After a day of such terrain, they round a bend to hear a repeated shout of help. It is a funny sounding voice, which stops as the PCs approach. Off the road, they see two bleeding Dwarfs lying against a tree. About ten feet in front of them a shield sticks in the ground. One of the dwarves looks up and beckons for help.

This is, in fact, a trap. All that remains of the Dwarfs is a couple of bloodless husks. They were killed by six Chameleoleeches who have moved into the swampy ground at the roadside. The cry of help came from a mutated bird who has developed mimicking abilities and a taste for flesh.

Wagon in a ditch

The party come across Erich Kant and his family, a group of fairground entertainers. A spooked horse ran their

wagon into a ditch, where it got stuck. At first, they will be too proud to accept help, but if the party insists, they will relent. In fact, they won't be able to shift the wagon without the PCs' help, which should be obvious to any PC on an Int test (+20% for Engineering). This help will gain them some firm friends. That's it! (which should worry the more paranoid players...)

The toll is death

Bad weather forces the party to spend the night at a toll booth. After an evening of getting to know the toll keepers, followed by a good night's sleep, the weather breaks and they can continue.

On the return journey, half a day from the toll booth, they make to stay in an inn. Unfortunately a Baron Reiter and his retinue have taken over the rooms, and won't even allow the PCs to sleep on the bar floor. The only option for them is to stay in the barn. The ►

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

by Martin Oliver

Eldariel Tirumenitarian Elven Minstrel

Eldariel Tirumenitarian is fresh from the heart of Loren, undertaking part of the Minstrel's craft referred to as "finding". An Elven minstrel can never truly master their art until they have found their own unique voice, their own self. Eldariel's journey into the unknown barbarism of the Empire of Men is an outward reflection of his internal self-exploration.

Whilst travelling, Eldariel will practice his art in Inns, study the crude but endearing folk music of the various regions he visits, and observe people. This last is particularly important to him, for as he sees others coming to terms with their own conflicts and problems, so he learns about himself. He might well tag along with a group of adventurers, but when trouble strikes he will probably do nothing but watch reflectively, even if his inaction risks lives. All his attention will be focused on his own internal struggle, trying to overcome his revulsion at the cruelty and base desires he sees, both in others, and in himself. Whilst others wrestle with thugs or beastmen, he wrestles with the demons of his own desires and ambitions. This introverted pondering is of-

ten misinterpreted as disdain or callousness by humans. It doesn't make him popular.



"So, how many Orcs were there, Eldariel?" "As the leaves on the Summer Oak." "No - how many? Fifty? Sixty?" "I don't understand - the stars of heaven, the grapes on the vine, the words of a song - *that* many! By Liadire! You humans are incomprehensible!"

This is a great chance to remind players that Elves are more than just tall humans with good characteristics. Decide on how you want your *real*

Elves to act - aloof, merciful, caring, incomprehensible, whatever - and use Eldariel to exemplify that. He will feel pity for any "humanised" Elves that he meets, and will encourage them to recapture whatever they can of their "true heritage". He sees this as part of his duty - it won't even occur to him that comments about living with humans having stunted an Elf's development could be interpreted as pride, haughtiness, or even an insult...

"As the tall pine in an orchard, so are you. You cannot see your roots for those that cluster around you, so you try to grow apples instead of reaching for the clouds."

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	32	31	3	3	5	67
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	57	36	55	53	39	37

Age: 73 Height: 6'1"
Hair: Fair Eyes: Green
Skills: Acute Hearing, Charm, Dance, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Musicianship, Public Speaking, Silent Move Rural, Sing
Possessions: Lute, fine clothes of green and blue, knife, 15 crowns.

Baron is surrounded by bodyguards at all times.

Next day, as the PCs approach the toll booth, they will find the toll-keepers are different. Questions about the old crew are met with the answer, "they were fired". If persistent or suspicious, the PCs will simply be ushered on through. In fact, the old keepers are tied up in the cellar, while these individuals (who are hired killers) wait for the Baron. The killers should be tough but professional; all they want to do is kill the Baron and escape. Why are they doing this, and for whom? Well, that's a different story...

We're not paid for that!

Whilst travelling through heavy woodland, located on a relatively safe road, the PCs come across a wagon train stopped dead in its tracks. The drivers sit around drinking herbal tea and chatting. Their passage is barred by a huge oak that has fallen across the road. The caravan master, Wiesel Buchwald, is

pulling his hair out. He didn't intend to hire guards until the next town, and the teamsters have refused to help move the obstacle. *"The guild would never allow it - it's more than my job's worth!"* Additionally, they dislike Wiesel.

Wiesel will offer to pay the PCs to get the caravan moving. Moving the tree is only possible with the teamsters' help, and cutting it to pieces will take days.

The lost patrol

Solok, Goblin chieftain's son and leader of an increasingly mutinous patrol, is lost. He and his eight men have drifted miles away from the rest of the tribe, and have reached the stage where he needs supplies and some act of initiative to regain the confidence of his troops. He intends to ambush the next travellers on the road, but knowing he can't face a large group of men has devised a cunning plan (for a goblin, anyway).

One Goblin has been sent to wait at

the side of the road. When spotted, he will run into the woods, leading his pursuers into a clearing surrounded by goblins with short bows.

This encounter is a straightforward stand-up fight. However, by keeping the number of Goblins vague and the confusion high, it can still worry the PCs.

On the run

While in town, one of the male members of the party is approached by seventeen year old Hanna Koltrack, who clumsily tries to seduce him. She is nervous, and if asked will say she just wants a ride out of town. She is fleeing from a month-old guild-arranged marriage to a man she hates, but will be pursued by her husband's family. If the PCs look after her, they will be approached by her uncle, who will explain the situation. Should they protect her, they will be hounded along the road, possibly climaxing in an attack just before reaching the next major population centre.



KRIEGER'S TOLL BOOTH

by John Foody

The following section deals with a toll booth owned by Baron Muchtraken and run by Koln Jutemus. It can be located anywhere in the Empire where a road crosses a river.

When Wilhelm the Wise set the road-building process in motion he made sure that the toll booths would provide protection for their occupants. The style of these buildings varies enormously across the empire, but the finest were built by Hotto Kreiger, whose work has inspired architects across the world ever since. Kreiger perfected his style in his greatest achievement, the Cathedral of Sigmar in Altdorf, but his earlier works can be seen in numerous town buildings and a number of small shrines across the Empire.

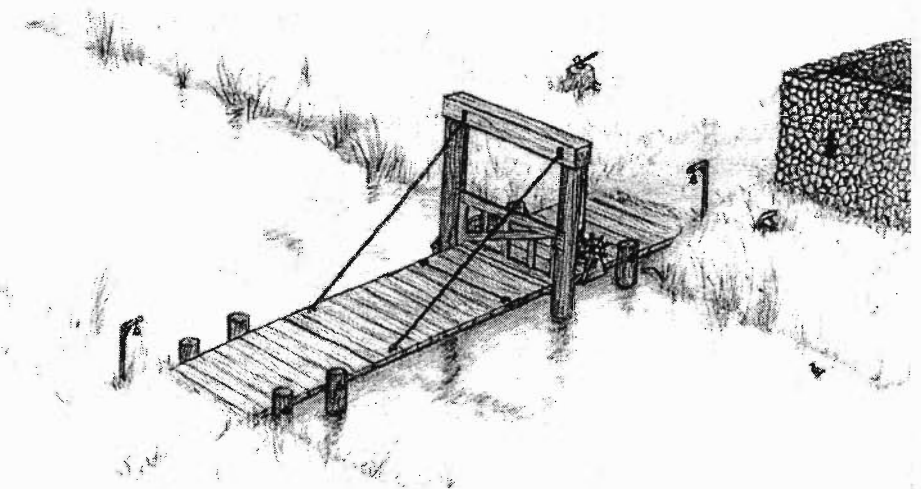
Kreiger was born Marcus von Krillheim, the eldest son of a wealthy noble family from the south whose money came from their extensive vineyards. At the age of six he contracted Polio and was paralysed from the waist down. As his combat training came to an end, his father took no further interest in him, turning to his brothers to continue the proud line of warriors. His mother, however, encouraged him to learn, and he soon spent all his time in the library. When he was sixteen, his

father died and he became Baron. Much to his brothers' disgust, he showed little interest in running the lands, concentrating instead on his studies and his great passion - architecture.

With the funds of the estate at his disposal, he began building a castle to his own design. As it grew, the coffers shrunk, and the family teetered on the edge of bankruptcy. When a design fault led to a tower collapsing, his brothers made an attempt on his life, setting fire to the library and destroying it completely.

He made his escaping through a secret door his mother had shown him, slowly crawling towards her room. Realising that there was no way his brothers would allow him to live, his mother sent Marcus with her most loyal servant to Gustav Ravenstern, an old paramour, with a letter of introduction. Gustav, an important functionary at the royal court, gladly took Marcus under his wing.

Changing his name, Marcus began studying with the royal architects. Eventually he was given a chance to prove him-



self with the design of a number of toll booths. After his success with these, he moved from project to project, each more important than the last. Thirty years later, when he was rich, influential, and a close friend of the Emperor, the cathedral of Sigmar was finished. However, this was his final moment of glory, for at the consecration of the temple he was recognised by his brother. Panicking, believing Marcus would return to reclaim his title, his brother hired an assassin and had him murdered.

Although Kreiger is dead, his work lives on. Of course, none of this matters much to those that pass the toll booth. Although it is now run down and crumbling, it remains impressive for its size. The booth consists of a house, surrounded by a tall wall, standing next to the gate and bridge, and is built at the meeting place of the river and road. When the bridge is down it blocks access for river traffic until they pay the toll. The road is impassable when the bridge is up or the gates are shut.

The booth is run by Captain Jutenmus and his three men, who live in the house. During the day, two men from the village come as backup. The atmosphere at the house is businesslike but friendly; all get along well. They work twelve hour shifts, and have a day off every month. The gates are closed at shift change. Evening meals and breakfast are lively affairs, with everyone gathered together. However, lately they have been slightly tense, with guards Paulus and Adolf having fallen out. Occasionally, travellers will be allowed to stay overnight.

Once a month, the money is taken to the local lord. When his men arrive, they pay the toll men their wages. The money is kept in a strong safe in the captain's office. The house also holds supplies, including weapons and horses, for the Roadwardens.

Captain Klön Jutenmus

"No thanks, I'll just have some of that elderberry juice."

"Thank Shallya, lad. Once I'd have beaten you for a comment like that."

Klön soon bored of the farming life he was born into, and headed for the city. Here, he joined the army, and in time rose to the rank of captain. He also married and had three children. However, his happiness was soon to come to an end. A campaign to the south to put down a small rebellion turned into a massacre when superior tactics and forces overwhelmed his force. He was one of only three men to escape, his face half destroyed and his arm withered.

Returning to the city, he discovered

that he and his men had been used as political pawns, and in disgust he resigned. Looking as he did, he felt his wife and children could never love him, and left the city. He wandered the Empire, ending up drunk in Carroburg. It was here he met a priest of Shallya who got him a job as a toll guard. Within a year he was Captain.

Klön is a fair and honest man, but is troubled by many demons. He has not drunk since leaving Carroburg, but given the right pressures he could easily slip into his old habits. He worships Shallya and loathes the use of violence. A tall man, he is heavily bearded, and always wears a large brimmed hat which covers the damage to his face.

Johann Tiker

"Tolls maintain the roads? You must be joking! It just feeds the damned nobility!"

"The army? Not me. I've always managed to avoid that."

Johann was one of the other two men who survived the massacre with Klön. Brought up in Bogenhafen, he was groomed to become the next head of his family's merchant house. Much to his father's disappointment, Johann showed no interest in the world of commerce. Instead he was drawn into petty crime, leading eventually to the court, after being arrested for murder. Family influence saved him from the scaffold, and he was drafted into the army instead.

After the massacre he rejoined the army with Klaus, the other survivor. When Klaus killed himself, Johann deserted. Fortune brought Johann and Klön back together again and, believing it to be a sign from Shallya, Klön hired him as a guard. Since then he has lived at the toll house.

Johann has grown a large beard to disguise himself, as he is still wanted for desertion. He has quietened down since his youth, becoming cynical in the process. He is completely loyal to Klön and is happy to have found a new family at the toll house. On his days off, he travels to a nearby village to see one of the young women whom he likes.

Bruno Lockstein

"You don't have to have a beard to work here. But it helps."

"Look at that staircase. Pure Kreiger. Genius."

"zzzzzzzzzzzz"

Bruno is a bookish young man in his early twenties. He has short, cropped hair and looks uncomfortable with his sword. He is always tired but is highly

intelligent, with a fierce desire for knowledge. Although born into a peasant family, Bruno befriended the son of the local Lord, and they were taught together. At the age of sixteen he ran away to become a student. In the first town he came to, he worked as a stable boy, while he saved and studied. After being beaten by his master, he left, and wandered until he found himself at the toll booth. Recognising it as the work of Kreiger, he has taken it as a sign from Verena that he should study architecture. He feels this is the ideal place to study, while he finishes saving.

Between his guard and cooking duties, he studies, burning candles long into the night. All his savings are hidden under his bed. He also owns some books, which he would be willing to swap for others he has not read.

Anton Rodkirs

"Yeah, I can tell you where to get that cheap. For a small fee, of course."

Anton started off his career as a Roadwarden on local roads. His only distinguishing achievement is managing to keep his minor corruption hidden. After double crossing a smuggler he was hamstrung, forcing him to retire. Since taking up his position, he has been paid off by local criminals for information on the Roadwardens' movements. When he can get away with it, he also ups the toll price and pockets the difference.

He is a stocky, bald, bearded man who walks with a pronounced limp. He has a charming, outgoing personality and a disarming sense of humour. This only serves to disguise his greed. He uses all his money on alcoholic binges, women and drugs in the nearest town. He is not to be trusted.

Paulus Strappleheim and Adolf Barbie

Paulus and Adolf are a pair of locals from the nearby villagers who work the dawn to dusk shift. They have known each other for many years, and were once great friends. Recently however, Paulus has accused Adolf of sleeping with his wife. This is false, but Paulus doesn't believe Adolf's denials. The tension between them could be cut with a sword, and they have already come to blows.

Paulus is a tall, slightly scruffy, thick set man. He is forty years old, and is slowly becoming more and more paranoid. Currently he is focusing his attention on his wife and Adolf. Adolf is five and a half foot tall with a knotted beard and scarred face. Both have served time in the militia and are happy with weapons. They are also uninterested in the outside world.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? PART 5: KISLEV

by John Foody and John Keane

MALE FORENAMES

Abrikosov
Alexander
Alexis
Alexsander
Anatloi
Andrei
Asankul
Boris
Darok
Eldar
Emil
Georgiy
Giya
Grigori
Igor
Innokenti
Ivan
Julius
Kolya
Larissa
Leko
Leonid
Lev
Levan
Midhail
Mikhail
Mikola
Nicholas

Nikolai
Olog
Piotr
Pyotr
Radii
Sasha
Sergei
Seryozha
Soladya
Stanislav
Stephan
Vadim
Valentina
Vasya
Viktor
Vitautas
Vladimir
Vsevolod
Yuri
Yvevgeni

FEMALE FORENAMES

Anastasia
Andrei
Annya
Elena
Elza
Esther
Inna

Irina
Iya
Katya
Kira
Larisa
Lionella
Liudmilla
Magda
Marfa
Natalja
Nikita
Olga
Sofia
Stefaniya
Vera
Yelena
Zhannna

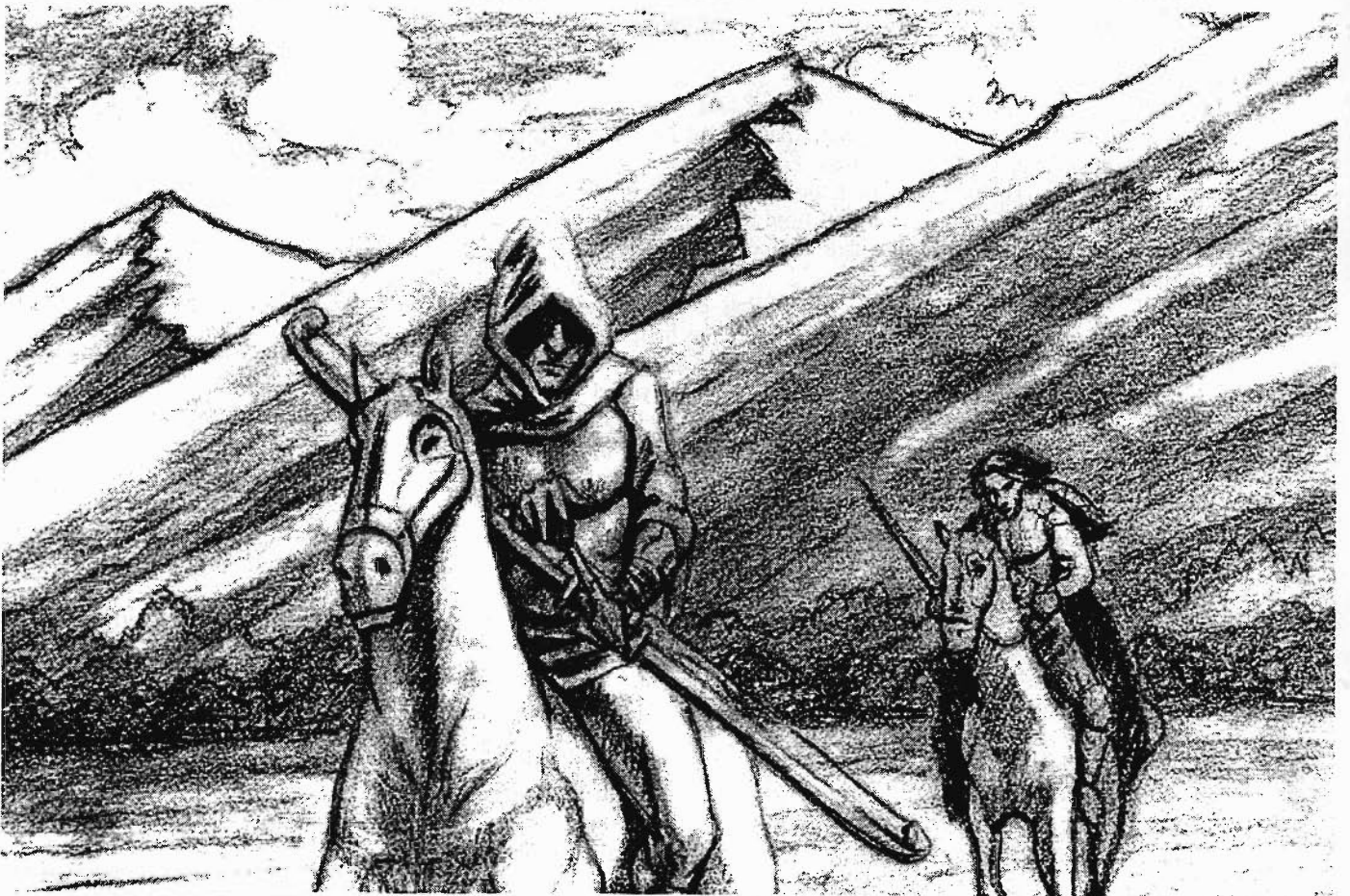
A FEW SURNAMES

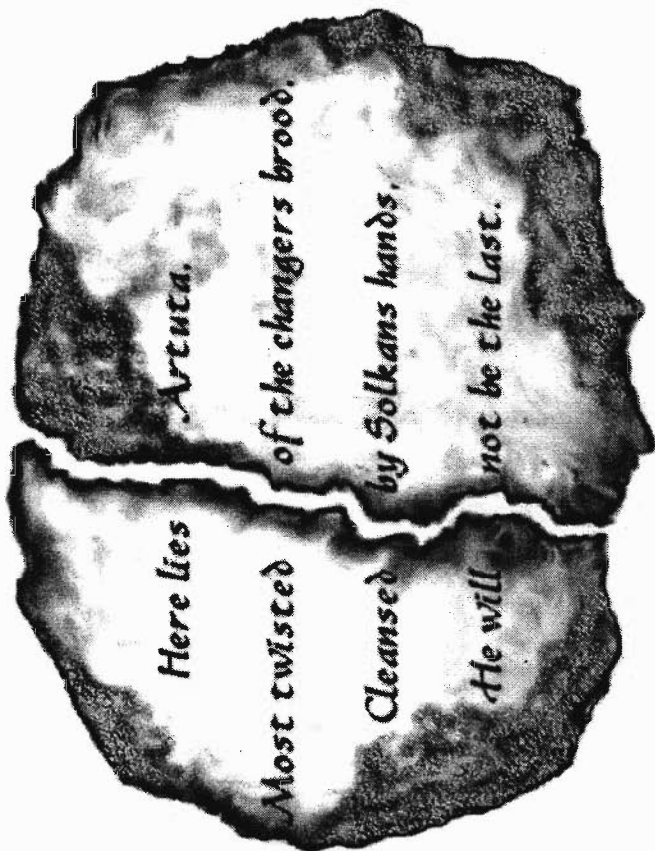
Antonov
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Bodrov
Bogdanov
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Broninko
Bureyev

Busko
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Cherkassov
Chirgadze
Chistyakov
Chokin
Churkova
Chuvelyov
Dostov
Dostal
Dovzhenko
Durov
Egorova
Eisenstein
Gapon
Giorgobiani
Gomorrow
Gostjuchin
Grinko
Hertenzen
Ivanovna
Kakhniashvili
Kalmikov
Kerimtaeva
Khrulev
Klepikov
Komarov
Kononov
Kozinstev
Kryuk

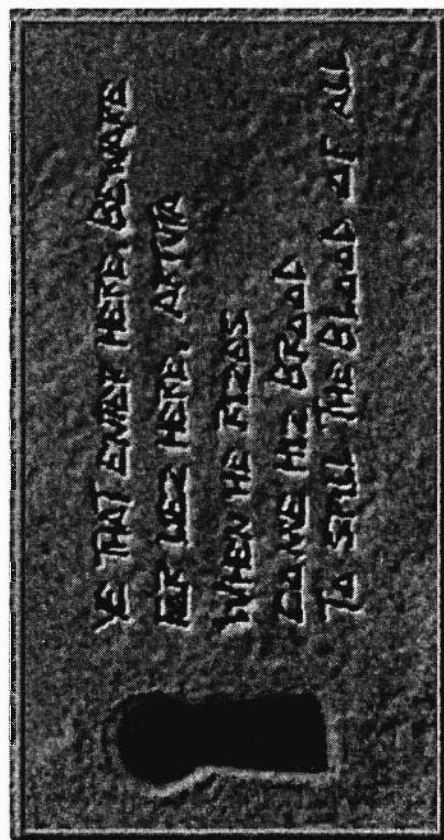
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Kuravlev
Kuryitsin
Kuttabaev
Kuznetsova
Kyriakin
Lapkina
Lavrov
Lementov
Liubshin
Mamin
Maretskaya
Maximova
Mikhalkov
Muratova
Myahkov
Nademyky
Nazwanov
Nefedov
Nenasheva
Obolensky
Okhlopov
Olvaga
Orlov
Petrenko
Petrov
Petrovich
Plotnikov
Polyakova
Popov

Pyetrovich
Pyrieva
Sakvarelidze
Savvina
Shengelaya
Shepitko
Shkurat
Skirda
Slepov
Smoktunovskiy
Smyonova
Sokolova
Stayuta
Steblov
Stragoff
Sudakevich
Svetlana
Tabakov
Telichkina
Tolubeyev
Trauberg
Ulianov
Uspenski
Vasiliev
Vetinskaya
Yakovenko
Yakovlev
Yegorchev
Zinoviev
Zubkov

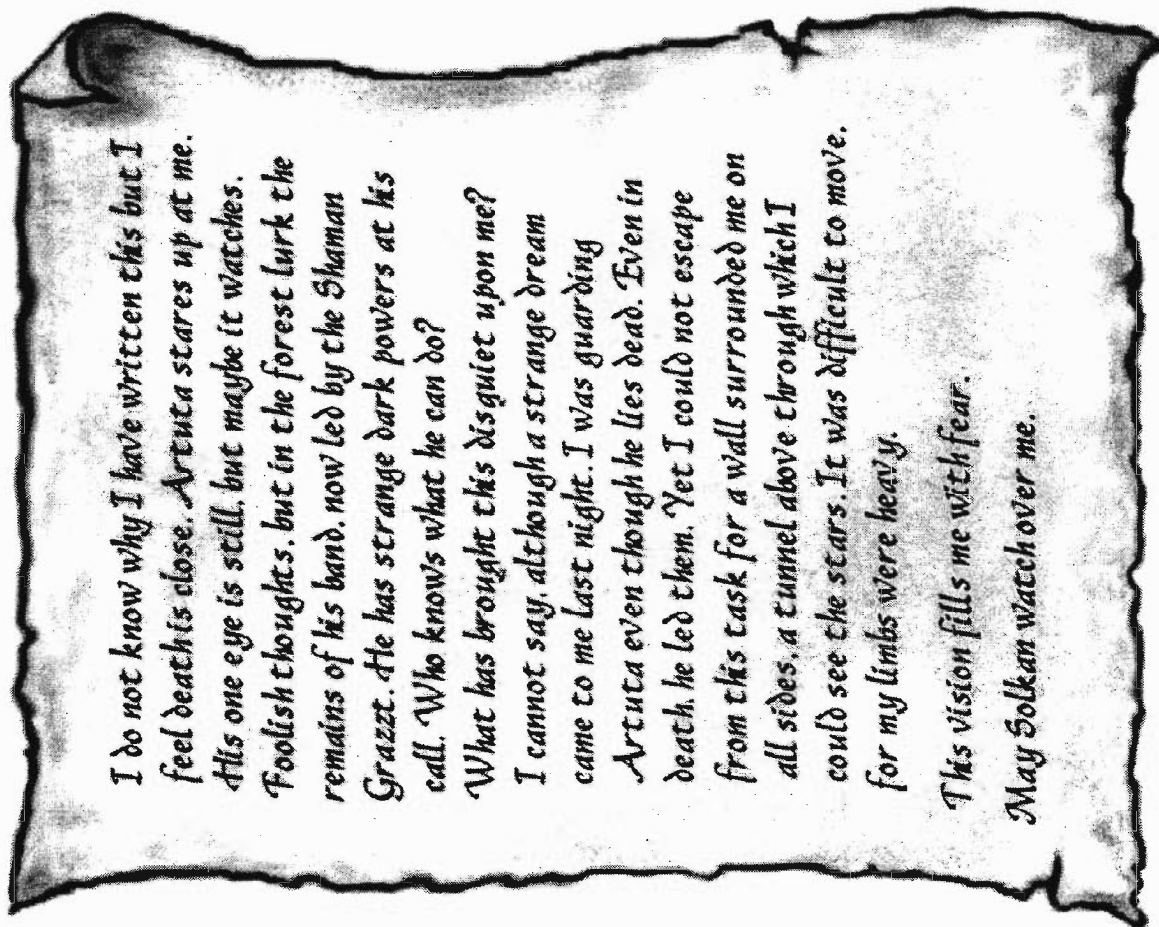




The Drowning Well - Player Handout One



The Drowning Well - Player Handout Three



The Drowning Well - Player Handout Two

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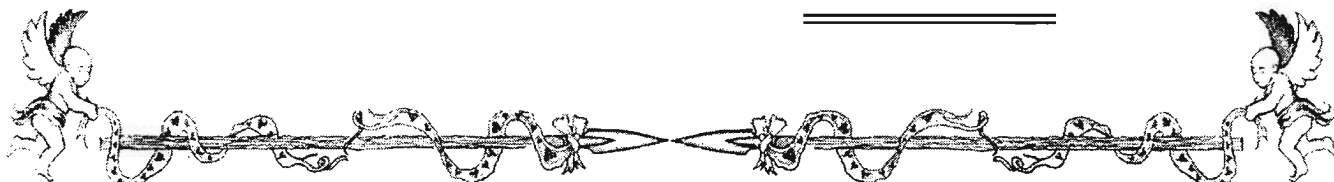
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THE DROWNING WELL

A scenario by John Foody

"There are things in the forest which any sane man would leave well enough alone. Spirits, full of rage, and full of evil. To them we are little more than insects. They pollute the land and harm the Mother. Oh, it is a sad sight to see her beauty withered and warped!

Unfortunately, it is our duty to fight them and destroy them. Heed well: this is a duty best performed with your brothers and sisters by your side."

Arch Druid Sheru to Initiate

PLAYERS STOP READING HERE

Overview

This adventure is designed to be played when the PCs are travelling between two cities or towns in the Southern Empire. During their stay in town, let them hear rumours of a number of violent murders taking place across the city. This adventure starts after the capture of the psychotic criminal, Otto Mercads, with the PCs being hired to escort him; however, you could easily involve them in his capture. They will spend a night at 'The Drowning Well', where Mercads' emotions awaken the spirit of Artuta, who will begin to murder the inhabitants of the Inn. The murders will have the same style as Otto's. As the PCs try to discover who the murderer is, Artuta summons the Beastman from the forest to attack the Inn.

Background

The route passes the hamlet of Ostenwald, at the centre of which stands 'The Drowning Well' Inn, which is famed for its strong local wine. The Inn was built next to the Ostenwald Well, from which (according to local legend) Sigmar drank when on his way to Black Fire. It earned its current name after the body of a soldier was found rotting at the bottom.

The soldier was actually a witch hunter. After slaying Artuta, a Beastman champion of Tzeentch, he was murdered by the champion's followers.

The band's especially loyal and skilful shaman bound the champion's spirit to the site, and a burial mound was constructed and then forgotten about. Only Beastmen now sense that this area is sacred, and they have flocked to the place. Over the years, the hamlet grew, protected by the Witch Hunter's spirit from these creatures as they raided the nearby settlements.

I'm A-Leaving Town

As the PCs are leaving town they are stopped at the gate by the Gate Sergeant and three of his men. He politely asks them to remain where they are while he fetches Herr Sauerkraut. While the Sergeant is gone, his men just stare at the PCs, refusing to answer any questions. They make it clear that running off would not be considered amusing.

The Sergeant returns with a fat, opulently dressed man in tow - Sigfried Sauerkraut. Sauerkraut is a local magis-
t r a t e



with a bloated sense of his own importance. Without saying a word he examines the PCs, looking at their weapons and armour. After he has checked each, he sighs, looking down the street desperately. He then turns to the PCs and says, "Oh well! Follow me please."

Sauerkraut leads them to a room in the gatehouse, where a table and chair have been set up. The magistrate sits and pulls out a hip flask from which he sips. "Ah! Hmm! Thank you for coming to see me." He will silence any contradictions with a loud indignant snort. "I am in the position to offer you employment, which will pay well, given how simple it is. However, the matter is

of a delicate nature."

Sauerkraut wishes the PCs to escort a nobleman and his two coachmen to <PCs destination>, where his family will make arrangements for his future. "Between you and me, this man is crazy. Touched by the moon, I would say." Should the PCs accept, they are required to keep this information secret and are told that they are leaving straight away. Sauerkraut hands them a sealed letter, which they are to give to Aldolphus Mercads on arrival. He will then pay them <GM's choice> GCs. Expenses will also be met.

The Watch Barracks

Should the PCs accept, they will be taken to the Watch barracks by the Sergeant. Outside stands a plain coach, by the side of which sit two men, sharing a pipe. The Sergeant asks the PCs to wait by the door while he disappears inside.

Bernd Vogeler and Udo Nyman (the coach crew) will call over to the PCs, asking them if they're here to escort Mercads. If they say yes, the pair will try to scare the PCs by telling them that he's a mad murderer who has killed a hundred men, women and children since his days as an escapologist. In fact, they are a cheerful pair who are simply trying to wind the PCs up - he hasn't really killed this many people. Not quite.

A few minutes after he disappears, the Sergeant reappears at the door. Behind him two watchmen drag a man, manacled and chained, grinning maniacally.

Otto Mercads

This young nobleman is Otto Mercads, the psychotic murderer responsible for a string of particularly violent killings in the city. He is totally mad, but also very intelligent, and his noble birth has kept him from harm for a while. His family's influential friends have arranged for him to be escorted home, where he will be

locked up in safe obscurity.

The Watch will put him in the carriage, muttering, "rather you than me, mate." to the PCs. The Sergeant will make sure that at least two PCs get in with him.

As the drivers clamber on board, the carriage lurches away from the barracks, towards the gate. Mercads will stare and grin at the PCs, making them feel uncomfortable. He gives the impression that he knows something they don't.

On the Road

After a day on the road, the PCs feel tired and miserable and should be looking forward to the next Inn's hospitality. At the last comfort break, Bernd talked wistfully about the excellent hotpot available in the 'The Drowning Well'. The coachmen also tell stories about frequent Beastmen attacks on travellers. As with everything, they exaggerate, but the truth is that Beastman activity in the region is heavy compared to other parts of The Empire.

Otto has been silent, but makes the characters nervous. He laughs once when the evening's first thunder rolls across the sky.

The Storm

The storm begins in the late evening, and

becomes severe by dusk. Rain lashes the carriage, with water seeping through the cracks and high winds buffeting it from side to side.

An hour after dark, Udo calls down that they're only a couple of miles from the Inn. Seconds later, a flash illuminates the sky and an almighty crack splits the night. There is a cry, and the coach stops suddenly as something hits it. All passengers are thrown from their seats. (except Otto who is weighed down by chains. He just laughs)

Outside in the rain and mud, a tree still smokes where the lightning hit. The trunk has crashed onto the coach, killing Udo and one of the horses. Bernd is unconscious. He and the remaining horse are bruised, scratched and bleeding.

The PCs have two options: move the tree and the dead horse, or wait out the storm in the coach. Make the first option sound appealing - it means warmth and comfort for Bernd, and has the added advantage of not having to spend the night with Otto.

The Roadwardens

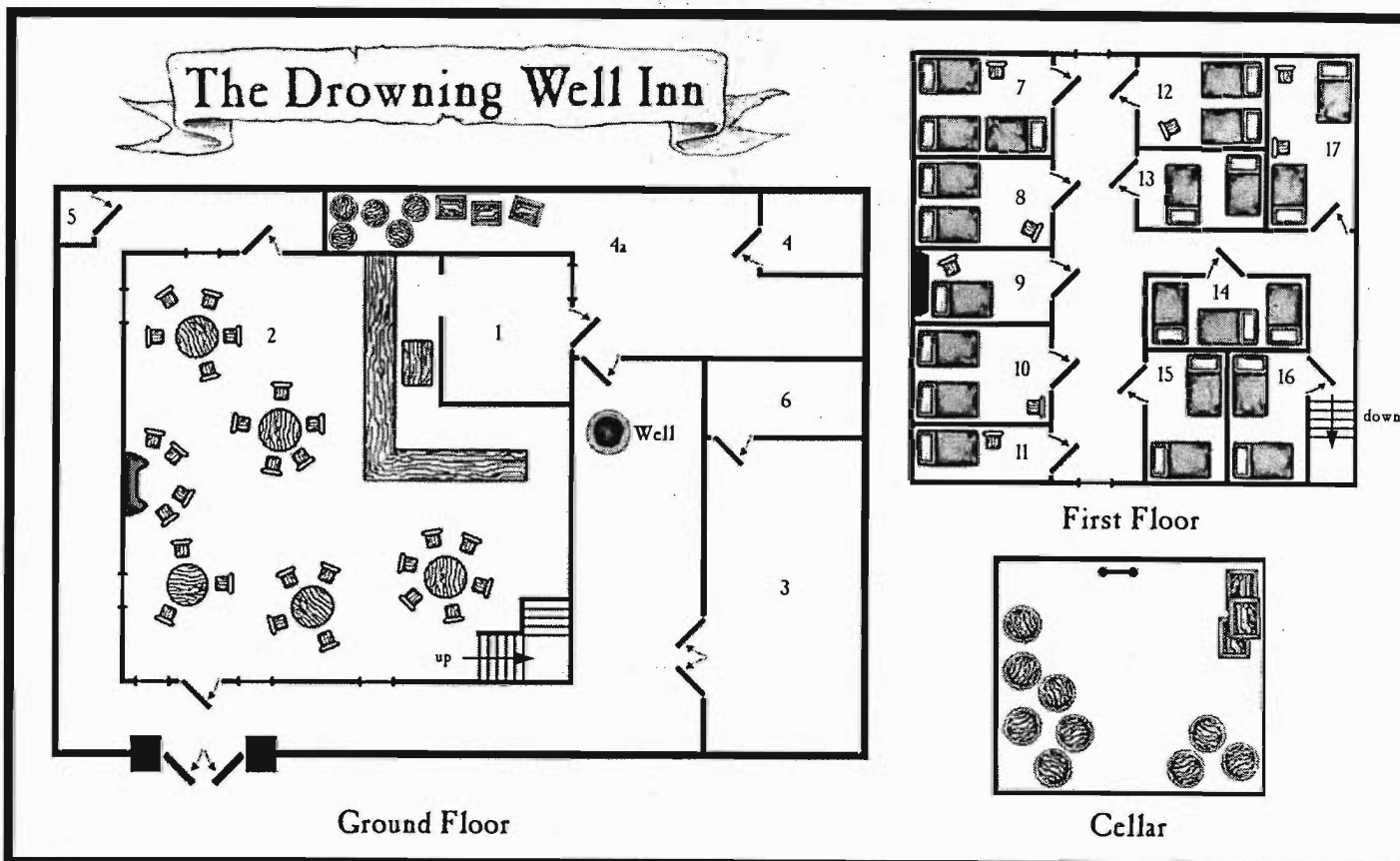
Further down the road (or arriving at the coach if they wait) the PCs will come across four Roadwardens who are heading in the opposite direction to investi-

gate reports of a farmhouse attack. They will be concerned about the driver's health and will offer directions, warning them to keep an eye out for Beastman. "This is one of the worst areas for Beastmen in The Empire, for some reason. But I doubt even *they're* out in this weather."



The Wet Traveller

As they near the Inn, they are hailed by a dripping wet cloak and hat. This is Elisabeth Tauber, a bounty hunter on the trail of Dagmar Ekman and Ingo (a pair of thieves who stole from their own gang), whose horse went lame some way



back up the road. She put the horse out of its misery, which resulted in her tunic being splattered with blood. She is also heading towards the Inn. She changed under the shelter of a tree, and will store the tunic in her room.

The Drowning Well Inn

Through the driving rain, the dim lights of the hamlet will become visible. A few cottages are passed, their shutters closed against the storm. A storm lantern marks out the Inn. The Inn is surrounded and fortified by a solid wall. Lights can be seen within. The main gate is closed, and there is a sign saying, 'PULL', next to a rope. On the wall are fading symbols, painted many years ago. Characters with AL-Magick will recognise these as warding signs.

When the rope is pulled, a bell will be heard ringing beyond the door. Some minutes later a door is heard opening and then being closed, followed by the approaching sound of footsteps. A panel on the door is pulled back, and an old haggard face looks out. "What d'ye want?" Any sensible answer, like "travellers looking for shelter", will get him to open the gate.

This is Gerard, the Inn's stablehand and general dogsbody. He is dripping wet and points at the door and mutters, "I get yer horse." He takes no

notice of Otto or the wounded driver.

Bright Light! Bright Light!

Approaching the door, the party are greeted by the hustle and bustle of a busy establishment.

At this point, one of the PCs will see a light in the forest, which disappears as suddenly as it came. Otto will look into the face of this PC and laugh maniacally.

Inside the Inn

The door opens into a large room, warmed by a blazing fire. About thirty patrons sit about chatting and laughing, some eating, others playing cards, and everyone drinking. As the rain blows past the PCs the patrons all turn in silence to stare at the new arrivals. This only lasts for a moment before Wim Wilhelm the landlord comes walking over. He is very friendly, but his main concern will be for the health of the driver. His wife Sybille and a couple of the locals will take Bernd up to one of the bedrooms (room 17) and look after him.

Wim will be reluctant to leave Otto outside. "Even if he is a killer, he deserves a warm meal and a roof over his head." (A few of the locals will mumble disagreement over this fact) He will allow Otto to sit in the corner,

but people will soon complain about his laughing and muttering, and Wim will offer to lock him in the cellar.



Wim will make space for the PCs in front of the roaring fire, offering bowls of hot stew and fresh bread. Conversation will initially concentrate on the PCs: where they're going, what happened to the driver, who the looney is, and so on. Answers to specific questions the PCs may have are suggested below.

Paint: "Oh, Aye. The paint is it? A mystery it is, sirs. The signs have been scrawled on the Inn's walls, back to my fathers days and his fathers days. A strange dye, but we've never seen the culprit. Clean it off and it soon comes back"

Light: "Oh, Aye. The light is it? A

KEY

	= Well		= Boxes/Crates/Barrels		= Bed
	= Window		= Table		= Trap Door
	= Door		= Fireplace		= Ladder
			= Chairs		

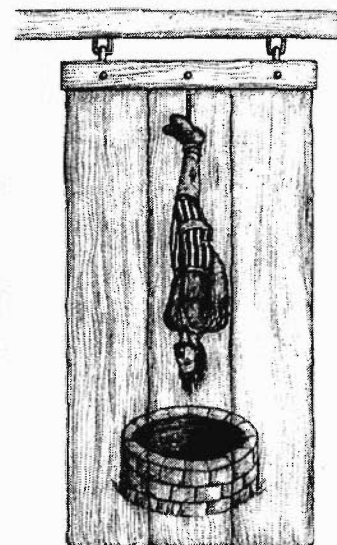
- 1 The Kitchen. Opens onto the bar, behind which is a trap door leading to the cellar.
- 2 Bar Room. Filled with tables and chairs, the room has quite a low ceiling which keeps the room nice and warm once there is a fire blazing in the large fireplace. This also doubles as the common room for anyone who wishes to sleep here. However, the Wilheims prefer to put all their guests into rooms. There is also a small shrine dedicated to St Helena here (see pg 25).
- 3 The Stables. Room for up to ten horses and three carriages. A fresh supply of hay is always kept here and Gerard keeps the place very clean.
- 4 Storeroom. Holds tools and various other non-perishables.
- 5 Privy.
- 6 Side House. A small room, containing a bed

and a fire. This is where Gerard lives.

Bedrooms (7-16)

All the bedrooms are clean and comfortable.

- 7 Alfred, Kurt and Klaus
- 8 Monika and Vera
- 9 Bernd will be put here as it backs onto the kitchen chimney and is the warmest room.
- 10 The Wilhelm's room.
- 11 Erik's room.
- 12 Female PCs + Elisabeth. In her backpack is a blood stained tunic.
- 13 Dagmar & Ingo. The gold is in a bag under Ingo's mattress.
- 14 Three PCs
- 15 Rolf + one PC
- 16 PC and Ernst
- 17 Yuri + one PC
- 18 Cellar



mystery it is, sirs. Only old Seth has seen the light. Twenty years ago it was when his family were carried away by the Beastman from the forest." Old Seth died last winter.

The Inn's name: Some of the above history. "Oh, Aye. The body is it? A mystery it is, sirs" etc.

Storm: "The worst for twenty years. Old Ulric is certainly sending the Winter early this year."

The Evening's Incidents

The cast section at the end of the scenario contains details of the people in the Inn. Key incidents of the evening are detailed, but it is recommended that you add more in order to fill out this part of the scenario. This will make the attacks more effective when they start.

Card Game

During the evening, Dagmar and Ingo will start a game of cards which Ernst will join. The game needs a couple of extra players and locals will join in. After a while, Dagmar and Ingo will spot that Ernst has no idea what he is doing and begin to cheat and rip him off. Observant PCs will notice this, especially if they have the Gamble skill.

Kidnap

Monika and Vera leave the table to go

the toilet. On the way they bump into a PC (Klaus stands up and stares), handing them a piece of paper. On the paper is scribbled a note stating "Help us - we four are being threatened by the heavy, mean, looking man." They are hoping, Klaus can be locked up for the night, so they can have some fun.

Should this happen they will get very drunk before retiring upstairs. In the morning Monika and Vera will be very sweet to Klaus until he eventually forgives them.

Drunk

During the evening, Dagmar and Ingo become very drunk. As the evening draws to a close, Elisabeth will try to engage them in a drinking game so they end up unconscious. She encourages others to join in. PCs who make a **Int** test (modifiers for alcohol) will notice she drinks less than them. During the night she will disarm them and tie them up.

Bedtime

As the candles grow shorter and the fire lower, people retire for the night, heading upstairs to bed or going home. Wim and Sybille are the last to retire, after tidying the main room. The PCs are probably all very tired, but some of them may want to guard Otto, even

though the cellar door is secure.

A Stirring down below

The arrival of Otto Mercads has stirred the spirit of Artuta. Drawing strength from Otto's bloodlust, he has begun to rise again. His followers in the woods sense his presence and begin to approach the Inn. Meanwhile, the PCs have pleasant dreams...

Awake

Two hours after the Wilheims have gone to bed, one of the PCs is woken by a sound. The wind has dislodged the shutters to the window in the corridor. Shutting it they will notice the light in the forest but they are distracted by something sticky on the floor. When they look up again, the light is gone.

Under the door of a bedroom flows a stream of blood. Opening the door, the PC will be greeted by a horrific site. Blood is splattered across the walls, floor and ceiling, surrounding the shredded corpse of Bernd the coachman. He has been murdered by the spirit of Artuta, who is slowly gaining power. The PC should make a **Cool** test, gaining 1-3 insanity points (depending on how hardened they are to such sights) if they fail.

Awakening everyone from their sleep causes some panic, but people will gather in the main room. It will be noticed that landlord is missing. His wife will say he has gone downstairs to investigate an unusual bumping sound he heard a little while ago, and that he hasn't returned yet. He has actually gone to get his money.

The Cellar

The Landlord is dead, murdered as the driver was, his body lying five feet in front of Otto. Otto is laughing maniacally, but is still chained up. If players think to check, it will be obvious that his chain won't let him reach to where the body lies.

Nothing happens for an hour or so, and people start to think everything is over. Leaving the Inn is not really an option for the travellers. The weather has worsened; rain lashes down in the strong wind, and where there are no puddles, there is mud.

A Suspect

Searching for the murderer is fruitless. No-one is hiding in the Inn, and there is no blood on anybody. It should be obvious that it would be impossible to com-



mit such gruesome murders and remain spotless.

In Elisabeth's room, searchers may find the tunic covered in blood. If this is not dealt with calmly, people will clamour to restrain her, with a few voices shouting to "string her up!" Ernst will come to her protection.

By now, some people will want to return to their rooms, whilst others will want food and drink. The maid offers to go to the kitchen and heat up last night's leftovers. Once there, she will be murdered (any guard being knocked out), leaving only a pool of blood and green pea soup.

"Thousands of 'em"

At this point, the bell from the gate will ring loudly and constantly until it is answered. Young local Mikhail Kheine will be there with his pony, and he is very scared. He will report that his father saw a band of Beastman heading towards the hamlet and that he is rounding up the villagers now to bring them within the Inn's walls. Behind him can be seen the lanterns of the locals, who have also brought their cows, pigs and chickens.

Appearance

If Otto is on his own in the cellar, the following will occur. One of the PCs will hear a noise from the cellar and, on investigating, finds Otto torn to pieces. Going berserk in the room is the pale spirit of Artuta (Fear rolls) who will rush at the PC(s). He will disappear before he reaches them.

Threat

The PCs will realise that a force of Beastmen could easily overrun the inn. With the arrival of the locals and the news of the encroaching Beastmen the inn is now under siege. If the PCs don't take charge Elisabeth Tauber will. Either way, the locals must be kept busy fortifying the inn or panic will start to rise. During this a couple of cowards will wail "We're all going to die" etc. and unless they are silenced this becomes contagious.

Also, if Otto is not dead, some of the locals will accuse him of being the cause of their misfortune. If this hysteria is allowed to continue he will be stabbed by on of the mob.

Fortifying the inn ready for an attack will have to be done with the help of the locals to get it finished in time. If anyone is left alone, Artuta will attack



them; again, intervening PCs may get a chance to see him before he disappears. If anyone looks out of the windows, they will be able to see movement all around the inn.

If no-one is left alone, Artuta will attack the horses in the stable. Everyone in the inn will hear their sounds of pain and terror. Gerad will struggle hard to get out to them, and will need to be restrained. Only two of the horses will actually be killed.

After these incidents have taken place, one of the PCs will again see the light in the forest.

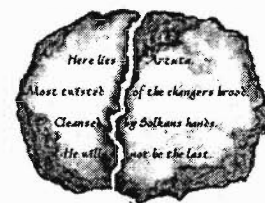
White Light, White Heat

The inhabitants of the Inn will do everything in their power to stop PCs who want to investigate the light from leaving. They know that anyone leaving the Inn will be torn to pieces, and besides, they want the PCs here to guard them. From the forest, they will hear warped howls. Then, the light will appear again, and change into the ghostly form of an armoured and bleeding man stand-

ing just inside the wall of the Inn. He seems to be in pain, but forces out these words:

"The truth is beneath the words. The truth..." Then, the light fades and disappears. Where he appeared is a moss covered stone (player handout one), broken in two, but inscribed with the words:

*Here lies Artuta,
Most twisted of the changer's brood,
Cleansed by Solkan's hands.
He will not be the last*



Buried beneath the stone is a waterproof scroll case with a scroll inside (player handout two).

I do not know why I have written this but I feel death is close. Artuta stares up at me. His one eye is still, but maybe it

watches. Foolish thoughts, but in the forest lurk the remains of his band, now led by the Shaman Grazzt. He has strange dark powers at his call. Who knows what he can do?

What has brought this disquiet upon me? I cannot say, although a strange dream came to me last night. I was guarding Artuta even though he lies dead. Even in death, he led them. Yet I could not escape from this task for a wall surrounded me on all sides, a tunnel above through which I could see the stars. It was difficult to move, for my limbs were heavy.

*This vision fills me with fear.
May Solkan watch over me.*

The clues should lead the PCs to the well. As they head back towards it, lightning illuminates the distance, showing groups of Beastmen closing in.

The Well

As the PCs stand around the well, a window will be flung open, and a voice from the Inn shouts to them that two more people have been killed. Then from just outside the gate comes a howl of furious anger from the nearest Beastman.

Down the well is a small alcove, hidden from above by roots, visible from above only on an I test (penalties can be added at the GM's discretion). The alcove contains a secret door which leads to a narrow corridor. The PCs will have to lower themselves down by rope.

The Narrow Corridor

The corridor is covered with engravings of Tzeentch and Artuta (the PCs may recognise him if they have witnessed any of the attacks). Half way down is a slightly different coloured stone (I test to notice) which, if stepped on, causes a stone block to fall. This will cause an automatic S8 hit on the first 2 characters, unless an I test is made to dive out of the way in time.

The Outer Chamber

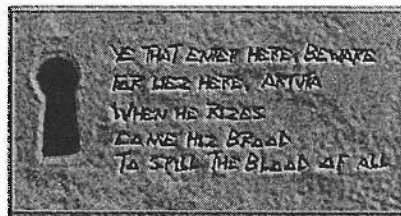
This chamber contains the sign of Tzeentch engraved on the floor. Against each wall is the rotted corpse of a Beastman, still dressed in armour, guarding Artuta's resting place. (Rising as skeletons to defend him, if you so wish.)

The Door

The Stone Door (T7 W18) has a large key hole (Pick Lock +10), and an in-

scription in Magick (player handout three).

*Ye thatz enter here, beware
For liez here, Artuta
When he rizes
Come hiz brood
To spill the blood of all*



Echoing though the tunnel is the sound of the inn's gate being smashed down.

The Inner Chamber

In the Inner Chamber is a large mound of earth, topped with a stone slab. From behind them they hear the howls of Beastmen. Pushing back the lid will reveal a withered corpse - Artuta's body.

A chill will descend on the room, and a swirling cloud of what looks like dust will form above the corpse with alarming speed. It speaks in a deep, faltering voice.

"The blood of your kind... makes me... stronger. Now... my followers are at the gate... a new reign of terror will begin." He then attacks.

Elsewhere...

Meanwhile, the Beastmen are busy battering down the gates and climbing the walls. Most of the major NPCs will help defend the stockade, retreating to the building once the walls fall. Most of the villagers kneel praying in the centre of the room.

Victory!

If the PCs slay Artuta, the Beastmen lose spirit. As they climb back up, the PCs will find the Beastman in retreat. The inn's occupants are elated, although one or two have been wounded/killed. The longer the PCs took the worse the toll is. Once the PCs have told their story, they will be treated as heroes.

As a token of gratitude, the PCs will always be welcome at the Drowning Well. As soon as he hears what has happened, Erik Wilhelm will return from Talabheim to help his mother run the Inn. When she dies he will take it over. If anyone suggests it, Ernst will happily stay on and help, eventually becoming a skilled barman.

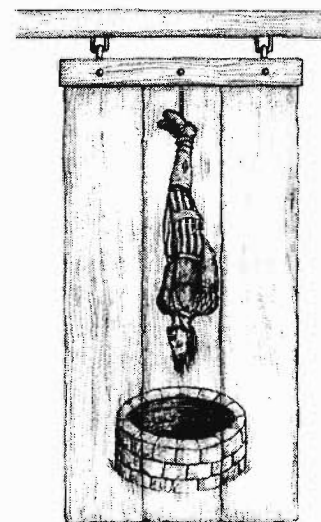
Defeat

Should the PCs fail to kill Artuta or run away, the entire village will be killed. The Beastmen will stay in the area, but Artuta's power will fade quickly. Eventually, troops will clear the stragglers and Clerics of Morr will cleanse the site.

If you so wished, you could run the Beastman attack using the WFB rules. You should decrease the leadership and strength of the Beastmen if Artuta's spirit is slain.

Experience Points

GMs can reward roleplaying and saving the inn as they see fit. Give them some extra points if Otto safely reaches his destination.



The Cast

Otto Mercads

Otto Mercads is insane. Completely. He is a psychopath who delights in torture and murder. Occasionally he appears sane and reasonable, but this soon passes. His hair is black and cut very short. His eyes are constantly staring. Apart from this, he looks very normal; a slightly weedy 5'8". However, his insanity gives him a hidden strength. Keeping him locked in chains is the safest option.

Otto was born to a minor noble family who hold some power in the Royal court at Altdorf. Through childhood he slowly became mentally ill. This manifested itself through a growing cruelty to animals and his peers. In the end his family had no choice but to send him to a relative's estate close to the Kislev border. It was here he was introduced to the ways of Khaine.

On his nineteenth birthday he re-

turned to Altdorf, seemingly a changed man. This, however, was an illusion: he had simply become more subtle. He murdered the poor and unwanted, in a brutal and senseless manner. As time passed, he became more and more violent, until his mind finally snapped. After three years of killing, he was hunted down and arrested. The city leaders planned on executing him in a high-profile display, showing that they looked out for the poor members of society. However, during his incarceration he was recognised by an old associate, who contacted his family. Since he was a Noble, the Watch had no power to arrest him, and the family requested he be sent to them. They intend to place him in an institution, out of harm's way.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	44	20	5	3	8	51
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	33	16	34	12	11	21

Age: 23 Career: Noble

Skills: Luck

Insanity's: Manic, Animosity (Everything), Frenzy, Psychotic

Wim & Sybille Wilhelm

Wim and Sybille are the typical landlords, chubby and good natured. Now in their forties, they are very friendly, and take their responsibilities seriously, even allowing poor travellers to stay for free. The Inn has been passed down through Sybille's family for generations and they hope that their son Erik will one day take over from them. At present he has journeyed to Talabheim to visit his uncle, Nathaniel. Wim is very careful with their money, hiding it in a small box in the cellars. Sybille does the cooking for the Inn, and her hot pot is famous with all the road's regular travellers.



Gerad

Gerad performs menial duties around the inn, acting as stablehand and handyman. He is very shy. He often comes across as sullen, as he finds it difficult to communicate with people. He enjoys looking after visitors' horses, and is saving hard so that he can buy his own one day. He is very grateful to the Wilheims for giving him this job, and works very hard. He is also great friends with Erik, and

has missed him since he left.

Helena

Helena is a local girl whom the Wilheims hire to help out by serving drinks and cleaning. She is twenty years of age and very outgoing and bright, not to mention being prone to giggles. She likes the Wilheims and has a crush on Erik, who doesn't like her. She finds Gerad creepy, but gets on well with the customers.



The Villagers

The thirty or so locals are a mixed bunch. A few work in the Hamlet, but most work the farms on its outskirts. They have no problems with travellers, being used to living on a major road.

Other Residents

Staying in the Inn that night is a bounty hunter, a group of nobles travelling by Four Seasons coach, a pair of thieves on the run, an ex-cleric, and a woodsman treating himself to warm bed.

Elisabeth Tauber

A bounty hunter on the trail of two thieves, Elisabeth has tracked them to the Drowning Well. When the contract was announced, Elisabeth managed to put the other bounty hunters onto a false trail. Her horse went lame a few miles from the Inn.

In her early thirties, Elisabeth is very beautiful, although she sports a large scar down one side of her face, cutting through the mouth. She is a competent and intelligent warrior who has made a name for herself hunting down wanted criminals. She is dedicated follower of Myrmidia, but although she would like to join the cult does not have the discipline to follow orders.

Elisabeth was bought up in the Border Princes, where she got used to the sight of combat. In time she grew weary of the area and travelled to The Empire where she has lived since.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	45	40	3	3	7	39
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	34	30	37	31	35	38

Age: 32 Career: Bounty Hunter

Skills: Dodge Blow, Follow Trail, Marksmanship, Shadowing, SMR, SMU, SMB, SW-Parrying weapons

Trappings: Sword, Sword Breaker, Sleeved chain shirt, Crossbow, Manacles, Wanted poster: 'Dagmar & Ingo 70 GC's', 3 doses of Oxleaf

The Nobles

Travelling to a big society party in <PCs destination> are five nobles, who are presently not enjoying themselves very much. There are two young couples (Monika and Vera von Kinski, Alfred Sander and Kurt Kopp) and the girls' chaperone, their brother Klaus (a dim, humourless man who seems as if he will descend into violence given the chance). His presence was foisted upon the group minutes before they left and it has cast a shadow over their whole journey.

They spend the evening sitting in a corner of the inn, remaining in virtual silence. The young lovers have arranged a secret rendezvous during the night, but that was before they realised Klaus would be sharing a room with Alfred and Kurt. Their coachman Yuri spends the evening drinking with the locals.

Monika and Vera

These sisters has never been outside their home town. Indeed, they have lead a very sheltered life. They are not enjoying the journey at all, finding it hard and uncomfortable, and they are certainly not used to having to deal with all these commoners. Once they have had a few drinks or are surrounded by other nobles they are intelligent, witty and charming. They dislike Klaus, finding him vulgar and stupid. They often joke that he is not their brother.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	25	20	2	2	5	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	31	22	26	24	22	32

Age: 19 & 22 Career: Noble

Skills: Charm, Dance, Etiquette, Read/Write, Wit, Musicianship (Harp)

Trappings: Expensive Clothes(x8), Purse (20GC's)

Alfred and Kurt

These two close friends believed they had got lucky when they convinced the two beautiful socialites to travel with them. Little did they realise that the thick thug Klaus would come with them! Alfred is the older, more intelligent of the two, and does most of the speaking,

whilst Kurt tends simply to agree with him. Both are full of the bravado that comes from the knowledge they are better than nearly everyone else due to their birth. Kurt is possessed of minor sadistic streak, which is vented on servants.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	34	29	3	3	6	33
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	27	34	27	28	27

Age: 22 & 24 Career: Noble
Skill: Charm, Dance, Etiquette

Klaus

Different from the Noble stereotype, Klaus has always felt out of place. He looks more like a common street thug, even in fine clothes. He is a slow learner who never picked up the finer skills. When he was asked to escort his sisters he was delighted, as it gave him a chance to show he was good at something. Klaus is prone to violence, but this is mostly because he cannot express himself and he becomes frustrated. He adores his sisters and would never hurt them. He hates Alfred and Kurt.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	34	27	5	4	7	26
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	22	23	24	27	28	24

Age: 27 Career: Noble
Skills: Very Strong

Bernd Vogeler & Udo Nyman

A pair of relatively experienced coachman, newly employed by Four Seasons coaches. No profile is given, since they will be dead or unconscious for most of the adventure.

Dagmar Ekman and Ingo

Dagmar and Ingo are mean looking pair of thieves. They are on the run after stealing gold from their own gang. They will begin the evening by nervously scanning the pub, but as they drink more, they will become first confident and then abusive. Ingo carries the gold. If at any time they find out Elisabeth is after them, they will be on their guard and ready to leave before dawn.

Both are petty, backstabbing criminals. However, they grew up together on the streets of Nuln and have

remained loyal friends ever since. Both are lively, loving drinking and gambling. Ingo is missing part of his ear, thanks to a street brawl a few years back.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	35	36	3	3	7	41
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	42	30	36	29	31	33

Age: 26 Career: Thief (Embezzler)
Skills: Concealment - Urban, SL-Thieves Tongue, SMR, SMU, Evaluate, Palm Object, Read/Write

Ernst Winkler

Ernst is a very quiet, intense man, full of kindness. He is in his late thirties, and his hair is beginning to recede from his round face. He has grown stocky, due to the onset of middle age and a fondness for ale. Ernst is on the run, but he not quite sure what from. He is looking for a new meaning in life after serving for nearly twenty years as a cleric of Shallya. He was forced to leave the priesthood after he intervened in an attack on one of his colleagues. One of the two young thugs ended up dead, and he found himself alienated from his fellows. Ernst is still a devout follower of Shallya, believing she has given him an, as yet unspecified, purpose in life. He has taken to carrying a sword. He would quite happily join the PCs if asked.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	31	29	3	3	7	44
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	36	29	34	35	39	32

Age:38 Careers: ex-Initiate, Cleric(1)
Skills: Heal wounds, Meditate, Read/Write, Scroll Lore, SL Classical, Surgery, Theology
Spells: None

Rolf Vogler

Living all year round in his hut deep in the forest, Rolf occasionally comes to stay at the Drowning Well, to spend a couple of nights visiting his friends and relaxing in comfort. He has a very rugged appearance, sporting a large wiry beard. He is full of humour and has a comprehensive knowledge of



the forest. He is a devoted follower of Taal.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	47	41	3	4	7	33
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	31	28	32	35	37	32

Age:42 Career: Woodsman
Skill: Follow Trail, Identify plants, SL-Ranger, SMR

Artuta - Beastman Spirit

Artuta appears as a seven foot tall Beastman. He has two twisted horns and one eye, which is only an empty socket. This is from the killing blow the witch hunter gave him. His body is covered in a ragged chain mail coat and he carries a short, twisting sword. At first he can be seen through but as more blood is spilled, the more substantial he becomes. Similarly he will become stronger as the night passes.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	68	53	6	5	17	47
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	39	58	46	40	45	23

Psychology: Causes fear.
Special Rules: If your game has alot of magic consider making Artuta immune to normal weapons.



Beastmen

The number of Beastmen left to the GM to decide, but in the rain and darkness it will appear as if there are far more. The basic profile for a Beastman is as follows, but note that each one is likely to have different mutations, armour and weapons.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	41	25	3	4	11	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	30	29	24	29	24	10

SAINT HELENA

Patron of Health, Fertility and Marriage

by John Foody



Description: Helena is a saint of Sigmar. She blesses marriages, providing them with happiness and children. She is not worshipped as a God but only prayed to when her blessing is required. She is portrayed as a young woman wearing white and green, sometimes holding a child in her hands.

History: Helena was brought up as an orphan in a remote eastern town. When she was seven, the town was besieged and all the wells were poisoned. Dying of thirst the people were on the verge of surrender but Helena promised the people they could drink the water. It proved correct and they held out. She was sent to Altdorf to study with the church of Sigmar.

Years later the Empress was without child and the best Surgeons and Clerics could find no cure. Helena was summoned after the Grand Theogonist received a vision telling him she was the answer. Nine months later a son was born. With the power she was gaining she founded the order of the Daughters of Sigmar, dedicated to looking after the sick and poor.

Later, she surprised the church by travelling with war bound Sigmarian forces. Here she healed the wounded,

becoming known for her miracle touch. It was here that she passed into legend. During a battle which the Sigmarians were losing, having lost their leader, she walked unarmed into the middle of the battle. Here she came to the body of the dead general and raised him to life. The fearful opposition were soon routed. On returning to Altdorf, the church of Morr insisted on examining the general. They could find no evidence of necromancy.

She was canonised years later and the Daughters of Sigmar became the Sisters of St. Helena.

Alignment: Good

Symbols: A plain circle representing the circle of life. It is used in weddings as a symbol of betrothal. Also, ivy is used as a sign of Health.

Areas of Worship: The worship and recognition of Helena has spread across the Empire, especially in the countryside. Clerics of Sigmar bless marriages in her name. In some places she is slowly replacing the worship of Taal, Rhya and the Old Faith.

Temples: None. Small shrines are maintained to her in Temples of Sigmar. There are no clerics of Helena (they are of Sigmar). However, an order of nuns is dedicated to helping the poor and afflicted. These do not have to be clerics of Sigmar. They have a number of convents in the major cities. Their Mother superior is located in Altdorf.

Holy Days: Spring Equinox is Saint Helena's Holy Day.

Strictures: The Sisters of Saint Helena obey the following rules in addition to those of the Clerics:

Never take a life. This does not include followers of Chaos, goblinoids or when necessary in defence of the Empire.

Never refuse aid to the needy.

Dedicate their life to Sigmar.

They must remain celibate.

Spell Use: Sisters of Helena who are also clerics are expected to learn spells related to healing and safety (the various zone spells).

Skills: Sisters have access to, and are expected to learn, the following skills: Cure Disease, Heal wounds, Herb Lore.

Notes: St. Helena can be treated as a mixture of other Gods, containing aspects of Shallya and Rhya (also Esmeralda). The church of Sigmar actively promotes her as a replacement to these gods.

The use and frequency of Saints is a subject we hope to flesh out in future issues. Should you not wish to use Saints, replace them with the most suitable deity.

NO YOU CAN'T RE-ROLL IT!

Point-based character generation for WFRP

by Paul Slevin

Every GM has come across the "bad dice syndrome". A player rolling up an Elf gets WS 50 and BS 22, whilst the Dwarf gets WS 32 and BS 30. Then there's the player who wants a warrior but gets a WS of 29, or the would-be academic with Int 40 and WP 29. Players using a points-based system seem much happier with any faults in their characters, since it's their own fault. They just think, "I'll know what to do next time", and see it as part of the learning curve.

"So how does it work?" I hear you cry! Well, for those of you unversed in points-based generation, I'll explain. Each player has **860** points to spend on designing the character. These can be spent on the profile, languages, night vision, Fate points, non-career skills, and how many MPs they receive. There are limits to where a character can spend these

points. A player can also take disadvantages (some of which are specific to certain races) in order to gain more points. Each item has its own points value, and the player spends all their points when creating the character. After this, move on to rolling your skills, determining career, equipment, etc. as normal. That's it! Couldn't be simpler, could it?

The table below gives the racial constraints for the profiles, fate points and night vision. The first number is the minimum, the second, the maximum amount that can be taken.

Points cost: 1pt per 1% of a percentage characteristic.
10 pts per point for M, S, T and W.

Fate points (FP): 100 pts each.

		M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel	FP
Human	Min	3	20	20	2	2	5	20	1	20	20	20	20	20	20	2
	Max	5	40	40	4	4	7	40	1	40	40	40	40	40	40	4
Elf	Min	3	30	20	2	2	4	50	1	30	30	40	40	30	30	1
	Max	5	50	40	4	4	6	70	1	50	50	60	60	50	50	2
Dwarf	Min	3	30	10	2	2	6	10	1	10	40	20	40	40	10	1
	Max	4	50	30	4	4	6	30	1	30	60	40	60	60	30	3
Halfling	Min	3	10	20	1	1	4	40	1	30	10	20	30	10	30	1
	Max	4	30	40	3	3	6	60	1	50	30	40	50	30	50	4
Gnome	Min	3	30	10	2	1	4	20	1	20	30	20	20	30	20	1
	Max	5	50	30	4	3	7	40	1	40	50	40	40	50	40	3

Night Vision	Human	Elf	Dwarf	Halfling	Gnome
Min	N/A	10	20	10	20
Max	N/A	60	90	40	60

Night Vision cost: 2 pts per yard.

Advantage	Races Allowed	Points Cost
Additional Language	Any	10
2d4 Magic Points	Any	35
+2d4 extra Magic Points	Any	40

Disadvantage	Races Allowed	Points Bonus
Animosity towards Elves	Dwarfs	5
Barred Career class	Any	40
Compulsory starting skills	Not Humans	40
One Random Insanity	Any	10
Enemy with a grudge (GM's decision)	Any	5
Wanted for serious crimes (whether or not actually guilty) in home town/city/province	Any	10
D3 Mild phobias / trivial delusions	Any	5
Hatred of Goblins	Gnomes	5
Hatred of Goblins, Orcs and Hobgoblins	Dwarfs	5
Mild Claustrophobia & Mild Agoraphobia	Elves	5

- Compulsory starting skills are as listed in the WFRP rule book/Apocrypha Now.
- A character with a barred career class can *never* enter any career in that class.

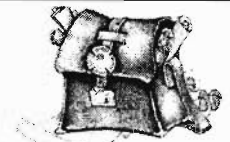
And that's it! A quick word of warning: tampering with the points costs involves a *lot* of work - don't do it unless you're sure you really need to. If you want to use experienced characters, simply give them more points, to the value of a tenth of the experience. The points total can also be tweaked to give you more humble starting characters.





MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

Entering The Shadows: Roleplaying Necromancers And Demonologists by Stewart Thorpe



Stereotyping is a common weakness in games, which limits the possibilities of roleplaying experiences and development. One stereotype in WFRP is that all Necromancers and Demonologists have to be evil or chaotic, and this is a weakness which has been the focus of much discussion on the Warhammer list lately. However, there are many ways to practice these magics without being evil, such as a wizard summoning good demons or ghosts for information, or an old hermit sorcerer who summons up an imp to play chess or for company. Sure, the wizard might become a little nutty and deformed, but that doesn't actually make them evil. You could even have a powerful necromancer summon an undead army to save their homeland from goblin raiding parties.

It would be easy to argue that much of the prejudice is due to the stereotypes held by the common folk. These would be encouraged by the established religions, who view such wizards as a particular threat. This just makes the whole topic even more risky for practitioners. Because it is outlawed, wizards have to make dangerous assumptions while progressing. The only alternative is to find a teacher, which will certainly lead to the character being influenced by the hidden motives of

their patron - a corrupt teacher would teach a student only the darker paths. Even grimoires could seep foul thoughts into their readers' heads.

Most demonologists seek power. They achieve this through demonic pacts and bartering souls. But do all demons grant this power? Demons from the more enlightened pantheons might not - for example, a demon of Shallya might lend its healing powers voluntarily. Sadly, the dark side offers greater rewards, and a far easier journey to power.

Whether or not the practitioners are corrupt, Necromancy and Demonology remain inherently evil. The spell components, the side-effects, the habits and practices it requires are downright mind-corrupting. These magics also go against natural law and order, giving life to the dead, and summoning things foreign to the material world. Without strong precautions and rigorous cleansing practices, one will become wickedly warped in mind and soul.

The handicaps that develop for these wizards can be a great source of roleplaying experiences. The great struggle to hold back the changes, to fight off the insanity, can lead to all sorts of adventures seeking out rare drugs, medicines,

or magical cures. However, these cures could become a hazard in themselves. Once a witch hunter discovers that certain herbs are valued by demonologists, what's to stop him spreading the word that he has some for sale, in order to draw his prey to him?

Remember that nothing in the Warhammer world is black and white, and that one of the things that makes WFRP unique is the horror. Imagine the effect on your players when a demonologist PC wakes up and feels a tendril wiggling behind her eye, or refuses to sleep for fear of the nightmare visions that won't go away. These all are aspects that can add to the dark atmosphere of the Warhammer world. Enjoy!



*The WFRP list is dead!
Long live the WFRP list!*

The WFRP discussion list has moved. To subscribe to the list, send a message to Majordomo@dante.incite.com which contains the line, "subscribe wfrp", or (if you'd rather receive fewer, collated messages) "subscribe wfrp-digest".



LETTERS

Tim Eccles: Enjoyed the interview with Graeme Davis, and some of the GW/Flame background. Not surprising really. Given the financial collapse of TSR, things don't look good for FRP anywhere really. Mind you, given that many WFRP players buy the WFB Army Books for background etc., you would think they could enlarge them with some WFRP material for an extra fiver. And WFRP and WFB *could* move closer; Eif has wargame possibilities for example.

I am not sure that I agree with Graeme on U.S. gamers and age. I subscribe to the Forgotten Realms list, and they have just had a real ding-dong about the Realms, TSR's Code of Ethics and a lack of 'mature' gamers to make the supplements a little less black and white. The consensus seemed to be that the hobby was a teen thing, and I think the Realms comes as close to a decent campaign as AD&D can get, and thus a mature one.

In reply to Paul Scott, I thought that

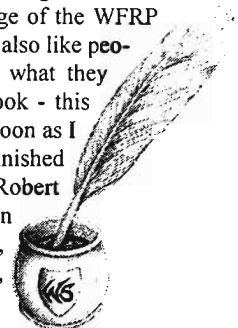
most of the books were readable and useful as Old World background. The worst were the Konrad books, which I think were meant to 'flagship' WFRP, but even all three books seemed to offer one short story-worth idea. For whatever reason, I found the short story collections the most enjoyable. I bought Dark Future as remainders for 50p and just got my money's worth. Mind you, they did have a couple of ideas for a Cyberpunk/SF type setting that seemed new to me (though I don't read that much SF).

Oh before you think I've gone completely mad, I'm on the Realms list for some ideas, and also because the WFRP list is awful. The mechanics I mean; I get about every sixth digest which makes getting involved pretty hard. And I had the whole system checked at work; took a whole day - they were *not* impressed when they found out it was for a WFRP list!

Solkan preserve you in the night from Chaos, and in the day from bankers.

Robert Clark: THE ORCS WANT YOU!

I am currently working on a proposal for an Orc & Goblin sourcebook for WFRP. Although not official yet, nobody else is working on a greenskin book at the moment and so as long as the proposal is of sufficient quality it should be accepted. I am looking for a fellow writer or two to work with me on this project. Anybody living in the Manchester area is fine, but I will consider people living further afield. You will need lots of enthusiasm, some writing talent, and a near perfect knowledge of the WFRP background! I would also like people to write and say what they want to see in the book - this will have to be done soon as I want the proposal finished soon. Write to: Robert Clark, "The Green Tide", 7 Henley Place, Burnage, Manchester, M19 1QE



EXECUTIONER

A new Basic Career Class

by Peter Moore

Dirk looked out through the eye holes of his leather mask at the gathered crowd. Most of them cheered and shouted as he picked up the axe and stepped forward, but out of the corner of his eye he could see the condemned man's family, shouting abuse at him. They had already tried to bribe him, threaten him and kill him. No matter - he had a job to do. Raising his axe high above his head, he looked down at the man kneeling in front of him. His shirt was soaked with sweat and he shivered with fear. Dirk heard him start to mutter a prayer - but the sound was abruptly cut short.

Across the Empire, magistrates travel from town to town, passing sentence on crimes that fall outside the local watch's scope. The worst of these criminals - murderers, horse-thieves and the like - are sentenced to death. However, local officials are loath to carry out such tasks. The condemned are their neighbours, people they grew up with. As a result, travelling executioners are called on to do the deed. In this way, the ill-feeling and resentment is directed at a nameless, masked figure, rather than at the Watch.

Executioners live a secret life, performing a job no one else wants to do. For their own reasons they kill for money. They are loners who wander from town to town, carrying a magistrate's warrant and performing legal executions. They are expected to be able to kill in a number of ways (beheading, hanging etc.), and are also responsible for maintaining equipment such as gallows. These are regularly sabotaged. In time, some begin to learn the laws that they serve.

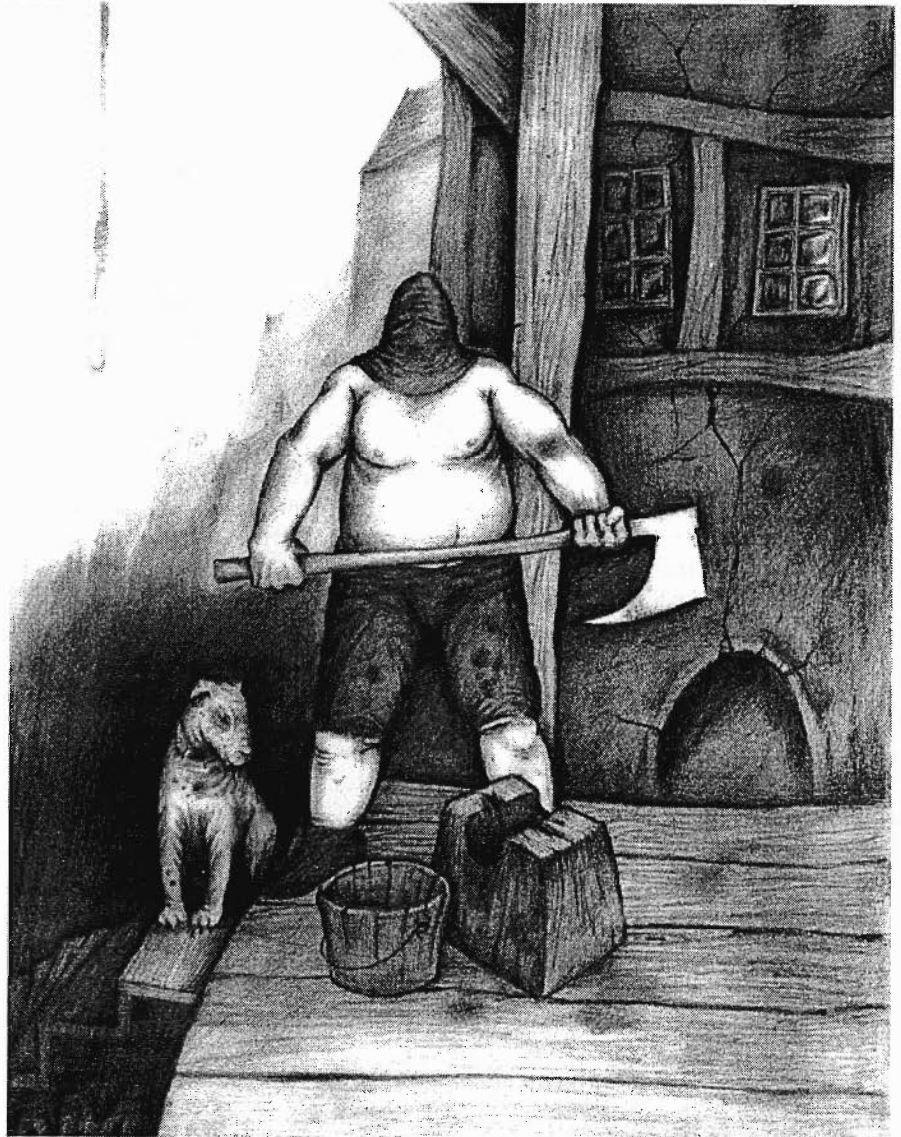
Although there are few executioners, they do occasionally meet. They have a secret handshake, but most know each other by sight. These meetings usually take place when two executioners exchange an area of operation, reasoning that it is safer not to travel the same roads too often in case they are recognised. Some belong to a loose Guild, which is administered by members of the judiciary in Nuln. On joining, they are presented with a ring, which contains a hidden noose symbol.

A growing problem among executioners is the worship of Khaine. While their paymasters are not concerned about this, the executioners themselves are trying to put an end to it. This is a difficult task, as the job is ideal for people of such a persuasion.

Skills

Dodge Blow
Specialist Weapon - 2H Axe
Strike Mighty Blow

Advance Scheme													
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+10		+1	+1	+3						+20	+10	



Carpentry - 75%
Law - 25%
Street Fighting - 50%

Trappings

Executioner's Axe
Leather Mask
Manacles
Rope

Career Exit

Assassin
Judicial Champion
Protagonist
Student (If Law skill)

Career Entrance

Bounty Hunter
Jailer
Torturer



YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE

a Cameo by Spencer Wallace



Baron Adolphus Fernstein had always loved tales of heroes who robbed from the rich and gave to the poor, so when he escaped from the Great Hospice with the other five tenants of the Criminally Insane "wing" (actually the basement), he adopted the title "Robber Baron" and began an exciting new career in the Reikwald forest.

Baron Adolphus and his Laughing Brigands, as he calls them, are howling madmen. Each suffers from their own unique dementia, although they share a compelling need to commit homicide. In his lunacy, the Baron has distorted the legends he had heard as a child in a sinister way. He and his brigands rob travellers, and Adolphus gives a lion's share of the loot to various worthy causes. Unfortunately, the bandits invariably slaughter their victims, often before they even demand the valuables. To compound this propensity for violence, he has gone so far as to hire an unusual pair of mercenaries to help him collect "donations."

Part 1: A Timely Meeting

Before the Baron meets the PCs and attempts to kill them, he must be properly introduced. As first impressions are so very important, the PCs should begin their relationship with the Baron in some civilised area while he is on his way to make a donation at the local Home for Mendicants, a soup kitchen affair set up by the Sisters of Shallya.

Being heroes, the PCs should be unable to resist the opportunity to come to the aid of a richly-appointed man in a scarlet cloak as he is set upon by four or five cutthroats. These will flee as soon as any of them falls. The Baron will thank his rescuers, and introduce himself (mentioning only his name and his undying gratitude), then make his excuses, as he is (as he is sure they will appreciate) a very busy man, and has an appointment to keep with the good Sisters. The PCs should be left slightly bewildered by this encounter; the man is obviously a crackpot, but he should seem harmless enough.

After meeting the Baron the PCs may try to find out more, or may overhear rumours about him. The following items are suggestions to "thicken the plot."

- Anyone in the area may make a Fellowship test to hear rumours of the "Ghouls of the Forest" who eat travellers (Grumblebelly does most of the eating—one or two of the others just nibble). To date, no-one has lived to describe these ghouls.
- If anyone makes a "voluntary" donation to the Home for Mendicants, run by an ex-beggar named Pieter, they can find out that the Baron (a kindly, if peculiar man) began making donations there about a month ago. Particularly good role-playing might reveal that some of the donations arrived in boxes bearing the crests of various noble houses.
- Anyone working with the authorities (Roadwardens, Watchmen, Soldiers), medical experts, and followers of Shallya might hear (Fel test at -10%) of the recent troubles at the Great Hospice. If they tread carefully (Fel test at -20%), they might also hear that ringleader was of noble blood, although his family will remain secret.
- Human and Halfling PCs may make an Int test at a penalty equal to their age to recall childhood tales of a Baron Fernstein who robbed from the nobility and gave to the peasants. Those with the Story Telling skill may add 20% to their chances.

Part 2: The Hold-up, or, "Hey! Didn't we save that guy last week?"

As usual, the PCs will have the dubious pleasure of being in the right place at the wrong time. On some deserted stretch of road, a well-dressed man wearing a long, red cloak and a matching hat steps into the road and gestures for the PCs to stop. Behind him towers a very ugly Ogre holding a massive, two-limbed crossbow.

Traditionally, this is the point where Adolphus gives his

usual greeting, followed by his usual demand, followed by his usual attack. The PCs are luckier than most, however; the Baron will remember meeting them, but will be unable to recall exactly where. This confusion will give the PCs, who will also be aware of babbling and insane giggling in the trees to either side, a few moments to run, attack or talk fast. They will have no trouble recognising the Baron, especially if they have done any investigating, and if they have heard of the grisly string of robberies things should fall quickly into place.

If the confrontation ends in a battle, then Grumblebelly will fire his crossbow twice in the first round and will charge into the fray after the Baron in the next round. As soon as the crossbow fires, whatever the result, the madmen will attack according to their personal tastes (described below).

However, the real danger comes from Singe. He will blithely toss bombs at the PCs as soon as he sees Grumblebelly fire, and may even continue after the Ogre and Adolphus are engaged with them. He must test against CI to keep from getting enraptured by this. If he fails he will begin hopping up and down shouting, "BOOM! BOOM!", laughing maniacally, and rolling one bomb per round into the combatants.

It is possible, if unlikely, to diffuse the situation and avoid violence. The Baron is a friendly sort who loves to talk and will ramble for some time if he finds the right listener. His men are neither loquacious nor patient, so the PCs will provide a welcome diversion. However, the Baron hates being patronised and does not like to lose a debate. Any conversation along these lines will provoke an immediate attack. Ploys involving charities are likely to work well, and mention of his family will certainly prompt a response. Whether this is positive or not depends on the context (i.e. "we've been sent to bring you home", vs. "your family needs you").

Another approach might be to talk to Grumblebelly instead, as he will change sides if properly motivated. Asking him what such a fine mercenary is doing with a group of lunatics, then reminding him how many murder charges are piling up against him, might do the trick. The others will just go back to the asylum if caught, but he will most likely be put to a painful death. He is no genius, so someone claiming to have influence with the local authorities could convince him to turn on his erstwhile employer — for the right price.

Whatever happens, it's important for the Baron to escape if the GM is planning to run Part 3. Even though he is insane and will fight like a cornered demon, he isn't stupid by any means. Grumblebelly would prefer to flee along with his employer, but will not hesitate to buy the Baron's escape with his life (he is an honourable mercenary, after all). The lunatics, however, will gleefully fight to the death, as will Singe if he fails his CI test and goes bomb-crazy.

Part 3: "You want us to go after him? How much money do you have?"

Soon after the ambush, the PCs will be given an opportunity to meet the Baron for a third time, and possibly make some money in the process.

If the PCs think to report the ambush to the authorities, they will find a group of Roadwardens, headed by Barnabus Schmidt, at a nearby toll-booth. If this doesn't occur to them, they will meet Schmidt and his men out on patrol. Either way, Barnabus will be anxious to know what became of the Baron, although he considers the other brigands to be "incidental ruffians." He will reward the PCs with whatever small change he has about him, dismiss them, and then ride out to the scene of the battle so hastily that inquisitive PCs may be made curious.

Barnabus recently discovered that this lunatic has very rich relatives, the well-respected von Griem family of Altdorf. Quite the entrepreneur, Barnabus plans to capture Adolphus and use his crimes to blackmail the family.

Things can go in many directions at this point. If the PCs decide to go after the Baron, an interesting chase and competition with the Roadwardens could follow, especially if the PCs discover the Baron's background and suspect Barnabus' motives. If the PCs drop the matter, so be it; a few days later, they will be contacted by an agent from the Great Hospice who will convince them that their help is needed. The Baron needs to be returned to hospital, for his good, and for the good of others. His family are insistent that he should not be killed, though. The intervention and blackmail of Schmidt also needs to be resolved. What with hunting the Baron down, bringing him in alive, suppressing rumours, thwarting Schmidt's plans and trying to please a noble house, the good Baron has the potential to become quite a protracted thorn in the PC's side.

The Cast

The Baron Adolphus Fernstein

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	54	30	4	5	11	58
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	41	63	34	46	50	35

Skills: Etiquette, Dodge Blow, Heraldry, Shadowing, Haggle, Public Speaking, Strike Mighty Blow, Luck, Read/Write, Charm, Law, Story Telling.

Trappings: Sword, Sleeved Mail Shirt, Crimson Cloak and Hat, Dagger.

Psychology: Adolphus von Griem's problem stems from a complicated delusion that developed from stories he heard as a child. These featured a character named Baron Fernstein, a noble who robbed his greedy and oppressive fellows and gave the money to the poor and sick. It was said that he had the blessing of both Ranald and Shallya. As a child, Adolphus became obsessed with the tales, often dashing about in a makeshift cloak and hat, stealing from his affluent family and passing the trinkets on to beggars. This delusion slowly grew, until he no longer distinguished between reality and his games.

His family, desperate to avoid a scandal, covered up his exploits as best they could, but were too embarrassed to seek proper help until it was too late. At the age of thirty, while attempting to scale the side of a tower, Adolphus took a long fall and awakened weeks later in the Great Hospice, where he spent the next five years sinking deeper into madness.

The Baron would be dangerous enough if an identity crises and kleptomania were his only problems, but in the fall he suffered damage to the part of his mind that governs his morality, rendering him a sociopath. The only real moral he has left, the capacity for self-sacrifice, has been twisted into a thin rationale for murder.

Grumblebelly, Ogre Mercenary

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
6	49	40	5	5	17	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	28	48	34	48	29	15

Skills: Specialist Weapon - Over/Under Crossbow, Strike Mighty Blow, Dodge Blow, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Speak Additional Language - Ogre.

Trappings: Huge Mace, Chain Shirt, Over/Under Crossbow, sized for an Ogre (Strength 5, fires twice per round, 2 rounds to load, Ranges are normal)

Singe, Hobgoblin Lobber (Artillerist)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	33	44	3	4	9	43
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	29	18	24	24	8

Skills: Specialist Weapon - Bomb, Specialist Weapon - Bombard,

Marksmanship.

Trappings: Sword, Sack of 8 Bombs with a small lantern to light them. Fortunately these explosives are not as powerful as those in the WFRP Book, having a Strength of 4. They have a 30% chance of misfiring when they land, in addition to the normal rules.

Grumblebelly and Singe's Story:

Grumblebelly and Singe are the only surviving members of a Goblinoid raiding party that picked the wrong caravan to attack. Mercenaries poured from the wagons a dozen strong. Grumblebelly went down with three feet of spear rammed through his copious gut. Singe, a rather unique individual even then, as many artillerists tend to be, had the extreme misfortune of having one of his bombs explode in his hands, the result of a portentous blunderbuss shot. It was the first time that *he* had ever been blown up, and Singe - leaving his last vestiges of sanity behind - decided he rather liked it.

The Baron and his Laughing Brigands had only been loose for a week or so when they happened upon the carnage. Although picking over the wreckage revealed little of value, Adolphus did make a startling discovery. Two "people" were alive! (In his madness, the Baron makes little distinction between humanoid races) They clearly had no money and were barely alive, so (he deduced) they must be in need! He could help these poor souls!

As it happened, one of the lunatics had been a doctor, although his penchant for amputating perfectly healthy arms, legs, and even heads cost him his practice. He was able to treat the injured humanoids. As one might imagine, this scene was violence poised on a razor's edge: an Ogre and a Hobgoblin pyromaniac on one side and a bunch of madmen on the other. Fortunately for all, Grumblebelly turned out to be more sagacious than he looked (and he looks brutish, even for an Ogre). He played dumb until he figured out who and what the Baron and his men were, then gradually began to talk to the Baron (who does occasionally have flashes of lucidity), eventually establishing the arrangement they all now enjoy. Adolphus invited the two to join his Laughing Brigands, and Grumblebelly agreed when he discovered just how much loot the Baron had already acquired.

Grumblebelly has managed to acquire a rich stash of valuables, as well as a regular source of meals as he disposes of victims and their horses. Of late, however, he has been ill at ease. Singe is not the Hobgoblin he once knew, and being surrounded by lunatics has begun to "put lumps in me gravy," as Ogres say.

The Laughing Brigands

All five of these men share a bloody history of murder: 55 killings between them, prior to their incarceration. Their reasons and needs for killing differ, but all are far beyond any hope of rehabilitation, seeing only prey in every person they meet. The only man to whom they listen and show respect is the Baron, and even he isn't sure why.

- "Doctor" **Julius Kwakz** has an obsessive need to amputate, whether or not an injury even exists, and he carries a set of doctor's tools that he uses as weapons.
- **Frederick Bohrs** is manic to the point where he is constantly in motion, and shakes when he can't move. He chatters to himself almost incessantly.
- **Edgar Hartwig** thinks women were created to torment men (as evidenced by his "detainment" by the Sisters), so he kills any he can find. He is certainly not opposed to killing any woman-lovers he finds.
- **Nigel Munster** believes the general populace is being undermined by tiny demons that live inside people's heads, and he just has to get them out. . .
- **Otto Albers** fancies himself to be a werewolf. He hoots and howls and attacks people with his long, hard nails and teeth which have been filed to points.



TRAPPER

A Short Story by Martin Oliver

Something stirred, just up ahead. In the pale light that filtered through the forest, a shape could be seen wending its way through the shadows. It stopped, then started laughing. It wasn't a pleasant sound. Wulf decided that whatever this might be, it was absolutely the last thing he wanted to bump into tonight. Without further ado, he turned tail and ran through the undergrowth, away from the lunatic shriekings, back towards his comrades.

He didn't make it very far.



"Damn this forest! No paths, no settlements..."

"You lack vision, Pyotr. You have only lost your way in the darkness because you have no sense of where you are going, what you are aiming for. Look; there. See it?"

"No."

"A trail. Leads off into the forest, back in the direction we came from."

"So what good is that, then, eh?"

"You said there were no paths. There are plenty of paths. You simply haven't found the one you seek."

Sensing the rapid rise in tension, Franz took matters into his own hands, and butted in.

"Quiet, the both of you. We've no idea what's out here — none at all. Bickering will only draw unwanted attention."

The three of them plodded forwards in silence. Pyotr and Franz forced their way through the brush, Eldariel somehow managing to wind his way around it all.

That was one of the infuriating things about Eldariel. No matter how scratched, bedraggled or begrimed anyone else became, he would always look immaculate. He had said several times that this was no trick, but simply involved a little care and attention, and that he couldn't fathom how humans managed to be so clumsy. That was another of the infuriating things about him — the constant surprised pity at the shortcomings of everyone else.

In fact, there seemed to be an endless number of infuriating things about him, when you thought about it...



The Inn was small, isolated. Franz didn't like it: they'd found the road, and it had led here, true enough; the inn looked normal, if a little weather-beaten. It was just... no; he couldn't put his finger on it. It was just *wrong*.

"See? Nothing to worry about. This is probably where Wulf got to. Knowing him, he's probably inside having a jar, waiting for us to catch him up."

"Pyotr, my friend..."

"Don't you start, Elf. Whatever it is, I don't want to hear it."

"But the way you try and persuade yourself..."

"I *said*, I don't want to hear it. Not a word more, alright?"

They left the trees, slipping out onto the dense-packed, moonlit soil of the road. It'd been a while. Wulf's cross-country shortcut may have saved them a day or two, but the Drakwald forest was no place for sane people to wander, especially at night. Sure enough, the trek had brought them out onto one of the trading routes that criss-crossed the forest, but it didn't look like an important one, and it was hard to tell which of the major routes it might connect with. Their map was good, but little tracks like this, no wider than a cart — well, they were forever springing up and falling in to disrepair. No map could hope to show them all.

So why was there an inn here?

Warily, Franz and Pyotr started moving along the edges of the path, close to the trees. Eldariel strode forwards with confidence; the strangeness of the place seemed not to bother him.

"Ah!" He said, with obvious pleasure. "The Trapper's Cabin! What a delightful notion. And it explains a lot, too, don't you think?"

"Perhaps..." muttered Franz. He remained dubious. There was a light on downstairs; the place was obviously in use. What worried him was that he knew full well from his own time spent hunting that this wasn't really the season for... well, for anything in particular. Places like this normally worked with the seasons, with the staff moving on to other jobs in town when business flagged. Had someone else stumbled across this haven in the midst of this black-hearted forest? Was that why the light was on?

With a gesture to Pyotr, he followed the Elf along the road. Whoever was in there, they surely wouldn't mind letting a few travellers rest in comfort for one night. The place was big enough for twenty, he was sure, and Franz had been looking forward to a night spent in a proper bed for longer than he could remember. He was getting far too old to take any pleasure in this rough adventuring life any more.

The door was rough, the curtains drawn. Light filtered out, and peering through the gaps just gave an impression of a small, dimly lit bar. Tables, chairs... no patrons, but that wasn't unusual — it was late. Anyone staying here would probably be in bed by now.

There did seem to be someone at the bar, though. Wiping a mug, by the look of it. Pyotr looked over to Franz and beamed.

"Looks promising. Coming?" Franz nodded, distractedly. It all seemed normal enough. He just couldn't quite shake the feeling that... something... Never mind. It would come to him, sooner or later.



Something in the forest watched them as they entered. It giggled softly to itself; a knowing chuckle, like that of a child playing a practical joke.

On a whim, it decided to pay them a visit, and show them its new toy.



The door opened into a cosy, quiet room. Tables were neatly positioned around the edges. The centre was well-kempt, covered with fresh straw. Behind the bar, at the far side of the room, a bald man stood wiping a beer glass, his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He nodded, once, then went back to wiping.

"Well, it all seems normal enough." Pyotr said with relief. Franz nodded, half-heartedly. Eldariel didn't respond at all; he just carried on watching the barman.

"It's good to be inside, out of that chill wind, and sitting down, that I'll grant you." Franz looked around him. "Nice enough place, too. Good and clean. Bet their beds are nice and soft."

"Why is that man still cleaning the glass?"

"What?" Franz almost jumped as the Elf spoke. He peered up towards the bar. "Probably a tough spot. Why don't you go ask him, eh?"

"I'll go." Pyotr said. "I could do with a drink. Want one, Franz?"

"Thanks." Pyotr scraped back the chair, fished around for his purse, then ambled over to the bar.

He stopped abruptly, and started backing away.

Franz's chair shot backwards as he sprang to his feet, fumbling with his crossbow, but Pyotr was already being dragged forwards, screaming. Like some sort of child's toy, the barman had flung his arms around Pyotr in one rubbery loop — glass, cloth and all — and was dragging him awkwardly over the bar. Beside him, another figure drifted upwards, as if lifted on invisible strings. A serving girl, once, by the look of her. Now... well, who knew what she was now, as she pulled open her chest and leaned forwards to engulf the screaming Pyotr.

Franz's bolt buried itself deep in the barman's head. The figure turned to look at him, seemingly perplexed, and then heaved himself forwards onto the bar. The barmaid came with him, and it looked like a couple of other torsos might follow as well. It seemed for all the world as if some

child's finger puppets had been sewn together, only to take on a life of their own.

"So strange... so... familiar... so many personalities, trapped in one body..."

"Sigmar smite your soul!" blurted Franz. "Shoot it, you fool!" Eldariel jerked out of his reverie, loosed an arrow at the monstrosity. It didn't seem to do much good. With a sinking feeling, Franz realised that they needed help, and soon.

Their hearts surged with hope as the door crashed open, to reveal a dramatically-posed figure with a familiar face.

"Wulf!" — and then with a sinking feeling of despair, Franz realised his mistake.

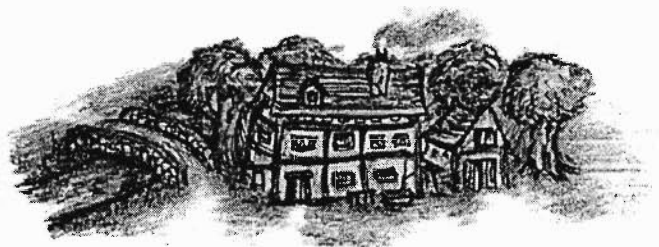
It was Wulf's face, alright. It was just that it was draped at a rakish angle over someone else's features. As it started to laugh its lunatic laugh, the mask slipped off, landing with a wet slopping noise at the feet of the intruder.

Franz waited to see no more. Tables and chairs scattering in his wake, he half ran, half fell across the room before jumping head-first through a window. Eldariel was mere moments behind him, vaulting the scattered furniture, diving after Franz. The sound of their panicky retreat lingered for a few moments, before giving way to the soft sounds of the forest.



It moved from the doorway, crossed the floor, to tend and pet the injured creature. Giggling with delight, it noticed that there was already a new bud. Soon, Pyotr's mind and body would be completely reconstituted as a part of the entity which had consumed him. Grinning the grin of a mischievous child, it remembered the look on the faces of the travellers.

Briefly, a coherent thought flickered through its turbulent mind. They might tell others what had happened. They might lead others back to this place to hunt them down. They might send the Witch Hunters. It laughed aloud, unable to contain its delight and anticipation. He hoped they came soon — then he could *really* start having fun...



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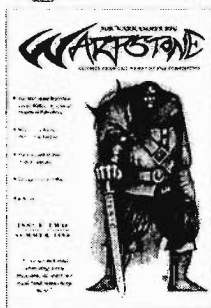
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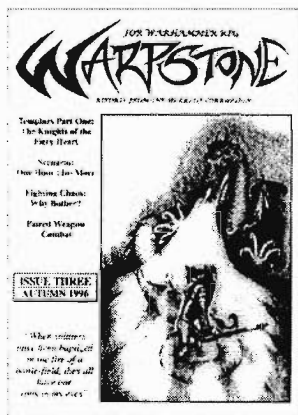


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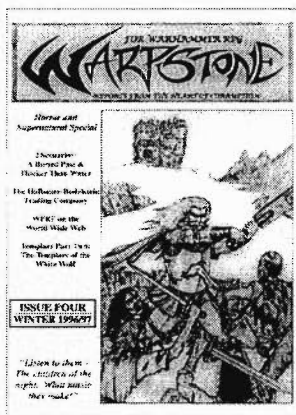
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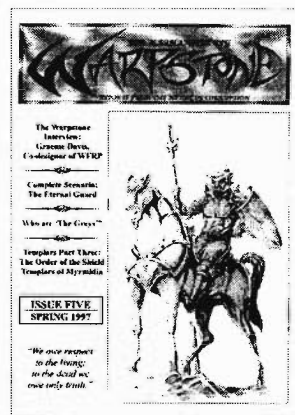
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*“Now he goes along the darksome road,
thither whence they say no one returns.”*