

ISSUE 8 - WINTER 1997/98 UK £3.00 RRP

# WARTSTONE

The Independent Magazine for  
Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play

EXCLUSIVE

"Carrion Up The Reik"  
Art Preview

SCENARIO

The Missing Children  
of Regensdorf



DISEASE,  
WITCH-HUNTERS  
& ADVANCED SKILLS

REVIEWS  
GM's Screen  
Doomstones II  
The Power

REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

All correspondence to  
Warpstone  
c/o John Keane  
182 Shaftesbury Avenue,  
South Harrow,  
Middlesex,  
HA2 OAW

E-mail: [warpstone@bigfoot.com](mailto:warpstone@bigfoot.com)

Website: [HTTP://WWW2.UNL.AC.UK/~CYHZOLIVERM/WARPSTONE/](http://WWW2.UNL.AC.UK/~CYHZOLIVERM/WARPSTONE/)

#### CREDITS

Editor: John Keane & John Foody  
Associate Editors: Martin Oliver, Steven Punter & Mel Tudno-Jones  
Admin: Sara Hanlon  
Cover: John Keane  
Back Cover by: Steve Punter  
Illustrations: Steve Punter, pages 1(Rat), 7, 9, 13, 20, 37, 39 : John Keane, pages 9, 11(kids), 15, 16, 26(Maggot & Eye), 29, 30, 31, 32(Syringe) : Stephen Jones, page 11(Baneguard), 12, 18, 22, 23 (Emmanuelle), 34.  
All unaccredited text by: John Foody & John Keane

Thanks to Andrew Hind, Ryan Valentine, Michael Anderson, Robert Clark, Luke Twigger, Paul Williams, Tim Eccles & James Wallis

Etc. The last of the coal burned low in the fire and the five champions sighed. The Order of Illuminated Champions running Obscure Journals had lost the latest battle against the Order of Chaos known as Dispotic In Small Tribulations of Righteous Indignation and Balled Up Tortuous Order of Riotous Soldiers. Of course these were only a front for the Purple Foot, who were only a cover for the remarkably invisible Barlod Wombles. Of course all that was completely made up, except the part about the Champions. The rest was just disinformation from the Wizards living near the sea (sometimes known as the Magi 12) who controlled the whole world through their tweaking of the economy. And although that might also be a lie, we'll go with it. Rumours had it they sold you a horse one year but wouldn't sell you the saddle until the year after. They of course warred against their neighbours, The Servants to the Great Dwarf, who sold you a three legged horse and then charged you for the fourth. Of course, these theories were invented by the five Champions who sometimes deluded themselves into thinking they had better things to do. Then one day the door opened and the light flooded in. However, it was soon blocked off as the diseased Norse scribe shut the door and entered the room. On his head was balanced their most holy and thick book, 'The Journal of Properties and use of the Moonstone's Black Book of Unforgivable Grudges'. As the scribe swayed slowly from side-to-side, they turned the page. Wetting the pen by jabbing a puss filled boil, they then began to write.

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#### ABBREVIATIONS

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

# EDITORIAL

Happy new year. Lets hope 1988 promises to be a good year for WFRP, gaming in general, and frankly the whole world. Also, we hope to see Realms of Sorcery, now two years late. Er... hold on a minute, I mean 1998. Why the confusion you ask. Well that's easy, but let me start at the beginning.

As the deadline for this issue approached (sometime before issue 6 was actually out, but I gress) I was stumped for something to write for the editorial. You were saved from the details of my Christmas holidays when I was sent a cutting from the Daily Mail (thanks RV) which reported that Northamptonshire County Council had banned a RPG group from playing 'boardgames' such as Dungeons and Dragons' (sic) on their premises. The council have banned fantasy games from their schools and youth clubs because they claimed it could encourage violence. The man in charge of this crackdown said:

"In the case of role-playing games, I am sure 99 per cent of them are harmless, but it is the other one per cent we have to worry about. They are highly imaginative and tend to take things to the extreme. There is genuine worry the fantasy violence could spill over into reality."

(Deep breath) Now I honestly believed this kind of reactionary nonsense was behind us. Many years ago this argument went back and forth until it generally faded away. And although we see (and expect to see) the occasional fringe religious group declaiming RPGs for unsuitable imagery, usually involving demons, witchcraft etc., the fact that a council decided to spend its time with this is potentially worrying. One of the problems is that fantasy gaming is an easy target. The hobby is small and often viewed as being a sanctuary for misfits. Nobody cares if it's banned. But are we going to look forward to increased censorship on TV, film and video games? It is difficult to argue sensibly with people who can't accept that hitting someone with a sword in a game is simply that. (Personally I blame the crusades on Chess. All that aggressive posturing and figurines of knights and kings (or is that WFB?) is bound to encourage people to fight wars across the Middle East!).

On a lighter note, we have been pleased by the number of you who took the time to return the questionnaire from last issue. We will publish the results next quarter. However, we are constantly looking for your feedback and participation in the magazine, whether it be letters or writing articles. Although the number of writers is increasing we could always do with more. Every game of WFRP is played in a different way, with unique ideas and perspectives. This might be nothing more than an encounter or a piece of background that your players enjoyed but everyone can benefit from it. Don't let it be lost. If you aren't sure if we'll be interested then drop us a note with a brief outline and we'll let you know. It may take some time but we do try and write back as soon as possible.

Ploughing the same furrow, we hope that more of you will take the time to respond to some of the ideas raised in the letters column. Last issue Robert Clark asked 'What should 2nd Edition WFRP contain?' and 'Should WFRP become a semi-autonomous game, set in the 3rd Edition Warhammer World (WFB)?'

Next issue will be our Marienburg special, featuring sourcebook writer Anthony Ragan as guest editor. It will be bigger and better but it won't be appearing until July. Issue 10 will follow soon after. Apologies for this but we are looking to make Issue 9 really special and require all the extra time we can get.

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# REVIEWS

## GM's Screen & Reference Pack

Published by Hogshead Publishing

Reviewed by John Foody

The GM screen is a time honoured-tradition that games companies release as a money spinner and schedule filler. This is usually early in games' lives but, of course, WFRP being WFRP it didn't happen like that here. So here we finally have it, a decade later. How much use these screens are is a matter of opinion of course. I dislike them, as they erect an intrusive barrier between players and GM. For WFRP, I find them even less essential. The WFRP rules are generally easy to remember and many groups play a rules-lite version anyway. For secret dice roles you can always use your hand for cover. A GM's screen has to be able to offer more than just a screen, so Hogshead have included two reference booklets containing various new gaming aids.

But first the screen itself. It is made up of four panels of heavy card (and it actually stands up, unlike some!), with the players' side in full colour. This contains two pictures, neither of which I particularly like, and a full colour map. This isn't overly inspiring, but is quite useful, showing all the Old World, including most of the locations mentioned in Warhammer releases from WFB and WFRP. On the GM's side is a collection of charts divided into three categories: Characters, Combat and Movement. Both the characters and combat section are useful, but I've always found Movement detail boringly tedious. I would also have liked to have seen a number of charts on the player's side to take away some of the responsibility from the GM for checking rules.

Also included with the screen is a reference pack. This consists of two sixteen page booklets containing various resources for both GM and players. The first of these contains an index, almanac and the equipment price

list from the rulebook. The index covers the main rulebook and is excellent, comprehensively covering all areas from skills to the names of characters used in examples of play. The almanac is also an excellent aid for players and GM. It can be used to plot campaigns or to act as a diary. If used, it will help give everyone a real sense of the passing of time within the campaign, and help players

to feel that there really is a world going on around them.

The second booklet contains a collection of new critical hit charts, fumble charts (as printed in *Apocrypha Now*) and new critical hit rules. Graeme Davis (an original WFRP author) has written much of this, and his influence pervades the whole. The new Critical hit rules are only slightly amended from the rulebook,

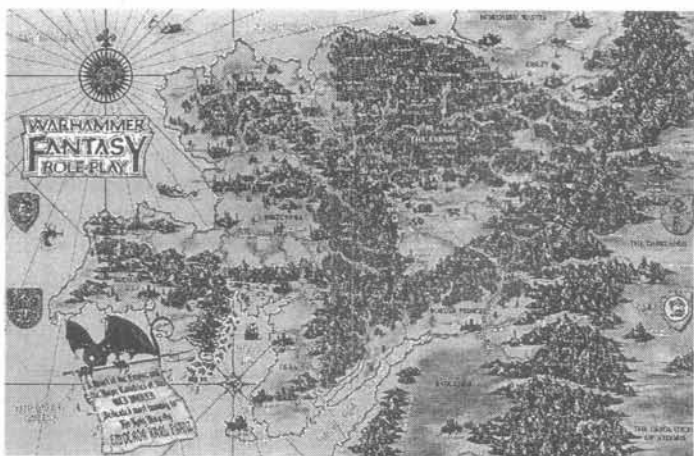


but are much clearer and more detailed. This leads onto the new critical hit tables, which now cover the range of methods that can be used to hurt characters, from being hit with an arrow to falling off a building. These are all nicely descriptive, but more importantly well-balanced, and although they may add an extra (very minor) layer of rules to the game, are well worth using. The Energy Critical table originally appeared in issue two of *Warpstone* but it has been toned down here into a more playable form.

Both these booklets are excellent aids. My only criticism is that they are printed without any sort of cover and the paper does not seem overly durable. When you consider they are designed for constant reference during play, with players and GM handing them around, this is a little short-sighted. Perhaps the two booklets would have been better as one book with a card cover. However, this is a fairly minor complaint, and putting them in a folder should help them survive the rigours of the gaming table (spilt coke, pizza etc.).

If you like using GMs' screens, then this is certainly a worthwhile purchase. If you don't use them, though, you may well want to think about how much you're likely to use the reference material before rushing out to buy it.

See page 4 for GM screen Appendix.



# Doomstones II: Wars & Death

Published by Hogshhead Publishing

Reviewed by John Foody

Hogshhead's second Doomstones supplement brings together the books 'Death Rock' and 'Dwarf Wars', originally published by GW's Flame Publications as parts three and four of the campaign. It is a good sized adventure, standing at 176 pages and including numerous player handouts. Unusually, the artwork is decidedly average and much of it has been used before. The cover is also poor and lacks any real impact.

The Doomstones campaign was originally written for Advanced Dungeons and Dragons, and later converted to WFRP. This was done as part of Flame's attempt to get out as much material as possible to justify WFRP's continued existence within GW. Part of the new material included new monsters and spells.

Death Rock takes the PCs to a monastery deep in The Vaults, a mountain range south of The Empire. Here they find the third Doomstone and fulfil a prophecy, in an adventure which becomes a race against time as a force of Orcs draws nearer. This is the strongest part of the Doomstones campaign, being nicely atmospheric, and is strongly reminiscent of Umberto Eco's 'Name of the Rose'. The adventure builds up nicely, describing the monastery and its inhabitants, together with the threat it faces. There are so many strong elements here and such a strong central concept it is disappointing to have to say that it doesn't manage to carry it off with much conviction.

Dwarf Wars takes the PCs to a lost Dwarven hold on the eve of a possible Dwarven civil war. Here two factions search for an artefact to consolidate their right to the throne. The party must deal with one of the groups before descending into the depths of the hold to find the last Doomstone, protected by age old traps and other nasties.

Again this is nicely set-up, and the characters and politics are strong. Sadly, all this is little more than background for a dungeon bash, and a poor one at that. It reminds me of everything that I would consider wrong in an average AD&D adventure. Apart from new monsters, traps and a lack of toilet facilities, there is even a 'Monster and Treasure Roster'. Players will find themselves on the following track: check for traps, kill monsters, search, walk on, check for traps, kill monsters, etc. etc. Perhaps I am being unfair because I have played plenty of dungeon romps myself, but I thought that the hobby as a whole had moved on. As a player, does it matter that one wraith was a prisoner and another a Cleric when no interaction except violent ones occur? I still believe that dungeon scenarios can be made to work, but they need to be livelier and have more depth (sorry!) than this.

Also included in the book are a number of pre-generated NPCs. These are three or four career characters, with brief histories and full profiles. Again highlighting the AD&D flavour that seeps from the book, they are weighed

down with magic items, a Sword with Damage +3 and a Robe of +3 Toughness among them.

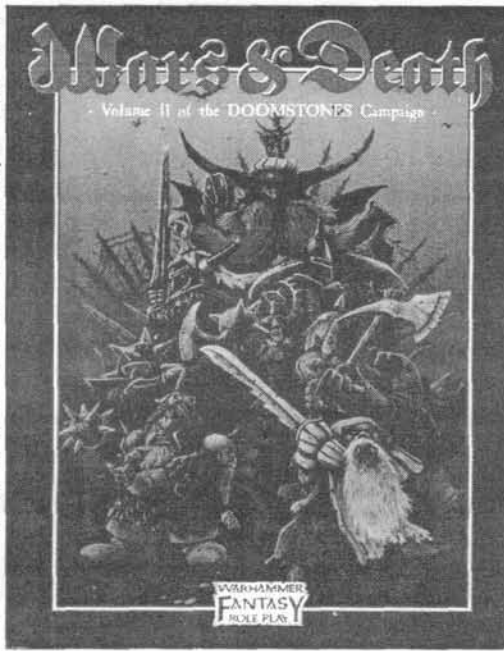
To my mind this sums up the problem with the whole Doomstones campaign. The atmosphere and background that make WFRP such a good game have little presence here. When background is covered it is strong, but it does not sit well with the main parts of the narrative. There is also a complete lack of any of the moral uncertainties that are found in other WFRP supplements. Perhaps it could be argued that this was the way Warhammer was going at the time, but I think this more due to the history of this particular product. The suggested experience and fate point rewards are also excessive, in my opinion. A number of these are 'kill' points, even where such combat does not progress the scenario. Perhaps this just highlights the nature of the scenarios, but I thought WFRP was more than this. Also, the Doomstones themselves are admittedly powerful, as they should be, but are an extremely unbalancing presence. Characters that went back into

the Empire with them would be overly powerful.

For these reason and also because of the way the book ends the Doomstones needs to be played as a continuous campaign. (I would not recommend this book be played until after 'Book One: Fire and Blood', unless the GM is ready to modify matters freely.) Unfortunately, this is not yet possible as part three, 'The Heart of Chaos,' was never written and is not yet on release schedules. Until it comes out the campaign cannot be evaluated as a whole, which it really needs to be.

I would be happy to use Death Rock outside the confines of the Doomstones campaign, and perhaps even to adapt the ideas from Dwarf Wars. However, I would not play the

Doomstones campaign as it stands: it is just not strong enough. The two Doomstones books to date prove that not everything associated with the WFRP label is a quality product. These weaken the overall strength of the game, as there is little here to distinguish it from AD&D and its clones. From a quality point of view I can't help feeling, especially as there isn't a lot of material available anyway, that reprinting them was a bit of a mistake.



## The Complete Doomstones Saga

Introduction: Crossing the Border

*Short scenario found in Hogswash 3. Available free from Hogshhead.*

Part One: Fire & Blood

*Reviewed in Issue Three. Originally published as 'Fire in the Mountains' & 'Blood in Darkness'.*

Part Two: Wars & Death

*Originally published as 'Death Rock' & 'Dwarf Wars'.*

Part Three: Heart of Chaos

*Due for forthcoming publication.*

# The Power

Reviewed by Justin Curtis

For those of you who have not already got a copy, here is an independent gaming magazine filling the gap Arcane left behind. However inside these colourful pages I found not only topics covering games but film, music and almost anything else coming to the editor's mind. Whether this was to fill out the pages or to appeal to a wider audience I'm not sure but it made a messy magazine with no real sense of identity or direction.

Last week I picked up the latest issue (No 6) and was pleasantly surprised. The Power has found its path and concentrates on just games, covering mainly role-play and collectable card games. This magazine covers everything from reviews through gossip to the web. You will not find any adventures, but you will find interesting topics and advice which can be useful for whichever game you play. There is even a spread in this issue on Hogshead Publishing detailing the proposed releases for Warhammer FRP. For £1.50 you get cover-to-cover gaming in full colour. The Power offers an interesting read and excellent value for money.

This promises to get better next issue as The Power is coming out in a new format, expanding to 84 pages, giving more coverage to every kind of game (board, computer, collectable cards, role-play etc.) together with more news, gossip and reviews.

The Power has changed, over its six issues, from a

'there is nothing left to read this lunch time I suppose I'll flick through this' to a 'hey this is great, can't wait for next month's issue'. If it's expanding I'm sure the price will go up but I would still highly recommend it. The Power is available at Virgin and all good game stores.



The Power has spent some time finding its feet since its garish first issue inception. It's still got plenty of rough edges but it now feels more substantial and is certainly more interesting. By far the worst part is the reviews: they are little more than a press release. However, as The Power is run by Hobby Games (Europe's largest games distributor) perhaps this is understandable. Despite these misgivings I hope The Power will be given plenty of support in its new reincarnation, as hopefully it continues to improve.

-Ed

## Unofficial Appendix: The GM's Screen & Reference Pack

by John Foody

The reference pack contains new critical charts for use with various weapons. Although it will be obvious in the vast majority of cases which weapon matches what critical table, the following list summarises this. Some weapons have been grouped (different kinds of axes, swords, etc.) into a single category.

Weapon	Critical Hits Table	Weapon	Critical Hits Table
Axes	Sharp Weapons	Net	Blunt Weapons <sup>3</sup>
Bolas	Blunt Weapons <sup>1</sup>	Quarter Staff	Blunt Weapons
Bows	Arrows and Bolts	Rapier	Arrows and Bolts <sup>4</sup>
Buckler	Blunt Weapons or Sharp Weapons <sup>2</sup>	Spear	Sharp Weapons <sup>5</sup>
Club	Blunt Weapons	Sling	Arrows and Bolts
Cutlass	Sharp Weapons	Sword	Sharp Weapons
Dagger	Sharp Weapons	Sword-breaker	Sharp Weapons
Dart	Arrows and Bolts	Warhammer	Blunt Weapons
Flail	Blunt Weapons	Whip	Sharp Weapons
Garrotte	Sudden death table		
Halberd	Sharp Weapons		
Javelin	Arrows and Bolts		
Knuckle duster	Blunt Weapons		
Lance	Sharp Weapons		
Mace	Blunt Weapons		
Morning Star	Blunt Weapons		

<sup>1</sup> I have ignored the wire damage here. However, you may decide that on a head critical, the sudden death table applies (i.e. it wraps around the throat).

<sup>2</sup> When acquired it should be decided whether it is spiked or not.

<sup>3</sup> However, I would argue that it should give no critical if the attempt is to entangle. Otherwise its weighted edges cause 'Blunt Weapon' critical.

<sup>4</sup> As rapiers do not have a sharp edge I think this table is more suitable.

<sup>5</sup> Optionally you could use 'Arrows and Bolts'

# FRAGMENTS

## Elf Sourcebook

Excellent news. Martin Oliver, famed member of the Warpstone team, has been signed up to write the WFRP Elven sourcebook. Look in Issue Six for his Elven NPC for a flavour of what is to come.

## Other News

Marienburg is scheduled for release at Gencon (August). Middenheim: City of Chaos (re-release of Warhammer City) is due around March/April to be followed a month later by Power Behind the Throne. For some more news on this see page 41. Robin D. Laws, famous for penning Shadowfist and Feng Shui has been signed up to produce Doomstones Part Three. A Dwarf sourcebook is also in the works, and finally, a German version of the rulebook is on the way.

## Cameo Winners

We have finally decided on the winners of the Cameo competition from Issue 5. The winner of the unique Death on the Reik print, (kindly donated by Hogshead), and a subscription is Paul Slevin. The runner-up is John Clare, and he takes home a Warpstone subscription. Thanks to all you who took the time to enter. Look out for the winning entries next issue.

## Questionnaire Winners

We were pleasantly surprised at the number of you who returned questionnaires. The response has been highly interesting and informative and we will be publishing the results next issue. The name pulled out of the pot helm was Steve Jackman and he is now the proud owner of the WFRP character pack and a Warpstone subscription.

## Wigcon

The second 3-day role-playing event known as WigCon will take place from 20th - 22nd November at Haselbury Plucknett Village Hall, Somerset. For more information visit <http://www.betanet.co.uk/wigcon98.htm>, or contact WigCon 98, c/o Betanet Systems Limited, Unit 12, Lynx West Trading Estate, Yeovil, Somerset, BA20 2HU or paulw@betanet.co.uk.

## Le Grimoire

The new 150 page issue of this French WFRP magazine is out now and covers Tilea, especially Saratosa, and contains new careers, gods and rules. It can be purchased from: Le Grimoire, 3 Rue Andre Le Notre, 49300 Cholet, France. (70FF + 10FF foreign p+p)

## Games Workshop

Have moved office. Their new address is Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS.

## SUBMISSIONS

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions, both Art & Text. We will reply to all submissions, and if rejected giving full reasons why. Payment is a free copy of Warpstone.

**Art** - We are always looking for artists. If you wish to do specific artwork for Warpstone, please send us examples of your work. Please only send copies.

**Writing** - Please send 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). We are also happy to receive submissions via E-mail.

At Warpstone we try not to include articles that concentrate or rewrite rules. In the same vein we are not looking for new monsters or Gods. However, while we do not regularly include new careers or skills, if you have something good, send it in. We look for articles that expand on the World of Warhammer, filling in the gaps that are present. We also like to see articles that look at how the game is played, discussing issues relevant to all gamers.

## Regular Articles

The following are only guidelines.

**Comment Articles:** Along the line of 'Fighting Chaos' (issue three) and 'To Fight or Not to Fight' (issue five). Up to 3000 words.

**Cameos:** Short scenarios and brief encounters. No character profiles, only descriptions. Up to 1500 words long.

**The Usual Suspects:** NPCs that be slotted in a moments notice. 400-800 words, including profiles.

**Scenarios:** 2000 - 10000 words including profiles.

**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

If there is an article you would like to see and don't want to write please let us know. It will be added to the list. If you want to write anything on the list, drop us a line first.

**Guilds** - Who they are, how they work and how character interact with them.

# RUMOUR MILL

By Robert Clark

Once a year, thousands of screaming gamers descend upon the National Indoor Arena for the high-point in Games Workshop's calendar: Games Day! I've attended these for the past few years, but this time, since the retail stands were selling nothing of interest, I decided I ought to try and do something a little different. I looked around for options, and then it hit me: where else could a common-or-garden gamer corner the designers, all at the same time? In 1996, I'd spent a lot of time talking to writers, armed with a notebook and pen. Inspired by the success of this, I thought I'd try the same thing again this year, in an attempt to find out lots of juicy information for WFRP players. After all, what happens in WFB today will affect WFRP tomorrow! (Or, at worst, at some time this decade...)

## Realms of Chaos: Tuomas Pirinen and Rick Priestley

This was probably the most unexpected thing to find at Games Day: a new version of Realms of Chaos. The original RoC books have been condensed, revised, and added to. Surprisingly, for a latter-day GW release, you've got the freedom to select a new god rather than the traditional four Powers. The Chaos Champion advancement scheme has also been revised and fixed, and in general, things aren't as dangerous as they used to be. You'll be pleased to hear that Bloodthirsters no longer come with Chaos armour and demon swords as standard! I'm sure that such changes can only improve the chance of a WFRP Chaos book being released. The superfluous material (e.g. WH40K) has been removed, and the amount of Chaos-based artwork available to Hogshead now must be quite incredible. Of course, Hogshead will have to come up with a new title...

## Warhammer Siege: Tuomas Pirinen

Another old title rears its ugly head. Whether or not this will be of use to WFRP GMs remains to be seen.

## The Undead: Tuomas Pirinen

The prolific Mr. Pirinen strikes again, this time with *two* new books: the first for Nehekharan Undead (that's Egyptian to you and me), the second concentrating on Sylvania. Obviously, with the extra space, Sylvania will become pretty well detailed, and so is bound to be of use to WFRP players.

## Chaos Dwarfs: Tuomas Pirinen

Once again, Tuomas is on the job, this time with an extensive revision of the Chaos Dwarfs. I have consulted him a lot about this, and in addition to the army lists we can expect more detailed background. This book should also see the re-introduction of Farside, as well as the Hobgoblin Hegemony.

## Hobgoblins: Tuomas Pirinen

The biggest surprise for me was the possible re-instatement of the long-lost Mourngul Horde, also known as the Hobgoblin Hegemony. This will coincide with the Chaos Dwarf background, meaning lots of new ideas and material for a relatively under-used area of the Warhammer world.

## Dogs of War: Nigel Stillman

This is a new series of books which will look at areas which we've been clamouring for, but which GW didn't want to write a whole army book for. The first volume will look at Tilea, which should open the region up to Hogshead. Unfortunately it might, by then, be somewhat unrecognisable. Other areas which might receive attention include Cathay, Nippon, Norsca, Kislev and the Sea Elves.

## Other Developments

As I write, news has just come in that the Dwarf and Empire books are coming up for revision. The Empire book, at least, shouldn't cause any worries, though, as it is most likely to be written by Tuomas Pirinen.

# ORDERING DETAILS

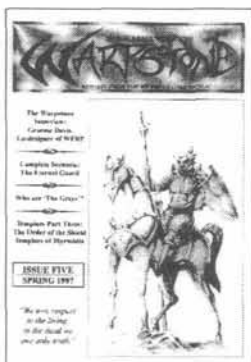
## BACK ISSUES



**ISSUE THREE  
AUTUMN 1996**  
Templars Part One:  
Knights of the Fiery Heart  
\* Scenario: *One Hour (To) Morr* \* Paired  
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*Flea Circus* \* Fighting  
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# WITCH-HUNTERS: MANKIND'S LAST BEST CHANCE ?

By Tim Eccles

## Introduction

In most published and private WFRP campaigns, Witch-hunters seem to be murdering bullies. They are guilty of the sorts of arrogance, murder, bigotry and bloody-mindedness that the followers of Khorne or Khaine might be ashamed of. The basis for this is European and American history, where Witch-hunters were responsible for many examples of murder and mayhem. From this history can be seen the bias in the WFRP rulebook and certain scenarios (including Eif) and stories (particularly Schedyt in Genevieve Undead). However, the simple fact is that Witch-hunters are servants of either Law, or the law, or both, and are not simply braggarts and bullies. Indeed, the existing stereotype in WFRP is, I hope to show, the antithesis of what they stand for. I wish to defend them from the charges resulting from the stereotyping that is laid against them, and offer an examination of their organisation within The Empire.

That Witch-hunters are often perceived by the general populace to be exactly that which is portrayed in the WFRP rulebook is a result of the nature of their business, and the general ignorance of the masses concerning Chaos. Essentially the world in which the Witch-hunter operates condemns them to a misunderstood and thankless existence, but the reality of their position is radically different from their image. There are two defences.

## The Philosophical Defence

The forces of Law, Good and Neutrality (and even Evil) are fighting a losing war; Chaos is not only effectively invincible, it is also pervasive. Law, in particular, is struggling. The younger races do not readily empathise with the gods of Law and their aims, as they do with other gods. One of their number (Arianka) is imprisoned, further weakening them. And the pre-eminence of Chaos is particularly galling to Law, since they are complete opposites, in aims if not substance.

Law naturally tends to believe in a greater good than individual freedom. This is a general precept, but is particularly necessary in the current predicament. Since Law is fighting for its very existence, any and all individual rights must be subsumed into the general will to fight. Thus, all Chaos must

be rooted out whatever the cost in individual terms. For example, if a cult is discovered, all its members must be exterminated; if this results in the death of an innocent, or shifts the burden of proof to guilty unless proven innocent, then this is a price that is acceptable within the greater cause. Condemned innocents and their families will disagree of course, and add to the belief that Witch-hunters are murdering butchers and bigots. However, such apparent evils are only done to serve the greater cause, and protect the greatest number.

Witch-hunters believe in this basic precept: the needs of the many outweighs the needs of the few. Their lives have been spent witnessing the scourge of Chaos, and they are willing to commit any and all actions to prevent further contamination. Training of Witch-hunters leads them to accept that they will be misunderstood, and dictates that attempts to educate otherwise are a waste of resources. This leads to a certain arrogance in their dealings with the masses, becoming a self-fulfilling vicious circle of mutual misunderstanding and distrust.

## The Fantasy Defence

The Old World is not Mediaeval Earth. Witches do exist. Thus, the premise behind the Witch-hunter is valid. The fact that in our own history they needlessly wiped out families and villages should not affect their use in the Old World. For here, Chaos does corrupt the souls of villagers, secret rites

are held to foul gods and the whole of the existing order of things is under attack. Therefore, someone has to investigate, interrogate, and even terrorise the chaos out of these places. This battle is the ultimate cause for Law, and one for which any price is payable for victory. As players, we should remove our rational twentieth century post-modernist viewpoint, and believe in the existence of these evil forces; in this way, Witch-hunters become less evil.

The point is, and without wishing to engage deeply in the sociology of knowledge, the question arises whether sixteenth century hunters and ordinary people genuinely believed in witchcraft, or whether it served other purposes. In the Old World, Chaos does definitely exist, and most individuals can quote examples of it; therefore, it is clear that the belief in Chaos is a genuine one, and those fighting against the scourge



will be met with an innate friendliness from those they are defending. The whole ethos of the Witch-hunter is therefore different.

### **The Ordinary Witch-hunter**

The ordinary Witch-hunter does not need to defend his actions. He (or she) is following the will of Solkan, a will that is completely lawful. The WFRP rulebook (GW hardback 1986; page 106) states that they "have devoted their lives to hunting down and destroying Chaos and its minions wherever it may be found". Understandably, in my view, "they trust no-one; no-one is free from their suspicions, and almost any deviation from their individual definition of normality is grounds for deep suspicion in their eyes." This is not a licence to slaughter, but a realistic attitude for a fighter of Chaos.

Certainly, like all humans, they are open to prejudice. But, where they are, this is a failing in their duty. I think that the rulebook is simply stereotyping in order to portray an image in a mere three paragraphs of career description when it suggests that Witch-hunters "love to conduct show trials and lynchings, encouraging people to denounce their neighbours, their rulers, and even their own families" and define Chaos as "anything and anyone to whom they take a dislike". To act in such a way would break the most fundamental strictures of Law and the law, because it would deny orderly permanence and a rigid hierarchy; there is no place in a lawful society for individuality, and thus no place for individual prejudices.

The general perception of Witch-hunters is then, in my view, a false one. The Witch-hunter suffers as do all uniformed guardians of law and justice. People do not see the individual, or the cause, but only an individual scenario in which there was apparent murder, brutality or injustice. Gossip furthers distrust, and a vicious circle develops. Pity is a weakness for Chaos to take advantage of. Fighting an ultimate enemy, it is difficult not to have to fight on the same terms, and thus become like one's enemy. As Witch-hunters apparently brutalise, so do they also become brutalised by the hostility they receive from those that they are seeking to protect.

### **Witch-hunter Organisation**

Witch-hunters regard themselves as a fraternity, and the formal title of the organisation for Witch-hunters in The Empire is called The Fraternal Order and Association of Fellow Defenders of the Law and Hunters of the Chaotic. Not surprisingly, this is usually shortened to the Order of Hunters. There is no universal symbol, although within the Empire most assume the flame of Solkan to be so. In fact, the only universal symbols of the Order are a short series that form a secret code; these serve a similar purpose to other Secret Signs skills. All Witch-hunters are deemed to understand this code upon their initiation.

Joining the Order is simple, an apprentice merely needing two members to sponsor them. However, to become a full brother and full Witch-hunter requires a trial proving success against chaos, a number of rituals in which the individual swears their hatred of Chaos by a number of religions, and a thorough physical and mental examination and cleansing. Both men and women are accepted equally, although the Order's inherent patriarchy and paternalism tends to limit the number of women. Similarly, non-humans are not excluded, but the Order is suspicious of them and tends to certain racist

beliefs concerning racial cleanliness. In addition, Dwarves, Elves and Gnomes tend not to have a problem with Chaos within their societies; instead, they have distinct, corrupted racial groups which have been rejected by their culture. Non-human Witch-hunters thus tend to form a very minor branch of the police, military or religious within their own communities.

Witch-hunters tend to be regarded as followers of Solkan, and certainly the greater number do so. However, many of the neutral religions contain hunters, especially Sigmar. All Witch-hunters, regardless of religion, are regarded as part of the brotherhood. Whilst each of the individual religious groups have different rites, all are bound by the Code of the Hunter; the Gesutzkode.

Certainly, there exists a degree of rivalry between the different religious groups, and the worshippers of Solkan are seen as a trifle too powerful within the organisation. This is also seen by the non-Solkanites as hindering their public image. However, their importance within the organisation tends to simply reflect their greater numbers.

Witch-hunters also form the lesser of the two military arms of Solkan, the others being the Knights of the Cleansing Flame. The latter are Templars of Solkan (to be described in a forthcoming), who tend to downgrade their brothers in Law, particularly as not all are followers of Solkan. The Witch-hunters are not a military unit, but do form irregular militia units when required. In particular, they form excellent officers for peasant levy bands, holding their morale through conviction, force of will and simple fear. The imperial army does not recognise Witch-hunters as a separate military entity.

Whilst Witch-hunters are not as martial, as visibly ordered, nor of a uniform religion as the orders of templars, they do have a strong hierarchy centred on the regional Lodge or Chapter. Every city has a Lodge, whilst the wilder regions of the Empire have looser Chapters and a framework of scattered Chapter Houses. They are named in general after aspects of Solkan, his omnipotence or his chaos-cleansing. Thus, for example, the Lodge of the Everpresent Purging Flame is based in Middenheim, whilst the Chapter of the Unblinking Eye Everwatchful Against the Scourge of Chaos operate in Middenland. In Altdorf, however, Sigmar is represented, and the Lodge of the Justice of the Hammer of the Righteous forms the political centre for Witch-hunters.

A lodge tends to be an imposing edifice, architecturally representing the austere and martial nature of the Witch-hunter. It will hold sleeping quarters, meeting places, a grand hall, and shrine in addition to rooms for mundane functions. Certainly, in Altdorf, the Grand Lodge is truly an imposing statement of glorification to all the gods worshipped by Witch-hunters. Chapter houses vary from shacks to smaller versions of the urban lodges, depending upon the wealth of the region and the particular needs of a location. The Unblinking Eye for example have some dozen small meeting places scattered in the relative wilderness, but are centred on a small fortified manor house located in a (relatively) secret clearing.

The leader of the Witch-hunters found in The Empire is an imperial appointment, known as the Witchfinder General. The post is frequently the subject of political squabbles, given the Sigmarite imperial bias and preponderance of Solkanite Witch-hunters. Each Chapter or Lodge is commanded by a Chaptermeister or Lodgemeister, whilst all Witch-hunters are known as Brothers and Sisters. A number of initiates and

acolytes may be found within any chapter or lodge at any time. These are following some education or training determined by a friendly temple or (occasional) wizard. Lastly, a number of apprentices and servants will be found. In some ways the two are not dissimilar, for few apprentices decide to join the ranks, or are deemed worthy. A more usual route is through conviction and deeds; that is, from a basic career as provided in the rulebook.

Witch-hunters are not above imperial law, and their actions must be sanctioned. To think otherwise is mistaken, although the law in practice is not perfect and Witch-hunters enjoy a favouritism similar to the nobility. This can be contradictory, given the Order's general belief in the universality of law, but for the pragmatics of the greater cause is certainly utilised. In essence, the Order has an imperial Charter re-affirmed (and occasionally altered) by each new emperor, maintaining imperial control over the Order. Each chapter or lodge is also granted a warrant to operate within a magistrate's area of control, and they are accountable to whoever granted the warrant. In reality, most magistrates fear contradicting a Witch-hunter in case they become suspects, but it is the magistrate who has the technical responsibility to judge and punish those captured by the Witch-hunters. The precise relationship between secular and temple law within The Empire is beyond the scope of this article, but in my own campaign it is the secular courts and the imperial bureaucracy which holds

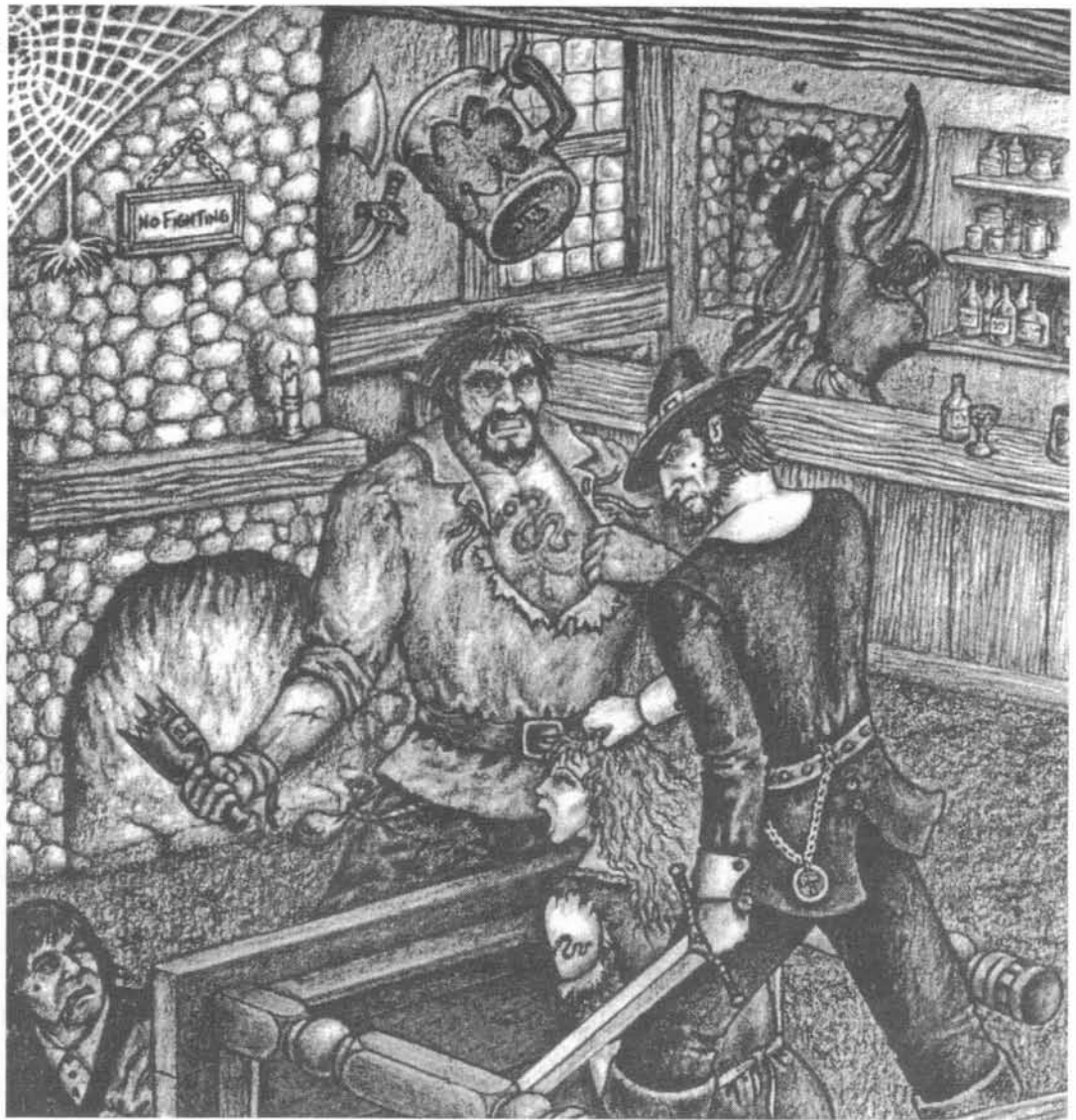
power. Witch-hunter purges and religious inquisitions are thus less likely than in the monarchies of Bretonia and the Border Princes, and the semi-anarchies of Kislev and Tilea, provided a reasonably competent emperor is at the head of the state. Karl Franz's ineptitude created a vacuum in the power structure of imperial authority, and allowed others to expand their influence into this void. The new emperor's first task is to re-establish the authority of the state.

The Order of Hunters is linked to both the Cult of Solkan and the University of Altdorf. The law department at the University is run by the Archimandrite of the Cult, Doktor Jacob Sprenger, giving a number of links between the three. The University often supports various actions through both financial and intellectual support.

The Order is also known to own a magical item of astounding proper-

ties, thought to be the ultimate weapon in the fight against Chaos. It is called the Malleus Maleficarum. The actual nature of this weapon is left to individual GMs. In my own campaign, it forms part of the key to free Arianka. However, the imprisoning of Arianka is a convoluted story involving Solkan, who would not necessarily be enthused to see her return. Nor would the Fraternal Order, since using the key would destroy their weapon and metaphysical symbol.

The current Witchfinder General is Theodor Institor, a cleric of Alluminas. In what has proven to be yet another astute move by the new Emperor, Institor has shown himself quite able to rise above internal politicking and unify all religious dogmas into a simple anti-Chaos code. He has purged the ranks of those not worthy or able to abide by the strictures of the Witch-hunter. Rumours also abound that the Witch-hunters are preparing the groundwork for another crusade against Chaos, in order to unify the still fractured Empire (post-EiF) and employ the many soldiers still wandering the countryside. In game terms, this allows GMs to shift their emphasis more towards the ethos I have suggested, offers plenty of wandering ex-Witch-hunters of the old style to get up to no good, and can lead to an ultimate final battle in the Wastes. And, of course, for those GMs who like their Witch-hunters to be murdering bastards, these reforms are only the words of the Order's leader, and as a public relations gimmick he would say these things, wouldn't he ... ?



# ENOUGH!: The Art of Retirement

By John Foody

So there you are, you've been a Templar, Assassin and third level wizard. Currently, you run a small kingdom, fight wars, and hob-nob with the great and good. You've seen, not to mention saved, the World, and your weapon has more magic than the High Wizard of Middenheim. Yet, and here's the good part, you still find time to team up with your equally experienced compadres to infiltrate some little chaos cult and get into bar-room brawls.

OK, so this may be an exaggeration but I have played in (and heard of) games that get this out of hand. This is to the detriment of the whole game. Now, if everybody involved is enjoying the game then there is no problem. However, I feel that huge benefits are being missed by not retiring all the characters off and starting afresh.

Before we go any further I should make a confession. I have been involved in a campaign that got out of hand, and the worse part was - I was the GM. It was some time ago during a Middle-Earth campaign that had gone on for some years, climaxing nicely with the War of the Ring. Or so I thought. The players had different ideas. All were firmly attached to their characters and the world and didn't want to let go. Personally, I had had enough, I was bored with the game and felt it had reached an end on every level. Sad to say, I was talked into continuing. This carried on for a while with super-powered characters and under powered plots until it all became a bit silly.

OK, very silly.

Make that downright stupid. It was so bad that frankly, I am embarrassed at the level it sunk to. It was of such a level that I have no intention of writing down the gruesome details. Basically, the memories of a classic campaign were to be forever associated with this rubbish. All because I, or they, didn't know when to pull the plug.

Anyway, on with the plot. WFRP has a huge advantage in that it actively discourages such excesses by its very nature. Characters are heroes but relatively powerless and very mortal. Players know their character's place in society and the world. Attempts to better one's self bring the danger of being slapped down for being an uppity peasant. That doesn't mean there isn't anywhere for them to go. Look at *Empire in Flames*, which potentially ends with everyone becoming respectable and holding down positions of responsibility.

This brings about the question: what is your character's motivation? Gathering gold, fighting Chaos and going on a glorified tavern crawl across The Empire is all well and good but shouldn't you have something to aspire to as well? Maybe, the head of your religion, a Lord or a General? Chances are you'll never reach these giddy heights but they are dreams and hopes. Everyone has them; why not characters?

So after many years of campaigning you have been rewarded with positions of power and you settle down to enjoy it. Now, the campaign could take a different direction with politics coming to the fore or the party meeting up

to bash Orcs for old times sake. What I say is... stop it! Retire your characters, give them over to the GM and roll-up some new ones.

But why, you cry. To spawn a cliché, get out while the going's good. Your character has reached a position of power or at the very least become a part of a hundred stories told around camp-fires. They have probably finished a good number of careers and are far tougher than most enemies. They should be allowed to enjoy this and feel they have achieved something. Throwing more and more powerful enemies at them is pointless and self-defeating. What is the point of improving your character if the goal posts are constantly moving. Getting into the situation where you're hacking through Warriors of Chaos like they were snotlings is in the end demoralising and detrimental to the whole (and possibly future) campaigns.

Retiring a character opens a hundred different possibilities for the GM and will make your campaign far richer, with both players and GM having an emotional attachment to the old characters. Imagine playing a character sitting in a tavern and hearing a rumour that Lord Gustav is going to war against Chaos and knowing that this was your Gustav. You can watch from a distance as they progress and rise or fall, perhaps even meeting them.

Even more fun is having an old character turn up as an enemy. I got great mileage from having the son of a prominent character becoming a deadly and important arch-enemy to the party. His rise to power had been due to the character's plans and manipulations, all of which had the roots in the player's development of the character. There was great delight to be had in hearing players mutter "I always knew she was a bad 'un."

The old characters become part of the landscape, through actions or perhaps through legend. Once a character has become successful and passed over into the hands of the GM, their place in history is confirmed. Players will boast about their final achievements for years, "Graf of Middenheim, that's nothing. Now Chancellor of Nuln, that's real responsibility."

A new party allows new ideas to surface. Everyone is back on a level playing field and campaigns can become more low-key (and I think, more interesting) until they too reach the heights of the last one. This keeps everyone interested and allows your campaign to go in new directions. In this way the Campaign world grows and develops and players feel they are part of something ongoing and alive.

To sum up, never carry on going just because you feel you have to. If you are the GM, take a break or give playing a go. If as a player you are tired of your character, retire him permanently or temporarily (go and see the family or something). Retiring a whole party can work for everyone's enjoyment and the art lies in judging the best moment to do so. Of course great mileage can also be got out of killing the whole party, but then that's another story.....



# THE MISSING CHILDREN OF REGENSDORF



A scenario by Paul Williams

## Recent Events (and Plot Overview):

The scenario takes place in the once sleepy village of Regensdorf, deep in the heart of the Grand Principality of Ostland. The village was a happy place until a few weeks ago, when children began to go missing from the fields where they played. The locals know that a wolf pack lives in the nearby woods but they have never had much trouble with them before, aside from the occasional sheep going missing. They also believe that a band of bogeymen has recently moved into the woods, and have begun desecrating graves. These are obviously to blame, and the PCs are hired to get rid of the menace.

The bogeymen, actually Goblins, are just innocent pawns in this scenario. The real trouble began when the local baron, Reinhardt Ennum, asked the village blacksmith to build him some suits of plate armour. Baron Ennum was willing to pay 450GC per suit, and even supplied a special anvil. This anvil is in fact a highly dangerous Chaos item, and has had the following effects on village life:

- It has attracted the Goblins;
- One of the scarecrows in the fields has gained sentience and is eating the children;
- Small items have started to move by themselves and cause minor accidents;
- The smith has developed homicidal tendencies and is not far from breaking and going on a maniacal killing spree; and
- Lastly, the suits of armour created by the smith are magically enchanted, and can attack foes of their own volition.

As time passes the party encounters the above creatures and, by putting all the clues together, should be able to deduce that the anvil is to blame.

## THE VILLAGE OF REGENSDORF

The Forest of Shadows is a primordial place. Many generations ago the priests of Taal built a temple to honour their wild god, and the forest seemed perfect as a site. Pilgrims came from across the Empire to visit the temple, and it was inevitable that civilisation would follow behind. First came the inn, then called the Pilgrims' Rest. Next, a few of the pilgrims built farms and settled near the temple, living off Taal's generosity. Over a generation or so, the number of farms grew, and without anyone realising it a village developed.

The priests of Taal, dismayed by the

encroachment of civilisation, abandoned the temple and moved deeper into the woods. A few initiates stayed behind to maintain the temple, and a minor noble family, the Ennum family, set themselves up as the village rulers.

Although the village was stable it never prospered, and relied on farming for its food and the occasional pilgrim and traveller to provide extra resources. As trade between the Empire and Kislev developed, minor merchants began passing through the area, bringing new wealth with them. The inn changed its name to the Wayfarer's Rest to encourage trade. Recently the villagers began to renovate the village, re-painting houses and signs. At the point where the adventure begins only the inn, the Burgomaster's house and the general store have been redecorated.



The village of Regensdorf is currently home to 75 souls; 31 male adults, 26 female adults and 18 children. Nearly half of the villagers are related in some manner (cousins, in-laws etc.). Most of the families are farmers, although the village has a blacksmith, a general store, a brewer and a baker.

Most of the houses are simple affairs with only a single storey and a thatched roof. Small barns house the farmers' livestock and double as food stores at harvest time. The larger houses all belong to the craftsmen, and have workshops attached to the main building. The only two-storey building in the village is the inn.

Due to the presence of the shrine, the surrounding forest constantly encroaches on the village. Vines and moss climb up the walls of all the buildings

and villagers are often to be seen cutting back the growth from windows and doors. Birds and animals nest in any hole they can find, while the shrubs appear regularly in the open spaces. Visitors to the village all experience the odd sensation of actually being in a forest. Many have trouble sleeping for the first couple of nights.

There is no priest as such; instead, the Burgomeister maintains the temple and performs the few rituals required each year. The Burgomeister, Marcus von Schtupp, is also head of the village militia. The militia consists of ten male adults armed with farming implements and wearing padded farming smocks (AP 0/1), and has had no formal training. One showy manoeuvre from an opponent would have them all fleeing for their lives. A ditch, measuring six feet deep and eight feet wide, protects the village. During autumn and winter the rain often fills the ditch to form a moat. Two wooden bridges allow access to the village, and in the event of trouble these can be withdrawn.

Some three miles up the road is the manor house, or schloss, of Lord Ennum, Baron of Regensdorf and lately its saviour as well, for his generosity to the blacksmith has allowed the village to prosper. He has been Baron for many years, and the title is hereditary. The villagers become easily offended if his name is dragged through the mud.

The villagers are a little backwards but are genuinely friendly people. They have had very few dealings with demi-humans but are as polite to them as they are to human visitors. They may poke, prod and otherwise make sure that the demi-humans are flesh and blood, but they mean no harm by it.

## VILLAGE LOCATIONS

**The Wayfarer's Rest Inn:** The village inn is a small two-storey affair with enough rooms to sleep six guests, if they don't mind being cramped. The landlord, Konrad Leifdich, brews his own ale in a small brew house out the back. He and his wife Annette run the inn and occasionally one of the farmer's daughters, a buxom young lass named Emmanuelle, helps out with the serving. She immediately falls head-over-heels in love with the human adventurer with the highest Fellowship score and follows him around the village like a lovesick puppy.

Food and drink at the inn are reasonably priced (use the prices from SOB),

although the rooms are a little costly (30% more than normal) considering that they are draughty and damp throughout the autumn and winter seasons. A stable is attached to the inn and a few fresh horses can be purchased here, although they cost 50% more than they would in a town or city.

**The Village Meeting Place:** The village, being so small, has no village hall and so a large mound near the centre of the village acts as a central meeting place. A large hand bell, complete with notice board detailing how many rings mean what, stands atop it. During the autumn and winter months attendance at these meetings is very poor.

**The Graveyard:** The graveyard is a small, well-kept area with no more than twenty burial mounds in it. Only residents of the village are buried here and each family has its own private burial mound. Many are buried with their personal belongings, and very few have had any proper burial rites. Two of the burial mounds show signs of having been recently disturbed, although the locals state quite categorically that no one has been buried in those mounds for many years. If asked what they think could have caused the disturbance, they look around nervously and state, quite emphatically, that 'the bogey-men did it.' In fact, the wolves living in the woods did it.

**The Smithy:** The smithy, run by Luc Gascon, is situated away from the other houses to minimise the risk of sparks setting fire to thatched roofs. The sounds of metal striking metal can be heard during the daylight hours from the workshop at the back of the house.

He has little time for adventurers, but if they tell him that they have come to buy he is slightly more tolerant. He has a small selection of weapons available (nothing with an availability above Average can even be checked for) and has a single mail shirt and leggings for sale. All items cost double the normal prices quoted in the WFRP rulebook. Normally they would cost only 25% more but he has become extremely selfish and avaricious following his contact with the Anvil. He buys second-hand weapons and armour for 25% of their actual value. In no circumstances does he haggle with the adventurers, becoming violent if they persist.

If asked to create anything from scratch he refuses point-blank, saying that he has a long-term contract with Baron Ennum and that only the Baron can order him off the project. If asked what the work for the Baron is he responds with a

simple "mind yur own bizness." The other locals know that Luc is creating suits of armour and have no objection to telling the adventurers this, should they be asked what Luc is currently working on.

Adventurers who get close enough to see the inside of the workshop may notice that his anvil seems to be remarkably well-kept and shows little sign of use (the adventurer must succeed in an Initiative roll with a -10 penalty to notice this). Luc does not comment on this, although a few locals know that Baron Ennum gave the blacksmith a new anvil when he started working for him (assume that any local questioned has a 20% chance of knowing this fact).

By day three of the scenario Luc is at breaking point, and anyone bothering him will cause him to fly into a homicidal killing rage (q.v. Day Three).

**The Bakery:** Katarina Kornfed, an elderly spinster, runs the bakery. She has a penchant for idle gossip and rumour mongering. In a village as small as Regensdorf, word of the adventurers' willingness to catch the bogeymen travels fast, and if they enter her shop she plies them with free cakes and pastries, while pumping them for information.

Of course, Katarina has an opinion on everything. Her current, and completely false, beliefs about life in the village are as follows:

- The bogeymen were summoned here by the Burgomeister, who is really a Chaos worshipper sent to corrupt the villagers.
- Baron Ennum has taken a shine to young Emmanuelle. She believes that the Baron wishes to marry her.
- The blacksmith, Luc Gascon, has been acting really strange recently. A Chaos creature that looks like him must have replaced him.

If asked where she got the information she says that she overheard someone's conversation by mistake, but she cannot remember who was talking to whom. If any of the adventurers take an interest in Emmanuelle, the following day there will be a rumour circulating around the village doubting her virtue. The individual GM, based on his adventurers' experiences during the scenario, should decide whether any other actions by the adventurers might be cause for gossip or a rumour to be generated.

**The General Store:** Gustav Rutigar, a semi-retired merchant who has settled in Regensdorf to await full retirement, runs the general store. He is very friendly and



does not spread gossip about anything the adventurers tell him. He can supply items from the following sections in the main rulebook (p. 293 & 296): carrying equipment, household items and personal equipment, illumination, clothing, and tools. Availability should be checked as normal, but increase the chances by one category to represent Gustav's contacts, which he has cultivated over the years.

Although not exactly poor, Gustav still likes to make a profit and all items cost 25% more than the standard prices listed in the rulebook. He is willing to haggle, but never drops below the standard rulebook prices. Gustav also buys second hand equipment, including weapons and armour. He only pays 40% of an item's value, although he can be haggled up to 60% if the adventurers are persistent.

**Cottages:** All the cottages are single storey buildings with thatched or turfed roofs. The windows have wooden shutters that are currently kept closed at night. In better times, the villagers leave the shutters opened. The inhabitants are generally friendly towards the adventurers as they know that they are helping them sort out their problems.

**The Temple of Taal:** The temple is a large, circular building, measuring almost one hundred feet across. It looks as if it is rather run down but, in actuality, that was how it was designed to look. The building is made from stone but is completely covered in vines, creepers and other plants, giving the impression that it is little more than an untended mass of vegetation. Statues of wild animals stand around the

outside of the walls. The temple doors are made from solid oak and carved into reliefs of animals and humans getting along in harmony. The doors are locked, and only the Burgomeister has the key.

At several points on the outside stands a small shrine to one of the other gods of the area so that travellers can say prayers without disturbing the sanctity of the inner temple. These shrines are all well tended, as the villagers are a pious bunch. The shrines are designed to resemble animals and are: Manann, a dolphin; Morr, a raven; Myrmidia, an eagle; Ranald, a cat; Shallya, a dove; Ulric, a wolf; and Verena, an owl. A shrine to Rhya is incorporated into the main temple.

Inside, the temple resembles the forest that surrounds the village. The floor is covered in lush grass, trees and bushes sprout forth from the rich soil, and small animals move slowly through the undergrowth. Even though little light reaches the inner sanctum, the plant and animal life looks to be exceptionally healthy. In the centre of the temple is the actual shrine to Taal. The shrine consists of a statue of a huge stag standing over a

young fawn. A hollowed depression in the centre of the stag's back contains what appears to be water. It is however highly magical water, and one cup full, when sprinkled on the fields, guarantees a good crop. The depression is currently full to about four cupfuls' worth. Stealing this water will result in a curse being placed on the adventurers by Taal.

The village is not large enough to have its own priest, and so the Burgomeister spent a year training with a full cleric. He is now an initiate of the cult, and has the rights to hold the few ceremonies needed each year (blessing the crops, protecting the livestock etc.) if a priest cannot make the trip.

## THE ADVENTURE

### The Beginning

The GM should stage this scenario as a partially incidental encounter whilst the party are en route to some other adventure. This will take the players away from the rather clichéd "hired for a job" plot hook and encourage them to act off their own back. It should be arranged for

rumours about the village to be incorporated into another adventure. A list of possible rumours is given below. It is also necessary to make players walk to the village, but it isn't so far from the beaten-track that this is a major problem. An ambush in which horses are attacked or stolen, or possibly slain by arrow fire, is one obvious way of achieving this.

### Rumours

- A small village in northern Ostland is having some trouble with wolves. Seems their militia can't even handle a few mangy dogs!
- A merchant returning from northern Ostland was attacked by a small band of Goblins. He managed to flee but his consignment of ale bound for Wolfenburg was stolen. Still, at least the Goblins will be so drunk that they won't pose a threat to anyone else!
- There's a dark rumour going around that children are being sacrificed to foul demons in Ostland. Where, you ask? Oh, some small village in the Forest of Shadows - Regensdorf I think it was.

### Travelling to Regensdorf

The adventurers, from their current location, can catch a coach that travels close to the village of Regensdorf. The journey costs each of them 1GC and leaves them ten miles from the village on a wet and windy day. Either read or paraphrase the following information.

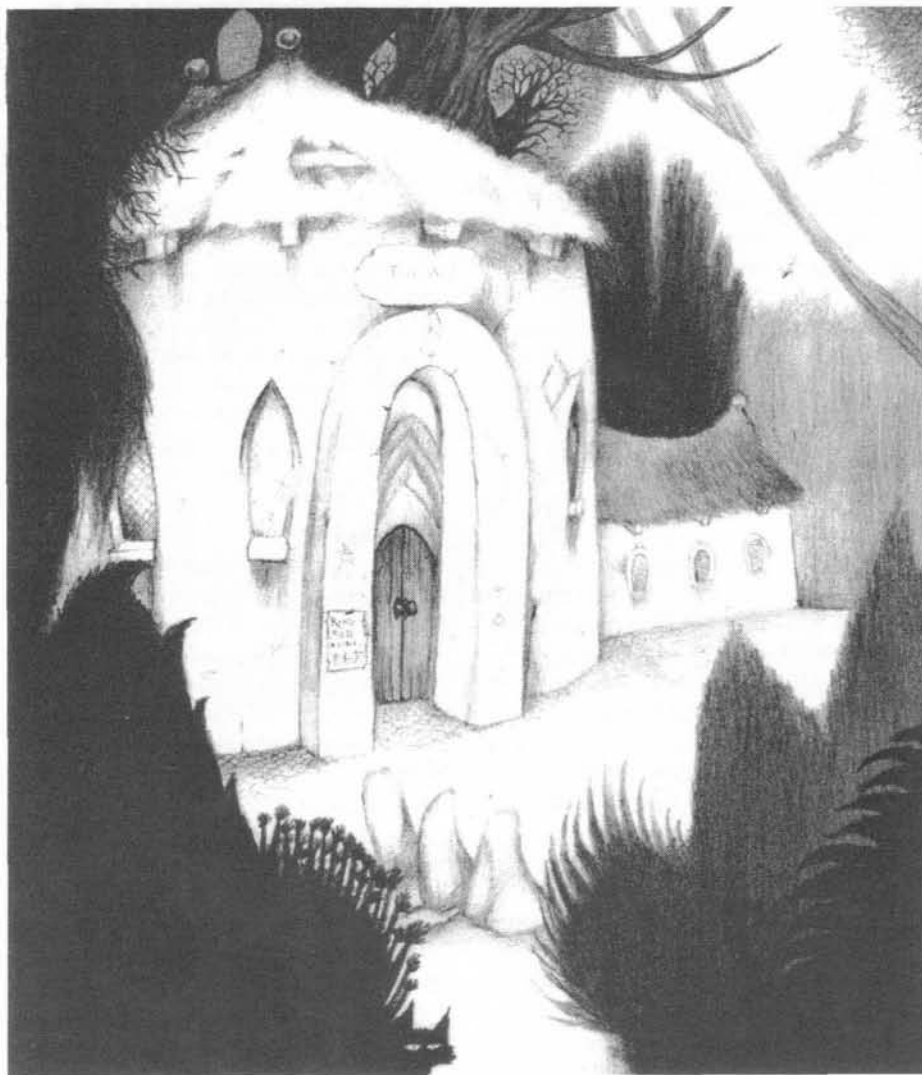
*"It has been a long day's walk along the muddy woodland path. These woods are not the friendliest place you've visited, and several times you have felt the hair on the back of your neck rise as you sensed that something was watching you.*

*"The cover of the trees has done little to protect you from the inclement weather, and your sodden packs weigh heavy on your shoulders. You look forward only to a hot meal and some good Reikland ale as you trudge on through the mud.*

*"Some six miles into your trek you come across the bodies of two men, one of whom is naked, hanging beside the roadside. A sign has been hammered into the ground besides them but the writing has worn off in the rain. No doubt these are criminals, left as a warning to others.*

*"Journeying on, you enter a large clearing in the woods in which you see comforting lights up ahead. As you approach, you begin to make out the outlines of houses and can see smoke rising from chimneys.*

*"Before you can reach the houses you come across a wide ditch filled with water, obviously part of the village de-*



fences. A sturdy-looking wooden bridge allows access across the ditch. A sign, unreadable from this distance, stands on the opposite bank.

"As you cross the bridge, you peer at the sign. It's weather-beaten and battered, carrying the words, 'Regensdorf, population 80'. However, someone, or something, has put a line through the population and has carved the number 79 beneath it. The process is repeated several times, the last number being 75.

"Carrying on down the muddy street, you spot a large building to the right from within which the sounds of music and voices can be heard. A large sign becomes visible as you near. It proudly proclaims this to be the Wayfarer's Rest Tavern. It seems a good place for you to relieve the burden of your packs and eat a hearty meal."

### An Offer is Made

When the adventurers enter the tavern they see a small group of men sat by the fire laughing over a lewd story someone has just told. The landlord is behind the bar serving the drinks. As soon as the adventurers enter everything goes quiet for a few seconds and the locals stare at them, almost as if they cannot believe what they are seeing.

The landlord breaks the uneasy silence by asking if he can get the adventurers anything. Once he speaks, the other men carry on telling their stories, albeit in quieter tones. The landlord is polite to the adventurers and tries to keep them happy. Each adventurer who succeeds in an Initiative roll spots one of the men by the fire sneaking out of the door as they are being served. The landlord denies that anything untoward is going on if this is mentioned.

After ten minutes or so the door opens again and a somewhat portly gentleman dressed in fine clothes enters the tavern. He walks up to the party and introduces himself as the Burgomeister of Regensdorf. He orders another round of drinks for the adventurers and then ushers them to a nearby table.

"My friends, you have come to aid us, no? We have prayed for deliverance from evil and you have arrived! Our little village has been beset by a horrible evil that is stealing away our children.

"At first we thought it was the wolves that live in the forest. But no, they hardly ever bother us. Maybe they steal the odd little sheep, but that is it.

"Then we noticed that a band of bogey-men had inhabited the woods. They are clearly the ones to blame. Unfortunately, we have been told that the militia cannot be spared from the fields to

drive off this evil and so stop our children being kidnapped anymore.

"By the power invested in me by the Emperor, I hereby ask you to perform this great deed on our behalf. Of course, we will pay you for your work. Would 30GC each and free room and board at the inn whilst you are here be enough, my friends?"

If pushed hard the Burgomeister goes as high as 50GC per adventurer. However he tries to offer other things first, such as playing on their consciences ("you are saying that you are willing to let our children die just because we are too poor to pay you more?"), or offering them payments other than money, for example a small farm for them to manage, free food and drink at the inn for a week, the hand of a local girl in marriage, and the like. Remember that these are simple country folk.

### Other Information

Other information that the Burgomeister may mention, if the adventurers begin to ask for more details, is given below.

- The children started vanishing around three weeks ago,
- The Baron, Lord Ennum, is putting forward the reward,
- The villagers had just begun to think that their luck had changed, as a month ago the Baron asked the local blacksmith to build some armour for his men. Normally he buys his armour from the nearby town.

If the adventurers fail to acquire this information, don't worry. They will have the chance to pick up rumours as they investigate the disappearances. If the adventurers mention the men hanging by the roadside, the Burgomeister tells them, "they were highwaymen who were caught and punished by the Baron for their crimes." If the adventurers remark that one of them was naked, the Burgomeister looks a little confused for a moment, and then states that "the bogeymen respect nothing."

In reality, a local farmer stole the clothes from one of the men to dress his new scarecrow. He has not mentioned this to anyone in case he is accused of committing an act of grave robbing.

### Possible Courses of Action

As it stands, the adventurers have several courses of action open to them. Each course of action is dealt with separately below. It should be noted that many of them tie in together again at the feast. The only scene that has a fixed time is

when the blacksmith goes berserk on day three. Depending on the speed with which the adventurers act, they may have already finished several courses of action when this encounter takes place. If the adventurers decide to follow a course not detailed in this scenario then use the notes you have to make it up as you go along. As long as you keep it consistent with what is written about the village and its surroundings, they need never know.

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## VISITING THE BARON

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### First Contact

Whenever the adventurers first decide to visit the Baron it is raining, turning the muddy track that leads to the Baron's manor into a quagmire. Progress is slow and by the time the party arrives at the manor they are soaking and their trousers and boots are caked in mud.

The Baron's butler, Montgomery (from Albion), answers the door and asks the adventurers what they want. If they ask to see the Baron, he enquires about the nature of their business. Once he has been told that the adventurers have been hired by the Burgomeister to discover who is killing the children he relaxes a little. Adventurers who continually try to avoid telling Montgomery their business are treated poorly on any future visits.

He goes on to explain that the Baron is away on business today but would be honoured if the adventurers would join him for dinner tomorrow evening. He had heard, just before he left on his business, that the adventurers were in town, and wishes to make them welcome. A coach will be sent for the adventurers tomorrow, an hour after sunset.

If they foolishly try to force their way in, Montgomery summons the five men-at-arms to see them off.

### The Coach-Trip

Almost exactly one hour after sunset, the adventurers hear the sound of a coach-horn being blown. Within a few minutes the Baron's coach has pulled up outside the inn and the coachman enters, looking for the adventurers. Once he finds them he tells them that he has been sent by the Baron to bring them to the manor for dinner.

*The coach is a finely built, and no-doubt expensive, model drawn by four black stallions. The Baron's coat-of-arms (an empty helm) is emblazoned on the doors. The coachman makes sure that all of the adventurers are safely onboard before he drives off.*

*The coachman whips the horses in silence as the coach bumps its way along*





Player Handout One

the muddy road. The rain has stopped for the moment and Mannslieb casts a dim glow across the fields. The noise from the coach startles a host of crows in one of the fields and as one they take flight into the night sky. There is such a number

they momentarily cover the moon: A bad omen. The coachmen swears, calling on Taal for protection.

Minutes later you rattle through the gates of the Baron's Mansion and they are shut quickly behind you by the

guards. The coach halts outside the door. Looking round the compound you can see four guards, their cloaks wrapped around them. The door is opened and a finely dressed footman awaits you. "Welcome to the Baron's home".

The coachman does not stop the coach at any point on the journey unless the adventurers draw weapons and threaten him with physical harm. Such an act does not endear them to the Baron when he hears of it.

### Invited Guests

When the adventurers arrive at the Baron's house they are greeted by a footman and shown into the main hall, where the butler relieves them of their coats, hats, weapons and armour. Adventurers with the Etiquette skill know that this is standard courtesy on their part, and so can prepare correctly. Once this is done the butler shows them into a side study whilst he informs the Baron of their arrival.

The study contains little of interest to the adventurers; just a bookcase with dusty books on it and some comfortable chairs. None of the books are particularly interesting to the adventurers.

Some ten minutes later the study door opens and Baron Ennum of Regensdorf enters. He is a tall man with fair skin and dark hair. His eyes are a very light shade of green and seem to pierce the adventurers to their very souls. A small scar runs down his left cheek. His clothing is well made and is no doubt very valuable, as are the rings and amulet he wears.

He cordially greets the adventurers, starting with any women (he is very well mannered), apologises for keeping them so long, and asks if their journey here was comfortable.

### A Pleasant Dinner

Once all the introductions and formal niceties are over he shows them through into the dining hall where a feast awaits them. A large table stands in the middle of the room and it is crowded with plates of food. Meats, fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, cheese, breads and cakes of all shapes and flavours await the adventurers. There are also several bottles of vintage Bretonnian wine and a small cask of Reikland beer on a nearby table. Solid silver cutlery has been laid out and the goblets are made of crystal.

The butler shows everyone to his or her seat. The Baron sits at the far end of the table. Male and female adventurers are seated alternately where possible. During dinner, the Baron politely answers the adventurers' questions, quietly noting if they have got too near the truth. If it seems that the adventurers have all the facts needed to charge him with the crime of dealing with demons (or the like) he arranges for them to meet an accident on the way back. If not, he tries to lead them away from himself and put the blame on the blacksmith (overworked, etc.). If the adventurers ask the Baron for help

in finding the bogeymen he explains that "my men are not very skilled at hunting down bogeymen, and I fear that they would be of little use. It is for this reason that I ordered the Burgomeister to send messengers into the Empire, to find adventurers such as yourselves to aid us. I have put up the reward for your services. Were I skilled in the martial arts I would willingly accompany you, but alas my talents lie elsewhere"

Questions about his 'talents' are politely ignored, although if pressed he snarls that he is a diplomat and leader of men, before regaining his composure and offering his guests more wine.

### A Guided Tour

Once dinner has been finished and the adventurers have had time to let it settle, the Baron offers them a tour of his fine house. Of course, not every room is accessible to the party but they see enough to gain some valuable clues.

Firstly, at the top of the main staircase is a long corridor with paintings of the Baron's ancestors on the walls. They start with the first Baron Regensdorf and continue through to the present day Baron Ennum. His portrait (player hand-out one) shows him wearing wizard's robes and standing beside what looks like a dark-coloured blacksmith's anvil. If questioned over this the Baron states that he used to dabble in the magical arts before he became Baron upon his father's death. If questioned over the anvil he says that it was just a rock, added by the artist to pad out the space around the Baron's body.

Secondly, the second floor library has two suits of armour stood in it. The armour is full plate armour and is of a rather strange design. The Baron claims that it was his great-great-grandfather's armour, used in the war with the Goblinoid tribes nearly two hundred years ago. An adventurer with Blacksmith or Metallurgy skill can tell (with a successful Intelligence roll) that the armour is practically brand new. The Baron does not comment any further on this.



Amongst the books are three titles that may be of interest to the adventurers: A Study of Magical Principles Volumes I to IV, The Complete History of the Regensdorf Family, and Famous Demonologists & Their Crimes. In order to notice these titles in the short time available, an adventurer with the ability to read Old Worlder must state his intent to browse

the bookcase, and then succeed in an Initiative Test.

The first, A Study of Magical Principles, gives the clue that Baron Ennum may be skilled in the magical arts. A Wizard scanning through the book may make an Initiative roll with a -20% penalty to notice that the book covers Petty Magic and levels 1 and 2 of Wizardry. It also contains the spells Reinforce Doors, Immunity from Poison, and Smash, although these will take many weeks of study to find and learn.

The second, The Complete History of the Regensdorf family lists every male member of the Baron's family and is a boring read. The section on the current Baron has been badly defaced and the word "lies" has been scribbled across several of the pages.

Lastly, Famous Demonists & Their Crimes specifically mentions the Black Anvil, with rumours on its construction and its use. Taking either book is not really a viable option, as the tomes are quite bulky, are hard to conceal, and leave a big gap on the bookshelf. However, if the Baron is killed or flees then the adventurers should be able to acquire these books relatively easily.

When the tour ends the adventurers find themselves back in the main hall, where the butler stands ready with their belongings. The Baron apologises for throwing them out so early, saying he has pressing work to attend to.



### A Matter of Honour

If the adventurers accuse the Baron outright of the crimes, he looks highly offended and demands that honour be satisfied on the 'field of honour'. The adventurer has the right to choose which weapons are used but the Baron determines the time. He chooses the village green at dawn tomorrow. Each duellist may have a second present at the duel to ensure fair play, and he appoints his butler to the post. The Baron also chooses to fight until one of the combatants cannot continue (death is an acceptable outcome).

Whilst the Baron could probably win the duel he does not really wish to fight the adventurers as he knows that they will still be suspicious of him. Instead, he leaves that night for a friend's castle, not too far from here, where he waits until the adventurers leave town. His butler stays behind to inform the adventurers that the Baron has "received news of a death in his immediate family and had to leave late last night. He sends his regrets, and says he

will return as soon as possible to defend his honour."

If suitably questioned (i.e. tortured), the butler reveals where the Baron has gone but knows nothing of the Baron's dastardly plans.

### An Unfortunate Affair

If the Baron believes the adventurers have uncovered too much information on him and his activities he plans to have them killed as they return home that night (he will need to be very sure before he plays this card).

If the Baron is forced to use this extreme option, then he will do so as follows. As the adventurers ride home, the coach stops suddenly. The coachman gives no explanation and, if the adventurers look out of the windows, they actually find him missing. Suddenly two armoured figures crash from the nearby bushes and attempt to kill the adventurers. These are Baneguards, and are recognisable as the suits of armour spotted on the tour of the manor only if the adventurers succeed in an Initiative Test. They fight to the 'death'.

If the adventurers return to the Baron's house and inform him of the attack, whether that same night or in the morning, he is most distraught but vehemently denies any part in it. Adventurers who gets too pushy, such as demanding to view the suits of armour they saw earlier, are verbally threatened. If they persist, weapons are drawn, although the Baron would prefer to fight a duel rather than spill blood here (see A Matter of Honour above). Remember, the Baron does have five men-at-arms available at all times if the adventurers start getting violent.

Once the adventurers have left (again) the Baron leaves the manor house to stay at a friend's house, as above.

### Open Assault

If the adventurers are desperate enough to try an open assault on the Baron's mansion, they find the Baron's five men-at-arms defending the place. If they appear to be losing, the Baron joins in personally to try and turn the tide (if he is still at the manor). If things look desperate, he tries to flee the area.

### Paying the Price

If any of the adventurers escape following an abortive raid (or if the Baron manages to escape), they will be wanted as criminals. The Baron offers a reward of 400GCs for their capture, dead or alive. Every settlement within twenty miles of Regensdorf will know of the reward by noon the day following the assault, and word soon spreads from there to the whole

of the Principality. Bounty hunters soon begin flocking to the area looking for easy profit.

Adventurers that get captured on the raid are shackled in chains and held in the dungeon. If a single adventurer is captured, there is a 25% chance that the Baron chooses not to hand the adventurer over to the authorities but instead sacrifices them to the Dark Powers. If so, the dastardly act takes place the night following the adventurer's arrest. The ceremony takes place at midnight in the cellar and is attended by the Baron and both Baneguards (if they are still 'alive'). If discovered trying to sacrifice a human to a demon, the Baron fights to the death - after all the consequences of being captured and tried are much, much worse than a quick death. If adventurers come looking for a comrade who has already been captured, he will say that he has already handed them over to the Constable.

Multiple prisoners are always handed over to the proper authorities. The risk involved in sacrificing just one of them or even all of them is too great for the Baron to take at this stage in his plans.

Adventurers that are not sacrificed are handed over to the Constable when he arrives in two days' time. Just enough time to attempt a breakout! What happens to adventurers who are carted off by the Constable is beyond the scope of this scenario, and is up to the individual GM.

Even if the adventurers manage to capture or kill the Baron, they will be guilty of assault, or murder, unless they have proof of the Baron's crimes. The nobility does not tolerate its junior members being killed off willy-nilly by commoners. Telling the villagers that they have killed the Baron would not be a wise idea either!

### Talking to the Locals

The villagers are generally a friendly bunch and are willing to answer questions about the recent state of events in the village (and about farming as well). In return, they ask the adventurers questions about goings on in the rest of the Empire, and listen intently if other lands are described.

Through talking to the villagers, the adventurers may come up with an idea as to what is going on. To an extent there is an element of truth in all of the rumours, although exactly which bit is true, is a little hard to tell in some cases. Remember that there are only a finite number of villagers, and that each family, and possibly their immediate neighbours, will tend to know the same information.

The individual referee can make up extra rumours, if they are needed.

### Rumours

- Baron Ennum used to be a powerful wizard, but he gave it up when his father suddenly died as he had to assume the title of Baron Regensdorf.
- The bogeymen have been summoned to punish the villagers for a past wrongdoing.
- Old Johann, a drunkard from a neighbouring village, reckons he saw one of the scarecrows moving one night as he walked home. More like he'd had too much to drink and couldn't see straight.
- The Burgomeister has been in charge for over twenty years. No one questions his word on important matters.
- A Chaos monster has this village in its grasp and is going to squeeze the life from us, bit by bit.
- A caravan guard said that a large band of Goblins is gathering on the eastern border. He reckoned that they were after something more than mere plunder.
- Luc Gascon has started acting really strange. I reckon that he's secretly involved with that strumpet Emmanuelle who works at the inn.
- The Baron is funding the reward. Some say, not me mind you, that it's to cover up the fact that all the children who have gone missing are really his offspring.
- Something sinister lives in the woods that surround this village and it isn't the bogeymen or wolves. I've never seen it, but I've felt it watching me.
- The Baron and Luc knew each other years ago when the Baron was a wizard and Luc was a mercenary stationed here in Regensdorf.

### Village Encounters

Whilst wandering around the village the adventurers should encounter the following episodes. Each should seem like a purely random event, rather than standing out as a major plot device. This is best achieved if the GMs slip in a few mundane encounters of their own devising.

1. When the adventurers pass a small farm building they see a farmer struggling with a wild-eyed horse. They hear the farmer cursing the creature, muttering out loud to the beast, "reckon those new shoes is hurting you boy, you ain't never been this feisty." [the horseshoes were made on the Black Anvil and are affecting the horse]
2. The adventurers hear a heated argument and upon investigating see one of the farmers arguing with Luc Gascon, the smith, about the quality of a knife he made. The argument heats up until, finally, Luc smashes the farmer in the

face with his fist. He then picks the farmer up from the floor, brushes him down, apologises profusely, and gives the farmer a few coins in compensation for the knife's quality.

## SEARCHING THE WOODS

### A Long Search

The woods surrounding the village of Regensdorf extend for at least fifteen miles in all directions. They are extremely old and the trees have grown to as much as fifty feet tall. The areas between the trees are full of dense undergrowth, such as ferns and thorn bushes. The canopy of the trees keeps most of the rain off of the adventurers, but it also blocks out much of the sunlight that is available. As such, progress is very slow.

For every three hours or so that the adventurers spend searching the woods they will encounter one of the events below in the order that they are written. If the adventurers do not find the Goblin camp in one day, continue the encounters the next day from where they left off.

**The Goblins' trail:** When the Goblins entered the woods they did not use existing pathways and trails, they simply forced their own way through the undergrowth. Adventurers with the skill Follow Trail can determine (with successful Intelligence Tests, each with a +10% bonus) that the trail is roughly two weeks old and that a force of around a dozen creatures passed this way. Another successful Test allows them to follow the trail.

**The old hut:** Regardless of whether the adventurers successfully follow the Goblins' trail or not, their next encounter is a rundown hut.

The hut appears to be deserted, and closer inspection reveals that the door has been broken down. Inside the hut is a wooden table, a stool, a small cot with dirty blankets on, and a pile of gnawed bones. Adventurers making a successful Cook Test can determine that the bones are only a few days old at most.

Adventurers who make a successful Initiative Test whilst searching the hut discover that under one of the blankets is some blood-soaked straw. The blood is quite dry and it is impossible to guess when the blood was spilled.

The Goblins found the hut whilst cutting a trail and, for a while at least, used this place as their camp. Fearing that human hunters might occasionally use the hut, the Goblins moved out. The straw is from the scarecrow, who used the hut to devour one of his victims.

Adventurers following the Goblins'

trail need to make another roll to pick up the trail from this point. On a successful Intelligence roll (with a +10% bonus) the adventurer can also determine that this trail is 3 or 4 days newer than the trail that led to the hut.

**Wolf Pack:** The adventurers will come across evidence of wolves, spoor etc. These beasts are starved and desperate and will be easy to track. Should the PCs do so then wolves will attack them. The pack is six strong and will retreat after two of their number die.

**The Druid:** Heading deeper into the woods, the adventurers occasionally think they can hear the sound of chanting and singing, although it is impossible to tell where it comes from.

As they are passing through a particularly dark piece of forest a voice booms out "Who are you?" Looking around reveals nothing. If the adventurers make no response the voice calls again, "What do you want?" Once they have explained themselves, an old man in a dirty white robe steps from the undergrowth. From his belt hangs a sickle and a selection of cuttings. His cat spirit familiar watches from nearby. He introduces himself as Gronwyn the protector of this part of the forest.

Once cordial relations have been struck, the man will be willing to answer the adventurers' questions. He has come to this part of the forest as the current aura from the village is disturbing him,

and the Goblins' wanton destruction of the forest has really upset him. If questioned about events in the village he responds that he knows nothing, as the village "is under protection of another" and he does not venture near, although he occasionally talks to local hunters. He will not join the adventurers, disappearing off quickly into the trees.

Although appearing somewhat distracted, Gronwyn is a highly proficient Druid with a thorough knowledge of the forest. He is uncomfortable in company and spends quite a lot of time talking to his familiar. However, he is no fool and will not tolerate being treated as such.

**The Slaughter:** The trail leads the adventurers to a bloody scene. In the middle of a small clearing is the carcass of a recently slaughtered deer of large size. The beast has been savagely killed and its body strewn about the clearing. Little of it seems to have been eaten. The scarecrow killed the deer purely for fun.

Adventurers who actively search the area may make an Initiative Test to spot a nail lying on the grass. There is nothing unusual about the nail, except that it is lying in a forest clearing.

The nail was one of those holding up the scarecrow, and it was constructed on the Black Anvil.

**The Goblin camp:** After many hours of searching, the adventurers eventually come across the Goblin camp. The camp is dealt with below in more detail.



### Night in the Forest

If the adventurers decide to spend the night in the forest, they should be made to feel like they are unwanted visitors in a very private land.

Those who stay awake on guard duty at any point during the night hear strange howling noises, see bright eyes glinting in the dark, and hear bushes rustle near them. Every noise should be made to feel oppressive. Those on guard duty should be nervous enough to wake the others up at least once during the night.

Those who spend any time awake at night in the forest must make a WP Test or gain one Insanity Point from the terrors they must endure. Adventurers used to an outdoor life (GM's discretion) get a bonus of up to +30.

If the adventurers post no guards then they should be made to suffer. Maybe a wild animal attacks them, or the Goblins discover them and launch a short (two or three rounds maximum) raid on them. Scare them for their stupidity, but do not punish them too severely.

### The Goblin Camp

As the adventurers cut through the dense undergrowth, they hear the sounds of guttural voices up ahead. Those amongst them who have had any experience with Goblins will recognise the Goblin language of Ghâzhakh. If they are reasonably quiet they can sneak up close enough to spot a band of around a dozen Goblins that have camped in a small clearing. Seven makeshift lean-tos have been constructed from tree branches.

Six Goblins can be seen sat around sharpening their weapons. Two are asleep by a beer barrel, and another two are arguing over something. Adventurers making a successful Initiative test can spot that the object is a child's shoe. The two who are arguing are also slightly different from the other Goblins.

The one holding the shoe wears a wolf's pelt cloak (the Shaman), and the other is well-muscled and wears some sort of amulet around his neck (the Goblin pack's chieftain).

### Modes of Attack

The adventurers must now decide how to deal with the Goblins. A straightforward charge from the undergrowth stuns the Goblins long enough that the adventurers can reach them without coming under missile fire. However, it also means that the adventurers are outnumbered.

If they try to use missile fire to pick off the Goblins they may manage to hit one or two before the Goblins dive into their lean-tos and hole up. Using fire ar-

rows is of little use as the bivouacs are all damp due to the constant rain.

Waiting until nightfall sees half of the Goblins going to bed whilst the other half take guard posts around the camp. None of the Goblins is out of sight of his two immediate neighbours and they constantly chatter to one another. A swift attack here may take out a few of the guards before the alarm can be raised.

It should be noted that the Goblins have an advantage over most adventurers at night - they can see! As such, the Goblins do not light any campfires and so will be hard to spot without illumination. Remember that little light permeates the tree canopy.

Whatever the tactics, killing the Goblins outright is by far the safest plan. If they are driven off the evil power of the anvil only causes them to return, and this time they may bring friends!

### The Goblin's Tactics

When the alarm is raised, the shaman immediately casts Aura of Resistance on himself. If the battle goes badly for the Goblins he casts Mystic Mist, so allowing his comrades to escape. However, if the adventurers take a slight upper hand he uses Wind Blast. He only casts Zone of Sanctuary if the party consists of large number of Elves or Dwarfs.

The rest of the Goblins draw their weapons and fall back to the lean-to, in order to get time to work out who the enemy are and in what numbers they are attacking.

Against weaker-looking foes they will counter-charge as soon as possible, concentrating their combined might against the most dangerous foes (i.e. wizards and other spell casters). If the attackers are tougher than the Goblins then they attempt to flee into the woods, from where they can use guerrilla tactics.

### Searching the Camp

Once the adventurers have killed or driven off the Goblins they may search the camp. They find three barrels of Reikland beer stamped with a Wolfenburg tavern mark (the Howling Wolf Tavern), several animal carcasses (easily recognisable for what they are) and the Goblins' weapons and armour. The Goblins are not the richest creatures on the planet and, aside from their poor quality weapons and armour, all that the characters can find are miscellaneous trinkets worth 4d6 GCs in total.

As they search the camp, each adventurer should make an Initiative roll. Whoever rolls the best successes notices that in one of the tents is a collection of

small bones with symbols marked on them. Anyone with Divining will recognise them as divination bones, used to foretell future events.

They find no sign of any of the missing children except for a single shoe. If shown around the village it can be confirmed that the shoe belonged to one of the missing children.

### Questioning Captives

There is a chance that the adventurers will actually capture a Goblin alive for the purposes of interrogation. Unless one of them speaks the Goblins' language questioning the captive will get them nowhere, as the Goblins speak no Old Worlder at all.

Assuming that one of the adventurers can communicate with the Goblins, they learn the following limited information. From warrior Goblins: "We wuz called 'ere by it. Ar shaman, 'e led uz 'ere usin' 'iz bones. We gots lotz ov uz fol-lowin', so you manfings iz gonna pay reel soon!"

From the Shaman: "I wuz contacted by da great spirit usin' telepaffy an' it gave me instrukshuns on 'ow to find it. We iz gonna take it back wiv uz, when we works owt wot it iz livin' in."

### It's Not Over Yet

Once the adventurers return to the village and tell the locals that they have killed the bogeymen the locals go potty. They treat the adventurers like great heroes and everyone wants to shake their hands or kiss them. Happy villagers buy them continuous rounds of drinks. The Burgomeister proclaims that tomorrow is henceforth a public holiday in honour of the adventurers deeds and that tonight a huge feast will take place at the village meeting place. All are welcome!

Until the feast is ready, the adventurers have little to do except drink and eat well, and bask in the praises of the locals. If Emmanuelle was not attracted to any humans early in the adventure, she is now attracted to the male with the highest Fellowship, even if they do not meet her standards.

As the feast is being prepared that evening, a woman enters the inn in tears and wails that someone has taken her baby from its cradle not fifteen minutes ago. Everything goes quite and all eyes turn to the adventurers.

### Looking for Clues

The woman, Gertrude Studabaker, sobs out her story to the adventurers and assembled villagers. "I was doing my washing in the kitchen



### A Gruesome Sight

A mile later the trail comes to an abrupt end just before one of the scarecrows that stands in the middle of the fields. Lying before the scarecrow is a crumpled pile of bloody clothes.

Adventurers who examine the clothes are dismayed to discover that it is the fresh corpse of a young child whose throat has been savagely torn out. Those witnessing this gruesome scene must make a Cool roll or gain an insanity point.

The scarecrow itself does not react to the adventurers' presence unless they make obvious noises about it being suspicious or they try to attack it. In either case the creature reacts with surprising speed and leaps at the nearest adventure. Whilst not a genius, the creature does value its own life and understands that discretion is the better part of value. When reduced to 50% of its current Wound total the creature flees into the woods.

If the players do not suspect the scarecrow, then they may wander around for some considerable time before giving up. The meal planned for that evening is called off, people are decidedly frosty towards the adventurers, and before dawn more shrieking is heard as yet another child is carried off. The trail leads in much the same direction as the first, and the GM should feel free to re-use this section pretty much verbatim. If that doesn't give the PCs a clear hint, nothing will.

### The Chase is On

Chasing the scarecrow is not as easy as it sounds. Firstly, the ground is a veritable quagmire after the recent rain. Secondly, the creature is surprisingly nimble. Thirdly, it is possessed of supernatural cunning and knows several paths through the woods that the adventurers will have trouble following.

Each adventurer may make a Strength test to try and keep up with the beast. As each character fails tell them that they fall by the wayside as the creature bounds ever onwards, seemingly oblivious to the distance covered. Sooner or later they will all fail the test and drop out.

Following the tracks yields little success either. After three miles the scarecrow climbs a tree and travels from branch to branch in a bid to lose its pursuers. With the thick canopy of the trees this is quite easy.

The scarecrow now lives in a small cave outside the village in which it has stored some of the corpses of the children it has already taken. Finding the cave is next to impossible and is not part of this adventure.

whilst my little boy Rudolph was playing...sob... just outside in the garden. He was...sob... playing with his favourite toy." At this point she holds out a wooden soldier that is streaked with fresh blood. "I didn't see what happened...sob. One minute he was here playing and the next he had gone. I looked but couldn't see him, Oh please, find him before it is too late! I thought you'd killed the bogey-men?"

arrive the adventurers notice fresh footprints in the mud heading off into the fields. The footprints are man-sized and are definitely not the child's. His footprints can be seen in the area immediately outside the house but they do not lead off anywhere. Lying beside the blood splatters is a large, wide-brimmed hat.

Adventurers who wish to track the other footprints must make a successful Follow Trail Test (characters without night vision have a 20-point penalty, due to the poor light). Those who succeed should consult the next section.

The woman's house is right on the edge of the village and can be reached in only a few minutes at full run. When they

**Returning Alone**

When the adventurers return to the village with their tale of the child's fate the villagers are both distraught and angered. It is obvious to them that Chaos is behind this foul spate of murders but they are angry with the adventurers for not stopping it as they were paid to. Excuses hold little sway; the villagers want results.

The Burgomeister takes them to one side and asks in a hushed whisper what plans they have to capture the scarecrow-monster. He listens intently to any plan they propose but makes no comment; he leaves adventuring to the professionals.

If the adventurers do not mention the hat they found at the scene of the crime, one of the villagers points to it and shouts, "That hat belongs to old Farmer Stefan! He must be the murderer!" The anxiety of the villagers finally reaches breaking point and they become extremely aggressive at this point and form a mob to find Farmer Stefan and hang him for his crimes. Questioning Farmer Stefan is not part of their plan. If the adventurers mention the hat to anyone the reaction is the same.

If the villagers want to stop the mob one of them needs to make successful a Public Speaking roll. Only one such roll can be attempted before the mob charges past them, and the PCs should have to make a snap decision who is going to attempt this task. Unless the adventurers now take some drastic action to stop the mob they will quickly find and hang Farmer Stefan, ending this path of inquiry.

At the GM's option, adventures witnessing the mob's action may gain an Insanity Point for watching this wanton act of violence and injustice.

**Questioning Farmer Stefan**

If the mob is calmed down, the adventurers undoubtedly wish to question Farmer Stefan quickly. He is in his house, minding his own business, when the adventurers come calling.

He politely invites them in and asks them what they want with him. If they openly accuse him of being the child murderer he gasps loudly at this insult to him. He begins to shout that he is a good man and wouldn't harm a soul. Showing him the hat and explaining where it was found soon silences him.

If they show him the hat and ask if it is, his Farmer Stefan looks at the hat, scratches his head slowly, and says, "Yup, that's my hat alright. Strange though, I thought I threw it out a week or so back after I've just bought a new one from a merchant passing through here. I can show you it if you like?" Farmer Stefan

happily fetches his new hat, which is identical in style to his old one. He will happily answer any other questions openly and honestly.

Adventurers who make a successful Fellowship roll have a feeling that the old man is telling the truth about the hat. Farmer Stefan is the same farmer who took the clothes from the hanged man. He also put his hat on the scarecrow, but he has forgotten this fact.

However, if the adventurers have seen the scarecrow in action and mention this to him he will remember giving his hat to the scarecrow. "I put it on him 'cos I was getting a new one! That what I did with me old hat! I reckoned my scarecrow looked mighty dandy with it on!"

Once the adventurers have finished with Farmer Stefan the mob demands that he be handed over to them for punishment. A successful Public Speaking roll convinces them that Farmer Stefan had no part in the murders and that the murderer stole his hat. If the roll fails, the adventurers will need to resort to some quick role-playing to calm the mob down.

**To Trap a Beast**

The adventurers will, undoubtedly, eventually arrive at the conclusion that they can trap the beast by using live bait - i.e. a villager's child.

No villager is going to just hand over their offspring to an adventurers so he can capture a child-eating monster, regardless of how logical it is. However, with a successful Charm roll and 20 GCs a family can be persuaded to loan the adventurers a child for a few days.

Regardless of how the bait is used, the scarecrow falls for the trap. Some three hours after setting the trap the adventurers are surprised when it leaps from a treetop (or a roof, if they're in the town; sneaking from the woods and prowling past yokels poses few problems for the beast's supernatural intelligence) onto the ground near the child. Each adventurer has only a single round to act before the beast's sharp claws kill the child. Those who use missile fire or instantly leap to the child's aid are effective in preventing the child's death, as the beast turns on them instead.

This time the scarecrow does not surrender. It comes to the conclusion that the adventurers are not going to leave the village until it is dead, so it tries to remove them from its hunting ground by force.

When the scarecrow is eventually slain it crumples to the fall and, to all intents and purposes, resembles a mundane scarecrow.

**More Feasting**

Once the adventurers return to the village and tell the locals that they have killed the real bogeyman this time, the locals go potty. Once again they treat the adventurers like great heroes and everyone wants to shake their hands or kiss them. Happy villagers buy them continuous rounds of drinks. The Burgomeister proclaims that tomorrow is henceforth a public holiday and that any previous reference to a holiday is null and void. He adds that a huge feast in the adventurers' honour will take place at the village meeting place. All are welcome!

At the feast the Burgomeister gives a brief speech thanking the adventurers for their help and then hands them their rewards as promised. The villagers happily pay whatever fee they agreed with the adventurers.

Once the formalities are complete the party begins in earnest and the troubles of the past few weeks are forgotten for a short time.

Although the adventurers may believe their job finished there is still the matter of the Black Anvil and the Baron.

**Day Three**

This event takes place around noon on day three of the adventurers' investigation unless they have left the village (in which case they aren't here to stop it) or have removed the anvil (in which case the adventure is effectively over). If the characters have completed the adventure extremely swiftly, then have them spend a day or so enjoying the villager's hospitality as they recover from the excesses of the celebrations. (Mean stuff, that home-brew...)

Whilst eating a simple lunch of meat on top of bread, washed down with several flagons of ale the adventurers hear shouting from outside. As they make their way out they see a group of villagers in a surly mood surrounding the meeting hill. Luc the blacksmith stands atop the hill, his face contorted with rage as he bellows at the crowd.

Approaching the crowd, the adventurers are met by the Burgomeister who informs them that Luc has gone mad and has killed three villagers with his hammer. They have him surrounded but do not know how to capture him without harm. He offers the adventurers an additional 25 GCs each if they can capture Luc unharmed. The money is to be paid when the cause of the village's problems has been deduced.

Capturing Luc is as not as easy as it seems, as he is in a berserk state and does not respond to reason. Anyone approaching him is attacked without warning. Luc

will not surrender.

Once Luc has been successful captured he is bound tightly and placed in the cellar of the tavern until the constable from the nearby town can get to Regensdorf to arrest him. If the truth about the anvil is revealed then Luc is released without charge later that month; otherwise he is tried, found guilty and sentenced to death by hanging.

If the adventurers kill Luc, the Burgoemeister reluctantly agrees to hand over the money as promised, but the villagers are a lot less helpful towards them from now on. Apply a -20 penalty to any social rolls involving the villagers.

**So How Do They Win?**

It is extremely unlikely that the adventurers will piece together the whole story regarding the Baron, the anvil and the bane guards, but they should get enough clues to realise that the anvil is behind all the trouble and that it was the Baron who supplied it to the blacksmith.

If they are really clever, they can try to trap Baron. The most obvious result is that the adventurers remove the anvil but cannot punish the Baron as they do not have enough proof of his actual involvement. The village is freed from its troubles once the anvil is taken away.

In order to stop the anvil affecting other areas of the Old World it should be deposited far away from any settlements, like in the middle of a desert or down an active volcano. Burying it works as long as it is at a depth of four hundred feet or more. Of course, even then the anvil may attract evil creatures to it. A method for completely destroying the anvil is given in Part 2 of this adventure, to follow soon...

**Alternatively.....**

If you wish to play this adventure as a stand alone scenario and you don't want the PCs carrying The Black Anvil around with them, then the following course is suggested.

As the PCs are leaving the village they are approached by Gronwyn, the Druid who they encountered earlier. He explains that the anvil cannot not be destroyed but that he knows how to create a ward of protection around it. With the PCs help he buries the anvil and then attracts a wolf to him. Killing the wolf he uses the blood to create the ward and to bind its spirit to the area to protect it. He asks for the PCs help in sealing the ward, as he needs their power. Gronwyn only requires them to join in the chant but any PC that helps will feel weak for the following day. Thanking them he promises to watch over the area.

**Experience Points**

Once the anvil has been safely removed from the village and the scarecrow destroyed, the adventurers can receive their well-deserved reward. The suggested experience rewards for this scenario are given below.

Good role-playing throughout the scenario: 30 - 50 each

Destroying the Goblin band: 20 each

Destroying the animated scarecrow: 20 each

Destroying the Baneguards: 10 each

Gaining enough evidence to incriminate the Baron: 40 each

Saving the farmer from the mob: 10 each

Subduing Luc (alive): 10 to each participant

Discovering that the anvil is responsible for all the trouble: 30 each

**THE CAST**

**Goblins** (total of 9 warriors & 1 shaman) The Goblins are armed with swords and bows. They have Night Vision 10 yards, Hate Dwarves and Fear Elves (unless they outnumber them 2-to-1 or better)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	25	25	3	3	7	20
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	18	18	18	18	18	18

**Goblin shaman:**

It was the shaman who lead the Goblins to the village, using his divination bones to plot the safest route through Ostland. The shaman has the same statistics as the other Goblins, but has the following spells at his disposal.

**Magic Points:** 9

**Spells:** Curse (1MP), Aura of Resistance (2MP), Wind Blast (2MP), Cause Hatred (4MP),Mystic Mist (4MP)

**Skills:** Divining, Magical Awareness, Evaluate, Scroll Lore, Magic Sense

**Pack Wolf (total of six):**

These are normal wolves and, like the Goblins, are a red herring designed to lead the adventurers away from the real killer.

**The Druid**

Gronwyn, a third level Druidic Priest has been attracted to this part of the forest by the effects the anvil is having on the area around Regensdorf. He has no idea what is causing these effects but is determined to find out.

In his forties, the Druid is far more capable of communing with nature than he is with people and appears blunt and distracted, not to mention uncon-

cerned about human events. However, he highly knowledgeable about Druidic magic and nature and could be a useful, is unreliable, ally.

**The Villagers**

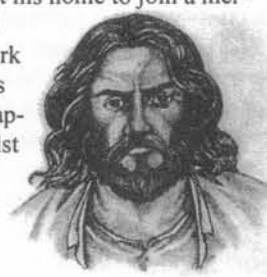
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	31	25	3	3	6	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	29	29	29	29	29

**Skills:** Animal Care, Drive Cart

The villagers are generally polite and well-mannered towards adventurers. Although slightly backward in their knowledge of events outside of the village, they know the surrounding area extremely well.

**Luc Gascon - Village Blacksmith**

Luc Gascon is a Breton by birth. At a young age he left his home to join a mercenary band and through hard work rose up the ranks to the rank of Captain. It was whilst touring with the mercenaries in Ostland that he first encountered the village of Regensdorf.



The mercenaries were hunting a large force of Goblins that had moved into the area and Regensdorf was on their patrol route. Luc fell in love with the sleepy place and swore that one day he would return and make Regensdorf his home.

The war against the Goblins was eventually won and Regensdorf had slipped from Luc's mind. However, the years of blood and death had taken their toll on Luc and he grew sick of killing for money. He bought his way out of the unit and left to travel the Empire. On his travels, which lasted nearly eight years, he picked up a few useful skills, including the art of smithing. Whilst wandering through Ostland he happened upon Regensdorf, more by luck than by design.

Luc moved into the village and bought a large house with the remains of his mercenary booty. It was not long before he began working part-time as a blacksmith helping out his fellow villagers. Once Luc saw that there was a demand for his skills he converted his house into a smithy and set up shop as a blacksmith full time.

Luc used to be very friendly and always had time for a chat. Under the influence of the anvil he has become more and more evil and snarls at the adventurers to go away if they approach him. Persistent offenders have small items, such as horse-



shoes, thrown at them.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	35	30	4	4	7	50
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	43	24	29	24	45	20

The following characteristics are for when Luc is in a berserk rage on day three (q.v. Day Three).

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	40	30	5	5	10	50
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	10	29	24	45	75	01

**Age:** 32 **Skills:** Animal Care, Secret Language, Battle Tongue, Disarm, Smithing, Dodge Blow, Strike Mighty Blow, Metallurgy, Strike to Stun, Ride

**Equipment:** The smith is armed with a hammer. He wears a heavy leather apron giving him an AP of 0/1 on his body. His old metal breastplate and sword are kept in his bedroom in a locked chest with some of money the baron paid him.

### Emmanuelle - Serving Wench

Emmanuelle was born and bred in Regensdorf and has never travelled more than ten miles from it. When she was old enough she took a serving job at the Wayfarer's Rest and now makes money singing and dancing for the patrons.

Emmanuelle has grown bored of the quiet life the village offers and wants to explore the world and see the wondrous sites that passing merchants have told her about. Her romantic attachment to an adventurer is as much a reason to leave the village as it is puppy love.

Emmanuelle is a fun-loving girl with big ideas of what the outside world is like. She is carefree and full of fun, but handles rejection very badly. For her age she can be rather grown-up, and does not go out with the local boys, who are too immature for her liking.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	31	29	3	4	6	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	40	32	27	32	27	40

**Age:** 17

**Skills:** Charm, Dance, Sing

**Equipment:** Serving apron, small pouch containing 3 GCs and 9 shillings, her entire life-savings.

**Marcus von Schtupp - Burgomeister**  
Although the position of Burgomeister is a democratic one in Regensdorf, with elections being held every four years, the post has been held by a member of the von Schtupp family for over one hundred years.

Marcus von Schtupp was raised to be Burgomeister and was sent away to a fine school in Altdorf where he would learn how to be a leader of men. Although never really sure that he wanted to be a leader of men he went ahead anyway.

Upon finishing his schooling Marcus returned to Regensdorf and set about learning a trade whilst he waited for his father to retire from office. Marcus chose to learn the ways of the priesthood, as the village had no regular priest, and travelled to train with a full priest of Taal. He is now an initiate of the religion and is allowed to perform certain ceremonies when a priest cannot make it.

When the time came for Marcus' father to retire from office new elections were duly held and Marcus won by a landslide; the fact that he was the only candidate was irrelevant to the villagers. Since then Marcus has worked hard on the villagers' behalf and trade with neighbouring areas has grown. He has been re-elected eight times in a row.

This latest episode with the bogeymen is taxing him hard, however, and he has persuaded Baron Regensdorf to provide a reward so that he can hire some professional adventurers.

Marcus is a man who is content with his life. He exudes an air of self-confidence. He cares deeply about the village and would perform almost any act to see it remain safe.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	25	34	4	3	8	47
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	31	47	33	39	42	52

**Age:** 45 **Skills:** Blather, Etiquette, Flee!, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Speak Old Worlde, Theology

**Equipment:** Posh clothes and badge of office. Keeps his initiate's robes and symbol in a chest at his house

### Child-Eating Killer Scarecrow

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	33	17	4	5	17	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	18	18	24	18	29	10

**Skills:** Flee!



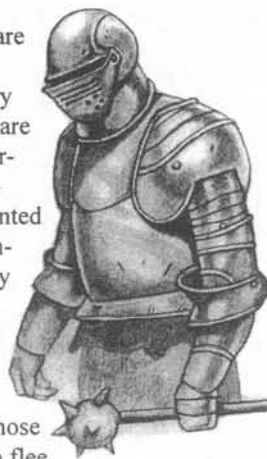
The scarecrow has Night Vision at 20 yards, and causes Fear in living creatures. Immune to critical hits involving bleeding. The scarecrow has been possessed with a small fraction of the Black Anvil's evil from the nails which held it upright.

The clothes of the murderer have greatly enhanced the evil force controlling the scarecrow.

### Baneguards

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	35	0	3	6	7	30
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	18	n/a	18	n/a	18	n/a

The Baneguards are armed with hand weapons and carry large shields and are built from plate armour (this has already been accounted for in their Toughness rating). They are immune to psychological effects, to critical hits that involve bleeding and to those that force them to flee from combat.



### Baron Ennum Von Regensdorf

Ennum was born to be the next Baron of Regensdorf but that wasn't enough for him. When his family visited other nobles of higher status their children would tease him about his lowly heritage. It was this that drove Ennum to try and better himself. It was also around this time he discovered the use of pain as an effective weapon.

Upon reaching the age of fifteen Ennum was expected to go and study at a finishing school for young nobles, readying himself for his future role as Baron Regensdorf. Ennum had other ideas however and, against his father's wishes, left to become a wizard in Altdorf.

Ennum was never cut out to be a wizard. He lacked patience, wanting everything immediately. His master, a renowned and respected wizard,



kept him on because he was a good cleaner, not because of any hidden talent. The day came for Ennum to take his final exam, which he failed with flying colours. In a rage Ennum murdered his master, planted evidence blaming another apprentice, and fled the city.

Believing himself to be a great wizard Ennum joined forces with an adventuring party who were planning to rob the tower of a long dead demonologist. The Sorcerer's defences were stronger than expected and only Ennum made it past the traps and guardians alive. It was in the demonologist's sanctum that he encountered the Black Anvil. After years of careful study Ennum learned that the anvil was alive, a force of evil that could help him achieve his dream of power. But here was something he had to do first. Ennum returned home to Regensdorf as the repentant and loving son. His mother had died whilst he was away, and his brothers and sisters has long since left home. Ennum expected to find his father ill or dying, but he was wrong - the old man looked to be as fit and healthy as the day he left. His father's doctors said that he could live for another twenty years or more. It came as a shock to everyone when the then Baron was killed by a falling tree whilst out riding the next week. Ennum became Baron and set about his plans. With the groundwork complete and the plan carefully laid out he began step one: using the anvil to create an unstoppable and totally loyal army to conquer the Empire.

Lord Ennum is not a man that can be described as sane. He has an unquenchable thirst for personal power and lets no one and nothing get in his way. Over time he has learned to control his maniacal tendencies, but if under stress his true nature momentarily bursts through in a fit of rage.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	53	42	4	5	8	47
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	58	68	47	48	51	51

Age: 39

**Skills:** Arcane Language - Magick, Blather, Cast Spells - Petty Magic, Charm, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Gamble, Heraldry, Luck (usable twice), R/W Old Worlder, Ride, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Very Resilient, Wit  
**Spells:** Magic Alarm (2MP), Marsh Lights (1MP), Sleep (2MP), Zone of Silence (1MP)

**Magic Points:** 5

**Equipment:** Jewellery (179 GC), fine clothes, cash (21 GC) and a magic sword, Dragonbane

### The Black Anvil

The black anvil was created long ago by a powerful demonologist, who was in league with one of the Lords of Chaos, for the sole purpose of creating an army of living armour. The anvil was enchanted with dark magicks but was never used, the demonologist being killed by a band of adventurers before he had chance to test it and iron out any quirks. For centuries the anvil was lost to mankind.

Thirty years ago a young wizard's apprentice came across the anvil whilst exploring an old, ruined tower. He was soon corrupted by its power and planned to create an indestructible army with which to conquer the lands of the Empire. That wizard was the young Baron Reinhardt Ennum.

The anvil is jet black, made of iron, and is perfectly smooth. No force on the face of the Old World can make a mark on its surface. The surface is icy cold to the touch. It weighs the same as a standard anvil but is imbued with the following powers: The anvil has a strong evil aura and acts as a magnet for chaotic and evil creatures. Weak-willed creatures within ten miles are drawn towards its location, finding the area strangely comforting and homely.

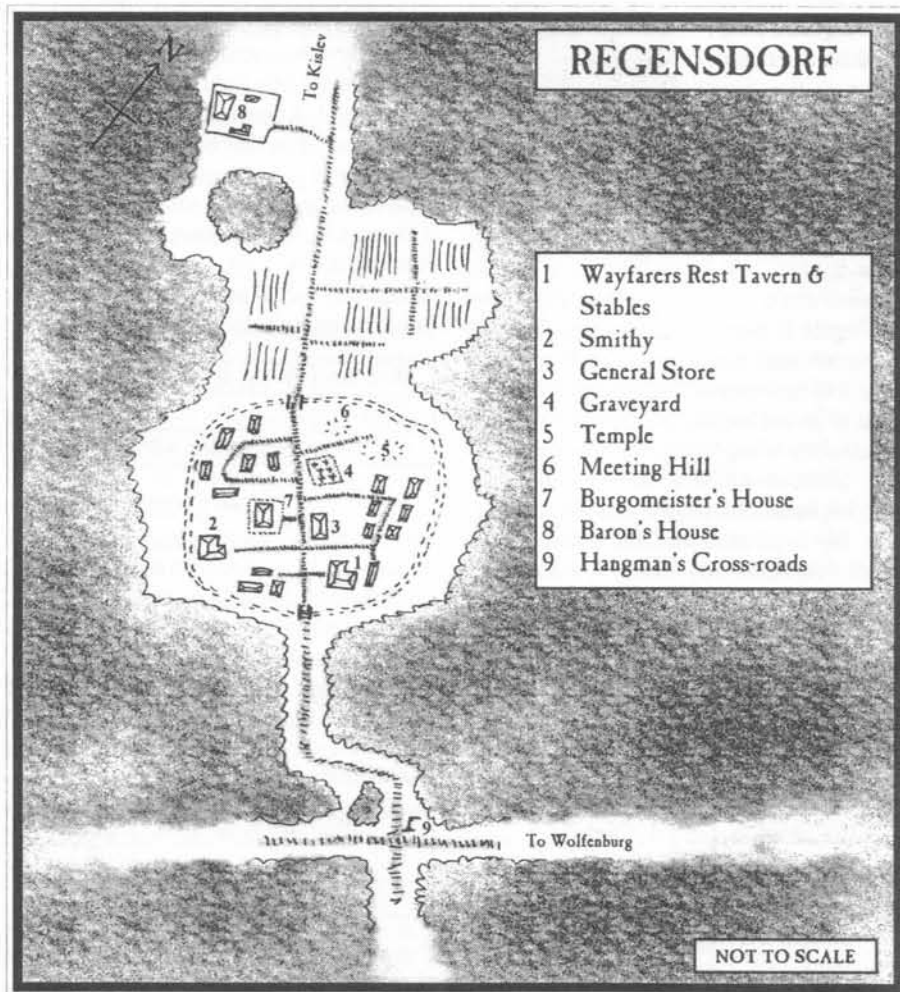
Creatures that remain within close proximity of the anvil (generally closer than 10 feet for more than six hours a day and for a week) begin to be affected by its evil nature. Over a period of weeks, they become more and more evil, although the victim is completely unaware of what is happening to them.

Any suit of plate armour created using the anvil becomes host to a part of the anvil's evil and is transformed into a Bane guard (q.v.). The anvil's owner can control the Baneguard, but they are notoriously unreliable.

### Dragonbane

Dragonbane is Baron Ennum's sword and has been in his family for generations. A grateful lord gave it to his great-great-great-grandfather after the then Squire Ennum rescued his only daughter from the hands of marauding Chaos knights. The sword causes double damage to all Dragons and Jabberwocks.

However, the sword has a slight curse on it. So intent is it on destroying Dragons and Jabberwocks that when one is encountered, the bearer of the sword must make a successful WP test or be compelled to attack the beast until it is dead.





# Diseases in the Warhammer World

## Part 2: Diseases & their Effects

By Michael Andersen



*"In my time I have been victimised for not resorting to violence. Called a coward, spat upon in the streets. But would any one of them walk into a plague town. Would they? Would you?"*

Alexis Banaidkov, Cleric of Shallya

Last issue, I looked at the attitudes and beliefs which people in the Warhammer World have towards disease. In the second part of the article I'm going to look at the diseases themselves. Many of the effects listed below have been simplified, concentrating on the beliefs and perceived effects of the time, rather than what we now know. Diseases can be used to great effect, but will be most effective and shocking if used sparingly.

### Disease Listing

Each disease has been given a class, indicating its rarity. Diseases are also distinguished as being either contagious or non-contagious, with the latter obtainable only through a direct cause such as a wound. The numbers given below are to be used for randomly rolling diseases after a disease test failure (see Part One in Issue Seven for more details).

### Chaos diseases

Like all other living things bacteria, viruses, mites, and parasites can be warped by the effect of Chaos. This occasionally leads to exceptionally virulent diseases. Many dis-

eases develop through time, but the effect of Chaos makes the changes both faster and more varied. Some diseases on the list have been noted as Chaotic diseases, and are warped examples of diseases of unknown origin. Clan Pestilens works constantly to create new diseases of this type.

### Disease Listing

The list is sorted alphabetically by the most common name of the disease. Each disease has a number of entries, which are explained below:

**Incubation:** The time before the disease actually takes effect

**Treatment:** How the disease can be treated and cured. [Optionally, when treatment is Nil/no cure, successful use of Cure disease skill, with the relevant class modifier, will halve the chance of death]

**Description:** An overall description of the disease

**Last:** How long the disease lasts

**Game effect:** The rules section.

**Follow up:** Indicates which diseases might follow the disease. Roll the new disease's incubation time at the start of the disease period, unless stated otherwise.

**Death rate:** If the disease might cause death, this is the percentage chance for the death to occur. This happens on one of the last days of the disease. Remember that characters might die of other reasons before this, e.g. when a characteristic reaches zero.

When a heading is not detailed, the information is not applicable to this disease.

*"Growing old's like being increasingly penalized for a crime you haven't committed"\**

### Alzheimer's (Senile Dementia)

**Description:** Degenerative disease causing cell loss in the brain. It is often an inherited disease. The disease starts at around 40-65 years for Humans, and also in late stages of life for Dwarfs and Halflings. The disease gradually gets worse, and death is caused after some years of spiralling mental health. The main symptom is Dementia. This manifests itself first as a growing restlessness and eventually as total Dementia, leaving the person helpless.

The disease does not contaminate like other diseases. Alzheimer's itself isn't known in the Warhammer world; it is only viewed as a set of symptoms characteristic of old age.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** d6+4 years (until death)

**Game effect:** The character suffers from Dementia (see WFRP rulebook pg. 84), which develops gradually. In the beginning the person is restless (take WP tests only if the characteristic test is failed). Then, Dementia proper sets in, until eventually the person becomes totally demented, permanently suffering the effects described. Additionally, d10 random skills will be lost whilst the disease develops.

## Diseases

Class 1(01-70)	Class 2(71-85)	Class 3(86-94)	Class 4(95-99)	Class 5(00)
<b>INDIRECT (MONTHLY ROLLED)</b>				
Colds	Pneumonia	Grey Cataract	Dysentery(Amoebae)	Scarlet Scourge
Scabies	Five day Fever	Leprosy	Cholera	Green Pox
Dengue fever	Influenza	Tuberculosis	Galloping Consumption	
	Hepatitis	Von Addison's Disease	Copper	
	Bronchitis	Aphonia	Mutations	
	Poliomyelitis	Malaria	Spotted Green Brainpox	
	Rubella(Measles)	Chorea	Plague	
	Ichthyosis	Small pox	The shakes/The death dance	
		Anthrax	Eye rot/ Bulging eye	
		Dysentery	Creeping Buboes	
		Alzheimer's Disease	Bone Ague/Crook Bone	
		Typhus/Red Pox	Grey fever/Grey Ague	
<b>DIRECT</b>				
Infected Wounds	Rat Bite Fever	Tomb Rot	Rabies	Nurgle's Rot
Tooth Ache	Blood Poisoning	Syphilis	Epilepsy	Lycanthropy
	Tetanus			Undeath Plague
	Scurvy			
	Gonorrhoea			

Elves are themselves immune to this disease; it is normal for Elves to forget things from earlier in their life (AN pg 54). Dwarfs can get the disease in the ages between 121-170 years, and Halflings between 61-100 years.  
**Death Rate:** 100%

### Anthrax

**Incubation:** Acute - immediate; Subacute - D3+1 days

**Description:** Contagious epidemic disease of warm-blooded animals. Is contracted either through cuts or abrasions by those who handle carcasses or hides of infected animals. It can also be contracted through the lungs by animal hair and wool. The symptoms are fever, prostration, and malignant pustules on exposed skin areas.

**Treatment:** Cure Disease reduces the chance of death by 5%.

**Last:** D3+3 days

**Game effect:** Normal fever, and pus-oozing pustules. Survivors suffer Fel -10 due to scarring.

**Death Rate:** 20% Acute, 15% Sub acute.



### Aphonia

**Description:** Lack of speech because of disease in the larynx. Aphonia is actually caused by other diseases like colds, Influenza, and the more serious (but unknown) cancer of the Larynx. Colds cause Aphonia for a day or two, often in mild cases as temporarily diminution. Aphonia caused by cancer is gained from combined heavy tobacco and alcohol use. Since cancer isn't known, Aphonia is viewed as a "stand-alone" disease.

**Treatment:** Partial or total surgical removal of the larynx prevents the spread of the disease. This makes the character mute, but in some cases (25% chance) the character might eventually learn (these things takes time) to speak without the larynx. This is done through swallowing air and bringing it up again (speaking with the "stomach"). This is a tiring task, and the character will quickly get exhausted by long conversations. When caused by a cold the symptoms just need time to heal, during which time the patient should avoid trying to speak, and keep warm.

**Last:** Colds & Influenza: d3-1 days (less than 1 means a half day). Cancer: permanent

**Game effect:** The character is unable to speak for the period of the disease (magic wielding characters can't speak out their magic rituals, and are thus unable to cast spells; same goes for magic artifacts requiring trigger words).



### Blood Poisoning

**Incubation:** 0-1 day

**Description:** A following disease. Infections, typically from wounds, are spread to the blood. Symptoms are high fevers, cold shivers, headaches, and pains in the limbs.

**Treatment:** Herbs, successful use of Heal Wounds skill.

**Last:** D3+2 days

**Game effect:** Earlier infected wounds might lead to Blood poisoning and must be treated by successful use of the Heal Wounds skill. In practice, D3 of the character's wounds count as infected in addition to normal fever effects, and they become subject to Headaches for the duration of the illness.

**Death Rate:** 50%

### Bone Ague

(or Crook bone)

**Incubation:** D3 days

**Description:** The creature's bone structure changes, growing enormously in places, withering to nothing in others. The creature's form is twisted and distorted as a result

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** Although the disease lasts up to five years (d4+1) the effects are permanent.

**Game effect:** S -1, T -1, Dex -1d6x5

**Death Rate:** 5% every month due to the strain on the body.

### Bronchitis

**Description:** Acute and chronic catarrh in the windpipe caused by infection. The acute version is caused by bacteria infection, while the chronic version is caused by irritations in the windpipe, such as smoking. The disease causes breathing problems.

**Treatment:** Acute: lots of liquids, preferably warm. Chronic: As acute, and remove irritant.

**Last:** Acute = D3 days; Chronic = 2d10 months

**Game effect:** Pneumonia is more frequent in Bronchitis patients; to indicate this, the sick character has a -10 modifier to disease tests vs. Pneumonia. Characters with Chronic Bronchitis gets M -1, T -1 after 3 months.

**Follow up:** Acute: 25% Pneumonia, 10% Mild Fever; Chronic: Heart problems, 50% Pneumonia, 20% Mild Fever.



### Bulging-Eye

See Eye rot



### Cancer

The various cancers are all incurable by non-magical methods. Many are undetectable, although the side-effects will usually be misdiagnosed, frequently as old-age. Those cancers that are visible are also incurable, although physicians may try taking the body part off.

### Cholera

**Incubation:** d2+1 days

**Description:** An infectious disease caused by bacteria (Vibrio cholera). The bacteria, which are found in faecal-contaminated food and water, and in raw or undercooked seafood, produce a toxin that affects the intestines, causing fever, strong diarrhoea, severe dehydration, loss of feeling, and, if untreated, death. Lack of sanitation is the main source of this disease, and is thus common in poor areas of cities and towns. Death can occur a few hours after the onset of the symptoms.

**Treatment:** Intravenous or oral replacement of fluid and salt (Cure Disease -10).

**Last:** 2D6 days

**Game effect:** Mild fever, violent Diarrhoea, and in some cases regular collapsing - the character will be unable to do anything.

**Death Rate:** 60%



### Chorea (Nurgle's dance)

**Incubation:** D3 days

**Description:** Disease which attacks the nerve system. Symptom is sudden uncontrolled movements. Normally this is a disease following the onset of childhood rheumatic fever (girls are affected more often than boys), but it might be gained through medical drug use, or in rare cases pregnancy. The inherited version typically appears in the person when they are in their 30s or 40s. The symptom has also been reported as a form of mass-hysteria.

**Treatment:** Bed resting

**Last:** D3 weeks

**Game effect:** Subject to fits.

### Colds, Common

**Incubation:** D3 days

**Description:** Colds are a very common viral disease. Incubation time is a few days. Apart from staying in bed, no effective treatment is known.

**Treatment:** Bed resting

**Last:** D6+1 days

**Game effect:** All percentage characteristics are reduced by 5% for D6+1 days. This time is halved if the person stays in bed. All attempts at sneaking and hiding get a -10 penalty because of sneezing, etc. Any char-

acters who have travelled outdoors in soaking wet weather should make disease tests against common cold.

**Follow up:** 5% Bronchitis, 5% Pneumonia, 10% Aphonia.

### Copper (Variola)

**Incubation:** 2d3+8 days

**Description:** A highly contagious infection, caused by a virus. Contaminates by small particles in the sick person's breathing air, or pus from the person's rash. The disease mainly attacks children, and starts with high fevers and cold shivers. After 3-4 days, pea-sized pus-filled blotches appear. These will dry up and fall off after a week, leaving cruel scars behind.

**Treatment:** Cure Disease can reduce the chance of death by 10%.

**Last:** D3+7 days

**Game effect:** Heavy fever. Copper may only be acquired once: after that the person is immune.

**Follow up:** 20% Blood Poisoning, 10% Pneumonia.

**Death Rate:** 30%

### Creeping Buboes

**Incubation:** D3 days

**Description:** The afflicted person's limbs are covered in foul, ulcerous open sores, which restrict movement and cause great discomfort. Creeping Buboes is a Chaotic disease.

**Treatment:** Keeping the sores clean (a successful Cure Disease/Heal Wounds) reduces the chance of contracting Blood Poisoning by 10%.

**Last:** D10 days

**Game effect:** -1 M, -10 I every day unless a T test is passed (cumulative). Recovery takes twice as long as the disease lasted; lost characteristics are regained at half the rate they were lost. 2d10 Fel points are lost permanently because of the huge, permanent scars.

**Follow up:** 15% Blood Poisoning

**Death Rate:** 5% (although in reality higher due to stat. loss)

### Crook Bone

See Bone Ague

### Death Dance, The

See The Shakes.

### Dengue Fever

**Incubation:** D4+4 days

**Description:** Dengue fever is caused by any of four different viruses, and can be transmitted from one person to another by the female mosquito. Outbreaks of the disease usually occur in the summer when the mosquito population is at its peak. The infection cannot be transmitted di-

rectly from person to person, and not all people who are bitten necessarily contract the disease.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** D6+2 days

**Game effect:** The character suffers from mild fever during the period of the disease.

### Dysentery

**Incubation:** D6+1 days

**Description:** Acute contaminating bowel disease with bloody diarrhoea and strong pains. In the Old World the disease will typically be Bacteria dysentery. The disease is treated with diets and special herbs and is only deadly in rare circumstances.

In tropical areas, dysentery exists as Amoebic dysentery (a class 4 disease), which is much more serious.

**Treatment:** Diets, herbs, and fluids

**Last:** 3d6+1 days

**Game effect:** Bloody diarrhoea. Subject to head aches (indicates both headaches and stomach pains). 30% chance of mild fever.

**Death Rate:** 2%, 10% Amoebic dysentery.



### Epilepsy

**Description:** Chronic brain disorder caused by underlying brain damage, characterised by repeated convulsions or seizures. Seizures differ with the type of epilepsy and may result in loss of consciousness, convulsive jerking of parts of the body, emotional explosions, or confusion. Can be caused from an injury to the brain at birth or a disturbance in the brain later in life.

**Last:** Permanent.

**Game effect:** The character becomes subject to seizures.

### Eye rot (or Bulging-Eye)

**Incubation:** D3 days

**Description:** The creature's eyes swell and distend, growing large and bulbous with retained fluid. Eye rot is a chaotic disease.

**Last:** D10 days

**Game effect:** -10 BS every day unless a T test is passed (cumulative). Recovery takes twice as long as the disease lasted, and BS is regained at half the rate it was lost (i.e. 5 per day).

**Follow up:** 5% of Grey Cataract.



### Five Day Fever/Rat Bite Fever

**Incubation:** D3+2 days

**Description:** This disease leads to fever-induced seizures, each lasting a day or two, coming in five-day cycles. The disease is caused by the micro-organism Rickettsia Quintana, which is transmitted by fleas. A version is also passed on by rats.

**Treatment:** Cure Disease.

**Last:** The disease lasts for 3d6+5 days.

**Game effect:** Each D3+3 day during the disease period the character suffers from the effects of normal fever, and becomes subject to fits.

### Galloping Consumption

This disease was first presented in the Drachenfels adventure. I found one problem with the disease, which has been altered in these rules: The Drachenfels rules state that a test has to be made every month. Since Galloping Consumption ends in death after a few weeks, I have changed the disease to involve a test every week instead of every month. Bear in mind that this changes the disease dramatically, making it much more deadly. In cases where you would normally have used this disease you should refer to Tuberculosis instead.

**Incubation:** 1d3+4 days

**Description:** Galloping consumption is a more rapid developing version of lung tuberculosis.

**Treatment:** Medicine - successful use of Cure Disease skill

**Last:** Until cured

**Game effect:** Every week after the disease is acquired a Toughness test is made, with a one-point penalty for each week which has passed since the disease took effect. The first failed test leads to a one-point drop in M and S, and a 5% penalty on all percentage characteristics. The second failed test gives a one-point penalty to T and A, and a further 5% to percentage characteristics. The third test is like the first, the fourth, like the second, and so on, alternating between effects. When S or T reaches 0, the character dies. If cured, the victim will need to spend twice as long recovering as they spent suffering from it. Only half of the lost characteristics will be recovered (rounding down).

and these will be regained at a quarter of the rate they were lost.

**Follow up:** 15% Von Addison's disease

**Death Rate:** Covered by game effects.

### Gonorrhoea

**Incubation:** D6+1 days

**Description:** Infectious disease involving the mucous membranes of the genitourinary tract. A sexually transmitted disease, gonorrhoea causes inflammation of the genital organs and urethra, and, if untreated, sterility.

**Last:** Until treated.

**Game effect:** Possible social ostracization.

**Follow up:** 2% conjunctivitis, 2% arthritis.

### Green Pox

**Incubation:** 1d4 days.

**Description:** The creature develops huge green spots and pimples over its entire body, and grows thinner as the pox it takes toll.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** Every 1d10 days, characters should make a T test to overcome the disease.

Recovery takes the same amount of time.

**Game effect:** W and T are reduced by 1 every 5 days. The character will die if T reaches 0, and should roll on the sudden death critical table if W falls below 0.

**Death Rate:** Covered by statistic loss.

### Grey Ague

See Grey Fever.

### Grey Cataract

**Description:** Indistinctness of vision. In rare circumstances it is inherited, but is mostly a symptom of age. It can, however, also be the effect of eye injuries with pointed objects. Glasses have no effect on the sight in this case, and the disease can't be treated or prevented.

**Treatment:** Surgery, failure indicates that the illness couldn't be cured (no further attempts will work as the lens has been forced down in the eye, grey cataracts persist). Failure by 30+ means devastating effect causing permanent blindness.

**Last:** Permanent, unless cured.

**Game effect:** GM should give modifiers to all sight-based skills. These should be up to 30%, unless the test is based on BS, in which case the characteristic score should be replaced by a quarter.

### Grey Fever (or Grey Ague)

**Incubation:** 1d12 hours

**Description:** The creature's brain is seized by a strange wasting fever, which brings hallucinations, premature senility, and dementia.

**Treatment:** None. Successful use of the Cure Disease skill halves the chances of the patient being affected by a follow-on disease. The permanent Dementia caused by the fever can be cured by surgery.

**Last:** 2D6 days.

**Game effect:** Ld, Int, Cl and WP are reduced by 10 for the duration of the illness. The creature suffers from temporarily Dementia, and gains D6 insanity points.

**Follow up:** 10% Alzheimer's

### Hepatitis

**Incubation:** D100+60 days

**Description:** Any of several viral inflammations of the liver that cause nausea, fever, weakness, loss of appetite, and (usually) Jaundice. Two forms are most common: hepatitis A (infectious), spread through contaminated food or water; and hepatitis B (serum), usually transmitted by sexual activity, transfusion of infected blood, transplantation of infected tissue, or poorly sterilised medical and dental instruments. Hepatitis can also occur as a complication of other diseases or as a toxic reaction to alcohol, drugs, or other chemicals.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Game effect:** 5% chance that the disease will be chronic. The character suffers from normal fever effects, followed by weakness (S -1, I -10, WS -10) and loss of appetite.

**Follow up:** 80% chance of Jaundice appearing gradually, reaching a peak after 2 weeks

**Death Rate:** 1%

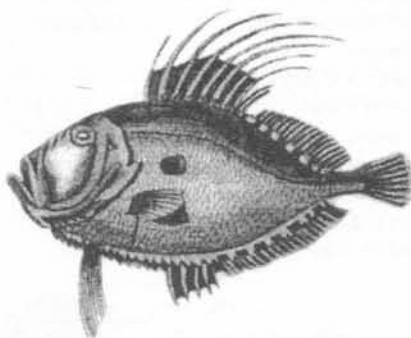
### Hysteria

**Description:** A form of epilepsy, which affects females. It is believed to be caused by deformities in the uterus.

**Treatment:** Surgery, usually involving a hysterectomy.

**Last:** varies

**Game effect:** No game effect is appropriate for this false diagnosis. Of course, fun situations can develop as a female character (after the diagnosis) insist that she doesn't suffer from hysteria, especially if GM and other players manage to get the player angry.



### Ichthyosis

**Incubation:** 1D20 years if hereditary, 1d4 otherwise.

**Description:** A congenital, often hereditary skin disease characterised by dry, thickened, scaly skin. Also called fishskin disease.

**Last:** Permanent.

**Game effect:** Dex -5, skin counts as 0/1 AP. Since the disease is rare, the character risks being declared a mutant in backwater villages or outposts (it won't be a good idea to confront Witch-hunters on the road).

### Infected Wounds

**Incubation:** D4 hours

**Description:** Infected wounds occurs in untreated wounds, or through bites by certain creatures. The wound will swell up, itch, and will not be able to heal like normal injuries. Untreated infected wounds may lead to worse infections.

**Treatment:** Recovery or Heal Wounds skill

**Last:** Until healed

**Game effect:** (See infected Wounds in the WFRP rulebook pg. 83)

**Follow up:** If untreated there is a 30% chance of developing Blood poisoning or Tetanus each day. If the character is severely wounded in addition to the infected wounds, there is an additional 10% chance of contracting Von Addison's disease

**Note:** Only a few creatures can cause infected wounds in the rulebook; however, in real life even domestic cat scratches can become infected, and a human's bite is supposed to be even more infectious than that of a cat. All animal bites or scratches should be treated as carrying a small chance of infection.

### Influenza

**Incubation:** D3 days (1-5 days)

**Description:** Strong, contaminating infection caused by a virus. Symptoms are fevers, muscle pains, and infection in the breathing organs. The acute state lasts for about 5 days, but the disease can be complicated by bacteria infections, for example Pneumonia. Epidemics show up constantly, especially in the autumn and winter.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** The acute version lasts for D4+2 days, but is often complicated by follow-on diseases.

**Game effect:** Depending on how strong the flu is, the fever will be either mild or normal.

**Follow up:** 20% (01-20) Viral Pneumonia, 10% (21-30) Bacteria Pneumonia, 5% (31-35) Aponia (like common cold).

**Death Rate:** D10-2% (dependant on virus type)

*Her skin was white as leprosy,  
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.\*\**

### Lepra

**Incubation:** 1D20 years

**Description:** Chronic infection disease, caused by a bacteria. Can contaminate by direct contact with the sick, but the likelihood of this is low. Two kinds of Lepra exist: The symptoms of the first are rugged thicknesses in the skin, especially on the face (Leproms), giving rise to the so-called "lion-face". The other type, Tuberculoid Lepra, attacks the nerves and causes the skin to rot, so that parts of limbs (finger, toes, nose) might fall off. Men are attacked twice as often as women. An early symptoms is Anaesthesia (loss of sensation).

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** Permanent

**Game effect:** Lepra rarely leads to death. The victim is typically thrown out of his society (some even declared as living dead), and travels around with a cowbell around their neck. Fellowship will be affected (subtract 2d10+10 from the characteristic), toughness is reduced by one, and wounds by d3-1, with a score of 0 meaning that no wounds are lost. The social level of lepers is -3



### Lycantrophy

**Incubation:** 1d3+3 days

**Description:** Lycantrophy is a disease which contaminates in much the same way as Rabies, and can be caught from the bite of a lycanthrope. Treat the bite as causing infected wounds which, if not treated immediately, lead to lycantrophy. The diseases enables the afflicted person to change into a were-creature (see WFRP pg. 247).

Were-creatures are considered outlawed creatures except in Norsca.

**Treatment:** No cure is known. (Although some might say cold steel)

**Last:** Permanent

**Game effect:** The contaminated character becomes subject to Frenzy. While in frenzy the character must pass a WP test each round, or turn into his were form. When the frenzy subsides they must pass a WP test to revert into human form. Different lycantrophic forms exist: 80% of all cases are werewolves, but Were-boars, Were-bears and Were-cats also exist.

### Malaria

**Incubation:** 1d6+4 days

**Description:** Cold fever or swamp fever. A group of infection diseases characterised by frequently returning cold shivers, followed by high fevers. The disease is caused by the malaria parasite, a blood parasite of the sporozoans class. The disease is not contracted by contact with the sick, but by bites from the female mosquito.

After some time, the attacked red blood cells die and the virus spreads to attack new cells. Cold shivers and fevers are caused because of the loss in red blood cells. The body temperature will suddenly rise to 40-41 degrees and falls again after some hours.

The disease is mostly known in the tropical areas, but it is also known to infect in other areas as well.

**Last:** Usually for life. Can lie dormant until times of bad health or stress.

**Treatment:** Extract from bark of the Cinchona tree, known as Quinine. Quinine, a mild toxic, requires Manufacture drug to make/prepare.

**Game effect:** When the body temperature rises, the character will suffer a heavy fever every d3+1 days. A player with Malaria is unable to do anything during the fevers.

**Follow up:** The disease may lead to Jaundice.

**Death Rate:** Normally 20%, however, the more violent Malaria attack known as "Jungle Fever" has a 70% of causing a coma and then a death rate of 85%.

### Mutations

**Incubation:** Various

**Description:** In many areas of the Old World, mutation is considered a disease. If it is, no effective cure is known. Mutations can be caused by exposure to warpstone, and may even lie inactive in the body and instead mutate the person's children. Mutations can be inherited (a new born child gains half his parents' combined Corruption scores, for those with "The Book of the Rat" (Reviewed in Issue Three). Other mutations can be imposed by Chaos Gods - both as punishments and rewards. A lot of chaotic beasts can cause mutations through infection.

**Treatment:** Cures usually involve quickly severing the mutated part (at least). There is then an 80% chance (at -5 for every hour after the mutation took effect) that this will halt the spread of mutation. Cure Disease cannot be used to treat mutations. The renegade Chaos God Zuvassin is able to cure his worshippers for both warpstone corruption and mutations - Look in SRiK for further details. Other Gods can also do this, but rarely choose to do so.

**Last:** Usually permanent

**Game effect:** Mutations can be found in the Realms of Chaos volumes, various issues of WD, TEW, or WFB source-books.

### Nurgle's Rot

**Incubation:** 1d6+2 days

**Description:** Nurgle's Rot, or The Rot, is a strange disease. It seeks to turn its victims into one of Nurgle's plague-bearing Daemons. Unfortunately, the mortal form cannot take this torturous metamorphous, and must eventually perish under the strain. Only Champions and Beastmen of Nurgle are immune to its effects; these serve only as carriers. It can be contracted from contact with a bearer's pus/slime or blood, or by some magical means granted by Nurgle.

**Treatment:** There is no known cure for Nurgle's Rot

**Last:** 8 months

**Game effect:** Victim gradually mutates into a Plague Bearer. See sidebar below.

**Follow up:** various diseases. As one of Nurgle's plague bearers, the character becomes much more exposed to diseases, but can also survive them.

**Death Rate:** 100%

**Game effect:** Victims gradually mutate until their characteristic is identical to those of a Plague Bearer, at the rate of 1 or 10 points (as appropriate for the affected characteristic) per month. Select affected characteristic randomly each game month.

### Plague Bearer

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	57	0	3	4	13	60
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	29	0	0	0	0	0

As well as the characteristic change, other physical changes also take place:

#### Month Effect:

- 1 Skin turns pale Yellow/Brown
- 2 Green Blotches appear
- 3 Skin begins to rot, attracting flies (See Cloud of Flies, WFRP pg. 317)
- 4 A single horn begins to grow from the forehead
- 5 Horn fully grown. Eyes begin to move together.
- 6 Nose Atrophies.
- 7 Eyes merge into one single great eye. Feet turn to three-clawed hooves.
- 8 Face dissolves in a horror of melting flesh.
- 9 The victim dies.

A Plague Bearer's chance of infecting others is as follows - Bite attack 80%; Claw attack 60%; Weapon attack 40%; Other close combat 20%; Coming within 4 yards 5%.

*A ring-a-ring of roses,  
A pocketful of posies  
Attichoo, attichoo  
We all fall down \*\*\**

Lung plague: 65 %  
Boil plague: 40 %



### Plague/the Black Death (Pestis)

Three kinds of plague exist; the normal plague described in the WFRP rulebook on page 82 is boil plague.

#### Incubation:

Boil plague: 1d3+7 days

Blood plague: 2D4 hours

Lung Plague: 1d3 days

**Description:** Infectious disease, caused by the Bacillus Pestis. Often the Bacillus is spread throughout the host's body, causing blood poisoning, and in most circumstances, death.

Boil plague: Transferred from rats to humans through fleas. The disease attacks the lymph glands, which swell.

Blood plague: Blood plague is a follow-on disease from boil plague, and is caused when pus from the boils enters the blood, typically through wounds.

Lung plague: Lung plague can be contracted from 'foul air', or as a follow-on disease from the blood plague. Symptoms resemble pneumonia, but far greater amounts of phlegm and blood will be coughed up. Additionally, the victim will suffer from violent blood vomiting, and blue colouration of the skin.

#### Treatment:

Boil and lung plague: The disease can be cured with the earth root plant (which isn't commonly known). This brings the rate of death down to 10% (in the meantime there will still be a chance of contracting blood plague, which can't be cured).

Blood plague: Nil

#### Last:

Blood plague: A diseased person dies after d3 days, when the blood enters the brain.

Lung plague: Death is usually caused by breathing troubles after d3 days.

Boil plague: See WFRP pg.82 for further details.

**Game effect:** A character who succeeds in their first disease roll against the Plague has a +10 bonus to later tests, but is not immune to it. That's why people rarely escape the plague unless they flee the area.

Boil plague: See WFRP pg. 82 for further details.

Blood plague: A person with the boil plague has a 20% chance per day of contracting blood plague, with an extra 5% chance for each wound lost as a result of the boils. Blood plague can also be caused if a plague victim's pus enters another person's blood (For example in combat).

Lung plague: The person will also suffer from Pneumonia (ignore incubation time).

#### Death rate:

Blood plague: 100 %

### Pneumonia

Several acute infections in the lungs. The disease starts with cold shivers, high fever, coughing and pains in the chest.

**Incubation:** 1d3+5 days

**Description:** A common cause of death in adults. Often occurs in winter, after an acute viral upper respiratory infection.

Usual symptoms include a single, shivering chill, followed by a fever, pain in the chest on breathing, cough, and blood-streaked phlegm. Pneumonia usually attacks an entire lobe or a portion of a lobe of the lung; in double pneumonia, it attacks both lungs.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** d8+6 days

**Game effect:** High fever

**Death Rate:** 20%

### Poliomyelitis (Polio)

**Incubation:** 3d4 days

**Description:** Acute viral infection that, in its severe form, invades the nervous system and causes paralysis. In its mild form the disease produces lesser symptoms (e.g., low-grade fever, malaise.)

Also known as infantile paralysis, it is found world-wide, occurring mainly in children. The symptoms are fatigue, fever, vomiting, constipation and stiffness of the neck. Can cause permanent paralysis

**Treatment:** Moist heat coupled with physical therapy to stimulate muscles back to health again (Cure Disease test with a -20% penalty).

**Game effect:** 1% chance of paralysis. If the character is paralysed, there is a 15% chance that nerve cells in the respiratory centres are destroyed, which causes death.

**Death Rate:** see game effects

### Rabies (Lyssa)

**Incubation:** 1d10+2 weeks

**Description:** A viral disease which attacks mammals - including Humans, but most frequently dogs. The disease is contracted by bites from sick animals, which get very aggressive and frequently attack other living things. Symptoms are Depression, general fright (see insanity in the WFRP rulebook), headaches, and (as the disease develops) fever, vomiting, and pains from the wound. Finally, ra-

bies causes frequent cramps and paralysis, which lead to death. Swallowing or the sight of water may cause throat cramps (which are the reason for the disease's nickname, Hydrophobia).

**Treatment:** Quick treatment of the infected wound.

**Last:** 2D6 weeks

**Game effect:** There is a 15% chance that the disease spreads after having been bitten by a creature with Rabies. During the second half of the disease, the person is afflicted by a fever and frequent paralysis. Death occurs after the 2D6 weeks, when the sick are unable to eat because of throat cramps.

**Death Rate:** 100% if not treated

### Red Pox

See Typhus

### Rubella (Teutoguen Measles)

**Incubation:** D3+8 days

**Description:** An acute infectious viral disease, causing a rash and fever. It is mild and uncomplicated unless contracted during the first three months of pregnancy, when it can cause serious damage to the foetus.

**Last:** D3+6 days

**Game effect:** Mild fever, allergy - rash effect on all body locations after 4 days.

**Follow up:** 10% Pneumonia, 5% Bronchitis

### Scabies

**Description:** A contagious skin disease caused by a parasitic mite (Sarcoptes scabiei) and characterised by intense itching. The she-mite makes holes in the skin, especially on fingers, hands, wrist, and around the navel.

**Treatment:** Treated with salves containing sulphur. Chemistry is needed to create the salve, and a Cure Disease test to ad-







minister it effectively.

**Last:** Usually until cured

**Game effect:** Scabies is not tolerated in high societies; if it becomes known that a character suffers from this, penalise their Fellowship by 20 when conversing with characters of a high social standing. There are no other modifiers; the character simply keeps scratching themselves.

#### Scarlet Scourge

**Incubation:** d3 hours

**Description:** A rare but very deadly disease. The disease causes painful, agonising death in 80% of cases, and takes a mere 2d10+10 hours to run full course. Surviving creatures will receive permanent damage and trauma. The disease was created or found by the Clan Pestilens, who are developing it further as a possible weapon against other Skaven Clans. No cure is known. Important Clan Pestilens members travel around with vials containing the disease - a last resort in case harm should befall them. One of these vials contains enough of the disease to instantly contaminate an area of 40 yards radius.

**Treatment:** It is said that important Clan Pestilens members have some kind of antidote

**Last:** 2D10+10 hours

**Game effect:** Painful swelling and bright red inflammation; internal bleeding.

**Death Rate:** 80%

*Sailors were commonly affected by Scurvy as they did not carry fresh fruit. The British navy began to hand out Limes to be sucked by their sailors. This gave them (and the English) the nickname of 'Limeys'.*

#### Scurvy

**Incubation:** 1d3+3 months of malnutrition (lack of vitamin C)

**Description:** A disease caused by deficiency of vitamin C, characterised by spongy and bleeding gums, bleeding under the skin, and extreme weakness. This disease is very common among seamen who travel the sea for long periods, but also occurs in cold regions during the long winters.

**Treatment:** Ingest of the plant Cochlearia Officials, or eating food containing vitamin C.

**Last:** Until cured

**Game effect:** At the start of every month, a Toughness test is made. If the first test is failed, the character loses 1 from Strength. If the second test is failed, 1 point is lost from T. Further tests alternate between these penalties. As statistics fall, gums will begin to bleed, and after 4 failed tests teeth will start falling out. Bleeding gums give a 5% penalty to Fel; missing teeth are fairly commonplace, but in combination with the gums these will raise the penalty to 15%.

#### Shakes, The (or The Death Dance)

**Incubation:** d6 months.

**Description:** The creature is afflicted with terrible and uncontrolled fits, and can no longer control its muscles and limbs properly.

**Treatment:** Surgery.

**Last:** Until cured, or make a T test each year.

**Game effect:** WS -20, BS -20, A -1, Dex -20.

**Death Rate:** 5% every year.

#### Smallpox (Infant Pox)

**Incubation:** 12 days

**Description:** An acute and highly contagious viral disease. First phase: High fever, prostration, sickness. 3 to 4 days

later: Rash on face, palms and soles on the feet. During the next 6-10 days, the rash develops into pustular pimples. Second stage: Return of fever and sickness, risk of infected wounds. When recovering, the pustules turn into scabs and leave scars.

**Treatment:** Nil. Successful use of cure disease reduces the death rate to 15%.

This involves cleaning skin eruptions and preventing bacterial infections, and must be done under clinical conditions.

**Last:** (D3+1) + (D4+6) + (D4+4) days.

**Game effect:** High fever effect during the first D3+1 days. After this period the rash starts and develops into pustular pimples during the next D4+6 days. During this period there is no fever. After this the fever starts again and lasts for D4+4 days. After the disease D10+5 Fel points are lost permanently due to the scars.

**Follow up:** During the rash period, there is a 50% (halved if medical attention is applied and hygiene maintained) chance that d4 wounds are lost, which have a further 50% chance of becoming infected.

**Death Rate:** 25% by lung, heart or brain infection



### Spotted Green Brainpox

**Incubation:** D6+2 days

**Description:** Spotted green brain pox is a highly contagious disease, passed on by Lice and Fleas. Symptoms are memory loss, aggressive behaviour, sometimes megalomania, and sudden paralysis.

**Treatment:** Nil

**Last:** 2d4 weeks

**Game effect:** During the disease the afflicted person suffers from Dementia, is generally aggressive, and subject to sudden paralysis. There is a 15% chance of gaining the insanity Megalomania. People who survive the disease will gain the insanity 'absent minded' permanently, and might (25% chance) receive brain damage leading to a minor disorder such as speaking problems, etc.

**Death Rate:** 60%

### Syphilis (Lues)

**Incubation:** 1d3 weeks

**Description:** Venereal disease, caused by the bacteria Spirochete Pallida. Is contracted by sexual intercourse, or even by kissing. After a few weeks' incubation, the first stage begins: a hard superficial wound will appear on the bacteria entrance point. This wound heals after a couple of weeks, but the Spirochetes spreads to other parts of the body, causing the second stage: Infections which shows as rash on the skin. This stage may last for several years. Syphilis might then de-

velop to the third and last stage. At this point, the disease is characterised by tumour-like infections, which can attack the nervous system. When the nervous system is attacked the disease can take on one of two forms. The first attacks the spinal marrow, and the persons will suffer from pains, sudden paralysis, deterioration of reflexes and a loss of sensation.

The second form is a mental disease with increasing weakening of the psychological functions, lack of judgement, Megalomania, and sudden paralysis. There is no known cure for Syphilis in the Old World.

**Treatment:** Nil - This doesn't stop the physicians however. Mercury smeared and even used as an ingest (gives Mercurial poisoning. The belief stems from Arabian medicine, where it is used against skin diseases), Arsenic, and Surgery.

**Last:** Primary stage: 1d10+2 weeks

Secondary stage: 1D20+2 years Tertiary stage: leads to death.

**Game effect:** There is a 75% chance that the disease stops after its secondary stage. In some areas, typically big cities with lots of prostitution, Lues is a big problem. Here, special rules are applied to Lues patients. They will not be given access to public baths/steam baths, clinics, hospitals and so on. In more fastidious areas, sufferers have to wear a badge, scarf, or other identifier.

### Tetanus (Lockjaw)

**Incubation:** d6+1 weeks.

**Description:** acute infectious disease of the nervous system. Tetanus may follow any type of injury, including puncture wounds, animal bites, gunshot wounds, lacerations, and fractures. First symptoms are headaches and depression, followed by difficulty in swallowing and in opening jaws. Stiffness of the neck develops and gradually a spasm of the cheek muscles sets the face in a peculiar, sardonic grin. Eventually, the spasms spread to other muscles of the body.

**Treatment:** Cleaning wounds. If a player has stated he has cleaned his wound, and you randomly select this disease, you should spare him. Surgical removal of tissue is also a later option.

**Last:** A week

**Game effect:** One of the main reason that the early gunpowder weapons were deadly was not because of the force which the bullet was fired but because of Tetanus and lead-poisoning. A creature struck by a gunpowder weapon hit has a 30% chance of suffering from Tetanus if the wound isn't cleaned and nursed. Speaking becomes difficult, and the character has a -5 modi-

fier to communication tests. Furthermore, the character suffers from depression (see WFRP rulebook pg. 86).

**Death Rate:** 50%

### Tomb Rot

**Incubation:** 1d6+1 days

**Description:** A disease often carried by Undead and scavengers (vultures, etc.).

**Treatment:** Cure Disease skill

**Last:** until cured

**Game effect:** Any character who is wounded by a creature carrying the disease Tomb Rot must make a disease test after the fight, with a - 5% modifier for each wound point lost in the fighting. If the test is failed, the character is infected by the rot, and must make a similar test every day or lose 1 point from T and 10 % from dexterity and Fellowship. Characteristic points are lost permanently. Tomb Rot can be contracted several times, as it isn't possible to gain immunity.

### Tooth ache

**Description:** Only a few people in the Warhammer world look after their teeth, and many people are in permanent pain. When a toothache is acquired, the pain is so strong that the tooth will have to be removed. This can make even the bravest warrior behave like a little frightened child. We are talking about pain which makes it hard for the character to do anything.

**Treatment:** Removal - no skill required.

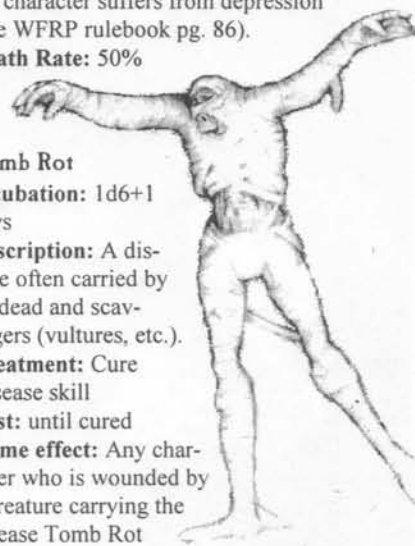
**Game effect:** When a person has several missing teeth (or some of the front teeth), the GM should impose minor Fel modifiers when the character tries to communicate (especially smiling). Furthermore, untreated tooth-aches will impose modifiers of up to 20% on situations needing concentration.

### Tuberculosis

**Incubation:** 1d3+4 weeks

**Description:** Disease caused by the Tubercule bacteria. Different types exist for Humans, cattle, birds, and other animals. The organism produces several small swellings, which usually grows together. Almost all of the body's organs can be attacked, but generally the tuberculosis follow the same symptom pattern.

Lung tuberculosis is the most common form, often caused by breathing in particles containing the bacilli. Symptoms are first tiredness and light coughing, then violent coughing (often with blood and pus), loss of appetite, fever, and weight loss. The death rate is high unless treatment is obtained. In spe-



cial cases the lung tuberculosis can develop at rapid speed. This is called Galloping Consumption, and usually causes death within a few weeks. Death might be caused when a main lung artery bursts because of heavy coughing - this will be very bloody. Bowel Tuberculosis is caused by drinking milk from cows who have contracted the disease, or from mother to baby.

**Treatment:** Treatment involves a strict regime of hygiene, medicine (usually only keeps the disease at bay or eases symptoms), and surgery (if sick parts can be removed). Treatment can involve surgery - parts of the lung can be removed and a lung collapse induced, giving it time to heal. This treatment is quite risky.

**Last:** d3+2 weeks

**Game effect:** Every month after the disease is acquired a Toughness test is made, with a one point penalty for each month since it took effect. At the first missed test, M and S are reduced by 1, and all percentage characteristics by 5. At the second Missed test, T and A are reduced by 1, and all percentage characteristic by a further 5. Further failed tests alternate between these two effects.

When S or T reaches 0 the character dies. If the disease is cured, recovery will take twice as many months as the disease lasted, with characteristics being regained at half the rate they were lost. Only half of the lost statistics are recovered (round down).

**Follow up:** 15% Von Addison's disease

**Death Rate:** Covered by game effect.

### Typhus, Red Pox (Febris typhoid)

#### Incubation:

Red Pox: Incubation time 1d10 days  
Typhus: Incubation time 2d4 days; on a result of 8, 1d12-1 days should be added.

**Description:** Acute infection caused by the bacteria Salmonella Typhi.

These diseases only contaminate by contact with a person who is currently afflicted or who is a carrier. Symptoms are high fevers, headaches, diarrhoea, physical weakness, and red blotches on the body. The disease is often complicated by Pneumonia.

**Treatment:** The Speckled Rustwort herb, and successful use of Cure illness.

**Last:** 2d10 days

**Game effect:** During the disease, characters deduct 1 point from S and T, 10 from WP, and 20 from Ld, Cl and Fel. The Fel loss is permanent, and is caused by scars and blotchy skin. Tests against the disease are made at -10%.

**Follow up:** 40% Pneumonia

**Death Rate:** 20%

### Undeath Plague

The full details of this can be found in SRiK.

### Von Addison's Disease

**Incubation:** 1d3+2 days

**Description:** A chronic disease in which the brown pigment of the skin fails in exposed areas. The disease causes physical

and psychological weakness, eating troubles, low blood pressure, and disturbance in the metabolism. It typically follows on from Tuberculosis, severe infection, or after surgery affecting the glands.

**Treatment:** Diet and salt (but still hard to cure). Cure Disease at -20.

**Last:** Until cured

**Game effect:** The character suffers from depression (WFRP pg. 86), weight loss, Weakness, and Fel -5, Int -10, Cl -10 & WP-10 during the disease period.

**Death Rate:** 10%



The above diseases should cover most of the circumstances PCs are likely to find themselves in. Hopefully, the rules and ideas over the last two issues will give you some ideas on how to use them to their best effect. If in doubt, remember that whilst the Warhammer world is full of disease, it will have the most impact on PCs if they are used sparingly and colourfully. Above all, keep the PCs guessing. Most of them won't have a clue what's happening to them, and even trained physicians will have to make best-guesses based on the symptoms - a highly worrying prospect for the PCs only chance of survival!

## CULTIST SCUM

### A Short story by Francis Plunder

"...scum who seek our downfall. We cannot rest until they are all dead and gone. No tears for them. None at all."

Hans was always there for me. When Mother died he went to work on the docks, shifting crates and barrels. He would go down to Magnusplatz every morning and wait to be picked out. Those first few days he would come home with bleeding hands, rubbed right through. He couldn't afford gloves and the rags he wrapped around his hands would slip apart. But we could eat. He bought fresh beef that first day. It tasted wonderful without the salt and I didn't realise until later that he ate none himself.

It ended when the guild found he wasn't one of them. They beat him and left him in the alley, blood everywhere. The Sisters looked after him at the Temple until he was better. I stayed there too when Kurter took back the house, taking all our possessions. I worked for the Sisters, running errands and doing chores. Hans wasn't the same after that. Physically, his nose was broken, his teeth shattered but that wasn't all.

He would go missing for days and return home with lots of shillings and even a crown occasionally. He had taken to wearing a sword and was nearly always drunk. He would shout about the injustice of it all and how it wasn't fair they lived in luxury while we fought like rats for the scraps they threw us. The Sisters spoke like this sometimes, but without

Hans' bitterness. They would talk to him but would always end up arguing. Sometimes I cried to hear him so angry.

It had been a year since I last saw him. He was sober and handed me the most beautiful necklace. We talked about Mother and he told me that I was right about joining the Temple, that Shallya was good and kind. "Join too, Hans." I said. He looked sad and fingered his sword (or do I just imagine that now) "I cannot my sister. I cannot... But things must change. Tonight I start on a new road. One that will make the great and good look to us as equals." He would say no more and was soon gone.

Next morning, Sister Elisabeth took my hand and told me to leave my chores. She put a cloak over my initiates' robe and lead me into the streets. She did not speak as we walked through the streets until we came upon the crowd. Pushing our way through to the front, we stopped at the scaffold. The Sigmarain priest shouted and raved, the spit flying from his mouth as the four bodies dressed in purple robes swung in the wind behind him. Elisabeth gripped my hand tighter and then I saw Hans, his eyes bulging from his sockets, dried blood on his lips. The priest saw me cry and screamed in anger, "Shallya should not have mercy for these. Spawn of the forbidden ones, bringers of disorder, warpers of the mind, slayers of children, rapers of women, these cultist...."

# CAMEO

## GIANT SLAYERS by Luke Twigger

This is best used when the PCs are in a vaguely remote area, e.g. The Grey Mountains, where it is possible for a Giant to wander freely. The PCs are travelling through a nearby area and hear the following information (Gossip Tests at +20%, because it is the latest news):

- A party of prospectors were found beaten to a pulp - this looks like the work of a Giant.
- The mayor is offering a reward (enough to attract your PCs);
- Some locals are thinking of moving on because they are so scared;
- There are not many applicants for the post of 'Giant slayer' yet - none in fact!;
- A successful Giant slayer will gain a lot of glory, fame, etc.; and
- The commander of the nearest garrison refuses to send his men on such a wild goose chase.

Assuming the PCs are interested (if not, then increase the money, or have one of them have a close encounter with the Giant while on the journey) then they can easily contact the mayor. He will confirm they are the only applicants so far and give them directions to the old mine. Later that day while planning the hunt, buying kit or having drinks bought for them, they are approached by Sebastien Geheimnis (see below) who says that he'd like to join in the hunt if they will have him, splitting the reward fairly. If the PCs do not agree, he will follow until they relent.

The mountains are a very rough area where it is easy to get lost. It takes about eight hours to reach the prospectors' ruined camp. A clear trail leads away from here to the old mine and it will take a further hour to reach here. There are three prospectors here, and all are scared. Their leader Klaus will say two of their number have gone out hunting, and failed to return. He also says they have been subject to constant attacks by the Giant.

It will take a further 6-36 hours to find the Giant. Before they find him, they come across the two prospectors, dead. The largest, and meanest looking, has a pair of Giant ears on a string (they aren't particularly big). When they find the Giant, it will attack without mercy. However due to its size the PCs may surprise it. The PCs could avoid fighting it by offering up the prospectors, but Sebastien will object (see below for both their motivations).

Arrange it so the fight takes place in the early evening. If Sebastien is not with the PCs he joins the fight now. N.B. Don't let the PCs leave all the fighting to Sebastien. Have him knocked out if necessary. That night the party has to sleep in the open.

In the morning, the PCs wake to find Sebastien gone, taking the Giant's head with him. If a PC was on guard, he fell asleep, was drugged or was knocked out. The PCs will then have to make their way back to the village.

When they get back to the village they find that Se-



bastien has claimed the reward. If they complain, no one will believe them, as Sebastien had the head. And after all he is a Noble. After chasing him down, he will tell them all he wanted was the glory and give them the reward (and maybe a bit more) for their silence. Any sneaky attacks will result in him fighting to kill. Otherwise he will accept any challenge to a public duel in order to redeem his honour. This will be to 2W or less - any weapons, any armour - one at a time or all at once!

**The Giant:** The prospectors brought the destruction upon themselves. They discovered and killed a Giant child. When his father found out, he went berserk, attacking humans on sight. However, it is the prospectors he is after and handing them over may stop him.

**Sebastien Geheimnis:** (Duellist, ex-Noble) Having fallen out with his family because of their distaste at his choice of career, Sebastien is now trying to find out way back in to the fold. He figures that by becoming a hero they will accept him. Should the party help him, they will gain a firm ally for the future.



# ADVANCED SKILLS



by John Foody

*"Thirty years I was a smith. Eight days a week, thirty years, man and boy, I worked at the forge. The metal was alive in my hands, my work selling to the wealthy across the land. So I took the boy on, thinking an apprentice might be a useful thing to have around the place. Wasting his life as a minstrel, he was, before I hired him. Six months later he was better than I've ever been. Don't know why I even bother... Give us another ale, barman."*

## Fevered Rationale

The WFRP skill system clearly shows what a character does and does not know. Like so many rules systems, though, it doesn't bear close scrutiny. An assassin who decides to settle down and become a physician (moral turnaround anyone?) could become more skilled at healing than his experienced teacher as a result of intelligence increases taken in his earlier profession. Granted, this is a fairly extreme example, but it illustrates the point.

Now the last thing we want to do is to rewrite every rule in the book in an attempt to make WFRP more realistic, but I believe the system outlined below will give characters more depth, whilst remaining simple to use. It has the added advantage of making it hard for players to develop super-powered characters. Gaining an advanced skill will show the character is an expert in his field, that he has expertise and knowledge, gained from long experience. It means that natural ability, while important, is no longer paramount.

*"Having no more questions to ask does not make you a master. It means you are a fool."*

## Advanced Skills

Earning an advanced skill is no easy task. Such mastery requires at least a year's full-time work, or for those only working part-time, at least three years' worth of practice. At the end of this period, players can choose to spend 300 experience points and take a relevant skill test (e.g. Dex for Pick Locks, or Int for Heal Wounds). Failure means that the experience points have been wasted, and another year's worth of full-time practice is required before another test can be made.

Gaining an advanced skill gives characters two advantages. Firstly, characters are assumed to have mastered the basics of that skill, so there is no need to take tests for normal tasks. (It is up to the GM to decide whether or not a task is normal, but as a general rule, this will include all tests without penalties.) In more difficult situations, a test is required, but the player gains a 10% bonus to their rolls.

Advanced skills should be shown in a character's profile as follows; Smithing (Advanced), Heal Wounds (Advanced), etc. This will show clearly that the character is an expert in their chosen field.

Not every skill is suitable to improvement in this way. The following list details which can and cannot be taken at an Advanced level, and is based on the categories of skills from chapter one of Apocrypha Now.

**Innate:** None of these skills can gain advanced status.

**Intellectual:** To gain advanced status in these skills, a character must already have the skill at a normal level, and must then spend the period of time required studying with someone who can teach them the advanced knowledge.

**Personal:** All skills can be gained at an advanced level.

**Practical:** Flee! and Strike Mighty Blow cannot be taken at an advanced level. Frenzied attack (Advanced) gives the character a bonus to their tests for entering frenzy, making it harder/easier (as desired) for them to succumb.

*"Give me a pupil, and I will show you a future teacher."*

## Training

Learning advanced skills from tutors who have already acquired this status gives a +20 bonus to the test required to gain the skill. However, such tutelage does not come cheap; the normal costs for training should be doubled to reflect the scarcity of such exceptional individuals.

*"The greatest swordsmen in the Empire are those that know when the blade should remain sheathed."*

*He had trained for twenty years with the finest teachers his father could buy. He could name every manoeuvre, execute a perfect parry and deliver the most exquisite of sword thrusts. His first real fight was against Klaus. Real short it was. Klaus used the oldest trick in the book, throwing a handful of dust in the kid's eyes followed by a dagger into the throat. Real messy it was.*

## Combat Skills

Fortunately, there aren't many skills which directly increase characters' combat ability. Specialist Weapon Skills can be bought at an advanced level, giving a +10 to WS, but make characters pay for the privilege. Their weapon will have to be tailor-made for them, at around ten times the cost of a normal weapon, and they will become an immediate target for every thief and bravo in the district. Advanced Marksmanship will increase BS, but will never give more than a +20 bonus, even if characters are using specialist weapons. Skills such as Dodge Blow, Strike to Stun and Disarm aren't really suitable for full-time practice, but can be acquired if used frequently in real combat situations.

*"There is no more left to teach you my child. Go make use of this knowledge."*

## Conclusion

This (hopefully simple) system should add an extra dimension to characters, without forcing any changes. It's the sort of thing you can opt in and out of, throwing interesting 'specialist' NPCs into the PCs' path every now and again. It can also help PCs overcome poor initial profile rolls, if the GM is feeling generous.

It also means that the PCs may have more call to visit the regular practice of the local physician next time they stop off in a town, rather than trusting to the bright but erratic adventurer in their party who just happens to have learnt the Heal Wounds skill somewhere in his wanderings...

"of limited use..."

**Alfred Nuñez & Anthony Ragan:** We recently read Robert Clark's article entitled "The Fight Against Chaos: The History of Warhammer" in issue seven of *Warpstone*. Two facts immediately struck us. First, a more fitting title would have been "Clark's View on the Impact of WFB4/5 on WFRP." Second, the author shows little if any knowledge of either the history or development of WFRP.

Let's look at those things that Clark failed to acknowledge in his article. His assertion that it was "the infamous Realm of Chaos books" where "the myths that is at the heart of Chaos first emerged" and "essentially created the dark atmosphere all WFRP players know and love" misses the mark. The first advertisement for WFRP appeared in the October 1986 issue of *White Dwarf* (number 82 to be exact) as well as other gaming publications of that time, including *DRAGON*. Within that eight page spread was a short story, "The Reckoning," which introduced players to WFRP's atmosphere of menace and horror. It was this dark setting - standing in marked contrast to AD&D™ - that drew the first generation of WFRP players to the game. Portions of WFRP, especially the chapter detailing the Warhammer world, developed even further the concept of "a grim world of perilous adventure." Finally, the widely praised "Shadows over Bögenhafen" (1987) provides the defining moment for WFRP - how much darker can you get than a man who sells his soul for power and then tries to save himself by sacrificing others?

The nature of Chaos was thus well established by the time that the Realm of Chaos books were released. The RoC books did provide more in-depth descriptions of the four Chaos Powers and their demons. They also did more than any future variant of RoC to provide a GM with the tools to create interesting and varied Chaos Warriors, Beastmen, Mutants, Demons, and Chaos Weapons. Its effects on TEW campaign, however, were limited to the last two installments. "Something Rotten in Kislev" and "Empire in Flames."

The Warhammer novels are generally entertaining, but their value to WFRP is limited: the information contained in a number of the stories and novels contradicts details contained in various WFRP publications. Subsequent WFB4/5 publications ignored much of the world created by the Warhammer stories.

At this time, we'll forego comment about Clark's analysis of the applicability of WFB4/5 army books to WFRP. We do contest, however, his assessment of the value of the new Warhammer scenario packs. From a WFRP view, these pre-packaged battles offer almost nothing in the way of background or history. The first pack, "The Grudge of Drong," describes the location a Dwarf settlement that doesn't match any location in the Old World. Even GW staff can't place the location. The second scenario, "The Idol of Gork," takes place in the Border Princes, but provides no historical context (except that it takes place sometime in the past) nor any background on the region itself. The third, "Circle of Blood," finally defines a historical time and place, but really offers little more

than a battle episode.

A thorough survey of the literature makes it clear that current and future WFRP products, especially "The Enemy Within" campaign supplements, are the best sources of information for the game. The scenario packs are very useful for Warhammer Fantasy Battle. They are of limited use for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay.

## "Stilton doesn't have holes"

**J McGraw:** A few comments on Tim Ellis' letter (issue 6). I agree with him about some of the spell ingredients being plain *stupid* - e.g. the spell which needs an hourglass with crushed diamonds instead of sand. Not the kind of thing you see every day....

I also liked his ideas about the Wizards staff, but I think that this idea is a little too "high fantasy", but then again it might just work. Personally, I think magic is better off in the hands of powerful NPCs.

As for the second edition of WFRP, more background should be added, and the spell system should be wholly revised. However, given GW's ridiculously restrictive rules about background, WFRP 2nd edition should probably wait until a new agreement has been reached.

Oh, and also, in Robert Clark's article "The Fight against Chaos", he said that the Lizardmen timeline 'has more holes than a good piece of stilton'. I would like to point out that stilton doesn't have holes in it, so nyah nyah nee nar nar to you.

## "What is the problem?"

**Tim Eccles:** Another great issue. I think that the editorial is (sadly) correct; we are never going to see the heady days of the late 1970s/early 1980s again, when you fell over new RPG companies and shops. One positive thing, however, is that we are spared the large amount of complete crap that was produced then; firms are much tighter on their quality control due to the smaller market and margins.

Michael Anderson's article was masterful, and the scenario was up to the usual standard. I liked the magical articles, although I have never seen a party do anything other than get rid of Chaos items *very* quickly.

I did find Robert Clark's interpretation of the early Warhammer material rather dismissive, and whilst John Foody argued his case more coherently, I still do not agree that the early stuff is irrelevant. True, I agree that WFB1 and 2 are probably not worth buying for new gamers to WFRP, but this is more a case of the "collectors" price tags such items now have than their basic worth. If the old campaign packs are not worth buying, I am unconvinced that £15 for an army list makes any sense to a role-player.

As regards Robert's article, I find it difficult to get worked up about the disappearance of Zoats in WFB and the odd timeline irregularity. I cannot remember the last game I played in where anyone mentioned history, never mind where a precise date was important. At the end of the day, roleplaying is all about imagination, not a GW dictum. I am perhaps fortunate to have Web access, but I use Alfred Nuñez's excellent timeline (available in the WFRP Archive) and he seems to manage perfectly in drawing to-

gether all versions of WFRP, WFB and the additions such as WHQuest. Dates are not absolutes anyway; history is very much a matter of opinion. Just ask the person who wrote the Microsoft Encarta entry putting the start of World War 2 with the bombing of Pearl Harbour! Brettonia, the weak/strong Karl Franz dichotomy and many of the other changes could be portrayed as national propaganda, misunderstandings etc. as John says in the Brettonia review. I knew a player who insisted Karl Franz was a great Emperor even after EiF, because all emperors were divinely selected by Sigmar. And Karl Franz's pro-mutant proclamations could be viewed by later historians as liberal anti-racist sentiments at a time when such things were unknown; not judging a person by the colour of their fur or the scales on their skin.

I still find the WFB2/3 source material useful. My own views of Lustria are Rigg's Shrine, Thorgrim Branedimm's last stand at the Ziggurat of Doom and the Magnificent Sven timeframe, which thus makes me very much out of line with the "new" histories, but still offers ideas for even the most radical Stillman revisionism. Ramalia (Bloodbath at Orc's Drift) may be no more, but the background offers useful ideas to describe that part of the world and the dominance of Naggaroth. I think that the Riding (Blood on the Streets) is a perfect Empire (or Albion?) village setting and MacDeath is an excellent Albion campaign pack. Most obviously, the Terror of (and the Vengeance of) the Lichemaster are useful supports to Lichemaster and the excellent Dolgan Raiders is surely an essential aid to SRIK; the description of Centaurs on the plains gives that creature a boost, and helps to my mind explain the type of duality WFRP faces with the Hob-Gobla Khan/Hegemony and the Chaos Dwarfs. In addition, whilst WFB3 seems to be regarded as the golden age of the game, a point I would not necessarily dispute, I do not think that I ever enjoyed a game as much as under WFB2 nor a campaign as those in WFB1. Those are the games we still discuss. And it is WFB2 which contains the credit to Barker and Featherstone; GW are too big to do things like that these days.

Lastly, Robert talks about copyright. I am not quite sure of his point. Does he expect GW not to demand ownership of what they publish? This is fairly standard. International copyright law is there to offer the author and publisher some protection from being ripped off, whilst allowing reasonable use. What is the problem?

## "autonomy is the only way forward"

**Seb Kassier:** In response to Robert Clark's letter, I think that autonomy is the only way forward for WFRP to go as the 5<sup>th</sup> Edition has simplified too much, made the Emperor too different, and made Bretonnian adventure possibilities non-existent. If it carries on like this the material will need far too much adaptation to use in WFRP.

I think that the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of WFRP should be a sectionalised format where you could expand on a section, such as magic, by inserting supplements, instead of referring to a basic rulebook and many rules supplements.

# The Final Adventure of Ursula Urjingraad

A Short Story by Francis Plunder

I buried Wilhelm and the others at midnight, the northern wind tearing at my face as I fought to dig holes for their graves. It was the heart of winter, there on the banks of the Urskoy, and my shoulder jolted with pain each time I struck the frozen earth. Exhaustion meant I could go no further than a foot or two down, so I covered the graves with rocks to protect them from the wolves which howled in the distance.

I called on Morr and Taal to protect these brave dead, and, leaving, committed the surrounding area to memory so I could return to give them proper burial. Little did I realise how foolish this was, for the countryside here seems to shift and change, especially to those like me born and educated in the city.

As I set out towards my beloved home of Kislev, the sight of the horses filled my throat with bile and my heart with hatred, their bellies ripped and backs broken. It was here they first struck as we broke camp, rising out of the snowstorm like dead men, forming then into their warped caricatures of humanity, hands and claws gripping weapons that had spilled much innocent blood.

I could see none of their bodies but the blood on my sword invoked the memory of the moment I killed the largest of the creatures, blood spilling from the mouth of its goat-like head as I turned and twisted the sword in its gut until it fell to the floor, steam rising in the cold air from the warm gore.

My skin rises even now, years later, as I remember that night: tears well in my eyes with memories of these comrades taken too young. I cried mostly for Wilhelm, your father, for perhaps if I was a better warrior he would have lived. Perhaps. Stumbling into the small village three days later, frost-bitten and half dead, I thanked Ulric for my deliverance before collapsing. I never fully recovered from this damage to my body, but I grew stronger as you grew within. When you were born I left you with your grandparents for I had journeys that had to be finished.

It took me four years, but I visited each of my friend's families in turn and told them of the fate that had befallen their kin. Draga's mother attacked me, while Morten's brother bade me tell every detail as he listened with the gravest of faces. I met him again only two years ago and realised he was the warrior they called 'Katchda Harq', Death of the Night. We did not speak, yet much passed between us, and I, among all, understood.

Travelling through the Empire I grew to love its people and land, even though many viewed me as little more than a barbarian. Most of their nobility I despise, and will always do so, for they are weak and seek only their own gratification. This makes them easy prey for the temptations of the Outlawed Gods, and I felt nothing as I cut them down, for they were already damned.

There are many that understand as I do, that fight un-rewarded, their battle unseen. Most of us speak constantly of only being in

these line of work for the money. We complain about danger, poor pay and lack of opportunities, but I know that this merely covers our true motives. Wilhelm's father was one of us. One evening when Mannslieb was full and he was drunk he told me that he had once spent years fighting as I did. He knew Wilhelm had followed his path and regretted telling him the stories. He spoke no more of this ever again.

I had hoped to tell you of this one day, face to face, but I will not see your face again. I am dying slowly, cursed by the consumption, my body racked by fits of coughing. I sometimes find it hard to believe that death will not be in some tunnel or forest, torn apart by Beastmen and their kind, but in a warm bed. I would have preferred it otherwise.

There are a hundred stories to tell, but I feel that Morr awaits me in the dark once this candle has burnt down. The burning wax reminds me of libraries and temples, places I hope you will be familiar with. Listen carefully to what those with knowledge say, for words contain truths, even in lies. What I tell you now is the simple truth, the hardest truth, one I am constantly at odds with accepting.

The end begins in Altdorf, years later, among the streets and buildings that had seemed so different on my first arrival with friends to whom I entrusted my life. Whenever we stayed in the capital, 'The Barron's Folly' was where we ate and slept. For not only was the meat tender, the ale un-watered and the company good, but the landlord gave us a discount. He was an honourable man, still young, but a wound suffered in service as a road warden had forced him into this peaceable trade. We had made acquaintances with him through his brother with whom we once served mutual favours in dark dealings, and he would often sit with us and exchange stories.

For those that knew of us, the inn was as good a place as any to leave word or contact us, and it was here Karl Whitman found us, although he avoided telling who had given him our names. Four of us sat, listened to him, and agreed to accept his pay. To my left sat Aubibus Stonefield, a Dwarf who I found most disagreeable, quite unlike the rest of his race for whom I have much time. He was mostly silent, and when he did speak, he was rude. He also succumbed to frequent bouts of violence, fired by a complete unreasonableness towards everyone and everything. He was my oldest companion.

Yawning as he played with his dagger, Max appeared insolent and obviously made Herr Whitman nervous but I knew this was part of his character and fooled many into underestimating him. In the company of those he knew he could talk for hours, and for a young man he was remarkably knowledgeable. His past was a hidden subject, only hints occasionally slipping through his defence. From his accent he was obviously from the southern Empire and I would guess he had lived in the forest, possibly as an outlaw; certainly, he was very nervous of

the law. His sleep was often troubled with nightmares out of which he muttered obscenities

Gustav, the newest member of our group, had most certainly spent time in the forest, first as a gamekeeper and then as a poacher. He had a family of three that he sent money to when he could, and planned to return to them when he made his fortune. Now he sat surrounded by a cloud of smoke from his favourite pipeweed, blown out from under his huge moustache as we listened to the man talk. I have known few so content with their life. The fifth of our group was not due to return from Middenheim for two weeks as he studied under his superior, learning the finer aspects of magic.

"...and so to finish, let us talk of money, for I know you will be interested in that." The patronising tone in his voice caused a lowering in the atmosphere but he went unchallenged. "Herr Oldenhaller will offer you each 100GC for the delivery of Anton Stradski to him, dead or alive."

"Why not hire a bounty hunter? Why us?" asked Gustav, blowing smoke in Whitman's face.

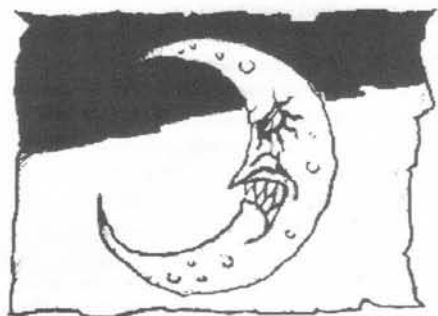
"Herr Oldenhaller dislikes bounty hunters as a rule, preferring the use of groups such as yourselves." Aubibus snapped quickly at the poor man. "And?"

Whitman shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "There are no warrants served for his arrest but as I explained he is working against the interests of the House of Oldenhaller." He paused, and the silence was heavy with expectation as he leaned conspiratorially forward. "We believe that he is a member of a outlawed cult, one that has worked against the Oldenhallers previously."

After Whitman had left we discussed what we had let ourselves in for, and were all agreed that we would make sure our target was involved with Chaos and that we were not being duped. I felt compelled to pass on talk I had heard of Oldenhaller. A young Halfling had let the name slip during a story he had been telling a few months previously, although he believed no one noticed. How wrong.

The story told that during a contract for Oldenhaller they had come across gang feuds and a summoning that had scared him more than anything else he had seen. I should have asked more questions for I was not sure of the facts.

Max left to talk to some informants to see if he could find word of Anton Stradski among his contacts south of the river, we finished our drinks and retired for the night.



We travelled down to the slums early in the morning, huddled against the sheets of rain that washed the rubbish littering the streets down to the Reik. I felt tired and irritable about rising early, which is something that never seems to occur when we sleep rough. Awakening from a bed seems a far more difficult proposition.

Max had been waiting for us in the bar, annoyingly full of energy at this time of the morning, and feasting on the cold remains of last night's boar which he had acquired from the kitchen. I always feel that it is at times like these that he and Aubisus will come to blows.

Max had spent the night crawling around the city's underworld and found someone that knew of Stradski. A gambler by the name of Pepenheller who promised to hand over the information for a good amount of gold. Max had been worried enough by the man's companions to declare he did not have enough money to pay there and then, but would return.

The guard standing by the front door let us in once we had shown the crowned heads of our money and passed some to him, his leer made all the worse by the scar causing his lip to reach the level of his nose. Making our way down to the basement, my eyes smarted from the thick smoke in the room through which could be seen half a dozen tables surrounded by men, and a few women, haunched protectively over their cards.

Picking their way through the tables were two middle aged men with bellies that told of their love of the good life, and aprons that showed they worked here. They clattered trays of ale, spirits and pipeweed down on the tables and then returned for the next delivery.

The atmosphere in the room was tense, none of the good-natured playing that was to be found in more respectable places; only the intense concentration of hardened gamblers. Most of them sat with legs astride their chair, the back protecting their stomach from a dagger or - worse - a pistol. None of them liked losing but some made their feelings clearer than others, and accusations of cheating would have to be backed up by action.

Pepenheller was involved in a game of 'Three Emperors' Bluff with five others and twirled his moustache nervously out of habit. Shillings were piled high in the centre of the table, and all of the players ignored Max as he sat down, the rest of us standing nearby.

"The price has increased, young pup." Pepenheller spoke, placing his first card down causing one of the other players to swear and another to laugh.

"We agreed a figure, Pepenheller, and that is the amount I have brought."

The play had returned to Pepenheller with two of the others having folded.

"Then you shall have to go find some more." He played his card. "By then it will be even more. Interest, young pup, interest."

"Does this interest you, my friend?" I recognised an edge in Max's voice and saw he had his dagger in Pepenheller's side. Gustav nodded at me to show he had seen this, as had Aubisus, who took a step or two forward.

Pepenheller's face showed no emotion as he looked at his deck.

"I am afraid my options are limited." He laid the card and looked at Max for the first time. "You

play a very risky game, young pup. However I must apologise, for I misheard you and though you said Anton Madski. I do not know where your Anton Stradski is. Sorry. Ah! I win"

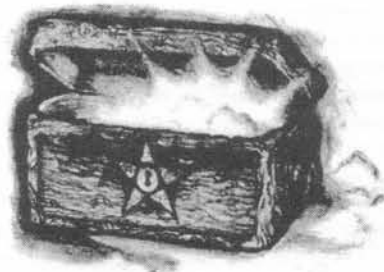
He gathered the coins to himself but then grabbed his side in pain. The others on his table started to rise as Max stood back. I kicked the table hard and it slid into the groins of two men while Aubisus yanked a third by the hair, pulling him to the floor, and cracked a chair over the fourth. The fifth had pulled a pistol, but Gustav's sword was at his throat before he could cock it. The rest of the establishment ignored us.

"It was only a little prick, old dog. Now where is Anton Stradski, or you find out if you can play cards with no hands."

"I told you that I don't know..." He spat.

"I could have a word, see if that jogs his memory..." Aubisus grinned his best you've-heard-a-thousand-tales-about-berserk-Dwarfs-now-find-out-the-truth grin. It usually worked. Pepenheller tried to stare him out, and failed.

"The last I heard he was down by the docks." He paused until Aubisus raised his eyebrow. "He was with the Stanheimers. Look, that's all I know. I don't know why this little runt is suddenly so popular." "What?" I said, realising that things might be getting messy.



"This is ridiculous," said Max. "This tunic cost me a purse full last week. Now look at it." It was easy enough to guess that it was covered in blood and probably bits of brain. Now was not the time to look, however, as I smashed the attacker in the face with my boot. He fell down the steps screaming, his space replaced by another two men.

We were in real danger of being killed. Their ambush was efficient enough, but as fighters they were rank amateurs. My worry was that with our backs to the warehouse doors we had nowhere to go, and the steps were becoming wet with blood. One slip and we would be down among the men surrounding us.

I cut the throat out from a startled attacker and he collapsed at my feet. Then I made the first mistake. Looking over the heads of the men crowding around us, I saw a movement in the shadows. Stunned at the sight, I failed to parry a low blow, the blade cutting through my leather armour. Recovering, I made sure it was the last blood he drew. Then, as many times before, Gustav turned the battle. With limbs and weapons flailing he leaped straight into their midst. Four of them collapsed to the ground with him and we made full advantage of the confusion.

Soon, the remaining men were scurrying for the safety of the dark alleys. Ignoring my wound I ran to search for confirmation of

what I had seen. There was nothing to see, but I knew I wasn't wrong.

"It was a damn trap," spat Max. "When I get my hands on Stradski, we won't have to worry about bringing him in alive."

Gustav was checking the bodies, shaking his head in disgust as Aubisus walked angrily to the top of the stairs again. Kicking a body out of the way, he opened the large door with his boot. Gustav called over to me that one was still alive. Just. Kneeling by his side, the man stared at me with hateful eyes. "Tell me: Where is Masken?" I said as calm as I could. "I'll never tell you. You'll never find him." That's was all I needed to know. Shocked, Gustav followed me up in the stairs in silence as the man breathed his last.

Inside the warehouse, Aubisus and Max sat on crates, waiting for us. Between them lay two men, each surrounded by a pool of congealing blood. "Josef and Hans Stanheimer." Max said. "No sign of Stradski." "Masken is alive."

I couldn't believe it myself. The damned, cursed, evil, chaotic bastard was still alive. The last I had seen of him, he had been sinking into a sewer, my best blade through his stomach. What else could you expect from a Champion of Chaos? A cleric of Shallya once told me, "the sewer is the home of Nurgle," and he was right. He had looked after his own.

I first met Masken fifteen years ago, five after I had entered the Empire. He was just a follower then, an insignificant nothing. I can still remember that damp basement, and his mask. Even then he wore that mask, carved in bone, petrified white maggots pouring from the surface. Once the leaders were dead, the others lost the will to fight and we handed them over to be burnt.

Somehow, he escaped, and in the months that followed we fought again and again. He grew in power and position, favoured by his foul rotting god. I found his hand in a hundred places, worms of influence, borrowing and weakening. After losing his trail in Nuln, I met Aubisus. The Dwarf nearly took my head off in surprise, the first time we met. He was after the Champion too, for Masken had killed his brother by poisoning his drink. I was never sure if Aubisus was avenging the death or the manner in which it happened.

Pooling our resources, we caught up with Masken in Grunburg, and here things started to go seriously wrong. Kicking open his inn door, Chrimtob, a Halfling of some courage, was caught in the head by a crossbow bolt. From out of the room poured a dozen of his deluded followers in a swirl of putrid green and yellow. It has always amazed me how he, and others like him, can attract so many of the weak-minded. Can they all be so disillusioned?

Three of my companions held the door, trying to stop themselves being surrounded. I ran. Not for fear, but because I had seen Masken escape on the roof. Even then Aubisus knew what was going through my mind. An annoying habit, but one I became glad of, as it meant that I could rely on his support.

Pulling ourselves up on the roof, we were lashed by the rain. Through its hazy curtain we could see three silhouettes moving away from us. Trying to keep our balance, we



climbed across roofs and leaped from building to building. Apart from a few dislodged tiles and a lost dagger, we caught our prey.

"The masked one's mine," growled Aubibus.

"Never." I shouted as we launched into them. Masken cried to the other two to stop the Dwarf and I was through. Slipping and sliding we fought like the possessed, and his sword carved my face badly. A scar I have carried ever since. It was my night however, and with a dramatic thrust I opened his side up. From the ripped skin poured a torrent of maggots, fat and blind — they were crushed underfoot. I ducked under his next blow and body-barged him over the side. With an unearthly scream, he flew backwards — but he caught the edge of the roof.

Without a thought I made to slice his head in half, but he revealed the truth to me and I stopped. Tears filled my eyes for I knew it was no deception. I turned and searched for Aubibus but the roof was empty. Then Masken's hand grabbed my ankle and I was pulled from the roof. I only realised my mistake as I fell.

By the wish of Ulric, I survived. I broke both my legs and cracked my skull. It was worth it. From then, I was a changed woman. No longer did I give any quarter. No longer did I feel any remorse. More than once I heard Aubibus state that I was like a Dwarf. Of course, this compliment was given when he thought I wasn't listening. In fact, it was only the two of us now. The others called us cowards and went their own way. I saw one of them some years ago. He was a farmer, fat and happy, kids running round him. He ignored me, turning his one good eye away.

We met Masken a couple of times, over the next years, until he over-reached himself. Trying to destroy the influence of the Temple of Shallya in Nuln, he left too many clues and we tracked him down. It was here I thought I finally killed him, but alas, it was not to be.

"Masken. Are you sure?" Said Max, with a trace of fear.

"She's sure," said Aubibus, "but what the hell's the worm-ridden vermin up to?"

What indeed. Stradski was gone, and the ambush showed he wasn't in Masken's hands. This of course made us commit to finding him. This time I would make sure he was dead. Stradski obviously knew something important, something important enough to demand Masken's personal attention.

Max went underground again. He returned a day late, smiling and carefree, oblivious to the fact we thought he was dead. He informed that he had fallen in love again, a love stronger than all others.

Aubibus reminded him that he had heard that statement at least twenty times. Much to Max's hurt we laughed in agreement. Fortunately for us, before being distracted by his latest sweetheart he had found out plenty.

Anton was a small time thief, rumours abounded that he was also a Cleric of Ranald. As far as we were concerned, this made him a good guy. Rumour also had it that he had pulled a big job in Nuln some months ago, turning over a merchant, and that he had been on the run ever since. He didn't have a lot of friends locally, so Max found out he was intending to sneak out on a boat tonight. However, Anton didn't have any enemies either, which meant that Max couldn't find out which boat.

The Excise men swooped on the dock as Mannslieb set out for the night, leaving Gustav with one less favour outstanding. Rats of all sizes crawled their way from the waterfront. Max spotted Marlon Brandoh, a local smuggler, talking to his cargo before disappearing. Not quite what we hoped for but a possibility nevertheless.

The Excise men left a hour later, Gustav passing on a purse of gold to buy them all a drink. We made our way over to the 'The River Swan', which Max informed us wasn't its only name. Gustav covered his mouth, whispering, "ready to go?" The positive reply from the boat's hold was ner-

vous and tired. Max stepping on the boat, pulled back the waterproof covering. "Out you come, then!"

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Back at the inn, Anton tucked into the spiced chicken and potatoes. He hadn't lost his appetite despite his obvious nerves. A survivalist trait possessed by most of those who risked their lives regularly. After his initial relief that we weren't Masken's troops, he let out the full story. The fact we had been hired to find him was conveniently not mentioned.

It seems he had robbed Oldenhaller's town house, after a tip-off that the merchant was away. Apart from some silver cutlery, the job had been a waste of time. A waste of time, that is, until he found the secret door. Pulling back the heavy bookcase, the thief had narrowly avoided being hit by some darts tipped with Manbane. An expensive trap which only heightened his interest. The dark alcove only held one item, a plain wooden box containing an elaborate incense burner. Realising that it must be worth something if they had gone to so much trouble to protect it, he took it.

That's when his trouble started. The



next morning, men were after him. Men led by a masked man they called master. Word quickly rippled through the underground, and he couldn't get rid of the box and its contents. Panicking, he left Nuln. While staying in a coaching inn, he had been caught by two bounty-hunters, hired by Oldenhaller. Strangely, they had disappeared the next morning and he escaped. Since then he had been on the run, calling in every favour he was owed and thanking Ranald for his protection. Masken had caught up with him in the warehouse and he had only just escaped. He thought his number was up when we pulled him out of the boat. He showed us the object at the root of his distress, and it was indeed beautiful — at first glance. However, closer examination revealed intricate designs built into the surface. These were signs I had seen too many times before, ones that spoke of Nurgle, the accursed plague-bearer himself.

I believed him, and so did the others, although Aubibus put him through a mean cross-examination. Unfortunately, the story left a lot of questions. Whitman had obvi-

ously lied to us, although he plainly wanted the burner back. But why did Oldenhaller send the Bounty-hunters after Anton, only to let him go?

Aubisus came up with the first plan. Destroy the item and stuff the pieces down Oldenhaller's throat. Max agreed, but Gustav wasn't convinced that Oldenhaller was a bad guy. "Sure, he had the burner, but then we've had our hands on stuff like that." My plan was simpler. We would make sure it was known we had Anton and let Masken come to us. It was a dangerous plan, but at least we could choose the ground. Aubisus agreed straight away and the others grimly followed.

Finalising the details, we set the plan in motion. Max disappeared to spread the word, hiring a house; the four of us (Anton realised he was safer with us, not that he much choice) set about securing it, nailing windows and doors shut and weakening floor boards. When we finished it was a death trap.

Max returned at dusk with the information that someone had been hiring thugs for good money. There was no sign of Whitman. Tucking into our dinner, we waited with nervous apprehension for the coming assault. Aubisus fell asleep.

The first attack came after midnight, with men picking the lock on the door and silently moving into the house. The silence didn't last long as they were forced to kick down the interior doors. The ones that headed up stairs were not so lucky — we greeted them with a barrage of blows, followed by a swift charge. Minutes after it began, the house was clear. Hired help is never much good. They left two of their dead behind.

The second attack was surer. Most of them headed for the stairs and were surprised to find Max running from them. He leapt into one of the bedrooms and slammed the door behind him. Seconds later, they barged the door down and piled into the room. Happily, unlike Max, they had no idea where to step on the weakened floor, and with an accompaniment of splintering wood two of them crashed through to the room below. A third followed, after taking a cross-bow bolt in the chest from Gustav. Max had escaped safely through the hole in the wall to join us.

It wasn't long before they kicked on our door. Much to their surprise it wasn't connected to the door frame and fell inwards easily. Aubisus and I jumping them from the sides, forcing them back. The fight was hard in such a small space, and soon the sheer weight of numbers began to tell against us. They were led by a huge man, his face scarred from earlier combats, carrying a nastily spiked mace in one hand and a sword in the other. Oddly, I began to feel wind blowing onto me, soon followed by the smell of smoke. The house was on fire, the flames being fanned by a magical wind.

Smoke began to fill the room at an alarming rate. We counter-attacked, trying to force our way out, and met with little resistance from the equally worried opposition. Only the huge leader stayed to fight. He hit Aubisus with a deadening blow. Luckily for us all, Aubisus had the wit and skill to take it on his shield, the weapon's spikes sticking and linking them together in an enraged tangle. The Dwarf screamed for us to get out, and on the way out Max took

one of them from behind with a blow between the shoulder blades.

We spilled onto the street, smoke pouring out behind us. Scattered around were the few remaining thugs, and I could see two more disappearing down the road. In the centre stood Masken, dressed in flowing robes of yellow and green, carrying a staff from which flies poured out into the sky. I had been right, he was desperate for the burner, enough to risk open confrontation. The night was ignited then by blue lightning snaking from him to envelop Anton. Dancing horribly, the thief writhed and convulsed, partnered by the sparks, before falling dead to the ground.

Gustav took the head off the first of the attackers, while I made straight for the wizard. As I charged towards him, I could hear Max trying to convince the hirelings that they should just run. By the sounds of clashing metal, he was failing. Confidently, over-confidently as it turned out, Masken cast a spell, the phial in his hand disappearing as he spoke the words. I felt something tug at my mind, and for a second, I had no idea who or where I was — but it passed and my momentum carried me through to him. He was obviously surprised as my first blow was unparried and I sliced his half-raised hand off. As before, maggots spewed out, spilling on the ground. I caught his first blow with my sword, and the second I jumped back from. He had left himself open and I took the initiative, bludgeoning him with a series of blows that he was hard-pressed to deflect.

With a wail, he slipped and fell to the ground. From behind me I heard the sound of the burning house collapsing on its self. Looking round there was no sign of Aubisus, and no chance he could have survived the destruction. I turned back to Masken, only to be greeted with a host of flies, blinding and choking me. Guessing, I kicked out and connected with something soft. I spat, jumping back to escaped the insects, and then renewed my onslaught against the Chaos champion.

My first blow chopped the staff in half, and much to my surprise, he used one broken half to smash my nose before grappling me to the ground. "This time you die," he growled, his breath fetid. My head butt full-stopped his sentence. It stunned him and his one hand let go, although the wooden mask had spilt my head open.

Pulling myself upwards, I heard Gustav cry out in pain but ignored it. Instead I pulled back the sword for the killing blow. "You'll never kill me," he laughed.

"Wrong." The sword shattered the ribcage, slicing the heart. A host of maggots erupted and fell away. Before I had even spat out the few that had gone in my mouth the whole body disintegrated, maggots crawling out of the robes and mask. "This time I made sure."

With the death of their paymaster the others fled, and I looked around to see Gustav nursing a leg wound. From out of the smoke, Aubisus emerged. Stumbling and coughing, he was smiling, in spite of the fact that one arm hung limp from his side, the skin blackened by fire. He put his foot on the mask and snapped it in two. In the distance, I could hear the shouts of the Watch.



"You.. you...you." Spluttered Aubisus some days later.

Karl Whitman had the decency to look embarrassed. He was also nervous, for there was no guarantee we wouldn't kill him. We had been surprised when he turned up and paid us the money. After numerous threats he explained that Oldenhaller's objective was actually to flush out Masken, so we could kill him. Still he wasn't too impressed when he asked for the burner back and Aubisus smashed it in front of him. "Just so it won't fall in the wrong hands." We gave him a message instead. If we ever found out that the merchant was working for Chaos, we would kill him ourselves.

Some weeks later, Masken had his revenge on me. Waking one morning I found blood on my pillow. The surgeon confirmed it as consumption. A final kiss from Nurgle. So, here I am dying, while Gustav writes this letter for me. Maybe I would be alive to come see you if I had finished him on the roof all those years ago. I have not spoken of that night since telling Aubisus. He has kept his silence ever since.

As the rain lashed down I pushed the hair back from my eyes, preparing to kill the helpless champion. He reached up and pulled off the mask. As it fell slowly to the ground, I stared into the face of Wilhelm, my old lover, your father, the man I had buried in the cold ground of Kislev so many years ago. He just laughed.

My injuries from the fall were nothing compared to those my mind sustained. I knew it was no illusion, for on his finger I saw the ring I had given ring so many years ago. When we met next, he believed he had us trapped and I asked him why he had chosen the path of corruption. "You left me, so the maggots and worms could have my body. I can remember the snow and earth falling on my face, as I tried to call out for you. It was my Lord Nurgle who replied, He saved me and gave me life once more. My love, you betrayed me!"

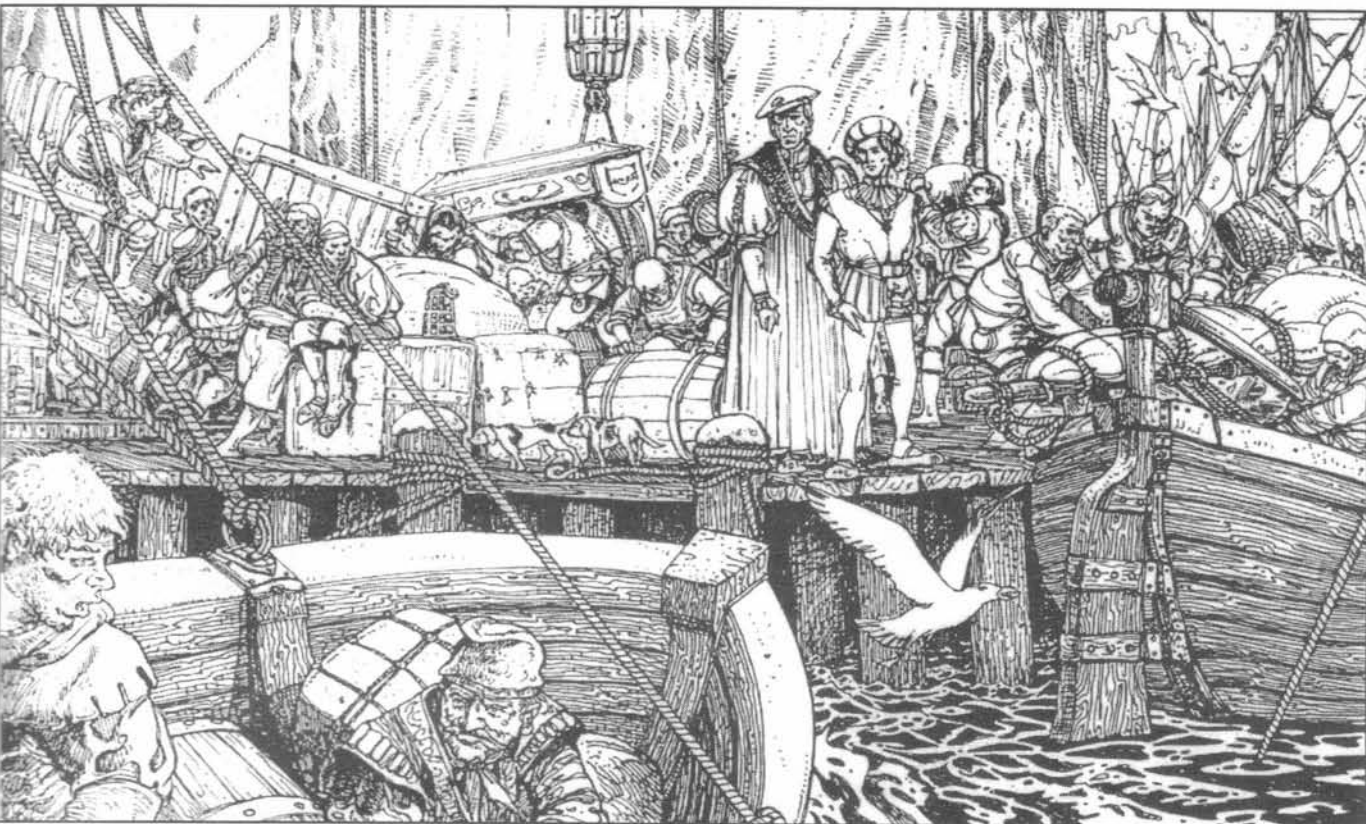
So now you know the truth. The plague Lord has taken us both. I know that when I buried Wilhelm in that shallow grave he was dead; anything else is impossible. To believe it would drive me insane. What took his form was something else, something I have laid finally to rest. My own death was a small price to pay for this. I hope you believe this too.

Gustav has agreed to bring this to you, and although Max and Aubisus have said they have better things to do, I know they'll be there. These are my friends, and I ask you to show them kindness. I am sorry I was never there for you, but my life has had a different path, one I have never regretted. Ulric and Taal have looked after me, and I have travelled the Old World and done so much that I have no regrets now as I enter Morr's realm. Follow the path you wish to follow, and never look back. Good-bye.

Your Mother,  
Ursula Urjingraad.

## EXCLUSIVE ART PREVIEW "CARRION UP THE REIK"

In our ongoing bid to keep you up to date on current news and releases, we are happy to bring you an exclusive preview of artwork by Russ Nicholson from the forthcoming Hogshead release, "Power Behind The Throne". Although this part of the Enemy Within campaign is a re-release it contains an extra chapter entitled 'Carrion up the Reik', from which this art is taken. This new chapter has been written by James Wallis, with the intention of bridging the gap from Death on the Reik, and is due for release in April/May.





*“The history of the world is the history of the warfare between secret societies”*