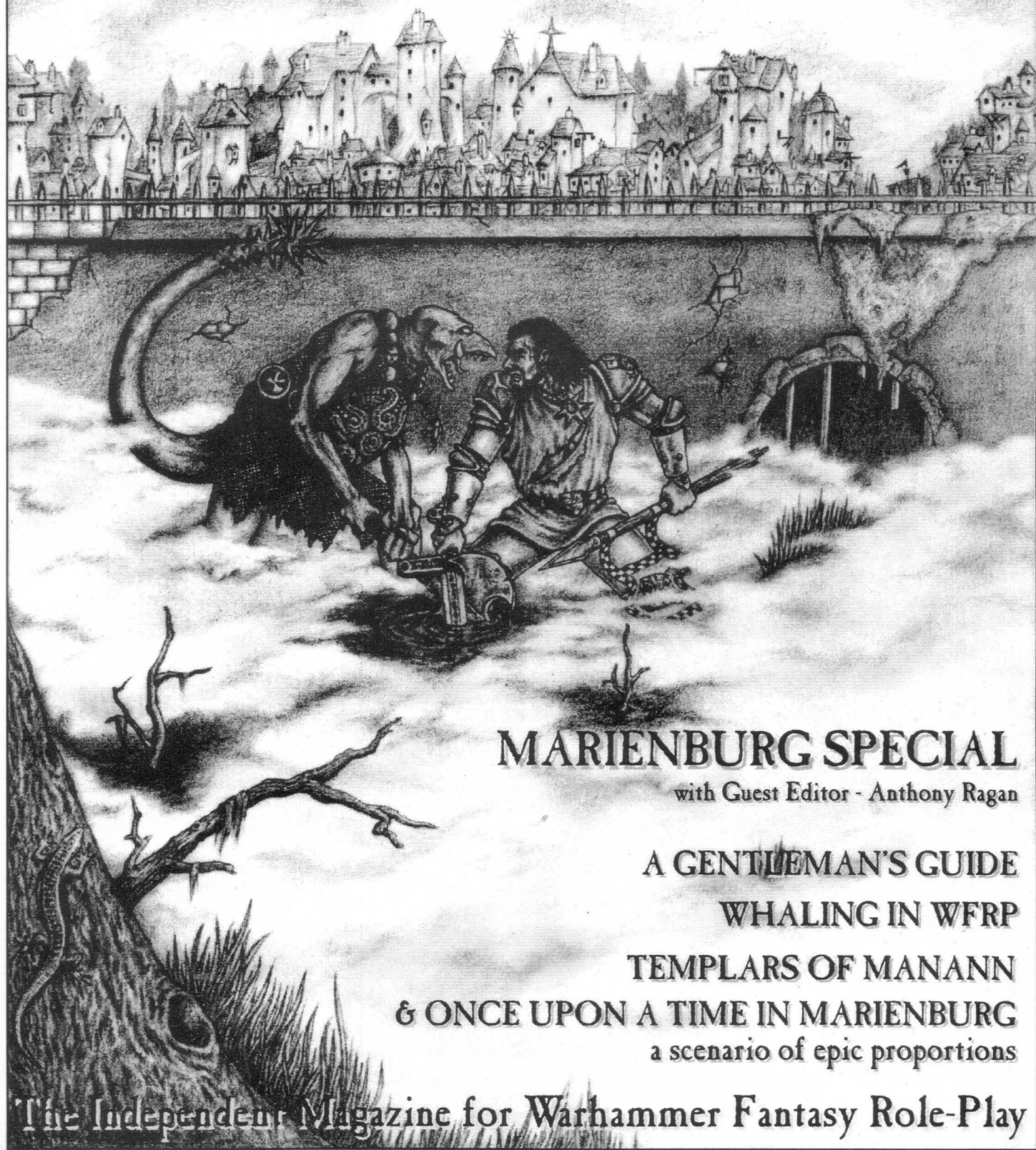


REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

WARPTSTONE

ISSUE 9 - AUGUST 1998 UK £3.00 RRP



MARIENBURG SPECIAL

with Guest Editor - Anthony Ragan

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE

WHALING IN WFRP

TEMPLARS OF MANANN

& ONCE UPON A TIME IN MARIENBURG

a scenario of epic proportions

The Independent Magazine for Warhammer Fantasy Role-Play

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

E-mail: warpstone@bigfoot.com

Website:
 HTTP://WWW2.UNL.AC.UK/~CYHZOLIVERM/WARPSTONE/

Guest Editor: Anthony Ragan
 Editors: John Foody & John Keane
 Associate Editors: Martin Oliver, Steven Punter & Mel Tudno-Jones
 Admin: Sara Hanlon
 Covers: John Keane
 Illustrations: Steven Punter, Steven Jones & John Keane
 All unaccredited text: John Foody & John Keane

Thanks to: James Wallis, Robert Clark, David L. Stone, James L. Shipman and all those who replied to the Warpstone Questionnaire.

Etc.
 Jahdrung 7: Two years it had been since we had first heard of this place. Two years of planning, organising, scheming and strife. And now...now we had arrived. The dock was jam packed with people from every corner of the world. Thankfully, there were no Elves. I hate them more than I could ever put into words, however, the truth of them could prove entertaining. Came across a pamphlet describing this place. Sounds awful. I sincerely hope it is not as untarnished as it appears.

Jahdrung 9: I am pleased to report that much of the aforementioned pamphlet was propaganda. The city has some lovely secrets and has great possibilities for real darkness. Meeting with the barrel maker tonight. I believe he may be of use.

Jahdrung 10: All is underway. The preachings of the insidious journal will spread far and wide. Met with IV at a small Niponese place. His enthusiasm is welcomed. This port is the perfect outlet to the world. We may stay here for some time, but I hear the Wastes calling me. Will have to wait, the day of reckoning fast approaches, one by one, we will face it alone. Will death part us? We shall see.

Warhammer is a registered trademark and Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, The Enemy Within, Shadows Over Bogenhafen, Apocrypha Now, Dying of the Light, Death on the Reik, Warhammer City, Power Behind the Throne, Something Rotten in Kislev, The Restless Dead, Doomstones, Marienburg: Sold Down the River are trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd, and are used without permission. The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen is a registered Trademark of Hogshead Publishing. Warpstone recognises the status of all copyrights, trade marks and registered names and the use of the aforementioned within this publication should not be construed as a challenge to such status.

Warpstone is an independently produced magazine, and is not owned, licensed or approved by Games Workshop Ltd or Hogshead Publishing Ltd. All original material is copyright to the respective author/artist.

EDITORIAL

*"I love it when a plan comes together."
 "No plan survives contact with the enemy"*

Welcome to the latest issue of Warpstone, this our Marienburg special. It is many moons ago now, that we saw an early draft of Anthony Ragan's Marienburg sourcebook. Part of it was based on the articles he had written for White Dwarf, but there was much more to it. We were so impressed with even this draft copy that we committed ourselves to producing an issue dedicated to this Great City and sourcebook.

My players' PCs were dragged off to return to Marienburg, only months after visiting it for 'Dying of the Light.' From these sessions came this issue's scenario 'Once Upon a Time in Marienburg'. It ended up being a lot longer than anticipated, but hopefully you'll enjoy it. Actually it caused us no end of grief: numerous rewrites, discussions and one or two crashed computers. Howls of anguish can still be heard.

However, the scenario shows the oddly unique nature of how such things are created. The players went off at all sorts of angles, many of which were logical but un-thought of in the original draft. Many of these ideas found their way into the final copy. Such experience especially highlights the strength, and possibly a weakness, of city adventures. Unlike an "old-fashioned" dungeon bash and to a large extent wilderness adventures, where the players have a definite goal, city adventures encourage players to go where they will. All such eventualities are hard to predict and for a novice GM it can be very difficult. 'Power Behind the Throne' highlights this predicament. Such a weakness is often never encountered as GMs and players explore the Warhammer world at the same pace. Of course, this is where long term play of WFRP reaps rewards.

In many ways the World has been tightly regulated and therefore has become believable. Players soon learn to visit a Physician or Temple of Shallya for healing, a Temple of Morr for advice on undead and burials etc. This interaction with the World really makes it come alive. As has been argued a number of times in these pages and elsewhere, this is a precarious balance. The effects of Warhammer Fantasy Battle and future WFRP releases all carry an inherent danger of diluting its impact. That is not to say that nothing new should be released, just that a consistent approach to the material is called for. From such a solid core, each group of players will then deviate, but only as long as the core remains solid.

Sorry, I went off on a bit of a tangent but nevertheless ended up in the place I was heading. We had plenty of ideas for this issue, some of which never made it, and as it was an unofficial tie-in with Marienburg we approached sourcebook writer Anthony Ragan to act as Guest Editor for the issue. He kindly agreed, not knowing what he was letting himself in for. He looked over the material, and provided some himself, so that it was consistent with his vision of Marienburg. His Editorial was received two hours (our fault not his) before we went to print, written at short notice. We will take this opportunity to thank Anthony for all his very help and time.

However, things didn't quite go according to plan. No surprise there, I hear you say. Hogshead planned to release Marienburg in time for Gencon 98, and we worked to get the issue ready for the same date. However, the release date for the sourcebook slipped which meant we have not seen a near final copy yet. Therefore references to city locations are all a little bit vague, as page numbers had not been agreed yet. Some of the references will not be 100% clear without the sourcebook to hand but should not prove too much of a hindrance if you wish to use them independently.

So, hopefully this issue will whet your appetite for Marienburg and act as a useful companion piece. As always let us know what you think whether it be good or bad. As you are reading this magazine you are fans of WFRP, and so, this magazine is for you. Let us know what you want it to be.

That's it for now. Hope you enjoy the issue. Next issue is already shaping up to be something special. See you then!

ABBREVIATIONS

A Number of attacks (melee)
 AN Apocrypha Now
 AP Amour Points
 BS Ballistic Skill
 CI Cool
 CR Complexity Rating (locks)
 D Damage
 DB Dodge Blow
 Dex Dexterity
 DOTL Dying of the Light
 DOTR Death on the Reik
 EiF Empire in Flames
 EPs Experience Points
 ES Effective Strength
 EW Enemy Within campaign
 Fel Fellowship
 FP Fate Points
 GC Gold Crown

GM Gamesmaster
 Gu Guilder (Marienburg Coinage)
 GW Games Workshop
 I Initiative
 IC Imperial Calendar
 Int Intelligence
 Ld Leadership
 M Movement
 MCoC Middenheim: City of Chaos
 MP Magic Points
 NPC Non-player characters
 P Parry
 PBT Power Behind the Throne
 PC Player Character
 R Range (missile weapons)
 RD Restless Dead sourcebook
 Rld Reload time (missile weapons)
 S Strength
 SDTR Marienburg: Sold down the River

SL Secret Language
 SMB Strike Mighty Blow
 SMR Silent Move Rural
 SMU Silent Move Urban
 SOB Shadows over Bofenhagen
 SRIK Something Rotten in Kislev
 SS Secret Signs
 SSS Scale Sheer Surface
 STS Strike to Stun
 SW Specialist Weapons
 SS Silver Shilling
 T Toughness
 W Wounds
 WC Warhammer City
 WD White Dwarf
 WFB Warhammer Fantasy Battle
 WFRP Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
 WP Will Power
 WS Weapon Skill

by Anthony Ragan

The editors of Warpstone were kind enough to offer me this soapbox, from which I could preach freely about whatever was on my mind. Opinions, hyperbole, slobbering praise, vicious columnies – this is to be my pulpit. (Thank God I went to a Jesuit school!) But, what should I write about?

Let's see, there's the President and Monica...nah, the Slaaneshis have been there, done that. There's the GW and how they're the front for a Masonic Conspiracy™ to Destroy Gaming as We Know It...nah, WoTC cut them out of the game. There's James Wallis as the Savior of Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay...nah, he's surpassed that by being Ginger Spice's replacement (you read it here, first).

So, what should I pontificate about, then?

Ah, I have it! Something that will justify an editorial page and maybe prompt some letters! (ahem...) Ladies and Gentlemen, ALIGNMENTS HAVE NO PLACE IN WFRP AND ELVES DON'T HAVE TO BE GOOD! NYAH!!

Thank you.

(Crackling noises on the speakers as an intercom cuts in) "Er...Anthony?"

Yes, John?

"Is that it?"

What? You mean I have to explain myself?!? But I'm a (nearly...well, almost...ok, not even close) Famous Game Designer and WFRP Guru!

"Sorry, we need another 800 words. It's in your contract. You don't want us to call the Ogre, do you?"

No, no! I'll talk...er...type!

The alignment system in WFRP has always bothered me – it fits with the rest of the game like a mismatched sock in an otherwise spiffy suit. It's like hearing a kazoo in the middle the 3rd Brandenburg Concerto or seeing a mustache on the Mona Lisa. It's presence is disturbing and detracts from the overall experience. In fact, one of the game's designers told me it was added as an afterthought, simply because GW decided that a competitor to AD&D had to have alignments. I tossed it out before my first game session and I recommend you ditch it, too.

Alignments do have their uses: they are tools that give GMs and players quick guidelines for the expected behavior of PCs and NPCs in any situation: "Johann is Good, therefore he won't succumb to the temptation to steal the party's gold during his night watch." Or, "Magistrate Richter is Lawful, therefore he will adhere to the letter of the law at all times." They work their best in tournaments (where the players may not be too familiar with the milieu) or in games without developed settings, like original Dungeons and Dragons. An alignment system serves as a sketchy substitute for the context from which a "real" resident of a fantasy world might draw his view of the world and his place in it: its history, religions, philosophies, even personal experience. In only one case of a game that has a setting with depth, Chaosium's Elric! and its predecessor, Stormbringer, have I seen an alignment system that works. In works in this case because the conflict between Law, Chaos, and the Balance are fundamental to the setting itself and drives much of the game's dynamic.

But in a game with a developed setting, like WFRP and the Old World, alignments are redundant and actually hinder good roleplaying by restricting the player's freedom to develop his character. The published material contains a wealth of background for GMs and players to use to mold their characters. There are religious cults that provide their own definitions of right and wrong and proper behavior without relying on the simplistic "good" and "evil." There is a political setting, the Empire, with all sorts of character hooks to hang attitudes from – take one of the examples mentioned earlier. Instead of saying Johann is "good" and just won't steal from the party, WFRP helps you make something interesting out of him: he grew up in a family of Shallyans and loved the faith, but his move to the city made him develop a hard edge to survive. Times have been poor back on the family farm and, while it would be a betrayal of friends and employers, that gold would be enough to pay-off the Count's tax-collectors. "Besides, one of them is an Elf, and we know they just don't care about money and family the way we do. And the Altdorfer follows Ranaid – I'm sure he's stolen in his time, too. But, they've been good to me...I'll take the money and I'll pay it back, if I can."

This is much more interesting: the character's actions are informed by his background and beliefs, not by one vague adjective. He experiences internal conflict, and this makes him more fun to roleplay for either the GM or the PCs that have to interact with him.

What applies to individuals also applies to the presentation of the various non-Human species in WFRP. Simply stating that Elves are "good" and Orcs are "evil" is dull. It paints an entire kindred with one broad brush and reduces them to stereotypes.

Not that stereotypes are bad, especially when they form the core of the PCs' ill-considered beliefs. From that springs amusing roleplay! But stamping entire peoples "Lawful" or "Neutral" gives all their individuals a boring sameness, while shortchanging their potential to add to the story. Besides, it's silly to try to define what are essentially aliens (for that's what a Dwarf would be in a science fiction setting) by Human terms. Take Elves, for example.

The book says Elves are "good." Okay, fine. But, does that mean they're "good" in the same way a Shallyan nun working among the poor in Suiddock is "good?" Elves were brought to civilization by bipedal frogs who could shift planets in their orbits and create armies of lobotomized slave troops! The Elves fought a devastating war with the Dwarfs that wrecked both their empires ("Good opposes unnecessary violence") and they've been ripped by several civil wars. It was High Elven society that gave birth to the worship of Slaanesh. And one of the most important High Elves in existence is a 5,000 year old necromancer who thinks nothing of stealing other person's bodies for his own use.

At the same time, when Chaos first invaded the world, it was the sacrifice of the Elves that saved it.

They sound a lot more complex than a race reduced to "good," don't they? The same holds true for Dwarves, Orcs, and even Halflings. By using alignment as a crutch, the GM is depriving himself and his players of the endless story hooks and roleplaying opportunities the Old World presents. Do yourself a favor, give alignment the heave-ho and set your game free.

You'll thank yourself in the morning

Editorial & Contents	1
Reviews	2
A look at Middenheim: City of Chaos & the new Realms of Chaos.	
Fragments	4
The latest news.	
Get a Life!	5
Get a house, get kids, get money, get purpose....	
The Warpstone interview	7
Marienburg Writer Anthony Ragan goes under the spotlight.	
Whaling in Marienburg	9
A look at the whaling community in Marienburg. Learn how to Scrimshaw while hunting a Khorne whale.	
The Road to Marienburg	14
A cameos special. A few ideas to keep players entertained while heading to the big wash.	
The Warpstone Questionnaire	16
Your answers collated.	
The Templars of Manann	19
Anthony Ragan looks at, deep breath, the Knights of the Holy Order of St. Rembrand The Faithful.	
The Ore Carrier	22
A short story highlighting an important part of Marienburg's trading ideal.	
A Guide to Marienburg	23
A player handout introducing everyone to the city. As penned by a slightly biased Imperial. Just pull out and foid. Here's one I made earlier.....	
Once Upon a Time in Marienburg	27
A scenario which will throw your players into the murky waters of the city. Not directed by Sergio Leone.	
The Forum	45
The latest missives.	
Submissions	45
Guidelines for writers and artists.	
Back Issues & Subscriptions	46
Protecteress	47
A wolf in sheep's clothing.	
Traitor	48
Small time crime in a big time city.	

Warhammer Armies: Realm of Chaos Published by Games Workshop (£17) Reviewed by Robert Clark

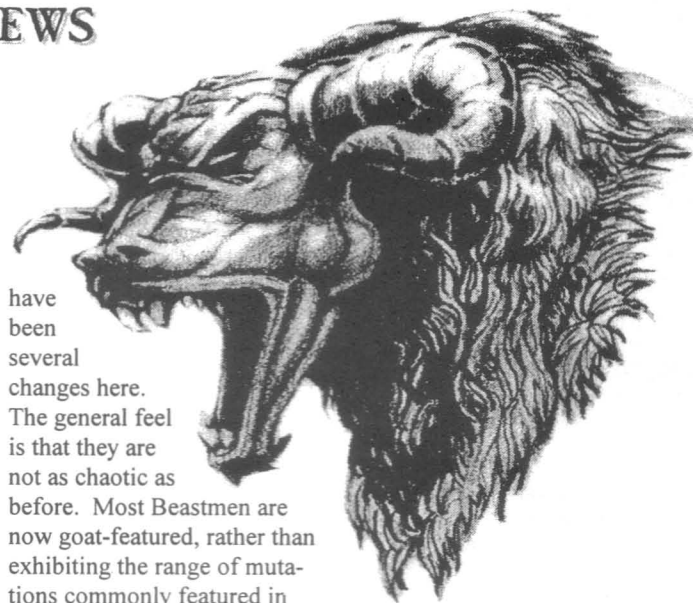
One of the biggest surprises to come out of Games Day '97 was the new edition of Realm of Chaos (Written by Tuomas Pirinen and Rick Priestley). Initial comparisons between the new book and its predecessors reveal that the material in the old two volume RoC (*Slaves to Darkness* and *The Lost & the Damned*) is quite clearly of a much greater depth than that in the new book. Well, it would be, given that 580 pages of information, spread over two books, has been condensed to just 128. As you would expect, the book's main aim is to act as an army list for the forces of Chaos (which have been subdivided into Chaos Warriors, Beastmen and Daemons), but this does not mean that it is light on "fluff" (as members of the WFB mailing list call the background). In fact, there is quite a bit more background material than the average WFB army book - 31 pages, in fact. There is also a smattering of evocative stories and assorted colour text throughout the book, and whilst they are not as dark and chaotic as those in the original RoC, they do manage to convey the atmosphere fairly well. The rules themselves are very heavily stripped down, but since the original RoC was meant as a separate game as well as a WFB army, this is understandable. For better or for worse, you shouldn't expect even a fraction of the numerous mutations & Chaos gifts that were in the old books.

Looking at the background section in more detail, there are several differences between the new book and the old. Of the descriptions of the four Chaos gods, most of these are with Khorne and Slaanesh; Nurgle and Tzeentch remain basically the same. Khorne is no longer portrayed as a bloodthirsty god whose only want is the blood of others, but instead as a god of martial pride and honour. This diminishes the background a lot, and is in itself a rather strange thought. Khorne derives his power from the war that continues across the Warhammer world and beyond, yet even the naive could not say that all warriors look to martial skills and honour. Take the Goblinoids, for example, whose constant battles have little to with honour.

Slaanesh is a different story. It can easily be understood why GW would want to lessen the rather graphic imagery in the older books (remember that *Slaves to Darkness* bore the warning, "Suggested for mature readers"). I do not blame them for this, although it is rather interesting that large amounts of blood and violence are considered acceptable. The timeline is little more than a list of battles. I haven't noticed any glaring clashes, but it is uninspired stuff when compared to other WFB timelines. It is certainly of little use for WFRP.

The images of Daemons have also changed somewhat. Bloodletters are perhaps the best example of this. Instead of being twisted, leering nightmares they are now large muscular brutes who are not really scary at all. The Slaaneshi Daemons have also been toned down (a scrap of cloth here and there, for example). One thing that may surprise people is that the power of Daemons has been scaled down. Hellblades are a shade of what they used to be, and Bloodthirsters no longer come with Chaos armour as standard. This can only be a boost to those who agree with Tim Eccles comments [That Chaos was destroying the balance of the game world - Ed.] in issue 3 (*Fighting Chaos - why bother?*).

The greatest changes, though, are with the Beastmen and Chaos warriors. Whilst a lot of the background has been retained (copied verbatim - which is not necessarily a bad thing), there



have been several changes here. The general feel is that they are not as chaotic as before. Most Beastmen are now goat-headed, rather than exhibiting the range of mutations commonly featured in WFRP. If Beastmen truly are the 'Children of Chaos', they should show much more variety (in looks if not in stats). Again details have been lost due to space restrictions. One thing that I did find laughable was the notion that Beastmen may actually outnumber the other races of the Old world. Should this be the case, the Empire would have fallen long ago.

One area that could be seen as an improvement is in the explanation of the Chaos Warriors. In his designer's notes, Tuomas Pirinen says, "The background of the Chaos Warriors has always been unclear. Where did these renegades come from?" He continues by surmising that not all the Chaos Warriors could have come from the Old world. To this end are introduced the Marauders, who are essentially northern barbarians who worship the Chaos gods in their own savage way. The idea appeals to me, as it conjures up images of 'Conan the Barbarian' style tribes in the far north. It also raises the question of whether the worship of Chaos always leads to damnation. In the manner that these Marauders worship, Chaos is broken down into different aspects attributable to different gods, something which might make for some interesting WFRP scenarios. How would Old Worlders treat those who worship a form of what they fear most? Don't all gods have aspects that the Chaos gods can feed off?

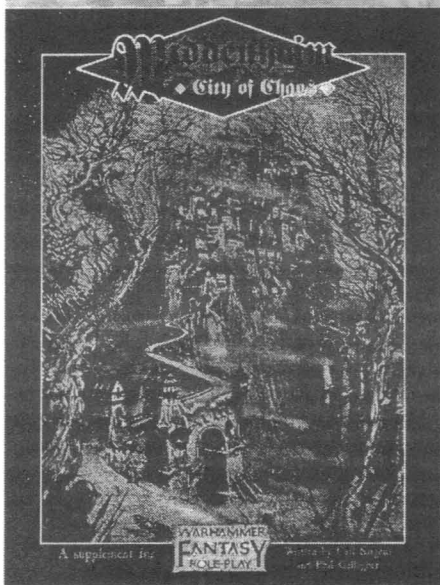
As a WFRP sourcebook, I cannot recommend this release unless you are hopelessly rich. It may give you ideas for the violent relentlessness of Chaos, but as a WFB book it will not help too much for those who prefer conspiracy scenarios. Some of the background material is interesting, but if you have the original books then there isn't enough to justify spending £17 on.

Overall, I liked this book, and it grew on me over a week or so. [Surely a sign of the power of Chaos - Ed.] The original books are definitely superior, but there are ideas here that could interest WFB fans. The artwork is, unfortunately, all new, and the same-y styles lacks the 'twisted spikiness' and style of the old material. More variation needs to be reintroduced, as the in-house art is becoming very staid and boring.

Tuomas has done a good job given the necessities of working for a WFB market, and even manages to mention "The Enemy Within", including the Purple Hand! Perhaps not the best purchase for a WFRP player, but worth a look, especially now that the original books are so hard to get hold of. Also, look out for the supplement to this book, *Champions of Chaos*. It will have more stories and background, as well as a pile of over-powered special characters that couldn't be squeezed into the book. If this is the future of WFB, there may still be hope.

Middenheim: City of Chaos

Published by Hogshead Publishing
Reviewed by John Foody



Middenheim: City of Chaos is the latest re-release from Hogshead Publishing. Originally published as *Warhammer City* (with the tag-line 'A complete Guide to Middenheim, City of the White Wolf'), it is a companion piece to the scenario *Power Behind the Throne*, which forms Volume Four of the *Enemy Within* Campaign. Indeed, Middenheim: City of Chaos grew from the notes of Carl Sargeant, writer of

Power Behind the Throne, only being developed into a fully-fledged book in its own right when the designers saw the city's potential.

The cover has been redesigned slightly, with Ian Miller's fantastic art given a more prominent position. As with *Death on the Reik*, this sets the atmosphere perfectly. The mood is continued by the new page introducing the book, designed in the style of a renaissance book cover. Inside, the art is variable. For the most part, the buildings are poor and the maps are average. Much of the rest is good, however, continuing the cover's example of setting the right tone. The fold-out colour map of the city is clear and useful, if not anything special. It would have been nice to have a detailed map, similar to the one supplied with *Death on the Reik*, that covered the area around Middenheim. Perhaps next time...

Middenheim remains my players' favourite city and it is not difficult to see why. The simple defining image of the city is very strong, both in character and appearance. Dedicated to Ulric, this stronghold stands high above the forest on a flat topped mountain (Fauschlag), both spiritually and physically. Space is at a premium, but the city is divided into clear districts, distinguished by class. It is a cosmopolitan and somewhat liberal city, being home to large populations of Elves, Dwarves and Wizards. Of course, not everything is as it appears.

The source book begins by detailing the history and general background of the city and this is put across nicely. Almost from the first page, relationships between various individuals and groups are set up. This aspect is present throughout the text, and helps make the city come alive. Another aspect noticeable from the outset is how much advice is given to GMs on how to run city-bound adventures. This is solid and well written, and got me wondering how much was written to help ease GMs away from 'dungeon style' adventures. Remember, at the time of its original release, AD&D held sway over the gaming industry.

Each chapter covers an aspect of city life from religion to law, from defence to common pastimes, and so on. These give background and advice on how characters can interact with the relevant NPCs. 'Religion and Worship' details the inter-cult politics in the city, what services they perform and how characters can go about becoming initiates. The number and level of clerics within each temple is very well balanced.

The Chapter on law and order details each of the different kinds of court (Religious, Military & Criminal), and a system for putting characters through court. This is a little over-dependent in number crunching, but that can be forgiven; at least this reflects the somewhat arbitrary and biased nature of the legal system! Of course it wouldn't be difficult for GMs to incorporate more role-playing elements into this process if so desired. The chapter on Chaos cults within the city is informative without being too detailed, allowing the Games Master plenty of room to manoeuvre.

The largest chapter in the book is a gazetteer to the city, divided into districts. An overview is given of each district and they give a nice idea of each one's atmosphere. A selection of the key buildings in the district are then detailed. In total, the chapter covers fifty or so landmarks in the city, including typical inns and taverns. These buildings, such as the various Temples and Guild Houses, are all places where PCs are likely to spend a lot of time while digging around for clues. However, each location is only covered briefly, with one line descriptions of NPCs at most.

Also described in some detail are a number of 'generic' buildings, such as an armourer, herbalist, printer and jeweller, among others. These are interesting, very briefly noting each industries' methods and covering the relevant NPCs in enough detail to make them interesting and usable at short notice.

The undercity of Middenheim is a collection of tunnels originally used to gain entrance to the city. Dwarves mined them out and were responsible for blocking them up again. However, there are mysteries and danger in them still. This network is only barely detailed, although the book encourages GMs to flesh them out.

With the city covered, what is there to do? A number of prominent personalities are detailed but the PCs are unlikely to meet them (until *Power Behind the Throne* anyway). More useful are descriptions of possible encounters with individuals such as beggars, agitators or footpads. Each district includes an encounter table for use with these descriptions. Random Encounters, although not to everyone's taste, certainly make more sense in a city than a dungeon.

A number of encounters are fleshed out in more detail, but sadly these are relatively uninspired. The short adventure contained within is also poor. After all the talk about how to stage city adventures, it goes and ignores most of its own advice. This is a shame, but is perhaps forgivable when you consider the book was intended as a companion to *Power Behind the Throne* - a full length city adventure. However, I have never found a use for these short cameos in my own campaign.

The book is written in a very economical fashion: lots of information given over quickly and succinctly. However, I do feel it is flawed in a number of areas. The use of magic is trivialised to some degree, and more detail and a few extra locations could have been added to flesh out the city. Example NPCs are in particularly short supply. For a source book it is quite short; GMs will have to spend some time fleshing out these bones. Also, it could really have done with a strong city-based adventure, separate from *Power Behind the Throne*.

Bearing in mind these negative aspects, I really like this book. The Warhammer atmosphere is very strong, it's full of appalling puns, and rereading it again has given me a host of ideas for encounters and plots. It succeeds in making the city a distinctive and interesting location, while at the same time serving as a useful template for other cities in the Empire. If you already own this book there is no need to buy this re-release. Strictly speaking, you aren't obliged to own this book in order to run *Power Behind the Throne*. That said, however, I do recommend this as an essential purchase in its own right.

Hogshead News

Marienburg is now tentatively scheduled for a late autumn release, not at Gencon as originally hoped, while Hogshead are trying to get *Doomstones 3* out for the winter. Next in line is the reissue of *Something Rotten in Kislev* in the spring, followed by *Realms of Sorcery* with a provisional release date of summer 1999. What follows after that depends on which authors deliver their manuscripts first, but on the cards are the Skaven, Elven and Dwarfen sourcebooks, and *Apocrypha 2: Chart of Darkness*, which is being edited by Graeme Davis.

The stories about *Empire in Flames* are true: Hogshead's director James Wallis is re-plotting and rewriting it, and the new edition will be released under the title of *Empire in Chaos*. The remixed version will incorporate large chunks of the original Carl Sargent scenario, but is designed to tie up loose ends from the other parts of the campaign, and to provide the series with an even more epic climax.

There'll be a new issue of Hogwash, Hogshead's free fanzine/catalogue, available shortly. This is still free: send your postal address to Hogshead for a copy. Hogshead is also about to release a poster-sized print of the Old World map from the GM Screen. This is intended as a promotional item for retailers, but copies will be available by mail-order from Hogshead, or from their booth at conventions.

Finally, from 6th July Hogshead will have a new address: 18-20 Bromell's Road, London SW4 0BG. The email address will stay the same, and mail sent to the old address will still be delivered.

Baron Munchausen

Hogshead is also about to release their first non-WFRP RPG. This is *The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen* and will retail for around £5. This has the distinction of being written by the Baron himself, with a little help from James Wallis. As well as some interesting game mechanics (real drinking and duelling!),



Hogshead claim it can be played within five minutes of being bought, has winners and doesn't require a GM. And the idea of the game? "Players

set out to have the most bizarre adventure possible, while trying to put hurdles in the way of their fellows. It's a game of competitive lying." It looks very good. The game is due for release in August, and Hogshead will be running demonstrations at Gencon and Euro-Gencon.

Gencon

Hogshead are also going to have a stall at both Gencon and Euro-Gencon. They will be selling copies of Warpstone at both these events. The entire Warpstone staff will be helping out at Euro-Gencon, so feel free to come and say hello! We look forward to putting faces to names.

The Pamphlet

Included in the centre pages of this issue is the pamphlet, "A gentlemen's guide to Marienburg". This was penned by an Imperial Merchant with a decidedly low opinion of the town. Unsurprisingly, the guilds of Marienburg weren't happy with his work and had it destroyed. Some copies remain, however, and are much prized by discerning Imperial nobles visiting the region.

The pamphlet is designed as an introduction to the city, especially for the benefit of players. They should be reminded, though, that the author was biased and the information it contains is a few years old. To use, simply remove the centre pages and fold them, and voila! An instant player handout. Warpstone grants permission for you to photocopy pages 23 to 27 for your own personal use.

Submissions

Our guidelines have changed slightly (see below). If you've ever wanted to write a WFRP article now's the time to do so. Honestly!

Carnel

An RPG (with a few other bits) fanzine, that regularly includes pieces of WFRP. The latest issue (#11) features a twenty-page scenario (from Gaelcon '95) set in Nippon. The articles are mostly 'comment' pieces or reviews, and are well written and enjoyable. Carnel can be purchased from Robert Rees for a cost of £1. Robert is currently in the middle of moving but writing to him via Copley, The Close, Spittal, Pembrokeshire, SA62 5QH will get to him, but the response may be delayed. Alternately, check his current address by e-mailing him on robert.rees@cbsis.com

Valkyrie

The latest issue of this substantial magazine is out now. Issue fifteen contains the usual mix of scenarios, articles, reviews and news. This time, all of the scenarios are either present day or futuristic, but there is still plenty to read even if you're not grabbed by these. It also includes an article from James Wallis, head-honcho of Hogshead Publishing. Valkyrie is a magazine that is constantly improving, and this issue is nicely balanced. Valkyrie can be found in all good games shops for £3.00

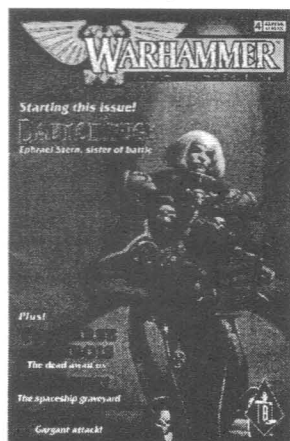
Odyssey

Valkyrie's bi-monthly sister magazine has now reached issue four. It covers both science fiction and fantasy, mainly through short fiction, but also includes interviews, reviews and opinion articles. The ratio of fiction to non-fiction is well judged.

Stories are of a high standard, although more is sci-fi than fantasy. The latest reincarnation of David Langford's, ever entertaining Critical Mass column can be found inside, while Marcus L. Rowland contributes a role playing games column. Other articles discuss the art of writing. Odyssey is steadily improving, and I recommend you give it a go. (£3 from game/book shops).

Other Magazines

Issue four of *Warhammer Monthly*, Games Workshops comic book, can be found in all local newsagents now. Issue three contained five stories spread over 30 odd pages, three set in the Warhammer world, the other in 40K. By far the best story is 'Grunghelm's Grudge', co-scripted by Pat Mills of Slaine fame. Each story is an excuse for a fight, and a couple of the stories attempts at mythic status don't work. I wouldn't recommend this to WFRP players at all. Issue four follows the same pattern but overall is poorer, except for the superbly drawn *Daemonifuge*.



Games Gazette No 102 continues this magazine's tradition of covering the latest gaming releases and news. Although it contains a lot of computer reviews, the pieces are always entertaining, even if you don't agree with the editor's opinion. GG consists of fifty photocopied pages and costs £1.25 from good games shops.

Although not games related, *Zene* is an interesting read (and they did a very nice review of WS). Each issue, it reviews a host of independent press magazines in a fair and critical manner. *Zene* is really a guide for writers, identifying publications to approach with articles, but I would also recommend it if you want an overview of the range of stuff out there to be read. Subscriptions are £8 from TTA press, 5 Martins Lane, Witcham Ely, Cambs, CB6 2LB. Also available from TTA Press is *The Third Alternative*, containing a wide range of stories and articles. Issue 16 contains a new novella from the ever-excellent Christopher Priest. The Third Alternative costs £3 an issue, or £11 for a four issue subscription. A dual subscription for both TTA magazines cost £22 UK, £27 Europe, £32 RoW & \$44 USA/Canada.

Warpstone: The Next Issue

Boldly going where not too many have gone before, the next issue will contain an interview with Phil Gallagher, articles on Troll Slayers, a guide to common beliefs in the Warhammer World and a complete scenario. Not only that, but we will also be printing the winning cameos from our Death on the Reik competition.

GET A LIFE!

by John Keane

"So lad, tell us your story" urged the old and seasoned adventurer. "Well sire, I grew up on my father's farm. My poor mother had sacrificed her life to bring me into the world. My father never really forgave me for that, not even on his deathbed. He died at the hands of a roving band of Beastmen. If only I hadn't been hunting that day, maybe I could've..."

"Could've what, been killed as well? You were lucky lad, the gods were on your side. Never turn your nose up at good luck" explained Janus. "So, I left what remained of the smouldering farm and set out to find my fortune, with nothing but a sword and a small sack of food. Three years ago that was. I've grown up a lot since then, I've had to. No family, no friends, no strings attached. So what do you say?" The motley band of adventurers nodded in agreement, one by one. "You're in lad, welcome to the Party!"

Someone once said that life is what happens when you're busy making other plans. This is a concept I believe is often lost in the creation of Player Characters. It's so much easier to say "My whole family died in a Beastman raid!" than to have a living and thriving family somewhere just waiting to cause you grief. There is danger that PCs can be very much one-dimensional. This applies to most areas of a character, from friends and family, to enemies, and even morals. This is not to say that we, as potential PCs, don't give any thought to these areas. Sometimes it is so much easier to ignore or gloss over them; especially when you generate a character to quickly slot into an ongoing campaign. A little time spent in fleshing out a character can go along way towards making them more interesting, and more importantly, fun to play. Of course you can build the details of your character as you campaign but it is good to have a solid base to work from. The following ideas are intended to help you on the way towards creating a more fully rounded character.

FAMILY

A prime and often under used resource is the family. If your entire family is dead you can go through life with no worries, hell! you might as well just stay and work the farm if that's what you want. Role-playing a farmer, whose biggest hurdle in life is whether Bessie the cow produces milk, does not make for enjoyable gaming.

Many players believe that relatives can only be a hindrance, with the GM using them as a stranglehold over a player to make them do things they normally would not do. Well, they're right! Helping to carry out the evil machinations of a necromancer, in order to save your family, can prove a great source of role-playing and can help to blur the ever-changing definitions of right and wrong. A family will allow the GM to have something to use against you, but the consequences of having a family should not always be negative. When necromantic antics abound, imagine how useful it is to have uncle Leopold as a prominent cleric of Morr, or having cousin Helmut the Physician nearby when you're in need of surgery. How comforting it is to know that you always have somewhere to go where people will look after and care for you without the need to pay them.

What about a spouse? Most people marry young, especially in rural areas. This of course leads to another complication. Do you have children and if so how many? With little birth control available your family is likely to be large. A desirable option with such high infant mortality. Having dependants can put a completely new slant on your characters' priorities and

goals. Why have you left your family behind? Do you still intend to support them and how will they survive whilst you're away? This may well lead to further complications down the line with your bitter children blaming you for their impoverished upbringing.

You don't need to spend hours creating a family tree or writing biographies for each of your relatives. A simple list of your immediate family will do. Name them all and note down each of their professions and where they live. Make a special note of any family members who might be of more use or importance than the average farmer, and include any other more distant relatives who may be useful or interesting. Remember of course, that although cousin Otto went to Carroburg to become an Artisan's apprentice, it doesn't mean he did!

The final thing to consider here, is that it doesn't have to end with death. Why throw away a perfectly good family just because your PC has died. With the GM's agreement you could play any one of the host of characters you have weaved into your late PC's family. With a bit of thought and imagination the Old World will begin to seem that much more real.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

Before you start to role-play your new PC they will have lived real lives. Along the way they will have made friends and even enemies. It is unlikely that your character will have wandered through their formative years not talking or interacting with anyone. Again you could say that they had all died after you befriended them, but even in the dangerous world of Warhammer, this is unlikely (or even suspicious).

If you have created a friend or enemy, and the GM knows about it, they could turn up at the most opportune or inopportune time to help or hinder you in completing your task. This will be much more interesting than if the GM just informs you that you have one! You don't have to be in constant communication with all those who have crossed your path. You may well have lost touch with them, but as long as they exist the GM and player will always have them available as an additional tool.

Note down how you became friends or enemies. This can be as little as "adventured together until Karl lost his right leg" or as long as you are inspired to write for. Try not to make it so long that the GM won't read it! Also, make it clear whether it is a friend or an enemy. The above note about Karl could mean that Karl blames you for the loss of his leg!

Most importantly on creating friends, family and enemies discuss them with your GM so that both of you are happy with them.

GEOGRAPHY

Where you grew up helps define your character more than just an accent or hair colour. The type of attitude you have to life is likely to be different if you come from a coastal village in Tilea, compared to an urban upbringing in Middenheim. Even people from different parts of the same country are going to be different. Using your career as a guide, think about where exactly you were raised.

Villages, towns and cities will nearly always have a rival community. This rivalry may be innocent and friendly but on the other hand it may be verging on warfare, especially if the Nobility are involved. Once you have moved away from your home this rivalry will not disappear. Whether you give a damn about your home may not make any difference. What if war breaks out

whilst you're away? Do you go and defend your home? The reasons for the rivalry may be anything from border disputes to cultural or religious differences. These disputes would inform your attitudes.

GOALS

Everyone has aspirations, dreams and ambitions, and they're not usually static. The more you achieve, experience, and see, the more your goals will change. After all, you became an adventurer for a reason. As a farmer leaving the family home looking for adventure your goal may be to one day return to the farm a rich man. But as you adventure your goals may change perhaps to dedicating your life to the will of your favoured Deity. Finally, the wholesale slaughter of your family and friends may send you off on a crusade for vengeance.

A character is unlikely to have only one goal (e.g. to get rich), unless it is all consuming, such as revenge. Marriage, children, wealth, power, happiness, self-fulfilment and a glorious death are all valid goals albeit a bit vague. Elaborate on some of these or create some more tangible goals. Aspiring to a position in life, i.e. Captain of the White Wolf, or towards an ideal such as a Rich Merchant will give you a more visual goalpost with which to measure your achievements.

Goals will affect the way you approach life and adventuring, as two characters with different goals in the same situation will probably act completely differently. In a fight against impossible odds a Troll-Slayer is likely to stay and fight, satisfying their goal of atonement with a glorious death. A Halfling with a strong sense of self preservation would probably turn tail and run, thanking Esmerelda for the raving mad Troll-Slayer covering their retreat.

When choosing goals for your character you should bear in mind that their initial goals in life are likely to be less grand than those they have after three years of the adventuring high life (unless you begin life as a noble).

Additionally, it is important that you know why you have chosen the adventuring life. Are you aspiring to the giddy heights of nobility, have you become so bored with life at sea that you'd risk life and limb to relieve the boredom, have you become entangled in a web of intrigue and mystery which fuels your convictions of right and wrong, or are you atoning for some real or imagined misdeed or dishonour? The real enjoyment is deciding what motivates you. It is up to you to find your character's motivation and make them real. Try not to make it wholly monetary, after all, it is what you want to do with the money that is important.

MORALS

Arguably the most important feature of your character is their morality. What one person allows within their moral strictures will be seen as immoral by another. If you intend to play a character consistently, especially if they are significantly different from you, it is essential to know what they will and will not do.

Possibly the most important of all the moral guidelines is that of personal safety. Although you may class this as a goal, it is important to realise that it will fundamentally affect your moral decisions. If you hold your personal safety as a high priority but are in a position where it will compromise a moral decision then you must be clear which will hold strongest. Included in this will be your character's level of greed. Do you have an avaricious nature, or do you believe that money is the root of all evil? What are you prepared to do to satisfy this greed?

Would you commit what you consider an evil act to save yourself? Perhaps, throwing a baby to a hungry Jabberwock

whilst you make a hasty retreat or murdering someone in cold blood? What about torturing a suspected cultist to discover the truth (or some twisted version of it)? And what do you consider to be a Good act? Sparing someone's life by endangering your own, killing a mutant quickly to end their suffering(!), or agreeing to save a village from a mutant cow, that produces yellow milk, for legal rights to the ownership and servitude of its inhabitants and land? Many WFRP groups have disregarded alignment but there is a danger of all characters just becoming self-preservationist neutrals. Characters whose every decision is completely mercenary are in danger of becoming boring.

Depending on your religious persuasion you may believe that it a sin to take a life. Just because you follow Shallya or Ranald does not mean that you cannot be an adventurer. The use of Strike to Stun, and Disarm type combat options could help you attain a balance in both. On the other hand, you may agree with the philosophy of Lestat in Anne Rice's Interview with a Vampire "God kills indiscriminately, and so shall we!". A disregard for the sanctity of life may be your way, but may also prove hazardous to your freedom, your sanity and your life. This type of personality trait points towards the worship of Khaine or Khorne, and is likely to gain their attention.

Even if you have disregarded alignment your actions can still be described in the terms of Good or Evil, and Law or Chaos. Your motivations may not be clear cut but the actions will generally be seen as such. Of course, even for those who choose to follow a certain Good or Lawful path, questions that impinge on these beliefs will constantly arise. Would you kill a baby if you believed it would become a Chaos Sorcerer? Your loyalty family, friends, countrymen, guild, fellow adventurers are all likely to have an impact on your actions. It is important to know what general order they come in. If an enemy threatens your family, to try and persuade you to betray your friends, which loyalty is stronger - family or comrades?

Remember, just because you are a Player Character does not mean you have to be good, pure and sickly sweet. The beauty of Warhammer is that people like that don't exist, or at least they tend not to for very long. Playing a character with different moral guidelines than others in your party can cause inter-party conflict, but in my experience this only heightens the enjoyment! (Of course you must be careful not to ruin anyone else's fun) If, for instance, you fully believe that you should not break (or bend) the law, then why would you do it. Breaking into a suspected villain's house to find evidence of their guilt is going against your moral code. If you do so, you have ignored your moral make-up and you will need to reassess your morality. Perhaps you were just weak and easily influenced. Just the right type for certain illegal organisations!

CONCLUSION

Fleshing out your character with even a basic background and personality will make for a much more rounded and realistic persona. We as individuals are the sum of all our parts, so if you don't know what your characters' parts are how can you be consistent. Much of what I have discussed should be noted down for your character so that it will not be forgotten. The most important list is probably your moral code. If you have no moral code you can do whatever you want, but it makes you no better than the beasts of the forest. Don't forget that morals, ambitions and personality can and should change throughout your character's life.

Always remember that the most important aspect to role-playing is enjoyment. If you're not going to enjoy playing a certain type of character, then don't do it. You'll just make life miserable for all involved.

THE WARPSTONE INTERVIEW: ANTHONY RAGAN

Questions by John Foody

Anthony Ragan is the author of *Marienburg: Sold Down The River*. He has long been associated with Marienburg, having penned the original articles in *White Dwarf* which appeared around 1989/90. This interview was conducted by email in two parts.

Could you give us a brief biography?

I was born in 1958 in San Bernardino, California, and lived there till I was eleven, when we moved to Sacramento. It was while attending a Jesuit high school there that I developed my love of History. This lead me to UCLA, whence I graduated in 1981 with a degree in History – in fact, my honors thesis was on the role of Astrology in Renaissance medicine, a rather WFRP-ish topic. I've lived in Los Angeles ever since, working at UCLA and doing freelance writing.

Are you a regular WFRP player?

I wish. I'm more of a regular GM. I'm very picky about how a game is run, so I usually have to run it myself if I want it "done right." I also think GMing is more fun than playing, since I get to know everything that's going on and it lets me put my own stamp on the whole world. (It seems my God-complex is really showing through...)

Did your gaming group influence the development of Marienburg?

I haven't run a game since before I began working on the manuscript, so the short answer would be "no." Now that I have some free time, though, I hope to get a group together and actually play in the city I made!

What attracted you to WFRP?

Lots of things. The late High Gothic/early Renaissance setting struck a resonant chord in me, as you could guess from my educational background. The artwork was compelling, reminding me of Breughel, Archimboldo, and Dürer, among others – John Blanche adapted their styles to the WFRP world wonderfully. The mechanics are simple yet functional. Character professions were a great idea – not as restrictive as AD&D classes, but more colorful than the purely skill-based systems of the time. And fate points were brilliant – they allow the game to be low fantasy and deadly while still giving the PCs a chance. And it has snotlings.

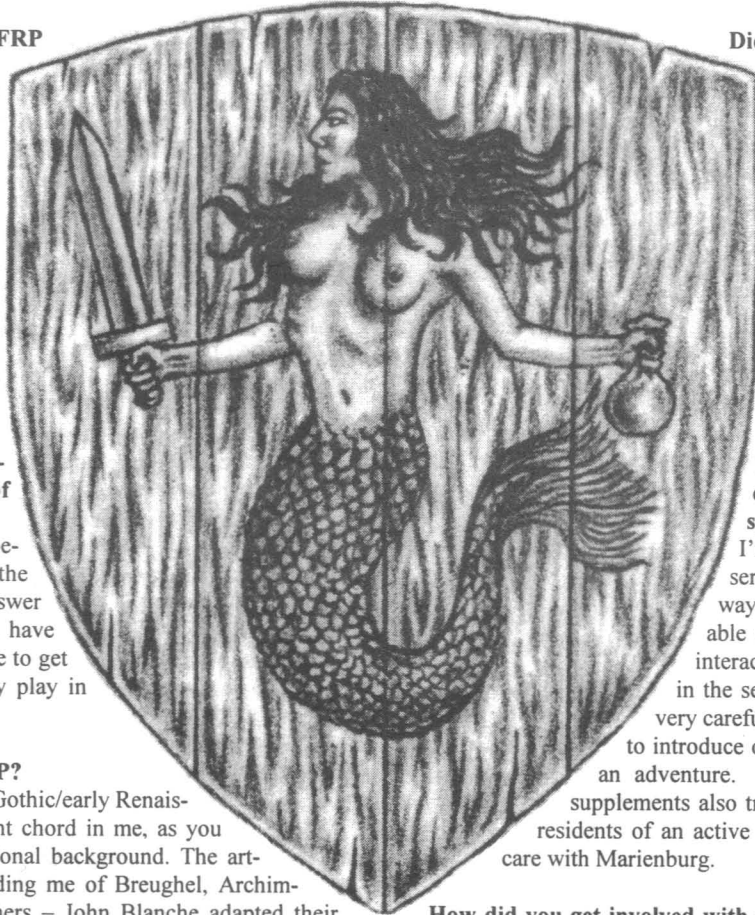
But the main thing that grabbed me and screamed "BUY THIS BOOK!" was the Old World setting itself. It actually seemed to hold some challenges for PCs without requiring opponents to be demigods dripping with magical gewgaws. Moreover, I love horror, and often try to add a horror flavour to my games – my then-current AD&D campaign was rapidly becoming a fantasy-horror game when WFRP hit the stands. That this element was built-in to WFRP made the game that much more attractive. Along with the snotlings, of course.

In short, WFRP gave me a chance to express my ideas of how a fantasy game should be run more easily than any of the standard systems of the time. It was as if the game had been written specifi-

cally for me. Oh, and did I mention the snotlings?

When developing Marienburg, how much historical research did you do?

Actually, not much. I was well-schooled in the corresponding period of European History and mostly relied on my sense of what felt "right." I was also more interested in giving players and GMs a fun place to play – a slavish adherence to being "in period" doesn't work with WFRP, as it often sacrifices fun for historical verisimilitude. Thus, the city has a well-developed police force; the "Black Caps." While such a force really didn't come along till Bobby Peel in 19th century London. But dealing with an organized Watch often presents players with fun challenges. Well, GMs think they're fun...



Did you use Warhammer City: City of the White Wolf as a template for Marienburg?

No, but it did serve as a handy reminder for me of how a city in the Old World should "feel." There's a certain texture to Middenheim that makes it easier to believe (for me, at least) that people could really live there. I wanted to make sure that readers of *Marienburg* came away with the same feeling.

Did any city sourcebooks from other game systems provide inspiration?

I'm a big fan of the "Citybook" series from Flying Buffalo. The way their authors can create believable characters that have meaningful interactions across even different books in the series is marvellous. And they're very careful to provide hooks a GM can use to introduce one of the "City's" residents into an adventure. Chaosium's "Thieves' World" supplements also treated NPCs as living, breathing residents of an active city. I tried to show that same care with *Marienburg*.

How did you get involved with writing Marienburg for White Dwarf?

It's all Ken Rolston's fault. I played in one of his games at GenCon in the late 80's, a playtest for *Something Rotten in Kislev*. I mentioned that I'd love to write for WFRP and he suggested that I try an article on *Marienburg* – GW was looking to develop the port city. A few months later, I sent him a draft. He liked it, forwarded it to GW, and they liked it, too. That was my first professional sale.

How much has changed in your own view of Marienburg since the first articles were published in White Dwarf?

That's a very good question. Little, if anything, of the basic concept has changed – *Marienburg* is a wealthy and important trade city, a very loose version of late medieval Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Venice. But writing a book is very different from writing a series of articles. I had to think long and hard about *Marienburg's* place in the Old World – what its relationships are with other countries, especially the Empire; what its goals are, and how its own history has affected its present state. If anything, my view has changed to the

extent that I realize just how important Marienburg is to the Old World – and just how catastrophic it would be if Chaos were to bring it crashing down.

How much input did you have from the other GW designers, both in the WD articles and, eventually, the sourcebook?

A lot. Graeme Davis, Mike Brunton, and quite probably others whom I don't know, added quite a bit to the original articles – Potion Square came wholly from the writers at Flame, I think. And I had access to the archives of unpublished material when working on the book. So, while I didn't consult directly with the GW designers, I was certainly influenced by their work – it was too good to leave buried.

Did GW or Hogshead place any limitations to your view of the city?

No one's ever come to me and said, "This is how Marienburg must be!" GW and Hogshead were very accommodating to my vision of the city while I was writing. We'll see what happens during the editing process – so far, though, my experience has been thoroughly positive.

Marienburg is the first WFRP supplement to include Saints. Why Saints instead of minor gods?

There's room for both in the Old World, actually. It seemed natural to use saints, given the atmosphere of the rest of the game – many of the Old World cults have the look and feel of the 15th century Catholic Church. I can easily see people praying to saints to get them to intercede with a distant and powerful god. A saint represents a particularly devout individual who has essentially become a cult hero, a divine servitor. I thought it had a good fit with the rest of the setting.

Minor gods have their place, too. Some are independent entities that govern a particular region or physical feature, while others were originally the patron deities of minor tribes that evolved into the patron deities of small towns and villages – Bögenauer in Bögenhafen, for example. Others might be powerful individuals who ascended to godhood because they filled a role no other deity covered – Sigmar and Ranald come to mind.

I'll grant it makes for some confusion, but I like the depth a complex religious background brings to the game.

Did the new Bretonnian background cause you to change anything?

Some. I certainly had to bear it in mind. To say that the new Bretonnian background caused a bit of controversy would be the understatement of the year. I believe I had to take into account the names of some of the kings from that book, but, by and large, I went by the description of Bretonnia presented in the WFRP rulebook.

What do you think of the new Bretonnian background?

Oooh, put me on the spot! By itself, as a setting for High Medieval fantasy battles, I think it's just fine. A good piece of work. But I don't think it fits well with the Old World setting – it completely contradicts the background given in the WFRP rulebook, for example. And that setting, a darker version of pre-Revolutionary France, is much more interesting from a roleplaying viewpoint.

That said, when the subject came up on the WFRP mailing list, the membership there devised a very creative compromise that enabled a GM to make good use of the Bretonnia book. The key is to view the book as a piece of aristocratic propaganda – the rose-colored spectacles through which the nobles and churchmen like to see themselves. The truth about life in Bretonnia is what's written in the WFRP "World Guide." The pleasant face hides a rotten heart – very fitting for Warhammer.

Now Marienburg is finished, is there anything else that should have been included?

"Should have been?" No. There's a lot that I would like to have

included – details of the city's financial activities, the plots and schemes of the Ten, the foreign ghettos, details about the regions of the Wasteland outside of the city – tons of stuff. But that would make for a huge and expensive book. Maybe this is the kind of material I can present via magazine articles.

You are an active member of the WFRP e-mail list. How much help does this give in writing for the game?

Quite a bit. I've been a member of the list for about five years. In that time, I've met some people who are very knowledgeable about WFRP, and we've had some good discussions – mostly about the setting, which is my primary interest. (I'll confess to being put-off by yet another new career.) Often, these discussions have continued off the list, mostly to spare the list members our delvings into the minutiae of Imperial History.

Should WFRP be allowed to go it's own way instead of being tied to GW's WFB5 world?

You're determined to not let me off the hot seat, are you? Honest answer? Yes, I think so. I'm very sympathetic to GW's efforts to make WFB a popular game and I admire their success. But I think the needs of roleplayers and wargamers are very different: wargamers just need an excuse to stage the battle, while roleplayers need a much more developed world in which to create believable stories. For roleplaying, I much prefer the WFRP version of the Old World with its rich background and grey morality.

How that would fit in with GW's business plan, though, I can't say.

What is the best part of WFRP?

The Old World setting, hands down.

What is the worst part of WFRP?

It's a tie. The graininess of the advance schemes. Players can max-out their characters far too quickly in a campaign, unless the GM is stingy with the experience points. Also, the orthodox magic system is boring. Thankfully, the forthcoming Realms of Sorcery will fix that.

What is the best WFRP scenario? And why?

It was a close call between *Shadows Over Bögenhafen* and *Something Rotten in Kislev*. At the end, I would pick SOB. Graeme Davis did a marvelous job with that one. It's the only murder mystery that I've ever seen work in a fantasy setting – magic doesn't blow the mystery. And, like a good *Call of Cthulhu* adventure, it can scare the pants off the players. I would say the best short scenario is "Grapes of Wrath," by Carl Sargent. Tightly constructed and very moody, it's a great one night adventure.

What is the worst WFRP scenario? And why?

Easy. *The Restless Dead*. The adventures are connected only by the weakest of transitions, and the final episode violates the rule that fate points always save a PC. There are some good individual moments, but, as a whole, it doesn't hold up.

What's next for you? Any more WFRP projects?

I hope so. ☺

Your readers may know that I oversee a WFRP adventure-writing contest for Hogshead. Eventually, there will be an anthology that presents the winning scenarios from the contests, plus some that have been specially commissioned. The working title is, "Tales from the Laughing Moon," in homage to my favorite collection of Arthur C. Clarke stories. There are a couple of other projects in the works, but it would be premature of me to speak of them right now.

Many thanks to Anthony for his time. Marienburg: Sold Down the River is due for release by Hogshead later this year. His article on the Templars of Manann can be found on page 19. Sadly, the adventure-writing contest is now closed for this year.



WHALING IN MARIENBURG



by John Foody

The leviathan rolled majestically in the stormy waters and disappeared from sight, its tail crashing the water in solemn victory. Seconds later the surface was broken by the small boat crashing to the surface, its crew and oars gone. Alfred slowly and painfully swam over to this blessed life-saver. Clinging to the boat he thanked Manann for his deliverance. In the distance the whale rose again, and he saluted one greater than himself.

Introduction

Along the coast of The Old World and beyond to Araby and the New World, there are those that make their living from whaling. These huge creatures are hunted for their oil, spermaceti and bone, which are used to make numerous products. The commercial industry surrounding them is growing slowly and, although currently small, is very profitable. This article looks at the whaling community in Marienburg, suggesting how it can be incorporated into a campaign, but also details whaling's place in the wider world.

Many ports and communities partake in small-scale whaling, but commercial whaling is centred around the ports of Marienburg, Bilbali and numerous towns in Araby. L'Anguille was a real force until recently, but a mixture of local problems and Marienburg-cunning has stolen most of the trade. Marienburg now supplies whale-related produce to The Empire and much of Bretonnia.

Marienburg has become the main centre for whaling as a result of Elven influence. All whaling ships are required to register with the Elves before commencing whaling. Although no legal recourse is available to the Elves allowing them to deal with those who don't comply with this licensing, it is common knowledge that rogue whalers have been attacked by Elven warships.

The Business of Whaling

Most whaling expeditions are organised by specialist companies dedicated to this task. Few of these are outside the control of the

larger Merchant houses. Most own only a few ships, as costs are high, but these are usually of good solid design.

When a captain is assigned, he will usually bring his own mates and crew, although everyone will be employed by the company. The company will always have complete trust in their captains, who are chosen on the basis of their reputation, with loyalty and skill guaranteeing regular employment. When there is a shortfall in crew numbers, they will trawl the docks looking for suitable candidates. Each member of the crew will be allotted a share in the profits (after the company have taken back its often inflated costs) and signed a contract for the whole of the voyage. Payment is given in parts of eight-hundred (known as 'a lay'). A new crewman may earn one part, a harpooner twenty, and the captain fifty parts.

The crew of a Whaler is large, perhaps up to ten times that of an equivalent merchant ship. The reason is simple: a large number of men are essential for the hunt. By contrast, the fewer the men serving on a Merchant vessel, the greater the profit. This has the beneficial side effect of making Whalers decidedly nasty opponents for pirates to consider. Indeed, they usually take one look and then sail away.

The length of voyage varies from between one and (more likely) three years as they travel far to the required whale routes and grounds. On returning they may be allowed up to three months to rest before the ship sets sail again, although they are under no obligation to join it.

"There she blows! There she blows! To the boats lads, the hunt is on!"

The Hunt

When a whale is spotted (usually a Mottled Whale), the cry goes out and the crew head for the boats.

Each of the smaller boats holds sixteen to twenty rowers and a harpooner who stands at the prow of the boat. The boat is then lowered and pushed off from the ship. Three or four boats will be sent out in this way, and between them they will soon catch the target.

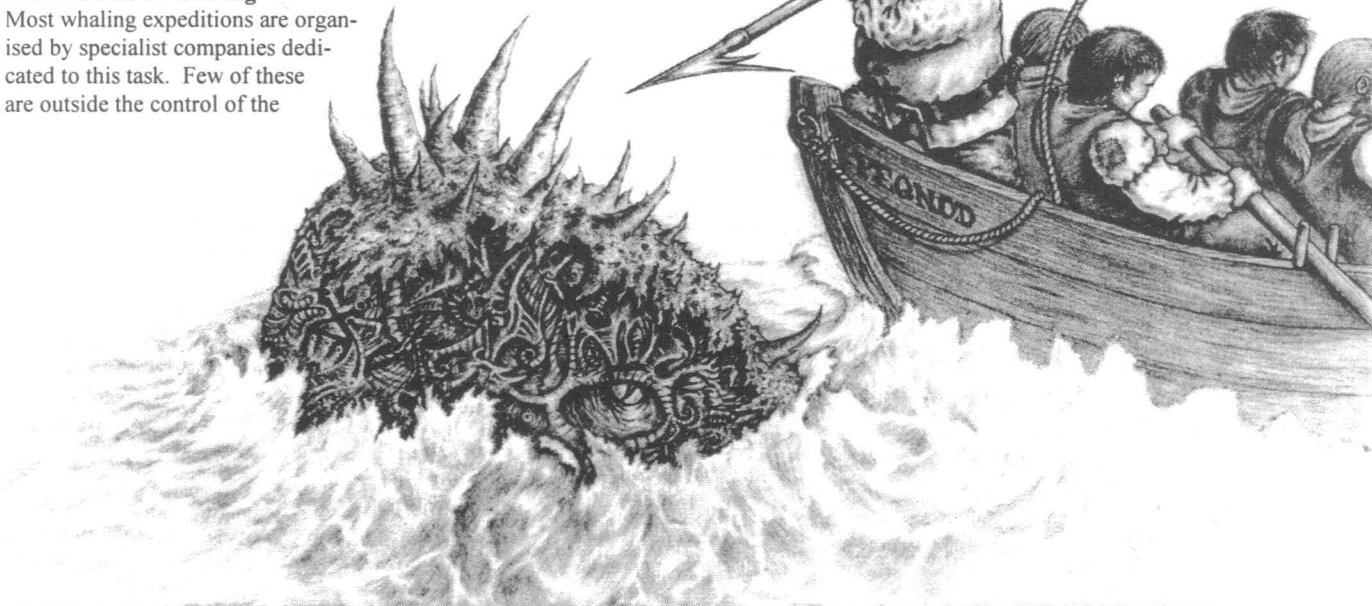
Each harpooner will then throw their harpoon, hoping the weapon's barbs will give it a solid hold. With the harpoon attached by rope to the winch in the boat, they wait for it to tire and then die. They then move in and tow the Whale back to the ship. Here it is broken down into its useful parts, each being packaged and stored in the hold.

Sounds easy. It can be, if everything goes well, but it doesn't always. Boats can be shattered and men crushed with a swipe of the Whale's tail, men can be cut in half by the taught rope if the boat swings around. If the Whale dives deeply (some sink on death), the boats can be pulled down into the murky depths. If anyone falls overboard, the boats, which are still being pulled by the Whale, cannot stop. It's a long swim back to the ship.

Whalers

The term Whaler applies to anyone who serves on board a whaling ship. However, within this grouping is a distinct hierarchy: The *Captain* is in charge of the ship and crew; answerable only to the ship's owners. The ultimate decisions are his, but his orders are usually carried out by the *Mates*. There is usually a first and second mate, each expected to act as liaison between captain and crew. Should something happen to the captain, they would take over. In most cases these officers

would have risen through the ranks and therefore understand the process of whaling. For this reason they are sym-



pathetic to the problems of the crew, which means most crews have a firm respect for the officers. Retaining his own position on larger ships, or else doubling as mate, there will also be a navigator, often with knowledge of whaling routes and habits.

Holding a position unique to whaling ships are the *Harpooners*. They are not expected to carry out any duties except taking the lead in the hunt, and afterwards butchering the corpses. Making up the rest of the crew is a mixture of sailors, cooks, cabin-boys and carpenters.

Because there are so many crew members serving, the work is not particularly arduous. This means that the days can become quite boring. Cards, dice, storytelling and music all take important roles in passing the time. Another past-time almost unique to whalers is the practice of Scrimshaw: this is the art of carving whalebone. Older whalers are highly skilled at this, and are often happy to pass their experience on.

Because the crew's pay is determined by the success of the journey, everyone works towards a common goal. Discipline on board Whaling ships is firm but only occasionally as harsh as that found on other ships. Punishments for serious offences, however, are vicious, with the cat-o'-nine-tails being the most famous. Hanging from the yard arm is usually reserved for mutineers and murderers. However, the turnover on whaling ships is very high, with many seamen jumping ship in foreign ports. Foreign sailors are hired to fill the shortfall, many of whom disembark in Marienburg, adding to the cosmopolitan makeup of the docks. Few whaling ships are forced to resort to the nasty business of press-ganging.

Spending months in stormy seas and fighting huge creatures has left the average whaler highly superstitious. Those that mock their beliefs can be guaranteed very short shift from the entire community. Worship of Manann is very devout, and frequent offerings are made. A small number of whalers go on to become Initiates when they retire.

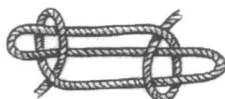
The Elves

As a culture, for historical and religious reasons, Elves only kill whales during the annual ceremonial hunt. They do, however, buy and use whale oil. They do not have a problem with reasonable whaling, but are concerned with the dangers of over-hunting. Through their influence in Marienburg, they have sought to control the number of ships that are engaged in whaling. Although they receive no payment for this, rumours abound that they are controlling things for their own gain.

"Haul up the white Herr Klute, let them know what we are."

Harpooner's White

Ships registered as Whaling vessels are required to fly a white flag, commonly known as the 'Harpooner's White'. The Elves take a very dim view indeed of those that fly fake flags. The White is flown beneath the flag bearing the company's coat of arms, and is a great source of pride to Whaling crews.



Sloopband

Marienburg

In Marienburg, the authorities treat whaling ships the same as any other ship. They are expected to pay taxes on their cargo as well as other dock charges. They are also required to be licenced, although they need only pay a token amount for this privilege. The actual licensing and administration, although carried out through Marienburg's bureaucratic system, is paid for by the Elves. The licence fees collected are paid to the city but the Elves retain final say over who is licensed. This gives the Elves control over numbers, and the city a tidy profit not to mention a strengthened alliance. They have exercised their right to oppose licenses on only a very few occasions; most famously in the case Captain van Sinken. Less than year later they sank his ship and all hands after catching him in the act of "illegal hunting".

The Whaling community have a strong and visible presence in Suiddock. Because they are at sea such lengths of time, they tend to spend their wages in a flurry of activity. Although they have a reputation for brawling, the traders put up with this because of the profits they can make. Much is spent on gambling, drink, drugs and women. Few whalers have their own abode; instead they hire inn rooms. By the time they take to the sea again, most are penniless.

The whaling community is concentrated on Stoessel, one of the islands that make up Suiddock. Two locations in particular stand out as central to the Whalers: a shrine to Manann and The Golden Harpoon tavern. Both are to be found on Stoessel. Also, as well as shops, taverns, and brothels frequented by the whaling community, most of the whaling businesses have their offices here.

The Golden Harpoon

The tavern most frequented by Whalers is the Golden Harpoon. It is an unusual place, run by a ex-Whaler named Marcus. He used to be the bouncer, but one-day simply turned up in charge. The previous owner was never seen again. No one asks. Whalers don't go to Ishmael's (See relevant entry in SDtR), cursing his name. They believe him to be bad luck. No one is quite sure why they do this, but the belief is strong.

The Golden Harpoon is built on a jetty and used to be a boat-building shed. The main room is large, its walls covered with whaling paraphernalia. It is filled with heavy tables and robust chairs, closely packed together and bolted to the floor. There is no bar in the room, but two features dominate. In one corner stands a low stage from which entertainers occasionally perform, but more often than not it is the whalers themselves who get up to entertain their fellows.

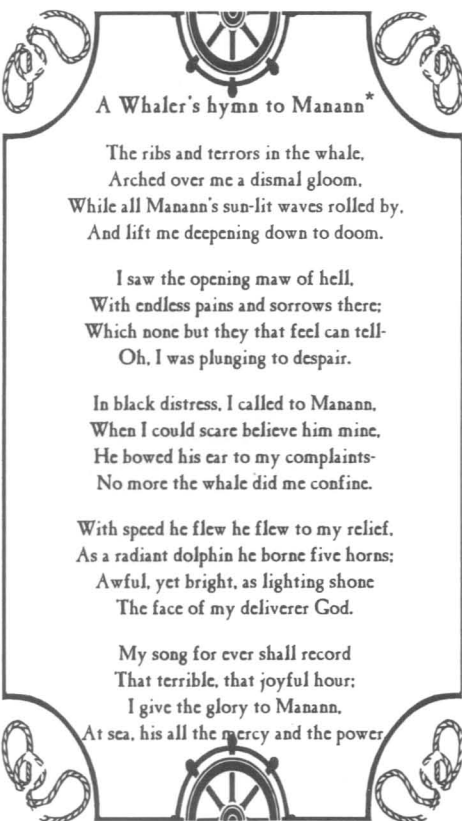
The second key feature of the tavern is a large square hole cut in the middle of the floor, through which the sea can be seen. Around the side, harpoons are stuck into the floor, secured by rope. During the evenings, encouraged by much drunken revelry, whalers take turns to try and spear the fish swimming below. Impromptu betting leads to a lot of money changing hands.

Servants take orders for drinks and collect them from a side room guarded by two men. The range of drinks here is impressive, including drinks from around the world. It is perhaps the only place in the Old World were a Lustrain Brain Juice can be bought.

The only sleeping room is filled with two layers of hammocks. Sleepers are charged (4/-) when they wake up. Marcus and his staff sleep on the premises in a number of smaller rooms.

Whaler Shrine

Located on the Suiddock is what is known as The Whaler Shrine, or Godymas' Shrine. The shrine is dedicated to Manann, and is used almost exclusively by whalers. It is hidden away among the dockside houses, but as soon as it is seen it cannot be mistaken for anything else. Outside the entrance stands the upper jawbone of what must have been a huge whale. Inside, the roof brace is made of whale bone, its faded white contrasting with the dark wood of the roof. Every wall is lined with shelves filled with small statues carved from whale bone and tooth. These have been left as sacrifices in thanks to Manann for a



A Whaler's hymn to Manann*

The ribs and terrors in the whale,
Arched over me a dismal gloom,
While all Manann's sun-lit waves rolled by,
And lift me deepening down to doom.

I saw the opening maw of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell—
Oh, I was plunging to despair.

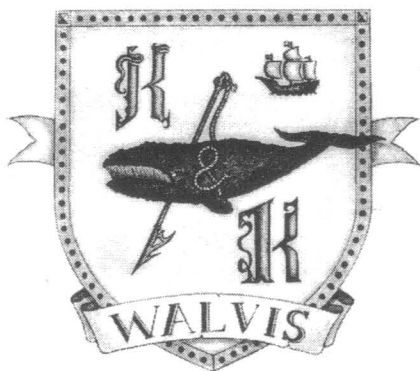
In black distress, I called to Manann,
When I could scarce believe him mine,
He bowed his ear to my complaints—
No more the whale did me confine.

With speed he flew he flew to my relief,
As a radiant dolphin he borne five horns;
Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer God.

My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour:
I give the glory to Manann,
At sea, his all the mercy and the power.

safe journey. A statue of Manann in the guise of a harpooner stands at one end.

The Shrine was founded and is administered by Godymas, the incumbent cleric. He was a Whaler who cursed Manann during a bad storm and was washed over board. Moments before drowning, a freak wave swept him back up onto the deck of the boat. Believing that he had been spared by his god, he chose to dedicate his life to Manann. However, the trauma of the incident left him blinded, and he uses a stick made of whale bone to guide himself. Godymas is a dedicated man, who feels great loyalty to the Whalers; who in turn hold him in great esteem. He is knowledgeable about whaling, but rarely discusses it. Most of Marienburg's whalers are known to him, by name if not personally, and he is on close terms with nearly all the captains. Godymas' superiors in the temple view him as somewhat eccentric but ultimately safe. His teachings do not oppose theirs, and his share of offerings is always delivered on time.



Kolbie & Karringheim Associates

Located on the top floor of a rickety three story building is the office of the whaling company Kolbie and Karringheim Associates. The dirty, cluttered and cramped conditions belie the fact this is a major player in the whaling industry. The main office contains four desks and a large heavy safe. At each of these desks, which is piled high with paperwork, works a scribe. In an adjoining room of the same size work Jan Kolbie and Peter Karringheim, sons of Peter Kolbie and Jan Karringheim, the late founders of the company. A small room holds supplies and boxes filled with old papers. Their time is spent selling wares brought back from various whaling voyages made by their ships. They also act as brokers for independent ships.

The company own three ships, a warehouse and an area of dockside. They arrange it so only one of their ships is docked in Marienburg at any one time. The company is known for being honest and paying fair wages. They also look after injured crew and bereaved families. For this reason they have retained the best captains and crew, employing such famous names as Kardez the Silent, Jurgen Olberhurt and Albright Oreax.

However, it is not plain sailing. A few merchant houses (including some of the

Directorate) have been making repeated attempts to undermine and weaken the company, so they can buy or bankrupt it. The two owners, who are both idealistic and stubborn, have fought back stoutly. Unfortunately, the future is not so bright. Peter is dying (from cancer), and has taken to drinking heavily to block out the pain. While Jan is happy carrying him, he is worried about Peter's son, Jaan. The twenty year old is a drug addict and an occasional criminal, and Peter has bought him out of prison numerous times. Recently, the warehouse has been the target of an arson attack, and a botched burglary at the office resulted in the death of a scribe.

Famous Whalers

Jurgen Olberhurt

"Strike me down then, God of the Waters. For I curse you and your brethren."

Perhaps the best Harpooner of his generation, Jurgen Olberhurt is hated and feared in equal measure. A devout Sigmarite priest, he spent years fighting beyond the borders of the Empire, serving time with the knights of the Fiery Heart. After twenty of years of incessant combat, he retired, having falling in love with a young villager. Less than a year after their marriage, she died in childbirth, as did the child. Jurgen cursed and railed against the gods, wrecking the village shrine and raging until he collapsed from exhaustion. When he awoke he was devastated. His beloved was dead, and everything he held true was a lie. There were no gods.

He travelled the land, preaching his new truth, escaping those that tried to stop him. He made his way to Marienburg, and here met Godymas. He tried to convert the old priest, but Godymas stepped forward and placed a gift in his hand. It was his wife's ring.

Confused, Olberhurt set out to test the gods. He became a Harpooner, and though he tempted the gods to strike him down for his blasphemy, none ever did. Whalers are fearful of him, but he carries the protection of Godymas. He always joins the ship at the last moment.

Kardez 'the Silent'

Little is known about Captain Kardez, known as 'the silent'. An Arabian, he knows the waters and the habits of the Whales better than any man alive. His commands are issued with a nod of the head, or occasionally a single word. On shore there are those that come to him for advice, sometimes in secret. Every time a Whale is brought on board, he strides up to it and stares it in the eye. Each time he turns away disappointed.

A story is told that he is a prince whose beloved was turned into a Whale, and that this quest is what has led him to dedicate his life to the. But, of course, this is only a story. Kardez lives on the boat, coming dockside to buy rare food or books. He is tall, handsome and wears the finest jewels and clothes, always carrying a Dwarven sword

many centuries old.

Albright Oreax

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a beer to drink."



Always drunk, scared of water and stropky as a wounded octopus, Albright Oreax is one of the most famous and most skilled harpooners alive. This comes as a surprise to most people; after all, he's a Dwarf. Short even for a Dwarf, he is covered in ear, nose and other rings, not to mention numerous seaman-style tattoos. Sounds like a Trollslayer, you say: not to Albright you don't. They're still fishing pieces of the last person that said that out of the canal.

Born and raised in the Middle mountains, Albright's family were killed in a bout of inter-Dwarf conflict. He only survived the massacre by hiding. However, this disgrace caused his mind to slip somewhat. The normal path for a Dwarf would be to become a Troll slayer, but it had been Troll slayers who had killed his family. He hated them. He fought hard in the rest of the war, and when it was over he travelled The Empire looking for a purpose. It was in Marienburg he found it. Albright suffers from hydrophobia, and this, added to the opportunity to risk his life battling huge sea monsters, led him to becoming a harpooner.

At sea, he remains drunk whenever possible in order to block out the fact that he is surrounded by water. In the hunt, however, he becomes oblivious to all but the kill. He lives in a loft in the city, as far from the water as possible. He has little time for anybody except other whalers, and will probably end up in a fist fight with any Troll slayers. Whilst at sea he drinks spirits, but when at home he indulges his taste for ale. He spends all his money on drink and pipe weed, and his most treasured possession is his harpoon.

Terather, a.k.a. Veil

"Yes, you may look behind my veil. Of course, I'll have to kill you afterwards."

Terather is widely seen as an oddity, an Elf that

The Journal of Luis Rodigreuz

In his last journal was found the following story of the Ridge Whale's Graveyard;

17th: It was biggest Ridge Whale I or any of the crew have ever seen. You could tell it was old by the way the skin was gnarled and twisted, and in a number of places could be seen where it had grown around the broken shafts of harpoons. As it slowly traversed the ocean, I could see such a beast deserved our respect, and as we were early into our voyage I intended to leave it alone.

However, the tale of the lost graveyard swept through the crew. They were restless and greedy, a dangerous combination. But I would lie to say I was not interested. If this beast is indeed going to die at this fabled place, can we not be the first to find it? The bones of these beautiful creatures by the thousand! I truly cannot imagine the guilders they would pay at the docks of Marienburg for such a haul.

24th: We have finally survived the storm. Over half the crew is dead, swept overboard. We buried young Carlos today. His body was found crushed beneath the shattered barrels of water. Indeed, we have plenty of food left, but only a single barrel of wine. The masts are broken and lost, and the spirit of the crew is no better.

A few openly curse Manann's name. I have had them whipped. I have never seen or heard of a storm like this. The day after we spotted the old one, the crows' nest spotted land, unmarked on any map. Looking through my telescope, I saw a white beach stretching for miles. But the white was a carpet of bones: The Graveyard of the Ridge Whales. The storm rose that night and we fought it every night but, forgive me, Manann made us pay for the trespass.

32nd: These are my last words. All but three of us dead, and no sign of land. The wind blows hard to taunt us. I have destroyed all records that may lead others to the accursed place. Stay away from this place. Stay away.

hunts Whales. For this reason the others of her kind scorn her, and she veils and covers herself to hide from them. Rumours speculate that she is ill and cannot face the sun, a curse placed on her by the Elf gods.

The truth is, if related, somewhat different. Terather is a Dark Elf who felt out of place in her own culture. She was trained as a mage and specialised in illusions. She used these abilities to escape to Marienburg. Almost as soon as she arrived she was forced to stow away on a Whaling ship. She grew to love the sea and the hunt, her skills having been fine tuned by innumerable voyagers. She owns a house in Marienburg, but when she ventures outside she goes hidden. On board ship, she only disguises herself with illusions when necessary, which includes times when she is hunting. She always makes sure she is seen wearing her illusory form from time to time in order to allay suspicion.

Her fame has had a couple of side-effects. One is that Elven suitors occasionally turn up to woo her. Putting them off only attracts more. The other side-effect is that people sometimes want to look under the veils. On ship and elsewhere she has a number of close friends, some of whom know the truth, who protect her. Also, on occasion, she has been forced to kill to protect her identity. She carries spell ingredients although these are an emergency supply only.

When encountered, it is likely she will be wearing black clothes, veils and gloves. Otherwise, she will appear as a female Elf. She will be highly distrustful of most people, especially Elves. However, she is straightforward to the point of being blunt, and loyal to those she considers friends.

The Whales

The whales themselves are surrounded by much myth and speculation. Some believe them to be the souls of sailors who died at sea, while others see them as Manann's soldiers. Whalers who have been at sea a long time become more pragmatic, but their respect for them grows as they come to know their ways and habits. The general belief among many Old World citizens is that a Whale is a large cow that swims. Some whales feed in the Manaansport Zee, the city's great bay.

The following Whales all have the Elven name in brackets after their common name.

Mottled or Oil Whale (*Korlo'cath'izovat*)

The mottled whale is the largest whale of the them all. It produces good oil and Spermacti, once spotted is relatively easy to follow, and when killed floats. The sows refuse to leave their children. For these reasons, they are the most hunted of all the whales. The name Oil Whale, although seldom used now, shows clearly how it is viewed. Ancient Elven stories tell how the Mottled Whales used to migrate north during the winter. However, this practice no longer continues, which the Elves say is because these regions have been corrupted. Their colouring is usually grey, although the older they get the more dark patches they gain. This gives them their famous mottled look.

Ridge Whale (*Levan Esd'Igi-shee*)

Sometimes called the dragon whale, after the spiked ridge running down their back. These have been known to sink ships simply by rising beneath them. Slightly smaller than the

mottled whale, they are also faster, and can spend long periods of time under water. Their skin is generally tougher and much valued (as is their bone), but are difficult to kill.

A persistent myth that has sent many a sailor to death or bankruptcy tells of the Ridge Whale Graveyard. Protected by the two largest Ridge Whales, chosen by Manann, they come here to die. It was last reported by the Estilean Captain, Luis Rodigreuz. His ship was recently found drifting, empty except for a few bodies of the crew. Only his journal was left to tell the story. (See sidebar)

Another legend, believed by most whalers and many other sailors too, is that Manann's own Ridge whale swims the sea. The Elves call him *O'ot Em'per* (Rage of Manann). He is twice as large as any other whale, and adorned with five large horns. He destroys those that kill whales for sport and not for the bounty that whales provide.

Zulthuan or Royal Whale (*Andsovetshors*)

The Zulthuan whale is regarded by the Elves as the most important whale. One of their most important early creation stories involves these creatures, and Elves believed them to be blessed. Additionally, Sea Elves see them as protectors both of them and the sea. They are highly resistant to the effects of chaos, and are believed to be intelligent and friendly. Numerous stories tell of them warning ships away from rocks or carrying shipwrecked sailors close to shore. The Norse describe Manann as riding upon the back of a Zulthuan. The whale grows up to fifty feet in length, with its colouring changing from yellow to sky blue as it ages. It is the fastest of all the whales.

Unfortunately, their oil and Spermacti are highly valued, as they are of the highest quality. Elves forbid any one else to hunt them, and they only kill one a year in a highly ceremonial hunt. In Marienburg they have the power to search ships they believe hold portions of Zulthuan oil. This is a difficult task, as most of these kills are opportunistic.

Three-Point Baleen (*Esedov Deiguy*)

Sacred to the cult of Manann, it is a frequent visitor to the Manaansport Zee. It's numbers are rare but its distinctive trident like markings are often replicated on the side of Whaling boats. They travel alone and are sleek and elegant, most scholars believing them closely related to the Zulthuan. It is completely illegal to hunt the Baleen or to sell its oil. Death is a frequent punishment for the officers of any ship or trader breaking such restrictions, although few do: afraid of Manann's wrath. Only the cult are allowed to hunt them, the oil burned in the Cathedral, its bone used in ceremonial garments and instruments.

Warrior Whale/Narwhale (*Shar'piptings'urt*)

Once known as the Unicorn of the Sea, the male Warrior Whale's head is adorned by a large twisting horn. The oil they produce is of average quality, but the horns are usually

sold as unicorn horns (see the Disease article in issue Seven).

Red Whale/Khorne Whale (*Olu'del*)

This dark red whale, although relatively small, is especially vicious. When they discharge water through their blowholes it takes on a reddish colour, due to some unknown process. It preys on other whales, hunting them in small packs. They frequently follow packs of migrating Mottled Whales, picking off the strays. They also attack ships, having the power to wreck those of a smaller size.

It is widely believed that they protect the Whales they follow and attack those threatening them, in order to guarantee their food supply. They produce a poor quality oil, and not much of it, either.

North Whale (*Igans'mele*)

Historically hunted by the Norse, these have become rarer and rarer, with those that survive becoming more and more mutated. Their oil is foul smelling. Their deformities have caused some to call them Plague Whales.

Here be Monsters

As a species, whales are the largest creatures in the World, dwarfing even the dragons of old. However, there are creatures that prey on them and pose a threat to whaling (and other) ships. Although Dragon Turtles have

fearsome reputations, they seldom attack larger targets except in defence of themselves or their young. The sea monsters of legend, giant squids and sea dragons, could easily pull a boat to the bottom of the sea; however these are rarely encountered.

More commonly encountered are sharks and dolphins. Whalers, and sailors in general, dislike sharks and see dolphins as good luck. A common belief is that dolphins (originally called soul fins) hold the souls of sailors lost at sea, and who therefore could not enter Morr's realm. They are believed to help protect others from a similar fate. Instead, Manann takes them as his children. Sharks, meanwhile, are known to attack the carcass of a Whale once the hunt has been successful. This means that whalers have to fight them off before the whale loses its buoyancy and sinks.

The Harpoon

Harpoon (4/8/16, BS -20, ES C/ I+10 THO D+2 P-10) Encum 110 Cost 50GC

The harpoon is a heavy weapon which is difficult to gain mastery of. It is usually over six feet in length, made of steel, barbed at one end with a rope hole at the other. They are usually made to order, so that the owner can test its balance throughout the process. (Harpoons made for anybody else have modify BS by -30, rather than -20.) They can be used as both a throwing and a melee

weapon. The Specialist Weapon skills, 'Throwing weapons' & 'Polearms' are both required to use a Harpoon.

A Whale of a Time

The Whalers of Marienburg are only a minor part of the city. However, they have a strong and distinctive culture. This can be quite closed against outsiders, and setting parts of adventurers here can highlight this. It should also help show Marienburg is a city of varying extremes. GMs should take every opportunity to make players realise that a man with a six foot harpoon who fights creatures the size of the Stadsraad is a scary idea.



Carrickhead

Recommended

Moby Dick by Hermann Melville

This famous book provided the inspiration for this article, and is worth picking up as it's available in cut-price editions. Nominally, the story is about the search for the White Whale, Moby Dick, by Captain Ahab. However, the book, as narrated by "Call me" Ishmael, dwells more on the processes and beliefs behind Whaling in the nineteenth century. Moby Dick can be hard going, but it does invoke a real sense of time and place.

Harpooner

An advanced career

On Whaling ships, most crew members are simply seamen. Those that hunt the whales, the harpooners, are a breed apart. They are perceived with a sense of awe by their ship-mates, sailors, and those individuals who live in Whaling communities.

In the hunt, they stand at the prow of the row boats and, when they are near enough, launch their harpoon at the Whale. Indeed, many harpooners treat their harpoons as mascots, allowing no others to touch them. Their are rumours that some sleep with the harpoon in their bed. The harpoon is a weapon, designed specifically for the task of whaling, and in all other circumstances they are extremely clumsy. To use one requires both the Throwing and Polearm Specialist Weapon skills.

Most Harpooners worship Manann, and are highly superstitious. They are well paid, and do little work on board the ships, as their strength is to be saved for the hunt.

Advance Scheme

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	CI	WP	Fel
		+30	+3		+4	+20		+20			+20		

Skills

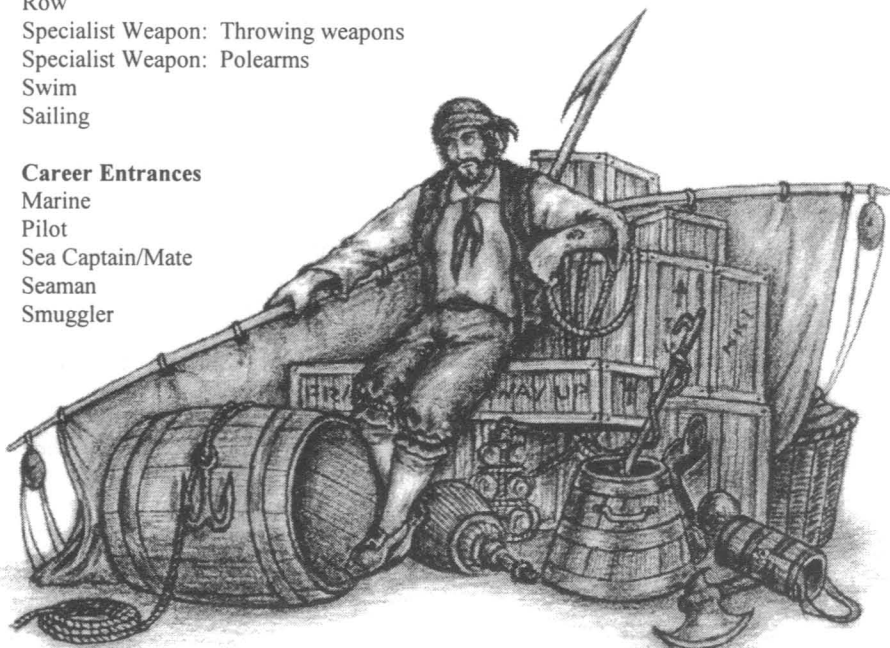
Art (Scrimshaw)
 Marksmanship
 Row
 Specialist Weapon: Throwing weapons
 Specialist Weapon: Polearms
 Swim
 Sailing

Career Exits

Sea Captain/Mate
 Slaver

Career Entrances

Marine
 Pilot
 Sea Captain/Mate
 Seaman
 Smugler



THE ROAD TO MARIENBURG

A Cameo Special

"Marienburg, ah...! The flower of cities all. The streets are paved with gold, the alleys filled with adventure and you can hire a ship to take you beyond the horizon. All of this is there for the taking. If only I was younger." So says the man sitting at the table and he's right. This collection of cameos is designed to fill your player's journey to Marienburg. It matters little where the characters are travelling from and could be easily used for any other journey. Also, references to road encounters can easily be modified to river encounters, should they be approaching on the Reik.



Gold, Axes & Ale

by John Foody & Steven Punter

The PCs are only a few hours out of town when they come across two dwarves struggling with their wagon (or a grounded barge). Three crates stamped with the Guild of Engineers seal are strapped down in the back. A wheel has come loose and they cannot raise the wagon to get it back on. They will be grateful for the PCs help, and together it will be no problem. The more talkative of the two dwarves Tingrim, offers them a ride, as they to are heading in the direction of Marienburg. Rilore just stares and grunts, obviously not amused at having the PCs along.

Late in the evening they arrive at 'The Wasted Road' inn. If they didn't help Tingrim and Rilore, they follow two hours later. Inside the barroom, fifteen Dwarves are loudly singing an old folk song (about how gold must make up for love). Dwarves will recognise their accents as strange and they will confirm they are from the small fortress of Karrak Knotqut far in the north of the World's Edge Mountains. With them is a venerable old dwarf, richly dressed and wearing the ring of a senior guildsman (Master Guildsman Gorstone). Tingrim and Rilore enter the inn and immediately kneel before him and kiss the ring (quite unusual). The wagon is guarded through the night.

In the morning the Dwarves are preparing to take the wagon. Twelve of them are going with it to the east (in reality, Marienburg) and the others are returning to Altdorf. Gorstone leaves first and all the others kiss

his ring. If they helped, Tingrim thanks the party and gives them 20GCs, which he says comes from Gorstone.

AWOL

by John Foody

This brief encounter can be used in any place with a regular garrison of soldiers. It will work better in a small out-of-the-way town.

The PCs will be approached by a Guard Captain who asks them if they wish to earn some money. Should they say yes, they will be brought in front of the garrison Commander, Conrad Gutman. Gutman is a petty bureaucrat who gained his rank by knowing the right people. However, he offended the local lord during a card game in which he mentioned his daughter's resemblance to an Orc. A week later he found himself in charge of the garrison. His troops and officers despise him. He is frequently drunk and overbearing, and is a complete snob.

When the PCs are taken to see him, he carries on signing papers for a couple of minutes. When he finishes he opens a drawer and takes out 10GC and throws it on the table. "There's more where that came from. Are you interested?" If they say yes, he will continue, "One of the men, a..." He looks down at a piece of paper. "Felix Engels has deserted. I want him brought back, alive. Bad for discipline, men running off. The Captain will give you a description. Good day."

The Captain will give a brief description of Felix. If asked, he will show them his bunk and introduce the PCs to his colleagues. Both the Captain and the other soldiers will be noticeably reluctant to talk, shrugging in answer to most questions. If the PCs talk to the soldiers without the Captain, the reaction will be hostile. They will not resort to violence as they know the PCs are under the protection of the Commander. His bunk has nothing of real interest but most of his personal belongings are there.

The PCs will be able to get the relevant information from the garrison support staff, but will need to use bribery. They will find out that Engels comes from the nearest outlying village and has probably gone there. He was seen arguing with one of his brothers a couple of days ago.

This is the truth: Felix has returned home. Felix is a young man of twenty, the youngest of five brothers who worked on the family's farm. Their father has been dead fifteen years. Work was sparse, so Felix took a job in the nearby garrison. When he heard that his mother was dying, his request for leave was turned down by Gutman (who has forgotten this). Felix made a run

for it with the full intention of returning.

When the PCs arrive at the village they will be treated with suspicion. If they start asking questions about Felix an angry crowd will gather, led by two of his brothers. As things start becoming ugly, Felix steps forward and gravely welcomes the PCs. He leads them to his house, saying nothing. Inside there are small shrines dedicated to Taal and Shallya, but the main room is full of women and children. In the bedroom, two brothers watch over their mother as she lays dying. Felix will show them this and then offer food, explaining his position. He says he will return once his mother dies. This will happen two days later, and she will be buried the next day.

What happens is really up to the PCs. If Felix returns on his own, he will get a flogging and a year behind bars. If the players drag him back, Gutman will string him up, hanging his body from the gate, "as an example". This can be avoided if the PCs argue hard, dropping hints that the garrison might mutiny. Making him worry about his image with the lord is a good tactic. If Felix hangs, both his family and colleagues will have a grudge against the PCs. A mixture of five or six will follow them, wait for a night when they are very drunk and then beat the living daylight out of them.

Save the Village

by John Foody

This short cameo forces the PCs to re-think some of their firmly held assumptions. If the party contains a Dwarf, things may get a little messy. This cameo needs to be located in an out-of-the-way location, where farming the land is difficult. The Wasteland is ideal.

Entering a roadside inn, the PCs see some locals mocking a poor looking individual sitting in the corner. Words like 'yokel', 'inbred' and 'let's give him a good kicking' are bandied around. The man, dressed in little better than rags stares wretchedly into his ale. As you clatter over to the bar, he looks up you imploringly. At the bar the landlord will say, "he's being sitting there for hours with one drink. Haven't the heart to move him."

He will approach the PCs if they do not come to him first. On the way over a local will trip him, much to the others amusement. He stands by the table until asked to sit down. He is nervous, scrawny and very ugly. His beard is ragged, and dirt covers his clothes and skin. "I am Gans, and I have come for help. My village needs help. Come talk to the elder. We have money to give." If questioned he will say little more than, "Bad man attacks us. Kills us. Killed my son."

Gans is in fact an half-orc, sent out into

the wider world because he is the most human-looking of his people. His village, Hofnung, was founded by Dagmar, an educated and intelligent Half-Orc. Knowing his kind was spurned by both humans and Goblins, he looked for a solution preferable to a short life of lonely drifting and fighting. Gathering others like himself together, he founded the community. He intended to make it self-sufficient and peaceful. For many years it prospered, even amongst these harsh surroundings. Children were born, and grew up learning farming skills. Recently, however, things took a turn for the worst. A neighbouring lord discovered them and has decided to use them to train his hunting dogs on. Seven villagers have been killed so far.

The journey to the village is tedious and uneventful. It takes two days, during which Gans stays away from the party. Mid-way through the second day, they start to pass through fields where crops struggle to take hold. In the distance, farmers toil hard, although when they see the party they stop and wave. Gans waves back, obviously happier to be back home.

The village is poor and run-down, consisting of a dozen houses. It is surrounded by a ditch, and by the entrance stands a small shrine to Taal. When the guard at the gate spots the travellers, he will blow his horn, at which point those in the village run into the huts. The guard is armed with a spear and wears an ancient battered helm, which covers his face.

Gans takes them to the largest hut and motions them inside. The last PC to enter the hut feels their tunic being pulled, and a small girl, obviously related to Gans hands him a small bunch of flowers. A large fire burns in the centre of the hut, filling it with smoke. An elderly, stately voice asks the PCs to sit. On the floor are drink and food.

"My name is Dagmar, and I am the Elder of the village. Thank you for coming to our aid. We are being persecuted by a man who sends his hunting dogs after us and kills my people for his amusement. We do not know where he comes from but he must be stopped. We are not fighters. All I have to offer in payment is this." He unwraps a piece of fur from a bottle, the contents of which glow slightly in the dark. What this potion is, and the number of doses it contains, is up to the GM.

The PCs will need to work disguised in the fields until their persecutor Sir Helmut Jaguer appears atop a hill. He looks down at the villagers and, unless he suspects something is wrong, sends his seven dogs charging down to attack. If two of the dogs are killed he will whistle for the others to retreat. He will then retire to his house.

Jaguer is an overbearing bully, full of the worst excesses of the nobility. If it hadn't been Half-Orcs in the village he might well have done exactly the same thing to ordinary peasants. However, he will use this fact to justify himself, and ideologically the PCs will

have a hard time convincing him that he is wrong. His house is surrounded by a stone wall, and he has a retinue of three men-at-arms and a servant.

To solve this without resorting to violence, the PCs will need to convince Jaguer that it is against his interests to attack them. "We will come back and break your legs," or, "What would happen if it was let slip that you didn't report the location of an Orc settlement." Otherwise, the half-Orcs might have to be convinced to move. Of course, the PCs might end up slaughtering them all themselves. If this happens, the half-Orcs will not fight back — that would be against everything they stand for, and besides, they really aren't very good at it. The menfolk will simply form a human(ish) shield in front of the women and youngsters, almost queuing up to be butchered, all the while calling out pitiful attempts to persuade the PCs of the evil of their actions. If this is really what the PCs want, however, then make sure they realise that they are cutting down innocents, especially children and old people, too helpless to defend themselves.

Hidden by the Mist

by John Foody & Steven Punter

This cameo is simply a series of encounters, that take the PCs into Marienburg. It continues from the previous cameo *Gold, Axes & Ale* and is designed to be elaborated on by the Games Master. A whole host of questions are left unanswered.

Two days out of Marienburg they see some smoke just off the road or river. Investigating they find two burning Dwarf bodies, an empty oil flask nearby. The armour on one looks very similar to Tingrim's who they encountered earlier. An unburnt human body lies near them, it's head caved in. Apart from a broken sword none of the bodies hold anything of any value.

During the afternoon, the mist thickens considerably. As night approaches they catch a glimpse of the earlier-encountered group of Dwarves ahead with their wagon. It seems to the players that the Dwarves hurry their pace and the sounds of a Dwarven folk-song float back. When that night's inn is only a little way off, the sounds of fighting are heard. The Dwarves have been attacked by an armed band, including a fierce Ogre.

After some vicious fighting they are driven off, perhaps with PC help. As they escape into the mist one of the men stumbles and falls. A Dwarf approaches him and ignoring his pleas for mercy chops the head from his shoulders. The Dwarves have lost one of their number, with two wounded, and three men lie dead.

The Dwarves bury their comrade and set up camp for the night. The PCs are not invited to stay but if they ask the Dwarves will agree. They all look tense and nervous but are generally quiet. The wagon is guarded

at all times. If asked they say they are delivering important materials to the city and they were trying to keep it secret. Obviously someone found out as these robbers are after it.

Next day the group (whether they are with the Dwarves or not) are joined by Wilfed, a peddler. He chats away to them about various bits of local gossip. A little while later a group of road wardens stop and warn the group that the murderous bandit Ostav has been seen in the area. He and his men, including an Ogre, have been robbing scores of wagons and barges for many months. The Dwarves say they will look out for him.

After they leave Wilfed says that Ostav is somewhat of a local hero in parts of Marienburg. He once saved two kidnapped girls from being smuggled out of the city and rumours are he has harassed merchants but never stolen anything.

Near dusk they approach the Marienburg gate (or dock). If they aren't travelling with the Dwarves, they are just ahead. Rilgore talks to Captain of the gate, showing him a scroll, and they are let through. The PCs however are stopped and searched (due to some bribery from Rilgore) before their toll is requested. They enter into quiet streets, fog hanging low, the smell of the sea on the night breeze. It is then they see two of the attackers from the night before run across the street in the direction the Dwarves took.

If they follow, they head down many side streets until they hear the sounds of combat. The wagon has come to a stop by the rivers edge and a boat is moored there, a dead Dwarf lying in it. Five of the other Dwarves are standing around the wagon. A dozen men and the Ogre are attempting to rush them, lead by a handsome young man. Rilgore sees the PCs and appeals for their help, saying this is Ostav who has a reward on his head. Ostav replies "Do not be fooled, these are not true Dwarves, they are the brethren of Chaos bringing their corruption to our city."

Ostav is right. These are Chaos Dwarves smuggling a blasphemous artifact into the city. They were selected for the task because they could pass as normal Dwarves. However, most have hidden signs proving they are followers of Chaos. The body on the boat, has a chest covered by evil looking tattoos in praise of their foul gods and under his helmet, small horns cover his head.

Hopefully the PCs join Ostav but the course of events is up to them. Ostav's background and motivation can be found on page 34, and so he can play a part in this issue's main scenario he should be allowed to escape. However, even if they defeat the Dwarves, they will realise they have been tricked. The three crates were removed and hidden in one of the alleys, guarded by three of the Dwarves.

What are the Dwarves bringing to the city? Who were they taking it to? Is the Senior Guildsman a Chaos Dwarf? Who told Ostav and how did they know?

THE WARPSTONE QUESTIONNAIRE

John Foody shifts through the evidence

"Lies, damned lies and statistics"

"Damn, I guess this information is being noted in Warpstone's black book of unforgivable grudges"

Back in issue seven we asked you for your opinions on Warpstone's progress to date. We were exceptionally pleased with the number of you that took the time to return the questionnaire to us. Warpstone takes a lot of time to produce ("Whose idea was this anyway?!" is probably our catch phrase...), and it's gratifying to see that so many of you enjoy it. Many of the comments on the questionnaire deserve some explanation from us and this is, I think, a good time to look back on what has gone before, and comment on it. So here they are - the results of the questionnaire.



Most of you who replied have been reading from issue one, with the rest spread throughout the following issues. With only one or two exceptions, the people who responded have subscribed. Which is interesting, as the proportion is far higher than the subscription/shop ratio we actually have. Maybe this was simply because the issue came out late, and ended up close to the deadline for sending in comments. (Sorry!)

We asked you to rate the different parts of Warpstone from 1 (bad) to 10 (good), so what we've done here is to give you the averages, along with some of the comments you gave us. Here's what you said:

Editorial 7.6
"It's good to hear your thoughts and opin-

ions"	
Reviews	7.5
"Sometimes a bit short"	
Fragments	7.7
"A bit brief"	
Short Stories	7.0
Articles	8.2
Rumours	6.6
"A bit pointless"	
Recommended	6.9
What's in a Name	7.4
Cameos	7.2
Warpstone	8.7
MID	6.6
Letters	7.1
Explanation	8.0
Covers	7.5
Credit Page & Etc.	6.8
Mixed opinions on the 'Etc.' section: "It's not nice to print a magazine with hidden & private messages", although others of you say it's "the section I read before anything else."	
Player Handouts	7.1
Art	7.7
Scenarios	7.9
Classifieds	6.2
"It just needs time & interest to develop"	
Layout	8.3

Putting it all together, and what do we get? Well, overall, Warpstone proved to be greater than the sum of its parts, with layout and art high also on the list. The larger pieces, including articles, scenarios and interviews, finished off the other top places. We were really pleased you thought this - it means that we've got the balance between the most important elements just about right.

Although the smaller articles come lower down the list, they still all perform well. At the bottom end, Rumours and Classifieds are both new ideas which haven't really had time to develop. Being realistic, maybe our readership is too small to keep Classifieds going in a regular capacity, so we've decided to drop it for the moment. Rumours we may keep, simply because it's quite an easy one to put together, but we'll see how space goes. To be honest, I was surprised to see 'Mentioned in Dispatches' scoring so low, as some excellent ideas have come out of it. However, we'll take your comments on board, and will look at refocusing it in the future. If you've got any strong feelings about what direction it should take, do write in and tell us.

While Player Handouts scored well overall, there was a real variety of responses. You seem to either love or hate them! What we still aren't sure about is whether those of you who dislike them feel that way because you dislike handouts in general, or whether it's simply the quality or purpose of the ones we've had to date. Since handouts have played such a big part in published WFRP

adventures, I would have to plump for the latter.

Finally, some of you obviously thought asking for a marking for the Credits was a bit odd. It's only a little thing, but when we started Warpstone we wanted to have a clear credits page. There are so many magazines and fanzines where you have to go searching for the address, or struggle to find out who's involved, and I find it a bit annoying. Also, I've always enjoyed reading the "Thanks" lists and the like on record sleeves, and I know it's a bit "where's-the-bucket" but we do want to thank those that help us produce each issue. Which leads us neatly on to Etc., that little paragraph where we dribble nonsense. Sadly, this does actually reflect something of what's going on in our lives as far as Warpstone's concerned. I know it makes us prone to the charge of publishing in-jokes, but due to the current formatting, it's that or blank space, and some of you do seem to find it highly amusing.

We also gave you some yes/no questions to play with. Here's what you said about them:

Does WS keep you up to date with news?

Yes: 84% No: 16%

This is a far higher score than I expected, as much of our news is culled from other sources. However, it does make sense to gather all Warhammer-related items in one place.

Do you think our reviews are fair?

Yes: 100%

I was really glad of this score. I know some magazines won't publish bad reviews, but this isn't a position we can hold. We are looking at such a narrow band of releases it would be an injustice not to give a fair opinion whether it be good or bad. Anyway, I'm really not sure that our reviews will influence many people's opinions on whether to buy supplements, but at least they can offer a fresh perspective.

Are Hogshead doing a good job?

Yes: 87% No: 13%

I bet the'll will be pleased to hear that!

Do you like themed issues?

Yes: 86% No: 14%

Plenty of these to come, perhaps every third or fourth issue. However, we will try to make sure the issue's of interest to everyone.

Are you member of the WFRP E-mail list?

Yes: 23% No: 77%

Have you visited our Website?

Yes: 39% No: 61%

The internet is widely believed to have contributed to the decline of fanzines. This seems especially true in the gaming community, where ideas can easily be brought to-



gether. However, from what we can tell, around 10% of those on the E-mail list read Warpstone.

Do you play WFB?

Yes: 42% No: 58%

A slightly higher proportion than anticipated, but those that play both seem to be among those most dedicated to the Warhammer World as a whole.

Do you buy the army books for use in WFRP?

Yes: 32% No: 68%

This is always a contentious issue. Should WFRP follow WFB5, or should it remain true to its roots? It'd be interesting to know whether those of you who don't buy the books do so on principle, or simply because you haven't got around to it. Maybe that's a question for the next survey...

Are you currently playing WFRP?

Yes: 71% No: 29%

Is £3.00 too much to pay for WS?

Yes: 17% No: 83%

We're very relieved about this! Obviously, compared to newsagent shelf magazines, we're a small scale operation, which means we can't publish it any cheaper. We attract no advertising, our readership increases only very slowly, and we operate on a hand-to-mouth basis. Profit is not a concept that features amongst our reasons for publishing Warpstone...

Would you like to see more or less of the following:

Careers	More: 68%	Less: 32%
Rules Articles	More: 63%	Less: 37%
Art	More: 59%	Less: 41%

The overall message here seems to be to keep things roughly as they are. Our philosophy on Careers and Rules has been to incorporate them as part of a broader canvas, and we'll try to keep this going in the future. However, including dozens of new careers and rule rewrites simply isn't going to happen.

Colour Cover

Yes: 39% No: 61%

Perhaps the most unexpected result. However, the bare numbers are tempered by the fact that many of you put, "Not at the expense of anything else," or words to that effect, as a qualifying comment. We tend to think that colour covers would be nice to have, and would really announce we're here to stay.

Areas Outside the Empire

More: 92% Less: 8%

Many of those that wanted to see more also put it as a high priority in later questions. So far, we've avoided detailing the rest of the world, as we believe that there's still plenty of mileage in the Empire, and that releases from Hogshead might invalidate anything we publish pretty quickly. That said, there's plenty of areas that Hogshead isn't currently working on, so we will try and start covering some of these soon.

Anything else?

"More in-depth adventures, perhaps linked through several issues."

This was quite a popular suggestion. We have consciously stayed away from doing this so far, preferring small-scale scenarios that can be fitted into on-going campaigns. However, we're pleased to say that a couple of longer scenarios are on the horizon...

"What's appearing in the next issue?"

We have done this occasionally, but stopped when we got things wrong. (Duh!) However, we've bitten the bullet, and put it back in as of this issue (see Fragments on page 4).

"Articles on parts of real history that would fit in with Warhammer world"

"Background, 'everyday life' in the Empire, more on religion"

"Real world, history-related articles like those on prosthetics and diseases"

There's clearly a lot of enthusiasm for this kind of article, so we're going to include more historically-grounded articles. If you're thinking of writing one, though, make sure it's full of ideas for incorporating these themes and details into the Warhammer world. That's a hint, by the way - get writing! We do have a number of these articles lined up.

"Freak out the adventurers"

An entirely commendable attitude.

"Make it clear whether you mean WFB or WFRP by the word 'Warhammer'"

Definitely a bad habit, confusing these. This questionnaire simply highlights that fact.

"Spells or variations on existing spells"

A difficult one, as it is all too easy to fall into the trap of just publishing dry lists of spell details. Additionally, with Realms of Sorcery on the horizon, it would be a bit premature.

However, just to keep you happy, we do have a few interesting ideas in the works...

"A little too impersonal at times...[some personal details on contributors]"

The editorial staff are all very shy, and refuse to tell each other anything personal. As a compromise, though, we will do a small 'Warpstone Diary', detailing the production of an issue, and this will appear sometime in the future.

"More humour"

We do try and inject as much humour as possible in the Warhammer vein, but really this is just personal taste and depends on the current writers.

"Less information on new GW releases as it is increasingly irrelevant"

I would have to disagree with this. With Hogshead dedicated (rightly or wrongly) to following the GW-scripted Warhammer world, anything GW produces will end up in future Hogshead releases.

"Secrets of the Warhammer Writers"

As soon as Graeme finds time to pen this, it will be published. We're all eager to read it here. Rumours we've heard before is that the Skaven were inspired by Roland Rat (British children's TV puppet) who couldn't pronounce his companion's name (Kevin) properly. (It was pronounced, S'Kevin) Also, we gather that you make an Initiative test to notice something because it's an I test. The warped WFRP humour doesn't stop with the puns.

"[WFRP novels] are not enjoyable but they are very helpful to players and GM alike. Through a novel we can truly live in Warhammer and in this way it becomes easier for us to imagine it and so develop material in order to enjoy it. I strongly believe novels are essential for every role-playing game. So let's convince GW for their reprint!!!"

Where did you first hear about Warpstone?

Apart from a few of you who picked it up off a shop shelf, most readers either saw us mentioned in the late Arcane, or saw our leaflet posted with various issues of Hogwash, Hogshead's free publication.

How many people read your copy of Warpstone

"One - Me - There's a lot of GM stuff"

One Only	35%
Two-Three	48%
Four-Six	13%
Seven plus	4%

So Warpstone does get passed around quite a bit, but the comment about the GM material bias has been made before. This is quite difficult to get around, as it is mostly GM's who buy the magazine and who write for it.

We're constantly wracking our brains for player-centred material (apart from fiction, reviews, background pieces, and so on, which we hope appeals to everyone), so if you've got any thoughts, we'd love to hear them.

How long have you played WFRP?

1986-1987 (Initial Release)	26%
1987-1993 (Remaining GW years)	44%
1993-1994 (The Lost Years)	11%
1995-1998 (The Hogshead Years)	19%

What are your favourite RPGs?

1. WFRP
2. Call of Cthulhu
3. AD&D

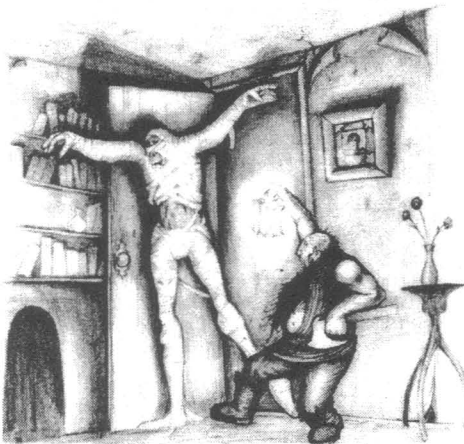
Although the sheer variety of games mentioned was impressive, there are no surprises in the top three.

What other RPG magazines do you buy?

For many of you, Warpstone is the only RPG magazine you read. Dragon and White Dwarf were popular as an occasional indulgence. Arcane is also sadly missed, with many respondents mourning its demise.

What has been Warpstone's best scenario?

1. The Eternal Guard
2. One hour (to) Morr
3. Cannonball Run



What has been Warpstone's worst scenario?

1. There isn't one.
2. The Drowning Well
- =3. Thicker Than Water
- =3. A Buried Past

Shucks. With replies along the line of, "they're all good" for the worst scenario, we were in danger of getting inflated egos. It was extremely good to hear many of you had played & enjoyed the scenarios. It also showed what little I know. I can't put my finger on why "The Eternal Guard" came top. One person complemented it as being, "off the wall". I would have put "One Hour (to) Morr" down as the worst adventure I have written, with the comment, "run to destina-

tion A, then run to destination B so that you can proceed to destination C", summing it all up. However, I do agree there is definitely a place for this kind of adventure: being designed to be run without any additional preparation.

Thicker Than Water was only ever designed as a stepping off point for the article, "A hundred Years of Trade". In many ways the adventure actually weakened the main piece. My favourite scenarios to date are "A Buried Past" (my attempt at tragedy) and "The Cannonball Run" (my attempt at a "heist movie"). I tried to shy away from Chaos-related scenarios, and to highlight other aspects in the world.

We should also have made it clear that the category included Cameos, as we got a smattering of votes for these. Also, for those that are interested, all the scenarios were play-tested on my gaming group.

What has been our best article?

1. Templars
2. Low Life on the Highway
3. Disease

The early Templar parts were more popular than the latter ones. Disease's good showing is even more impressive when you consider that it had only just been published.

What has been our worst article?

Again, the most popular answer was, "There isn't one", which was nice of you. Apart from this, the answers were too widely spread to amount to a clear contender.

Are there any interviews you would like to see?

"Any high-ranking GW people about their ridiculous prices etc."

"Why is GW destroying the Warhammer World by making it look childish e.g. Bretonnia?"

Plenty of names were mentioned, and we shall try to track them down: James Wallis (an update), the heads of GW, Rick Priestly (a very popular choice), Carl Sargeant, Terry Pratchett, Richard Halliwell, Tuomas Pirinen, Mike Brunton, Ken Rolsten, Jim Bamba, Phil Gallagher, William King, Bryan Ansell, Nigel Stillman, Jim Bamba and Ken & Jo Walton.

One thing would improve Warpstone:

"Cutting down on abbreviations"

OK, we can take a hint! We will avoid doing this in articles and the main body of scenario text, but will still try and keep profiles as brief as possible by using abbreviation.

"Varied adventure writers"

This really is up to you, I'm afraid. We simply need readers to submit their ideas. We do want your submissions. Take the hint!

"A little less emphasis on combat/magic"

We do try and keep these down, although I wouldn't want to keep them out all together.

"Keeping the deadlines"

A mortal wound! We do try really hard to get issues out on time. Really hard.

"Don't get too ambitious"

OK!

"What about an ongoing comic story?"

If any artists want to volunteer for this, we'd be glad to run it.

"more issues a year"

"100 pages an issue"

On current resources and limitations, these are (sadly) not going to happen. Sorry.

Your favourite Warhammer supplement:

1. The Enemy Within/SOB
2. Death on the Reik
3. Realms of Chaos

The first two were no surprise, and although Power behind the Throne doesn't appear on the list, it was a close contender. The big surprise was having Realms of Chaos up there, especially as it turns up below too. It shows how much of a shadow Chaos has cast over the Warhammer world.

Your least favourite Warhammer supplement:

1. Doomstones
2. Realms of Chaos

"Just an excuse to create Chaos war bands that can then beat the shit out of each other.... adds nothing to the Old World and all that gore and nastiness doesn't help the hobby's image"

- =3. Restless Dead
- =3. The GM screen

Doomstones battered all other contenders into submission, with Dwarf Wars coming out as the worst of the bunch. The GM screen was never going to be overly popular, but The Restless Dead put in an unexpected appearance. After all, this is little more than a collection of the 'classic' White Dwarf scenarios strung together into a mini-campaign.

And so it ends...

We really enjoyed reading your responses, and they've certainly helped us plan where Warpstone's going. Can we draw any general conclusions from all this? Possibly that we're pleasing most of the people most of the time, but that we shouldn't get complacent about it. We rely on you to keep us on our toes; we're always interested to receive your comments, especially constructive criticism. As we said right back in those first heady pages, this is your fanzine as much as it is ours. We hope you'll help us keep it that way.

THE TEMPLARS OF MANANN

by Anthony Ragan

"Two points to starboard! Drummer, call battle stations!"

Captain Tobias Rook turned his gaze back to the north as the bosun's mate hammered out the alarm – his men knew what to do and he needed to give all his attention to planning the coming battle – the ships would be in range in just a few minutes. While marines hastily donned their armor and barefoot sailors clambered through the rigging to set the sails, he watched as a speck grew on the horizon. It was changing its course, too – it was obvious that the commander of that ship wanted battle as much or more than the captain of the *Vengeance of the Seas*.

The enemy was close now. Rook saw clearly through his spyglass what he had suspected since he heard the first reports weeks ago of savage pillaging along the Norscan coast. These were no commonplace pirates. Nor were they fanatics of Stromfels seeking sacrifices for their demon god. The leering red Chaos moon painted on the sails and the corpses of tortured villagers swinging from the rigging told him that the mysterious reavers were servants of Khorne, the Blood God. They were madmen who cared nothing for treasure or even slaves, just blood and death for their mad god. And they were led by a Champion of Khorne, someone who had become the Skull Lord's dedicated slave in return for earthly power. Rook could see him now in the glass, his armor the color of the sun at sunset and his face hidden by a grotesque helm. In one mailed hand he held a tremendous axe as he gestured at his crew with

the other.

The Chaos ship was bigger and faster than his own – even though the *Vengeance* was one of the best of the new-style galleons being built in the shipyards of Manaanshaven, it couldn't outrun the Khornate vessel. But flight was never an option. They had all sworn an oath before the altar in the Great Cathedral of Manann itself. They were Knights of the Holy Order of St. Rembrand, and they were duty-bound to clear the seas of obscenities like these. As Captain Rook gave the spyglass back to his cabin boy and put his helm on his head, he made his decision:

"Portside gunners, every other gun arm with chainshot and aim for their rigging! I want their maneuvering crippled. The remainder arm with grapeshot – sweep their decks when we close to 50 yards! Starboard gunners and marines – one volley with crossbows, then prepare for boarding!"

Just then the wind changed and carried sounds from the deck of the Chaos ship, the sounds of the crew chanting as they, too, prepared for battle. "Blood, for the Blood God! Skulls, for the Skull Throne." Captain Tobias Rook, Templar of Manann and veteran of 30 years at sea, shook off the faint twinge of fear he felt in his spine. He offered a silent prayer to the Sea Lord and gave his final instruction to the crew.

"No quarter."



Introduction

The Knights of the Holy Order of St. Rembrand The Faithful (more commonly known as "Manann's Marines" to Marienburgers) is an Order founded in Marienburg nearly 1,000 years ago. Since then, they have come to serve as the cult's main military arm, protecting its temples and striking at its enemies wherever they are found in the Old World and beyond. It is dedicated to the interests of the cult first and Marienburg second, and serves the ArchPriest as a counterweight to the Household marines of the Ten. This article serves as a brief introduction to this order of seaborne templars and provides hooks for a GM to use them in his WFRP campaign.

The Legend of St. Rembrand

The Order was born in the waning days of the Bretonnian occupation of Marienburg at the end of the 16th century. When the approach of the Imperial Army under Grand Duke Albert of Midden-

land and the revolt of the city's populace forced his withdrawal, the Duc du L'Anguille, Honore du Pepignard, ordered his soldiers to sack the Great Cathedral of Manann. "If I am to be evicted, then I shall take its treasure as my quit-fee!"

Though they fought their way past the cathedral guards, they were halted before the altar by a lone figure, a marine named Rembrand Zegwaard. Dressed in chain and wielding a sword and shield, he called the Duc and his men blasphemers and ordered them to "flee these holy precincts now, before the Sea Father's wrath washes you away!"

The Duc, not one for religious debate, ordered his men to kill this lunatic.

Fighting like an enraged shark, Rembrand stood-off a full dozen L'Anguillois mercenaries till only the Duc and a few retainers faced him. Though bleeding from two score cuts, he remained unbowed and defiantly challenged the

Bretonnian to single combat. The Duc, ever the pragmatist, knew he couldn't win. Preferring his own skin to the treasures of the cathedral, he bowed and ordered his men to withdraw.

They then promptly surrounded the temple, set fire to it, and watched while it burned to the ground with Rembrand still inside. As the building collapsed, the Duc boarded his ship home and fled Marienburg just as the Oostenpoort gates were being opened to the Middenlanders.

Days later, after the Baron of Westerland had been formally restored to his throne, an amazing discovery was made by workmen among the rubble of the cathedral: near the altar, laying in a pose of perfect peace, his hands crossed over his chest, was the body of Rembrand. He was dead, but his body was unharmed. Though it was at the center of the fire, it was not burned. Indeed, it was fresh to the touch and coated with a thin sheen of cool water – sea water.

Upon seeing this, the Arch-Priest of Man-

ann declared this a miracle and Rembrand a saint of the cult. Within a few years, sailors and marines who claimed to be visited by St. Rembrand in their dreams were petitioning to form a fighting order dedicated, as he was, to the service of Manann and the sea. After long weeks of prayer and discussion among the upper clergy, the petition was granted and the Knights of the Order of St. Rembrand the Faithful (Ordo Rembrandis Sancti et Fidelis or O.R.S.F.) was formed under their first Grandmaster, a nobleman named Cornelis de Roelef.

The Order in later days

While serving as the mailed fist of the Cult, the Order was present at crucial moments in Marienburg's history over the next several centuries. Not all were happy with the return of the Sea Elves after the Lughsoll-Siaisullainn sailed into Marienburg's harbor. Solkanite radicals considered the Treaty of Amity and Commerce tantamount to an alliance with Chaos – for weren't the Elves masters of strange magic, magic that could only be wielded by tapping the power of Chaos itself? In secret they plotted for over a year and then made their strike, soldiers assaulting the palace and demagogues whipping the crowds into an anti-Elf frenzy. Only the timely intervention by a squad of the Knights of St. Rembrand saved Baron van Hoogmans from being hanged in his own bed chamber, while others interposed themselves between the mobs and the small but growing Elf-colony. Their steadfast loyalty saved the Treaty and perhaps even prevented a war with Ulthuan. As a reward, Baron van Hoogmans named the Order the personal bodyguards of the barons of Westerland and their family, and bestowed upon them the motto they carry to this day, "Always Faithful."

The great crisis of the Order came during the Incursion of Chaos, when the polar warp gates expanded and the creatures of the Void threatened to overwhelm the world. Like Imperials everywhere, Marienburgers heard the clarion call of Magnus from Nuln and answered his cry for troops. Since the barons of Westerland were the hereditary Sea Lords of the Empire and Admirals of its fleet, their response was to put together a mighty flotilla of over 100 ships that sailed for Erengard. Their mission was to protect the flank of Magnus's army by clearing Chaos from the Sea of Claws. The order gathered its forces from around the Old World and manned the fleet as one body, over 1000 strong.

It was well they did, for out of a fog one day came a vast Chaos fleet under the command of Rengaard Bodywarper, a sorcerer and Champion of Tzeentch. The two fleets fought a titanic battle outside of Erengard harbor, with the ships lashed together and soldiers battling mutants and worse from deck to deck like some mass street brawl. Fire and magic flew with abandon during the battle, and many ships burned or were destroyed as Chaos itself warped their wood and sank them. Yet, just as the forces of Magnus were victorious at Grovod Wood that fateful day, so did the Imperial fleet win its test. But the price was high – few ships were left undamaged, and many of the wounded had to be killed to prevent their mutation. Worse still, Baron Paulus van der

Maacht had died on the end of Rengaard's sword, whimpering for his life. Of the Knights of St. Rembrand, only ten remained of those who fought in the battle. The order had been decimated and looked as if it would die out.

And yet it survived. The death of Baron van der Maacht meant the extinction of the Westerland Royal House, and the new Directors wanted bodyguards loyal to them, not the potential Theocrats in the Great Cathedral. The Order returned to being protectors of the cult's temples and serving on its ships.

Since then, it has rebuilt itself and concentrated on fighting the enemies of Manann and all who depend on the sea: pirates, Stromfels cultists, and Chaos reavers all pose a continual threat. It does not limit its protection to Wasterlanders or Imperials: all whose lives are touched by the sea earn its protection. Thus it was given the fortress of Viksjoergsberg on an island off the coast of Norsca by a grateful High King in IC

ence. In temples with more than one company, command is often vested in a Captain-General. This is usually a senior marine with experience as an officer (e.g., Ship's Captain, Mate, Navigator, Mercenary Captain). Such officers are highly respected and report only to the Arch-Priest of the temple himself. In this case, the Master of Arms is instead called the Master of Novices and is responsible for the training of new Knights.

While the Knights of the Order of St. Rembrand deserve their ferocious reputation overall, the quality of the companies varies from location to location, since each temple must pay for its own forces and some are far richer than others. While the companies based in Marienburg and the Grand Chapel in Miragliano are regarded as elite strike forces, others are of lesser quality. The worst of all is the *Compania di San Pietro* in Tobar. The Arch-Priest there, Guido Pancarelli, is an unrepentant skin-flint and refuses to spend a penny more than he has to on arms and training.

His marines are recruited from the shepherds of the hills around Tobar, who are eager for an easy life of drinking and wenching in the cliff-city's taverns. The situation has grown so bad there that the Grand Chapel is considering calling a synod of the Tilean temples to depose Pancarelli and assume direct control of the Tobar temple. Such a meeting is at least a year away, though.

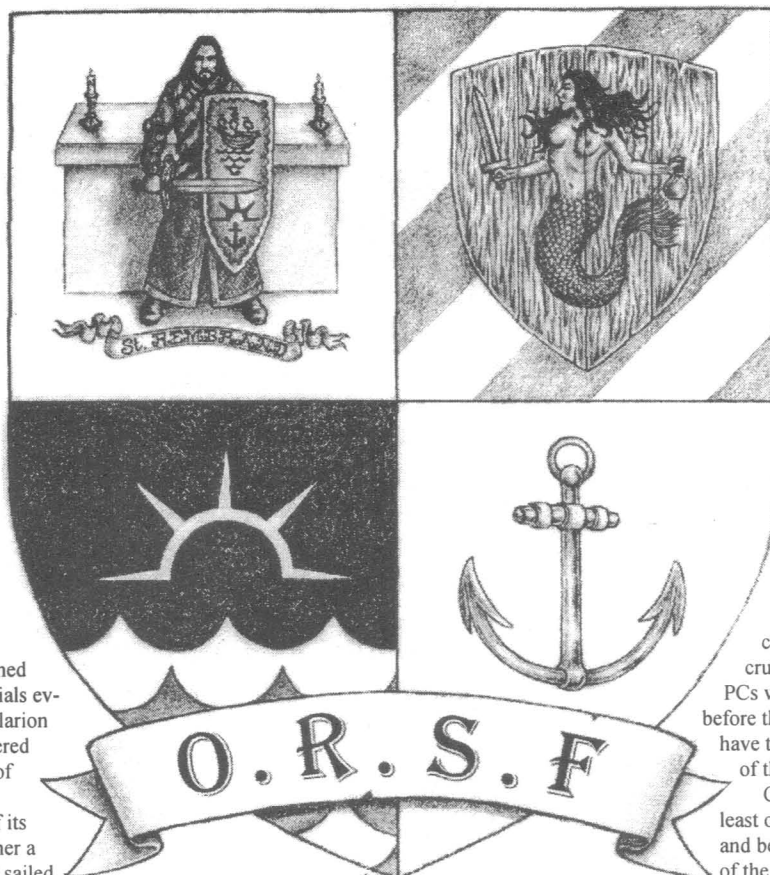
Joining the order

PCs may wish to join the order if they feel the call of religion, but don't want to enter the priesthood. New Knights may also be serving a sentence of penance, atoning for some offense by fighting for Manann's cause. Terms can be of any length for new recruits, from one year to a lifetime. PCs wishing to follow other careers before their term of service is up must have the approval of the Arch-Priest of their home temple.

Candidates must have served at least one career as a marine or sailor and be vouched for by three members of the cult of Manann. Test against

FEL, with a +5 modifier for each sea-going career served and another +5 for dedicated service to the cult. Apply a -10 penalty for any hint that the character, his family, or any close to him have had anything to do with the heretical cult of Stromfels. Certain connection to that hated cult will bar the character forever from service in the Order – and perhaps get him arrested if he's stupid enough to make it known! Otherwise, failure of the FEL roll means that the PC can try again next year.

New recruits typically serve one term as marines or sailors in the cult's service, even if they have followed these careers before – this is a trial period for them to prove their worthiness. Provided they haven't disgraced themselves in some way, they become full members once they have taken all advances and skills in their career, and accumulated the necessary points to move to another. Even though they are not Templars per se, these marines and sailors are still Knights of the Order and are bound by its strictures.



2483 for suppressing pirates that had been raiding his coasts. While loyal to the Arch-Priest, it will obey his orders to serve Marienburg's interests too. A small detachment of Templar-Marines fought with the city's army during the War for Independence – it conducted the commando operation that destroyed the Imperial army's supplies in the Grootscher Marsh.

Organization and membership

The Order of IC 2512 has nearly regained its old strength, numbering roughly 700 members scattered throughout the Old World. The Order comprises roughly 70% "common" marines, 25% "true" Templars who are the officers, and 5% "other" careers, generally non-combatants like scholars or artisans. They are typically organized into "companies" of twenty marines, each commanded by a sergeant, who is a Templar. The sergeant commonly answers to the temple's Master of Arms, a senior priest with military experi-

Characters coming from advanced careers that have skills useful to the Order, such as Navigator or Wizard or Scholar, will still be admitted if they meet the above requirements. Rather than serving a term as a common sailor or marine, they will instead be given duties that best fit their skills and the Order's needs. In no case, however, will anyone be allowed to advance to the Templar career and thus high rank in the order without having first served as a Marine. Tradition demands it.

Important individuals in the Marienburg Order

Grandmaster of the Order, Nicolaas van Meeter : Nearly 63 years old, van Meeter has been a Templar for over 40 years, since he had a religious epiphany while serving as a marine for House den Euwe. In that time, he has served in all the major temples of Manann in the Old World and even traveled to Lustria. Before losing his left leg and eye to torture at the hands of the cult of Stromfels, he was famed as a daring officer and ferocious warrior. His greatest moment came when he led the assault on the Ducal Palace in Sartosa during the Great Raid of 2499, personally killing the Pirate King Horvaty in his throne room. The banners and arms taken during that raid hang in the Order's refectory to this day.

Grandmaster van Meeter is a fanatical follower of Manann and loyal to Arch-Priest Wouter Berkhout. He rules the Knights of St. Rembrand with an iron hand, and no one rises in the Marienburg hierarchy without his close scrutiny. Though distance keeps him from governing the companies beyond Marienburg as tightly, there are few among even the Arch-Priests of the great temples who would openly oppose him. Within Marienburg, the Templar-Marines stay above the factional politics of the city, other than to help in the policing of Tempelwijk. Should push come to shove, though, the nearly 100 Knights of St. Rembrand The Faithful would be a force to reckon with.

Master of Novices, Brother Egbert Huibers:

The current Master of Novices is Brother Egbert Huibers. He is responsible for the training of new Templar-Marines. Brother Huibers has the final word whether a recruit is qualified to be a marine. Politics and social standing mean little to him – he recently caused a stir when he washed-out the younger son of a Nuln noble. "I don't need no dandies in the marines! Let 'em write poetry to their cooing ladies and let real warriors handle the fighting!" Huibers is a favorite of Grandmaster van Meeter and it is assumed that he is being groomed for higher command.

For more information, see his entry in *Marienburg: sold down the river*.

Mistress of Ritual, Sister Maartje Pellikaan:

Sister Pellikaan is a stern, dour woman in her mid-forties. She coils her salt-and-pepper hair in a tight bun and wears no make-up or jewelry, which she dismisses as "feminine affectations." She rarely smiles but, when she does, the scar she received from a Dark Elf marine makes her grin look grotesque. She has memorized the holy scriptures of the cult and liberally sprinkles quotations from them in her conversation.

Sister Pellikaan is responsible for the spiritual probity of the Knights of St. Rembrand in Marienburg. She is their confessor and teacher, and she is a stern taskmistress. She regularly grills Templar-Marines on questions of theology, probing them for any hint of error or heresy. Knights who do not meet her high standards are

TEMPLAR OF MANANN

Advance Scheme

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+40	+20	+1	+3	+6	+20	+2	+10	+30	+20	+30	+20	+2

Skills

Consume Alcohol
Disarm
Dodge Blow
Read/Write
Row
Sailing
Secret Language – Battle Tongue
Secret Signs – Templar (Manann)
Strike Mighty Blow
Strike to Stun
Swim
Theology (Manann)

Trappings

Two hand weapons (typically a combination of sword and axe)
crossbow and ammunition
mail shirt (1 AP, body)
metal cap (1 AP, head)
shield (1 AP, overall)
grapnel and ten yards of rope
prayer book and worry-beads
small sea chest for personal belongings

Strictures

As members of a holy order, the Knights of St. Rembrand The Faithful follow certain religious strictures, similar to those followed by priests. In addition to the strictures imposed on priests of Manann, Knights of St. Rembrand must obey the following rules.

- Always obey the order of a priest of Manann, unless the Knight is himself a priest of higher rank or unless obedience would lead to heresy.
- Oppose the works of Stromfels and Chaos wherever they may be found, and never suffer their servants to live, unless commanded otherwise by a Priest or higher-ranking Templar.

Trials

Along with the trials common for the priesthood, typical tests assigned to Templar-Marines include slaying a shark in single combat, a period of work among the common sailors, or clearing a gang of wreckers from a coastal village.

Blessings

Blessings from Manann include those mentioned on p. 196 of the WFRP rulebook, along

required to attend "remedial catechism" lessons that can last for weeks. As Maartje Pellikaan also regularly represents the Cult of Manann on the tribunals of the Star Chamber, failure to learn one's lessons can have very serious consequences.

Adventure Hooks

Capture the flag

Not all the battles the Order fought in ended in victory. One in particular still rankles – the loss of the caravel *Hesperia* IC 2230. It was sailing from Bilbali to Marienburg as part of a three-ship convoy of honor for the then-Grandmaster, Siemon Peerenboom. It never made its scheduled stop in L'Anguille and was presumed lost at sea with all hands. That is, until six months ago.

Word has come to the Cathedral of Manann of Peerenboom's fate: his flotilla was attacked by Bretonnian pirates. The survivors, including the Grandmaster, were sacrificed to Stromfels and the loot taken to Moussillon as trophies for the clandestine temple of the Lord of the Raging Sea. A merchant returning from Bretonnia, Oldrik Elderen, told the order about his visit with Marcel du Pont, an important merchant in Moussillon. Du Pont had the ceremonial sword and banner of Grandmaster Peerenboom on display in his mansion's dining hall! No one knows how he came to possess them, but the Order is determined to get them back – honor demands their return.

But, du Pont refuses to sell at any price. So the Order is sending a band of Knights to the accursed city to recover the artifacts – if not by purchase then by force. Just getting around damned Moussillon will be bad enough,

but is du Pont just a merchant, or a Stromfels cultist laying a trap for his enemies? (If none of the PCs is a Knight, then the Order hires them because their own people would be too easy to spot, thus alerting du Pont. They must still take an oath of service, though.)

Swash till you buckle

The Knights of St. Rembrand The Faithful regularly rotate between service aboard ship and service on land guarding the Cult's properties and personnel. The PCs are assigned to one of the new galleons, the *Flying Westerlander*, as it patrols the Sea of Claws from Marienburg to Erengrad. Their mission is to keep the peace and protect legitimate commerce. Several adventures can come from this setting. The first two are ideally suited to new members of the Order or characters in their first career or two who are in its service.

- The ship encounters pirates attacking a merchantman or coastal village. To the rescue!
- PCs can use the stops in-between to trade on their own, or the GM can arrange mini-adventures for the "shore leave." Perhaps they are left to guard a cargo while the veterans get to enjoy a night on the town. Of course, this is the night when the local gang decides to steal the goods!
- Captain Zacharias Westdijk is a cruel bastard who drives his men hard and treats them worse. Still, he is the captain – his word is law and the PCs have sworn an oath as Knights. One day, he orders a man keel-hauled for a minor breach. While he is within his rights, the crew can take no more and mutinies. Do the PCs uphold their oaths – or justice?

THE ORE CARRIER

A Short Story by David L. Stone

The cart was headed for Gisoreux. It rattled between the Grey Mountains, its elderly wooden frame threatening to retire every inch of the way. Mist had descended in thick swathes, casting eerie shadows among the myriad rocks that garlanded the pass on both sides. This part of the cart's annual journey was always the most hazardous, as bands of hungry Hill Goblins inhabited the lower foothills, waiting patiently for prey such as this.

Gregor Niasan tightened his grip on the opal-studded hilt of his trusty broadsword, imaginary enemies disrupting his rational mind. Cursing the gods under baited breath, the rider urged his steed onward, the complaining wooden construction trailing close behind. Why did they never allow a guard escort on these journeys? If the confounded ore was so damn rare, surely the merchants of Marienburg would wish it to remain in safe hands? On reflection, Gregor decided that his masters probably didn't care a pair of fetid snotling's kidneys whether the cart arrived safely at its destination; the entire procedure was carried out under oath rather than choice, after all. The ore was expendable, as was he.

Cloud gathered over the Grey Mountains: far off to the East, a storm was brewing. Gregor fancied that he heard, very briefly, the faint grumble of thunder in the distance. It would be dark soon, and he must leave the pass by nightfall. Only the gods knew what foul monstrosities occupied the foothills during the small hours.

A crooked, weather-beaten signpost impaled the thick grass near the path. A half-broken plaque indicated that Gisoreux was now exactly eight miles away. Gregor took a deep breath and forced his weary mount to a swifter pace.

Rounding a sharp bend in the path, he suddenly became acutely aware that he was being watched. He continued at his current speed but began to look about him uncertainly. A thick canopy of trees occupied the lower reaches of the mountainside to his left, not ten yards from the road. This coppice would prove an ideal location for highwaymen, bandits, or even creatures from the higher climbs to hide out and await travellers.

Gregor's mind raced. Perhaps they thought he was unarmed. He needed to display his defences. He drew the ornate broadsword from its scabbard and described a rough arc in the air, the shining blade severing thin tendrils of mist. A perfect warning to all prospective attackers that this cargo would be no easy prey.

An arrow whistled through the air and imbedded itself deeply into the horse's right flank, mere inches from Gregor's own calf. The wounded animal reared up furiously and started to struggle against its bonds. A second missile flew from the trees nearby, thudding into the cart itself this time. Then the war cries began.

Two shrieking goblin wolfriders emerged from the woods and galloped towards the wagon. They were closely followed by a third, presumably the Chieftain, who barked orders at his henchmen as they advanced. Having cast aside bow and arrow, the creatures now appeared to be armed with sharp scimitars, a curious weapon for this part of Bretonnia. Evidently they had acquired the curved swords from an earlier raid and were keen to test their ferocity in battle. Luckily for Gregor, the goblins had gravely underestimated the man they were attacking. He abruptly dismounted and readied his weapon.

Niasan had been a sergeant-at-arms in Marienburg, ever since leaving the guard-house in Brionne at the relatively young age of twenty-two. He had been the best swordsman in the battalion - the best for generations, many had said.

As the first rider approached, wielding his blade like the scythe of Death, Gregor swiftly evaded, swinging his own weapon aloft at the last moment. The remaining Goblins abruptly ceased their maniacal shrieking when they spied the head of their eager companion topple from his shoulders like a marble and roll across the grass. The lifeless body stayed erect in the saddle for a short

while before folding over and falling to the dirt like a cut of raw meat, limbs still twitching spasmodically.

The Chieftain rallied quickly, instructing his second minion to dismount and attack the sword-wielding warrior on foot. The goblin leapt from his steed and careered into Niasan, bowling him over and knocking the weapon from his grasp. As the two combatants struggled for supremacy on the grass, the Chieftain made straight for the unprotected cargo. Grasping the reins for balance he reached over the cart and grabbed the sprawling sheet of brown cloth that covered the stow, casting it onto the path below. A grim smile formed on the creature's thick lips. His master would be pleased; he had intercepted the ore carrier.

The battle on the grass had reached a climax. The foul Hill Goblin, despite being drastically smaller than his opponent, had gained a distinct advantage. He tore at the human with jagged yellow teeth, opening cruel wounds in Gregor's taut flesh. Blood filled his eyes, nearly causing him to lose consciousness. From the edge of his strained vision Gregor saw the Chieftain taking the reins of the ore cart. He made one last valiant attempt to overcome the snarling beast that smothered him before a heavy blow to the skull silenced his angered screams forever.

Sunshine flooded the cobbled streets of Marienburg, punctuating the water with sparkles of pure brilliance. In the market-square, traders were beginning to arrive, squabbling with each other over preferred pitches. A thin shard of light infiltrated the Guild Hall, piercing the darkness and casting shade into shadow. Rubin Shand, current chairman of the Merchant Council, sat behind his great oak desk, eyes closed with the deep concentration that his most recent deal required. A tattered parchment rested on the tabletop, decorated with figures, charts and mathematical diagrams. How he hated taxes. The curse of any legitimate profession. He looked up from the sheet and squinted in the sunlight that shone between the plush silk curtains of his private quarters. There came a thunderous knocking at the large double-doors in the East wall, shaking the merchant from his reverie.

Shand sighed despondently and granted the visitor permission to enter. A young man dressed in the garb of a Marienburg soldier marched into the room and approached the desk, a solemn expression on his face.

"The ore carrier has been attacked by goblins," he said. "They murdered Gregor Niasan and made off with his cargo. Our cargo. A search party was sent from Gisoreux when he did not reach his destination. They found Gregor's body, along with the decapitated remains of one of his attackers. Gisoreux officials have offered their condolences to his family."

Shand nodded and dismissed the guard, ordering him to send for Mallory Breeling, a Captain of the Marienburg Black Caps. Breeling arrived almost immediately, his familiar broad-shouldered frame blocking out most of the light from the doorway which he filled almost entirely.

"Anything to report, Captain?" Shand asked in a distinctly matter-of-fact fashion.

"We have the ore safely back in our stores, sir," Breeling said, smiling as he neared the merchant.

"I trust the goblin chief was paid well?" Breeling nodded a confirmation. "And our relations with Gisoreux?"

"In order, sir. We staged the whole thing perfectly."

"Well done, Captain. You may go." Breeling reached the portal, turned, and looked back toward his master.

"There's still the question of next year, sir," he said. The merchant reclined in his marble chair and reached into the dark recesses of his desk drawer for a second parchment.

"I'll think of something, Captain," he chuckled. "I'll think of something."

and Casino, located on Elfgate bridge, has entertainment of the highest quality, with the chance to win an added bonus. Should ye get lonelie whyle away from the bosom of your home, the companionship of comelie ladies is to found at Emanuelle Dalle's in the Wijnzak district providing everything you could desire. Alfó to be found here in many restaurants is the local 'delicacy', Mottled Green Sea Slug, sliced and pickled in brine. It only seems to be eaten by the Bretonnians. I recommend avoiding it.

The average Breton's taste is worse even than the locals. *First he says to stay out of wijzak, then he recommends a Stossel there. Typical!* Those looking for eastern heights can find their exotic flavours in Suiddock. The Golden Lotus Dreaming House on Three Penny Bridge, and Ho Kongs on Stossel are both safe. However, bodyguards or burly servants should, as always, be engaged when travelling in this district.

The Red Cock Inn and the Three Wave Tavern, both located in Guilderveld, are fine establishments for entertainment and ale. Madam Roozenbooms and Hugo's Humble both provide fine eating opportunities for the defined palette. In Goldberg the Four Season's Change is known for its local herring dishes and imported Kislebian vodka. Whyle here take a visit to Aardbol Theatre and hear what the common man thinks of his masters. Over in Paleisbuurt can be found the Drowning Barge, where can be found cocktails, which are good, but not as good as those to be found in The Laughing Jackass in Middenheim.

Over here where he steals the text he chooses to add unfavourable comments. Stom!

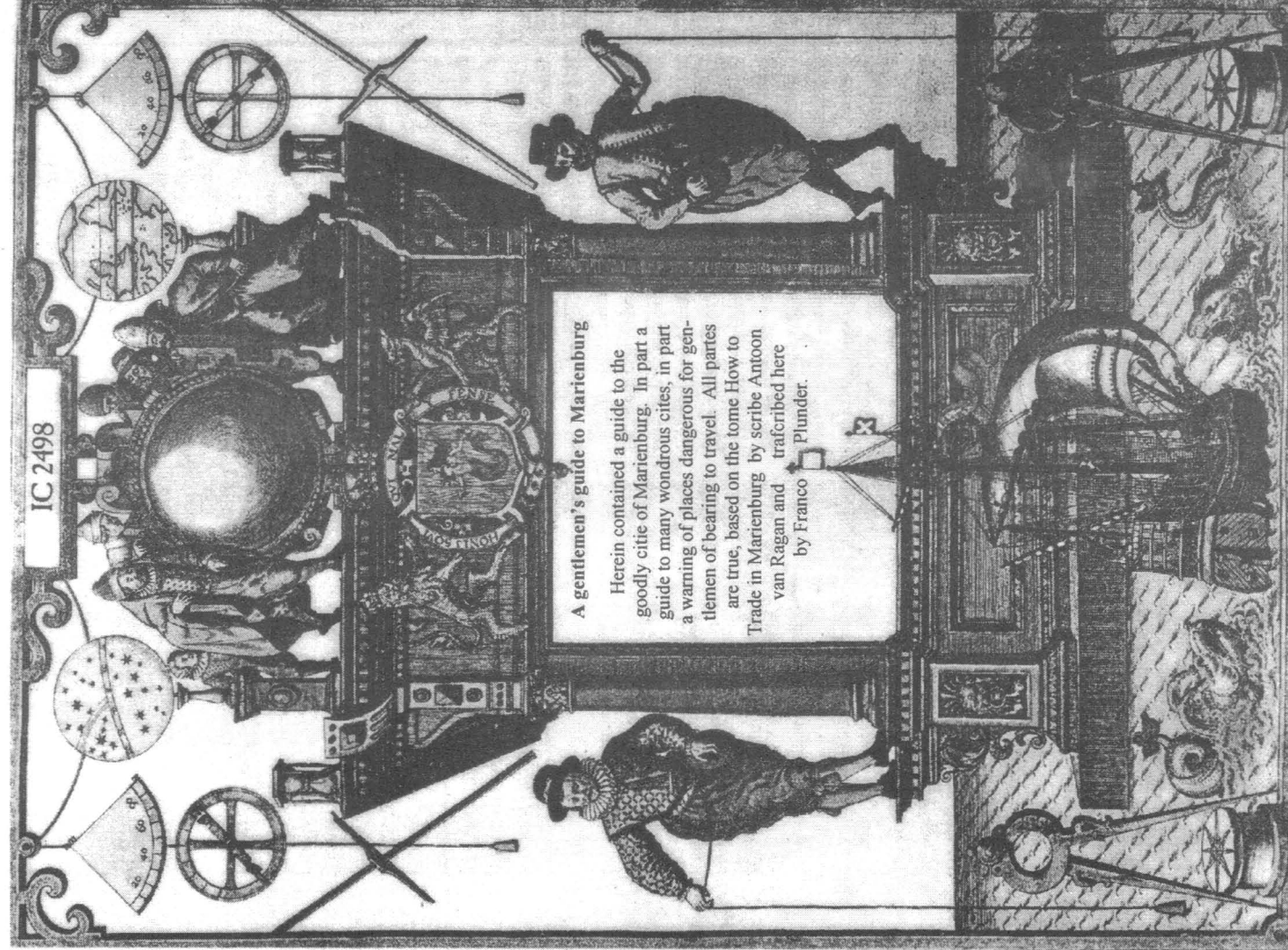
Imprinted by Johann & Johann, in Delbrez by the sign of the Hungry Horfe in the yere of the Empire 2498.

Sights
The citie has some of the finest bridges in the known world. Both the Hoogburg Bridge, spanning The Reik and connecting High Tower Isle to the Palace district, and Draaienburg Swing Bridge, are amazing feats of engineering. The Niederburg bridge, leading to Suiddock and Three Penny Bridge connecting its islands are both famous, but visitors should remember to visit in light and with guards.

A thousand yeres old the Cathedral of Manann is a worthy spiritual centre. Located on Holy Isle, three gold towers imitate Manann's trident. Alfó dedicated to Manann is the Whaler Shrine in Suiddock, its roof arched with whalebone. The temple of Hændryk has some of the finest stained glass windows, designed by Altdorfer Robert Pinaigrier. The New Palace, home of the Staadholder, is sometimes known as Democracy's Cradle, but it was not me that said its because there's a dummy in it.

If you wish to bring back a gift, Priceless Friends in Elftown has creatures unfeen on these shores. Or ye could buy a coat of Klienland wool, one of Marienburg's few native exports. The finest coats can be purchafed in Winkelmarkt and Guilderveld. It will be of the best quality, although one should be careful not too pay too much.

Thereby ends my advice and my guide to the Wasteland citie of Marienburg. May Handrich guide your purse, and Signar your hand.



A gentlemen's guide to Marienburg

Herein contained a guide to the goodly citie of Marienburg. In part a guide to many wondrous cites, in part a warning of places dangerous for gentlemen of bearing to travel. All partes are true, based on the tome How to Trade in Marienburg by scribe Antoon van Ragan and tracribed here by Franco Plunder.

Here the goods arriving to the citie are bought and sold in fevered bidding. All trade must be made through an exchange broker. When selling goods ye must accept the price decided. Goods generally of a more exotic nature can be bought from the Hall of Trade on Sith Rionnasc. The weekly auction is run by the Sea Elf clans selling the goods they have imported. The auction is only open to members of the Exchange.

Should ye wish to seek monetary advice, there is no better place than the Temple of Haendryk. Here in his bleisfed preference you can arrange loans to cover any losses or to capitalyse on any deals that come your way. A visit here with an offering is a sensible introduction to your dealings in Marienburg.

If ye wish to travel further afield, the Temple of Verena underwrite many expedition. Of course, ye will need to hand over any new dicoveries. Good ideas may get money for the jurnie and on a successful return, fame. Only the bravest of explorers take part in this Age of Discovery, and of course many are from the Empire. *Although none are from the Wasteland.*

Of courte pyrates, pryvateers and wreckers, some in the service of the outlawed god Stromfels, prove a danger to veffels ye may have placed a stake in. Storms and sea monsters may also hamper your jurnie to profit and chaos is not to be avoided through travel on the seas.

Entertainment

Marienburg hav a host of locations to relaxe in. As a rule, they are not of such a high class as can be found in the Empire. You may also find it safer to stay in your inn after dark. Three of a Kind Cabaret

cargo for a fair fee, with an as always efficient service. Before ye even dock however ye will need to engage a member of the Pylot's Guild to guide your boat into harbour. For those arriving on The Reik, the Riverman may not pylot your boat: the result of a dispute betwixt these two guilds.

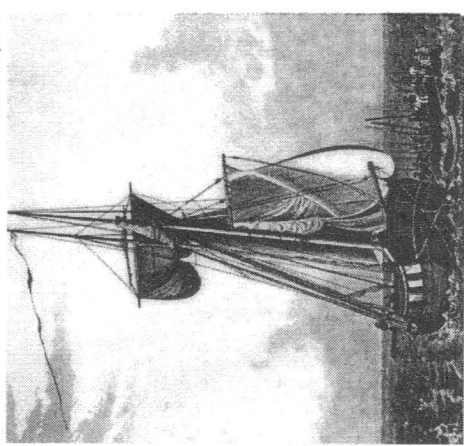
You may wish to engage a Lawyer conversant in the local laws as those dealing with Trade are many and varied. A recommendation may be found at The Inns of Court. Marienburg law is somewhat different from the preferred Empire model. A maze of bureaucracy must be negotiated to get anything done, with a host of commissions and guilds, all there to be bargained with. This bureaucracy takes time but a small donation to the office shrine club will help you to be looked vpon favourably. The Guilds have far more power here than their Imperial cousins, and few trades are not guilded. A peculiar example of both the law and the hold of the guilds is that no man may represent himself at the High Court without losing their case.

If ye are bringing commodities via the Reik, ye will encounter the Excise Service of the Marienburg Secretariat. They will levy tax on your cargo, and ye are advifed to pay. Especially if your goods are perishable. Inquires on sea going ships and their cargoes can be gained from the Port Authorities located in the Admiralty on High Tower Isle.

There are a plenty of opportunities to invest in profitable ventures, most of which take place at the Wasteland Export-Import Exchange. Located on Hightower Island the building is very impreffive, as is only right for the Merchant's Guildhall.

been rebuilt and is very safe, employing many guards. Some may find it expensive. Also recommended here is the Scales and Measure, famous for its fish suppers and the Tirmin Room, Wherein Armin Tirmin was stabbed to death during the infamous "silver-spoon" incydent.

Down the waterways in the Noordmuur district, The Net & Anchor is also a fine establishment. Many Sea Captains and Explorers stay here and you are guaranteed a good story, a fine meal, soft bed and hot bath. Highly recommended. Not quite in the same class but fuitable if you have a large entourage is The Grounded Clipper. Indeed, should ye wish to have your servants stay somewhere more suitable and economic, The Crow's Nest in Suiddock is cheap and usually clean. Remember to give stern warning of talking to silver-tongued locals however, or your buifness secrets may be tricked out of them. *Take the recommendation for The Net & Anchor with a pinch of salt. For Trading Explorers Rest was burnt down after the on insulting the steward.*



The Guild Clipper "The Delbrez"

Both Suiddock and Winkelmarkt are also similarly dysreputable but ye may well have good reason to visit them. The fact that such circumstance arise show what low opinion the citie's rulers hold us goodly Imperial visitors. Hire bodieguards.

Stay your visit in the Goudberg, Guilderveld, Noordmuur, Ostmuur, Oudgeldwijk and Templewijk areas. The people here, relative to the other citizens anyway, are of polite fensibility. The streets and waterways are well peopled at dark and the Lamplighters are often feen. They have plenty of establishments to spend your coin and sights to see. Guilderveld is home to many fine craftsmen.

Handelaarmarkt, Arabierstad, Indierswijk, Klienmoot and Zijdemarkt are all safe during the light. Fine fices and silks can be purchased in Indierswijk and Zijdermarkt, or even some contacts made. Remember they have strange foryign rituals which you must not insult, no matter how bizarre. Perhaps the most strange is Elfsigement, or Elftown. Here ye are subject to their laws, as decided by the clans, headed by the Exarch, which live there. Only an Elf may remain here after dusk.

Where To Stay

There are plenty of establishments to sleep and dine in the areas above. Marienburg excels in food from around the Empire and beyond. The inns in these areas are of goodly quality and within goodly distance of trading areas. In the Paleisburt area ye will find the Gull & Trident, famous for its comfortable beds and excellent food. However, it is recommended ye book your room many days advance. If ye wish to stick with good honest food and hospitality, The Emperor's Rest in Ostmuur caters for the taste of the discerning Imperial. It has recently

On Arrivale

now inhabit

The laft Baron of Westerland died bravely serving Magnus the Pious. Magnus, beloved of Sigmar, allowed the cite to be governed by merchants and clerics, for the benefit of the Empire. This Directorate ruled over the newly named Province of Westerland. However, this new body schemed and plotted to take control of Westerland from its rightful place in the Empire. This was achieved due to Emperor Dieter II, who foolishly imposed high taxes to pay for his wars. His successor Wilhelm III cast him from the throne. The plotting burghers of Marienburg, instead of supporting the Emperor, proclaimed their independence. Wilhelm bravely sent three armies against these rebels but all were defeated. The final defeat was at the Battle of Grootcher Marsh, where his cowardly generals licked their lips to the lure of gold and trembled at the unnatural Elven magic. They named the land "The Wasteland," and retreated to count their coffers. They have continued to mak their great wealth from their refrictive practices off the back of the Empire.

Marienburg remains ruled by this Directorate. They are the executive council of the Stadsraad. The Stadsraad houses the Countrey's two parliaments, the Rijk-skamer and the Burgerhof. The Directorate consists of the high Priests of Mann, Verena, Shallya and Haendryk, as well as the Rector of Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magick and ten members of the Burgerhof, voted by their peers every two yeres. It is the duty of the Directorate to elect the Staadholder, a regent until the return of the House of van de Maacht.

The Directorate currently consists of the cite's premier merchants. Most of The

Ten have dealings in the Empire; our members will possibly be most familiar with the business of the Foogers, van Onderzoekers and van Haagans.

On Arrivale

Getting to Marienburg is easily accomplished by boat. The Reik from Altdorf and Carroburg is crowded but generally safe. We recommend contacting *Westerland Boats* in Altdorf for good and comfortable service. Send ahead with word of your arrival so appropriate preparations may be made. Coach journeys from Middenheim are carried out by both *Wolf Runner Coaches* and *Four Season Coaches*. The journey is poor and the scenery uninspiring, unless you like mift and marfh.

Marineburgers will either try to exaggerate or ignore the dangers of Grootcher Marsh, which they call 'cursed marsh'. It is a dark, evil place south of Marienburg. Stories say that it is inhabited by beaftmen, demons and a group of mutants, the Fen Loonies. Stay on the path and ye will be safe. Thick fogs cover the entire Wasteland, rolling into the streets at wynter.

Once in the cite ye should hail a water-coach to take ye to your place of residence. Beware; it is easy to become lost among the waterways. Remember to ask a price before hand or ye will find yourself on the scenic route. Nor engage them in conversation but order them to take ye to your destination. If ye wish to purchase the services of a bawd then do so only with the recommendation of a trusted local.

Keep your wits about ye nor stray and ye will have no trouble. Should ye feel needy of protection and wish to hire bodieguards I recommend Marqandts' Escorts in Goudberg for an excellent service. Cheaper is

Hakkeling's Shield-men on the Suiddock, but beware attempts to foist a Bretonnian on your service. They are little but drunks and will run away at the first sign of trouble. *At least his insults are not just confined to us!*

Give no more than a shilling to a beggar, or they will be have a troupe of them following ye. There are more here than in the Empire, another sign of the laziness of the people. The Imperial Gold Coin is equivalent to the Wasteland Guilder and there is no need to change your money. No matter what ye may be told.

Those wishing to place a small offering at the temple should afk to be taken to the Templewijk district. However, you will need to visit the towne of Kalkaat to offer prayers to offers prayers to Sigmar. Beware the Temple in the Ostrmuur district, as this is the centre of the heretical, blas-

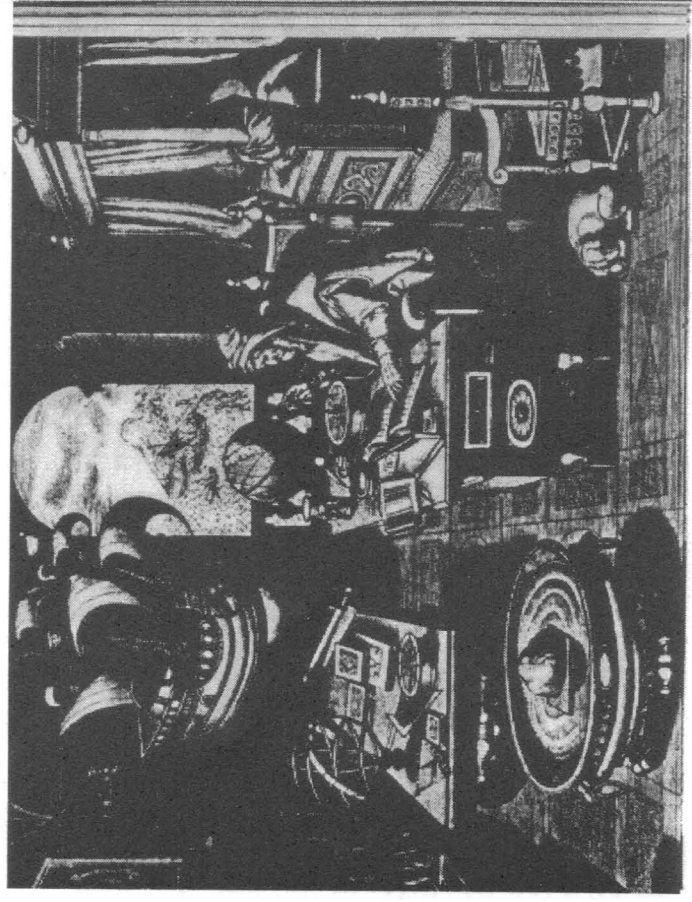
The Citie

phemous cult of Sigmar-Reformed. Should any of your travelling party have magical abiiity they must report immediately to Baron Henryks.

The Citie

The lay of the cite and its island division means that the many districts can be easily defined. Using the waterways is often the best way to travel among them. Should ye have strife on the water then the River Watch should be called for assistance. Otherwife on land the Honourable Company of Lamplighters and Watchmen attempt to keep the peace.

By all accounts avoid the areas of Doodkanaal, Kruisersmuur, Messteeg, Noor-manswijk, Rijkspoor, Vlakland and Wijnzak. A gentlemen should have no cause to frequent these areas and they are the playground of either thieves or foreigners.

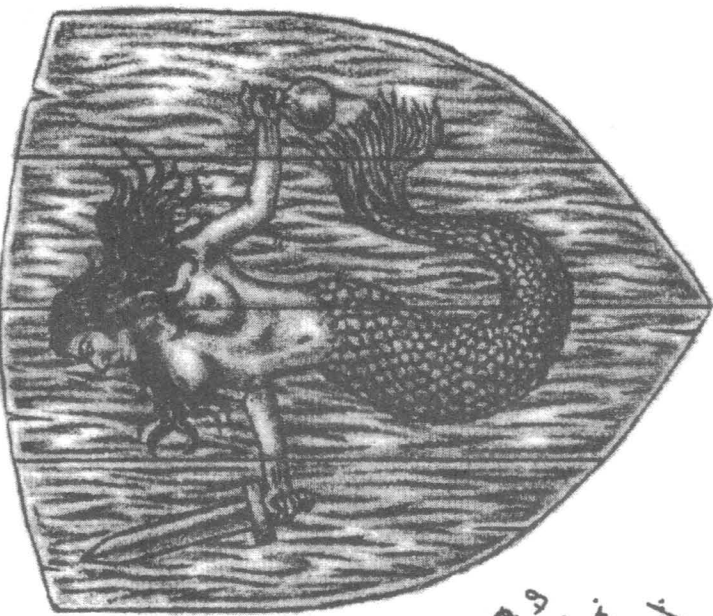


The famous Baron Henryk founder of the college of Sea Navigation and Magicks

as the Kislievian I heard of, who was sold an acre of snow. *If he comes here there will be a queue to break his legs.*

at the moment for this belief. They have a particular dislike for Imperials but like our gold well enough. However, those of our profession have much power here. Handich's (whom they insist on calling Hændryk) strictures are the guidance behind many laws here. An admirable and sensible foundation. Marienburg is the centre of worship of Manann.

I am at a loss for words. He obviously doesn't know what he is talking about. His opinions are second hand and typical of an Imperial who can't stomach that we left behind your tin-pot Emperor and his lackey nobility. We are ruled by those with talent to rule not by some inbred toad, who insists on being called Lord, and whose great-great-grandfather paid for his title with stolen money.



Here it is my dear Claude. Punder is a cut's a charlatan with a grudge. Les! Les! Les! He has distended your eye a pad to pay attention.

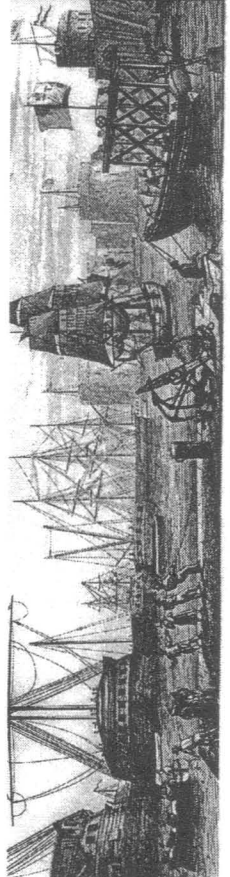
ancient Sea Elf port of Sith Rion-nasc namishatir once stood, or so it is said. Marius of the Juton Tribe founded the citie, guided here by Manann. These early barbarians were uneducated and left few early records. Only the guiding influence of Emperor Sigismund II, "the Conqueror", brought them civilization. The Imperial province of Weysterland became part of the mighty Empire. Increased trade under Handrich's guidance have them even more civilised, nearly to the level of their brethren in the Empire. In the coming yeres the Emperor protected his chylidren from the raiding Norse and the Bretonnians, who although they held the citie for a short time were beaten away by an Imperial army.

World, each carrying commodities to trade. The Citie consists of dozens of islands, hundred of bridges, thousands of boats and barges sailing the connecting waterways. These are the citie's main roads. Everywhere is crowded; the buildings lean so far over the waters they look like drunken brawlers just before collapse. Beware of pickpockets among the crush. Alfio, have your servant carry a parasol for when ye pass under bridges or windows.

Most importantly remember money gets you everywhere in Marienburg. They are no respecters of rightly poffition or breeding. Indeed they have no morals as long as there is profit to be made. The proverb, "After you shake hands with a Marienburger, be sure to count your fingers," is the key to this playce. Keep your guard up or ye will end up the same way

Even with the restrictive practices of the Directorate there is much money to be made in Marienburg, as well as entertainments of wondrous variety. We have taken testament from guild brethren who have travelled there and tryd to trade. Keep this pamphlet on your person and may Sigmar and Handrich guide ye in your dealings. Marienburg is the principal citie of the Wasteland, once the Imperial Province of Weysterland until secession in 2429. Even though Marienburg will be returned to its righteous place in The Empire in time, it is best to humour the residents of this playce for the mene time. They take offence easily and like little to be reminded of their place. They persist with a curious notion that the people themselves rule the citie: "Democracy" seems to be the most popular

Welcome



The Suiddock

ONCE UPON A TIME IN MARIENBURG

A Complete Scenario by John Foody

"An act of violence is never solitary. Its ripples affect all around it and nothing is as it was before."

*"... wrongs can ultimately be uncovered but the seeker after truth is not only completely incapable of righting them but his very search will only make matters worse."**

This morning local fisherman waved to the crew of *The White Dove* as it approached the great port of Marienburg, its hold full. On board the seaman Whitey, once known as Marius Steinfield, looked at a city he did not remember. His return is destined to set wheels in motion, wheels which may end up crushing the PCs.

Introduction

This scenario is set in Marienburg and uses many of the locations from Hogshead's new supplement Marienburg: Sold Down the River. Having a copy to hand would be useful but is not essential. The scenario actually consists of two adventures which overlap but are mostly independent of each other. This has the possibility to confuse the players at certain parts in the plot, which is only to be encouraged! Depending on the motivations of your PCs they may become distracted by the second plot losing sight of the first completely. However, you will easily be able to run them independently should you so wish.

The ending to the scenario is wide open, and the referee may have to improvise in order to adapt

it to the players' actions. Additionally, it may end with the PCs having made friends and enemies with some of the most powerful people in the city.

PROLOGUE

There is no nobility in Marienburg!

Crash!

The PCs are wandering around the shops and stalls of the merchant districts when, from nearby, there is a commotion. A wagon is parting the crowd before it as it rapidly charges down the street. An obviously fearful driver whips his horses as he shouts for people to clear the way. Following him is an open-topped wagon holding three young armed men (one of whom they may recognise as Ostav, from the Cameo *Hidden in the Mist* on page 15). The PCs are too far away to reach either wagon.

The first wagon reaches the end of the street but is going too fast to turn. It skids, coming to rest with the rear wheels hanging over the edge of a waterway. A second later it falls down, the horses straining to stop themselves falling in. The driver falls backward and, screaming, catches hold of a box. A loose crate falls and pulls off the wagon's covering before crashing in to the water. Inside are about fifteen crates, all strapped down.

As the first wagon slowly slips into the water, the second one reaches it. Two of the men grab the horses' reigns to stop them slipping whilst the third (Ostav) leaps on the wagon. Oblivious to the screaming driver he begins ripping open the crates

and throwing the contents out. In the distance the shouts of the Black Caps (the nickname for Marienburg's watch) can be heard, and the two men let go off the horses and begin to clamber in to their own wagon shouting for Ostav to hurry up. As the wagon begins to slip he clambers up but looks back at the driver. He then begins to help him out. His two friends, seeing the watch running across the nearby bridge, drive off.

By this time, any PCs who started running towards the wagons will reach the waterside. If they attempt to help the two men off they can save the horses by cutting the harnesses. Ostav looks down at the water, his face livid, and says, "By Haendryk! All the evidence is gone. Damn!" Seconds later the Black Caps arrive and set upon Ostav, beating him to the ground, with cries of, "Finally got you, scumbag!"

Ostav is arrested for robbery and murder. The PCs are told to clear off. Any arguing will result in their arrest as accomplices.

Who is Ostav?

Ostav is known to many as a harassed of merchants. He attacks their wagons and wrecks them. However, rumour is that although the bounty on his head is for robbery, he has yet to take anything. Little more is known about him. He is a high profile catch and although the murder charge is quietly dropped his prosecution will make many people happier.

Ostav is actually Gustav van Haagen, nephew to Leo van Haagen, one of the Directors of Marienburg. He believes that certain merchants are smuggling chaos artifacts out of the city. He has made it his task to reveal them. So not as to embarrass his family he changed his name and recruited some friends. Because his position is so sensitive, he has always gone to great lengths to protect his identity.

In Jail

If any PCs have been arrested they will be thrown in to a cell with Ostav. During the night they will be beaten by four men armed with clubs. A jug of bitter wine is all they will be given. Ostav will feel guilty for dragging the PC(s) in to this and explain the full story, although without revealing his name. A suitable bribe to the jailers will allow visitors.

If the PCs do not get arrested or visit him, one of his friends will ask them to appear at court the next day to speak on his behalf. He cannot offer any money to do so but says they had no intention of robbing anyone, and if necessary, drops hints that Ostav has friends in high places who would be grateful of their intervention.

At Court

As Ostav has been accused of many robberies and so has been brought before the Central Criminal Court. The case is being judged by a panel of three Magistrates including Kai der Kwick. Previous cases that day have been quickly dealt with after minimal statements and formalities. No one has yet been found innocent of any charges brought against them. The PCs are stared at by the Black Caps from yesterday, who plainly resent them being there. There is no sign of the driver or Ostav's accomplices.

When the case is announced, Ostav (and any PCs) are dragged in to the middle of the court. He has obviously been beaten since yesterday but he



holds his head up high as the charges are read to him. The only charge is assault, as the merchant has not brought any charges. The senior magistrate looks at him with distaste and says, "Let us hear the details of this disgraceful incident." Two members of the watch give statements that twist the facts to their favour. This takes several minutes, after which each PC in turn will be called to the stand. Ostav's Lawyer is young and inexperienced and obviously out of his depth.

Halfway through the second PCs' statement, an obviously bored der Kwick asks if the others are going to say anything different. "Well then, let us announce sentence." It is obvious to all in the court that the defendants are going down. At that moment a court official hands a Magistrate a letter, which he immediately reads and mutters to his two colleagues. They stare at Ostav before announcing the verdict. "We find the defendant(s) not guilty of this crime. An obvious misunderstanding in identity has arisen between the two parties and I ask the Watch to be more careful in future. Remove their chains. You are free to go. The court is now in recess."

The Black Caps are clearly furious. A heated exchange takes place between them and the court official before they push their way out. The crowd are bustling with rumours, one of which is that Ostav is a nephew of Director van Haagen who has pulled strings to keep him out of trouble. Once outside the court, still hounded by the crowd, Ostav reluctantly confirms this fact but is annoyed that it has been revealed. He also says that the fact the merchant dropped the charges proved he is guilty. He thanks the PCs for their help and promises to repay the favour if he can.

Meanwhile, although they are unaware of it, the PCs have come to the attention of Magistrate Kai der Kwick.

PART ONE

The Case of the Locked Room

GMs Background

Kai der Kwick is a highly respected magistrate at the central courthouse and has many influential friends in the city. Unfortunately, he also has a few enemies who would like to see him fall. His private life is equally troubled. He hates his wife, and hopes to set up home with his mistress, whose brother-in-law is blackmailing him. While he is well paid, his wife comes from a rich family, and hence she controls most of the money. For these reasons he has planned to kill her. However, to do so will put his whole career at stake. He is afraid that his enemies will uncover his plot and use it to bring him down.

Magistrate der Kwick is an outrageous snob and believes that the lower classes are ignorant scum whom he wouldn't dirty his mat with if he found one on his boot. For this reason he plans to use a group of adventurers to further his schemes. His plan is quite complicated but he believes it completely fool-proof. Of course the more complicated things are...

The de Kwick Residence

The de Kwick residence, which lies in the Goudberg district, is a typical townhouse for the well-to-do. It is a three story terraced building, with a name plate outside stating that it is the home of Kai der Kwick, Magistrate. Inside, it is well decorated, with art and books showing it to be the home of educated people. The ground floor holds the kitchen, servants' quarters and a small shrine to Shallya. Indeed, Shallya iconography is present throughout the house. The second floor contains a

dining room, study and lounge. Upstairs are three bedrooms.

A Simple Job

The PCs will be approached by a Court messenger and asked to come with him. "It will be to your financial benefit." Possibly to their surprise they are taken to a private house in the wealthy Goudberg district. The door is opened by a pretty young maid who shows them in to the second floor study. Moments later a man in Magistrate's robes enters the room and gives the maid, Celeste, the rest of the day off.

Looking worried as he sits behind the desk, he begins. "I apologise for inconveniencing you but I will make it worth your while. I wish for you to deliver a message for me. It has to go to an address in the Suddock, and a man of my standing cannot visit such places. It must be delivered in to the hands of Luc Reno. I also want you to look menacing, but you are not to provoke him. Utmost discretion is required. Return here afterwards to collect your payment. Verena go with you."

He then hands over a bag which clicks with the sound of coins. "That is the message." Payment is whatever the GM thinks appropriate. If haggled with, Kai will pay half now, and may increase his offer by 10%.

Delivering The Message

The address leads the PCs to a small room in what was once a shop. The door is answered by a heavy-set, armed man who takes them in to see Luc. Another guard is in the room. Behind the desk sits Luc counting a pile of gold coins and placing it in a small chest. He seems unconcerned by the PCs' presence. Once they have explained why they are there, Luc laughs and says, "and you are meant to scare me? Ha! The details are elsewhere. Tell him that. Tell him that!"

Luc is a smuggler and the brother of der Kwick's maid. He found out they were having an affair and is blackmailing der Kwick with the threat of revealing all to Kai's wife. He won't give any of this information to the PCs. Luc is not afraid of violence, but will not seek to start any trouble. Once he has counted out the money (50Gu) he dismisses the PCs.

The Weeping Song

As they return to der Kwick, the PCs will see a young woman weeping at the side of the dock. She is dressed in working class clothes and is watching a ship sail into port. If a PC asks what the matter is, she says, "I weep because the dead cannot greet their families as the ship returns home. So many are lost at sea, for Manann exacts his toll for the gifts he supplies. But there are those who should not enter Morr's realm from below the waves. There are those who take but do not return. Maps show us the way, but sometimes in a different direction."

She refuses to elaborate on what she has said and (and won't repeat it); instead, she just cries. As the PCs make to leave her she stops them and, smiling sadly, puts a necklace of sea shells over the neck of the PC that first approached her. "For luck. The waters ahead are treacherous."

Any PC looking back as they leave will notice she is gone. The water shows no sign of anyone jumping in. Whether she is a grieving widow or a ghost is up to the GM to decide. A similar decision should be made about the necklace, which might be a simple decoration, or could have minor magical properties. As a rule of thumb, make the necklace a one-shot item that will work in only the most desperate of situations, allowing the PC to re-roll dice

(for themselves or for an opponent, if appropriate).

A Bit Messy

As the PCs return to the house, de Kwick will be watching for them so a chain of events can be set in motion.

What has happened?

Kai der Kwick knows his wife often returns from the Temple and locks herself in the library to read (and to avoid him). Knowing this, and being aware of her weakness for sweetmeats and snuff, he left two presents. However, inside the snuff box was the highly poisonous Klubian Tree Spider. Then, all he had to do was wait for her to open the box and be poisoned by the enraged and trapped insect.

When she was dead, Kai went upstairs and waited for the PCs to return. As they reached his door, he will throw a vase to attract their attention and escape through a secret door.

The magistrate is playing a game with the PCs, one he expects to win. However, there is a slight flaw in his plans: his wife Hanna was well liked. The simple fact that people cared for her is the beginning of the rope that may eventually hang him.

Murder most odd

When the PCs return to the Magistrate's house there is no answer from the front door. It is at this point that they then hear a smash of glass from upstairs in the house. If they look up, everything appears normal. Only a third floor window is open. Entering, the Magistrate (who is in the third floor bedroom) escapes through a secret stair case. All the rooms are empty but the second floor library is locked. It is actually bolted from inside and has to be broken down. On the floor behind the desk is Hanna der Kwick, lying dead.

If the PCs are smart enough, and the players ask the right questions, there are several clues to be found in the room.

- On the table is an empty snuff box and an unopened box of Bretonnian sweetmeats.
- Elves and Halflings will detect a faint sour smell.
- Under a sideboard is a oblong, rough-textured dark green object, two inches long. This is the cocooned spider.
- A number of books on the shelves are dedicated to the area of the world outside The Old World. (This should only be mentioned if a PC states they are specifically looking at the books.)

The length of time the PCs took executing their task for de Kwick will determine how cold the body is.

Upstairs in the bedroom can be found small pieces of broken glass from the vase. Most of it has been swept behind the secret door by der Kwick.

It's the Watch!

A few minutes later der Kwick returns with a Black Cap patrol of four, led by a sergeant. Patrols are regular in this part of town and he had no difficulty finding them. He reports that when he returned home he saw the door smashed open (whether it was or not) and people creeping about inside. Due to his position, they had no hesitation in coming to help.

The watch will barge in to the house, and any characters they encounter will be ordered to surrender. Following behind, der Kwick will identify the PCs as "his men" and ask what happened. When he is shown the body of his wife he breaks down and cries. One of the Watchmen quickly checks the body and says, "there's no wounds, Herr

Sergeant." He decides it was probably natural.

Taking the PCs outside, the sergeant questions the PCs again. Once satisfied he sends them on their way.

The Message

Hanna is due to be buried two days after the body was found. If the PCs haven't made themselves conspicuous by investigating the case they will receive a message early in the morning of the day she is to be buried. This is pushed under the door of their room in the inn they are staying at.

My friends,

Please meet me at Deedesvald Graveyard this morning at ten. It is of the utmost urgency.

Yours in hope,

Getta

This is from Getta Hullitt, an initiate of Shalaya and friend of Hanna. She is in the middle of her final days of training and is not allowed to leave the temple. However, she has been granted leave to attend the funeral. She was sent a vision that the PCs would bring the Magistrate to justice, so she sneaked the message to them.

The Funeral

The funeral takes place at Deedesvald Graveyard

(see SDtR) on a foggy cold morning. Much to the surprise of Kai der Kwick and the Clerics of Morr, there is a huge turnout. A large complement of Shallyan Clerics (including the Temple hierarchy) and a host of beggars have turned up. They crowd around the grave with members of the family and other friends. Standing with his sister, Kai der Kwick's maid, at the back of the crowd is Luc Reno. As the PCs join the crowd who making their way to the grave for the service, a young woman dressed in Initiates robes beckons to them from behind a tomb. This is Getta.

Getta is a young woman, who comes across as very earnest but also extremely nervous. Getta worked with Hanna among the poor and sick and they became very good friends. She believes that Hanna's death was not natural and that the magistrate was somehow involved. "He hated Hanna. I think he only married here for her father's money. He would insult her all the time and would never give her anything, except an occasional beating. She thought he was having an affair but she was wasn't sure. Can you help me? I have nothing to offer, but I still ask for justice."

Only if she is directly asked or feels she is not going to gain the PCs help will she mention that she came to them because Shallya sent her to them.

If they don't believe her, she offers 'proof' by mentioning a fact about one of the PCs. This should be relatively obscure, but not so opaque as to be impossible to find out through hard work and good contacts. Ideally, this will leave them wondering as to whether or not Getta really did experience divine intervention.

Hopefully the PCs will now be on the case. Three main avenues of investigation present themselves at this stage: the small dark green object, Hanna and Luc Reno

The First Lead: The Green Thing

This is the murder weapon. Closer examination reveals it to be a cocoon of some sort. Cutting it open is difficult and will either kill the spider inside or annoy it considerably (see 'The Klubian Tree Spider', below). Some investigation in to what it is would be prudent. The Temple of Verena (see SDtR) or the University is the obvious choice but native upper or middle class Marienburgers will also be able to recommend that the PCs try the shop, *Priceless Friends* (see SDtR), located in the Elftown.

Priceless Friends

The apprentice Fiaroth is attending the shop when



the PCs visit, and happily answers any questions. Only one spider has been purchased recently, a very rare Klubian Tree Spider. "They are deadly but beautiful creatures, the finest stripes of yellow and red. It was ordered by Herr Garcia, who paid 175Gu for it over a year ago. He gave no address for delivery, and so for the last six months he came in once a week to check whether it had arrived.

"He was a Marienburger, certainly, but his accent contained something else. I only worked it out when Antonio told me a joke in Estalian, not at all funny actually, but this man found it amusing. He stood over six feet tall, well dressed and elegant with it, and he carried a exquisitely carved walking stick. Elven workmanship, I would say. Handsome enough for a human."

Fiaroth does not know any of the details about the spider and suggests they try Southlands Exploration on the Suiddock. He didn't handle the purchase himself and so doesn't know any details, except that it was always kept boxed. Antonio works as a dogsbody in a near-by shop and comes in to Priceless Friends because he is fascinated by the creatures. He recognises Senor Garcia, whom he says he knows everyone from Estila, from the description. He thinks he owns a shop down in the Messtag district.

Heraldo Garcia

Heraldo Garcia is quite a difficult man to get hold of. He is well known in the Estalian part of town (Messtaag) as a flamboyant character who can get most items, if you've got the money needed to grease the right wheels. He is also known as a heavy drinker and a womaniser, and is often to be found in one of Suiddock's unlicensed drinking rooms. His office is usually closed and nobody is quite sure where he lives. Asking around on the Suiddock will reveal everyone knows or has heard of him.

He makes his living acting as a contact for the Romeros, a large merchant family operating from Estalia. He owed Kai der Kwick a favour and this was called in to obtain the spider. Herald obtained it easily enough, thinking little of it.

The characters will catch up with him in a dingy basement, located under a tailors in the Suiddock. It has been converted in to a drinking den and is dirty and basic. The clientele are solemn and morose, the drinks, cheap and nasty. Many are sailors and all are familiar with violence. Herald is half-drunk and pressed in to a corner by two prostitutes. Occasionally, bursts of laughter cause the rest of the room to turn and stare.

If the PCs approach him here one of the prostitutes shouts at them to go away, as she realises she may lose the business. Herald will offer to buy the PCs a drink and will play the innocent. He knows the Magistrate is powerful so he won't betray him unless there is some (and it only has to be a little) threat of violence against him. Talking about his being set up for the murder will eventually get him to confess, although he will say he was paid the money up front and had no idea who his client was. Whilst these exchanges are taking place, the encounter *Mistaken Identity*, detailed below, takes place.

Mistaken Identity

When the PCs are questioning Herald in the drinking room, one will be grabbed by a drunken seaman who says, "Ella?" and then looks confused and apologises. The character he grabs is the one wearing the necklace from the earlier encounter detailed in *The Weeping Song*, or a female PC, if no one has the necklace. If the PCs are all male and they failed to get the necklace, just pick one at

random. Some of his drunken friends shout out, "come on Whitey!" and he staggers after them. If the PCs make a fuss out of this, Herald tries to escape and distracts them. The incident should be shrugged off by the PCs as irrelevant.

Temple of Verena

Investigations at the Temple of Verena or the University may turn up clues for literate PCs (or those willing to hire a Novice or Student to assist them). At least one book holds references to the poisonous Tiger Spider, and mentions a cocoon. The description is, however, rather incomplete.

If any of the Temple staff are approached on this matter, they will recommend that the PCs keep looking, undertake an hours' search themselves (a 5 GUs donation in advance; this turns up nothing further, except one illustration which loosely matches what they saw), or try looking for someone with specialist knowledge of the region of origin. The latter would probably require some asking around down on the Suiddock.

Southlands Exploration

Chewga is the person most people connect with the Southlands. He was taken from there as a slave when he was a young man but later won his freedom. He now sells information on all aspects of the Southlands. His two sons travel regularly to the Southlands to acquire more knowledge.

His office is filled with items from the Southlands, many of which are for sale. Some he will spin an elaborate story around, and attach an appropriate price to it. However, once the customer agrees to buy it, his honesty will get the better of him and he will tell the truth. He will always state his price in advance, and will never rip anyone off. For the information on the Spider he will charge 5GC in advance and can tell the following:

The Klubian Tree Spider (aka Tiger Spider) is a rare insect, which lives in the Southlands jungle interior. In its adult life it grows to around an inch in length, and only the female is poisonous. When mating begins the female sprays her perfume at a creature or bird, killing it, and then cocoons herself and lays the eggs. Meanwhile the male is attracted by the scent and fertilises the eggs in the cocoon (he dies afterwards). The perfume keeps other carrion away and when the eggs hatch they and the mother feed on the carcass. Empty cocoons are used as containers by witch doctors. Cooked cocoons are broken open and eaten as a cure against infection by Oblabol (i.e. Nurgle).

If asked, he would agree that the female could probably carry her eggs until a suitable creature came along to feed the young. Also, the perfume is potent enough to kill a human.

The second lead: Hanna and her Sisters

The Cathedral of Shallya

Any questions asked at the Cathedral of Shallya (see SDR) about Hanna will be directed to senior cleric Erica Strader. Strader was Hanna's mentor and knew her quite well, but her comments are all related to work, saying how well liked she was and how she was always very dedicated to the job, especially since she was not a cleric. She will be able to suggest several further people to whom the PCs could talk, however.

Friends and Family

Talking to the friends (which range from clerics at the temple to socialites) and family a fuller picture begins to emerge about Hanna. It seems she was born into a family rich from mining. Her formative years were spent with a loving grandmother who died when she was five. Her mother and father

were very cold and distant, and after the death of the grandmother she became very unhappy. When she was seventeen, she fell in love with a handsome young lawyer named Kai der Kwick. Her parents thought him beneath her status, but never carried out their threat to withdraw all contact and finances. They married, and she was happy for a few years.

Two miscarriages and the discovery of Kai's infidelity soured this. They began to drift apart, until in the last few years they could no longer stand each other. Hanna found fulfilment serving Shallya and in helping the poor. Everyone speaks of her kindly, especially her fellow colleagues and those she has helped.

The House

Searching the house may turn up a number of clues, although der Kwick has tidied up everything he can. The books in the library are there still (with some passing reference to the spider), and if the bedroom is searched the secret door may be found. This leads to the alley at the back of the house. Just behind the door lies a pile of glass shards from the broken vase.

The house has also undergone some minor re-decoration. All the items that der Kwick disliked, including all the Shallya icons, have gone. Celeste, his maid and lover, has now moved in 'to comfort him in his time of need'.

The third lead: Luc Reno

Again, Luc is unafraid of the PCs and will refuse to talk to them. He knows that he can embarrass der Kwick but believes it doesn't matter as they will be brothers-in-law soon. Then he can really get his claws in to him. If asked what relationship Celeste has to him, he sees no harm in saying she's his sister.

Celeste

Celeste is a quiet, not to bright, teenage girl, with whom der Kwick is (temporarily) infatuated. She believes his promises of marriage and wealth, and knows nothing about the true nature of Hanna's death. She will tell all she knows if the PCs catch her on her own. However, once der Kwick has told her not to speak to the party, she will not. Perhaps the most obvious clue to their relationship is that Celeste calls him Kai, not Her der Kwick as is proper in a servant/master relationship. If the players don't notice this themselves, PCs with the Etiquette skill can be given and I test to spot it.

All her comments are coloured by der Kwick's point of view. So she knows that Hanna and der Kwick did not get on, but believes it was because Hanna "was cold". However, Hanna was always kind to her and even gave her extra money. At home, the der Kwick's stayed out of each others way and ate in separate rooms. Recently, Kai der Kwick had tried to save the marriage, bringing Hanna gifts and letting her visit the Temple as much as she wanted.

Even messier

As they approach the end of this scenario, the second scenario intrudes. However, the party are likely to believe them to be one in the same. So, as they are attacked and hunted, the conclusion they will reach is that Magistrate der Kwick is out to get them. This will probably affirm his guilt in their eyes, so they will try to bring him down. Alternatively, they may forget all about him. Either way, you will get to enjoy their confusion.

You should begin to introduce Part II as the players come to feel certain of der Kwick's guilt. Starting with the encounter with the one legged

man and let it snow-ball from there. Should you feel unsure of mixing the plots, let them accuse der Kwick and then bring on Part II.

Solving the Murder

Eventually the PCs will be certain that Magistrate der Kwick is guilty of the murder of his wife. They may also have a pretty good idea of how it was done and why. Direct confrontation with the Magistrate is dangerous as he a powerful man. Unless they have solid proof, informing the authorities will achieve little except to earn the PCs a warning against slandering such important people.

Confronting him directly will only result in hurt denials. If he is certain the PCs are alone we will attempt to pay them off. This has the advantage to the PCs of having a hold over someone high up, which may come in useful later on.

Perhaps the best solution for justice is approaching the hierarchy of the temple of Shallya. Presenting them with their suspicions and evidence may make them confident enough to move against the Magistrate without danger to the PCs.

PART II

Looking for a past

Part two concerns the search for the truth behind Whitey, whom the PCs may have encountered whilst chasing Herlado. If for some reason they didn't have this encounter, then run *Mistaken Identity* at some other point, and at least one day later, make a start on part II.

This part of the adventure will bring the PCs into contact with the city's secret service, the Fog Walkers, and find them taking on one of Marienburg's ruling families. The PCs are likely to end up being used as pawns in a dangerous game of cat-and-mouse. Gathering information and having the guts to use it will be the player's strongest weapon.

The final part of the adventure can take any one of a number of routes, depending on the PCs' actions. This means that GMs may need to 'wing it' to some extent. However, guidance is given on the most likely outcomes, and on NPCs' reactions to the PCs' movements.

History

Three years ago, the van Onderzoekers, one of Marienburg's great families, were in danger of collapse. The head of the family at the time, Rembrand van Onderzoeker, lacked the business acumen that was needed to keep them as one of the Marienburg's ten ruling families, those that formed part of the Directorate.

Returning from a trip abroad, Rembrand's son, Thijs, found his father had made a

number of bad business decisions. The Zolvers, an upcoming merchant house, had begun to encroach on their business interests. In fact, the Zolvers had made such headway that Thijs feared they would supplant his family's position, and the house of van Onderzoeker would fall. He began investigations in to the Zolvers to discover any weakness which could be used to undermine their position.

Albers Zolver was the man who had brought the House of Zolvers to the brink of ultimate success. Moreover, he had done so with honesty and integrity. Thijs could find no way to clamp down on this upstart, and when rumours reached him that they were about to sign a treaty with his rivals, the van Haagens, he despaired.

His father's friend and confidante, Jaan Tobbius, gave him the way out. Albers Zolver's only pleasure in life was his family: a daughter, son-in-law and two grandchildren. Remove them, and not only would the House not have a heir but it might drive Albers from his current path to success.

Thijs passed Captain Claude Bresson, of the van Onderzoeker ship *The Guilderstein*, a bag of Guilders and said, "Make sure they disappear. They are not to be seen again. Ever." *The Guilderstein* left port that night with four extra passengers. At sea the family were thrown overboard. Somehow, the father, Marius Steinfield, survived and was rescued by *The White Dove*, a whaler on its way out to sea. The ordeal had robbed Marius of his memory, and so he joined the crew on its three year voyage, not remembering the horrors that had brought him to this point.

As planned, Albers rapidly went down hill, devoting all his time and money to finding his family. Two years later he was a drunken beggar sleeping outside the Cathedral of Shallya. Thijs and Jaan's plan had worked, and the House of van Onderzoeker remained standing. It was to be further strengthened by the unexpected death of Rembrand.

However, sometime before Rembrand's death, Captain Bresson returned to Marienburg. He was sick of working for the van Onderzoekers and intended to resign. He knew, however, that Thijs would probably not risk having him around, and so he set about protecting himself. Bresson believed that Thijs would not want Rembrand to know the sordid details about the murder and so intended to use this as his protection.

He investigated the background of the people he had killed and, writing it down, managed to hide it in the van Onderzoeker's safe. He informed his closest friend that should he be killed, Rembrand was to be informed of the location of the letter. He then sent a message to Tobbius warning him of this fact. Ironically, Tobbius was too busy to read this letter as he was arranging the sinking of *The Guilderstein*. Only realising his mistake once the ship had left dock, he suddenly tried to clean up the loose ends.

Bresson's friend, Arno, was killed that night. Before he died he led Tobbius to believe that he alone knew the secret of what had happened. Nevertheless, Tobbius searched the houses of Bresson's wife and mistress. When nothing was found here he believed the matter closed. Tobbius and Thijs thought no more of it.

The Fog Walkers

The meeting between the PCs

and Whitey had been observed by a Maximillion Verbelt, a member of Marienburg's secret service The Fog Walkers. Max recognised Whitey as Marius Steinfield, and, knowing of his disappearance, intended to find out why he returned. He followed him, discovered that he has lost his memory and is intrigued to find out the truth of the matter.

Unfortunately for the PCs, Max cannot pursue the matter directly. He simply doesn't want to allow any of the van Onderzoekers to know that the Fog Walkers are involved. If he were to spend much time following this matter up, it would be noted by his superiors and someone, at some point, would pass the information to the van Onderzoekers, either because they are in their pay, or because they could then expect favours in return.

For this reason, Max has decided to allow the PCs to do all the legwork and take the risks, guided by him whenever necessary. First of all, though, he has to get the PCs to trust him, and make them believe they are in danger...

A One-legged man with a Monkey

While the PCs are having their dinner, or perhaps just walking the streets they are approached by a one legged man, smoking a pipe. Climbing over his shoulder is a monkey, a small key around its neck. Acting completely natural he says he has been asked to take them to meet "a friend." He then hands a bag with 10 Gu's to one of the PCs. He refuses to answer any questions, saying that it would be more than his life was worth.

The man leads them to the nearest waterway where he has a small and slightly dilapidated barge moored. On boarding, he proceeds to hoist the sail and float down the channel. The barge is comfortable and certainly has a sense of being lived in - not surprising, as it was bought for that effect. The man is in fact a Fog Walker carrying out the first step of Max's plan. He takes his place at the tiller.

As the PCs are approaching a bridge, the man lights his pipe and gives the burning piece of wood to the monkey who jumps down below deck. Here in a hidden compartment it lights the fuses of two bombs. As they reach the bridge, a rope is dropped by two men. The one-legged man grabs hold, swings away from the boat (and out of reach of PCs), and is promptly pulled to safety. The monkey grabs onto his leg as he is swung away. The PCs see them being pulled onto the bridge, then they all drop behind cover.

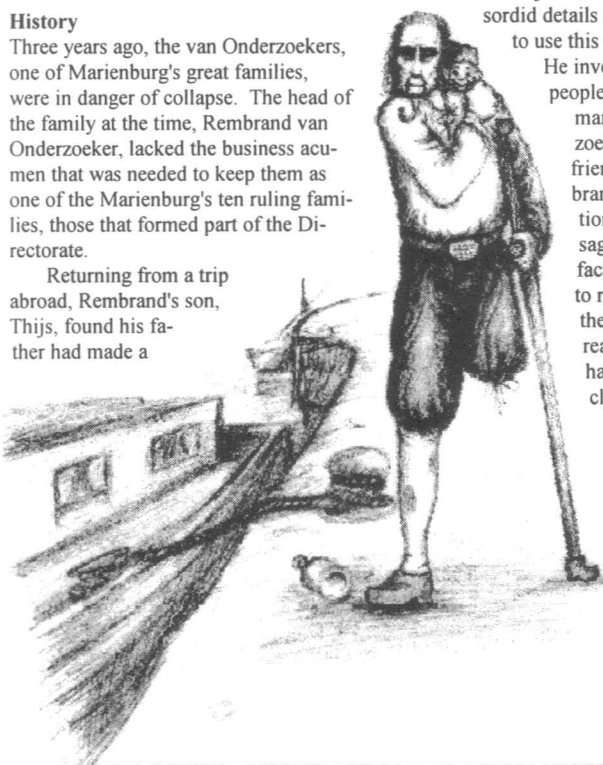
If the PCs do not jump in to the water, they hear someone (Max) shout out at them, "For Manaan's sake! Jump!". Anyone who refuses to jump off the boat is caught in the explosion which rips the boat apart. These people take 2 x S5 hits. Those swimming (or drowning) in the water take a S1 hit. Max (and his friends) disappear quickly and people from the quayside help fish any characters out of the water. None of these people saw the boatman.

Who is the one-legged man with a monkey?

Inquiring about the one-legged man requires players to buy a lot of drinks for little information. Only once they have nearly given up to they find someone who knows of him. An old man named Johann claims to know him, and will tell all for some ale and cheese. "Ah! I have heard of him. He's one of the Fog Walkers. You won't find him unless he wants to be found." He refuse to say any more on the subject, but others will tell rumours about the Fog Walkers.

Who Watches the Watchmen?

As the PCs return to their inn, probably wet and possibly bleeding, they are confronted by a small



THE CAST

There is a lot of people popping in and out of this scenario. The following listing, in alphabetical order by first name, should help you keep track of them all. I have kept profiles to a minimum. Assume each person has the relevant skills to do their job.

Alex

Stevedore guild member and heavy. Use the Seaman profile from SDR.

Albers Zolver

Now a drunken beggar, he lives on handouts from the Temple of Shallya. In his late fifties, his hair and beard matted, his stance stooped and his eyes vacant. He has fallen along way since the days when his company, Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports, challenged the greatest of the others. This was all the more remarkable as it sprung up and grew within a generation based solely on Zolver's remarkable business genius. More remarkably, he did it all with honour.

He married his childhood sweetheart and they had three children. However, only his youngest daughter, Ella, survived a house fire. He was devastated and she became the most important thing in the world to him, and this extended to her husband and children. When they came to Marienburg he spent much time with them and their disappearance led to his breakdown.

Anders Anderson

Zolver's Senior Clerk was also his closest friend. He is in his early sixties, has a tall and dignified bearing, all topped with a shock of white hair. He invariably has a pipe in his mouth and always dresses in sober black clothes. He has been married to his wife, Marleen, for forty years and their five children all live in Marienburg. They lead a comfortable life, spending their free time socialising with neighbours, while Marleen sometimes helps out at the Temple of Shallya (she vaguely knew Hanna der Kwick).

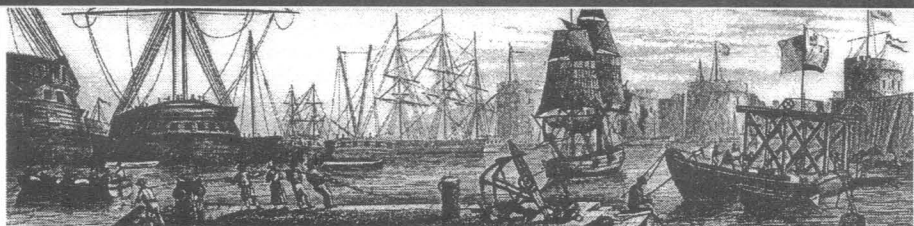
Anders now spends his time pursuing various legal disputes that arose from the break-up of Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports. These are specifically to do with the van Onderzoeker takeover of Zolver interests. Although he will not admit it his purpose is revenge. He believes the van Onderzoeker's had something to do with the company's collapse, although what part they played he is unsure.

Anton de Leg

A Secretary to Leo van Haagen, de Leg is a competent and trusted employee. Small and lithe, he dresses in the finest fashions, especially silk, velvet and lace, his face is pale and shallow, and he is frequently powdered, his hair lacquered. He is well known amongst Marienburg's socialites. Unknown to the van Haagens he is also a cultist of Slaanesh and he finds the cult the best place to satisfy his many and varied desires including a fondness for various hallucinogenic drugs.

**Arno der Peters**

Murdered shipwright. Was Claude Bresson's best friend and he was given the location of the letter containing the truth of the Steinfield's disappearance. They met when they both served and fought



crowd. The crowd is watching a group of some twenty Black Caps search the Inn. Items which the PC recognise as their own are thrown into the street, and anything of remote value is placed in to a cart and driven off. A large watch Sergeant is lazily watching the crowd and he tells those that ask that they are looking for some "Chaos Worshipers, plotting to destroy Marienburg". The others in the crowd make it clear what should be done to such people when found (suggestions involve rope, fire and matches). None of the watch seem to have a problem with this, and pass comments about turning a blind eye to such public-spirited actions.

Of course, it is the PCs the watch are looking for. Sensible PCs will skulk off in to the shadows at this time. If you should so wish, the Captain will recognise them and call for help. This will result in the PCs running for their lives. They should get away, but not too easily. Make it clear that surrendering is a very bad idea.

The Fog Walker

As the PCs are retreating from the inn they are approached by Max, the Fog Walker. Wearing a large black cloak, he offers them food and drink and, if necessary, a fire to dry off with. He takes them to a nearby inn, where he rents a room. Removing the cloak, he is dressed in the clothes of a servant from a rich household. He acts nervous, and constantly looks over his shoulder before introducing himself as Max. He tells them the following:

"You have to believe I am your friend, and that what I am telling you is the truth. Powerful people in the city want you dead because you know too much about them. Information that compromises them badly. They can't take chances by letting you live. Don't be foolish and believe this to be hollow words. They have the power to make sure you don't talk. Ever. As far as I can see, you only have one option. Run and keep running. Take a ship to Lustria or Norsca and don't come back. I don't know why they want you dead and I don't want to know."

The PCs will probably claim ignorance at this point, or believe der Kwick is after them. Max however, will make sure that they are pointed in the direction he wants.

"You say you don't know who is after you? Well then, you must find out why they want you dead. Once you have this information you will have a weapon to threaten them with." He lowers his voice. "All I know is they have also been after your Whaler friend 'Whitey' ever since he docked." Denials or confusion will be ignored as shallow deceptions. "That is all I know. I must leave now. I am putting myself in great danger just talking to you."

Any attempts to follow Max are useless. He will quickly realise if this happens and shake the pursuit. If the PCs ignore the warnings and make no attempt to investigate, the authorities start to close in on them. Crossbows are fired from rooftops, poison is slipped into drinks, and generally, life starts to become unpleasant.

Max has started the PCs on the path he wishes them to take. Should they chose to investigate why

they are in danger they will ironically, place themselves in real danger. As they proceed Max and his colleagues will keep them under distant observation. He should play no further part in the scenario, apart from the "encouragement" mentioned above, until the closing moments. However, if the players find themselves at a complete dead end you can bring him back into play. You must be careful that they don't feel controlled by him.

Rumours

As the PCs search for the truth, they will come across various pieces of rumour and gossip. The GM should fit each piece of information to the situation and character.

- 1 The Black Caps got it right. Ostav really is Director van Haagen's nephew!
- 2 The Black Caps got it wrong. Gustav van Haagen was after Ostav. After all, Ostav has robbed van Haagen shipments...
- 3 The Foogers are thinking of allying themselves with the van Haagens against the van Onderzoekers. This is simply revenge for their betrayal in various business dealings.
- 4 Crispijn van Haagen, the family heir, had Rembrand van Onderzoeker killed before he could expose his part in the illegal "body trade". (This will only be whispered nervously.)
- 5 There are rumours that Thijs van Onderzoeker is intending to marry Sybil van Haagen, niece to the Director. This is purely a business arrangement to heal the rift between the two families.
- 6 The van Haagens fully intend to destroy the van Onderzoekers.
- 7 The van Onderzoekers are in trouble financially. Thijs "the lesser" just hasn't got any business sense. He has been taking business advice from Max den Euwe, of House den Euwe.
- 8 The van Onderzoeker's have lost another legal case against merchants in Middenland.
- 9 The Teamster's Guild are secretly threatening to take on the van Onderzoekers over claims they have begun to team up with The Empire's Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company. They have long risked not using Guild labour & it's starting to make the Guild look weak.
- 10 The Fog Walkers are intending to bring down the house of van Scheldt. Director Wessel has brought this on himself, speaking out against them once too often.

Searching for Whitey

Max has given the PCs little to go on, although they will know his description from the earlier encounter. Asking around the docks is probably the PCs' best way to proceed. Much of the following take place amongst the Whaling community located on the Suiddock. For more background on this, see the Whaling article on page 9.

Ships are forever coming and going, and the task promises to be long. However, a sailor by the name of Kunz, for a small payment, points them to the whaler, 'The White Dove', and tells them that others have also been asking after Whitey. Kunz is actually one of Max's men, making sure they are pointed in the right direction.

Alternatively, they may be pointed straight to Godymas.

The White Dove

The White Dove is still unloading its cargo, and any enquires will be directed to the laconic Captain van der Valk. He is tall, his face dark and leathered by many years at sea. His dress is impeccable, and hanging from his belt is a fencing foil and pistol. No other member of the crew is present, the unloading being done by members of the Stevedore guild. He will confirm that he had a crew member called Whitey but that he has not signed up for another voyage. The only help he gives is, 'look where there's ale, or ask Godymas'. He has no further time for the PCs. Any other whaler or local will know who Godymas is.

A Small Diversion

As they leave *The White Dove* the PCs will see two burly men arguing with one of the Stevedores. They rip up a bit of paper, shouting, "this will teach you!" and begin to beat him. The man is Rip Otter and he is not a member of the Stevedore guild. A fact that the two guild representatives, Boris and Alex, want to drum in to him. Literally.

If the PCs intervene, they will be told that this is Guild business, and that they should mind their own. If they help Rip they will find themselves a friend. Unfortunately, they will also find themselves with a powerful and easily annoyed enemy, the Stevedore's Guild. How this affects your game is up to you.

Godymas

Godymas is a cleric of Manann who looks after the shrine on Suiddock which is used mostly by Whalers (see page 9 & picture on page 25). Characters should show respect in the shrine, and donations of a few pennies would be appreciated. He does not know Whitey, but recommends that they

try Hans Voger or Chekov, both seaman from *The White Dove*. Voger can be found at Ho Kong's, and Chekov will be at Beatrice's. Alternately, tonight many sailors will be at the fight.

If they act disrespectfully towards Godymas or the shrine, they will have made life difficult for themselves. Asking around the docks is the only other way to proceed. This will be a long process, with money having to be paid for bribes, some of which provide false information. Hassle the PCs with a pickpocket or a bar-room brawl, and make it clear that word of their disrespect has been passed around. Eventually, though, someone will know of Voger or Chekov.

Ho Kong's

Ho Kong's is an opium den located in a small warehouse. Wooden bunks line the main walls, filled by sailors and better dressed people slumming it. Still others recline on the floor. A cloud hangs thickly in the air, and Nipponese servants attend to the visitors' needs. In a side room, four armed guards play cards. Everyone is required to leave their weapons at the front door, and the owner, Kim Disong, insists that money is paid in advance.

Voger is here, high on Opium and happy to talk to anyone. He confirms that he knows Whitey and tells them that he is a sad man. Voger talks mostly about Jake, a seaman who was lost at sea, and will have to be prompted constantly to keep on the subject. He recommends they talk to Terather, as she will tell them about Whitey. He doesn't know where she can be found.

Beatrice's Flophouse

Beatrice's is a dirty, cheap flophouse, frequented by Sailors just back from sea. The door is answered by Beatrice, a once-attractive woman in her thirties. Her faced is badly bruised, although much make-up has been applied to try and disguise this.

with the Bretonnian navy.

Beatrice

In her late thirties, Beatrice runs a brothel on the Suiddock. She provides a cheap service and is not much concerned with cleanliness or safety. She has been a prostitute since the age of fourteen and knows nothing else. A percentage of her profits are paid to The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs.

Boris

Stevedore guild member and heavy. Use Seaman profile from SDTR.

Celeste Reno

Maid and lover to Kai der Kwick. She is young, dark, petite and very attractive.



Chekov

Seaman on the whaler boat *The Guildstein*. A Kislevian by birth, Chekov is in his thirties and is weathered, muscular and short tempered. While in dock he is attempting to spend all his money in a binge of women and drink.



Skills: Dodge Blow, Row, Sailing, SSS, SAL-Bretonnian, SAL-Tilean,

Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Swim

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	37	32	4	3	7	36
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	36	26	30	30	25	29



Chewga

Taken from the Southlands as a child to be sold as a slave, he won his freedom after serving time as a pit-fighter. He returned to the Southlands but could not find his family or tribe and wandered the continent for years. He travelled to Marienburg and began to sell information to explorers and merchants. Chewga stands at over six foot tall and even in his forties is superbly fit. His skin is very black and his face is marked by tribal scars. He has found a home in the Suiddock and is respected by most of the permanent residents.



Claude Bresson, Captain

Captain of *The White Dove* and murderer of the Steinfield family. Attempted to protect himself by placing truth where, should he die, Rembrand van Onderzoeker would see it.

Born and raised in Bretonnia before sailing the world and settling in Marienburg. His marriage was a sham but he found love with his mistress Isabel.

Durak Chubloc II

A Dwarf of some renown amongst Marienburg's criminal underworld, Durak is the cities finest safe-breaker. He works rarely and is expensive, living in fine luxury.

Training as a Smith's apprentice Durak soon grew bored. Leaving he took his masters money and headed to the city where he became a burglar. He was effective, in part, because many didn't believe a Dwarf would do such a thing. When he was hired to rob a safe he found his niche in life. He has an aptitude for mechanical locks and devices and studies all the latest developments. With his earnings he has secretly invested in a number of Marienburgs and The Empire's safe building firms.

Durak loves money and wears large amounts of expensive jewellery and clothes, and is surrounded by a number of hangers-on. He is friendly, generous and loud. Many dwarves distrust him, finding him shifty and 'shaky' (a *dawern* miner term). His brown beard is plaited and well groomed. He carries a mace at all times and an expensive potion of flight. He will have absolutely no loyalty to any employers although he won't run until things get really dangerous.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	50	22	3	3	9	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	40	45	23	51	59	23

Skills: Acute Hearing, Ambidextrous, CU, Drive Cart, Metallurgy, Mining, Pick Lock (taken 5 times for +50), SL-Thieves Tongue, Smithing, SMU, SMR, SSS, Sense Magical Alarm

Equipment: Mail shirt, Potion of Flight, mace, Jewellery worth 100Gu

The whole place is sordid, the rooms containing sailors, women, and a couple of boys. Beatrice will not help them, even for money, denying Chekov is even there. Only the threat of the PCs rampaging through the house looking for him will get her to tell them where he is.

Chekov is asleep in bed with two women, and attacks anyone who wakes him. He screams and fights ferociously, having to be held just to calm down. He knows Whitey and does not like him, although he grudgingly concedes that he is a good seaman. He casts a ward against evil and tells how he was found. "Two days out of 'burg, and we saw the seagulls circling. van der Valk looked thru' 'is eyeglass and ordered the boat down. We rowed over and Wilhelm pulled Whitey out of the sea. Bad luck I say. We lost twelve men out there. I won't ever forget that Khome Whale pulling Jake's boat down."

The man claimed to have no memory, and Cabinboy Pitt named him 'Whitey', "after the ship, you see". He knows that a fight is being held on *The Saldderbeam* and suggests that Whitey may be there. Otherwise, he has no idea where Whitey might be.

The Saldderbeam

That evening on *The Saldderbeam*, a night of cock-fighting is being held. A ring has been set up in the hold so that spectators can view from above and below deck. Two guards stand at the bottom of the gangplank while the Mate takes the entrance fee (1 Gu). Up on top, rum is being sold. The Captain watches over the revelry, standing aloof. The atmosphere is boisterous, more so as the amount of alcohol drunk increases. However, the jostling is generally good natured, as the drink is good and the Captain quickly gets his crew to throw out any troublemakers.

There are ten fights, and the crew are taking the money for bets. Typically, the favourite is at evens, while the challenger is 3:1 or 2:1. Most of the fights are rigged, and the challenger will win the second and ninth fight. In the last fight the odds are 4:1 for the challenger, and the crew have spent the evening spreading rumours that this cockerel is likely to win. He won't.

At some point whilst the PCs are aboard *The Saldderbeam*, a large, intoxicated seaman (Lars) crashes in to the biggest PC. He immediately starts to threaten the PC, calling him a coward and worse. Bets are quickly taken as to who will win the bout, and a large crowd gathers. Pulling out of the fight will result in the PCs facing an ugly crowd. The only acceptable form of combat is using fists, with no armour of any kind.

Wilhelm

On the *Saldderbeam* they will find Wilhelm, who was with Whitey the night he saw the PCs and will confirm Voger's story. He believes that the sea claimed part of Whitey's soul, "in payment for letting him live". When he pulled him out of the water he swears he saw a creature swimming below him. A couple of times he heard him screaming out in his sleep, and he mentioned the name Ella a couple of times.

He also tells a story from earlier on the day when they saw the PCs. They were walking alongside the docks when a drunken man started following them. Eventually, they turned to scare him off but he jumped at Whitey's feet and started begging forgiveness. Whitey said he didn't know him, and after they pulled him off, he stumbled away. Wilhelm says he was a stocky, bald man with a drunk's nose. On his left hand he was missing two fingers, and he was dressed in a tatty coat marked with the

coat of arms of the Pilot and Seaman's Guild. (This was Titus Racce.) Wilhelm guesses he was probably a Pilot, as he also had a St. Olovald medalion.

When Whitey saw the PCs he went a bit strange and ran off to see Terather. She is an Elf who avoids her own kind. For that matter, she avoids nearly everyone. If they convince him they mean Whitey no harm (or get him drunk) he will give them Terather's address.

The Drunken Man

Titus Racce is the man who begged Whitey for forgiveness on the docks. Any Pilot or representative of the Pilot and Seaman's Guild will be able to tell them this from Wilhelm's description. They will also say he has been thrown out of the guild as his drunkenness makes him completely unemployable. A small bribe at the Guild will get his address.

Titus lives in the attic of a dirty and run-down house. The eight rooms are rented out to seaman, and Titus has been the longest tennant. The landlord has bad gout and never goes upstairs. Rats run down the corridors and there is a lingering smell of urine.

If the PCs come straight here after talking to Wilhelm they will find Titus has just hung himself. He is hanging from the rafters and is almost dead. Cutting him down will allow them to ask him one or two questions before he dies. If they come any later he will be cold.

Titus was one of the Seaman on *The Guilderstein* that threw the Steinfields overboard. Since then, he has been wracked by guilt. Seeing Whitey again pushed him over the edge. On returning to Marienburg he became both a Pilot and a drunk. He has no friends, but if questioned, the landlord and the guild will both be able to reveal that the last ship he served on before "his luck turned bad" was the *Guilderstein*.

Terather

If they didn't manage to get the address from Voger, it is easy enough to get it on the street. Terather (see page 12) is something of a local legend and willingly avoided. The first time the PCs approach her home, Whitey will be out buying supplies. If they watch, they will see him return and can waylay him.

If they knock at the door Terather will call that it is open. Inside it is very dark. The windows are covered with heavy curtains, and muslin sheets hang from the ceiling, diffusing the little light that emanates from the fire. Once in the room she plainly asks what they want.

She has become friends (to some small degree) with Whitey, feeling his loss, whatever it may be, is somehow similar to hers. She believed that once they returned to Marienburg his past would catch up with him; this is his destiny. She answers PCs' questions honestly, believing that either way, the outcome will be the same.

She tells them that he is a very troubled man, "haunted by ghosts". She believes something terrible happened to him that he cannot bear to remember. At sea, she often found him staring in to the waters as if looking for something. When Peter's boat was lost, he was one of three to escape. As she pulled him from the water, shivering and bloodied, he said, "I can't find them. They are gone... must find...the Guilder..." He then said the name, 'Stein'. (She has remembered incorrectly. What he said was Guilderstein, the name of the ship) He passed out then. She has also noticed he wears a wedding band, and also heard him cry out the name Ella in his sleep.

Whitey

When Whitey returns he is sullenly hostile towards them. He does not remember them from the other night and has nothing more to tell them. At first he thinks they are associated with the man who begged his forgiveness (he doesn't recall a description but says Wilhelm was there. He knows Wilhelm will be at the fight on *The Saldderbeam*.) He remembers nothing before awakening on *The White Dove*. He is obviously confused about his desire to learn of his past. He is deeply afraid to learn anything, as a feeling of horror about it all sometimes creeps in to his dreams.

The only clue of any worth is his slightly unusual wedding band. It is made of silver and one part of it is in a wavy shape. It is stuck firmly on his finger and will need some effort to pull it off. Inside is the symbol of the jeweller who made it. If the PCs take it with them Terather insists that they bring it back to her.

The Hypnotist

The PCs may be able to get Whitey to visit a hypnotist. If so, Paulus der Keller is the first on the list. Paulus is a highly talented hypnotist who will gently coax Whitey in to a trance. However, the pain of the memories is too much and nothing can be gained from him. He cries out only one word: 'Guilderstein'.

Once they have spoken to Whitey at Terather's he takes no further part in the scenario until the end. He goes to ground in the city, and only surfaces to set sail on the next voyage. However, he will contact Terather occasionally. If necessary, he can be used to help the PCs in any way you see fit.

Looking for a Guilder

General information on *The Guilderstein* is sparse. Most know it was lost at sea in a storm about six months ago. The Captain was known locally as being generous, and is rumoured to have given much of his money to the Orphanage of St. Rutha. Many also know that the second mate Tanner, "a troublemaker and no mistake," can be found working as a stevedore after being fired by the Captain.

There are one or two rumours that the owners did not make any loss on the boat's sinking. They had supposedly never loaded the real cargo, selling it on elsewhere instead. It is also said the crew may have stolen the boat and sailed to Sarasota, and that stories of it sinking were simply to hide the embarrassment of the owners.

Godymas

The priest knows the above information about *'The Guilderstein'*. In addition, he knows that Captain Claude Bresson owed many gambling debts. Also, Tanner cannot get a job on any ship because he is known to be insubordinate.

As the PCs are leaving, Godymas' voice echoes off the whalebone, "That ship was there when I visited the Raven's realm. I saw it sailed his seas." (Translation: I dreamt of *The Guilderstein* and I saw death.) He retreats in to his sanctuary and does not elaborate.

Port Authorities

The Port Authorities, located on High Tower Isle, can give the players a number of interesting leads. However they are met by Henri Werner, a bored clerk, busying himself by reading the book; 'The Most Prefulcular Behaviour of Stars, Skies and Comets by Halle van Bope.' He informs them that they need to fill a request slip out. The charge is 1GC and if they return in fourteen days the information will be ready. A suitable bribe will get the

information in less than an hour, although he can only supply limited information.

- *The Guilderstein* was owned by the van Onderzoekers (one of Marienburg's ten ruling families). It was an old ship. Many said it should have been scuppered years ago.
- *The Guilderstein*, on its penultimate voyage, left on the same day as *The White Dove*.
- It was sailing to Bilbali to collect its cargo and was empty when it sank. Henri remembers rumours that the Foogers (a Directorate merchant house) had to pay a large insurance payment.

Anyone with the Astronomy skill who takes an interest in the book can learn from Henri that Captain Bresson intended to retire after what turned out to be this voyage. Anyone else he ignores as not worth his valuable time.

Henri says more information can be learnt from Ship Registrations and Licensing, located on the opposite side of the building. A more helpful Clerk however looks through his records for the official details of *The Guilderstein*. However, it proves a more difficult task. All the records seem to have disappeared, with only a 'borrowing slip' remaining. This states that the records have been loaned to Clerk Gheist, someone whom the other Clerks have never heard of.

The Captain's Widow

Claude Bresson's wife, Ursula, has remarried but still lives in the same house. Her seaman husband is there when the PCs arrive. Nothing remains of Claude's belongings. They will spend the conversation insulting the Captains memory. She says he gambled all his money away and was always being bailed out by Rembrand van Onderzoeker. When he was in Marienburg he hardly ever came home, spending his time in various inns and brothels. She complains that she was seduced by his "soft Bretonnian accent". The truth is that for most of their marriage they hardly ever saw each other. When he returned to the city, he would stay with his mistress Isabel. Ursula has no idea that Claude had a mistress (and doesn't care if this information is given to her).

The night his ship sank the house was robbed. Everywhere was searched and many items were taken from his study, although she has no idea exactly what. She says that most of his belongings were on the ship.

Tanner

Once the second mate, Tanner is now working as a Stevedore. He is a bitter man, without family, although he has a few drinking friends. In fact, his life went downhill after he was fired from *The Guilderstein*. He is bitter about this and, with a bit of prompting, can be persuaded to talk.

He was fired for arguing constantly with the Captain who made certain he could not get a job on another ship. He will not say what they argued over, but only that Captain Bresson "was not a good man". He also heard the Captain owed the van Onderzoekers a lot of money. If asked, he will confirm that about three years ago the boat was carrying prisoners, but that once they got to Margritta they were gone. However, they could have been dropped off in Bilbali. All he saw was a man, but he heard children's voices.

He heard numerous rumours that the van Haagens had in fact sunk the *Guilderstein* as part of their trade rivalry.

The Jewellers

Any jeweller will be able to identify the ring's marking as the work of Stew Undererson, a Halfling

Ella Steinfield

Wife of Marius and daughter of Albers Zolver, killed with her two children. She was a Cleric of Verena and training to be a Lawyer.

Erica Strader

Senior Cleric of Shallya and responsible for organisation of volunteers. Was in charge of Hanna der Kwick.

Getta Hullitt

Initiate of Shallya and friend of Hanna der Kwick. Asks the PCs to investigate her death.

Gheist, Clerk

False name used by van Onderzoeker's.

Gideon Scheepscheers

Owner of the Three Guilders Emporium. See SDTR for more details.

Godymas

Cleric who serves the Suiddock whalers. See Whaling article on page 9 for more details.

Guards

The permanent contingent of guards barracked at the premises of the van Onderzoeker mansion are all ex-military types recruited by Captain Verlk, forming part of the van Onderzoekers personal militia. All are well paid but are more loyal to the Captain than Thijs. Should he die and loses are severe their own skin will become far more important.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	43	35	4	4	8	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	33	29	30	30	35	29

Skills: Dodge Blow, STS, SW - Pole-arms, Equipment: Halberd, Sword, Dagger, Shelled Mail Coat, Crossbows and shields in Guardroom

Gustav Hopelmeire

Junior Clerk in Zolvers company. Now in his late teens Gustav was an orphan hired by Albers Zolver to work for him. He was paid a good enough wage to be able to afford to rent a room and live a good life. Albers treated him well and Gustav was extremely loyal to him. With the company's collapse, Gustav fell back onto the streets joining a gang of street urchins. Over time his intelligence and cunning made him their leader. Small for his age, Gustav has dark slicked down hair and the beginnings of a moustache. He dresses smartly and carries a sword at all times.

**Gustav van Haagen**

See Ostav.

Hanna der Kwick

Murdered wife of Kai der Kwick.

Hans Voger

Seaman on *The White Dove*.

Helena Tynus

Senior Cleric of Verena (3rd Level) and also extremely well versed in Marienburg business law.

Henri Werner
Dock Authorities Clerk.

Heraldo Garcia
Agent of the Romero family in Marienburg. Returned favour to Kai der Kwick by getting hold of a Kuliban Tree Spider.

Huub Retsets
Ex-employee of the van Onderzoeker's. Sacked by Thijs and is very bitter towards him.

Isabel
Captain Bresson's mistress and the mother of his child.

Jaan Tobbius
Advisor to Thijs van Onderzoeker. Tobbius is a sly, cunning and intelligent man. He has a wide knowledge of the merchant business and Marienburg law. He was Rembrand van Onderzoeker's father's advisor for three years before his death and carried on the role afterwards. Unfortunately he and Rembrand didn't always see eye-to-eye and the business suffered for it. To some extent he has groomed Thijs since his infancy and their views are similar.



A small, weaselish figure with thin balding hair and pointed nose, Jaan is not attractive. His clothes are old fashioned, usually overcoats and recently he has been forced to walk with a stick.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	35	22	2	3	7	53
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	32	46	67	45	60	44

Age: 61 Skills: AL - Magick, Etiquette, Evaluate, Law, Numismatics, Read/Write, SL- Classical, SL-Guild, SAL-Khazilid, SAL - Slavic, SAL - Bretonnis, SAL - Reikspiel, Super Numerate
Equipment: Good Clothes (x8), walking stick, 50Gu's in purse

Jacob Tol
Impoverished artist, nephew of Anders Anderson who arranged for him to paint the Steinfields. He is bald and emancipated, his mannerisms and expressions pure nervousness.

Jake
Sailor on *The Guilderstein*. Lost at sea.

Kai der Kwick
A Magistrate at the Marienburg criminal courts, der Kwick is a clever man with a nasty streak. He likes to be constantly in control, with lots of people owing him favours at all times. He is harsh in his sentencing but is not immune to bribery. In fact he loves money almost as much as power, and he married his wife Hanna for her family money. His family was poor and he despised them for this, leaving home as soon as he could. He was trained to be a lawyer by a man he bribed to do so after finding out about his corrupt dealings, slipping around guild limitations. He has schemed and plotted his way to his current position with a mixture of dubious methods backed by



Name	Occupation	Wife (Maiden N.)	Occupation	Address	Witness
Martus Steinfeld	Scribe	Ella Zolver	Initiate (V)	Paleisbuurt, Marienburg	Otto Greec

in the Winkelmarkt district. Underson is an old Halfing who is in his last week of work. He is preparing to travel to the moot to retire. His sons were not interested in following his trade and the jewellery shop is to become a tanners. Underson is a lively and friendly old man, who will offer the PCs cake, herbal tea and pipeweed. If they are friendly, he will invite them to dinner, where he will happily tell stories for hours.

He clearly remembers making the wedding ring six or seven years ago for a young couple. He cannot really remember what they looked like, nor their names, but knows the rings were a pair which linked together. The woman's ring had a simple owl design engraved inside it. If asked, he guesses that this means she was a follower of Verena.

Temple of Verena (see SDtR)

Asking for a Cleric of Verena named Ella gets the PCs nowhere. Either there isn't one, or the clerics just aren't interested. If they ask for Ella (Zolver) or say she may have disappeared three years ago, they will be directed to Helana Tynus, a senior Cleric. A stately and intelligent woman of sixty years, she was Ella's tutor, and will be interested in hearing why they are inquiring. Unless they antagonise her she tells what she knows.

"Ella Steinfeld was a very intelligent woman who could have gone far. She was a very conscientious Cleric, and had begun training in Law, a subject I believe she had studied in Altdorf. They had only been in Marienburg a couple of months, moving here to be nearer family. She had two children and I know her husband worked in the Inns of Court. After she had not attended the Temple for some days, I sent an initiate to her house, but there was no reply. We assumed the family had moved on. The neighbours knew nothing, so we assumed it had been a sudden move."

She can also supply an address where Ella used to live. Furthermore, she will offer to give the PCs any further help she can. She does not know the location of any of Ella's family members, but can pass on that her maiden name was 'Zolver'.

Marriage Records

Also available at the Temple of Verena is the record of the couple's marriage. There are thirty Ella's listed for the period during which the wedding ring was made. The addresses given are not enough to track any of them down. Only if they have another clue will they find the right record, as shown above.

If the PCs have managed to get hold of this record without enquiring about Ella with the clerics, this should prompt them to do so. It may also get the PCs searching Paleisbuurt for Otto Greec, an activity which will take a full day.

Otto Greec

Searching for Otto Greec takes some time. Otto has been dead for two years and his son lives in the house. He vaguely remembers his father talking about the Steinfields, but has no idea where they lived. He believes that his father was friends with the women's father. He is also thinks that she was a cleric.

The Inns of Courts

Located in the Paleisbuurt district. It will take the PCs half a day (and three Guilders) to finally be directed to the person that can help them. This is a

very snotty senior clerk that says, "yes, Herr Steinfeld worked here," and, "no, he doesn't any more". Persistent questioners will get pointed to Stefan, who will only be allowed to talk in his lunch break.

Stefan knows that Marius didn't turn up for work, years ago. He went to the house but there was no answer. Marius was always trying his hardest at work because he felt he had something to prove. He had got the job through contacts, someone high up in a company called Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports. He knows this because he accidentally saw the letter which had been written to Magistrate de Kwick, asking him to give Marius the job. Marius didn't know at first and was furious when he found out.

Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports

If the records are checked at the Import-Export Exchange, the PCs will see that the business closed fourteen months ago. No reason is given why. Although the Director of the firm is Albers Zolver, all the forms are signed by Anders Anderson. The Clerk on duty, if asked, suggests that this would be because the Director had either died or run away. Other papers are missing or have been transferred to the Court. The address is now a money lenders.

Return to de Kwick

Whether the players approach de Kwick is dependent on how the first stage of this scenario turned out. de Kwick owed Albers Zolver a favour as he had once given his brother, Jan, a job when he needed it. However, Jan de Kwick proved to be irresponsible and untrustworthy. Nobody (including the magistrate) was upset when he disappeared (rumours said it was with his next-door neighbour).

The magistrate knew Zolver as their wives were acquaintances. However, Zolver withdrew from the social life after the death of his wife. He has never heard anything bad about Zolver and has no idea (and doesn't care) where he is now. He has heard that members of the company are still involved in legal action (see 'The Company' below).

The Return of Max

This is an optional encounter, to be used if the PCs are becoming confident that they are safe and taking their time. A hooded man bumps in to one of the PCs (the smallest) and both fall to the ground. From behind a false beard the man, obviously frightened, whispers, "Killers following you. You must take care, you are close." The character recognises him as Max, who promptly shouts abuse and stumbles off grumbling.

Indeed, the PCs will now notice they are being followed. Two inconspicuous men are trailing them at a good distance. Running away will lose them and approaching will frighten them off. The two men have been hired by one of Max's associates (a small well-dressed man) to follow the PCs but to make no contact with them. One of them was to report their movements to the man tonight at The Pelican's Perch. They were paid 2GU in advance and were to receive a further three at the inn. Neither of them know anything further. Of course, the man who paid has no intention of turning up to hear their reports.

The Empty House

The house is located in the Paleisbuurt district. The house looks run down and the windows are

dirty enough that little can be seen inside. The front door is locked. Inside it smells musty, and feels cold and damp, while a fine layer of dust covers everything. There is a distinct feeling of lives interrupted in mind flow. The following brief descriptions should be enough for most PCs; GMs should feel free to improvise other details as needed.

Hallway: Cloak and hats still hang from hooks on the wall.

Study: Dominated by a large window. The study has been cleared, and one wall has two stools in front of it. At the opposite end sits an artist's easel with a large red blanket thrown over it. The easel has the words, 'Property of Jacob Tol. Hands off!' scratched on one of the legs. Bits of paint splatter the area around it.

The whole family (including Albers) were having their picture painted here by local artist Jacob Tol. Tol broke in and retrieved his materials and the picture sometime after the family went missing.

Kitchen: The food has long rotted in the cupboards and evidence of rats can be seen. An I test shows one of the windows has been pried open. This was done by Jacob Tol when he came in to get his equipment. However, he didn't think about getting it out through such a small gap and so was forced to use the front door.

Lounge: The items from the Study have been moved into this room, making it cluttered. In one corner is a small shrine dedicated to Verena. Two comfortable chairs stand in front of the cold fireplace, with painted wooden toys lying on the seat of one. On the floor sits a pile of yellowing letters. Most are from acquaintances in Altdorf and contain various uninteresting pieces of news and gossip, but one is from Albers Zolver, (Player Handout 1) and contains a number of important clues.

*Albers Zolver
21/3*

My Darling Daughter,

I hope you, Marius and the children are in the finest of health. Keep the little ones out of this fog, it will do them no good. Anders send his regards. He is still trying to convince us to come to dinner again. I am being polite but really I do not think I could brave Marleen's strudel again.

To the point. I am afraid I will not be able to attend the next sitting. My apologies, but I have to travel to Bretonnia as soon as possible. (I know that Jacob is Anders' nephew but I find him ever so tiresome!) The van Onderzoekers are deliberately trying to wreck my interests there. Ever since I turned down the alliance with Rembrand they have been snapping at my heels. It seems the more successful we become the more uncivilised others in the business are. Indeed, the last approach from Rembrand's lackey Tobbius was nearly a threat.

A van Haagen representative has approached me concerning an alliance. I am considering this as Rembrand is starting to worry me.

Still, this is what business is about, is it not. I do wish you or Marius would reconsider my offer of joining the company, it will be yours one day after all.

Ah well! you have heard all this before, so excuse the ramblings of an old man.

I shall see you on my return.

*Love,
Albers Zolver*

There is also a letter from Marius's workplace (player handout 2).

*Senior Scribe
Courts of Inn,
Marienburg*

2nd Kaldezeit

Dear Sir,

I am most pleased to inform you that you have proven yourself a valuable member of the staff and as of the 13th Kaldezeit you will be expected to carry out the full duties expected of you in the forthright and confidential manner, as befitting this position, and trust you appreciate that as an nn Clerk you will be expected to maintain to the highest standards and degree of professionalism.

All other details will be in accordance with standard regulations, and I refer you to section 18, paragraphs 17, 134: section 21 paragraphs 12 (subsection x-xii, xx), 23, 24: sections 22, 28, 31, 54 in their entirety and 55, paragraphs 23 through 45.

*Lea Zarkvalt
Marius Steinfield,
Paleisbuurt
Marienburg*

Master bedroom: This shows signs of a struggle, with a chair knocked over and various objects from a dressing table scattered over the floor. A cheap sword lies on the floor next to the unmade bed. Under the bed is a Estilean penny, dropped by one of the kidnappers (they were sailors).
Smaller bedrooms: Two children's bedrooms, each containing a single bed. On the floor of one is a small dust-covered toy farm, in which a number of china animals lie crushed, roughly in the area that a boot might cover. Above the bed of both hang a small straw gate which gives children Morr's protection from bad dreams.

Neighbours, everybody needs good..

Asking the neighbours reveals few answers. None of them remember hearing or seeing anything so long ago, assuming the family intended to return as the landlord had never rented out the house. This is because Zolver owns the house outright. The neighbours occasionally see a dirty old beggar come to the house, but he is shooed away now. This is Zolver returning out of sadness. One or two people have also seen the same street urchin hanging around.

Anton Trosk, an old servant from across the street, does remember the house being burgled. He was throwing his rubbish out when he heard swearing and saw the Steinfield's door wrenched open from inside. "A young, nasty looking troublemaker came out with a picture under one arm and a bag under the other. I chased him off. Just like my marine days it was! Nearly took his head off with my stick. I mended the broken lock, as I knew they were away. Oh no! I didn't look inside, ain't my business." This was Jacob Tol retrieving the picture. The encounter with the old man scared him so much he didn't return for the easel.

The Artist

The PCs will hopefully have worked out that the picture is their chance to confirm that Whitey is Marius Steinfield. The letter also gives a clue that Jacob is a connection to Albers Zolver. Living in what is locally known as the 'Artists Quarter' of the Kruiersmuur district, Jacob Tol is an artist fallen on hard times.

In his late twenties, he has become addicted to Randal's Delight and it's attraction has both bankrupted him and lost him all his friends. Currently, he is living in a shell of house having pawned everything he owns. He owes the owner of Three Guilders Emporium, Gideon Scheepscheers,

excellence at his job.

Over the years he grew to hate his wife and recently, in the middle of a mid-life crisis he found himself attracted to his maid and so decided to kill his wife. He decided to do this as an intellectual challenge and in style.

Der Kwick is a dangerous man, sharp, intelligent and powerful. His major weakness is his underestimating every one else. He has no loyalties or friendships that he would not cut for money or safety. He dresses in style, his hair and goatee beard slicked down flat.

Kim DiSong

Nipponise owner of Ho Kongs.

Lars

Large sailor who picks fight with PC. He serves on The Sea Spray and is a bully and braggart. He stands thick, tall and handsome except for a twice broken nose.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	35*	16*	5	4	8	24*
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	19*	21*	27*	30*	15*	17*

*His profile has been adjusted for his drunkenness. Skills: Dodge Blow, Sailing, Street Fighting, SMB, Swim

Leo van Haagen

The head of the van Haagen family, with whom the van Onderzoekers are rivals.

Luc Reno

Smuggler, sister of Celeste and blackmailer of Kai der Kwick. He is a vicious man when crossed and although charming, not much nicer otherwise.

Marius Steinfield

For all intents and purposes is dead. See Whitey.

Maximilian Verbelt

One of the most competent Fog Walkers, Max has come a long way since his lowly beginnings in an Altdorf slum. Taught how to play cards by his grandfather and blessed with a luck streak he became an accomplished gambler. After changing his name to something far more stylish, he travelled the Empire and ended up in Marienburg where he was recruited by a criminal gang. In a scam that resulted in the robbing and ruin of a Merchant he was betrayed by his comrades. However, they left him with a pile of 'useless' papers. With the information contained in these he was able to scam and con people for years. To Max the game was far more important than the rewards and his schemes became complicated. This wasn't to last and he was arrested red-handed.

Luckily for him, his captors were Fog Walkers, who recruited him. In the training and service that followed he proved himself a natural. His speciality is gaining information on the Great Families of Marienburg and it is to his credit that he remains virtually unknown to them. Unbeknownst to him though, Jan Tobbius knows him by sight. At the time of Zolver's breakdown, Max was investi-



gating him as part of his information gathering duties.

Max is a very capable and dangerous enemy. He will never be a friend, except where it benefits the Fog Walkers directly. When not in disguise, he dresses simply and always in black. His hair is short and his face thin, with a small scar on his neck from a bullet hole. However, this is easily disguised with make-up.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	54	60	4	4	9	55
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	49	50	54	39	74	49

Skills: Act, Bribery, Charm, Concealment Urban, Cryptography, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Forgery, Gamble, Linguistics, Lightening Reflexes, Luck, Mimic, Pick Lock, Palm Object, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Seduction, SL-Guild, SL-Thieves' Tongue, Specialist Weapon - Parrying Weapons, Wit

Equipment: Left-hand dagger, Sword, variety of disguises, 4 doses of Nightshade, Purse (75Gu), Leather Jerkin,

Ostav

Ostav is really Gustav van Haagen. However, for a number of months he has lived in the poorer parts of town. From here he has harassed various merchants (including the Directors), whom he believes, traffic in chaos artifacts. He has raided their caravans and ships, looking for proof. Unfortunately he has yet to find any. He is never short of funds as his uncle, Director Leo van Haagen keeps him well supplied. Ostav has always been a favourite of his powerful uncle.

Ostav could never be described as the sharpest sword in the armoury, but he is loyal, honest, brave and straightforward. None of which make him any use as a merchant. He has no hidden side to find. PCs becoming his friend will be so for life.

Ostav is darkly handsome and well built. He is well muscled having spent some time working on the docks. He still retains the manners from his privileged upbringing.

Otto Greec

Late neighbour of the Steinfields.

Paulus der Keller

Talented hypnotist who spends much of his time trying to further the field. Paulus is also a dedicated pacifist which extends to not causing his subjects any pain.

Peter

Sailor on *The Guilderstein*. Lost at sea.

Rembrand van Onderzoeker

The late head of the van Onderzoeker mercantile house. See SDR for more details.

Rip Otter

Man working on the dock as a Stevedore although not a member of the guild.

Slyie der Peters

Seamstress daughter of Arno der Peters.

a large amount of money and lives in perpetual fear of his henchmen.

When the PCs knock at the door they will hear a fearful yelp and the sound of someone running clumsily down the stairs. This is followed by silence. The PCs will have to break in to be able to talk to Jacob who is hiding under the stairs. When they find him, bedraggled and terrified, he cries out, "I haven't got any money!"

Jacob will happily talk to the PCs as long as they keep supplying him with money. Without this, first of all he won't talk (unless they give him some *Ranald's Delight*), and then they won't be able to shut him up. He was hired to paint the Steinfields by his uncle Anders Anderson three years ago. Anders was the senior clerk in the company owned by Albers, Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports. He turned up for a sitting one day and no-one was around. Eventually he got desperate for money and broke in to get his equipment back. He was chased off and every time he went back he kept seeing the old man who had run after him. The half-finished picture was taken by Gideon

Several clues may point the PCs towards the van Onderzoeker & van Haagen families. At some point the PCs may take it upon themselves to investigate them.

van Onderzoekers

Visiting the van Onderzoeker's is a mistake. Approaches will be rebuffed by the staff and only if they are very insistent or threatening will they get to see anyone of importance. Invariably, this will be a calm and unflappable Tobbius. He will deny any wrongdoing, say he knew and admired Albers, and add that his company was no threat but it was business sense to purchase his assets once he was weakened. He has guards waiting outside the room.

Of course, beneath the calm exterior temple bells will be ringing. A nasty deed he thought swept under the carpet has floated to the surface. If he suspects the party are even remotely close to the truth he will begin to plot their downfall. This will severely increase the pace of the scenario. His efforts will be serious, not the minor 'encouragement' Max has been throwing their way. They will be followed, attacked by lackeys, a price will be put on their head, their rooms burnt to the ground, and assassins sent after them. This is harsh, but it must be this way. They are going up against some of the most powerful people in Marienburg and must realise this. The players must feel as if they are in real danger.

van Haagens

Should the PCs attempt to talk to the van Haagens they will have a difficult time of getting through to anyone remotely important. Most employees will recommend that they write a note explaining their intentions, and that this will be passed on. If they do this and mention either Albers Zolver, or the fact they may have dirt on the van Onderzoekers, a meeting will be arranged with Anton de Leg, a personal secretary to Leo van Haagen.

Alternatively a meeting could be arranged through Ostav. If the PCs go looking for him, they will find that nobody admits to having any idea who they are talking about. However, he will know they are looking and find them. He will talk to his uncle and arrange the meeting with de Leg.

Anton is pampered and richly adorned in purple velvet. However, he is no fool and will coach as much information out of the PCs as possible. He will offer money for information of an embarrassing nature pertaining to the van Onder-

Scheepscheers, a pawnbroker. Jacob knows his uncle's address, as he regularly tries to get money from him (and fails).

Three Guilders Emporium (see SDR)

The owner of this pawnbrokers, Gideon Scheepscheers, admits to having items pawned by Jacob Tol. Tol owes him twenty-four Guilders but will sell the picture alone for 4GUs. The picture, although it is damaged slightly, shows Tol has a good deal of talent. Whitey can easily be recognised from his portrait, standing behind his wife and two children and next to Albers Zolver.

The Company

To find out the truth behind the disintegration of the Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports or to speak directly to Albers Zolver, the PCs will need to talk to the company's old staff. Information on the company can be gained through the Merchants Guild at the Wasteland Import-Export Exchange. The first point of call will be Anders Anderson, who they can reach through Jacob Tol, Anton de

zoekers. Additionally, if they convince him of their capabilities, he will introduce them to Huub Retsers.

Bitter

Huub Retsers is an ex-employee of the van Onderzoekers. He is a nervous, shy man who worked as a record keeper for twenty years until Tobbius got rid of him after Rembrand's death. He still has access to many of the van Onderzoeker's records (although he won't say how) and can try and get any pertaining to Zolver, Guilderstein or anything else relevant.

In fact, the only thing of any value he can get hold of is a copy of Captain Bresson's resignation letter to Rembrand Van Onderzoeker (Player handout 3). If asked where Thijs keeps his papers, he will guess that it is in the mansion. Rembrand keeps all of his papers in his study.

However, he has been to the van Onderzoeker's mansion and knows of the location of the safe. He will pass this information on only if asked directly.

*captain claude bresson
guilderstein*

for the attention of rembrand van onderzoeker,

sir,

it is with deep regret that i must resign from my position as captain of your finest ship the guilderstein.

i know i am still in your debt but i believe i have done enough to pay the substantial difference. i do not wish to impinge in to family business but should you require details of this you should ask your eldest son.

i must also take this opportunity, on behalf of Isabel and myself, to thank you for the kind gift.

your loyal servant

captain claude bresson

<Rembrand's handwriting> It is a sad matter to lose Claude; however he seems, as in the old days, to be strained. He would not divulge the reason behind his decision and kept rambling about the truth being safe in Bilbali.

Thijs has refused to explain further.

Eagle-eyed PCs may notice that his wife's name wasn't Isabel.

Leg, or by waiting around the Law Courts.

Anders Anderson was the firm's Senior Clerk and Accountant. He is a friendly, genial man who lives with his wife Marleen. He will be more than happy to talk to the PCs and, should they find evidence about the perpetrators of the kidnapping, may offer a reward. He worked with Albers from the very beginning and they were close friends. They met when Anders was Senior Clerk to Albers in another (long bankrupt) firm. Anders was on the verge of retirement when Albers' family went missing. Albers withdrew from the business and just waited for news, hiring adventurers and bounty hunters to find them. However, one night he went missing and couldn't be found for weeks. When he eventually turned up, he was wretched and broken. Anders tried to help him but Albers doesn't (or perhaps just claims he doesn't) recognise anyone. He knows Albers is likely to be found at the Cathedral of Shallya. He speculates it was the disappearance of his daughter and her family that sent him over the edge, as they were the most important thing in the world to him.

He suspects one of the other families was involved in the kidnapping, and though he doesn't like to say out loud he believe it was the van Onderzoekers. Through a serious of underhand and none-too-subtle business manoeuvres they took over most of the business interests in conjunction with the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company. Anders was trying to keep the company together, but just didn't have the flair. He is currently suing the van Onderzoeker family through the courts, but he realises it is likely to take years. He knows the location of two of the other staff who worked for Zolver Mercantile Imports and Exports towards the end.

Werther Koplín was once a clerk but is now a Barman at The Louse Pit. He was fired by Albers, but Anders never found out why. Werther has dropped hints that it was because he found out comprising information about Albers, but Anders does not believe this.

Gustav Hopelmeire was the junior clerk and felt betrayed by his sacking. Anders believes he fell in to bad ways and is a criminal somewhere in the Suiddock. Anders thinks this is a real disappointment, as Gustav showed real potential, being trustworthy, intelligent and hardworking.

Albers Zolver

Now a broken man in both mind and body, Albers wanders the streets crying and talking to himself. When he can get alcohol, he will drink himself in to a stupor. Currently his face is covered in bruises and cuts from an encounter will some drunken students. He is regularly to be found outside the Cathedral of Shallya, especially during meal times. He is known to many of helpers and lower class clerics and they can easily point him out.

However, his mind is totally gone and he will just mumble incoherently to himself. A mention of the name Ella will get him crying and howling and possibly even violent (although this will be limited to ineffectual punches and bites). Even hypnotism will result in the same reaction. He will not recognise Anders, Gustav or anyone else if brought before him, although they will know him.

His house, once located in the Guilderveld district, has long been bought by someone else, sold by the courts to pay Zolver's debts. All his property was either sold or thrown away. The new owners and the landlord have no memory of Albers. His neighbours remember him being a kindly old man whose daughter and her family would often visit. They heard rumours that his business went bust around the time that he disappeared.

Werther Koplín

The Louse Pit is located in the grottiest part of the Doodkanaal in a run down building. It was once called Louise's but someone has long ago scratched out the new name on the sign. Inside it is dark, depressing and smoky, and the tables, bar and floor are covered with a thin, sticky residue. The place is used mainly by crooks, gamblers and hardened drinkers. Now working as a barman in a rough tavern, Werther blames Albers for his situation. He will accuse Albers of being petty and nasty because he had found out something incriminating. This is in fact a story Werther made up and now almost believes, although the details have changed over the years. He will tell the party that he heard Albers arranging for his son-in-law to be killed, and speculates that they must have done away with his daughter by mistake.

If Werther is confronted by the real reason he was fired by Albers, he will deny it. Only the threat of violence will make him tell the truth. However, he won't freely admit anything and will only respond 'Yes' or 'No' to questions. He was fired by Albers for passing information to the van Onderzoekers about various matters. He dealt directly with Tobbius.

A bribe will get him talking a little. He believes Zolver was in trouble financially. The van Onderzoekers were interested in parts of his business. Zolver was looking to make a deal with the van Haagens to protect himself. Werther heard that the one of their employees, Huub Retsers, was caught passing secrets to the van Haagens.

Gustav

Gustav Hopelmeire is well known in the Suiddock, especially by the Watch. He is the head of the Junagel street gang. This is made up of thirty youths that have banded together for protection and profit. Although their main income is petty thieving from across the city, they are sometimes used by the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs as runners, lookouts and spies. They have made their home around the warehouses and will quite happily threaten anyone straying into their territory, especially at night. They are armed with a mixture of poor grade weaponry: clubs, daggers, knuckle-dusters and the like. The PCs will not be taken to Gustav unless they hand over their weapons (does not include small items, and they won't take spell ingredients). Play them as dirty, vicious and unpredictable, enough so the PCs grow to worry about them even though they might see them at first as a joke. Taking one of the gang hostage will also work nicely.

When they are brought before Gustav, the mention of Albers will interest him immediately. When he was working for Zolver he saw a lot of what went on. He knows Werther Koplín was selling information to the van Onderzoeker's about the company's operations. After Albers "sickness" started, Gustav became worried and started to look out for him. On the night he went missing Gustav followed him to Lughsoll Bridge on the edge of the Guilderveld district. Here he saw Albers meet with Tobbius. They argued, and then Tobbius said something which caused Albers to sink to his feet and howl. Tobbius laughed and walked away. Slowly Albers pulled himself up and threw himself from the bridge. Gustav rushed downstream and managed to haul him out. He told Anders, but doesn't think he really listened.

Gustav's theory to what happened is that the van Onderzoekers made the family disappear. He thinks this was to distract Albers from making a deal with the van Haagens. He knows that Albers was making moves in to areas of their business.

Stefan

Clerk in the inns of court who worked with, and was a friend of, Marius.

Stew Underson

Halfling jeweller who made wedding bands for the Steinfields.

Tanner

Ex-mate on *The Guilderstein* but sacked by Captain Bresson. Now a Stevedore.

Terather

Friend and comrade of Whitey. See Whaling article for more information.

Thijs van Onderzoeker

Known as Thijs 'the lesser', he is head of one of Marienburg leading Merchant houses, holding a Directorate seat. He has risen to this position recently due to his fathers death. He places much faith in Jaan Tobbius who was also his father's advisor. He plays only an indirect role in this scenario, although his influence is felt.



Since his fathers death he has become steadily more paranoid (although not dangerously so), increasing the number of guards at his house and narrowing the amount of people around him. This is coupled with a great love of socialising. He is considered one of the best 'bachelor' catches in Marienburg and is always surrounded by women. He is always accompanied by an accomplished bodyguard named Ivan. During the party he will also be shadowed by Eva, a protectress posing as a party-goer.

Titus Racee

Seaman on the *Guilderstein* who took part in the murder of the Steinfields. A drunk and Pilot, he hangs himself after seeing Whitey again.

Ursula Beks

Widow of Captain Bresson.

van der Valk, Captain

Laconic Captain of *The White Dove*.

Verlk, Captain

Captain of guards in van Onderzoeker mansion. Ex-mercenary Captain who was sentenced to death for murder. He killed a man who insulted Ulric, of whom Verlk is a devout follower. However, Thijs recognised him as a man of honour and ability, and had him freed through various underhand means. Verlk is completely loyal to him now.



A thick set man, part of his face is badly scarred, pulling the mouth in a slight sneer. He is an efficient and ruthless fighter, he is also respected by his men as fair and honourable.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	53	35	4	4	7	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	33	29	30	30	35	35

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Gamble, SL-Battle

Tongue, Street Fighter, SMB, STS, SW - Pole-arms
Equipment: Sword, Breastplate, Arm greaves, Dagger, Sleeved Mail Coat, Crossbows in Guardroom

Werther Koplin

Barman at The Louse Pit and ex-employee of Albers Zolver. Fired for passing information to the van Onderzoekers.

Whitey

The catalyst for this scenario but also of little importance. The son of a lawyer's clerk, Marius Steinfield led a quiet unassuming life following in his father's footsteps. He was shy and intelligent, but from afar adored Ella Zolver. Soon after he plucked up the courage to talk to her they had agreed to marry soon afterwards. They moved to Marienburg to be near Albers, and to raise their children. The couple were deeply in love, almost to the exclusion of the outside world.

With the death of his family, Marius became Whitey and had no choice but to become a whaler. He knows that his loss of memory is because of something horrible and his frequent nightmares also hint at this. However, he is too scared to want to find out the truth. He is of a medium build with a young face, but his haunted eyes make him appear stand-offish. He dresses in simple seaman fashion and owns little.



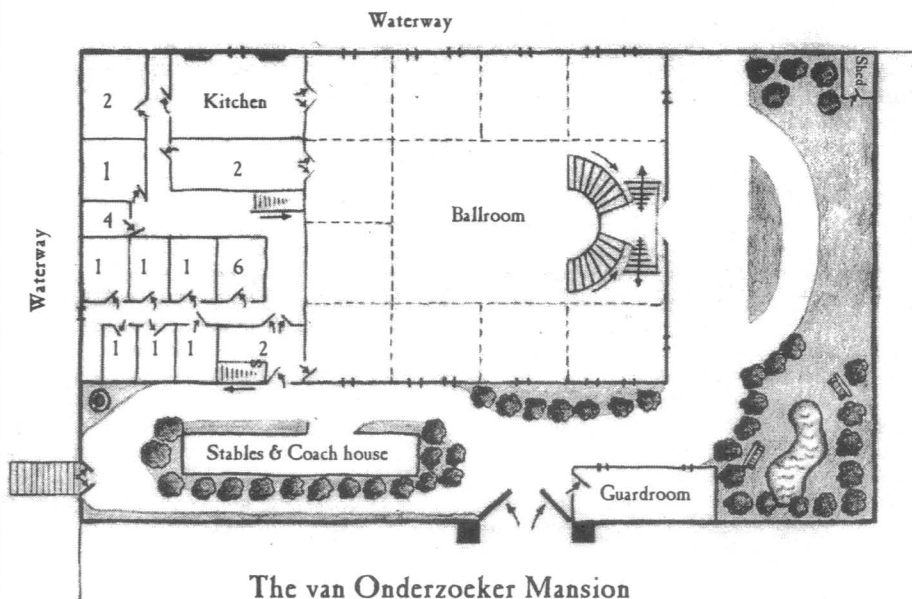
M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	34	37	3	3	6	38
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	36	29	38	34	29	36

Skills: Row, Sailing
Equipment: Knife

Occasionally Gustav goes to the Temple and talks to Albers even though the old man doesn't know him. Sometimes on these occasions, Gustav follows him as he walks the streets, stopping outside his old place of business or his house. Once he knocked at his daughter's house but no one answered (he doesn't know about the family's disappearance). As Albers walked away he was stopped by a ship's Captain who tried to talk to him, but Albers ignored him and the Captain tried to stop him leaving. Zolver attacked him and they both fell to the ground. Gustav rushed forward and helped him up and he ran off. The Bretonnian captain grabbed the boy and tried to question him. "Is that Albers Zolver? Did his family used to live here?" Gustav broke away but followed the man to his house. (This was actually his mistresses house; if the PCs have visited the Captain's widow they will realise the address is different.) This was Captain Bresson, and hopefully this will prompt the PCs to investigate him.

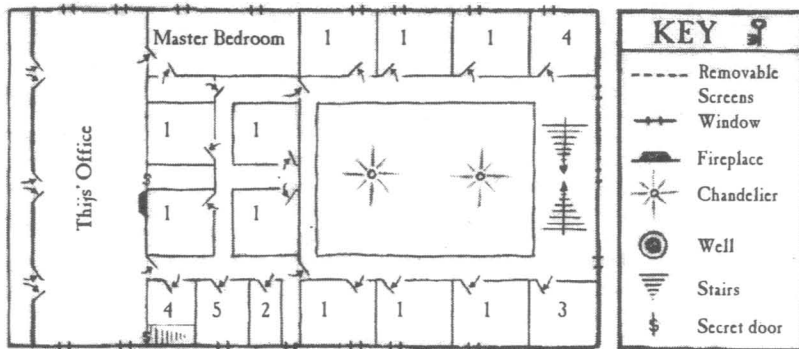
The Captain's Mistress

Claude Bresson's mistress, Isabel, lives with her son, Claude, and her memories. The child is Bresson's, and is now five. She has kept the Captain's picture on the wall and his study intact. The party will be invited to tea before they are allowed in to the locked study, and will have to put up with the energetic child climbing all over them. Sybil is over the loss of Bresson, but the PCs will drag up



The van Onderzoeker Mansion

- 1 Bedrooms
- 2 Storeroom
- 3 Dining Room
- 4 Toilet
- 5 Bathroom
- 6 Guard Room



some bitter memories. After Claude came back from his penultimate voyage he was always depressed and started gambling again, as he had done many years before. He had resigned his position and said he was completing a last voyage for the money. He told her he had taken steps to safeguard the three of them, although he wouldn't say what from. He was positive that Rembrand van Onderzoeker would look after them. His best friend, Arno, was somehow involved, as was Jaan Tobbius. When he died, she kept her mouth shut.

After he set sail on his ill fated voyage, a couple of strange events took place. Claude's best friend, Arno, was murdered. He was found by his daughter Slyie, stabbed to death in his home. She and Isabel are firm friends, and live only a few streets apart. That night, when she was comforting Slyie, the house was burgled. Many items were taken from the Captain's study. However, she tidied it up again, and since then has kept it locked whenever she leaves the house.

The small study is dominated by a desk and chair. Spread around the room are various worthless nautical items. The desk is closed but the lock has been broken off. Inside is a bag with gambling chips from the Three of a Kind casino (8Gu worth), some playing cards, sea maps and a pen. A small notebook has fallen down the back of the desk and got stuck.

The notebook contains a number of thoughts that Claude intended to add to his journal later. It

covers the last two years, and the entries are somewhat sporadic. His wife will be surprised that this is here, as he kept all his journals in his cabin. Bresson comes across as a military man, unused to questioning orders, with a strong sense of loyalty to the van Onderzoekers, although he personally disliked Thijs. A couple of notebook entries are relevant (player handout 4).

"arrived at the mansion to be greeted by t. he has none of his father's qualities and seems over inclined to trust that toad tobbius. i hope i have paid my debt to r within the next three years."

"made ready to sail and allowed the crew leave to enjoy themselves. tobbius visited today representing t. he warned me r is not to know of it. have i not been made to pay enough for my past. if only there was some way i could refuse"

"i visited their home today although i am not really sure why. the gods brought me there at the same time as zolver but our meeting was of little consequence. i have been directed to an ex-employee of the van o's who may be able to offer help."

"my investigations are nearly complete. the whole story is clear to me now and would horrify r if he knew. i believe it is enough to protect me from t and tobbius."

"i cannot make amends for what i have done but i have paid my debt. handed my letter of resignation to

r at the mansion. he knows nothing of this. have managed to bury proof in bilbali. left location with arno. sent letter to tobbius to warn him of this."

Slyie der Peters

Slyie der Peters lives on her own in what was her parents house. Both are now dead. She works as a seamstress and the downstairs rooms are full of equipment and materials. She misses her father and will be happy to talk about him. Arno was a sailor many years back, and was an officer at the same time as Claude Bresson. They remained firm friends after their service. After retiring from the navy he settled down and became a shipwright. On the night he was killed Slyie came home and found him bleeding heavily. He was still alive, however, and whispered the words, "Claude... The proof is in his safe, remember the safe." She has no idea what it means. He was dead by the time she returned with a physician.

PART III

The Finale

Veritable Proof

At some point the PCs will realise that they are going to have get their hands on solid proof. The circumstantial evidence they have amassed will be enough to hold off the van Onderzoekers. The place they will have to go to get this proof is the van Onderzoeker mansion.

Scouting the mansion will reveal it is in a state of maniac activity. Regular deliveries are made, servants run errands and everything is cleaned and re-cleaned. Thijs is having two parties, spread over two nights, to celebrate his twenty-eighth birthday. This is likely to be the PCs' best opportunity to get inside. Once they deduce they have a safe to break, they will probably realise they need a safe breaker. Searching Marienburg's underworld, they will come to hear of Durak Chubloc II. The Dwarf has long been interested in attempting to break this safe and if the PCs can convince him they have a solid plan, and good payment, he will agree.

The PCs may decide they cannot afford him and try and find someone cheaper, in spite of the risk they face should this attempt go wrong. In this eventuality the GM must design a cheaper, and less effective, safe-breaker.

Max helps out

At this juncture the PCs may feel they are facing an insurmountable task. Should you wish to raise the pace then Max will return. He claims to be bringing news that powerful forces have become aware of the PCs' meddling, and are preparing to have them removed. As their influence spreads across the known world, the PCs have only one option: resolve the matter swiftly by getting hold of the evidence.

Max will ask the PCs to tell him what they have learnt, on the pretence that this will help him work out who it might be that is working against them (there may be more than one group, he adds, if the PCs suggest that they know who their enemies are) and how to get around the problem. With his knowledge of Marienburg's families, he may well be able to clarify any points the PCs are unsure about. If the PCs prevaricate he will inform Thijs that a group of adventurers have got some dirt on him in relation to Albers Zolver. This, of course, will mean that Thijs owes him a favour should all go wrong. Also, the added danger should get the PCs moving. Of course, Max will return to warn them of the danger they face, in his role as their caring guardian.

Again, you must be careful not to overuse

Max. The PCs will have done well getting this far but should not ever feel rail-roaded.

The Party

Thijs twenty-eighth birthday party promises to be a grand affair. The cream of Marienburg's society is to attend what promises to be one of the highlights of the social calendar. Information of the soirees is readily available from the right people, many of whom will talk because they're boasting at getting an invitation or slighted because they have not.

The First Night

The first night is to be rather an uptight gathering, with various business acquaintances, council officials and other important people having being invited. However, the scale is impressive, with a fifty-piece orchestra, myriad servants and some of the finest food and drink that can be imported from across the world. All the guests will arrive by carriage or boat, and pass their invitations to the doormen as they step down. Carriages and boats will then park outside in a well-guarded area. Inside, they will be announced and then make their way entrances. Characters will find it difficult to sneak in this way. (Few characters will have the appearance or the etiquette required not to stand out like sore thumbs.)

The other option, apart from simply breaking in (see 'The Mansion' below), is to act as staff. This can be anything from guards to waiters to musicians to anything else the PCs can think of. This is quite a good plan, as with so many staff coming and going no-one will notice a few extra. However, the slightest mistake will reveal them as impostors. The GM is encouraged to try and get them to make one. Head waiters will send them out to serve, a too tight uniform will be noticed, a guard will call out, "What are you doing here?" to the person standing next to the PC (it turns out to be a guard out of position), and so on. If one of them is noticed, the guards will tighten up considerably while all the staff will be subtly checked.

The Second Night

This is to be a fancy-dress party where the masked costumes are as over the top as possible. The city's young social elite are all due to attend, and it promises to be loud, outrageous and somewhat debauched. The guests will arrive in the same way as the previous night except, they will be announced by their fancy dress name, many of which would be seen as risqué in any other company.

Getting in through the main door is going to be reasonably easy as long as the guards aren't alerted to watch out for them. Getting in through the staff door will consist of the same problems as the night before, although security will have been tightened if they were detected on the first night.

The Mansion

The van Onderzoeker's mansion house is large and impressive, surrounded by a tall wall outside which stands a small jetty. Entrance is through the main gate or the jetty gate. Once inside the grounds, staff and supplies turn on to a covered path leading to the house's back door. Meanwhile, visitors make their way to the grand front entrance where they are met by the doormen.

The house has twenty guards, taken from the family's private militia, on the premises at all times, a large number by anyone's reckoning, although only six to ten will be on duty at most times. This number will be doubled for the night of the party. The guards are led by Captain Verlk, a man totally loyal to the van Onderzoeker's and totally competent at his job. All wear a family tabard over a

chain mail coat and carry a halberd and sword. Each also carries a whistle around his neck. The house is regularly patrolled, and guards and staff will check all the rooms. Only on the party nights will this routine be slightly relaxed.

The downstairs of the house is dominated by a huge dining room with large oil chandeliers and impressive deco in the Imperial style. Panelled off from this are a number of smaller drawing rooms and lounges. These panels can all be withdrawn so that the entire area can be used as a ballroom. Adjoining this area is the large kitchen, its storerooms, and a few cramped servants' quarters. (Many of the full-time servants live nearby in van Onderzoeker-owned property.) A vast marble staircase leads up to the first floor.

The first floor is based around the balcony, looking down on the ballroom. There are twelve comfortable guest bedrooms leading off of this, and two permanent drawing rooms. The family rooms are in located together at the rear: six large bedrooms, a small shrine to Hëndryk, a large bathroom and Thijs' study.

The study is, bar the dining room, the largest room in the house. It is long and brightly lit by large windows on three sides. One of these has a balcony overhanging the canal. The other side is dominated by a huge fireplace, decorated with a stylishly carved depiction of the story of Marienburg. Flanking the fireplace are two huge pendants adorned with the family crest (crossed tridents over a merchant ship, on a blue shield). A number of pieces of art hang around the room, mixed with a few busts of the van Onderzoekers' departed kin. A large desk stands at one end, and a table large enough to seat thirty fills the centre of the room. There are various racks containing maps in waterproof leather containers, and shelves with books scattered around. The ceiling has a painting of a huge trading ship flying the family flag. Oil lamps hang from this picture, raised and lowered by pulleys. Behind one of the large pendants is the catch to the concealed door to the van Onderzoeker safe. The secret door reveals a staircase leading down to a ground floor storeroom, and only Thijs and Tobbius know about it.

The Safe

If the party are not ready for this, they are going to be stuck. The safe was built by Dwarven craftsmen over three centuries ago as part of the original construction of the house and was designed so that it could be walked in to. Only Thijs and Tobbius know the combination, and only Thijs has the key. Should the incumbent die without passing them on, a duplicate key and the combination are kept in separate strong boxes with two family lawyers (specially selected because their offices are both heavily guarded, and nowhere near each other). The whole thing is solid enough to withstand huge amounts of damage. Using enough force to gain entry would probably destroy the contents along with the safe. The locks of the door are very complicated and designed specifically to confound the use of an open spell. The door is opened by five tumbler locks and a key, all of which must be turned in sequence before the safe can be opened. To do this, five pick lock rolls must be made at CR-50. (Note that Durak Chubloc II in the Cast List below has made an extensive study of the history of this safe, and works at CR-10.) Each roll, failed or not, represents ten minutes spent working on the safe.

The final roll is made without a modifier, but if this is not passed by twenty points only the front of the door opens, revealing a second door. This is a trap. Once the tumblers inside are touched, the

outer door springs shut for one S8 hit. A further set of pick lock tests must then be made to re-open the door.

Inside the safe, the three walls are hidden by wooden cabinets filled with papers. The ceiling has been painted with the night sky (a successful Astronomy roll will tell it is not the current night sky). A picture of The Old World has been painted on the tiles covering the floor. Under the tile containing Bilbali, a folded-up piece of paper containing Bresson's account of the story (player handout 5) has been placed. He put this here when he visited Rembrand and the safe stood open.

*claud bresson
marienburg*

for the attention of rembrand van onderzoeker,

as you have come to read this letter I am dead. i have taken this unusual step as i believe that your son thijs will have been the cause of my demise. he will have done this to protect his own interests. previous to the voyage to bilbali i was approached by jaan tobbius on behalf of your son. they brought on board a young family (two children with their parents) with orders that they be thrown overboard at sea. my life has been one of obeying orders and i followed these to the letter. in this i was wrong.

on my return I vowed to investigate and have found out much of the truth. the family i killed was named steinfeld, the wife the daughter of albers zolver, once your rival. their intention was to remove zolver as a rival, although to remove him directly would have been too obvious and risky. zolver's company was a direct rival to you and thijs felt it had to be removed.

how many more has he killed? how many more will die? i hope you will bring justice to thijs and bring peace to this family.

your friend and loyal servant

Apart from this the cabinets are half full with Thijs' personal papers. Among these are Bresson's resignation letter (player handout 6) and various other documents that, in the right hands, could tie the van Onderzoeker family to various other underhand deals.

*captain claud bresson
guilderstein*

for the attention of thijs van onderzoeker,

sir,

i am writing to you to inform you that i have passed my resignation to your father. i believe you know my reasons. your family has been very good to me when i encountered financial difficulties and i have sought to pay off my debt to you. to this end i have served hard and undertaken both dangerous and unsavoury tasks. however, this blood pays off my debt in full. i will make the final voyage for you that was planned but i expect to be paid in full for this voyage.

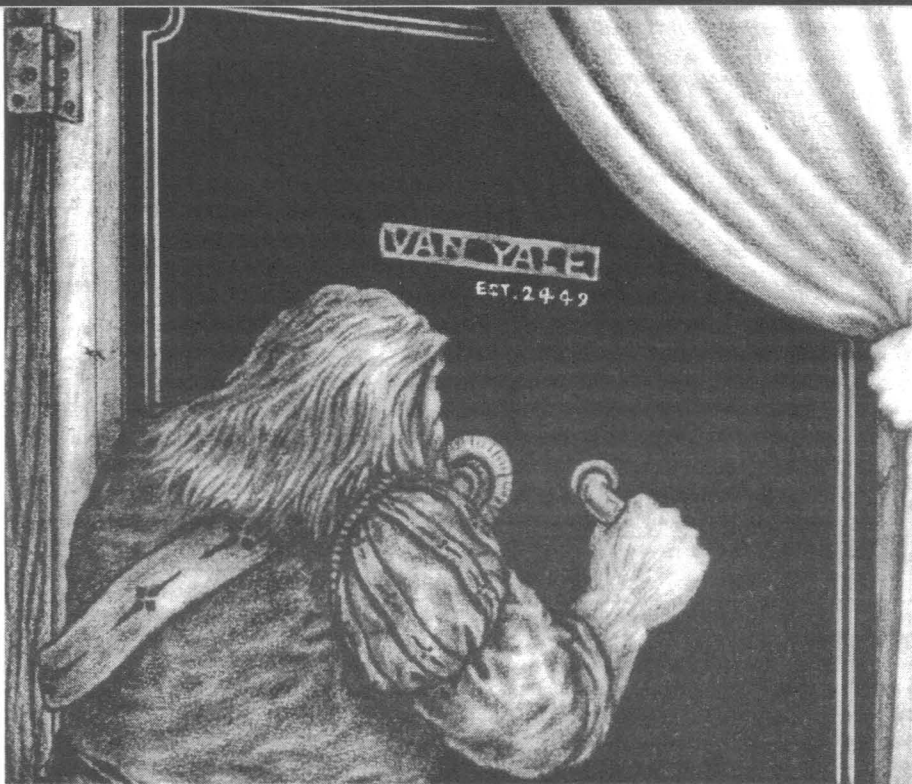
you can expect my full silence in this matter. however, i must inform you that full knowledge of this event has been safely passed on, should any unforeseen event occur.

*claud bresson
captain claud bresson*

The destruction of these would affect the business adversely, although not too badly. This would be the ideal place to place clues leading to other adventures. Additionally, there is jewellery worth 340Gu and small gems worth 500Gu.

Guards! Guards!

At some point, as they are on the verge of opening the safe, they will be discovered. This might be by



a guard coming into the room, or having heard voices from a nearby location. Either he will blow his whistle or the others will notice he is missing. As the PCs rush to open the safe the guards will start to batter down the door to the study. Pushing furniture against it will slow it down but they will eventually hack through it. If the PCs have made a really good job then Tobbius will get some guards to enter through the secret door.

This should be a climatic fight. As the PCs struggle to open the safe some of their number will be fighting to stop the guards entering the room. Captain Verlk will use his men to the best advantage, although both Thijs and Tobbius will constantly overrule him if they are present. Containing them in the corridor is probably the best solution as this only allows two at a time to fight.

Once they have the information they want, they will have to get out with it. If they have discovered the secret door then they may get out this way, although two guards will have been posted here by Thijs as soon as he heard there was a commotion. Smashing out of the windows and into the courtyard will mean they have to fight numerous guards to get to the gate. Escaping in to the canal is probably their best option, although they will want to wait for a boat or barge to float close to the balcony unless they want to swim. If they do swim, they will need to protect the papers from getting wet. Durak Chubloc II will refuse to jump in to the water, although he will do so if things get really desperate.

Fortunately for the PCs, there is a boat heading towards the balcony - the only drawback is that it will take a few rounds to pass beneath them. For dramatic purposes, a final battle against the guards as they wait on the balcony for the boat to approach should work nicely. Persuading the surprised boat owner to take them to the far side of the canal as quickly as possible shouldn't be too hard, given that these hijackers are clearly deranged lunatics. The sooner he can get them off of his boat, the happier he will be.

Magrattan Stand-off

This final scene is to be used after the escape from

the mansion, and will hopefully clear up much of what has gone on. However, this may be too 'neat' for some, in which case just move onto the next section (although Max should still approach them).

As the PCs are recovering, they are approached by Max and a couple of his men who ask for the documents. He makes it clear that the PCs simply do not have the resources to look after them themselves, and so their interests will be best served by entrusting them to him. Max makes it clear that this is not a request.

As they are arguing, Tobbius and some guards arrive. Without ado, they begin to challenge the "fog-walking scum" and their "pawns", telling the PCs that they would be fools to expect their employees to protect them once they've handed over what they stole. Max, for his part, will respond in kind - he is furious that his deception has been revealed, and angry that Tobbius recognises him. Many of the party's questions can be answered as the two sides alternately threaten and cajole them.

The atmosphere is tense, but with a bit of restraint the PCs should be able to get out safely. The two sides will be afraid to go up against each other for political reasons, if nothing else. Attacking the PCs would be foolish, as they would go over to the other side or destroy the documents. This scene will have to be played by ear, depending purely on the actions of the PCs.

The Pay-Off

So the characters have the proof that Thijs and Tobbius were responsible for the death of the Steinfield family, the breakdown of Albers Zolver and the disintegration of his company. However, will anyone believe them, or even care? The PCs' first priority must be to make sure the documents are safe from the revenge of the van Onderzoeker family. They will also need to keep them from Max, who wants the proof to further his own plans.

How this scenario ends depends on what the players do during the stand-off, who they choose to turn to afterwards, and how you, the GM, want it to finish. A neat resolution is possible, but a slightly messy ending will probably be more interesting. After all, many people are dead or broken as a re-

sult of the machinations of these families, and the people behind it may never pay for their crimes. A number of possible outcomes are detailed below.

Max approaches the PCs and they hand over the documents: This will mean the Fog Walkers have the truth of the matter. They don't do anything with it, storing it away until it can be used for their benefit. The van Onderzoekers continue to attempt to eliminate the PC, stopping only once they are all dead, or can show that they can prove nothing. This is perhaps the worst outcome. However, if the PCs don't hand the documents over to Max, he will feel no qualms about using the resources of the Fog Walkers to hound them down, although he will not treat it personally.

The PCs try to sell the papers to the van Onderzoeker. The van Onderzoekers buy the documents and then attempt to terminate the PCs with extreme prejudice. They deserve it.

The PCs approach one of the other families: This will probably be the van Haagens. They will gladly protect the PCs and make the van Onderzoeker's pay. If this is the route the PCs follow, Tobbius is found hanged with a note claiming full responsibility for the murders and clearing Thijs of all blame. Thijs is forced to make business concessions in a number of areas and his position is much weakened. The PCs will gain favours from the family they turned to, and Thijs will be afraid to move against them. For the moment, away.

The PCs approach the Temple of Manann or Verena: Depending on how convincing the PCs are, the cult officials will approach the Directorate and demand an investigation. The end results are the

same as above except that the crime is made public, weakening the house of van Onderzoeker enough that they are on the verge of collapse. This will result in the general enmity of all the houses towards the PCs, as it makes them all look bad.

The documents are hidden: The PCs place the documents in safe hands with the orders that should anything happen to them, they are to be made public. They then inform the van Onderzoekers of this fact. They leave the PCs alone and are reasonably happy to keep such a status quo. However, they will try and find the original documents, and should they do so, will then move to clear up the remaining loose ends...

Conclusion

So, 'Once Upon a time in Marienburg' comes to an end. The PCs will have traversed the city from the slums to the mansions and the temples. They will have had a glimpse at some of the skeletons in the closets of the great and the good, and probably made both friends and enemies. You are encouraged to build on these relationships; after all, once they have become this enmeshed in the affairs of the city, it will be hard for them to extricate themselves.

At least one loose end is still to be cleared up: Whitey. Although he has been out of touch for much of the adventure, the PCs know who he is. Whether they tell him is another matter. Does he really need to know the truth? If they tell him he will be distraught, weeping bitterly as the horrific memories come flooding back. As there is nothing for him in Marienburg, he will go to sea again, choosing to continue with the new life he has made for himself, relishing the isolation that whaling offers.

EPILOGUE

There is a danger that at the end of this scenario the players will feel that remaining in Marienburg is just too dangerous an option. In this case you can offer them some protection. They can be approached by either Anton de Leg and (if they are on good terms) Ostav. Leo van Haagen might wish to act as a patron for the PCs. It will be known they are in his employ, and he will offer them regular paying jobs. de Leg would add that Thijs wouldn't dare risk moving against the PCs if they accept such an offer. If asked why the Director would want to do this, de Leg says that it 'is one in the eye' for the van Onderzoekers, and besides, the PCs have proven themselves to be capable individuals.

Of course, if the PCs accept this offer it is up to the GM to decide how much they are used. In future adventures, instead of the PCs being just hired, they may be recommended by van Haagen. A number of possible questions arise out of this situation that could be developed in to other plots. Has van Haagen been guiding Ostav in his robberies? Is this in the belief that chaos artifacts are being smuggled or just to hamper business rivals? Are his intentions to the PCs entirely straightforward? Does he have his own agenda? Could de Leg use the PCs for his own ends? As before, once involved, it will be extremely tricky for the PCs ever to have a quiet life again.

Experience Points

This is a long adventure which is potentially hazardous for the PCs. There is a lot of work to be done, and the PCs should be rewarded. However, the final reward should reflect the PCs own goals and motivations, and given the scope for unusual and unpredictable actions, awards are left to the GM to decide.

*captain claude bresson
guilderstein*

for the attention of rembrandt van onderzoeker,

sir,

it is with deep regret that i must resign from my position as captain of your finest ship the guilderstein.

i know i am still in your debt but i believe i have done enough to pay the substantial difference. i do not wish to impinge in to family business but should you require details of this you should ask your eldest son.

i must also take this opportunity, on behalf of Isabel and myself, to thank you for the kind gift.

your loyal servant

captain claude bresson

It is a sad matter to lose Claude; however he seems, as in the old days, to be strained. He would not divulge the reason behind his decision and kept rambling about the truth being safe in Bilhali.

Thijs has refused to explain further.

*captain claude bresson
guilderstein*

for the attention of thijs van onderzoeker,

sir,

i am writing to you to inform you that i have passed my resignation to your father. i believe you know my reasons. your family has been very good to me when i encountered financial difficulties and i have sought to pay off my debt to you. to this end i have served hard and undertaken both dangerous and unsavoury tasks. however, this blood pays off my debt in full. i will make the final voyage for you that was planned but i expect to be paid in full for this voyage.

you can expect my full silence in this matter. however, i must inform you that full knowledge of this event has been safely passed on, should any unforeseen event occur.

*claude bresson
captain claude bresson*

"arrived at the mansion to be greeted by t. he has none of his father's qualities and seems over inclined to trust that toad tobbius. i hope i have paid my debt to r within the next three years."

"made ready to sail and allowed the crew leave to enjoy themselves. tobbius visited today representing t. he warned me r is not to know of it. have i not been made to pay enough for my past. if only there was some way i could refuse."

"i visited their home today although i am not really sure why. the gods brought me there at the same time as zolver but our meeting was of little consequence. i have been directed to an ex-employee of the van o's who may be able to offer help."

"my investigations are nearly complete. the whole story is clear to me now and would horrify r if he knew. i believe it is enough to protect me from t and tobbius."

"i cannot make amends for what i have done but i have paid my debt. handed my letter of resignation to r at the mansion. he knows nothing of this. have managed to bury proof in bilbali. left location with arno. sent letter to tobbius to warn him of this."

Player Handout Four

Senior Scribe
Courts of Inn,
Marienburg

2nd Kaldezeit

Dear Sir,

I am most pleased to inform you that you have proven yourself a valuable member of the staff and as of the 13th Kaldezeit you will be expected to carry out the full duties expected of you in the forthright and confidential manner, as befitting this position, and trust you appreciate that as an nn Clerk you will be expected to maintain to the highest standards and degree of professionalism.

All other details will be in accordance with standard regulations, and I refer you to section 18, paragraphs 17, 134; section 21 paragraphs 12 (subsection x-xii, xx), 23, 24; sections 22, 28, 31, 54 in their entirety and 55, paragraphs 23 through 45.

Lea Zarkvalt

Marius Steinfeld,
Paleisbuurt
Marienburg

Player Handout Two

captain claude bresson
guilderstein

for the attention of thijs van onderzoeker,
sir,

i am writing to you to inform you that i have passed my resignation to your father. i believe you know my reasons. your family has been very good to me when i encountered financial difficulties and i have sought to pay off my debt to you. to this end i have served hard and undertaken both dangerous and unsavoury tasks. however, this blood pays off my debt in full. i will make the final voyage for you that was planned but i expect to be paid in full for this voyage.

you can expect my full silence in this matter. however, i must inform you that full knowledge of this event has been safely passed on, should any unforeseen event occur.

claude bresson
captain claude bresson

Player Handout Six

Albers Zolwer
2113

My Darling Daughter,

I hope you, Marius and the children are in the finest of health. Keep the little ones out of this fog, it will do them no good. Anders send his regards. He is still trying to convince us to come to dinner again. I am being polite but really I do not think I could brave Marleen's strudel again.

To the point. I am afraid I will not be able to attend the next sitting. My apologies, but I have to travel to Bretonnia as soon as possible. (I know that Jacol is Anders' nephew but I find him ever so tiresome!) The van Onderzoekers are deliberately trying to wreck my interests there. Ever since I turned down the alliance with Rembrand they have been snapping at my heels. It seems the more successful we become the more uncivilised others in the business are. Indeed, the last approach from Rembrand's lackey Tobbius was nearly a threat.

A van Haagen representative has approached me concerning an alliance. I am considering this as Rembrand is starting to worry me.

Still, this is what business is about, is it not. I do wish you or Marius would reconsider my offer of joining the company, it will be yours one day after all.

Ah well! you have heard all this before, so excuse the ramblings of an old man.

I shall see you on my return.

Love,
Albers

Player Handout One

THE FORUM

"spurious self-righteous politically correct"

Paul Scott: I may be guilty of misinterpretation but I find Seb's comments on the format of a Warhammer rulebook (Letters, Issue 8) a bit unappealing. I'm still of the firm opinion that there should be one main book which covers all areas of the rules albeit in some cases not much detail and an introductory scenario. To have a book which contains all the basics needed to play (except for pencils and dice, as we are constantly reminded by rulebooks) is pretty essential to get new people interested in it. What Seb suggests is that you have a system where you insert the sections you require, this sounds good but if you can show me a binding system that would work and be durable I'd be surprised. It would also get very heavy.

It is an interesting point about the difficulty in referring to lots of other sources. I am currently playing a physician and I need to either remember or look up information from several different areas of the rulebook, as well as sections in *Apocrypha Now* and *Warpstone* (Prosthetics and Disease articles).

I don't think physicians warrant their own sourcebook, but perhaps there could perhaps be a *Players Book* which perhaps adds a few more balanced careers (not necessarily a bad thing, just gives us more things to play) as well as expanding and going into more detail in the background and skills needed to play them as well as guilds and secret societies for specific careers. (Leaving *Magical careers for Realms of Sorcery* - due out circa 2347AD). Certainly there is a lot of material out for nobles for example. This is just an idea I've had so please feel free to poke holes in it.

On a final note, has anyone had a look at the sex of all the example career characters, go on have a look through all of them and tell

me how many women you can find in the basic and advanced careers (I'll give you a clue, there is at least one). Don't worry, I'm not about to launch into some spurious self-righteous politically correct comment here, its quite amusing in one sense. I'm sure it was just an oversight in the design but perhaps we could change a few of the pictures for a second edition. I've played my elf, Eridian, through some pretty tough careers and she never found any of them she couldn't do. P.S. My views on 5th Ed WFB background are still largely unprintable.

"we're all adults here aren't we?"

Robert Clark: Well at least I've got everybody's attention! It seems *The Fight Against Chaos* [penned by Robert in issue 7 - Ed] has somehow upset a lot of people. I am especially concerned about the letter from Anthony Ragan and Alfred Nuñez, since they seem to be the most ardent critics. I should point out that as well as this letter, there were some rather 'inflammatory' comments on the WFRP E-mail list regarding the article and for some reason, my person. Criticism is one thing, but insults are another. It was enough to make me reconsider my ambitions to become a writer, though luckily I have received some supportive comments from various people who actually *liked* my article (you know who you are, and thanks!).

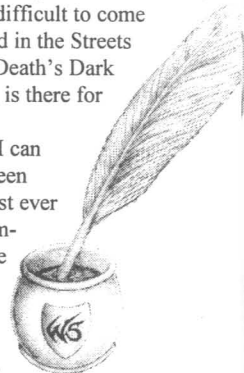
There are a few things to remember. The original brief was in *Warpstone 3* (pg. 4): namely to detail the differences between WFB & WFRP, and also do a review of WFB products. I believe I achieved this, though in hindsight there are a number of flaws. At the time of writing, a number of WFRP books were unavailable to me, including both *RoC* books. The *RoC* books took over five years to write, and would therefore have influenced the work on WFRP to

some extent. I was also confused with the comments on the Warhammer novels. I stated that there were inconsistencies between the novels and the game-worlds, and also that GW were now treating such books as being non-canon. I stand by my belief that they are of use however. They gave me a good idea of the life of the Warhammer background, something that is difficult to express in dry descriptive terms.

The WFB scenario packs issue was only dealt with lightly in my article, mainly because I did not have access to them at the time. I believe that the "Idol of Gork" campaign pack is of genuine (if limited) use. Although it was omitted in the actual pack, the events happened in the year 2390 (WD208, p57). I do believe it has some potential for the *Border Princes*. Also, please refer to me by my given name, we're all adults here aren't we?

Addressing Tim Eccles' points; I do feel that all changes are of import, since one thing often leads to another, and before you know it, an entire topic has been changed. I would love to see the material he mentions, but alas I am too young to have picked them up first time around, and as he says, they are difficult to come by. I do know that *Blood in the Streets* became *Kreutzhofen in Death's Dark Shadow*, so the potential is there for further use.

Finally, at least I can say that my article has been read. Not bad for my first ever published work. My comment on *Stilton* may have been some pseudo-reference to Nigel Stillman, or it could have just been a mistake. I'm a Cheshire cheese man myself.



SUBMISSIONS



Version 1.3

Warpstone is very happy to receive submissions of both articles and art. We will *always* respond to all submissions, even if they are not suitable for our purposes. If you send us a submission and don't hear back from us in good time, please drop us a line and remind us. Failure to reply is simply a symptom of the chaotic nature of the *Warpstone* organisation. If you take the time with a submission, we *will* take the time to respond.

Payment

A published contribution earns you a free copy of *Warpstone*.

Art Submissions

We are always looking for artists. You must have an understanding of the "Warhammer style" (which covers a broad range of styles, as our current artists will testify!), but we are happy to look at all kinds of work, whether your speciality is maps, caricatures, floor plans, portraits or anything else. Just send us a picture you think should be included in *Warpstone*, and some examples of any other work you have done. Please remember only to send copies.

Article Submissions

Warpstone tries not to include articles that rewrite game rules or are in themselves rules-heavy. In the same vein we are not looking for new monsters, careers, skills or gods etc. That said, if you have something good, send it in. What we are looking for are 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.

If you have an idea for an article but you're not sure that it's suitable, drop us an outline. We will tell you if we are interested in seeing it developed. If you could include a sample of some other work you've completed at the same time, this would be useful.

Regular Articles

Reviews: We will review WFRP material. If you write a review on any other release (WFB etc.) then please check with us first to make sure no-one else is writing it. Should be 600 words +

Comment Articles: We are always looking for articles where you put across your point of view on a particular subject.

Cameos: Brief encounters and adventure outlines.

Don't include character profiles, only descriptions. **Scenarios:** Full length, more detailed adventures. We are especially interested in scenarios that do not include hosts of creatures or lots of magic. When these are included, they should be an integral part of the story. A tribe of goblins with +1 swords all round will simply give us an opportunity to prove the adage, 'the editor's red pen is mightier than the sword'.

Short Stories: Max 3000 words.

The Article List

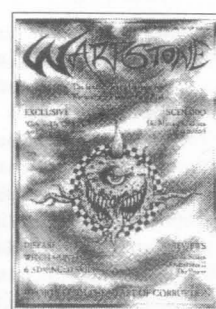
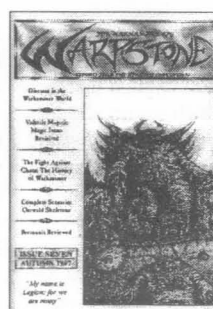
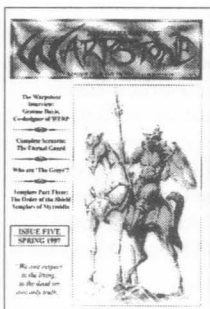
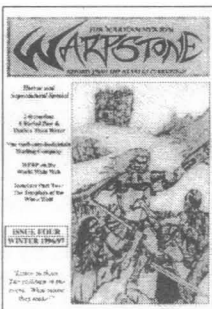
If there is an article you would like to see but don't want to write then please let us know. We'll add it to our list. Similarly, if you see something on the list that you'd like to write, tell us. We'll check that no-one else has asked to do it, and will remove it from the list in future issues.

This time, we are after a range of reviews. Firstly, we've been asked for a comprehensive review of all the Warhammer Novels, and their benefit to WFRP players. Secondly, individual reviews of the following WFRP products: *The Restless Dead*, *Death's Dark Shadow* & *The Lichmaster*. Are these products worth searching out? How much would you pay for them? Reviews need to be around 1000 words long.



ORDERING DETAILS

BACK ISSUES



ISSUE THREE

AUTUMN 1996
 Templars Part One:
 Knights of the Fiery
 Heart * Scenario: *One
 Hour (To) Morr* *
 Paired Weapon
 Combat * Cameo: *Flea
 Circus* * Fighting
 Chaos : Why Bother?

ISSUE FOUR

WINTER 1996/97
 'Horror Special'
 WFRP on the World
 Wide Web * Two Sce-
 narios: *A Buried Past*
 & *Thicker Than Water*
 * The Hofbauer-
 Bodenstein Trading
 Company * *The Tem-
 plars of the White
 Wolf*

ISSUE FIVE

SPRING 1997
 Interview with
 Graeme Davis * Sce-
 nario: *The Eternal
 Guard* * Templars of
 Myrmydia * The
 Greys Secret Society:
 Outline, cameos &
 NPCs * *Miscasting
 Spells*

ISSUE SIX

SUMMER 1997
 'On the Road Special'
 Points Based Character
 Generation * *The Se-
 crets of Warhammer
 Artists* * Travel in the
 Empire * Scenario:
The Drowning Well *
 Executioner Career
 Class * *New Saint*

ISSUE SEVEN

AUTUMN 1997
 Disease: Part One *
 Scenario: *Ostwald
 Skeletons* * The His-
 tory of Warhammer *
Magic Items Revisited
 * Bretonnia reviewed
 * *Non-Human Skills* *
 Games Day 97 Report

ISSUE EIGHT

SPRING 1998
 Disease: Part two *
 Scenario: *The Miss-
 ing Children of Re-
 gensdorf* * *Witch-
 hunters: Mankind's
 Last Best Chance* *
 Advance Skills * Ex-
 clusive Art Preview *

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Rate	Subscription (4 Issues)	Back Issues (Iss 3-7)	Back Issues (Iss 8+)
UK	£10.00	£2.50	£3.00
Europe	£11.00	£2.80	£3.30
U.S.	£14.00	£3.50	£4.00
Rest of the World	£15.00	£3.80	£4.30

Country	Back	Single	Sub
Australia	\$8	\$9	\$25.00
France	25ff	35ff	100ff
Germany	7DM	10DM	30DM
Italy	7,000L	10,000L	30,000L
Netherlands	8NLG	9NLG	28NLG
Spain	600p	800p	2500p
US	\$6	\$7	\$25

Please send Sterling (cheques to **J. Keane**) or if sending foreign currency please send cash. We cannot accept foreign cheques. If sending cash please make sure it is very well wrapped and we recommend recorded/registered delivery. If the foreign currencies above are wrong, please just send the correct amount.

ORDER FORM

Return to: Warstone, c/o John Keane, 182 Shaftesbury Ave, South Harrow, Middlesex, HA2 0AW

Name.....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....Country.....

Subscription Reference Number (if known):.....

Please send me (Tick the relevant boxes) :

Subscription Subscription To Start From Issue No.....

Back Issues: Issue 3 Issue 4 Issue 5 Issue 6 Issue 7 Issue 8

Total Amount Enclosed.....

PROTECTRESS

An advanced career by James L. Shipman and Martin Oliver

For most noblewomen in The Old World, only one option is open to them: marriage, often to some unwholesome old man who can further the family's position. The poor have it little better. They watch these women parading in their finery, living idle lives, and are envious. Poor women, for the most part, lead short and difficult lives. By their mid-twenties, most are trapped in the home looking after large families, their looks and their grace long since worn away.

For a brave and lucky few, there is another option. Of late, a strange phenomenon has been noticed in high society. Men's fiancées or mistresses save their lives, then disappear. Such is the work of a Protectress.

Female bodyguards are rare enough; these sophisticated individuals are even rarer. Most people would not even recognise the career, and few know these individuals by the name they have chosen for themselves. Of those that have heard rumours, many call them escorts, concubines, femmes fatales, or more whimsically, cocktail killers. The truth of the matter is that these are women who have left their past behind forever in an attempt to build a new life for themselves in a different stratum of society.

Protectresses are, in essence, a specialised form of female bodyguard. They rely on wit and guile to carry out their duties, rather than brute force, and use their good looks and social graces to create false personas. These enable them to position themselves so that any threat to their employer will end up leaving itself open to an attack from this completely unexpected quarter.

Once a Protectress has shown her hand in public, of course, they have no option but to move on. Finding employment is never easy, and often involves relying on well-placed fences to act as agents on their behalf. It is also fairly common that Protectresses voluntarily leave jobs for personal reasons. Too many employers assume that a female bodyguard will also be a willing bedfellow, and some are quite literally stunned when their advances are rebuffed.

The only place in the Old World where patrons know they will be able to find a Protectress is Helena's, a small office located above a warehouse in the Suddock of Marienburg. The place is unassuming; a sparse, wooden office, with one desk, and an imposing safe in which details of contacts and jobs are stored. Helena is a self-made woman, and although two rather lethal men constantly attend her, she is more than capable of looking after herself. Rumour has it that she was once an Assassin in the pay of the Emperor himself, but she has never commented on this. Now, she acts as an information broker, her network of contacts reaching to Protectresses and clients across the Old World.

It cannot be said that the life is a safe or an easy one. It can be well-paid, though, and for many women, it forms the only viable alternative to a life of servitude.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+20		+1		+5	+30	+1	+20	+10	+20	+20	+10	+30

Skills

Act
 Charm
 Consume Alcohol
 Dance
 Disarm
 Disguise
 Dodge Blow
 Etiquette
 Street Fighting
 Strike to Stun
 Wit

Trappings

Expensive clothes
 Concealed dagger
 Jewelry

Career Entries

Assassin
 Bodyguard
 Duelist
 Noble
 Outlaw
 Spy
 Thief

Career Exits

Assassin
 Bodyguard
 Duelist
 Noble
 Outlaw
 Spy

TRAITOR

A short story by Francis Plunder

Eric tried hard not to let his nervousness show. He knew he was in no danger, but the three armed men around him, hands on swords, and the bellowing voice from through the door, unnerved him. To get this far he had already been searched twice and had been let through three barred doors. The man searching him yanked his tunic, adorned with the black griffin (showing he was a herald for the wealthy de Roelef family), and he heard it rip. Eric groaned. That would come out of his pay. "All right," the barely human guard said as he stepped back. His comrade lazily pulled a bell-cord, and he was pushed through a heavy door. He found himself inside a small room, empty of any furniture or decoration. The door opposite had a peep-hole, and for a second he glimpsed light through it. Seconds later, bolts were pulled back and he entered the richly adorned parlour.

"Who in Manann's name are you?" Kasper shouted from behind the desk, jabbing his stubby fingers at the quivering boy. "A... a mess... a messenger from Madame de Roelef, sire," he stuttered. "I can see that! Out with it then!" Eric coughed and began, "You and your fiancée are cordially invited to the birthday party of Clara de Roelef, to be held on the third day of Brauzeit, at the home of Madam de Roelef."

Kasper began to shake with anger. "That cow! That bloody cow..." He began to cough violently and, while his brother Jakob handed him the snow-water, Albertus showed the poor boy out. "Tell Madame de Roelef he shall attend". Calming himself, Kasper begun to bellow again. "How dare she, how dare she do this to me! She knows that if I step foot outside, The League will have my head." Jakob nodded violently, but as usual Albertus injected some sense into the discussion.

"And if you don't go she'll cut off your allowance."
"That cow! That cow!"

Across town, on the edge of the Suddock, Arno, one of Kasper's few trusted men, pulled himself out of bed. Looking down at the sleeping Celeste he smiled, congratulating himself on the good choice he had made. Not only was she beautiful, but the information she was coming up with was excellent. What she had just told him would get him into Kasper's good books. So, Eva was in pay of The League now. He

wasn't surprised. She always had been a bit mercenary. Making sure his scabbard sat right, he silently left the room.

Without a movement, Celeste watched him go.

Peter drank deep from the glass and sighed. As Kasper sat behind his desk, Jakob waited at his shoulder, nodding at his brother's every word. Albertus sat in the chair opposite. Albertus had been Kasper's right hand man for years and he was the only man the big man would listen to. They had been arguing for three days on the same subject. Peter had been one of Kasper's lieutenants throughout much. Staying loyal to him throughout the war with The League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs; Marienburg's primary group of criminals. Of course, the war had been Kasper's fault, but as he said, "You've got to have loyalty and ethics." It had been years since Kasper had tried to break away from The League, massacring Marcus de Strouda and his family, and inadvertently starting a month of violent recriminations. Things had calmed down since then, but The League still wanted Kasper's hide, as much as an example as for revenge. He had been lucky that his aunt was so rich. Indeed, she was a member of the Directorate. Her money was essential to Kasper's operation, and as much as he argued, he had no choice but to attend the party of Clara de Roelef, the heir to the de Roelef fortune. Kasper knew full well how precarious his position with his aunt was. He was the bastard offspring of her younger sister, but apart from the money, it was always clear to observers he was on his own. Indeed, it was held by many that she would be glad to be rid of this potential embarrassment.

The situation was made all the more complicated by Eva's betrayal. Eva had been his protectress, a bodyguard whom Kasper had long been passing off as his fiancée. However, as he hadn't been out of the house in so long, they had let her go. However, Arno's tip-off that she was in The League's pay had turned out to be true, which left a problem. Kasper needed to turn up with a fiancée on his arm to keep his Aunt happy. He would also need a bodyguard.

"Hey, Peter. Your woman, what does she do?"

"What?" He never did like the way Albertus thought.

"What's her name? Annet? Didn't you say she was a bodyguard to some old merchant?"

"Yeah, sure."



Annet waited in the shadow of the doorway, the cat rubbing against her legs, her breath fogging in the cold night air. The door opposite opened, casting a rectangle of light across her, and she sank back into the darkness. She watched as the woman pulled the hood of her cloak up, and headed past her.

"Eva?" The woman turned, her sword half drawn. Too slow. Annet sliced her wrist open, and Eva screamed briefly.

The only sounds were the dripping of blood and the creak of leather armour as the two women stared at each other. "This is your reward for betraying Kasper."

"But I never....!" Eva whispered desperately. "I don't even work for him, you've got to believe me!"

"I do." The blade struck out once more. Only once.

The smoke-filled back room of The Marienburg Gentlemen's Club was quiet for a moment as the girl put down the drinks and left. Toumas looked down at the calm water as Cleft spoke, and he listened carefully. "I agree with der Zevlt, this is our best chance not only to get Kasper but also to stop any resulting carnage from a break-up on his ground." Many of the other League members present murmured their agreement. "I disagree," said Leof, spitting out the chew-weed. "You act like a bunch of Halfflings. Let them fight, let the best take the prize. Toumas, you're with me, aren't you?"

All the members in the room looked at Toumas as he turned away from the window. "I say we let our friend in Kasper's camp bring him to us for his just desserts. We then let him take over his operations. After all, we should reward loyalty. And we can always shut him down later."

"Ugh! Why in Ranald's name did you bring that here?" Kasper said, stumbling back from the bloody head.

"Well, you said you wanted her head." Peter shifted uncomfortably while Kasper, sweating and breathing hard, stared at her. Through the silence came Jakob's voice.

"You did, Kasper. You said you wanted her head." With a thump, the crime boss collapsed in his chair. Then slowly, like waves washing up on the beach, he began to laugh. He laughed so hard that tears came rolling down his cheeks. When he had finished, he looked up at Annet, standing stock still.

"It's true, you should always listen to your brother." As Jakob beamed happily, Kasper carried on. "You know, with a bit of effort, we can make you look enough like Eva to fool my dumb aunt. Albertus, remember to give Arno a few extra Guilders."

The windows of the coach had been boarded up and the escort was ready. Albertus checked that all the servants were out of the coach-house and then sent Jakob to get his brother. Moments later, Kasper appeared dressed in his finest clothes, hair slicked back. He was followed by Jakob, weighed down with an expensive gift for Clara. Next was Annet, and she took his breath away. She was dressed in a red gown, as fine as any he had ever seen, her hair spiralling upwards. She looked like Eva, but was more beautiful and elegant than she had ever been. However, in spite of all this, he could not forget that she was armed and certainly dangerous.

Helping Kasper and Annet into the carriage, Jakob passed the present in before clambering up onto the driver's seat himself. Albertus was about to climb in when Peter rushed through the door.

"Boss! Boss! It's Arno - he's dead!" Kasper looked like he'd seen a ghost.

"The damned League. It's a warning. They're out to get me. We've got to stay here." Half-crawling over Annet, he began to get out of the carriage. A worried Albertus put his hand on his boss' shoulder.

"Kasper, we can't not go." Looking like he wished the seat would swallow him, Kasper sat back.

"Peter, get up with Jakob, and let's get this over with."

As dusk washed over the houses and waterways of the city, the coach raced home from the de Roelef mansion. Inside, Kasper, his belt open, a visible sign that he had eaten too much at the party, was annoyed.

"That damned cousin of mine. What does she know about family? That's what I want to know." He patted Annet on the knee, "You did well. We'll have to make it a permanent position."

The coach pulled to a stop and the doors were shut. From up front Jakob called out, "We're home. We're safe." Kasper sighed with relief as Albertus got to his feet, opened the door, and was abruptly pulled outside. A second later the door was barred by with two crossbows.

"Outside! Both of you." Through the coach door it could be seen they were not in the safety of the house, but the unfriendly ground of a warehouse. A gambling man wouldn't have place money against it belonging to The League.

"We won't ask again. Now, Outside!" Annet got out, but Kasper just sat in the seat shaking until the two men pulled him out into the light, where he dropped to his knees.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me! I'll pay your percentage! I'll double it! Why aren't you protecting me, Annet? Help me!"

The armed men laughed. Six surrounded Kasper, two more had knives to the throats of Jakob and Peter, and others stood around the warehouse. Annet's eyes marked out each one and she quietly twisted each of her rings around. Toumas stood forward. "Long time no see. I won't pretend this is a social call, as you just don't drop in any more." As Kasper blubbered, Toumas nodded and the throats of Jakob and Peter were slit. Annet, seeing Peter killed, collapsed to the ground in a heap, while Kasper whined. "I'm sorry, just let me go. Please!"

"In Ranald's name, shut up!" Albertus spat out.

"But they're going to kill us!"

"No, they're going to kill you." Comprehension flooded into Kasper's face as Toumas spoke out. "It's true Kasper, only you are due to die. Albertus had the sense to throw himself in with us - and what better gift to pave the way for him than you? You've had this coming for a long time." Without turning to Albertus, he barked at him, "Get out of here, and take that stupid woman with you."

While two men grabbed Kasper, Albertus picked Annet from the ground. "You bastard..." she muttered, and slapped him. Putting his hand to his face, he found he was bleeding. Shocked, he punched her and she fell back to be caught by one of the laughing thugs. "I would have let you live as well."

"Sadly you won't have the chance to correct your mistake. My rings were poisoned." As Albertus fell over, Annet twisted around with the man's knife in her hand and stabbed him in the throat, grabbing his crossbow as he collapsed. It was pointing at Toumas before the other's had moved. Only the sound of Albertus' coughing filled the warehouse. "Kasper, get into the coach now. You, into the driver's seat." As Toumas walked to the coach she stayed parallel with him and then followed him up. Kasper, not believing it, was shouting abuse at the men. "Kasper, get a move on. Now move!" The overweight criminal had to run and jump for the door as the coach drove out of the warehouse.

Annet pulled the horses to a stop on the edge of Deedsveld Graveyard and climbed down. She had thrown Toumas off a while back, and nobody would look for them here. Opening the door, Kasper laughed. "We showed them, didn't we! They won't mess with me again. What did you do with...?" Silently he looked down at the dagger sticking out of his stomach, "What?" He tried to move but he just sank further into the seat. Annet made herself comfortable opposite him.

"Comfortable? Good. I'd say you'll be dead by morning and it will be painful, and probably messy. But, I've waited along time for this and I intend to sit here and watch you die. Now, I'm sure your asking yourself, why? A good question. Let me introduce myself, my name is really Annet de Strouda." Saliva dribbled on a wide-eyed Kasper's chin as he tried to speak, but all to no avail. "Yes, that's right. You had my whole family killed just so you could make a few extra guilders to feed your fat gut. I swore I would watch you die and here I am. I suppose I should tell you that Eva was innocent. Of working for The League, anyway. Yes, hands up, I told Arno that and then killed him. Had to sleep with Peter too, but then sacrifices have to be made. Albertus' little scheme threw me, but then it gave me this chance earlier than expected, so I can't complain."

Staring with cold blue eyes at Kasper, she knew that something was lost to her. Something he had taken away when he murdered her family. She fought back the despair, once more, and smiled, "Oh! in case you're wondering, yes, I will collect The League's bounty on you. I'd rather I had it then them. After all they're really nobetter than you. I may have roughed up one of them but they won't dare not give me your bounty. As I'm sure they'll understand, this was personal, but then that's no reason not to be professional about it."



Welcome to Marienburg, most civilised of all cities.

Watch your purse

Watch your back."