

THE INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE FOR WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

WARPSTONE

ISSUE 11
AUTUMN 1999
UK £3.00 US \$4.95

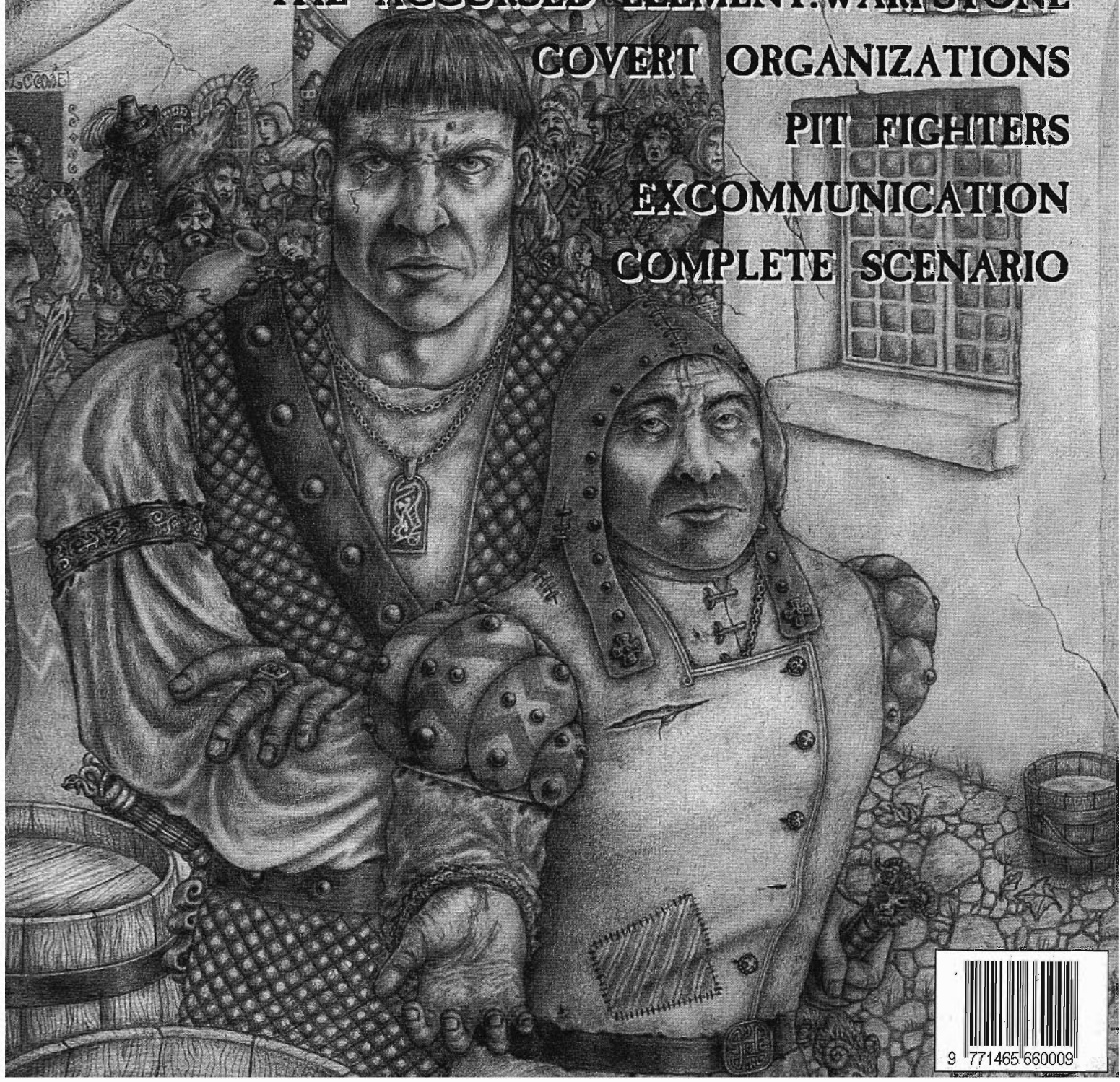
THE ACCURSED ELEMENT: WARPSTONE

COVERT ORGANIZATIONS

PIT FIGHTERS

EXCOMMUNICATION

COMPLETE SCENARIO



EDITORIAL

by John Foody

So here we are again! Hopefully this issue will reach you with the minimum of problems, something we cannot claim for issue ten. For this we offer our apologies and ask you to bear with us. Issue ten was actually finished at the beginning of February. However, due to some serious and lengthy ongoing problems it didn't turn up until much later than planned. Hopefully, this was simply teething problems with a new way of doing things, and it should all be smooth sailing from here on in. If on the other hand this drops through your letterbox in the new millennium, well, I guess it happened again...

The editorial is usually the last article we write and I always end up wondering what I am going to write about. Why then do I bother? The simple answer is that I like reading them in other magazines. The theory thus follows, if I like it somebody else must do. Flawed logic? Maybe, but then I'm the editor.... (Evil megalomaniac laugh!) Oh! And it scored quite highly in the reader's poll.

But I can't fill the editorial simply by talking about the editorial. My eyes alight upon an old chestnut: the state of the gaming industry. Yes! *That* old chestnut. We all know that the RPG industry is a bit of diseased dog, bits falling off from time to time, occasionally getting up the energy to run for a thrown stick. Since inception, Warpstone hasn't had too many dealings with the industry. However, we have wanted as many people as possible to read it. Thus we have a few war stories to tell. I'll give you the facts and let you draw your own conclusions.

I'll start at the top of the food chain, and work down. The distributors are those who take products from the games companies and pass them on to the shops. As a whole, they have a very bad reputation. Knowing the shops in London already sold dozens of copies we sent them a sample. All around the world they went, and we waited. Only two distributors had the politeness to drop us a line. They said, "no-thanks at the moment", but hey, at least they replied. We decided to follow up the UK distributors with a phone-call asking what they thought. We weren't too surprised when these weren't returned.

Next step was to contact the UK shops directly. We sent them a sample and an order form, telling them if they couldn't sell them we would take them back. (A 'no-lose' situation, we thought.) Somewhat pleased we received orders from several shops. Since then one shop has paid, plus another only paid because they wanted more and the rest have not responded to two follow up letters. We didn't start Warpstone to make money (we were under no illusions about that!) but it's nice not to lose too much. Maybe it was because we couldn't talk to them face-to-face. We have no complaints with the shops in London, and they are to thank in many ways for keeping Warpstone going. One comfort was knowing that other magazines and small games companies were in the same situation.

Of course, then there was the magazine who decided to reprint our articles without permission. We won't name them, but a couple of years ago we sent them a collection of issues on their request in the hope that we could perhaps trade articles. Needless to say we didn't receive any copies in reply - or, indeed, answer to e-mails asking if they had received ours. Then a few months ago I received a request from one of their readers asking for clarification of points in our article. So it seems they translated and printed two of our articles. What makes this particularly galling is that we would have been happy to let them do this with any of the material we had rights to, in return for a little credit and a copy of the issue to review and circulate. Needless to say, the follow-up emails also disappeared into the ether.

It's been a long, long haul. It may sound like a bitter old story, but it has a happy ending. We are very pleased with the Hogshead deal. Warpstone has always tried to deal with everyone fairly, honestly and politely. All we hope for is that the same courtesy is shown to us.

Now, to end, where would the editorial be without a request for letters? We like these. However, the delay of issue 10 means we have none this time around. Please set this to rights: by the time issue 12 comes out, we should be inundated with all the post that two whole issues have provoked you into writing!

And as always, we hope you enjoy the issue.

INFO

All correspondence to:

Warpstone
c/o John Keane
5a Wolseley Road
Wealdstone
Middlesex
England
HA3 5RZ

E mail: warpstone@bigfoot.com

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

Editors: John Foody & John Keane
Associate Editors: Martin Oliver, Steven Punter & Mel Tudno Jones
Cover: John Keane

Illustrations: John Keane  Steven Punter  Steven Jones  Richard Martin  Olivier Bergerat 

Thanks to: Tim Eccles, Spencer Wallace, Alfred Nunez Jr, Toby Pilling, Jason Tilley, Gareth Lepper, Travis Dunn, Richard Iorio II, Will Board, Robert Clark, Damelon Kimbrough & James Wallis.

SUBMISSIONS

Version 1.5 - Ju

Warpstone is happy to receive submissions of both written work and art. We will *always* respond to submissions, even if they are not suitable for publication in Warpstone. If you send a submission and don't hear back from us in good time, please drop us a line to 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 a you a free copy of Warpstone.

How?

We are happy to receive submissions by post or e-mail. Articles should be in RTF (Rich Text Format) or MS Word format. Disks should be 3.5", formatted for PC and marked with your name and article names.

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, 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 **not** to send originals, but only 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, gods etc. (That said, if you have something good send it in.) What we are looking for articles that expand of the world of Warhammer, filling in the gaps that are present. We also look at how the game is played, discussing issues relevant to all gamers.

If you have an article but you're not sure whether it's suitable, send 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 wish to 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, detailed adventures. We are especially interested in scenarios that do not include hosts of creatures, lots of magic or loads of Chaos cultists. When these are included, they should be integral part of the story. A tribe of goblins with +1 swords all round will prove the adage that 'the editor's red pen is mightier than the sword...'

Short stories: Set firmly in the Warhammer World. Same guidelines as Scenarios.

The Article List

If there is an article you would like to see developed but don't want to write it then please let us know. We'll add it to our list. Similarly, if you see something on the list 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 issue were looking for careers based on the ideas raised in *A Job for Life?* on page 6. We're also still looking for articles based on *Foundation & Faith* from last issue.

ETC. "Has it come?" demanded the champion. "No my lord," wretchedly snivelled the snivelling wretch. "It should arrive soon. It has been fore-told." A small dog looking for scraps exited the room quicker than it had entered, encouraged by the disgruntled warrior's boot. "It's true. It has been fore-told for today." He stood, towering above the relieved servant. "Fore-told today, yesterday, last week and last month!" he bellowed. "My patience is wearing thin. If the messenger doesn't arrive soon, I'm in danger of being lynched by the mob outside." Striding to the fireplace he removed the huge broadsword from its place above the mantelpiece. He made a mental note to have a painful word with the cleaner. A second servant more miserable than the first threw himself to the ground, "It's here master. We are saved." The champion grunted, "Kill the messenger." The servant began to smile at the joke and realised there wasn't one.

REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

Reviews 2

In-depth thoughts on the latest Warhammer products. This month: *World of Warhammer*. Also the first of our Timewarp reviews, looking at out of print books, blows off the dust on *The Restless Dead*. "Enter a room, kill a monster."



Warpstone Fragments 4

News and Brief Reviews. The latest news from Hogshead and a look at the new British gaming magazine *Visions*. "Hogshead seem ready to get into their stride on releasing WFRP products."



The Correspondent 5

Tim Eccles' regular column looks at Warhammer Battles. "Deserters and mercenaries often became little more than bandits."



A Job for Life? 6

A Look at Careers in WFRP. Also, an introduction to our series on careers. "Often treated simply as sources for career advances."



Behind The Scenes 7

Underworld and Covert Organizations in the Old World: Spies, Assassins and Thieves. "Ranald smiles upon those with the foresight to take advantage of the naïve."



A Rustic Soap Opera 14

A Cameo set out in the real world. "In short, it's a nice day."



Excommunicate! 15

Thoughts and ideas on Excommunication. "An inducement for the sinner to repent."



Down in the Pit 18

The world of Pit Fighters. "Seems to have little place in the life of the Empire."



The Accursed Element 21

Warpstone: Its Uses and Abuses. "It wreaks terrible changes on the mind and body of those near it."



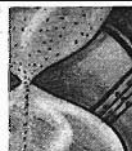
Noble Blood 25

A complete scenario to get players involved in betrayal, loyalty and killing. "They see white skull faces floating in the air towards them."



The Passing of Time II 37

Thoughts on ageing in WFRP. Yes, an opportunity for PCs to turn into crotchety old veterans. "The naïve ideal of a hero who never alters is replaced."



To Those That Have Nothing 39

A Short Story featuring wannabe adventurers. They could well be PCs as they complain and worry a lot. "This isn't Bretonnia and we're not firebrands."



ABBREVIATIONS

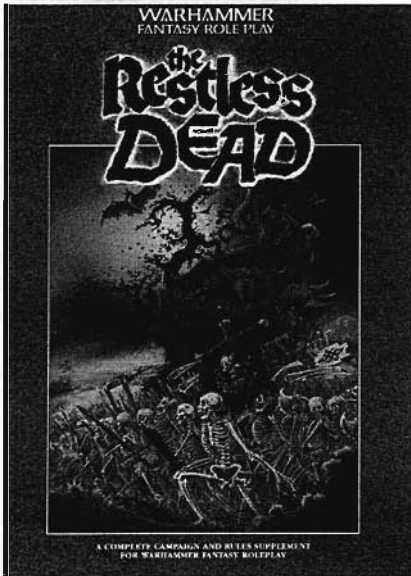
A	Number of Attacks	ES	Effective Strength	Ld	Leadership	SMB	Strike mighty blow
AP	Armour Points	Fel	Fellowship	M	Movement	SS	Secret Signs
BS	Ballistic Skill	GC	Gold Crown	MP	Magic Points	SW	Specialist Weapons
Cl	Cool	GM	Gamesmaster	NPC	Non-player character	T	Toughness
CR	Complexity Rating	Gu	Guilder (Marienburg Coinage)	P	Parry	W	Wounds
D	Damage	GW	Games Workshop	PC	Player Character	WFB	Warhammer Fantasy Battle
DB	Dodge Blow	I	Initiative	R	Range	WFRP	Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay
Dex	Dexterity	IC	Imperial Calendar	S	Strength	WP	Will Power
EPs	Experience Points	Int	Intelligence	SL	Secret Language	WS	Weapon Skill

Warhammer, White Dwarf and Games Workshop are registered trademarks and Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay, The Enemy Within, Shadows Over Bogenhafen, Death on the Reik, Power Behind the Throne, Carrion up the Reik, Marienburg: Sold Down the River, Apocrypha Now, Apocrypha 2: Charts of Darkness, Doomstones, Middenheim: City of Chaos, Empire in Flames, Empire in Chaos, Realms of Sorcery and the names of all prominent imagery, places and characters within the Warhammer world are trademarks of Games Workshop Ltd. and are used without permission. Warpstone recognises the status and ownership of all copyrights, trade marks and registered names that may be used herein and the use of the aforementioned within this publication should not be construed as a challenge to such status and ownership.

Warpstone (ISSN 1465-6604) is an independently produced magazine, and is not owned, licensed or approved by Games Workshop Ltd, or Hogshead Publishing Ltd. Warpstone is distributed to shops worldwide by Hogshead Publishing Ltd (18-20 Bromell's Road, London, SW4 0BG, UK). All original material is copyright to the respective author/artist.

REVIEWS

The Restless Dead
Published by Games Workshop
(Currently out of print)
Reviewed by Will Board



“Something stirs. The spirits claw down the barriers between our world and theirs. They crawl from beneath Morr’s cloak and re-enter the land of the living, their intent unknown. Beyond the realm of possibility, the dead will not stay dead...”

The Restless Dead was published by Games Workshop in 1989, and is the style of supplement they produce rather a lot of – a collection of reprints from the pages of *White Dwarf*. Physically, the book is a slim (104

pages) volume which doesn’t really justify its hardback cover.

Adorned by a (surprise, surprise) John Blanche painting, unlike the hard-backed *Empire in Flames*, the binding is extremely sturdy. It makes a great object to hit annoying players with.

Just over half of the supplement is taken up by *The Restless Dead* mini-campaign: seven scenarios strung loosely together to form a pseudo-murder mystery. These culminate in ‘The Haunting Horror’, an adventure specially written for the supplement by prolific WFRP writer Carl Sargent. Apart from this finale, all the scenarios are taken from the pages of *White Dwarf* and three have subsequently appeared in the pages of Hogshead’s similarly styled book, *Apocrypha Now*.

With the exception of ‘Night of Blood’, all of the *White Dwarf* adventures are unchanged from their previous incarnation. However, before each adventure a page or two of campaign notes is given, telling the GM what changes need to be made to the adventures to fit them into the campaign. Additionally, some notes are given suggesting ways to incorporate each adventure into the Enemy Within campaign. These notes are all fairly comprehensive, though in the case of the Enemy Within notes, any GM would already be able to fit the adventures into the campaign with little effort.

The *White Dwarf* adventures are all pretty standard fare: one-nighters with few loose ends or heavy consequences. Nevertheless they are all fun to play, ‘A Rough Night at the Three Feathers’ being the most enjoyable and well thought-out. The way they are strung together though seems to be a bit haphazard, and the plotline will need to be fortified by the GM in some places.

The collection’s exclusive scenario, ‘The Haunting Horror’, is the weakest adventure of the campaign. It’s just a dungeon romp in a mysterious gothic house, and the sequence of “enter a room, kill a monster, search the room” becomes monotonous. However, the room descriptions can be quite evocative. The combat in this adventure may prove difficult, especially at the climax, and PCs may find themselves spending a couple of Fate Points to survive. The necessity of having

magic weapons also brings the quality of the adventure down.

All in all, I feel that *The Restless Dead* campaign is suited to beginning-level characters, and maybe players who are new to WFRP. It can be enjoyable to play, with some tweaking by the GM, and may be useful as a way to get new characters experienced quickly for a much longer and involved campaign.

After the *Restless Dead* campaign itself comes another adventure, *Grapes of Wrath*. Again, this is a White Dwarf reprint, and is billed as follows: “*This adventure is specifically designed to act as a link between Death on the Reik and Power Behind the Throne, in the Enemy Within campaign...*” I actually used this adventure when I ran the Enemy Within, but I found it didn’t live up to its purpose.

It is an excellent adventure to play, with a very tight, self-contained structure. However, there are two problems with it. Firstly, players became distracted from the main plot they are following (the trail of the Purple Hand) and this may interfere with *Power Behind the Throne*. Secondly, and more importantly, it doesn’t really provide much of a link. It is just really an encounter on the way to Middenheim. What a link adventure would need is to provide another good reason that the PCs should travel to the city and *Grapes of Wrath* just doesn’t do this. *Carrion up the Reik*, the new link scenario published in Hogshead’s *Power Behind the Throne* reprint, does this far more successfully.

The final section of the supplement is taken up with some important additions to the rules, as well as a selection of spells and magic items. Firstly, *Practice Makes Perfect* fully details the processes of changing careers and learning new skills, with some excellent ideas encouraging GMs to integrate tuition and training into their campaigns. This provides excellent role-playing possibilities. *Hack and Slay!* is next, and revises and clarifies the combat rules for WFRP. These help to make combat more realistic without sacrificing the simplicity of the original rules.

The new spells and magic items are nothing special, but if that’s what you like, there are plenty to choose from. The main problem with these is that they are described dryly, without any thought to their history or character. They are designed to beef up characters, not to develop ideas.

Overall, *The Restless Dead* is a mixed bag. Some of the rule additions can make running the game easier, and the adventures can make a useful standby if you have nothing prepared for a session. On the other hand, those of you who own *Apocrypha Now* will already have access to about a third of this book. It is also likely that Hogshead will print the remainder of the stronger material in the future.

It is certainly not worth purchasing the *Restless Dead* just for the campaign notes, which will probably remain exclusive to this volume. If it comes to a choice between buying this book or a part of the Enemy Within campaign, I would recommend the latter. (However, if, like me, you like to own everything WFRP, then this probably makes little difference!) From what I understand, obtaining this book can be a challenge.

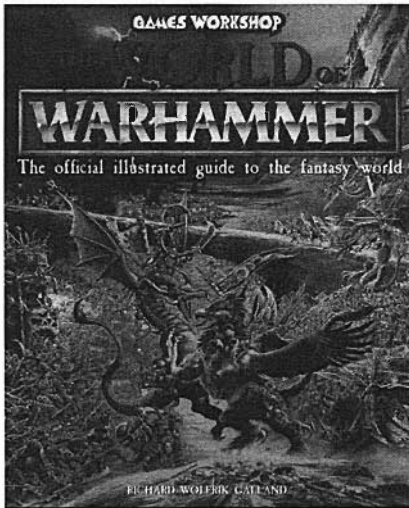
By Ulric! What’s a Timewarp Review?

Hogshead Publishing have said they do not intend to republish certain WFRP books, or they are at the bottom of the pile. These books published by Games Workshop, sometimes under the Flame Publications logo, are still of interest to players. Timewarp reviews will look to tell you what they’re all about and whether they’re worth searching out. In future issues we’ll be covering *Castle Drachenfels*, *Death’s Dark Shadow* and *Terror of the Lichemaster*, among others.

The World of Warhammer

Published by Carlton Books (UK) £14.99
and Thunder's Mouth Press (US) \$21.95

Reviewed by Richard Iorio II



I wanted to like this book. What is there not to like about 192 full-colour pages filled with information? However, after reading it, I could not help but think that it all looked familiar and that I have seen it all before. Then it hit me: I have.

The World of Warhammer: The Official Illustrated Guide to The Warhammer World is an attempt to put all the information about the Warhammer world between two covers. Yet this is not the world of

the role playing game, but the world of 5th edition *Warhammer Fantasy Battles*. The book, written by Richard Wolfrik Galland, contains nothing new, and instead the reader is treated to background pieces from the army books. As an owner of the army books, it held nothing for me, but there are many WFRP players without these. So what does it hold for them?

The world is, in theory, the same in WFRP and WFB, yet in reality they are noticeably different. For many WFRP players it is likely to be their first look at the areas outside the Old World. Each chapter is devoted to the major races of the Warhammer world, each filled with colour art from Game Workshop's archives, as well as maps taken right from the army books. The text is similar to that which you will find in any of the current GW Army Books. The emphasis is placed firmly on war and the military, with a lighter emphasis on culture. You also have sections dealing with the creatures that are native to that land, and an attempt to talk about the religious beliefs of the race. What is confusing is that Galland uses race and kingdom interchangeably. The Empire is clearly a county, but in the text is called both a race and a nation.

Take, for instance, the chapter dealing with Wood Elves. The background material on their origins is sparse and similar to that found in the WFB Army Book. (You are then given two sentences on their physical characteristics.) The material on the Wood Elf lands of Athel Loren is sparse in detail and does not give you a clear picture of what the kingdom is like. However, the map included in the chapter is good. It should be, since it's the same one found in the Army Book! The creatures of the Wood Elves are also described.

'Getting Together' is a section that attempts to address the culture and beliefs of the races. The section is good, but like the rest of the book it could have offered a better description of the race. You learn that Wood Elves place a greater emphasis on the spoken language and have a strong oral tradition. For them the High Elf runes have a more mystical significance. This type of detail is interesting, but nothing further given. I would like to have learned what mystical properties Wood Elves give to the runes and how they use them.

The section that is in the most need of more information is the one dealing with the Empire. The Empire is probably the most important piece of the Warhammer mythology. It is rich in background, and Galland sums it all up in only five pages! Early history is glossed over, and in seven paragraphs a reader gets the impression that it was only

through a string of successful battles that it has risen to prominence. 'Conflict, political intrigue and natural disaster have troubled The Empire's history, but as it approaches its third millennium, its spirit has never been conquered.' The book follows the trend of stressing the importance of Sigmar and downplaying the other gods.

Also included in the book is a section titled 'Races A-Z'. In this section you get a run down of all the monsters great and small that populate the Warhammer world. Again, the descriptions are short. Here again Galland confuses the terms race and nation. Estallians, Norse, Tileans, Bretonnians and Empire are mentioned alongside Lizardmen, Dwarfs and the like. Monsters and creatures are listed as well. (Last time I checked, griffons were considered monsters and not a race.) This chapter was not needed, and does not add anything of value to the book itself.

'Warhammer World Timeline' is an attempt to put all the timelines from the army books in one place. This is helpful because it shows where incidents have taken place in relation to other events in the WFB background. The organization of this chapter is good, and it clearly presents the major events in an easy to read format. In conjunction to the timeline, the 'Great Events' chapter fleshes out more of the background and gives write-ups on such events as *The War of the Beard* (the war between the Elves and Dwarfs). This chapter is good because it provides further details about the major events that have shaped the Warhammer world.

The final chapter, 'Heroes & Villains', is a who's who of the important people of WFB. For example, in this chapter you learn that Josef Bugman is the greatest dwarf brewer of all time, and was responsible for the creation of *Troll Brew* and *Bugman XXXXXX*. Like the majority of the book, nothing new is presented here. The section does provide some good information on the key figures that have shaped the world, especially to those without the Army books. However, their relevance for WFRP players is arguable.

I felt cheated spending \$21.95 on information I already owned, all for information too sketchy to be useful. There is nothing new here, and the price does not justify the rehashed material. Another problem with the book is that it is not complete. There is no mention of any of the material found in *Dogs of War*, or in any of the WFB-inspired stories you find in *Inferno* and *Warhammer Monthly*. Also, with the reworking of the Undead and Chaos Dwarf army books, the information is already outdated, and may in fact not conform to the new GW position. It is this lack of new information that really turned me off. Garland adds nothing of merit to the work, and basically demonstrates his editing, not his writing skills. For the price, there should have at least been some new art, not the always-recycled GW art that we have seen so many times before.

Is this book of value? If you want to set your WFRP adventures in the world of Warhammer as portrayed in WFB5, then yes, it is. If you want all the background material found in the Army Books and do not want to buy them all, then *The World of Warhammer* is for you, giving access to all the background information without any of the rules. The book itself is a 'coffee table' style edition and it is not sold through Game Workshop's stores. It is available from book stores and therefore seems to be aiming for a new audience. There are a lot of good bits in the book, and with work a creative GM can flesh them out. In the High Elf chapter, for example, there is enough left blank that a GM could put their own spin on the race and use them in WFRP. However, some chapters, like the Empire, are a waste of paper since the information they contain is so sparse.

For those curious about the difference between WFB and WFRP, who do not want to buy all the Army Books, this is a cheap alternative. It will give you a glimpse outside the Empire, into areas that won't see WFRP development for years, if at all. If you want to run a WFRP campaign in the WFB world then this book is invaluable. However if you do not like the WFB background or own the army books you will not like this book and you should save your money.

WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

BRIEF REVIEWS AND NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF WARHAMMER



Hogshead News



Hogshead seem ready to get in stride on releasing WFRP products. The re-release of *Something Rotten in Kislev* should be in the shops now. There was a small hitch due to a cover redesign but it remains otherwise unchanged. I

think many would argue that it needs rewriting as much as *Empire in Flames*.

At the time of writing, *Marienburg: Sold Down the River* is about half laid-out and they're simply waiting for the rest of the art to arrive. The few pages we have seen look very impressive. By the time you read this it should be at the printers.

After hoping to get *Apocrypha 2: Charts of Darkness* out for Gen Con, they realised it wasn't going to happen. However, Gen Con will see the release of the first of Hogshead's new games line entitled *New Style* (games in a similar style and size to *The Extraordinary Adventures of Baron Munchausen*).

They still do hope get two more WFRP books out before the end of the year. *Doomstones 3* will be one of them; the other will either be *Realms of Sorcery* or, if the manuscript doesn't arrive, *Apocrypha 2*.

Finally congratulations. Hogshead's first original RPG, *The Extraordinary Adventures Of Baron Munchausen*, has been nominated for an Origins Award. The results will be announced at the Origins games convention in early July so we wish them luck.

Star Wars: The Phantom Menace

Every other magazine is mentioning it so we thought we would too!

Warhammer Books



Games Workshop have announced that they will be releasing all new novels. Current plans are for one-a-month from early summer. Among the intended releases are *Gotrek & Felix: Trollslayer* by William King, *Gaunt's Ghosts: First & Only*, by Dan Abnett, *Gotrek & Felix: Skavenslayer* by William King, *Gotrek & Felix: Daemonslayer* by William King and a fantasy *Inferno* anthology. There are no plans to reprint any of the old titles.

GIVING IT AWAY!

Legion

There just seems to be a number of articles lying around the Warpstone office that never seem to get into an issue. It's not because they're not good enough but due to reasons of space they're squeezed out. So what we've decided to do is put them into an irregular newsletter to let them be seen. We have called this Legion. Issue one was eight pages long and sent to subscribers with Warpstone 10. It contained an article on Templars and a review of *Champions of Chaos* amongst others. However, we're not making it exclusive. Therefore we intend to put it on our soon-to-be-revamped Web-site and sending to anyone who sends us a stamped addressed envelope (IRC for those overseas).

Also available from us by the same methods is a player handout for this issue's scenario *Noble Blood*, which shows family trees for the featured NPCs.

Tell us what you think

We are offering you a chance to win a free issue of Warpstone, each and every time it is published. All you have to do is mark each article in the issue out of ten and send it to us. Whether this is by e-mail, post or smoke trailing plane is up to you. Just remember to add your name and address. (We don't object to other comments either). Just before the next issue goes to the printers we will pull an entry out of a hat and send them that issue completely free, without payment, gratis etc.

Errata

Our thanks to Niels Arne Dam who pointed out an omission in last issue's Clerics of Shallya article. *The Restless Dead* (p94) states that all deities allow their clerics to use the spells Detect Magic and Dispel Magic. Clerics of Shallya are provided with said spells, and the list of spells should be amended appropriately.

Pirate Isle

Wargames Illustrated (#137, Feb 99) has a special on the pirate isle of Tortuga. Obviously its all historical, but does give an insight into playing a "pirate community" that will be useful for those looking to set games on Sarotosa.

GAMES MAGAZINES



Visions

The latest in a long line of RPG magazines is *Visions*. From Tau Press, it is UK based and available through subscription only. Issued monthly, with glossy colour pages it is somewhat expensive (£4.20) especially as articles are very spread out. Two issues in, it is just finding its feet. Industry news is comprehensive and the reviews are detailed although it means fewer products are covered. The articles are varied in quality. They have gone for a more generic feel to many, similar in style to *Arcane*. Issue one came with an interesting scenario based in Elizabethan London which WFRP players may find useful, although I found it too brief and sketchy. Regular articles cover book and video reviews, live roleplaying and figure reviews.

We welcome *Visions* onto the scene and hope it is here to stay. However, it is going to have to improve, especially if its going to justify the high price.

Details are available from Tau Press, Subscription Dept, Media House, Adlington Park, Macclesfield, SK10 4NP. A four issue subscription is £15.99 (UK)/£20.00 (rest of world). Further details: subscip@visions-mag.com



Mythic Perspectives

Similar in style and intent to Warpstone, MP is dedicated to *Ars Magica*. The articles are interesting and well written, although of limited use to WFRP players (except one on Saints in the latest issue, which covers a lot of good points). A sign of its quality is that has been nominated for an Origins award. MP is quarterly and available from Gnawing Ideas, PO Box 276677, Sacramento, CA 95827-6677, USA. Prices for one issue are \$6.95 (Europe)/\$4.95 (USA) and subscriptions \$28.00 (Europe)/\$17.00 (USA). For further info For further info contact ideas@gnawing.com or www.gnawing.com/mythic_perspectives.com/mp_index.html

Carnel

Carnel is an A5 fanzine that covers RPGs in an entertaining way, usually in a discussion style. It has been irregularly printing the never-released Oriental WFRP "supplement" Tetsubo. Contact Robert Rees at The Garden Flat, 14 West Mall,

Clifton, Bristol, BS8 4BQ. Issues 1-10 50p per issue, Issue 11 onwards £1 (plus an SSAE). Issue 12 is out now.

Games Games Games

Concentrates on boardgames, especially European ones, but does have some RPG coverage. £2.50 for the latest issue from SFC Press (GG), Freepost BR2522, Littlehampton BN16 1BR

Games Gazette

Reviews of the latest games, RPGs, computer, boardgames and anything else that qualifies. Bi-monthly, it can be picked up from good game stores or by contacting Chris Baylis, 67 Mynchens, Lee Chapel North, Basildon, Essex, SS15 5EG. £1.25 each or £9 for a subscription.

Le Grimoire

An irregular French magazine. Each issue is now becoming more like a supplement, dedicated to a specific area. Issue 17 is dedicated to Tilea, specifically Sarotosa. 200+ pages with a lot of artwork and maps. Contact at 3 A. Le Notre, 49300 Cholet, France.

THE CORRESPONDENT

Warhammer Battles by Tim Eccles

Theodor rolled up the first scroll, placing it carefully back in the chest. Why would Father Kretheim have such a thing? The first rays of the morning sun filtered through the horn window as he withdrew a second scroll from the chest. Signed, as was the first, by a man named Milius it had a Nuln address. Blinking back the tiredness, he began to read...

Introduction

Before everyone erupts in panic at the thought of a *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* article in a WFRP magazine, allow me to assuage such fears. This article is not about mass battles. Well, actually it is, but it is about using them as background and history in a campaign. I am not concerned with battles themselves as scenario material, although rumours, fleeing civilians, roving patrols/skirmishers/mercenaries/deserters and conscription can all form useful plot hooks. I am, however, proposing to look at the regalia and other trimmings of armies and campaigns, as part of the general context of Old World life. I will put forward a few scenario suggestions, but mostly what this article offers are ideas designed to further enrich the cultural history of the Old World. Whilst I am assuming The Empire is under discussion, I think that most of what follows equally applies to Kislev, Bretonnia, Estali, Tilea, and even (perhaps especially) the Border Princes.

Armies

In Earth's history, it is often argued that, prior to the twentieth century, civilians were relatively unaffected by war. Whilst this might be true when comparing the situation with the 20 million Russian civilians who died during World War Two, I think it can be overstated. Occupying forces had to live off the land – and thus off the local peasants, farms and villages. In addition, deserters and mercenaries often became little more than bandits. WFRP is not only based upon our own history, but offers its own unique insights: in many ways the Old World faces a form of total war in the guise of the chaos incursions. It depends really where you place WFRP in the WFB portfolio, but WFB5 refers to many incursions; indeed, quite why the Empire is not a wasteland I am not too sure!

The point here is to develop an idea of how the occupants of your world will react to soldiers or those wearing military apparel. Will they be seen as bandits, crooks, deserters, or heroes and respected members of society? This is largely a matter of personal choice, but if you blatantly stress the Chaos threat, then they are likely to tend towards the latter. On the other hand, the early WFRP supplements stress 'the enemy within' and the low-key nature of Chaos militarism. In this case, soldiers may be seen more as bullies, lackeys to the elite and undeserving consumers of peasants' production.

Attitudes will also change depending upon exactly what military unit an individual serves with. Those from other nations, or even from other provinces or districts, will probably be less trusted than locals; certain exotics, on the other hand, may earn novelty interest. In addition, individual soldiers may attract the interest of local authorities who may assume they are a deserter or spy.

In my own campaign, there is little concern about the carrying of arms

and armour; it is, after all, a dangerous world. Certain cities, which deem themselves to be civilised, are a little more restrictive, and Bretonnia forbids most of its population to bear any weapon. Within this context, most individuals will offer wary distrust to any stranger on first contact, on the basis that they could prove equally to be an adventurer, soldier or bandit. Most would also be ignorant of specific military units.

In rural areas, however, such characters would be deemed a good source for stories and news. Larger parties would be treated with greater respect (mostly through fear) and less official tolerance (they will be seen as likely troublemakers). One exception to this, however, are children, who will tend to assume that all appropriately-dressed fighters must be great heroes.

Uniforms

The uniform is the most immediate indication of a military career. Whilst in this 'period' in Europe there were few uniforms, this should not stop their existence in fantasy. Certainly, elite units are given uniforms (Knights Panther etc.), and these would be worn with pride by veterans. In addition, the poor ex-rank and file soldier would probably have to wear their former service outfits due to the lack of money with which to purchase alternatives. It seems likely, therefore, that a typical costume in the Empire would include items of military clothing.

Uniforms also provide a symbol for evil. Bandits and other villains could wear uniforms of other (enemy) nations or provinces, or a rich antagonist could even equip their minions with a particular uniform. (An example of wearing old uniforms can be seen in certain Westerns, whose outlaws wear 'Johnny Reb' uniforms to show that they consider themselves outside the Union.)

Lastly, old uniforms are a good investment for beggars and con artists, who can claim to have served in campaigns for their nations, and perhaps lost limbs in them.

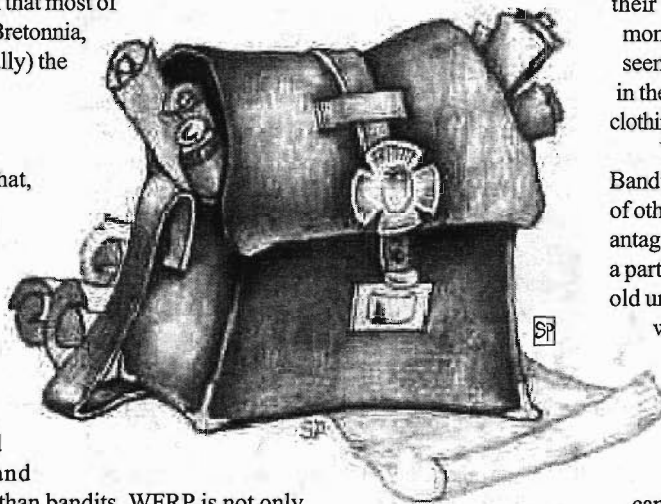
There is one problem with uniforms as frequently portrayed: they are always new and in good condition. It should be noted that uniforms on campaign would wear out, be repaired and wear out again rather quickly. The beautifully painted WFB armies in their pristine outfits would not last long. I would suggest that full uniforms be fairly scarce (few units have them; they wear out) except during or immediately after wars.

Of course, other items of uniform such as armbands, sewn patches and tabards would be more plentiful. Indeed, I would suggest that many fighters' sole uniform would be an armband, sewn patch and maybe a decorated shield; these having a longer life-span.

Decorations

Soldiers are awarded military decorations, which are often worn with pride. Decorations are awarded either for individual bravery or for general military service on a particular campaign. They are offered in the form of a medal, a medallion, a patch to be sewn into the tunic, or an armband. Each city has a range of awards, as do the religious orders and the Emperor.

The military decoration offers another avenue to build up a world. Sectarian conflict is rife in The Empire, and decorations can become a



source for these. Walk into Middenheim with a Sigmarite decoration for upholding the faith against Ulricans, and, well...

In addition, a decoration can be a novel way of introducing PCs to bits of history relating to adventures, particular with NPCs. All those who served on Magnus the Pious's crusade, for example, were presented with a patch on which Magnus's crest was picked out in gold thread (for officers) or silver thread (for the rest). It should be a simple matter for GMs to select other battles from a nation's history that were worthy of a campaign award.

Coinage

Coins are underused as a cultural signal in my view. A Gold Coin need not be simply 'a Gold Coin'. Armies need payment, and large armies or long campaigns demand the production of more coinage. Since this coinage is for a simple purpose, the coin is often designed to celebrate assured victory, or glorify the cause. The coins will, of course, often outlast the army, the ruler and even the memory of the battle or war.

Such campaign coinage does have certain problems. Firstly, wars are expensive and leaders are often tempted to debase the coinage in order to make a stock of gold or silver last longer. Most campaigns seem to assume a standard coinage; that is a GC is a GC wherever one is. Campaign coinage offers a useful way to short-change PCs, or have them accused of using sub-standard coinage.

Of course, your campaign may not have a standard coinage, in which case campaign coins provide yet another variable. Since the coin is also very traceable, should a war chest be stolen, anyone spending the coin (rather than melting it down) would be assumed guilty of stealing it, and very quickly dealt with by vengeful soldiers. PCs might also find coinage from an adventure that dated from a campaign against The Empire; imagine the reaction they will receive if they started to pass coinage which was minted to celebrate the victory of Marienberg in its independence from The Empire.

Armour/Weapons

At its simplest, armour and weapons produced by a lord or for a particular campaign are likely to be inscribed with a particular insignia or motto. Certain pieces of weaponry and armour will be produced for campaign, or to celebrate victory. Magical items and gilded or coloured armour, for example, should be inscribed with prayers for ultimate victory or thanks for such an occurrence.

As an aside, I suggest that all armour and weaponry in the Old World is inscribed with the manufacturer's stamp and a guild quality assurance stamp, together with the mark of its owner, where appropriate. This could make searching the PCs rather interesting: "How exactly did you end up with a Middenheim City Militia sword, sir?"

Conclusions

The attitude of the Old World citizenry to armed PCs will be affected by local circumstance, and is likely to be linked to the local view of the military. PCs can be seen as heroes, deserters, bullies or criminals seeking to legitimise their thefts. This attitude becomes more particular with regard to the paraphernalia of war, and the particular subtleties of politics. A priestess of Shallya will be distinctly unimpressed with any such regalia, but a local militiaman, watchman, shopkeeper or barman may well alter their attitude to the wearer. Someone who fought in the same unit, on the same side or at the same battle will assume some form of camaraderie, whilst an opponent, or someone whose child was killed by "you murdering bandits", will have a distinctly negative attitude.

Uniforms and regalia offer a simple way of adding a little more colour to NPCs. WFRP has plenty of material available on its armies in the WFB material that many of us wish was not there. However, in this case, at least this background can help flesh out the details that bring the Old World to life.

A JOB FOR LIFE?

A Look at Careers in WFRP by John Foody

Careers are one of the most unique aspects of WFRP, giving characters an automatic background and, to some extent, a personality. Together, they give a pretty good indication of the flavour of the Warhammer world. However, they are also one of the most difficult aspects to get right. They are often treated simply as sources for career advances, or at worse they merge into a single mass of warrior, mage etc. I have heard the argument that each class should have a central pool of skills and advances a number of times. Logically, this makes some sense. After all, all PCs are adventurers first and foremost. Another option often put forward is to add new careers, enough to cover each career choice. However, both these ideas miss the point.

I believe that there isn't enough guidance for using the current careers within a campaign. Each career does not stand alone, but represents a whole culture within the world. Player characters have simply broken away from this way of life to adventure. Each subsequent career they take means moving into a new culture. All this takes place in a world where Guilds and orders have hugely restrictive rules to stop people impinging on their ground. If a character has to fight to get into their second career for training and recognition, are they really going to be willing to leave it? Characters often end up as jack-of-all-trades and little more than an adventurer with a nice CV. Why would a Templar become a watchman? Simply because he's got nowhere else to go, and hasn't tried joining the Watch before? Would the Watch captain even take him seriously, or risk

having such a zealot as part of their force?

I believe there is a simple way to make careers more important to characters and at the same time to make them more central to the campaign. Firstly, give campaigns a structure where careers can be followed by everyone in an organised way. (See the 'Seasons' article last issue for more ideas on this topic.) Introducing a sense of time passing gives an opportunity for training and development. Of course, some characters will just sit in an inn and drink their loot away waiting for the sun, but that's just the way it is with adventurers.

Secondly, careers should be firmly placed in the context of the world, and supported by ideas that allow characters to remain within them for their whole life. A watchman could easily become a sergeant, and then be promoted to being a captain, using his skills and experience to get a job in the town they find themselves in come winter. Meanwhile, a scribe may begin as a clerk to a lawyer, then become a lawyer and, eventually, a merchant, all the while remaining within the same firm of merchants.

In much the same way that we looked at Templars previously, this issue contains ideas on using pit-fighters (page 18). It examines the background and culture of the pit fighter, giving some ideas for both players and GMs. It also gives an option for the character to remain within the career for some time. More careers will follow in future issues. If any of you have ideas on other characters that could be expanded and detailed in similar ways, drop us a line.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Underworld and Covert Organizations in the Old World

By Alfred Nuñez Jr.

In the darkened room where he felt most comfortable, Hans Lichterfinger worked quietly – quietly as a cat prowling for mice. This job was his most challenging yet. More so than the townhouses in Nuln's Neupalast district. He had thought crossing the Niederfluss district would have taken more effort, but his skills at disguise and concealment proved more than adequate. Entry into the townhouse of Ludwig Grossfaust, chief bookkeeper for "Il Padrone," was also relatively easy. In fact, the only hard part of this job was finding the hidden safe. It had to be somewhere in this room.

Hans had approached the bookcase at the far end of the room when he heard footsteps. Scurrying toward the window from which he entered, he ducked behind the heavy drapery. The sounds of approach ceased. The door opened and two men entered.

"As I told Il Padrone, I think the new guy in Protection, your partner, is some sort of spy. Maybe one of Kafka's men, or even one of the Graukappen."

"Where d'ya git da idea dat he's a spy, Herr Grossfaust?"

"A couple of the boys have noticed some rather odd behavior on his part. In addition, the collections from Protection have not met the projections."

"Whatcha goin' ta do?"

This article provides an overview of 'underground activities' – nothing to do with Dwarfs; rather, those who operate away from the public eye and (in most cases) well beyond the law. It will cover criminals, assassins and spies: how they operate, are organized and how they could be incorporated into a campaign.

Organized Crime in the Old World

Organized crime is found in all cities and most of the larger towns in the Old World. Some of these organizations are family-run operations like those headed by Luigi Belladonna in Kemperbad or Francesco Sarducci in Altdorf. Others are organized as a guild similar to any other guild (some say that the Merchants' Guild is just a front for the Thieves' Guild) like Edam Gouda's gang in Middenheim. The rest are street gangs of young toughs (known as 'Pünker Gangs' in some quarters). Usually, only one of these organizations exist in any given town. In the larger cities, however, a number of these crime groups will coexist in a rather uneasy truce. (An exception to this is Brionne, City of Thieves, in Bretonnia where the city is run by a council of crime organizations, Le Cartel des Poing, headed by the Governor of Brionne himself.) Each will operate within established 'turfs' whose boundaries change with an organisation's relative strength. Of course, within all these groups, factions tend to arise: others believe they can do better, or out-of-towners come looking for a piece of the action.

Types of Crime Organizations

The central difference between the types of crime organizations is found in their methods of conducting 'business'. The most basic of the three is the Thieves' Guild. The Guild (as its members know it) is a secret organization that operates outside the mainstream of society. Members are sworn upon pain of death not to reveal or acknowledge the Guild's existence to outsiders. (All members will use Guild secret languages, rituals, and signs to recognize one another before revealing their own identity.) In the tradition of pyramid schemes, the Guild exists so that the leaders can sponge off the profits of criminal activity in their turf while maintaining the illusion of helping its members. Ranald, God of Thieves and Tricksters, does delight in that jest! 'Jobs' are doled out based upon favoritism, with the most dangerous being assigned to dissenters within the ranks. 'Benefits', such as training and protection, still require payment of a tithe to the upper echelon of the Guild. Naturally, most

Ludwig walked towards the window. As he neared it, he paused for a moment, then turned toward the man from Protection. "At the moment, nothing but watch and wait. Anyway, I want you to keep an eye on this new guy. I'm going to get someone from Enforcement to talk to you about plans to entrap him. Why don't you return home and get some rest? Enforcement will be there by early morning. Karl will show you out."

Hans remained as he was while Ludwig returned to the center of the room and the other man left. Slowly, quietly he reached for the window latch. Ludwig seated himself at the large oak desk and began to write a note. Moments later, another individual entered and stood near Ludwig. The bookkeeper put down his pen, folded the paper, and sealed it with wax.

"Karl, send this letter to our 'unofficial' contact at the Schwarzmantel. She has an appointment with the man who just left. This pouch," Ludwig tossed something onto the desk that clinked like a large amount of coins, "will ensure that it will look like an accident." Ludwig rose and walked over to the open window. Closing it, he espied a figure clad in black racing across the grounds. "Also, put word on the street that there will be 20 Crowns for anyone with information on an uptown 'Cat' who lost his way tonight."



thieves in a Guild are blind to its negative aspects. Many truly believe that the Guild is their protection against an otherwise hostile world. (Ranald smiles upon those with the foresight to take advantage of the naive.)

Unlike Guilds, family-run crime organizations are operated in a manner similar to large merchant houses. The Family's business often extends from illegal activities (loan sharking, smuggling, and extortion) to legal operations (trade and operating gambling casinos) to philanthropic causes (financing soup kitchens). Businesses are strictly

segmented (e.g. Protection, Enforcement, Loans) and headed by a high ranking member of the Family. These individuals are, in turn, ultimately accountable to the head (Crime Lord) of the Family. The Family works within the framework of society by compromising or bribing those who may interfere with or adversely affect the Business. Any who cannot be compromised may find themselves tied up in the courts by the legions of lawyers employed by the Family. Worse, they might find themselves tied up at the bottom of a river wearing lead boots.

Pünker gangs work erratically, for the most part. Their structures change constantly, as challenger after challenger stamps his mark on the gang before losing their position to a new tough. They are not disorganized, though – their strict hierarchies provide clear lines of communication and leadership, and only the sharp-witted and brutal rise to positions of control. Any member who thinks their tough enough can challenge for control. Most of the gangs' activities will be illegal, and will concentrate on controlling their turf. Whether through extortion, street battles with rivals, or getting one up on the local Watch, the dream of their members is to tighten their grip on the streets they call theirs.

Organizational Structure

Structurally, crime organizations have many similarities, as well as differences. At the top, a Crime Lord directs matters. Depending on the nature of the group, these individuals may be called Guildmaster, Padrone, Boss, Big Man, Godfather, Big Cheese, Numero Uno, etc. Serving the Crime Lords are their trusted lieutenants. In the cases of Guilds and Families, these lieutenants are responsible for a specific area of the 'business' (Enforcement, Protection, and Collections) and in family-run gangs will be close relations to the Crime Lord.

Glossary of Thieves' Tongue

Thieves' Word/Phrase Definition

Apple-squire	Bawd, servant in brothel
Autem	Temple
Barnacle	Cony-catcher who comes in, apparently by chance, when a game is already in progress.
Bawdy basket	Itinerant female pedlar and whore
Beak	Magistrate
Bellman, lampman	Watchman
Bene	Good
Bene faker of gibes	Skilled forger of licenses, etc.
Benship	Very good; goodness
Bird	Cheater's victim
Bit, bite	Coin, money
Biter	Coin clipper
Black art	Picking locks
Booze	Drink
Boozing ken	Alchouse
Bord	Shilling
Bring a waste!	Get out of here!
Brogger	Fence
Budge a beak	Flee from the law
Bung	Purse, pocket
Cant	Beg
Cassan	Cheese
Caster	Cloak
Catchpole	Arresting officer, sergeant
Charm	Lock-picker
Chats	Gallows
Cheat	Thing
Clapperdudgeon	Rogue in patched cloak, often with fake sores
Clyem	Fake sore
Clink	Jail
Cloy	Steal
Cly the jerk	Be whipped
Cog	Cheat at dice or cards
Cokes	Simpleton
Committer	Prostitute's client
Cony	Dupe, victim
Cony-catching	Trickery, especially at cards
Copesmate	Comrade
Couch a hogshhead	Lie down to sleep
Counterfeit crank	Pretended epileptic
Cove	Fellow
Crashing-cheats	Teeth
Crazes	Cultists (except Nurgle cultists)
Crossbiting	Swindling, blackmail
Cross-lay	A bet intended to mislead third-party as to the better's real intention

Given the violence that surrounds them, Crime Lords and their lieutenants are always accompanied by bodyguards. This is especially the case whenever gang warfare erupts in their turf. Gang wars may be caused by several factors. The most common cause is when a nearby organization senses a rival's sudden weakness and rushes to capture more turf. The second is when a new Crime Lord arrives on the scene to carve out his own turf at the expense of their rivals. This sometimes leads to a third source of warfare, where a more powerful organization decides to humble an upstart rival. Finally, inter-organizational revenge arising from some slight or blood feud can fuel warfare. Naturally, these wars result in a large number of casualties. Some of these remains are buried in paupers' cemeteries, lake and river bottoms while others become part of the foundation of new manor houses or castles. Others find their way into more imaginative locations such as pie factories or the doorstep of a rival.

Reporting to lieutenants are another layer of 'bureaucrats'. These would be 'blind contacts' for the grunts in the organization. Blind contacts are those who meet the top tier of foot soldiers in darkened rooms, behind screens, through closed windows. Essentially, blind contacts are used in any situation that calls for communication but doesn't require the direct presence of the lieutenants or the Crime Lord.

There is a hierarchical structure among the foot soldiers. The top level are those who have proven themselves loyal to the Boss. These 'Unterbössen' or 'Professionals' (the Family and Guild terms, respectively,) serve several purposes. First, they identify possible recruits and arrange for their initiation. Should the recruits pass (survive) the initiation, they are assigned to a specific Unterböss or Professional for a few more tests before they become low rung members of the organization (see below). Second, they are given a small area of the organization's territory to direct their assigned activities. One of their tasks is to dole out assignments to the appropriate individual or teams from the lower ranks. Lastly, Unterbössen and Professionals are the main contact point for those who conduct business with the organization, such as fences, corrupt low-level officials, lookouts, and informants.

'Weisekerlen' or 'Craftsmen' are the second tier of foot soldiers. No matter what they call themselves, members of this level have passed whatever tests of skill or loyalty were required of them. At this time, they can be entrusted with certain tasks and limited responsibilities. Moreover, Weisekerlen and Craftsmen are organized into teams with others of the same station. Should there be any suspicions on any member, their teammates will be selected to either get them into line or spy on them. Weisekerlen and Craftsmen tend to be the working stiffs

of the crime organization. Some of the jobs that are usually assigned to a Weisekerl or Craftsman include stealing items, shaking down 'customers' of the organization (for example, businesses forced to pay protection money), and making an example of a troublemaker.

'Gutburschen' or 'Journeymen' are the lowest rung and most expendable members of the organization. These promising individuals of some skill and ability will all be sponsored by some member of the crime organization (chiefly Unterbössen and Professionals). In all cases, Gutburschen and Journeymen are constantly given risky jobs that not only challenge and showcase their skills, but also puts their loyalty to the test. These might include tasks that guarantee that the Gutbursche or Journeyman will be caught. Their actions whilst in custody provides the crime organization an opportunity to see if the individual is a trustworthy member or should be removed.

Joining a Crime Organization

Given the suspicious nature of crime organizations, it is not as easy to join these organizations as many adventurers think. Walking up to a barkeep in a seedy tavern and proclaiming one's desire to join the local Thieves' Guild may seem to be a good idea to an adventurer, but it is a sure way to find oneself ignored (if they're lucky) or victimized (beaten and kicked) by the locals. Basically, there are two tried and true methods to get into contact with the local crime organization.

The first involves an individual independently plying their trade in the organization's turf. So long as one doesn't belong to a rival organization, the first contact is unlikely to be fatal. Most often, this contact will be a warning to the offender to cease their activities – or else. Should the person heed the warning, there will be no further contact and they'll have blown their opportunity to join. The individual could instead become overly aggressive in their dismissal of the warning. A response like "over my dead body" will probably be a self-fulfilling prophecy. Something in between the two extremes can open the door for further contact and, perhaps, an invitation to join.

"Listen. Tell your boss that I'm willing to cut him in on a percentage of the take for some small consideration. Also tell him I'm willing to talk anytime to anyone who has the clout to speak for him. Here's a couple of crowns for your trouble."

This type of bold response tends to find favor with all but the most psychotic of crime bosses.

The second sure method is for the would-be gangster to use his Secret Languages—Thieves' Tongue or Secret Signs—

Crime Lord

Advanced Career

Crime is well organized in the large cities of the Old World. In some places, things are organized in guild fashion with a Guildmaster at the top surrounded by trusted lieutenants. In other places, such as Tilean City-States, these organizations are like a family business with the head of the extended family ('Don', or 'Padrone' in Tilean families) as 'Boss' surrounded by his sons and other trusted family members. These Crime Lords usually control most of the illegal activities in their areas of control (smuggling, extortion, slavery, illegal gambling, and loan sharking). These activities are covered by legitimate ones (mostly the Family-run operations) such as trade and craft. In addition, many Crime Lords contribute to openly philanthropic causes, especially for the poorer classes. The Street or Pünker Gangs are the exception to this as they deal with the world on their own violent terms.

Would-be Crime Lords have to either take over a current Crime Lord's territory or carve out a piece of that territory. Either way, the would-be Crime Lord would have to initiate gang warfare. A would-be Crime Lord can become a Crime Lord in fact only by surviving such a war and gaining territory and exclusively directing criminal activity therein. Ensuing warfare can erupt at any time.



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Int	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+20	+20	+1	+1	+4	+20	+1	+20	+40	+20	+20	+20	+20

Skills

Bribery	Secret Language-
Charm	Guilder
Dance	Specialist Weapon-
Embezzling	Firearms
Etiquette	Spot Trap
Evaluate	Street Fighter
Numismatics	Torture

Trappings

Hand Weapon
Hidden Pistol
Townhouse
Warehouse(s)
10D6 Gold Crowns
2D6 Bodyguards
2D6 Racketeers

Entered From

Assassin
Outlaw Chief
Racketeer
Slaver
Career Exits
Nil

Marie-Louise la Fendage

"What exactly were you looking for in the way of entertainment, luscious? By the way, it would be polite for you to close your mouth, lift your eyes, and look at my face when you speak to me. That's better."

"I'm sorry. You must think that I'm as dumb as you look. Only some fool working for the Watch would be that obvious."

"You can't afford me, mon cheri. Take that on faith."

Marie-Louise is a tall, beautiful woman in her mid-thirties with a medium build, icy blue eyes, and shoulder-length auburn hair. An air of danger and mystery surrounds her, and her voice (with a slight Bretonnian accent) can as easily soothe an individual as chill their hearts.

Once Marie-Louise was a student at the Collegium Theologica of Middenheim, but was forced to drop out when her sponsor (who mysteriously died) failed to provide for Marie-Louise in his will. Trying to work at various jobs in hopes of keeping up with her studies, she unfortunately kept running into employers who wanted to pay for her labour 'in kind'. Soon, Marie-Louise found herself in the streets of the Altquartier, where she came to Edam Gouda's attention. He quickly recognized her innate skills and set forth a path for her development. To that end, Gouda's lieutenant, Antonio Ragaños, became Marie-Louise's mentor.

After years of being one of Gouda's most trusted Unterbössen, Marie-Louise 'retired' to become the co-owner of the Sleeping Wolf tavern in the Altmarkt district. Her relationship to Edam Gouda remained purely commercial. No more, no less. Marie-Louise runs the day-to-day business of the tavern and makes sure that no one pries too closely into the operation. Only under rare circumstances will her other special skills be called upon to resolve a situation for Gouda.

Marie-Louise continues to keep an eye open for any promising new talent to recruit into Gouda's gang. She will observe and evaluate anyone attracting her attention for some time, including shadowing them. Marie-Louise will have a 'blind' arrange a meeting with the individual only when she is convinced that they are worthy of recruitment. With few exceptions, Gouda will accept whomever she recommends into his gang. Should that person later be deemed expendable, then they are guaranteed another, less attractive visit from Marie-Louise. She so hates to be wrong about people...



M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	59	58	4	5	11	65
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	66	49	52	72	53	67

Height: 5 ft 6 in, **Weight:** 140 lbs., **Hair:** Auburn, **Eyes:** Blue, **Age:** 36, **Height:** 5 ft 6 in, **Birthplace:** Gisoreux

Alignment: Neutral (None)

Career: Assassin, ex-Student, ex-Bawd, ex-Thief, ex-Charlatan, ex-Spy

Skills: Act, Blather, Bribery, Charm, Concealment-Rural, Concealment-Urban, Cryptography, Dance, Disguise, Etiquette, Evaluate, Flee!, Linguistics, Marksmanship, Mimic, Palm Object, Prepare Poison, Pick Lock (x2), Public Speaking, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language-Guild (Covert), Secret Language-Thieves' Tongue, Secret Signs-Thieves', Seduction, Shadowing, Silent Move-Rural, Silent Move-Urban, Sixth Sense, Specialist Weapon-Fist, Specialist Weapon-Parrying, Specialist Weapon-Throwing Knives, Street Fighting, Wit

Possessions: Mail Shirt, Sword, Garrote, Knuckle-dusters, 4 Throwing Knives, Dagger, Codebook, Disguise Kit.

Thieves' skill to communicate an offer of services to the local crime lord. The type of services should be somewhat vague in detail, but clear in intent. One example of such is, 'need skill at high risk jobs, let's talk dockside, morrow night high stroke'. High stroke, for the uninitiated, is gang slang for straight up twelve (noon or midnight). Most crime bosses prefer daring and confidence bordering on arrogance in the people they recruit.

Thieves' Tongue

Like merchants and artisans, criminal organizations have developed a specialized 'language' that allows them to freely communicate with one another. Such conversation may either sound nonsensical or about a wholly different topic to an outsider. The 'dialect' of Thieves' Tongue generally differs from city to city, town to town and (most importantly) from gang to gang. Communicating across dialects can, at the GM's discretion, require a Fel test to be understood or avoid offence.

The table in the border on these and following pages covers the more commonly used words in Imperial cities, towns, and Marienburg.

Anatomy of a Crime Organization

Thirty years ago, Edam Gouda was a young rising star in the League of Gentlemen Entrepreneurs of Marienburg. A difference of opinion with the then-leader of the Suiddock criminal organization forced Gouda to seek his opportunities elsewhere. He escaped from the net that was closing around him by fleeing across the Hoogbrug Bridge and out the Oostenpoort Gate.

With little more than his talent to go on, Gouda settled in the Altquartier district of Middenheim. It took him little time and effort to join the only criminal gang active in that part of town. The leader, Helmut von Limburg (or 'Limburger', as he was more commonly known), recognized Gouda's raw potential and took him under his wing. The young Marienburger rose through the ranks of the organization by providing the muscle and brains that Limburger's gang had been sorely lacking.

Long before he became one of Limburger's lieutenants, Gouda realized that a change in leadership was necessary if the gang was to regain its eroding influence in the Altquartier. Whenever he could, Gouda recruited people of ability into the gang. He also made sure that their first loyalty was to him. However, his efforts couldn't escape notice by Limburger's men for very long. He knew that time was against him and he needed to move quickly.

Limburger was a fancier of Tilean food, and always held any meeting of significance at Il Dolce Stil Nuovo restaurant, near Markt Weg. Gouda requested an audience with Limburger to discuss the organization of a rival gang in the Ostwald district. As the meeting was intended to be Gouda's pre-emptive strike, he arranged to have two pistols hidden in the restaurant's kitchen. The task was fairly easy as the owner, Patrizia Luciano, was in debt to Gouda for avenging the death of her brother Alessandro. Gouda's trusted lieutenants were given the task of removing Limburger's men from the scene. In a matter of minutes, Limburger and one of his men were shot in the back of the head at point blank range. The confusion caused by the tardy arrival of the Watch simply allowed the unknown killer to escape into the night. The rest of Limburger's lieutenants were never seen again.

As undisputed leader of the gang, Edam Gouda's first priority was to re-introduce structure and discipline. He gave his lieutenants clearly defined responsibilities. The racketeer, Martin Obermann became the 'Chief Enforcer' of the Altquartier crime organization, Antonio Ragaños was assigned to 'Protection' and Johannes Braun to 'Collections'. Each of these lieutenants, as well as Gouda, had their own bodyguards to ensure their safety and guarantee that their orders were carried out. Other racketeers became the blind contacts with whom Gouda's foot soldiers would interact.

The foot soldiers were organized into 'specialties'.

Cuffin	Fellow
Curb	Hook used to steal from open windows
Curbing law	Art of stealing from open windows
Cut bene whids	Speak truly
Cut bencly	Speak gently
Cuttle-bung	Cutpurse's knife
Darkmans	Night
Dell	Sexually uninitiated female rogue
Dewsc-a-vill	The countryside
Diver	One who steals by employing a small boy to wiggle into rooms through small spaces
Doxy	Sexually initiated female rogue
Draw	Pick a pocket
Duds	Clothes, bundles of washing
Dummerer	Mute (real or pretend)
Famblers	Gloves
Fambling-cheat	Ring
Ferret	Cheat
Figging law	Cutpurse's art
Filchman	Club
Flamen	Priests
Flick	Thief
Foin	Pickpocket
Foist	The act of picking pockets
Fullams	Weighted dice
Gage of booze	Quart of ale
Gentry cove	Upper-class man
Gentry mort	Upper-class woman
Gibe	False license, any documents
Gilks	Skeleton keys
Glaziers	Eyes
Graw-cheat	Dog
Greenmans	Fields
Harman beck	Templar
Hearing-cheats	Ears
High law	Highway robbery
High lawyer	Footpad, highwayman
High-pad	Highway
Jark	Seal
Jarkman	Forger of licenses
Jingler	Dealer in trained horses
Ken	House
Kinchin co	Vagrant boy
Kinchin mort	Vagrant girl
Knight of the post	Perjurer
Law	Branch of rogery
Lib	Sleep
Libbeg	Bed
Libken	Sleeping place

Lift	Rob a shop
Lifts	Stolen goods
Lifting law	Art of stealing from shops
Maggot	Sewer dweller, Nurgle cultist
Marker	Accomplice of one who robs shops
Maunderer	Beggar
Maundering	Begging
Mort	Woman
Muskle-cheats	Protagonists, racketeers, thugs
Nab	Head
Nab-cheat	Hat, cap
Nip	Cutpurse
Nip a bung	Cut a purse
Pad	Road
Padder	Outlaw
Paled	Fenced
Pannam	Bread
Patrico	Hedge wizard
Peck, peckage	Food
Pint	Halfling
Prancer	Horse
Prattling-cheat	Tongue
Prig	Ride
Prigger of prancers	Horse thief
Quar	Paltry, bad
Quar-bird	Jail-bird
Quar-book	Prison register
Quar-cuffin	Justice of the Peace
Quar-ken	Prison
Quarrooms	Body, back, arms
Ruffler	Able-bodied rogue claiming to be an ex-soldier
Ruffmans	Hedges
Ruff-peck	Bacon
Sacking, sacking law	Prostitution
Santar	Outside accomplice of one who robs shops
Scruff	Scraps of food
Setter	First of a group of thieves to strike acquaintance with a prospective victim
Shave	To steal cloaks, swords, and similar smallish articles
Shrap	Wine
Simpler	Victim of swindle or blackmail associated with prostitution
Slates	Sheets
Smelling-cheat	Garden
Snap	Share
Snauckers	Smugglers
Stall	Decoy
Stalled to the rogue	Formally initiated as a beggar
Stamping-cheats	Shoes

Thieves are now used in a wide range of tasks, from simple burglary picking pockets to more elaborate scams and con jobs. Career thieves are never used on jobs requiring muscle. They may be used, however, as low-skill 'spies' in order to obtain information for extortion purposes. Beggars are employed in a like manner and may also provide the wary thief with a lookout. More violent assignments are given to footpads, thugs, and protagonists. Some of these individuals are also involved in honest work for the gang, like Bruno Fleischer of Fleischer's Slaughterhouse, whose skill with a cleaver is legendary.

Under Gouda's direction, the Altquartier gang has expanded its operation into smuggling, drug dealing, prostitution and gambling. Smuggling centers around the transportation of illicit drugs into Middenheim, many of which are in high demand by young members of the nobility. These and other contraband make their way to fences in the district. The illegal substances then journey to dealers like Werner Wutend, proprietor of the Last Drop. Besides selling to 'selected' customers, Werner runs one of the many drug dens located throughout the Altquartier.

Brothels and gambling halls cater to different clientele. Many of these patrons can only be found with the help of bawds or other such connections. A cut of their fees also fills Gouda's coffers, as does a percentage of the takings from the brothels and gambling halls. Recently, Gouda embarked on a new enterprise where he established a connecting playhouse to a nearby brothel and gambling hall. Located on Ost Weg, the 'Strutting Rooster' is very popular with the well-to-do residents of the Freiburg, Neumarkt, and Osttor districts. Admission to the playhouse and gambling hall is only 10 shillings a person. Entrance to the brothel is free, although the services are not. Gouda's organization skims some of the profits from admissions, as well as a percentage of the tips left by a grateful audience to the entertainers in the playhouse and gambling halls. Entertainers who appear at the 'Strutting Rooster' range from actors to musicians to circus performers.

Another source of income comes from coin clippers and forgers. These individuals have agreed to provide Gouda's percentage of their take in return for protection from other gangs. The most gifted are likely to receive commissions from the organization's hierarchy. A number of scribes are employed to keep Gouda's books straight (although some of these may be less precise than those personally kept by Gouda). Even lawyers are employed, in order to slow Middenheim's legal system to a halt whenever they get close to interfering with the Altquartier gang's activities.

Gouda's organization of the Altquartier gang was so thorough and his control so complete that the Watch began to avoid the district whenever possible. When a patrol does venture into Gouda's turf, it usually has the advantages of large numbers and daylight. The fear of the district is so extensive that Gouda doesn't need to 'purchase' Watchmen. He does, however, compromise an occasional sergeant so as to keep himself informed of any Watch activity that may affect his operation.

Covert Operations

No self-respecting crime organization would be complete without some discrete way of handling delicate situations. Beyond the day-to-day running of the business (and it is a business) of most crime organizations, there are circumstances that call for more unique talents. This is where the assassin or spy steps in. Both play an important role in the world of organized crime, although such skilled individuals are few and far between. As well as working for their organization, they are sometimes hired out to interested parties who need access to such special

talents. Indeed, where would various governments and royalty be without such masters of their art?

Use of Spies and Assassins

Crime organizations employ spies against rival organizations in normal, everyday operations. The tenser the relations between organizations, the more likely that such individuals will be used to probe rivals' defenses for weaknesses. However, all that these individuals really do is to pass along sensitive information they come across. Trained spies see such 'insiders' as debasing the profession

Real spies are trained in the subtle art of espionage, infiltration and information gathering. Most of their efforts are directed towards identifying a disgruntled member of the upper echelon likely to 'turn' or betray the Crime Lord. Spies are also utilized to keep tabs on Merchant houses (another natural rival to the organizations), the City Watch, City Garrisons, various Guilds, and selected Houses of the Nobility. Most spies are members of the crime organization who have demonstrated a talent for disguise, infiltration, and information gathering. Once identified, they usually learn the tools of the trade from experienced spies. A few may be 'independents' who the organization knows by reputation and occasionally contracts for a specific task.

In times of gang warfare, assassins are hired to eliminate rivals, assassins hired by rival gangs and any other perceived threats. These assassins are not usually members of the organization, but are free agents whose methods of operation are known to a number of Crime Lords and their lieutenants. Sometimes after an assassin hits a particular organization he may find himself in the employ of that 'victim' organization to return the 'favor' by hitting the organization that initially employed him.

Other organizations that may employ large numbers of spies (and the occasional assassin) include most of the powerful



guilds (such as Merchant Guilds) and the large Merchant Houses. These spies are generally used against one another for market information and other advantages. It is rare for the Merchant Houses or Guilds to employ spies against the crime organizations. Lesser guilds (Teamsters and Stevedores) hire muscle and thugs only from within their own ranks. Governments usually have their own group of loyal assassins.

Assassin Guilds

Assassins' guilds are rumored to exist in only the largest of Old World cities. Typically, these guilds are organized and headed by a Grandmaster, whose identity (and those of their lieutenants) are the closest of secrets. Few of the lowest rungs of assassins know the identity of their most immediate contact, much less that of those above.

The Grandmaster and lieutenants (usually from three to seven, depending upon the size of the city or town) form the Inner Circle of the Assassins' Guild, and make all Guild decisions. These range from which commissions are accepted to recruitment and training of new assassins. All communication between the Inner Circle and their assassins are handled by trusted 'blinds'. Blinds utilize certain hidden 'drops' where they leave instructions for an assassin to pick up at a specific time. With message in hand, the assassin meets the blind in the same fashion that a foot soldier from a criminal organization meets the blind contact. He receives the pertinent information about the victim and an advance for the hit. This same method of receiving communications also works in reverse for sending correspondence back to the Inner Circle.

The above subterfuge is indicative of the magnitude of paranoia in assassins' Guilds. The fact that few Grandmasters retire to quiet lives in the countryside plays no small part in feeding the prevalent anxiety. As a result, Inner Circle meetings tend to be rare, and held at irregular intervals. A Grandmaster is only secure in his position when business is booming, like during a Gang War. Should business be slow or declining, elements of the Inner Circle may decide that a drastic change in leadership is required. Alliances will continue to shift until one side feels strong enough to make its move. Sometimes, the Grandmaster initiates a pre-emptive strike to ensure his hold on power. Other times, a group of lieutenants strike to remove the Old Guard. Either way, the only certainty is that a lot of blood will spill before a winner comes out on top.

Assassins who are not members of a formal organization are known as 'free agents'. They are commonly found in the seedier (and deadlier) parts of the largest cities and towns in the Old World. Contacting these people for a job is a risky and uncertain proposition. Many times the client ends up as the victim instead. Generally, contact is made through the barkeeps whose run-down taverns and dives are so common in these vermin-infested parts of town.

Spies of the State

Most Old World nations and City States employ spies – in fact, a spy is more likely to work for a government than for a Crime Lord. Most of these spies are members of state-run covert organizations that vary in terms of scope and style from one state to the next.

One type of covert organization operates in a highly structured, centralized, and efficient manner. Examples of this type include the Marienburg Fog Walkers and the Imperial intelligence-gathering agency, the Graukappen. Another type of covert operations, like the Bretonnian 'Les Sans Face', are decentralized structures of independent chapters who are even distrustful of those within their ranks. In fact, Les Sans Face members spend more time spying on members of other chapters than they do on those who are bent on subversive activities in Bretonnia. A few covert organizations are a combination of the two types: highly centralized but still rife with distrust. The Estalian 'Los Piadosos' exemplify this variety of operation. An arm of the Inquisition (an extremist sect in the Verenan cult), their time is spent rooting out heretics and dissenters from the populace and from their own ranks.

The Graukappen

One example of a structured spy organization is the Altdorf-based Imperial Graukappen. Founded in 1990 I.C. by the Nuln Empress Magritta, the Graukappen is currently a separate and secret department within the Internal Ministry of the Imperial River Patrol. Its activities are directed by the Internal Minister, Count Siegfried von Walfen of Reikland, a cousin of Emperor Karl Franz I. Four Commodores serve as the Count's subordinates, and each is responsible for their respective segments: Recruitment, Training, Planning, and Deployment. The identities of the Commodores are kept in the strictest of confidence.

Stamps	Legs
Stew	Brothel
Stink-cheats	Rats
Stink hole	Sewer
Stink man	Sewer jack
Stow you!	Shut up!
Stump	Dwarf
Swadder, swigman	Pedlar
Tip	Give
Toyle	Merchant, trader
Traffic	Whore
Trining-cheats	Gallows
Turf	A gang's territory
Twig	Elf
Ungrunt	Slaver
Upright man	Self-styled king of the beggars
Vantage	General tendency of a die
Vaulting-ken	Brothel
Vernice	Rat catchers
Verser	Cony-catcher who begins game
Walking moit	Unmarried female rogue, often pretending to be soldier's wife or widow
Warp	Curber's look-out man
Whid	Word; to speak
Whid-cheat	Agitator
Whipjack	Rogue pretending to have suffered losses at sea
Whisk-cheats	Cats
Wild co	Male born into rogues

Assassins' Fees

The fees for an assassination are varied, but the following will provide a guide. The cost of an assassin's services is based upon four things: (1) the experience of the assassin; (2) the social standing of the target; (3) the abilities of the target itself (i.e., is the target another assassin? A Judicial Champion? Perhaps a skilled fighter?); and (4) whether the assassin controls the manner and timing of the hit.

The table on the right should assist the GM in determining the appropriate fee for a hit.

GM's Note: The table may not capture all the conditions you feel pertinent to the hit. Free feel to add other modifiers to the above list. Additionally, assassins don't take kindly to would-be clients haggling over the price. It gives them a feeling that the client may not be able to keep to the agreement and, possibly, even set-up the assassin for a fall.

As an example, a wealthy merchant, Ehrlich Weisswasser, recently learned that his young wife has been seeing the third son of a minor Ostlander noble. Bent on revenge, Herr Weisswasser uses his connections and contacts an experienced assassin to 'hit' his wife's lover. As they negotiate the contract, Herr Weisswasser tells the assassin that he wants the hit to take place as the two lovers rendezvous at the Inn of the Gallant Knight within the week. The hit costs the merchant 265 GCs, which he agrees to pay half now and the other half after the job has been completed. Unfortunately, Herr Weisswasser neglects to tell the assassin that the young noble is a skilled Duellist. The hit didn't quite go as planned. The noble was killed, but not without a struggle. When they meet again, the assassin demands an additional 110 GCs. 50 for the skill of the target and 60 as a penalty. The merchant balks, but pays up to avoid upsetting the assassin any further.

Base Fee:	100 GC
Additional Fees:	
Experience of Assassin:	
Novice (less than 5 career kills):	0 GC
Experienced (5 to 10 career kills):	20 GC
Expert (11 to 20 career kills):	40 GC
Master (21+ career kills):	80 GC
Social Standing of Target:	
(as detailed in <i>Apocrypha Now</i> , page 21)	
Nobility:	100 GC
Professional/ Academic Class:	50 GC
Craftsman/ Tradesman Class:	25 GC
Laboring/ Criminal Class:	0 GC
Target is a well-known public figure:	30 GC
Abilities of Target:	
Advanced Fighting Skills:	50 GC
(Assassin, Duelist, Judicial Champion, etc.)	
Advanced Magic Using Skill:	100 GC
(Alchemists, Clerics, and Wizards)	
Manner and Timing of Hit:	
Assassin controls all aspects:	0 GC
Client sets deadline:	20 GC
Client sets location:	15 GC
Client sets method:	25 GC
Client wants witnesses to death:	40 GC
(not necessarily to ID the killer)	
Failure to disclose information on target:	60 GC

GLOSSARY OF GUILDER (COVERT) LANGUAGE

Code	Word/Phrase	Definition
Abort		Terminate a mission or assignment prematurely
Acquisition		Maintaining a target in one's sight
Blind		A contact by persons unseen
Bushwacker		Outlaw
Central		Headquarters
Chase		Following a mark or suspect
Cog		A spy's or assassin's liaison
Conduit		A go-between
Contagant		Cultist of Nurgle
Contaminated		Tainted by Chaos, mutant
Contract		A mission or assignment
Controller		Superior
Courier		Messenger, one who transports material from one destination to another
Cover		Fabricated story to conceal one's true intentions
Crow		Agitator, demagogue
Curled toe		Halfling
Dealing with darkness		Daemonology
Deep-purse		Highly successful merchant, the wealthy class
Depot		Base of operations
Deviant		Slaaneshi cultist
Dirty dealer		Fence, smuggler
Dossier		File on an individual
Drop		Place used to leave correspondence or material
Duster		Road warden
Extreme prejudice		Utmost discretion
Flat-foot		Watchman
Grunt		Soldier, mercenary, militiaman
Head-hunters		Bounty hunters
Hired swords		Mercenary captains, sergeants
Hit		Assassination
Hostiles		Extremists, followers of Solkan
Independent contract		Free-lancing spy or assassin
Laundering		Filtering money from illegal activities through legitimate businesses
Maniac		Cultist of Khaine
Mark		Target



Arguably, the most important of the four is the Commodore of Deployment. It is he who strategically decides which tasks requires the Graukappen's attention and how much resources to allocate. The Commodore of Planning is the next most influential. He has the responsibility to develop tactical plans to infiltrate target organizations, as well as exit schemes. The Commodores of Recruitment and Training are of equal importance. They oversee the process of searching for and selecting individuals with 'potential', and furthering their abilities through rigorous testing and training.

Beneath the Commodores are their Captains, who are accountable for a sector (an embassy, city, or any other area of interest). Commanders are the next level and are responsible for both the 'blind contacts' used to pass intelligence and the team of spies receiving such information. Should a spy go 'rogue' (work outside the parameters of the organization), the Commanders bear the obligation to end such activities by whatever means possible.

Special Services

As with crime organizations, assassins are a tool of Old World governments. In a few cases, they are a branch within the Intelligence agency, as is the case with the Los Píadosos. More commonly, they are an organization in a separate Ministry, and are described as 'Special Services'. Such organizations discreetly handle situations involving traitors, spies, demagogues, agitators, and any others designated as 'Enemies of the State'.

The Middenheim-based Schwarzmantel, serving the City-State, is an example of a Special Services organization. Originally founded in 2350 IC by Emperor Magnus the Pious' brother, Grand Duke Gunthar von Bildhofen of Middenland, its original purpose was to ferret out and discreetly dispose of hidden cultists and other enemies of the Empire. The Provincial Electors supported the arrangement, and the Grand Duke was adept at giving each Electors' request its due consideration. In 2360 I.C. it became apparent that Gunthar von Bildhofen was

positioning himself to succeed Magnus as Emperor. The Electors feared that the Schwarzmantel would give von Bildhofen an instrument to remove them should they oppose him in any way. So they convened a meeting where they requested Emperor Magnus' involvement to remedy this potentially explosive issue. Negotiations dragged out for months and occasionally became heated. The Imperial Edict of Sigmarzeit 2362 I.C. disbanded the Schwarzmantel.

In 2410 I.C., Gravin Solveig Todbringer of Middenheim grew increasingly concerned that Emperor Dieter IV did not appreciate the importance Middenheim played in the security of the northern Empire, what with the surrounding forests still providing hiding places for the fell creatures that had escaped destruction a century before. There were also signs that cult activity continued beyond the reach of his City Watch. With the Emperor's attention divided between his poorly planned campaign in the Border Princes and the growing difficulties with Marienburg, Gravin Solveig created the position of Privy Councillor and secretly resurrected the Schwarzmantel organization under that post.

The internal structure of the Schwarzmantel is more streamlined than that of the Graukappen. Six Commissars report directly to the Privy Councillor, currently Baron Heinrich Todbringer, illegitimate son of Graf Boris Todbringer of Middenheim. Each Commissar is responsible for all aspects of security (including discipline of wayward agents) in their assigned sector. Four of these sectors are centered on the Imperial City-States of Altdorf, Middenheim, Nuln, and Talabheim. The other two Commissars are based in Bechafen in the Ostermark and Averheim in Averland.

Commissars are also accountable for deeds of their subordinate Special Agents. These individuals are superbly trained to infiltrate any organization that has been tagged as an 'Enemy of the State' and discreetly eliminate the leaders. Without exception, Schwarzmantel agents stuff a black cloth into their victim's mouth signifying the organization's presence. A secondary benefit that derives from this 'calling card' is the resulting terror that comes from those who realize that they have been targeted by the dreaded Schwarzmantel.

Five other specialists report to the Privy Councillor. Foremost of these is the 'Master Interrogator', who is an expert at eliciting information from the 'guests' to his workshop deep in the Fauschlag. The workshop contains every conceivable device of interrogation. Such 'guests' are kept in any of the thirty cells located nearby for the duration of their 'visit'.

The Taskmaster is another professional whose role is to arrange and monitor the testing, induction, and training of new recruits. He usually performs these tasks in conjunction with the Commissars and their agents. Should any trainee fail to pass the induction or training, then it falls to the Taskmaster to ensure that they will not be able to incriminate the organization at some later date.

The 'Master of Ordnance' has his own group of skilled artisans (chemists, pharmacists, engineers) who equip agents with the devices (drugs, poison rings, and the like) required for a given mission. These artisans are found in each location.

Another important individual is the 'Master Repositor'. Every bit of information collected on foreign embassy employees, 'Enemies of the State', and 'Individuals worth Watching' are funneled to the Master Repositor's office in Middenheim. The information is then sorted and categorized by a dedicated team of scribes into individual files. These files are condensed into dossiers and distributed to the appropriate Commissar.

The last of the Privy Councillor's experts is the 'Master Steward'. His responsibility is to arrange for any outside expertise that a specific assignment may require. For example, the Master Steward may negotiate a contract with the Temple of Morr to use cult Witch Hunters in dealing with a suspected Necromancer.

Like any other covert organization, anyone employed in the Schwarzmantel is required to maintain a code of silence on any operation and their role within the organization. Failure to observe this silence is considered a treasonable offense with

death as the only acceptable punishment. Schwarzmantel agents who go 'rogue' can count on their former compatriots hunting them down like the treacherous dogs they've become.

Becoming a Spy or an Assassin

It's fairly arduous for PCs to find an individual spy or assassin for hire. Any attempt by a PC to find one who will train them should be even more difficult. These people are loners, and are suspicious by nature. They are very unlikely to take on an apprentice. It would take a lot of convincing (and cash) to even get the spy or assassin to sit long enough to listen to the PC's proposal. GMs should give a PC a rather low chance (10% or so) to even contact a spy or assassin. Once the PC meets his prospective teacher, there should be a base -30 modifier to any Fel test (and, if you're feeling generous, a 5% bonus for every 100 GCs offered as tuition fees) as the negotiations begin. Depending how the PC behaves, GMs should include any appropriate modifier to succeeding Fel tests. Once a Fel test is failed, the PC loses his deposit and the spy or assassin leaves without a further word (except to warn a PC who threatens or pursues them). Should the PC fail the Fel test by more than 30, the spy or assassin is so offended (perhaps believing that they are about to be entrapped by the PC and any hidden associate) that the PC becomes a marked man in their eyes. In such cases, the assassin will play along with the PC to lull them into a false sense of security, and then butcher them at the first opportunity.

On the rare occasion that a PC succeeds in convincing a spy or assassin to train them, they will quickly learn that their adventuring lifestyle is at an end for the duration of the training. Their mentor won't trust them to be out of his sight. In addition, the PC will be exposed to life-threatening situations. At first, they may have to serve as lookouts for their instructor. Later, they may take a more active role, reconnoitering sites where their mentor will be working. From here, the PC in training assumes a more active role of working with their tutor. All the while, the PC is learning all the tricks of the trade. Finally, the PC will be assigned a solo mission, the details and conditions of which are established by their trainer. This is their final test. Failure (like being caught) means that their mentor abandons them to their fate. Success allows the PC to enter the career for which they've trained. Of course, their mentor will be very likely to insist that the newly trained PC move to another city so as not to compete for business. Should the PC refuse, then the former mentor may decide to eliminate the new competition.

The PCs have a better chance of achieving the career of their choice with one of the covert organizations. Unfortunately, finding a spy or assassin from an organization like the Graukappen is at least as difficult as finding a free agent (see above). The big difference is that covert and crime organizations are always looking for talented individuals to join their ranks.

The likelihood of such recruitment occurring is not as low as might be assumed. For one thing, adventurers tend to become more 'talented' in a relatively short amount of time due to rapid career advances. This kind of overnight improvement attracts attention in cities and large towns where any 'up-and-comer' is noticed by influential people. The chance of a PC being approached by agents of covert organizations depends upon the PC's activities, skills, and contacts (such as those who have hired the adventurer for certain 'discreet' tasks).

Once a character has joined an organisation they are a member for life. They are expected to show loyalty and obedience, even if they are able to continue adventuring.

Covert Language

As confusing as Thieves' Tongue can get, the Guilder Language used by spies and assassins is far more heavily coded. Surprisingly, this covert 'language' is more universal and doesn't have any regional 'dialect'. This widespread use of the Guilder (Covert) language is directly related to the larger range within which the spy or assassin works. Many of the individuals in these careers have knowledge of Thieves' Tongue and use that 'language' as well.

The examples on these two pages contains some of the more frequently used words. GMs are encouraged to add to the list.

In order to be conversant in the above Secret Language-Guilders (Covert), characters in the Spy or Assassin advance career who are trained by professionals (which excludes assassins trained by the cult of Khaine) must expend the normal 100 experience points to learn the skill.

CAMPAIGNS

The cities and large towns of the Old World are places full of adventure and intrigue. Many city adventures barely touch upon the possibilities that these locations can offer.

The use of criminals, spies and assassins can add a lot to these types of adventures. Unknown shadowy figures following the PCs can create a nice touch of tension in a rather uneventful stroll around town. Another device that can enliven the atmosphere of a city adventure is to have hidden assassins lying in wait for PCs who are getting too close to certain secrets. Interfering with covert or crime organization creates another artifice with which creative GMs could compel a party of adventurers to undertake some unsavory mission.

The use of an organization in which such individuals operate adds an extra dimension to their activities. The organization itself then becomes part of the game world and a potential ally or enemy. Criminal groups will be common, but the use of assassins and spies should be rare, although any of these can easily become the focus for campaign scenarios. Intrigue in a story-line is a particularly effective way of neutralizing the combat abilities of powerful adventurers. It forces PCs to think through a problem and interact with others in a manner that is wholly different from the way in which they would deal with an Orc problem in an isolated village. It will also keep adventurers guessing as to who their enemies are, and from what quarter danger will appear.

Adventure Hooks

Many elements of this article can be used to invent convoluted plots that can perplex even the mightiest of adventurers. What follows are two ideas that daring GMs can easily expand to challenge their players' role-playing skills.

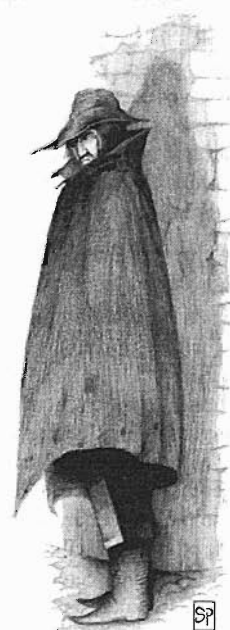
Bodyguards

In an Imperial city, a well-to-do merchant hires the PCs to escort his wife and daughter to Marienburg where he has arranged for the young woman's admission to Count Hendryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks. The PCs are given 100 GCs each to see his wife and daughter safely to a Mijtheer Smit in the Ostrmuur district. He neglects to tell the adventurers that his 'wife' and 'daughter' are really those of an associate who ran afoul of the local Crime Lord. His colleague was captured before he could flee the city. As bookkeepers for the local Crime Lord, both men embezzled funds to pay off gambling debts (and pay the adventurers). The merchant must now flee, but he would like both women (who also happen to be his mistresses, although neither of the pair realizes this) to reach safety. The PCs and the women leave in one direction while the merchant leaves in the opposite. As they depart, all parties are spotted by a team of two assassins sent to kill the merchant and women. The assassins will kill the merchant first, but must hustle to kill the women and their escorts before they get to Marienburg. After all, failure to fulfill their contractual obligation could place the assassins in danger with the mob...

Ransom

The young son of an old family friend has been kidnapped and a ransom must be paid. Unfortunately, the ransom is not money, but a mission that needs to be undertaken. Little do the PCs realize that the middle-aged woman (the old family friend) is actually a lieutenant in the local Assassins' guild. She had been contracted by a young noble to eliminate his father so he can inherit the family fortune. The PC's friend failed to off the old man - she realized that they were lovers in the distant past. The young man, angered at her failure, refused to accept his money back. Instead, he arranged to have her son kidnapped to force her to complete her assignment. Meanwhile, rivals at the Assassins' Guild would like to see the woman disgraced and would stop at nothing to prevent the rescue of her son.

Mole	Infiltrator, may be someone from a rival organization or a cultist
Muscle	Bodyguard, protagonist, thug
Novice	Someone whose bumbling places undue risk on an assignment
Operative	Agent
Ops	A mission or assignment
Parasite	Drug dealer, slaver
Prancer	Elf
Rat	Informant
Ravager	Khornate cultist
Rockier	Dwarf
Sanctioned	Official
Sanctuary	Safehouse
Schemer	Tzcentchian cultist
Security leak	A person demonstrating a lack of discretion, usually within one's organization
Shepherd	Priest
Snitch	Informant
Spit and polish	Free-lancer, templar
Stalker	Witch-hunter
Sterile	Clean
Tailing	Shadowing a person
Tempest	Nobility
Truck with death	Necromancy
Turned	Once an agent with one organization, now with the other side
Undesirable	Criminal element, usually refers to a thief, burglar, or racketeer
Vermin	Cultist of the Horned Rat
Weaver	Wizard



A Rustic Soap Opera

A Cameo by Jacob Busby

This isn't so much an adventure as a chance to show the players that there is a real world out there, and that sometimes things happen in it that they have no part in.

The PCs are travelling along a stretch of road between two towns. The road has wound its way gently through several villages and hamlets. The sun is out, the sky is blue, the weather is fine, and swallows are dancing upon the breeze. In short, it's a nice day. As they travel, the PCs pass several fields with ripening crops. Harvest has started already, but the bulk of the work will be come in two or three weeks.

As the characters pass a field of beans, a bird flies out and away. Characters with *Excellent Vision* notice this bird has something silver in its beak. Other PCs may spot this on a successful *Observe* test. Rangers, Druids, or any other characters that the GM deems appropriate, can recognise the bird as a Magpie on a successful *Int* test.

Watch the birdie

The players may be tempted to follow the magpie. If they do they should find its nest in an ash tree about one hundred yards down the lane. The nest is high in the branches, and a *Dex* roll (or *Scale Sheer Surface*) will be required to climb up to the nest.

The magpie's nest contains a silver locket, 3 copper pennies, 1 shilling, several shiny stones and a few scraps of paper. The bird will flee from the PC. The GM may also use the nest as an opportunity to put other clues connected to his or her campaign. The locket contains a picture of a man and a woman, beneath which is engraved, "Esmerelda and Wilhelm: Taal bless thy marriage." A successful *Evaluate* test will place its worth at 25 shillings.

In the bean lines

There are five lines of runner beans running the length of the field. Because these block the breeze, the temperature within the bean lines is noticeably hotter than outside. Any PC who thinks to check can spot that the first three lines have been picked, whilst the last has not. PCs will not find anything of interest in these first three lines.

Clever PCs will check out line 4. Like all of the bean lines, there is a path of dried mud through which tendrils of dried grass poke. The path itself rises up about a foot above the stems of the grass, thus creating a cambor effect so that any rain slips down and nourishes the beans. The beanstalks themselves are about six to eight feet tall and are thick with leaves. In several places the leaves overhang the central path, obscuring the PCs' vision. About two-thirds of the line has been picked, at which point the PCs will spot a bucket on the ground. The bucket is almost full and its handle is grubby. Whilst examining the bucket PCs will notice a body which lies at the foot of the beanstalks, hidden in the rut by the overhanging leaves.

The body

The body is that of Wilhelm Kranz, the owner of the field. He is dead. There is a large cut on his temple. PCs searching the body will find no money, although those that examine his legs should notice two small marks in his ankle. If the PCs have recovered the locket from the magpie's nest then they will recognise Wilhelm as the man in the locket.

Players examining the ground nearby should be able to find the spot where Wilhelm fell and cracked his head. A stone juts out of the ground and there is plenty of fresh blood on it. PCs searching the nearby bushes will also find the adder that bit him. Like any mother, its primary concern is for its eggs and it will defend these to the death. The adder strikes with surprise unless the searching PC passes an *I* test or has *Lightning Reflexes*.

Due to its small stature, all the Viper's attacks will be to the legs. The adder is poisonous, but its bite is not much worse than a bad bee sting.

(For the viper's profile, see *WFRP*, pg. 245) Any character bitten by the adder should make a *Poison* test or lose 5 points from *WS*, *BS*, *I* and *Dex* for half a day. Do not tell any bitten PCs about these modifications – instead, just tell them that their ankle has swollen up and let them sweat it out.

What happened?

Wilhelm was picking the beans from the field when he disturbed the viper's nest. The viper, which had recently given birth, defended her young by biting Wilhelm in the ankle. Unfortunately Wilhelm was strongly allergic to the snake's venom and collapsed moments later, fatally cracking his head open on a nearby stone. Due to the curvature of the bean lines his body rolled into the stalks, and hence could not be seen from a distance. While the PCs were arriving on the outskirts of the village the magpie took a fancy to Wilhelm's silver locket and stole it.

The farmer's wife

Shortly after the PCs have found Wilhelm, they will hear a woman calling out for him. This is Esmerelda, Wilhelm's wife. How (if!) the PCs tell her of her husband's death should be worth a few EPs. Esmerelda is naturally distraught at the loss of her husband and will need to be calmed down by the PCs.

What happens next?

This is really up to the PCs and the individual GM. Esmerelda may need comforting, and could also use help running the farm for a few days until her son arrives from Tolbart, a small village about two days' walk away. Someone (the PCs perhaps) may be required to visit him and tell him the bad news. An initiate of Morr might be required to say prayers over Wilhelm's body. The goal here is to involve the PCs in village life. Good roleplaying will lead to the PCs making friends amongst the villagers, which the GM can use to drop hints, clues and rumours every time they pass this way. Bad roleplaying can leave ill-feeling amongst the villagers, and stories of adventurers who care more for money than for people may well come back to haunt the group.

Using this encounter

The point of this encounter is to demonstrate that real life continues all around the PCs, and that sometimes there is nothing they can do about it. There are no evil wizards, ravening Skaven or Warriors of Chaos. (But the PC's don't know this...) This should remind them that they are just one part in a much bigger picture, and should help to put their unusual exploits into context. If the PCs run into mysterious warriors or goblin bandits every week, you run the risk of straining the credibility of your campaign. Similarly, if magic and Chaos are so commonplace that they become mundane, you know that something's wrong. By making magic and Chaos scarce you maintain mystery.

The same goes for locations and adventures. Not every old mine should contain trolls guarding chests of gold, sometimes the stories villagers tell should be just that - stories. Or turn it around - next time your PCs barely escape with their lives from the Orc Warlord's lair and come back with a dozen mercenaries in tow, let them find the base deserted... there's no reason why the Orcs should hang around until the PC's bring the cavalry.

In this encounter PCs may suspect cultists, murderers, sorcery or any one of half a dozen reasons as to the farmer's death – it's perfectly easy for them to overlook the simple, rational and correct answer. Encounters such as this should be thrown in now and then to keep the PCs upon their toes. Remind them that there is a real world out there once in a while, and it'll make your fantasy world all the more believable.

EXCOMMUNICATE!

Thoughts on Excommunication by Toby Pilling



"Then he leaves us with no option?"

His Holiness the Grand Theogonist leaned back in his chair to keenly assess the reaction his question provoked amongst the assembled Arch Lectors seated before him. After a short, strained silence, Arch Lector Kaslain spoke up.

"The man is still unrepentant. He committed a cardinal sin. He leaves us with but one course to employ." Again, an uncomfortable hush descended until Arch Lector Aglim cleared his throat nervously and spoke up.

"The Emperor will not be happy," he ventured.

"Then he should keep a tighter reign on his nobles!" stormed Yorri, losing patience at last. "I shall immediately draft a letter to His Imperial Highness, explaining the action we were forced to take with regard to one of his Grand Dukes. First, though, I suggest we complete the ceremony itself, together." He cast a fierce glance around the table, challenging dissenters. None met his eye.

"Excommunication it is," he intoned solemnly.

Introduction

Excommunication was the ultimate sanction of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and Renaissance. Though many people have heard of the word, far fewer have any more than rudimentary knowledge of the reasons for and implications of excommunication. For players of WFRP, this article will attempt to explain a little more about it, how it can fit in to the Warhammer religious context (and the difficulties in doing so), and will suggest a few scenario ideas related to excommunication.

Catholicism vs. the Warhammer Pantheon

In renaissance Europe, Catholicism was *the* religion. It believed in a single god, and it became perhaps the

most intellectual and theorised religion in history. Even the most obtuse and minor theological points were debated fiercely and endlessly. The concepts of sin and penance were fundamental.

In WFRP we have a pantheon of gods, each of whom the populace acknowledges, even if they only adhere to the strictures of one of them. People are free to, and often do, revere more than one god when the need takes them. So, for example, a farmer may make a prayer and sacrifice to Taal on one day in hope of a good harvest, while the next he does similarly to Shallya in the hope that his sick daughter will recover. The Warhammer pantheon is best imagined in similar terms to the ancient Greek one of Zeus, Aphrodite, etc.

This immediately sets us problems. The concept of an unbeliever, infidel, pagan, heretic and indeed an excommunicate, though abhorrent in the Catholic world, seemingly loses much of their relevance in a pantheistic society. I could write a dissertation on this subject (but thankfully will not!). Let me instead outline the effects and implications of excommunication in the Catholic society, before going on to how it can be adapted for the WFRP culture.

Excommunication in the Catholic Church

Let's start with a definition. Excommunication means 'exclusion from the community of the faithful'. This means that an excommunicate was deprived of all the

rights of the church whilst still remaining bound by the duties of membership. It was not designed as a punishment – more as an inducement for the sinner to repent and return to the church.

As the ultimate sanction, it was only used in the most extreme cases. In order for someone to be excommunicated, they must have been baptised into the church, be guilty of a grave sin against it and be utterly unrepentant. Without the above conditions, there should be no excommunication. Of course a case for excommunication could also be trumped up for some ulterior motive – such is human nature.

Excommunication removed all church rights. These included access to the sacraments, indulgences, church burial, ecclesiastical jurisdiction and administration of church property. What this meant is that an excommunicate could have nothing to do with the church. They could not claim the right to be judged by canon courts, nor could they administer church property or hold any church office.

In addition (and most interestingly), *all oaths*, including those of fealty, were absolved. This lasted only for as long as the person remained excommunicate, and they were reinstated when the sinner had made their repentance and been welcomed back in the fold. These individuals also enjoyed fewer rights in civil courts. They could not appear as judges, witnesses, prosecutors or defenders. This was because oaths were required for all of these and an excommunicate could not make an oath. Only as a plaintiff or defendant could an excommunicate appear in a civil court

Any contracts with an excommunicate were automatically null and void and no new contracts could be made.

While excommunication primarily excluded the sinner from the church, it also had the effect of excluding them from society at large. Individuals associating with a known excommunicate were considered to be 'contaminated' by that sinner and automatically excommunicated themselves as a result. This excommunication was *not* absolved by the repentance of the original sinner. They needed to repent and receive forgiveness themselves.

Any lieges, vassals, soldiers or other employees of an excommunicate were subject to contamination if they continued to associate with the excommunicate. Luckily though, dependants of an excommunicate were not subject to contamination, although they could still suffer the natural negative social consequences of such close association.

Several crimes could lead to excommunication. Some, like heresy, violence against clerics or monks and destroying or stealing church property resulted in an automatic excommunication. No action was required of a church representative except to publicly name the offender. Other crimes against Canon Law could eventually lead to excommunication, but only as the last resort against an unrepentant sinner.

One point to remember is that, as an ecclesiastical punishment, excommunication could not be imposed for violations of civil law. The Church's view was that although crimes such as rape, murder and treason were heinous, their resolution was better served in a civil court.

Only senior church members could pass an excommunication. Your average priest, therefore, could not excommunicate one of their flock, though they could petition their Bishop to do so. Bishops, Archbishops and His Holiness the Pope could excommunicate anyone within their respective areas (Bishops could excommunicate within their diocese,

Archbishops within their See, and the Pope could excommunicate any believer). An excommunicate could only have their burden lifted by the church member who originally passed it or by their direct superiors. Appeals against an excommunication could be made to an Archbishop or directly to the Holy See, but it remained in effect until lifted.

An excommunicate who died could have their church status redeemed by the actions of their family, who had to complete whatever penance had been given to the sinner. Once this had been done, the person was free to receive a church burial.

Excommunication in WFRP

The one and only specific instance of excommunication I could find in WFRP literature was the unofficial reference in *Warpstone* issue 3 (Knights of the Fiery Heart) when the Grand Theoginist of the Sigmar Cult excommunicated Helrick Friskin after the battle of Ochen Mounds.

There are several factors to consider when attempting to bring the concept of excommunication into your WFRP campaign. Do you want each individual religion to be able to use excommunication as a tool? Or do you just let the large, highly intellectualised and political religions use it, such as the Sigmarites, who have clearly defined dogma, or possibly the Ulrician faith? Also, once an individual has been excommunicated by one faith, what is their status amongst all the others? Could Helrick, having been excommunicated by the Grand Theogonist, simply turn up at a Temple of Ulric and enro? What if Helrick hadn't officially belonged to any one religion, or to none – who has the authority to excommunicate him? Lastly, can a follower of one god be excommunicated by his church for crimes against another (e.g. a Sigmarite defiling a shrine of Taal)?

To keep excommunication viable and realistic, I would advocate the following: Have two levels of excommunication, much like the Catholic church actually used.

A *minor* excommunication would be a device any organised church could use against one of its own followers. It would simply stop the miscreant having anything to do with that cult, removing their church rights. Their soul would still be in danger – very worrying if they are otherwise devout, or even worse a churchman – but they wouldn't suffer the full range of sanctions listed above, or even be able to contaminate anyone.

Of course there would still be a social effect, probably manifesting itself in game terms as a modifier to Fellowship tests. The extent of this would depend on who they were speaking with. Amongst clergy of that faith, it might be as severe as -30; amongst the disinterested mass of humanity, it might have little or no effect. Amongst those antagonistic to the faith, it might actually give a modest bonus (perhaps +10). However, they wouldn't be treated as outcasts.

Major excommunications are the real thing, but are only available to a few large, theologically obsessive faiths as punishment. They can do so against any believer (although preferably against someone who has expressed allegiance to their cult) for crimes against any friendly faith. The effects of a major excommunication should be recognised, officially at least, by *all* legal Faiths. In addition, society would shun the individual for fear of contamination: access to Shallyan healing, Verenan justice or the burial rites of Mórr are of great

importance in the Old World, where depravation, injustice and the fear of Necromancers are all rife. Word will be spread quickly throughout the area, and perhaps to other strongholds of the faith as well – after all, this is a wonderful opportunity for gossip! Even the simplest of tasks will become arduous, requiring a Fel test (and perhaps even bribery) to persuade people to cooperate, usually with penalties ranging from -10 to -30. Interaction with clerics of the major faiths will become impossible, except as part of formal proceedings to lift the excommunication.

These penalties will be modified by the offender's social class, relative to the person they are interacting with. An individual peasant, for example, may find it difficult to refuse direct requests or orders from his own excommunicated Baron, though he may be surly and uncooperative. Collectively, though, a group of those same peasants may silently down tools or weapons in protest. Someone nearer the Baron's social level will have less hesitancy in distancing themselves – cold informality is the best that can be expected. Certainly his invitations to dinner parties will dry up. His superiors may even hold him in pious contempt.

This two-tier system simplifies the worst of the legal wrangles that would abound otherwise, and keeps excommunicates as the shunned outcasts they are supposed to be. Problems will still exist I'm sure, though in some ways these will only serve to make excommunication an even more interesting tool and plot device.

To take an example: Duke Karlsson, a devout Sigmarite, defiles a shrine dedicated to Taal for some reason best known to himself. The cult of Taal is not theologically obtuse enough to use excommunication as a punishment itself, but is still keen to exact retribution. A collection of its priests are motivated enough to petition the temples of Manann and Ulric, their historical allies, to exact a toll.

Ar-Ulric piously but gleefully demands that the Grand Theogonist bring his errant sheep back into the fold. The Duke should accept culpability (he claims) and make a pilgrimage back to the shrine he defiled, on his knees in sack cloth and ashes, with a generous donation to the cult of Taal in hand.

His Holiness the Theogonist is in a quandary. His Arch Lectors are split on the matter. Naturally he prevaricates and asks for more evidence, whilst putting pressure on the Duke to come to an acceptable accommodation with the Taal faction in the meantime. Unfortunately the Duke is in an adamantly unrepentant mood.

Ar-Ulric begins threatening to carry out the excommunication himself, even though the Duke is not one of his flock. If that happens, the Duke will be an excommunicate, even though there are many in the Sigmarite church at Lector level and above who would be sympathetic to his cause. There would be nothing more embarrassing than a Sigmarite being excommunicated by the High Priest of Ulric...

Wars have been fought over less!

See what I mean? No simple answers, no clear-cut solutions. But it's all the more fun as a result.

It really is up to the individual GM as to how they incorporate excommunication into their campaigns, if at all. The ideas presented above have loopholes, but these just provide chances to exploit them, which provides a rich source of material for

politics, endless legal debates and adventures. I have to say that I feel it adds more to the game in terms of church politics and punishment than it takes away in terms of time spent struggling with complicating entanglements.

Adventure Ideas

Remember that excommunication is not a simple punishment. It can be used as a devious, political tool. The fact that only clerics of Lector or above (in Sigmarite terms) can issue an excommunication also means that it tends to be used against the movers and shakers in society, as opposed to Johnny peasant. Indeed, it is highly likely that your PCs will never become important enough for anyone to bother excommunicating them directly. Not the least reason for this is, who would ever know if a two-bit adventurer that wandered into the village was an excommunicate or not? You can only be shunned as an outcast if you're famous enough for everybody to recognise you!

If your players ever were unlucky or stupid enough to fall foul of excommunication, though, it should present a considerable challenge to their role playing abilities. The more religious the character, the more their outcast status will weigh heavily on them. Let's face it, eternal damnation isn't a first choice for anyone.

Here follows four ways in which characters can become involved in adventures involving excommunication, suggesting a specific scenario idea for each.

The Prosecution Rests...

Some powerful NPC (or the players?) wants to get another powerful NPC excommunicated, for good or bad reasons. The PCs are hired to procure or indeed fabricate evidence that can then be submitted to the appropriate authorities for action to be taken. The PCs may even be ignorant as to the eventual purpose of their mission.

"The Enemy of Karldorf"

Baron Holger von Karldorf is keen to begin his rise to power. His first victim is to be another local Baron, Theodore von Krankowitz, a long time rival. He can't attack him, though, without offending his liege lord, the Grand Prince of Ostland, to whom both Barons owe fealty. To do so would actually be an act of treason. Therefore, he conspires to hire the PCs to commit a sacrilegious act whilst disguised and

dressed in the livery of his enemy – perhaps molest a few Shallyan nuns, or something equally sordid. Once von Krankowitz is excommunicated, his oath of fealty to the Grand Prince, and the protection it guarantees, will be temporarily annulled. Karldorf will then be granted a free hand to attack, with the force of the law behind him.

But, Your Honour...!

This is the other side of the case described above. The PCs' patron is going to be excommunicated. Whether they've been set up or not, our heroes are engaged to clear their employer's illustrious name, by fair means or foul.

"Siegfried and Swoon"

Siegfried Hofbauer of the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company plans to kill two birds with one stone. Forged documents and bribed witnesses have been procured to implicate a high-up business rival for siphoning off cult funds from a Temple maintenance contract. A helpful donation to the local cult has ensured that the excommunicated victim's insisted penance is far more than the unfortunate merchant can afford. As his business contracts are now null and void, Siegfried plans to blackmail his beautiful daughter into marrying him under the threat of foreclosing and taking over his rival's business (which he intends to do anyway). Only the PCs can unravel the dastardly plot and save the maiden.

Forgive me Father for I have Sinned

It's time for the PCs to bite the bullet and take responsibility (for once) for some of their more foolish actions. They've been excommunicated, and it's time to pay the price...

"Too Fiery Heart"

The now powerful characters have killed the monster, saved the girl and captured the booty. Unfortunately on their way home they're accosted by some fanatical Sigmarite Templars who demand they hand over their loot as a donation to their Order, as they did not ask permission to go adventuring in this region, which belongs to the local monastery. Assuming obstinacy rules and tempers fray, a little fracas develops. (If you're feeling mean, the Templars can even strike first – after all, it'll be the word of holy Knights against that of low-life thieving itinerant adventurers...) Whether or not blood is spilt, taking up arms against a member of the clergy is a cardinal

sin, punishable by immediate excommunication, and it just so happens that this Order counts as clergy because they live as monks. Unless the characters want to live the rest of their lives as outcasts, they have to seek penance. In a meeting with Grandmaster Thornkov himself, they are told to carry out whatever immense and difficult quest your warped imagination as a GM can come up with – the only reward being the removal of their excommunication.

But that's not fair!

So the characters may not have directly caused enough mischief to get themselves excommunicated, but they've managed to be "contaminated" by someone who has...

"Err...He's not with us."

An encounter on the road is not going well for our heroes. Into the midst of battle rides their saviour – a ragged looking knight on plunging steed. Not only does he save their bacon, he gets badly injured in the process. Only getting him back to medical/magical care in civilisation will save him. Unfortunately, he was wrongly excommunicated by a corrupt Lector with a grudge. Now he, along with the PCs, will be shunned wherever they go. Do they leave him to his fate, or help him and risk excommunication themselves? Perhaps they'll help him prove his innocence, or achieve his penance, attracting a few powerful enemies on the way? Decisions, decisions...

Background noise

Of course, the Old World does not revolve around the PCs, so neither should excommunications. The next time the party ask around for rumours, let them know that the big news is the threat of excommunication hanging over the Emperor's head due to a disagreement with the Grand Theogonist over the taxation of monasteries! Such events did happen historically and can add flavour to the religious and political background of a campaign, too often dominated merely by the Sigmar vs Ulric confrontation.

Conclusion

In WFRP, politics and skulduggery too often take place only in the secular arena. Church politics, both between different religions and within the same one, are at least as interesting and convoluted. Adding in ideas such as excommunication provides a way of engaging the PCs in a social minefield, the extent of which they couldn't have dreamt of, even in their worst nightmares.

NEXT ISSUE

HUMAN MERCHANDISE

Slavery In The Known World

MADMAN OR PROPHET

Dreams And Omens

BY THE BOOK

Librarians, Libraries And Books

A COMPLETE SCENARIO

& ALL THE USUAL ARTICLES



SP

**OUT
NOVEMBER
1999!**

Fight to live
Live to Fight
Pit Fighter Saying

DOWN IN THE PIT

In the Pit, glory
In the Pit, valour
In the Pit, death
Pit Fighter Saying

Pit Fighters by John Foody

The Pit Fighter is one of the strongest starting careers in WFRP. It's one of only two basic careers to offer +20 Weapon Skill, gives an excellent range of combat skills and includes the chance to gain Very Resilient and Very Strong. However, the career seems to have little place in the life of the Empire, feeling as if it belongs to another era. This may be different for other parts of the Old World, however. The following article looks at the culture surrounding Pit Fighters and expands on their role within The Empire's society.

The gladiatorial combat that Pit Fighters take part in are usually held underground in cities and large towns. They are often held simply as a moneymaking venture, with considerable revenue coming from betting. More progressive cities have a very strict policy about such fights, coming down hard on those that take part in and organise them. However, across the Empire, it is invariably bouts held for the entertainment of the lower classes that are stopped, rather than the events held by the nobility. Middenheim and Talabheim both have public arenas, although bouts are only held here occasionally, and many of the public feel that they lack the thrills of illegal combats.

Many pit fights are held between individuals that do not call themselves Pit Fighters, and few have trained for such a competitive life. Once started on this path, though, the hardest and most brutal often do choose to make a career out of it. Many fights are held between prisoners – either prisoners of war, or those under life (or death) sentences. Some offer the promise of freedom for the victor. To arrange these takes influence, which is why so many fights take place for the benefit of people with power, and are between people who have little choice but to participate.

However, there is a professional breed who spend their life involved in combat for the sport and entertainment. These warriors can be split into two broad categories: freemen and slaves. These categories are generally of no concern to the spectators, but to the Pit Fighters themselves they are very important.

Slaves

Slave Pit Fighters are those forced to fight by their situation. They may be hoping to earn their freedom by serving a master well in the pit, or they may be forced to fight in this way. Other groups are also forced to fight from time to time, including prisoners of war, criminals or captured adventurers. The latter group tends to perform in a private capacity in front of carefully selected audiences, and combat is nearly always to the death. They are only pit fighters through circumstance and usually have few of the associated skills. Their only reward is survival, although occasionally one may prove skilled enough to join the other fighting slaves.

Slaves with promise receive training in combat

skills and travel the various pit fighting circuits, earning money and prestige for their owners. The fighter will be referred to as “von Kohel's fighter, Ivan”, or the like, denoting that they are owned. Often these slaves are bought to fight and selected for their physique at a young age. This has the added advantage that they don't learn too many bad habits. Since the famous gladiator rebellion in Remas over a thousand years ago, owners have been careful to offer freedom as the eventual reward. Whether this be after winning a certain amount of fights or money depends on the owner.

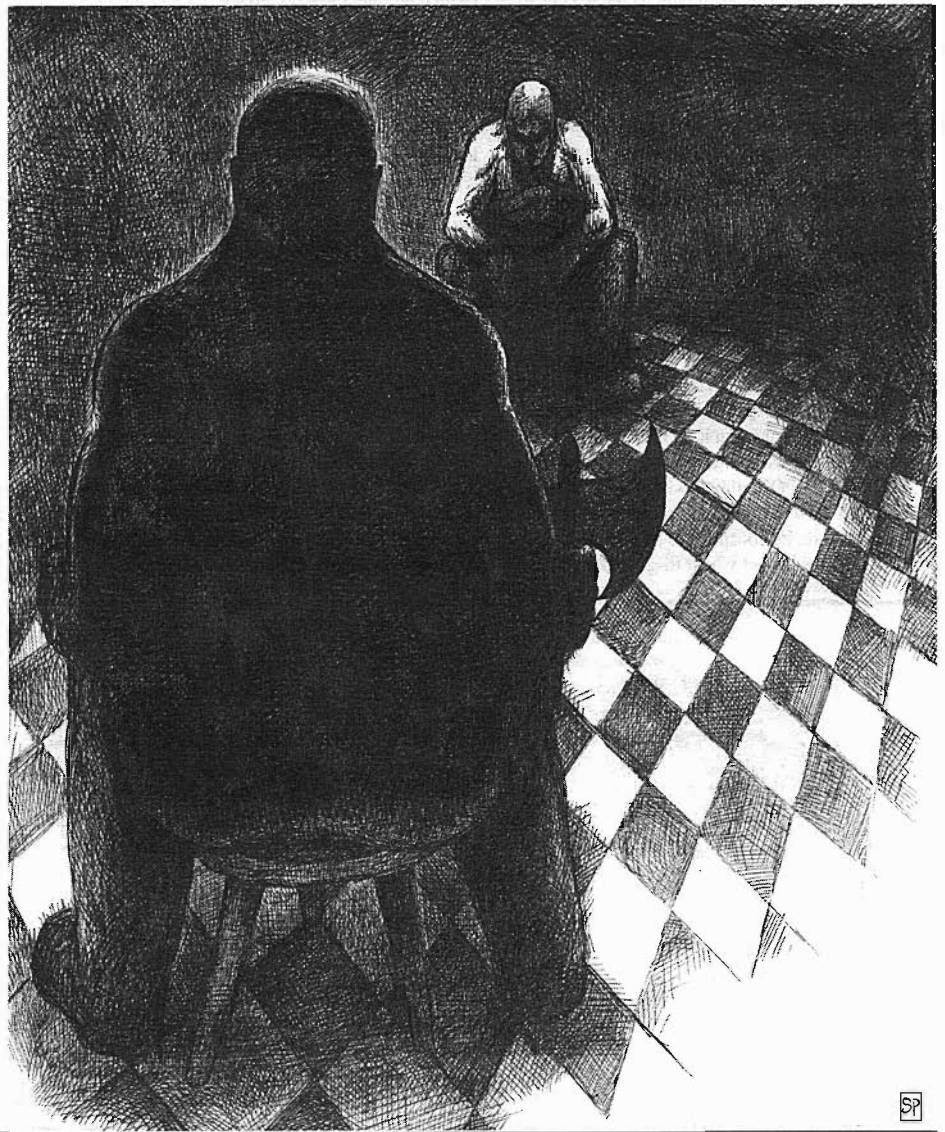
Slaves arrested in many cities, particularly within the Empire, will be considered freed by the authorities. However, their ex-owners may think differently. Sadly, by their very nature, slave fighters are treated as little more than property, and are thus disposed of when they no longer perform.

Some pit fighters will be indentured to the school where they were trained and must fight to

pay off this debt. The fighters receive none of their prize money until the full amount is paid off. Of course during this time, the slave will not be able to maintain himself. This means that his debts increase, fuelling an ever-turning circle.

For the Money

A growing number of warriors are taking to pit fighting to earn a living. Attracted by the potentially high rewards, not to mention a certain amount of fame, they feed the business's appetite for new flesh. These pit fighters usually take to the arena after following some other violent career where they will have learnt basic combat skills. Unemployed soldiers are often forced into the arena just to make ends meet. They fight on equal terms as slaves, but any winnings are handed to them. However, any freemen arrested for taking part in a fight will find themselves in jail if they cannot afford to pay a hefty fine. There is an active



movement among these men to ban the use of slaves in pit fighting (many argue that this is because the slaves are better). Tensions are running high. Arn Eienden, a veteran and manager, was recently found face down in the Reik. Many took the whip wrapped around his neck as a message.

Guilds or unions formed for or by Pit Fighters have never succeeded. There is too much opposition from groups with vested interests in maintaining the current status quo. Part of the reason for such a failure is because no religious Cult has ever looked after the fighters. Indeed, there is always great variety in the gods to whom pit fighters offer their prayers. In Tilea, Myrmidia is most popular; in the Empire, it is Ulric. Many fighters still offer their prayers to Morr. Some are also believed to call on Khome and Khaine's help.

The Fight

Pit Fighting is an ugly and brutal sport. Before the bout takes place, its nature must be decided. Firstly, the weapons to be used must be chosen. This is often the fighters' choice, but occasionally the organisers may specify some weapon or another. Secondly, armour is supplied. This is often only a shield and/or a mail shirt, or occasionally some arm protection. Often, apart from loincloths or trousers, the fighters are naked. After all, the spectators want their pound of flesh. Lastly, the nature of the contest is announced: to the death (obvious), to 'the gods' choice' (the most influential noble gets to make the 'thumbs up' or 'thumbs down' decision on the life of the losing fighter), or 'by judgement'. In the last of these, someone acting as a referee calls an end to the contest when one fighter has shown they are the better.

Due to the illicit nature of many contests, 'the pit' is often just a marked boundary on a floor. Where a real pit exists it will usually be about nine feet deep and at least fifteen feet in diameter. The sides will probably be made of thick wooden beams that can be easily replaced if damaged. Stadiums and arenas all have different layouts, and it is fair to say that there is no uniformity to fight locations. The two fighters are lowered in to the pit and then formally announced to the crowd. The fight then begins, and only when the fight conditions are fulfilled can they leave. After a particularly good fight it is customary for spectators to throw money into the pit.

History

Organised gladiatorial combat was first recorded as having been organised by the Temple of Morr. On feast days and before battles people would compete for the glory of the god. These sacrifices were held to bring the god's favour. This practice has however, long died out and only Scholars are likely to even be aware of it. Some of the older temples still contain this sacrificial battle pit. The role of Gladiator first came to notoriety in Remas, where the fighters were treated as heroes and the very ideal of manhood. The nobility scoured the slave markets for ideal candidates to represent them in the arena, and hundreds were slaughtered in

training. This age came to a bloody end when the slaves revolted. Led by a captured soldier of the Empire named Grubchenkinn, they massacred three hundred nobles at the Kru Pict arena and fought their way to the north of Luccini. At the inlet now known as Grubchen Point they waited in vain for a pirate fleet to take them to the safety of Sartosa. They were betrayed by one of their own number, however, and were caught between the combined forces of Remas and Luccini. All of them were massacred after they refused to hand over their leader. The cry of "I'm Grubchenkinn" has become a rallying call for discontented slaves ever since. However, slaves still fight in Remas and the training methods pioneered by them are still used today.

The Empire

Within the Empire there are three types of circuits on which pit fighters can ply their trade: legalised, underground and noble. The legalised circuit is on a downward spiral; crowds are dwindling and the quality of the fighters with it. The biggest 'pit' is the Bernabu Stadium in the Great Park in Middenheim, but even here the fights are popularly considered to be "a bit lame". However, they do provide an opportunity for the city dweller to catch a rare glimpse of a beastman or an Orc. This all changes on the rare occasions that the minotaurs are brought out to compete, and people pack into every available space. Fight aficionados still look down on this, as the human fighters are only allowed to use the flat of the swords so not as to damage the valuable creatures. Slaves are completely forbidden from fighting.

The main reason for this slump in fortunes is the rise in popularity of the underground circuit. Here the fights are bloodier and the purses bigger, and promoters can use their own slaves. Exotic creatures are almost unknown in these events: the penalty for illegally holding one is death and the authorities are quick to chase up any such rumours. Events are regularly held, but change location all the time, the new venue being spread by word of mouth.

Closely linked to the underground circuit is the ever-increasing popularity of the noble circuit. Here, the best fighters compete in private shows for large purses. They are perhaps the most violent of all organised pit fights, but also the least likely to be stopped. Over the last two decades many of the nobility interested in pit fighting have begun to act as patrons for the fighters. A fighter who has proved their excellence may be approached by a noble asking them to act as their 'House Champion'. This noble then becomes responsible for the fighter, feeding, clothing and arming him. The champion is expected to fight on behalf of the noble for the honour of his name. Many of these champions still find themselves on the event circuit for the entertainment of their patron.

Whilst promoters make large amounts of money and free fighters manage to fill their purses,



it is organised crime who make the real profit. Fights will be held on their territories, and they will insist on a cut. They will also arrange loans for fighters to allow them to buy equipment. These invariably involve a high rate of interest and the promise of a 'future favour'.

Training

Numerous training schools or *ludi*, as they are called in Tilea, are to be found around the Old World. However the biggest is run by Ivan Krillger, and is located deep in the heart of the Border Princes. Here, slaves are sent by their owners to be trained in the martial arts. Independent pit fighters are also welcomed here, if they can afford it. The fortified school is based around a large compound, looked over by statues of the gods.

Characters who wish to join a pit fighters' school are in for a hard time. Some schools will require applicants to prove that they have combat competence before being accepted. Life is harsh and the risk of injury is high. Before they can call themselves pit fighters, they will have to take part in at least one fight to the death. Training will take six months, or four months if the character has followed a warrior career previously. As long as they pay the fees, equipment will be provided for them.

Another avenue for entrance to the career is to hire a pit fighter to personally train the character. Prices are variable, but so is the success rate. At the end of each full month of training, the trainee must make an Int roll and the trainer a Ld roll. Both parties must simultaneously succeed three times before training is complete.

Another advantage of schools is that they offer the opportunity for advancement beyond the basic pit fighter career. Skilled trainers are highly valued, and maimed but experienced fighters often retire to such posts. However, very few of these have the skill and intelligence to rise to the position of Pit Master. Such individuals are responsible for running the school and, to a lesser extent, dealing

PIT FIGHTER ADVANCE SCHEME

Pit Fighter - Basic Career

As per the WFRP rulebook, pg 34.

Trainer / House Champion

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
	+30		+2	+1	+7	+20
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
	+1	+10	+10		+10	

Skills

Disarm
 Secret Language-Battle Tongue
 Specialist Weapon-Net
 Specialist Weapon-Parrying Weapons
 Specialist Weapon-Polearm
 Specialist Weapon-Whip
 Strike to Injure
 Strike To Stun

Career Entrance

Pit Fighter
 Bodyguard

Career Exit

Bounty Hunter
 Free Lance
 Bodyguard

Pit Master

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
	+30		+2	+1	+7	+20
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
+2	+10	+20	+10	+20	+10	

Skills

Etiquette
 Heal Wounds
 Public Speaking
 Street Fighter

Career Entrance

Trainer/House Champion
 Judicial Champion

Career Exits

Mercenary Captain
 Duellist
 Assassin

The Owner

In some training schools the one person more important than the Pit Master is the owner. This will be someone with a lot of money. For this reason, owners are often Merchants or Nobility. Producing successful fighters is a way of gaining both finances and prestige.

with buyers and organisers. They must be aware of all aspects of the pit fighting culture. Many of them strive to found their own schools, establishments built upon their own reputation.

Careers

The following pit fighter career structure allows characters to stay within the world of pit fighting for a long time. Many pit fighters are happy to seek such advancement in the place where they know the rules and the people. For those few that survive to reach each level, the rewards are there to be had.

Career Exits

Leaving the pit-fighter career offers a number of possibilities. However, many pit-fighters are loners by nature and often have a problem settling into non-violent careers. For most the dream of freedom, peace and wealth that keeps them going through their fighting days proves little more than an illusion, and they soon find themselves back at what they are good at: killing. The fighter has an excellent selection of skills, and possibly a reputation, to sell. All this works in the fighters favour.

Bounty Hunter: A popular option for many fighters who wish to maintain the lifestyle of travelling they had as a pit-fighter. Finding a trainer is not usually a problem: they will be glad of the extra muscle.

Footpad: Impressing a local crime lord in the pit is an excellent way to get hired as a heavy. It will prove to be a relatively easy but profitable life, involving acting as a threatening presence and occasionally beating some shopkeeper or thief who has stepped out of line. It offers good prospects for going up in the world. As long as you don't cross your paymasters, of course.

Judicial Champion: A fighter of real skill who shows they follow the rules and who has some honour may be approached by a Judicial Champion to be trained in as their protege. They will be mentored until their training is complete and then, after having earned enough to cover the training costs, allowed to go their own way.

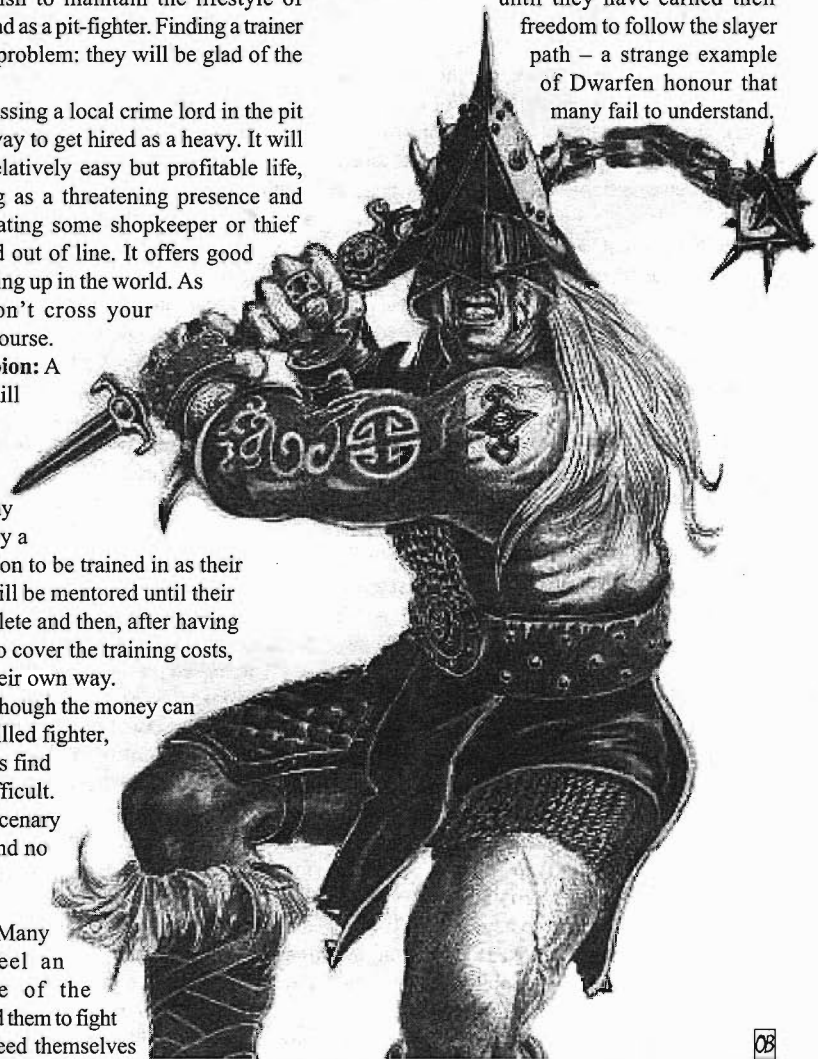
Mercenary: Although the money can be good for a skilled fighter, many pit-fighters find taking orders difficult. Becoming a mercenary is not difficult and no formal trainer is required.

Outlaw Chief: Many Pit Fighters feel an intense dislike of the society that forced them to fight to the death to feed themselves

or their family. The outlaw's life offers many attractions: freedom, money and revenge. Becoming an outlaw is easy and requires little but violence from the pit fighter. There are numerous small bands of outlaws eking out a living, and as long as a character survives the initial encounter it is usually an easy task for such a skilled fighter to threaten or kill the existing leader. Of course, trying to take over a larger band involves higher risks, as the becoming chief will certainly mean fighting a more skilled leader.

Tunnel Fighter: The Dwarfs are always looking for skilled fighters to protect their homes from the ravages of goblins and chaos. They are more than happy to train warriors in the unique skills of tunnel fighting. However, this will be front-line training. Whilst the money is good, the risks are also considerable.

Troll Slayer: Dwarf pit fighters are highly prized as a steady investment, for although they attract low odds they tend to survive far better than their human counterparts. Becoming a Troll Slayer from pit fighter isn't so much a career move as the result of cowardice in the pit or a more personal error of judgement. The exception to this is for Dwarf slaves. The simple fact they have been made a slave is a source of great disgrace, and those who survive the trials of combat often become a Troll Slayer to atone for this guilt. Oddly, many Dwarfs wait until they have earned their freedom to follow the slayer path - a strange example of Dwarfen honour that many fail to understand.



THE ACCURSED ELEMENT

Warpstone: Its Uses and Abuses by the Rev. Garrett Lepper

Excerpts from Baron Boucher's Private Journals, 2510 I.C., Harvest-tide

10 Marketday ... The costume ball was delightful and well attended, and festivities continued until interrupted by a most alarming shaking of the earth. After assuring the guests of their safety, I instructed the household staff to check for damage in the castle while the revelers enjoyed the pastries and cakes provided by the Halfling cooks...

11 Bakeday Morning hunt was disgracefully interrupted by a rag-tag band claiming to be envoys from the local village. They claimed the night sky was falling, and that the moon was spitting upon the earth. They then demanded I take action. These yokels were driven off by the men-at-arms with a sound beating, and reminded not to intrude upon the lord's hunting lands. The fact that the "world was coming to an end" seemed to prove no detriment to the hunt: I bagged three deer and a wild boar. Later the court astrologer was questioned about the possibility of a meteor being responsible for last night's most frightful scare. He said that a comet had been seen overhead last night, and may have struck near the village. Such signs are most auspicious and he declared that good fortune would befall the Boucher family. I rewarded the man generously for his honesty and flattery!

13 Kingday The hangover from last night's debaucheries was interrupted by superstitious villagers who complained that the village is cursed: their cows' milk has gone sour and many animals have fled. Furthermore they claimed their crops are going bad and warned that I may not receive my full share due to the blight. I suggested in that case they had best spend their time salvaging what they could rather than waste my time with excuses to cover their slothfulness. I instructed the men-at-arms to expel them immediately from my presence, which they proceeded to do with great liveliness.

14 Startweek ... A wonderful band of travelling actors arrived for a performance. At noon a most alarming disruption occurred in the Villes-sur-Bouchard. A 'hermit' known as Getaine entered the town and proclaimed publicly that the village was damned and that dark gods had spat upon it. He claimed all should flee their homes, for darkness was descending on the village. I had the man arrested on charges of disturbing public order, inciting a riot, heresy, and treason. He had also failed to pay his taxes. The villagers protested, claiming the man was a druidic priest and a son of the forest. Their insolent behavior was repaid by several lumps to their thick skulls. The accused has been incarcerated in the dungeons awaiting trial.

15 Festday Further disturbances in town. A tenant farmer by the name of Pierre axed his wife and child. The raving lunatic was cut down by a mob of villagers. Twin lambs were born joined together, and I instructed that the abomination be burned. A young lad claimed that he saw giant rats in the nearby forest, and that they walked upright and donned clothing and armor as if they were men. I had the child arrested and sent to the dungeon. I issued a proclamation that declared this madness in the village is the work of certain young unmarried women in the village who have resorted to witchcraft. A Witch Hunter has been sent for to cleanse the village of maleficia.

18 Marketday The Witch Hunter I requested arrived today. Paying him handsomely, I gave him a list of those I knew to be guilty of the witchcraft (amongst other things), and instructed him to do what he wished with them. Accompanied by a patrol of men-at-arms, he discovered Villes-sur-Bouchard to be empty! The disappearance of the villagers apparently occurred overnight. He determined there were signs of struggle, and that the villagers might have been snatched away in their sleep by daemons or rat-men. The Witch Hunter asserted that a nearby crater answers many questions, and warned that nobody should drink of the water in there for it is poisonous, since a witch-rock had struck the earth there. Recent events have taxed me, and I have decided to retire tomorrow for a month's reprieve at a nearby spa with my family, mistress and entourage for a little merry-making and other sundry diversions.

Call it what you will: wyrdstone, daemonrock, dark-ore, or warpstone – regardless of its name it is one of the most feared and coveted of all substances. All manner of powers are attributed to it. The ignorant and hopeful claim that it heals or transmutes lead to gold, but the great majority fear the malign powers ascribed to it. Those dreading it declare that it wreaks terrible changes on the mind and body of those near it, it attracts the attention of gods best left unmentioned, and that the stone is actually pure chaos.

Warpstone is a hard black stone that seems to greedily devour light. The evil dark glow of Warpstone leeches the light and color from the world around it, and staring directly at warpstone causes the viewer's eyes to hurt and stomach to twist. Most warpstone is fist-sized or smaller, although pieces much larger than this have been reported.

Within the civilised world, warpstone is a rare substance. The few folk tales of its miraculous properties are dismissed by most authorities. Its warping and distorting effects are well known, for warpstone is pure warp power compressed and solidified into a dense, dark stone. This physical manifestation of warp power has similar effects to pure warp energy, altering physical forms and breaking down natural laws. When influenced by warpstone, trees and plants are poisoned and die, water turns toxic, and animals exhibit strange mutations and behaviour.

Warpstone can be reduced to a granular form known as warpdust, whose particles still exhibit similar characteristics. Warpdust is particularly insidious in that it can be scattered into the air, with those in the area are at risk of ingesting it by the mere act of breathing!

Skaven and Warpstone

No other group is as closely associated with warpstone as the Skaven. Their society is entirely dependent upon this malefic substance, using it for numerous purposes, almost all destructive. Warpstone is used in the manufacture of Clan Eshin's poisonous weeping blades, by Clan Pestilens in its plague censors and poison wind globes, in the biological experiments of Clan Moulder, and is central to the destructive weaponry of Clan Skryre.

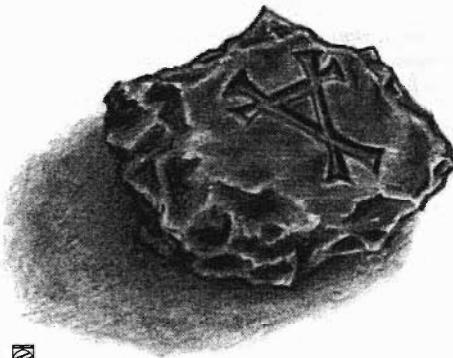
But its use is not limited to the blending of sorcery and technology, for the Skaven spell casters in particular are dependent upon it. The Grey Seers and Clan Skryre Warlock Engineers must consume refined warpstone to regain the energy lost in spell casting. When a Skaven spellcaster runs out of warpstone, they have lost the ability to cast any further spells. Because of this driving need to consume and utilize massive amounts of warpstone, Skaven society is particularly interested in the substance and often risks exposure of their plots and agents in acquiring this essential resource.

Location of Warpstone

Warpstone has been most commonly linked with Morrslieb, for it is believed by many that Morrslieb's erratic cycles can only be explained by the fact that it is composed entirely of warpstone. Morrslieb has not only erratic orbits, but erratic phases as well, and there have been times when the moon has been reported to actually grin and watch developments below in the world. Although in the past comets have been an auspicious sign, such as the twin-tailed comet of Sigmar, more often than not a meteor striking the earth is cause for alarm, since meteors composed of warpstone are frequent. Warp-meteors are rarely larger than a person's head and the approach through the atmosphere and impact reduces its size further. A good portion of a warp-meteor disintegrates into fine dust that lingers along the trail of the comet and is scattered about the impact site.

There is another source that both Dwarfs and Skaven alike are aware of, presenting a blight for one and a boon for the other. Almost 1,500 years before the appearance of Sigmar, the Skaven sorcerers in Skavenblight devised a fiendish plot. Using sorcery and massive amounts of warpstone, they devised a machine that would split the earth asunder creating giant rifts, faults, and fractures, crippling their enemies above and giving the Skaven a great domain where they could dwell and thrive. For whatever reasons the experiment failed, but not before it sent waves of pure warp energy coursing through the earth. Many Dwarfholds were destroyed by the convolutions of the tortured earth, and as this warp energy traveled through the earth it transmuted veins of ore to pure warpstone. In other places the energy was trapped and coalesced into smaller veins of pure warpstone. Although these veins are rare, they became another hazard for the Dwarves and many mines closed down forever in order to avoid them. These veins of warpstone have been a small but crucial resource for the Skaven.

Additional sources of warpstone include the warp gates located at the poles of the world. Depending on the size of the warp gates, since they fluctuate with little rhyme or reason, a flow of fine warp matter comprised primarily of warpdust flows through these portals and into the Chaos Wastes. Little reaches as far as the Old World. Summonings of daemons and portals to the Realm of Chaos allow in smaller amounts of warp dust, and portals that have remained open for long periods of time may have a significant amount of warpdust or warpstone near them. This is another danger for the would-be demonologist, and may partly account for the peculiar physical and mental side effects inherent in their practices.



Effects of Warpstone

Those claiming that warpstone is a dangerous substance can produce considerable evidence to support their arguments. Inanimate items and living creatures alike are profoundly shaped and altered by the power radiating from the stone. Over time, anything exposed will be altered or changed, often misshapen or deformed, and over-exposure often results in fatal mutations.

Warpstone's effects can be subtle as well, and it wreaks havoc on the sanity of those exposed to it. A small amount can be hidden from sight and still affect those unwittingly exposed to it. As the subtle changes occur over time, all manner of blame can be cast about: disease, witch-craft, or even a curse by the gods, while the real source of their misery is hidden just out of their sight and continues to emanate its accursed energy.

The Taint of Chaos

To simulate the insidious influence of warpstone and chaos, a Game Master should secretly keep track of a score detailing each player's exposure to warpstone and other manifestations of pure chaos. This score is called the *Taint of Chaos*, although a GM should feel free to call it whatever he or she wants, such as *Warpstone Corruption* or any other suitable name. For the sake of brevity it will also be called the "*Taint*". Every time a character is exposed to the malefic influence of warpstone, warpdust, or some other similar matter or energy, the *Taint* may increase, and to reflect the unpredictable nature of chaos, this increase is normally random. This score should be secret, since the players have no way of knowing how much their nature has been

corrupted by Chaos.

When a character is exposed to Chaos, the GM rolls a die to randomly determine the amount of exposure and increase of the *Taint*. A normal character starts off with a *Taint* of zero (unless the GM decides that they have already been exposed to small levels of Chaos and may then start each off with d10 *Taint*). Each time there is an increase in a character's *Taint* score there is a chance that the increase in warpstone present in the body may manifest itself in the form of a mutation. Therefore every time the *Taint of Chaos* is increased, the GM should roll against the *Taint* score.

▲ If the d100 die roll is over the score, there is no immediate effect. However, the increasing levels make future mutations even more probable.

▲ If the result is equal or less than the total, a mutation will gradually manifest itself. This change may well be painful, as the changes occur over the next d3 weeks.

Hans was long ago shot by a Skaven Warplock Jezzail, and has a *Taint* score of 7. Whilst adventuring, he discovers a small chest, and, unable to open it, decides to carry it back to the nearest locksmith. Unbeknownst to him, it is packed with warpstone. The GM decides that this volume of warpstone will cause a 2d10 increase in taint each day. By the end of the first day, Hans has gained 12 points of taint, taking his score to 17. The GM rolls to see whether this new Chaotic influence has any effect, and 15. Hans will develop horns over the next three weeks, and finds that all he can do about it is to meticulously file them down and take up wearing a hat!

Optional Rule: Normally the *Taint* keeps building, and there is little one can do to reduce the level of contamination. If a GM so wishes, when a character rolls under their *Taint* and develops a mutation, the GM may subtract the die roll from the *Taint*, to symbolize the passive levels of warp energy in their bodies being actively consumed to express the mutation. Therefore, in the example above, after the mutation Hans's *Taint* score of 17 is reduced by the die roll of '15', to a new total of 2. Those players rolling a '01' or '02' and gaining a mutation can take very little comfort in knowing that their *Taint* score is reduced.

Optional Rule: This system may require a little variation for some races. Dwarfs and Halflings are renowned for their hardiness and suffer only

half the increase (rounded up) that normal races would. Skaven are less affected since their bodies are well attenuated to the effects of Chaos, and *Taint* increases are halved by them as well.

Physical Toll of Chaos

If the *Taint of Chaos* roll is equal to or under the *Taint of Chaos* score, a most unfortunate event has occurred. The affected character will become a mutant. The appearance of a mutation can be very gradual, and drastic surgical steps can be taken to prevent *some* forms of mutation. While a handful of forms may not even be noticeable, others are terrible and potentially fatal. The person suffering from the mutation may suffer extreme psychological damage from the effects, and must make a Cool test: failure results in the victim gaining d6 Insanity Points. The GM may require a roll for friends and family witnessing the changes: a successful Cool test results in no increase, a failed Cool test gives d3 Insanity Points.

Optional Rule: if when rolling for a *Taint of Chaos* test, a double is rolled on the d100 (example: 11, 33) and the result is equal to or under the *Taint of Chaos*, then the GM may rule that the character's physical and psychological nature has deteriorated so greatly under the influence of chaos that the unfortunate victim turns into Chaos Spawn. Those turning into Chaos Spawn are *subject to stupidity*, and develop d6 mutations over the next half hour! Such a character is no longer playable, and although this is extreme, a GM may allow this option in order to reflect the horror and power of chaos.

Optional Rule: some mutations are so insidious that nothing can be done to halt them. At the GM's discretion, even amputation may provide only a

temporary measure: the afflicted limb or area will grow back even more corrupted than before.

Psychological Toll of Chaos

The presence of warpstone or the influence of warpstone also affects and alters the way the mind works. Every time the *Taint of Chaos* is increased to an increment of 10, (20, 30 etc.) the character's mind has fallen under the baneful influence of Chaos, and starts to act in erratic and uncontrollable ways. So with every increase to an increment of 10, the victim automatically gains d3-1 Insanity Points. Any insanities gained can, of course, be treated by traditional means.

Determining Mutations

To determine the mutation effects, the GM has a number of existing resources to turn to. These are listed in the Annotated Bibliography section at the end of this article.

Taint of Chaos Chart

The following chart provides suggestions for determining the amount of increase due to exposure to warpstone and other manifestations of Chaos. It is by no means an exhaustive list. Remember to use common sense: if a character happens to touch warpstone, do not give them an automatic 40 points of *Taint* – that would be harsh and excessive. However, if the same fellow should grind the substance up and then eat it, they deserve everything they get!

Type of Exposure	Taint of Chaos Increase
Per hour of exposure to Warpstone ¹	d2-1
Ingesting Warpstone (small amount) ²	d6
Ingesting Warpstone (substantial amount) ²	d10
Standing before a demonic portal	d3-1
Wounded by a Skaven Warpstone Weapon ³	1+

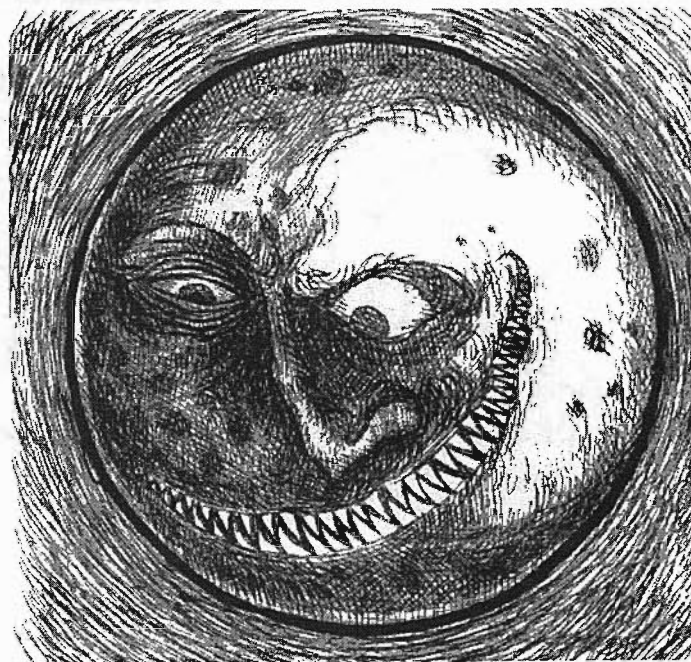
¹ This is probably the most common exposure. Players may be opening a bag on a dead Grey Seer's body and discover its contents to be warpstone. Any initial contact may result in a 0-1 increase, and every hour of additional contact may result in a further increase. Note that these scales are suggested for a relatively small amount of warpstone. A huge stone may give off d10 *Taint* each half-hour, if anyone were foolish enough to stand next to it for that long!

² Ingesting is another common (and incredibly stupid) way of being exposed. A player may try to imitate a Grey Seer after seeing it gobble down warp dust and then cast incredible spells, or the players may drink something spiked with warp powder. Ingesting a small (and mostly undetectable) amount of warpstone, possibly concealed in food, or the amount necessary to power a Skaven spell, would add d6 *Taint*. To eat a small rock refined into a "potion" would be more catastrophic, adding d10 *Taint*.

³ Those wounded by a weapon such as a Warlock Jezzeil or Weeping Blade that has been constructed with warpstone and other sorcery will gain *Taint* equal to the number of Wounds inflicted after Toughness and Armour have been subtracted.

Using Warpstone

As the rules illustrate, warpstone is a terribly dangerous and life-threatening substance, so why would anybody want anything to do with it? Although it is pure Chaos, it is also a source of powerful magical energy and its applications are potentially boundless. The Skaven, for example, have used warpstone to power engines and generators, creating light and weapons of incredible destruction. Suppressed alchemical traditions claim that warpstone can actually transmute lead to gold, and a piece of warpstone, drained of its negative energy, is reputedly transformed into the *philosopher's stone*, a gem of pure radiant energy and enlightenment. Unscrupulous wizards have long employed warpstone as a shortcut in processes of the enchanting and ensorcelment of items, although often at great risk to their health and sanity. But precisely what are the applications for which warpstone can be used? Many of the reputed uses are listed below, although whether or not any of



these things are true is up to the GM, the dark gods, and luck. Let the careless researcher be warned however: woe to those who fail in their research, are discovered by the authorities, or come to the attention of the Skaven or other followers of Chaos.

The most common use of warpstone is in the manufacture of weapons. It is claimed that if a small portion of warpstone or warpstone is added to the ore during smelting, the blade or weapon produced from that ore will be magical (treat as a permanently *enchanted* weapon; see *WFRP* pg. 160). The dilution of the warpstone minimizes any direct negative influence on the weapon's bearer, although those present during the forging of the blade will be exposed. There is talk however that possession of these blades is dangerous. It is reputed that servants of Chaos are drawn inexplicably to such blades, or that such blades may betray their wielder in a time of need by shattering or turning in their hands. Traditional folk tales told throughout the Old World also tell tales of men bearing swords imbued with the power of warpstone, but that such blades drove their owners to acts of depravity and violence.

Wizards and other practitioners of magic are the most likely to use warpstone in their experiments. This proclivity is due to the fact that warpstone is unadulterated energy, and although they cannot make as effective use of it as the Grey Seers, many ingenious (and insane) spell casters have developed other applications for it.

A Wizard grasping a warpstone (and thus exposing himself to d2-1 points of *Taint*) can attempt to draw upon its energy. By making a Will Power test he can leech off a small portion of that energy, and the warpstone will then function for that turn as a Wand of Jet. The warpstone reduces the cost of the spell being cast by d4 Magic Points (but unlike the Wand of Jet, the spellcaster *must* pay at least one Magic Point of their own to power the spell). The leeching off of this pure energy has dangers of its own, and for each magic point the warpstone uses to power the spell, the spell caster's *Taint* score increases by one. Following the casting of the spell the wizard must make a *Taint* test.

Optional Rule: It may seem strange that all warpstone acts in a similar fashion, and instead of using warpstone as a Wand of Jet the GM may see fit to vary its functions and powers. Maybe warpstone can be used in place of a spell ingredient, although using it in this way results in d6 *Taint*. Or perhaps the warpstone functions as an Energy Jewel, with every magic point drawn adding one to the *Taint* score.

Warpstone has been used, in conjunction with other rituals, as the principle component in manufacturing Jewels of Power and as the focus for wands. Warp powder has been used in the manufacture of magic rings, scroll ink, and amulets. When a practitioner of magic is missing a necessary ingredient, despite the risks, warpstone or warpstone dust can be used as a substitute.



Necromancers and demonologists make frequent use of it due to its reputed properties. This use of warpstone not only exposes the manufacturer to Tainting, but may result in unexplained failures in the production of magic items, strange and unanticipated side effects or changes in function.

Although there may be considerable allure, the unpredictable nature of warpstone, the stigma attached to it, and the deadly consequences of using it keep most practitioners away. There are, however, always those who are so arrogant, insane, or foolish that they embrace the risks, seductive power, and the potential that warpstone offers.

These depraved people use warpstone for their own foul and detestable activities, and there is no end to the harm that such individuals can do. One of the most revolting acts that such corrupted individuals are accused of doing is introducing warpstone into a town's water supply. Within weeks people develop illnesses and lose hair, and violence increases in the community. The warpstone will continue to poison the water until people stop using the well or the stone is discovered. Other maniacs use warpdust in powder form in the manufacture of poisons, making a particularly effective toxin. Scattering warpdust amongst farmers' crops ensures a poor, sickly, and poisonous harvest. Feeding warpdust to a pregnant woman has abominable effects that are too atrocious to recount here. Using warpstone, revenge upon a community is both easy and tragic, and there is no end to the misery that a lunatic armed with warpstone can cause.

Warpstone, Laws, and Civic Authorities

Although there are numerous contradictory folk tales and considerable confusion amongst the uneducated about the nature and power of warpstone, the authorities in the Old World are under no illusions about its vile nature and the threat that it presents. Anyone found possessing warpstone is charged with sorcery, demonology, necromancy, witchcraft, or some other sort of maleficium. Such crimes always merit the death of the accused after a long and agonizing interrogation by torture.

There are of course those who are fully aware of the danger that warpstone presents and seek to possess it for that reason alone. Such people are already under the sway of the chaos gods and seek to utilize the warpstone in the service of their dark gods. They have no qualms about using warpstone, and no guilt about the disastrous effects it has on a community. It is these malevolent deviants that the authorities fear most, and seek to dispense with extreme prejudice.

Destruction of Warpstone

Those familiar with warpstone quickly develop ways of containing and storing it to reduce the risks entailed by possessing it. Most common is the use of lead-lined boxes or chests that diminish the radiation of energy from warpstone. There are rumors that boxes and chests lined with gromril are even more effective containers, but the Dwarfs are loath to part with the precious metal, making the claim hard to verify. The more amoral simply have their servants or minions carry it without warning them of the danger.

There are those who upon discovering warpstone come to the conclusion that it should be destroyed. Destroying warpstone is quite difficult, since when it is boiled down or refined, it is still composed of chaos and may be even deadlier now than in its previous, more stable form. There is a time-honored tradition that the best way to destroy something indestructible is to hurl it into a volcano. Such measures however do not destroy the warpstone, although in the magma and lava the warpstone will turn liquid and be diluted to such a degree that it is no longer a danger. There are other alternatives. One is to hurl the warpstone back through a chaos gate, sending it back where it came from. However, since those attempting to destroy it are probably disinclined from opening a portal to the Realm of Chaos, this is not much of an alternative. A number of alchemists have claimed that they are capable of reducing it through a refining process, but this has not been confirmed by reputable observers.

The servants of various deities seem to have some success at destroying warpstone. It is claimed that hurling warpstone into the Sacred Flame on the High Altar of the Temple of Ulric in Middenheim (*Middenheim: City of Chaos*, pg. 8) will destroy it. Clerics of Sigmar, using the Pool Power spell in a long and arduous ritual, have reputedly been able to neutralize warpstone with the divine power of Sigmar, although Ulrican scholars and priests scoff at this. It is also believed that the servants of the Law gods have secret rituals to neutralize warpstone. Strangely enough, the followers of the Chaos god Zuvassin are able to destroy warpstone and mutations with an incantation known as "The Cleansing Fire of Zuvassin" (see *Something Rotten in Kislev* for more details). Lastly, although the Old Worlders have little contact with the High Elves, legends tell that their High Magic allows them to convert the chaotic nature of warpstone into benign energy.

Whether or not any of these measures work is open to debate. There may also be other ways of neutralizing or destroying warpstone, but such research and experimentation is a dangerous undertaking. Regardless of the procedure, the destruction of warpstone remains a perilous, difficult, but necessary act for the continued safety of the Old World and its inhabitants.

Annotated Bibliography

The following is a list of sources for this article as well as a listing of other sources to refer to. The list is varied but by no means exhaustive.

Death on the Reik (Gallagher, Bambra, & Davis)

Useful for exposing the effects of Warpstone over time in an area. Pages 53 to 56 are particularly relevant and explore some of the uses and behavior of warpstone.

The Enemy Within (Bambra, Davis, and Gallagher)

The section entitled 'Mutants in the Empire' has a listing of mutations that can be used for warpstone which are considerably weaker than those in *Realm of Chaos*.

Realm of Chaos: The Lost and the Damned & Slaves to Darkness (Ansell, Brunton, Forrest & Priestley)

No longer published. Both of these books contain exhaustive charts on mutation, although the list in *RoC: StD* is presented with descriptions whilst *RoC: LatD* has a tiny chart on pages 282 and 283. Both are useful for determining mutations, although some results are far too powerful.

Skaven (Goodwin & Priestley in *White Dwarf* 119, November 1989)

An article dealing with the Skaven, it provides some of the earliest and most in-depth information on warpstone. The information on pages 68 to 69 is particularly useful.

Warhammer Armies: Skaven (Chambers)

Not surprisingly, this book places a great emphasis on Skaven and warpstone, but also touches on the use of warpstone by the Undead as well. Along with the *White Dwarf* 'Skaven' article, this is one of the best sources. Highly recommended.

Warhammer Battle Magic, for WFB 4th Edition (Priestley & Chambers)

A WFB supplement, it provides some basic information under the chapter on 'Skaven Magic' and focuses primarily on the relationship between Skaven and warpstone.

NOBLE BLOOD

A complete scenario by John Foody



GM Notes

This scenario takes place in the East of the Empire, although without specific location. It names two small towns and assumes that that Talabheim is the nearest major city, although some distance away. The nature of the scenario implies that it is located in an area, where a private war can easily take place unnoticed by the rest of the world. The scenario has a slightly 'older' feel than many of those published for WFRP. The situation, technology and location serve to make it seem as if they have stepped back a few hundred years to a more primitive medieval period (as opposed to renaissance).

The scenario uses skills and profiles from the article *Nobility and Royalty* found in *Apocrypha Now* (originally published as *Noblesse Oblige* in *White Dwarf* 91). This is recommended reading. However, if you don't have access to this you shouldn't have any problems running *Noble Blood*.

War!

Located fifty miles apart from each other stand the towns of Stratenheim and Kappelburg, ruled by the noble families of von Stratenheim and von Syberg. However, for nearly thirty years they have been at war. No one is sure how it started except both sides accused the other of cowardice after the failure of a joint venture against a goblin warband. Each time blood was spilt the hatred and the war escalated. Both sides are heavily in debt to various moneylenders and have no real way to pay them off. The people of their lands have suffered greatly. Continual raids threaten their livestock and many are conscripted to fight; not to mention the ever-increasing taxes.

In the most recent skirmish Lord Ernst von Syberg was captured by Lord Stefan von Stratenheim and, as is customary, returned to Stratenheim ready for ransom. Duke Reiner von Stratenheim, understanding how foolish the war had become, and fast becoming unable to pay his debts, decided this was the best opportunity for peace. He sent his son Stefan to Kappelburg. Officially, this was to begin bargaining for Lord Ernst's ransom, but unofficially it was to negotiate peace and act as collateral. His arrival in

Kappelburg was greatly welcomed by Baron Wilhelm von Syberg. Afraid for his son's life and too tired and ill to persecute the war, he had long been looking for a way to end it.

An uneasy and fragile peace now reigns. Duke Reiner is due to march to Kappelburg to hand over Lord Ernst and to agree the peace. Rumours have leaked out and the people are certain the end is near. Few remember peace and, although hatred and bitter memories are strong, there is a mood of optimism. The imminent Festival of the Dead, in honour of Morr, is allowing everyone to celebrate the forthcoming peace. It is on the night of the festival that the PCs arrive in Kappelburg.

However, not everyone is happy that peace is at hand. The war has been long and hard, and peace is seen as a betrayal of all those who have died. Others simply stand to lose profit. They see the Baron's decision as weakness and intend to stop it at any cost.

The Ruling Families

Detailed below, are the personalities of the noble families of Kappelburg and Stratenheim. Some of them will not be encountered in the scenario but are described for background purposes and perhaps future reference.

The von Stratenheims

The von Stratenheim's personal archive traces their history back to the days of Sigmar himself. In the years that followed the Empire's birth, they grew powerful and rich. Amongst their number they remember two Prime Estates, a grandmaster of the Order of the Fiery Heart, and numerous high-ranking military and court posts. At one stage they came near to ruling Stirland. An Imperial Charter of 1718IC gave them the right to mint their own currency; an indication of just how powerful they were. This is an honour they still hold, although it is rarely used.

However, the (very hushed up) indiscretion of a previous Duke ruined them. The family retreated to the ancestral home of Stratenheim and the decline has continued since. Four hundred years ago they were forced to sell the eastern portion of their lands to pay mounting debts. This land was named Kappelburg (on which the town now stands) and the von Stratenheim family still believe it is rightfully theirs: a source of much tension over the years.

The war has done little to improve the family's fortunes. Once more they are heavily in debt (particularly to Marienburg moneylenders). However, should they find peace, many observers have said that the current heir, Lord Stefan, has the ability and personality to restore their good fortune.

The family coat of arms is that of a boar standing on a pile of coins. It is often shown with a snake, symbolising Chaos, gripped firmly in its mouth.

Duke Reiner

A proud old warrior, Reiner leads from the front and is a popular figure to his people. While he has been disquietened by the war for some years, he has not seen a way to end it. In truth, he is not strong enough to do so, simply doing things the way the have always been done. With the capture of Lord Ernst, the advice of his wife and eldest son have made him see this is the best opportunity for peace. His decision is also influenced by the fact that the coffers are running ever lower and he is simply becoming old. Recently he has become weary and melancholy. His left arm has

failed to heal from a wound and a certain stiffness is evident. At just under six feet tall, he is rarely seen without his suit of full plate armour and bearskin cloak. He carries a sword but a squire carrying his favoured two-handed sword is never far away.

Reiner spent much of his youth in Kislev as a squire at the royal court. Here he also learnt a love of scholarly pursuits, something the library in Stratenheim attests to. When his training was completed, he returned home to learn from his father. However, after only a couple of years, his father was badly wounded and confined to his bed for the rest of his life. Here he became increasingly bitter, pushing the war on: destroying two villages if Kappelburg destroyed one. He died in madness, obsessed with trying to regain the family's lost land. Reiner fears ending up like his father.

The Duke firmly believes that it is duty to protect his people. The flip-side of this is that he knows they are there to fight and die for him. He is a follower of Ulric (gained in Kislev) but also believes in the ideals of Sigmar.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	64	33	6	5	11	52
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	57	64	60	38	42	49

Careers: Noble 2, ex-Squire, ex-Noble 1, ex-Freelance
Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Blather, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Gamble, Game Hunting, Heraldry, Luck, Musicianship, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride-Horse, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Sing, Specialist Weapon-Lance, Specialist Weapon-Fencing Sword, Specialist Weapon-Flail, Specialist Weapon-Parrying Weapon, Specialist Weapon-Two Handed Weapon, Stewardship, Story Telling, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike To Injure, Strike To Stun, Wit

Duchess Marianne

Reiner met Marianne at the Kislevian court, where as the youngest daughter of a minor Talabec noble family she was serving as a lady-in-waiting. They married for love, to the disappointment of Reiner's father, as her dowry was painfully small. Marianne is popular with the people of Stratenheim. She is a devout follower of both Shallya and St. Helena (*Warpstone* 6) and spends time at the town's shrine, tending to the afflicted.

Marianne is six feet tall but has long lost the awkwardness her height bought her as a girl, growing instead into elegance. Her long black hair is streaked in parts with grey and tied back as is currently the fashion. She does try to follow courtly fashion and purchases gowns from the few merchants that pass through.

She despises the war, although, only her family are aware of this. With Stefan's help she convinced Reiner to allow him to travel to Kappelburg. She frequently spends time with her daughter Natja, whom she has tried to protect from the world. Her greatest grief is the relationship with her second son, Alexander. Stefan and Alexander are completely different characters and Alexander's hostility towards her is very upsetting.

Lord Stefan

The heir to Stratenheim, Stefan embodies many of the ideals of knighthood. A consummate fighter, he is honourable and brave. This is matched by his



Lord Stefan and Duke Reiner von Stratenheim

intelligence and love of learning: a passion inherited from his father. He also is idealistic and to some extent naïve, both of which have led him in to trouble.

He attended the university in Nuln, and in the city came to the attention of the court. Soon, Stefan was a popular guest at the best parties. However, he also impressed many with his knowledge and obvious diplomatic skills. Many began to believe that he would be the one to restore the Stratenheims to the imperial hierarchy. In the city, he began to follow the ideals of Sigmar more so than Ulric, whom his family worships.

One night in the city streets he saved the life of a drunken marine. The man, Otto, swore service to Stefan and is now his loyal bodyguard. The other close friendship of his years in the city, was a merchant's servant, Liz Stolherd. As a child she lived in Kappelburg but this was no impediment to Stefan falling in love with her. However, after his studying was over, he returned home, leaving Liz behind. He was never to discover that she was pregnant with his child.

Stefan wants to raise his family to past glories and knows the war with Kappelburg must be ended first. He also sees what it is doing to the people, and hates their suffering. Ironically, he is the least popular of the family.

Back in Stratenheim he soon proved adept in combat, both personally and as a leader. He almost captured Lord Ernst and Lady Yvette von Syberg two years ago at Krolter. He keeps strict discipline with his troops and forbids many excesses of marauding troops. His moment of truth came recently with the capture of the von Syberg heir, Lord Ernst. This led to the current attempt for peace. With only Otto as his companion, he walked into the lion's den.

Tall and slim, Stefan has dusty blond hair and beard. He is usually seen dressed neatly in leather armour, sporting a rapier and left-handed dagger. More often than not he is in good spirits. Otto will always be by his side, treated as an equal.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	42	43	3	3	9	46
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	36	47	44	49	34	45

Skills: Arcane Language–Magick, Astronomy, Cartography, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Etiquette, Heraldry, History, Luck, Musicianship, Numismatics, Public Speaking, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language–Classical, Speak Additional Language (Bretonnian), Specialist Weapon–Fencing Sword, Specialist Weapon–Parrying Weapons, Wit

Possessions: Leather armour, rapier, left-hand dagger, purse (25GC 15/-)

Otto

In his thirtieth year, Otto has dedicated his life to protecting his friend Stefan. Conscripted into the army at just fifteen he ended up in Nuln's marine force. However, his fine service came to an end after years of drinking. Being drunk on duty earned him thirty lashes - scars he still bears. The streets welcomed him and his bottle. This period came to end when Stefan intervened to stop some footpads cutting his throat for the few pennies in his pocket. Otto was fed and tended until he was well. Sober, Otto swore service to Stefan and in time convinced him he meant it.

Shorter than Stefan, he takes care to be clean-shaven and smart. His skin is tanned and somewhat leathery, a result of years on the Empire's rivers. In addition to the lash scars on his back he has a large one across a cheek, the result of an arrow that came too close.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	50	25	4	3	8	45
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	32	25	33	30	32	30

Careers: Bodyguard, ex-Marine

Skills: Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Heal Wounds, Row, Secret Language–Battle Tongue, Specialist Weapon–Fist Weapon, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike To Stun, Swim

Possessions: Leather armour, rapier, left-hand dagger, purse (17/12)

Insanities: Alcoholic (not currently)

Lord Alexander

Just twenty-one years of age, Alexander is an accomplished warrior and loves war for war's sake. Sent to Nuln to study at the university he instead joined a mercenary unit. Two years were spent fighting in the Border Princes and here he gained a name for himself. He returned to Stratenheim to take the war to Kappelburg, absence making his hatred for the von Sybergs grow stronger. The raids he has led have been brutal and he is greatly feared. Only the influence of his father and brother restrains him.

Hot headed, he has been known to strike out in anger if pushed. He dislikes his mother for her resistance to the war, something he ignores in Stefan. Usually followed by a group of hangers-on, when not fighting or practising he is drinking. There are rumours of a recent rape, but although true it has been hidden. To him, commoners are just one step above animals and about as useful. A wolf's-head amulet marks his loyalty to Ulric, and he believes in being 'wolf-like': fierce, brutal & strong. Sporting a shaved head, his overall demeanour is one of arrogance and intolerance.

Lady Natja

Ten years old, Natja is soon to be sent to the Kislevian court to learn the ways of the nobility. Her parents also hope she will perhaps meet a future husband there. Not that she wants to go. She is very shy, and due to smallpox scarring very nervous of her appearance. She is rarely seen without makeup covering these. Her appearance is very similar to her mother.

The von Sybergs of Kappelburg

The von Sybergs are a recent addition to the nobility. The honour was bestowed on them by Magnus the Pious in thanks for the loyalty and service they showed him during his campaigns. The first Baron was a close advisor to the Emperor and was rewarded with the lands of Kappelburg. Previous to this members of the family had been known as brave warriors and the famous 'Ballad of Oskar and the Six Ogres' is believed to be written about an ancestor. However, for various reasons (they changed sides for gold a little too easily), they had never risen to the ranks of the aristocracy. A distant branch of the family is very influential in Talabheim. Although they have supplied funds for the current conflict, they have recently refused to send more.

The Baron's service to Magnus also coincided with his conversion to the ideals of Sigmar, a devotion handed down to each generation including the latest. Younger members have frequently become Clerics and the family incorporated the two-tailed comet into their coat of arms. This also contains a mailed fist backed by the Imperial Eagle and the motto *In Sigmar we Trust*. A quarter remains bare 'for future deeds'.

The von Sybergs built up the town of Kappelburg, exploiting nearby trade routes and excellent timber resources. Previous members of the family held minor but well paid positions at the Imperial Court and the treasury was full. However, like Stratenheim, the war has drained resources to breaking point. Kappelburg has relied heavily on mercenaries; an expensive commitment. They currently have two such units in their pay.

Wilhelm von Syberg, Baron of Kappelburg

Just past his fiftieth birthday, the Baron has spent most of his life fighting the war. Currently he is only a shadow of the figure he used to be, recent illness all but wrecking his body. Guards and his physicians always tend him. Leaning on a stick, he wears expensive furs and still carries a sword. Hanging from his belt is a pair of mailed gloves. His beard and hair are white, his skin a deathly pallor lit only by a pair of bright expressive blue eyes.

Wilhelm has fought the war for his family's name and to protect the land from the von Stratenheims. The death of his wife in an ambush has also long given him reason to hate. However, the capture of his heir Ernst



Lord Mathieu, Duke Ulrich and Lady Yvette von Syberg

has made Wilhelm realise the war must end. He is afraid for his son's life but also fears his brother Ulrich becoming Baron (his own daughter is not eligible). He believes Ulrich would make a bad and brutal ruler and would ruin the family. Like his opponents he is running out of cash and sees few ways of raising more. However, it took Lord Stefan to make him see all this. Despite himself he likes Stefan and admires him for his courage in coming to Kappelburg.

Wilhelm grew up in Kappelburg, learning the martial arts. He was tutored by a cleric of Sigmar, and his ideals tempered the hate he was taught for Stratenheim. He did spend three years in Talabheim negotiating for money, disliking the city and the intrigues of the court. He did develop a love of music there and has employed a succession of musicians since. His other great love is riding in his lands and he has always taken great interest in the family stable.

Lord Ernst

The heir to the von Sybergs, he was captured by Stefan in a recent skirmish. Although a brave fighter, he is not very good tactically. A fault he is not aware of, the defeat was the latest in a line of failures. However, he has led his men in two famous victories and thus many do not see such weaknesses. Ernst lives for glory on the field and is not afraid to sacrifice his men to get it. The war gives him a chance to gain this honour.

Off the battlefield he is weaker. He is usually found to agree with his uncle and always listens to his sister Yvette, although she never offers her opinions to him in public. He looks forward to the day when he is Baron.

A tall and handsome knight, Ernst is loved by the people of Kappelburg. He wears his armour when out of the palace (and is allowed to wear it in captivity) and favours the lance. A quiet man, in conversation he allows others to talk and agrees with them. This tends to give people a favourable opinion of him. He is unhappily married, his wife Margret hating the 'rural' lifestyle she has been forced into after moving from Altdorf. Her lack of child has led to much rumour and worry.

Lady Yvette

At twenty-five, she is two years younger than her brother, but his equal in much. Indeed she is the heir to her father's tactical skill. She is an experienced warrior and leads her own unit on the field. She is hero to the people of Kappelburg, and any negative opinion of her fighting ability has long since disappeared. Her own men are totally loyal to her.

Yvette was always a strong child, outliving another older brother who died at three years of age. With her mother's backing she was trained alongside Ernst. Additionally, she was not slow in learning courtly ways,

leaving many to wonder if she would be sent to the Imperial Court, perhaps securing alliance by marriage. However, when the time came she refused to go and threatened to simply go her own way.

Days after her tenth birthday, her mother was killed in a Stratenheim ambush. Since then she has hated the von Sybergs and has fought for victory. This dominates her life. Once after capturing a cousin of the von Sybergs she had him pulled apart by four horses. She believes her father is now insane and that the peace is a result of this. Not trusting Ulrich to go against his brother she has decided to take steps to ensure the war continues.

With long hair and startling blue eyes, she could be called beautiful. However, there is a certain hardness about her that tempers this. Inside the city she wears expensive dresses (with concealed dagger & left-handed dagger) while outside she wears full armour, preferring to use flails.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	51	44	4	4	10	53
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	36	52	47	34	26	41

Careers: Free Lance, ex-squire

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Dance, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Heraldry, Musicianship, Read/Write, Ride-Horse, Secret Language-Battle Tongue, Sing, Specialist Weapon-Lance, Specialist Weapon-Flail, Specialist Weapon-Parrying Weapon, Specialist Weapon-Two Handed Weapon, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike To Injure, Strike To Stun

Possessions: Sleeved Mail Coat, Breastplate, One Handed Flail, Shield, Two Handed Flail, Dagger, Left Handed Dagger

Duke Ulrich

Five years younger than the Baron, he is very different to him. Very stocky in build, much of his muscle has turned to fat. In part this is due to a love of good food and wine. Balding and grey, his chubby face is dominated by a huge waxed 'walrus' moustache. Somewhat vainly he has not allowed any recent portraits of himself. He is full of bluster and pomposity and has little regard for anyone who is not a noble. He tends not to even think of the poor as people but simply tools to serve him if he wants. He is very quick to anger, especially when questioned by those he considers his social inferiors. Second only to Yvette, he hates the von Stratenheims and wants the war to continue. However, he obeys his brother in all matters.

Ulrich is a mad old duffer and has few hidden depths. He has been married three times but only one child has survived. Mathieu, his son, is a disappointment to him,

not embracing warrior ways in the way he feels he should. His current wife, Hilda, is a twenty-three year local girl whom he actually likes (the first of his wives whom he does).

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	65	37	6	5	11	45
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	41	45	38	43	30	41

Careers: Free-lance, ex-squire

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Heraldry, Ride-Horse, Secret Language-Battle Tongue, Specialist Weapon-Lance, Specialist Weapon-Flail, Specialist Weapon-Parrying Weapon, Specialist Weapon-Two Handed Weapon, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike To Injure, Strike To Stun, Very Resilient

Lord Mathieu

The somewhat timid son of Duke Ulrich, Mathieu has become friends with Lord Stefan since his arrival. He is a competent warrior but has no love of warfare. He would rather have been a scholar and spends as much time as he can studying. His sense of duty is strong and he won't pursue his dreams until the war is at an end. Both Ernst and Yvette dislike him but he gets on well with his uncle. Baron Wilhelm has recognised Mathieu's skill and gone to him for advice for a few years now.

Mathieu has his father's stockiness, not to mention the first signs of inheriting his baldness. His left eye is constantly blood-shot, the result of a mace blow to the head. He wears an amulet with an owl emblem in honour of Verena. Quietly spoken he considers his words carefully.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	40	37	8	44	2	41
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	41	45	38	43	30	41

Career: Noble, ex-Squire

Skills: Animal Care, Animal Training, Blather, Charm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Gamble, Heraldry, Luck, Musicianship, Read/Write, Ride-Horse, Ride, Secret Language-Classical, Strike Mighty Blow, Wit

The Three Gallows

The scenario begins in a coaching inn named The Three Gallows. Nobody is sure how this name came about but locals will tap their noses in a knowing way if asked.



When the PCs arrive the place is nearly empty, only the staff and a merchant's party are sitting in the main room. The owner, Rickard runs over to the PCs and welcomes them, guiding them to the fire and recommending the local cider. Cheap rooms are available and the serving boy Kes brings over the drinks.

The merchant sits at his table with four others. He is obviously wealthy, dressed in fine clothes and rings, looking well fed. Three of the others seem to be his bodyguards and they are playing cards with him, a pile of pennies sitting in the middle of the table. One of them is a huge man with a shining bald head. He dwarfs the man sitting to his right, a small weasely individual hunched over a ledger and muttering in Tilean. If a PC approaches the bodyguards will rise as one and block their way. However, after winning a hand of cards he calls over to the PCs, "My friends, it is so easy to make money in this world is it not."

The innkeeper says the man has been here since yesterday and is waiting for a caravan. The merchant is from Delbrez and is awaiting a shipment from Talabheim. He has no idea what it is.

Heiner Mack is an arms trader who has supplied weapons, armour and horses to both sides of the conflict over the years. He is awaiting a new supply, for sale to the von Stratenheims. However, with the chance of peace he has become involved a scheme to ensure the war continues. He will later become involved in trying to stop the PCs. After all, it would mean a cut in his profit.

Early in the evening the PCs hear screams from the serving boy. Mack has him by the arm and is hitting him. Rickard runs over and pleads for him to stop. Mack says "It serves him right, he got my man's order wrong

again. He wants boiled ale." He pushes Kes away from him. "Get it right inn-keep or it will be you next."

A little later a coach arrives, the five passengers entering first. The two coachmen, who merrily greet the staff and complain about the state of the roads, follow them. A nanny and her two charges are among the passengers on their way to join their family. A pit fighter and his trainer/manager make up the coach party. Conrad Jager is taking his fighter Theo Herzog, a young, small well built man, to the pit in Talagaad to win some money. Conrad has promised Theo wealth and fame since discovering him in his village. What he hasn't yet told him is that they will be stopping in Kappelburg to fight, a match Conrad has arranged with an old friend. The opinionated Conrad, completely overwhelming his young charge dominates any conversation.

After a few drinks Conrad is singing the praises of Theo to anyone who will listen. After a while Mack gets fed up and sends Alfredo over to Conrad, challenging that Gaunt could beat Theo into the dust. Conrad agrees for a 50GC wager. Mack's other two bodyguards start to clear a space on the floor, abetted by Rickard's worried complaints. The two sides agree there will be no weapons and the loser will be the first to surrender. If the PCs wish to place wagers they may do so.

Stripped to the waist, the two fighters stare each other out. There is a foot-and-a-half difference in height between them. Initially the fight goes Theo's way. He is fast and talented. Before long Gaunt has a bloodied nose but is still steady. A couple of blows from the big man connect and Theo crashes into a table, promptly cracking it in half. The fight then turns into a wrestling match with not

Heiner Mack

Heiner learnt the ways of selling from his father. The owner of a shop in the Goldstrades district of Talabheim. It was to prove too small for Heiner's ambitions. He invested wisely and was soon arranging exports to Kislev. However, he found the real money was in supplying to those involved in various conflicts. A skill at identifying demand meant he could charge premium prices. Although he has been twenty years in the business he has never managed to become really successful. This is mainly because he trusts few others to do his business. Alfredo is his secretary and most trusted advisor. Mack knows he skims off the top but chooses to ignore such pettiness.

A worshipper of Handrich, Heiner has dedicated his life to accumulating money. He has few morals and has minor sadistic tendencies. He views everyone from the point of view of whether they can make money for him or not. When he wants to be he can be a consummate flatterer. At five and half feet tall, he wears his wealth on the outside. Never skinny, he has grown fat in recent years. He carries no weapons, seeing violence as uncivilised (after all his bodyguards are there for that).

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	35	35	4	3	8	52
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	30	50	49	39	39	51

Career: Merchant, ex-Trader

Skills: Blather, Charm, Evaluate, Haggle, Law, Magical Sense, Numismatics, Read/Write, Ride, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Secret Language - Guilder, Speak Additional Language (Tilean), Super Numerate

Possessions: Smart Clothes, hidden purse (9GC 37/19), Jewellery (30GC), seal and wax

Alfredo Pizarro

Mack's personal secretary. His early life was spent in Magritta. A talent for numbers got him many jobs, although he had an unfortunate habit of petty pilfering. Always on the run he joined a mercenary band and looked after their coffers. Until he got scared that was. At this time he managed to impress Mack and soon joined him. He continues to skim money but knows his value to Mack.

Small, pinched face with the smallest of pencil moustaches, Alfredo dresses in dull colours and always has a ledger firmly gripped in his hand. His Tilean accent remains strong. He has a strange habit of drinking boiled ale.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
3	22	24	2	3	5	45
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	34	39	35	35	42	37

Career: Scribe

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick, Numismatics, Read/Write, Secret Language - Classical, Speak Additional Language (Reikspiel), Super Numerate

Possessions: Pens, Ink, Ledgers, Contracts, Purse (9 GC 34/12)

Bodyguards

These three men have been with Mack for a long time. He pays and treats them well. Gaunt is their leader, even though he is mute. Completely bald and standing at seven feet tall he is an imposing presence.

Gaunt

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	50	25	5	5	10	45
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	32	25	29	30	32	30

Axel & Wim

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	53	25	4	3	7	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	32	25	33	30	32	30

Skills: Disarm, Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike To Stun, Very Strong

Possessions: Leather armour, sword, knuckle-dusters

much between them. However, Theo's determination and skill really shows through and after they break away he rains down blows, speedily dodging in and out of Gaunt's wild swings. After ten minutes Gaunt crashes to the ground. Mack had temperedly pays up through Alfredo.

Gaunt is carried upstairs while a moaning Rikard cleans Theo's wounds. Conrad buys drinks for everyone for the rest of the evening, which cheers the innkeeper a little.

Next Morning

The coach leaves early. It is travelling in the PCs' direction but there is no room aboard. Chances are it will be gone before the PCs arise. Mack doesn't wake until the afternoon by which time the PCs will probably also be gone.

Burnt Village

During the morning the PCs pass the remains of a burnt out village. Parts are now overgrown and those with relevant skills will estimate it happened a couple of years ago. This was the village of Wellheim, loyal to Kappelburg and razed to the ground in a particularly brutal raid.

Village of Ertburg

If the PCs are on foot they will reach Ertburg by late evening, otherwise they can continue direct to Kappelburg. The village is located near Kappelburg, on the border of Stratenheim land. The people serve the von Sybergs and are loyal to them. The village consists of thirty or so small houses surrounded by a deep muddy ditch filled with wooden spikes.

As the PCs approach a guard who calls the alarm sees them. Armed men run out and gather at the gate. The leader greets the PCs with cry of 'Whose arms do you fight under?' If the PCs can convince them they have no idea what they are talking about, they will be allowed in. They will be marched past the inn, long closed due to few travellers passing this way now. The PCs are taken to the village elder's house and here he questions them. If their answers are acceptable he invites them into his home, otherwise they are expelled.

Inside they are fed a simple meal. Most of the villagers squeeze in and they ask many questions about events in the rest of the Empire. In time they begin to talk of the war. Their answers are biased against the von Stratenheims and full of the courage of the von Sybergs and their own people. However, it is enough to give the PCs an idea that a long-standing war is going on locally. They are all in a celebratory mood as they have heard Lord Stefan von Stratenheim, Duke Reiner of Stratenheim's heir had been captured and executed by the Baron. The evening is finished with folk songs, many about the conflict.

Festival of the Dead

Later the next day, the PCs pass a milestone proclaiming *Kappelburg 3 miles*. Night is falling and a little while later the road joins the river. As they round a bend they see Kappelburg seemingly ablaze. *Excellent Vision* or a telescope will show it is fires lit on the town's walls). Tonight is a local festival of the dead in honour of Morr. With peace apparently at hand the people have taken it on upon themselves to enjoy it fully.

Further along the path the town disappears from sight and in the gloom a strange sight greets them. From further ahead they see white skull faces floating in the air towards them. Make the most of this to scare the PCs. As they grow nearer they see they are people on a boat celebrating. Each is dressed in a black robe with a white skull mask. They float past laughing and waving. As they disappear from sight the PCs hear a splash as one falls into the water. Minutes later a group of similarly dressed people approach the PCs on the bank and offer cheap wine. They will explain about the festival if asked.

Approaching the town they see the fires have been set on the walls and the town itself is not aflame. At that moment they hear a shout from the trees. Seconds later a man, in mask and robe staggers out and collapses in the arms of a PC. Underneath he is wearing a mail shirt and has an

empty scabbard. From the trees can be heard the sound of a fight. These sounds will lead the PCs to the conflict without a problem.

In a small clearing two men are holding their own against six others dressed in festival costume. Torches thrown on the floor illuminate the scene. As they enter one of the six is struck down and killed. The two defenders are dressed in leather armour, using swords and left-hand daggers. The smaller of the two is bleeding from the



chest. The men in robes are shouting abuse at their opponents and do not see the PCs approach.

The two men in leather are Lord Stefan von Stratenheim and his bodyguard Otto. The attackers are mercenaries from Krillheim Kate's Mercenary Band. They have been paid by Lady Yvette (not directly) to murder Stefan.

Mercenaries

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	43	29	3	4	8	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	35	29	39	32	30

Skills: Disarm, Secret Language – Battle Tongue, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Possessions: Mail Shirt, Sword. One of them carries a battered Kappelburg Shield, which he intended to leave behind showing local troops were the murderers. Two of them have a tattoo with a picture of a flaming skull, stating 'Stormham Pass, Kill 'em All'. The leader carries



50 GCs freshly minted from Stratenheim. This money was the payment for the murder.

Hopefully, the PCs will help Lord Stefan dispatch the would-be assassins without too many problems. The mercenaries will run once the situation is useless. The capture of one will not provide too much information. An old man

with white hair hired them. He gave them the shield to leave by the bodies. Part of the motivation was that they knew such a murder would extend the war and thus they would continue to be paid.

As soon as the situation is safe Lord Stefan introduces himself ("I am Stefan and this is Otto.") Otto pointedly says, "It is Lord Stefan." Stefan invites the PCs to stay at his town house in Kappelburg. If they heard the story of his death at Ertburg they may be confused. He promises to answer their questions later, instead asking the PCs about themselves.

Kappelburg

Just before the gates of the town they pass armed encampments of two mercenary groups. Krillheim Kate and Mad Miguel lead these. Inside the mercenaries are drinking and playing cards, although as many are in the town both camps are a little empty. Otto mutters to one of the PCs "They don't like strangers in there. Scum they are." A mercenary urinating on to the side of the road coolly nods a greeting.

Entering the town, the festival is in full swing. Everywhere is covered in decorations, mostly incorporating skulls or Morr symbolism. The streets are crowded with drinkers and dancing, a real party is going on. There are numerous armed troops scattered around but they seem relaxed and some are even taking part in the merriment. As the PCs make their way through the streets they will be invited to join in. Stefan takes any remaining PCs to the townhouse, situated near the Keep, he has been given for his stay.

Here they are greeted by servants who immediately tend to Otto and prepare for dinner. Unseen by the PCs, the kitchen boy is sent to the Keep to inform the Baron of what has happened. The table is set with a fine meal of cold meats, vegetables and bread. Here he will answer any questions they may have.

Near midnight, Baron Wilhelm von Syberg arrives by carriage. His entry into the house is preceded by a group of armed guards. He greets Stefan warmly and thanks Sigmar he is unharmed. Stefan turns to the PCs, "Baron, these are the travellers who saved my life." The Baron shakes each of them by the hand and thanks them for their great service, welcoming them to Kappelburg. The Baron is visibly tired and unwell and makes his leave, "We will speak tomorrow Stefan and I will hear the full story of tonight's events. A message came from your father this evening confirming his arrival in two days time. There will be much to celebrate then. Bring your friends [the PCs] to the party tomorrow." He leaves the room, his men following behind. Stefan already knew of his father's arrival and knows the Baron was informing him out of politeness. The party is being held to celebrate Stefan's birthday and he is pleased they have been invited.

Next Morning

The PCs will awake to the sound of frantic activity downstairs. A tailor and his half dozen assistants have arrived to prepare Stefan for his birthday party. After breakfast, he insists the PCs be kited out too. They will need to be measured up and choose fabric. They will also be reminded that they may only carry a sword or a dagger, unless they are a member of a recognised knightly order in which case they may wear armour. The clothes they have made will be of x5 quality.

After this has been done they have a few hours to pass in which they can wander around town. As they are leaving he nervously begins to ask them a favour but hesitates. With a bit of prompting he carries on. He asks them if they could find a woman named Liz Solherd who he thinks lives in the town. Tall, dark, beautiful with a birthmark on her neck is his description of her. She was in the marketplace yesterday where he saw her shopping. He explains that she is an old friend and he would like the PCs to arrange a meeting for today or tomorrow.

Rumours

On the streets there are various rumours flying around;

1. Lord Stefan was murdered in the night by a group of adventurers.
2. Lord Stefan survived an attack by soldiers of his father. It seems that he is here without the Duke's permission.
3. Lady Yvette is soon to be married to a Count from the Upper Reik.
4. They're selling cows at half-price in the market.
5. The challenger to the Fist is only a boy. He's been paid to take a fall in the big fight tonight.
6. A tanner fell off the east battlements last night. Drunk as an aristocrat he was.

Marketplace

The marketplace is full with people crowded around the various stalls. There are a variety of goods on sale here all at above standard prices. In the centre of the marketplace four men are building a ring for the fight tonight. Any of the market-goers will inform the PCs that the big fight is this evening. Local hero 'the Fist' is to take-on a famous fighter from out of town.

"You mean Lizzie Sorbas" is the answer the PCs get if they ask around with the description Stefan gave them. The name Solherd means nothing to anyone. The PCs will be pointed towards her house or to the fight-ring. This is because her husband is the fighter known as the Fist. If they go to the ring, they will point them towards the house.

Lizzie

From the street they can hear the sound of playing children. The house is rundown and small, a dove once painted on the door is badly faded. Liz, a tired looking young woman, answers the door with two kids running around her. She will warily invite the PCs in. Her eyes light up at the mention Stefan's name but she will refuse to see him. No argument the PCs use will make her change her mind.

Liz travelled to Nuln from Kappelburg as a teenager. In part, this was due to her brother's death in the fighting. There she hoped to find a good job. Instead, she ended up a poor servant to an abusive merchant. However, a chance meeting with Stefan led to them falling in love. Their happiness lasted until Stefan decided to return home. Only when he was gone did Liz discover she was pregnant. Shocked, she decided to have the baby in Nuln. However, after the birth her employer threw her out. Homeless and penniless she returned home. Here she married her childhood friend Karl (AKA The Fist). In time they had another child and they were happy. She never told Karl who the father was.

Things have not gone so well recently. Karl, when not fighting spends his time doing various odd-jobs where and when he can. Recently however, such jobs have been scarce and he has gotten into debt with Colmein Heinz, a local criminal. The money he borrowed was to pay for food for the family. He owes Heinz 45GCs but the date of repayment is a month overdue. However, Heinz no longer wants Karl's money. Instead he wants him to throw the forthcoming fight. Karl though is a man of honour and won't do it. To make matters worse he did have the means to pay. He had invested in a merchant venture which would have given him a return of 120GCs. However, it was stolen in a burglary. It isn't too much of a surprise to say that Heinz sent the burglar.

Thus Liz is worried about her husband's safety. She fears that if he wins the fight, Heinz will kill him. As the PCs are leaving she decides to ask for their help. She briefly explains the problem and says she will meet Stefan if they will help. If the PCs agree to the request, she will say he is training by the river.

Standing well above six feet and superbly built Karl looks every inch the fighter. Although skilful he has never had any real success. This is due to a mixture of lacking the 'killer instinct' and a refusal to leave Kappelburg. He has a very strong sense of honour and he will not go against it. He refuses to engage in fights-to-the death, but this is out of genuine concern for his opponent. He has taken this stance since killing a man in his youth. Completely dedicated to his family, he is popular locally.

There are a number of ways that the PCs may choose to help Karl. He will welcome this but will refuse to lose on

purpose. Therefore they will need to have a bit more thought. Commenting that his family will be in danger is not something he has considered and will upset him greatly. His answer is to ask the PCs to protect them and if they refuse, he will ask friends. Convincing him to run from the fight will not work either.

Mr Big

Going to see Colmein Heinz is a likely path. Karl knows he can be found in the 'Fingers on the Scale' inn, located in the poor area by the East Gate. The locals will stare at the PCs in a decidedly unfriendly (as in sharp, pointy object, unfriendly) manner, the barkeep refusing to acknowledge them. Asking to see Heinz will get them nowhere and they will need to concoct a good reason to allow them in. Something to do with money is probably the best bet. If Karl is with them, they will automatically be admitted.

Entry to the backrooms means having to remove weapons and submit to a search. Heinz is guarded by a group of five armed thugs, although the crowd in the inn will join in soon enough. Colmein Heinz is the local racketeer; making money from extortion, money-lending and black market goods. A Kappelburg boy, he does have the respect of the poorer citizens, and few would go against him. Fear does play a part in this. 'Stumps' Struberg, a local beggar and only surviving member of a rival group can regularly be found warning people not to go against Heinz. To make matters more complicated Heinz sees himself as Karl's manager. He has arranged this latest bout.

Heinz will be immensely suspicious of the PCs' motives for approaching him, furious that Karl has told them the fight is fixed. He refuses to take the money Karl owes him, saying the time to pay has long passed. In fact he argues he is being generous in allowing the fighter to pay the sum off in such an easy manner. Heinz simply wants Karl to lose the fight after giving a good account of himself. If the PCs can get Karl to do this, "all the better for him" he says. As they are leaving he warns them that if word gets around the fight is fixed they 'would do well to remember you sleep among strangers.'

Tracking the burglar down is also an option. A player with *Thieves Tongue*, money and courage may get results. A local burglar named Atea Leav was paid to steal the stake certificate and hand it to Heinz. He then sent another man to the nearest city to impersonate Karl and collect the stake.

The Big Fight

The fight takes place in the marketplace just after eight. Characters who wish to go the Baron's party will therefore miss it. A huge local crowd has gathered, everyone crowded against the ring. Many have brought buckets or chairs to get a better view. Throughout the crowd, betting run by Heinz is operating (usually on how quick The Fist will win the fight). Karl is a huge favourite to win and those betting on 'the stranger' get dirty looks from the partisan crowd. Heinz and other local dignitaries observe proceedings from windows overlooking the square.

There is a huge cheer for Karl when he arrives, and boos for Theo. The town-crier announces the pair and the rules to the crowd 'first man to give in loses.' The two opponents strip off and then rush together. They are not using weapons but the fight is vicious. Every five minutes a break is called and the betting resumes. The match is bloody and without PC intervention lasts over half-an-hour. At the end of this, a battered Karl picks Theo up and throw him unconscious into the crowd.

The most likely path the PCs will take to influence the fight is to noble Karl on the night. They need to remember that Heinz still wants a good fight. Players are likely to think of various outlandish ways to knock Karl flat but poison is perhaps the most likely one. Poison slowly slipped to him in his water will get him in the end. (The play-testers came up with this and it was great fun to describe the to-and-fro of the fight. Sometimes the poison seemed to slow him down, other times it didn't. Minor panic ensued when he insisted on a drink of spirits instead. Also, corner disagreements ended up with him wrestling and knocking a PC unconscious.)



If Karl is victorious he will have both his kneecaps broken at some point in the near future and still be in debt to Heinz. In addition Liz won't be very happy with the PCs. If they do contrive to get Karl to lose and hopefully help him home, Liz will be very grateful. However, she will refuse to see Stefan. Nothing the PCs say will get her to change her mind.

Military Tattoo

The other distraction the PCs may investigate is the identity of Stefan's attackers. The only real lead they have, bar questioning, is the Tattoo. They are likely to guess anyway but by asking the local military, the PCs are pointed towards the mercenary camps. Stormham Pass was a battle that took place in the Border Princes. Various units held their own against vastly superior Orc forces. Many there were tattooed. However, this is not a widely known story. Many of the survivors joined Krillheim Kate a year later. Twenty or so of her most experienced men have the tattoo.

The camps are dirty, smelly and unwelcoming. Guards watch the PCs and intervene should they start entering tents. Light rain has forced everyone into waterproof cloaks; hiding any tattoos. PCs will need to be able to speak *Battle Tongue* just to say hello. Otherwise they will be grunted at or just plain ignored. Gifts of alcohol will soften attitudes a little. However, the mercenaries will be suspicious of questions and PCs will have to be subtle. On the other hand causing a fight or successfully sneaking around may bring them face to face with Krillheim Kate.

Kate

The encounter with the Mercenary Captain Krillheim Kate may happen at the camp or at the evening's party. Kate has no connection with the attack on Stefan but will admit that the men were hers if described. Her answer to any accusation is that they are free to do what they want when they aren't under orders. The accusation that she wanted Stefan dead as she would benefit from the continuation of war is met with laughter. She simply replies "Why should I need to do that. There are more than enough wars to pay me."

A year past forty Kate made a name for herself as the leader of a well renowned group of mercenaries. She formed her own group after becoming known for leading a famous victory at the small village of Krillheim. Capitalising on this she set out to recruit quality troops; in part taking on survivors from Stormham Pass. An easygoing commander, her troops are loyal to her, although she is quick to punish disobedience. She feels a little old now but doesn't really know what else to do. She is approachable but gives nothing away and is good at garnering information. A worshipper of Myrmidia, she often invokes the goddess's name. Deeply tanned, her fair hair is pulled back into a ponytail. She is small and thin, rarely stepping out of her armour. She carries a hidden poisoned blade for emergencies.

The Party

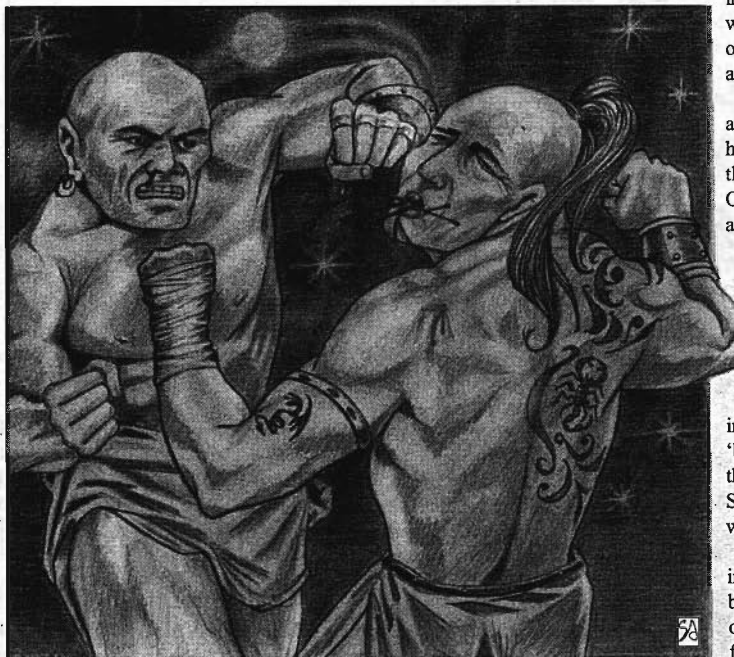
Stefan leaves for the party at eight o'clock. If the PCs are not with him he will have Otto wait an hour. They will need to bathe, shave and don their new clothes before Stefan will allow them to join him. They are to walk the short distance to the keep, much to Otto's worry. On the way to the keep, locals stare at him and some curse, while a few shout 'Sigmar bless you' and similar. As they approach the gate a middle aged woman dressed in black spits at Stefan and calls him a murderer and a rapist. She rants and raves at him while he ignores her. If Otto is not there the PCs will need to move her back. The woman's husband and two sons have both been killed in the conflict.

The party is in honour of Stefan's birthday and is a busy affair. Many of the town's hierarchy are there, with perhaps a few too many of the 'common sort'. However,

the Baron was eager to make up numbers. He has pulled out all the stops to make it memorable. Despite this, there is still somewhat of a strained atmosphere. To the background of two harpists, the hall is slowly filling with partygoers. Guards stand at the walls, tables running down the middle. As 'Lord Stefan von Strateheim and party' are announced the hall turns to look. The Duke immediately comes over and embraces Stefan, guiding him away. The PCs are left to their own devices. Those with *Etiquette* will feel at home, those without feeling like a spare wheel on a horse.

A short while after arrival dinner is served. The PCs along with the majority of people sit at the tables in the hall, while the Baron, Stefan and high ranking others head to an adjoining room. Numerous servants serve a bountiful feast washed down with ale and wine. All the while they are entertained by musicians. Much of the talk is speculation concerning recent events. Afterwards the Baron and his party return and there is dancing and entertainment.

During the evening, the PCs will get to speak to some of the main players in events. Lady Yvette is the first to approach them, escorted by two bodyguards (including Rudolf Bratsch. See page 36 *Yvette's Followers*). After asking personal questions, she moves onto the attack on



Stefan. She also asks if the PCs will fight on Kappelburg's side if the peace doesn't last. Her questions make the PCs feel like she is searching for something from them. If the PCs ask any questions related to the war she will blame Stratenheim for it. Of course, if asked she will say she desires peace.

Later on Duke Ulrich strides over to the PCs, looking like he wouldn't mind battering them. "Why in Sigmar's name did you save the boy [Stefan]. Better off dead." He will inflict a barrage of questions towards the PCs, highlighting his intolerance of the peace and general barminess. It's like being trapped in a corner by a particularly mad uncle at a party. Among his questions and comments will be the following "Are you spies? If you are I'll hang you from the nearest tree.", "The war won't be won until we've killed every Stratenheim man, woman and child. Mark my words." & "Stefan's trouble! I'll tell you that for free. Never trust anyone who prefers words to fighting."

If they haven't met Kate, they meet her now. She is dressed in fine leather armour and seems as ill at ease as the PCs. (q.v. Kate)

Stefan finds his way back to them after Ulrich has disappeared. It is near the end of the night and says he needs some air and invites them into the garden. Here he asks what they think of the various people they have met. From across the garden they see the Baron approaching. Before his arrival

a messenger announces to Stefan that he has a visitor. The woman refuses to leave the gate, saying she is a friend. The woman's description matches that of Liz. Stefan looks torn but decides to await the Baron. Instead he asks a PC to go instead and ask her to wait. The Baron asks the PCs if they are enjoying themselves and with Stefan guides them to a secluded part of the garden. Here stands the statue of a beautiful young woman. "This is my wife, Hilde. Fifteen years ago, she was killed in a Stratenheim ambush. I believe your father led it. I hated your family for her death. I suppose I still I do. Perhaps it's my age but I can see how pointless it is. If I hadn't attacked the mill at Koen Crossing, he wouldn't have led his men into East Imheim and found her. Perhaps, perhaps. Only the gods know and they chose not to tell me. Let us hope it can come to an end." He stands in silence and then excuses himself and Stefan. The two of them head to his chamber to discuss Duke Reiner's visit.

Liz's Visit

Waiting at the guardhouse is a visibly nervous Liz. She seems relieved to see the PC. She says she cannot talk for long and Stefan must meet her at Two Dogs' at midnight. She says it is of the utmost importance and that he must bring gold. After passing on the message she goes home. She has been forced into this under duress, the reasons for which will soon become clear. Two Dogs is the name of an Old Tree by the North Gate, a landmark any local will be able to point out.

A little while later Stefan comes out and asks the PCs what Liz said. He looks happy and obviously intends to meet her. If the PCs insist on escorting him (as will Otto), he will say no. If they persist he agrees to meet them at a quarter to midnight outside the townhouse.

The Spy

Meanwhile, one of the PCs is invited to a second party. Approached by Natalie, a comely young lady in waiting, she admires him for his bravery in saving Lord Stefan. A few of the younger 'better' servants (those who directly serve the von Sybergs) are having a get together. She hopes that only the PC will come but will agree to the other PCs coming along.

Natalie plays the role of a young innocent well. In fact she has been ordered by her mistress Lady Yvette to befriend one of the PCs and spy on them. If the PC falls for her charms, she may feature in the rest of the scenario, pretending to be their eyes and ears in the palace. Thus Yvette may learn their plans and discoveries. On the other hand, PCs may guess her role and thus use her to feed misinformation.

Here they hear the first rumblings that the Duke has been murdered. First servants start whispering it, then guards are roused and soon the whole palace is alive. No one is allowed to leave. The clocks in the palace strike twelve. Unless they hide, guards looking for the murderer(s) will question the PC(s).

Murder at Night

Mercenaries in the pay of the merchant Heiner Mack have murdered Baron Reiner. In turn, they had been paid and instructed by Lady Yvette. The three men were led by Hans Dirtee, Krillheim Kate's second in command for the can't-say-no price of 100GCs (Mack kept 50 for himself). They came into the city with two men and stayed at the Coin and Scale inn. Here Mack's clerk, who passed on their instructions met them and gave them Lord Stefan's dagger covered in poison. He told them to go the west gate at the keep, where they were met by Alfred Koltzack (Yvette's servant) who gave them guard uniforms and lead them to the corridor containing the Baron's bedroom.

Two Kappelburg soldiers guarded the room, one of who was in Yvette's pay. As the three men approached he killed his comrade and was then clubbed unconscious himself.

The trio then sneaked into the Baron's room. To their surprise he was waiting, killing one man and wounding a second by chopping his ear off. He was then hit in the side, followed by Dirtee stabbing him in the hand with the dagger. Dirtee then removed the Baron's ring. A servant then entered the room and shouted before being killed. In their rush they forgot to check that the second guard was dead. The two survivors, carrying the third, made their getaway as the guard was roused. They headed for a bedroom in which had been stored disguises. On the way a young squire saw them. Stashing the body they escaped over the battlements. They returned to their inn, ready to leave the city and in the morning and travel to The Three Gallows inn.

Stefan arrested

As panic sweeps through the keep, a hooded Stefan is making his way to Two Dogs to meet Liz. As he approaches the gate he is arrested for murder by town guards instructed to arrest anyone trying to head out of town. He surrenders and is taken to the keep's dungeon. If the PCs manage to warn him or rescue him he will surrender anyway, insisting that running away will simply prove his guilt to his accusers.

With Lord Ernst's absence, Ulrich takes charge. Hearing of Stefan's 'flight' it doesn't take much to assume his guilt. However, next afternoon, under Yvette's advice he is moved to the townhouse. Officially, it is until his guilt is proven. However, Yvette hopes it will stir the blood of the people back to war, perhaps even to lynch him. It doesn't go that far but people line the streets calling for his blood and renewal of war. Ulrich begins his investigations and comes to the conclusion that Stefan is guilty and will be hung tomorrow when his father arrives.

Lizzie Again

Liz and her family have gone into hiding, with the intention of leaving town as soon as it is safe. Her next door neighbour was the only one to see anything. She looked out late last night to see a carriage standing outside the house. It was from the Keep and the hooded coachman knocked on the door. Lizzie entered the carriage and it sat there for ten minutes. It then drove off.

The coach contained Yvette who had come to set Stefan up for murder. She had learnt about Liz's relationship with Stefan and guessed that her son may be Stefan's. Summoning Liz to the carriage she threatened to reveal her, having her family arrested as traitors. All she had to do was deliver the message.

PCs requested

At some point during the morning, whenever the PCs can be tracked down, an old man approaches them. He is a sergeant of the Baron's guards and has been asked to bring the PCs to the Keep. He won't say who has requested their attendance. They are taken to the dungeon to see Stefan. He is incarcerated in a small dark, damp cell. Sitting in the shadows against the wall is a young man, looking too well dressed to be a guard. Stefan, looking pleased to see the PCs, says "Thank you for coming. I hope you believe I am innocent of this crime. Those that wish this war to continue have done this." If asked who he thinks is responsible he hesitates. The other man then steps forward and introduces himself as Lord Mathieu, nephew to the late Baron and son of Duke Ulrich. Mathieu suspects his father is responsible but hopes to be proved otherwise. He and Stefan have agreed to ask the PCs to investigate the matter. In part, because they can deny knowledge of them doing so.

"We want you to investigate the murder of my uncle. Find those guilty of this cowardly act. Come with me to his room for you may be able to shed light on this matter. You have my permission to talk to the guards and servants of the palace. However, you may not talk to my family. If you need to talk to me you must contact Kriel Salder, my servant." Mathieu leads them along numerous corridors and staircases until they reach the Baron's corridor. The bedroom is guarded by four guards. Mathieu asks the PCs to wait in an alcove and advances and orders the guards to leave for a moment. He then beckons them forward.

On the Trail

The room is a mess, blood around the door and inside. The bodies have all been removed. Mathieu describes what was found after the alarm was raised. "The two guards were found outside, one is dead the other recovering. His sword was bloodied, so a skirmish must have taken place outside. A servant was killed in the doorway. It seems he came upon them during their dark deed. My uncle was found here at the foot of the bed, his sword covered in blood. I believe he would have given a good account of himself. There was also blood in the adjoining corridor. Lord Stefan's dagger was found stabbed through my uncle's hand, covered in traces of poison, manbane I am told. The only thing taken was his ring. This ring is to be passed from Baron to Baron, and should now belong to my cousin. Find the ring and the murderer and you will be well rewarded. I can give you half an hour in this area, before I must go and ask the guards to return." He walks into the corridor, sits on a bench and wearily buries his head in his hands.

The ring is made of solid gold engraved with the von Syberg coat of arms. It was cast from gold given by Magnus the Pious and is worn by the Baron of Kappelburg. It is also used as a seal.

Those with *Follow Trail* will find be able to find four sets of footprints. The room contains only one further clue and that is the severed ear. Lying under the bed, it has three earrings attached. All are fine gold (5GC each) and all have jeweller's marks (must be looked for). Some investigation will reveal that one is located in Kappelburg.

Out in the corridor, the trail of blood runs for a short while, leading into an adjoining corridor but nowhere specific. Opposite this corridor, against a wall a bag has fallen. It is made of velvet and has the von Syberg coat of arms embroidered on it. Inside are polishes and cloths, the kind used to maintain armour. Mathieu will confirm squires or servants would use these.

Once they have finished their investigations Mathieu will lead them away from the corridor. He will bid them goodbye, wishing them luck and asking for proof of the murderer.

The PCs have a number of possible investigation routes. It is likely that they will follow a mixture of them. All lead to Heiner Mack and then back to the palace.

Castle Investigations

The personal servants of the Baron know little. They are all upset at the death of the Baron and their fellow servant. None of them have anything to offer. The Baron dismissed them for the night before the party. He maintained only Karlton, the longest serving of them. He was bringing a meal to him when he was killed. None of them lost a polish bag, suggesting that they try the squires.

At the gatehouse, the logbook for last night has gone missing. Guards remember some men arriving and saying they were here to visit Sergeant Sander. The three men had relevant passes and had been entered in the logbook. He denies ever having seen them before. The gates were shut and guarded as soon as the alarm was raised and no one was allowed to leave.

Among the staff and guards there is a general confusion about what happened last night. Everyone has a slightly different version of events and a different collection of rumours. Most believe that Lord Stefan was responsible for the murder.

The Squire

Andreas, a 10-year-old squire from Ostland dropped the bag. He will be found in the stables and has forgotten about losing the bag. Grateful for its return, he is happy to talk to the PCs. The bag was dropped when he was on his way to polish Duke Ulrich's armour. He saw two guards carrying a third between them and enter one of the guestrooms, but hasn't thought why. He could not tell if one was missing an ear and didn't get a good look at them. All he remembers is that both men were bearded and tall. Thinking there had been a fight he ran to get help.

The room is a small, plain guestroom, containing little more than a bed. At the end of this is a large wooden,



iron banded chest used for a guest's possessions. Stuffed in this is the body of a man in palace guard uniform. He has been stabbed in the face, congealed blood covering his chest. Two guard tunics have been thrown on top of him, while he wears a third. Sitting at the bottom of the chest is a good quality dark robe, perhaps like a trader or senior-scribe would wear. The end of this corridor leads to the battlements were those looking around will find a rope and grappling hook hidden in a barrel of water. This of course implies that someone inside helped them to escape. No-one in the Keep recognises the body, although the face is ruined.

After the men had murdered the Baron, they retreated to this room. Here they removed their guard tunics and put on the robes. They then put their dead comrade inside and headed to the battlements, escaping by rope. In the streets, no one would challenge three such 'respectable men'. Yvette's manservant Alfred Koltzack came later and removed it.

The Dagger

Stefan says he lost his dagger, engraved with his coat of arms, while at dinner on the night of his arrival. Twenty or so local personages were present, including the Baron and his family.

The Body

Down in the depths of the Keep is the von Syberg private chapel. Next to this is the family tomb. Lying on a slab is

the Baron. The body is under guard and there is no way PCs will gain access. The local cleric of Morr, Erik Meir, a small man constantly on the move, is preparing the corpse for the forthcoming funeral. However, he will be happy to talk and show them the bodies of the guard and servant. Klaus, the guard, was stabbed through the spine and died quickly. Didn't even draw his sword. Erik will agree to the conclusion that he was stabbed in the back. The servant on the other hand was killed messily by a thrust through the stomach. The poison found on Lord Stefan's dagger was man-bane, but blood loss that killed the Baron. With the cancer inside it didn't take much more to finish him.

The Survivor

Armin Lommel, the surviving guard, is recovering in a guestroom. Although attended by nurses and servants, the PCs will be able to see him easily. The right side of his face is heavily bruised and his hair has been shaved away to allow stitching of his wound. He has a tray of food and wine in front of him. He is nervous talking to the PCs, sweating and stuttering. To cover this he will offer them a glass of wine. In fact the wine has been poisoned and during the meal Armin will begin to choke. His painful spasms only last a short while and he is soon dead.

However, before this happens he will give his version of events: "We were on guard as usual, expecting nothing to happen when Lord Stefan approached. He asked if he could see the Baron. The Baron said he might do so, so Klaus turned and knocked on the door and

that Stratenheim bastard stabbed him in the back. I swung at him but that was the last thing I remember."

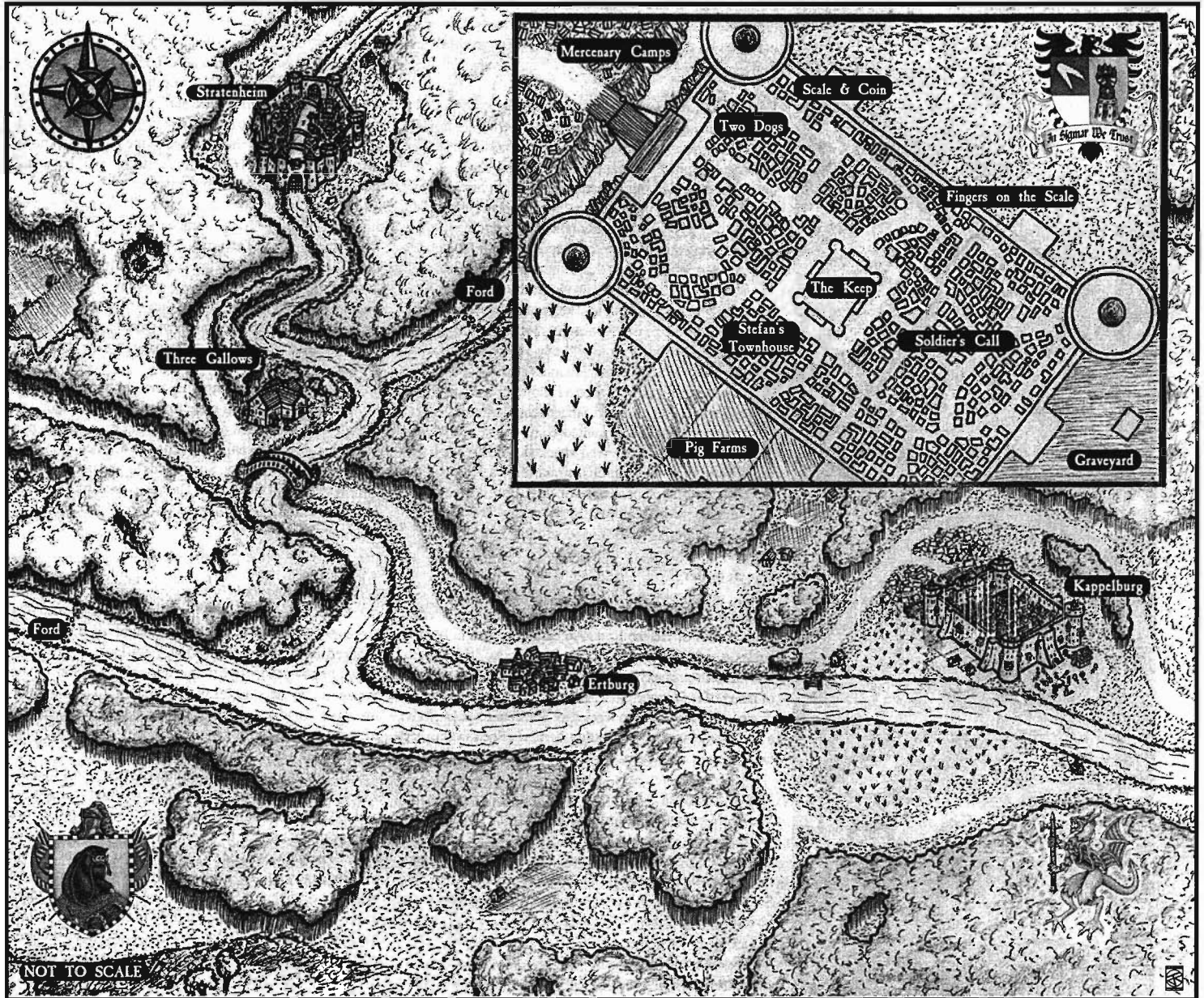
The wine is very expensive and is laced with nightshade. None of the servants remember it being brought in to the room. In fact, Alfred Koltzack brought it and thus wasn't seen as unusual. Any character drinking some must make a Toughness test or suffer chest pains for a day (-10 on all % Characteristics). As the players will undoubtedly guess, Armin was killed to preserve his silence. Therefore investigating him is a likely path for them to take.

His Friends & Family

Lady Yvette forced Armin into betraying the Duke. During a raiding campaign into Krolter, an area under Stratenheim control, they were ambushed by local troops. Although he had fought bravely before and since, this time he panicked and ran. This act went unseen by all except Yvette. On their return she publicly rewarded him for his bravery. Privately, she promised to keep silent as long as he remembered this favour. Two days ago the favour was called in.

Born and raised in a village near Kappelburg, Armin didn't make a very good farmer. With his wife he travelled to town and joined the army. Proving himself a good soldier he enjoyed his life until the fateful incident in Krolter. After this he was assigned to the Keep guard. Since then he has been depressed and more and more prone to alcoholism.

The Sergeant of the Guard says Armin wasn't a bad soldier. He doesn't know where he lived but thinks Gotz Bohmen, his friend probably does.



Old Friend: Bohmen is an old friend of Armin. They served in the army together and were assigned to the Keep guard at the same time. However, at that time they fell out. A sad Bohmen will happily talk to the PCs but doesn't think his friend could have betrayed the Baron. "Ever since the raiding campaign against Krolter he had strange moods. He hung out with the others and spent most of his time drinking. I hadn't spoken to him for weeks but two days ago he gave me a new sheath. It was of the best quality. We talked like old times. Poor Yella, she's bound to be upset."

He was on the Krolter raid and if asked will remember "it was led by Lord Ernst and Lady Yvette. We raided some outlying villages, burnt a few barns, and killed some cattle: The usual things. However, when we reached a large village a large force surprised us. The orders were given to retreat and a running battle took place. We were lucky, most of the men got out." Commended by Lady Yvette for his bravery Armin would never talk about what happened. Gotz knows the wife's address and if asked about these new friends recommends they try The Soldier's Call on Olbe Wag.

New Friends: Jonas Feher and Gustav Fritsch were a couple of heavy drinking buddies of Armin. Both are at the tavern having a private wake. The barkeep will point them out if asked about Armin. They don't know where he lives and say his wife is just a old nagger and best avoided. They saw him talking yesterday to three men. He wouldn't say who they were (but their description matches that of the Baron's killers). They do know that he had visited an inn in the merchants quarter: they remember him saying how much better it was than here. "Can't see how though. Ale's ale, in-it?"

Wife: Yella Lommel is visibly upset when she answers the door. She thought something had been brewing for a while now. Ever since he returned from Krolter he's been fed up and drunk. Something happened there and she thinks he owed someone a favour or perhaps money. In hindsight she should of known something was going to happen. He left the city two days ago for the whole day, returning late. He got his hands on some money yesterday and bought her some jewellery. She thinks this came from an old man with white hair (Alfred Koltzack) who visited the day before. They talked together for a long time. They spoke in low voices but she overheard the phrase "Lord von Syberg requests this." (Actually she misheard, it was "Lady von Syberg requests this." He hid the money but she found it after his death. If the PCs ask to see it, she will agree on a Fellowship test. Otherwise she will just say they were 25 Stratenheim gold coins. She is right, they are the newly minted coins the same as those found on the Mercenaries who attacked Lord Stefan.

The visit to the merchant quarter was to visit the mercenaries. They spoke at The Scale & Coin but they were unsure that he would carry the plan through. They therefore visited him later to make sure he would.

The Jewellers

Asking any local jeweller (of which there are only a few) about the markings on the earring will get them pointed to the premises of Helene Kant. An earthy woman in her late sixties, she took over her husband's business on his death. She has proven herself adept at the trade, much to the disgust of many of her competition. She remembers selling a pair of earrings to a rough man a week ago. She thought he might be a mercenary but he didn't really talk much. She saw him and two others at the nearby Blacksmiths recently.

The Blacksmith

Werner Nyman is to be found working in the sweatshop of his forge. He is always glad of company and will offer visitors ale. He sold the men, who he thought were traders, three horses and saddles. They asked directions to The Soldiers Call but didn't say much else. They certainly knew how to handle horses.

The Scale and Coin

As they arrive at the inn, the PCs see a poster being

pasted up. It announces the execution of Lord Stefan for the murder of Baron Wilhelm;

Loyal Citizens of Kappelburg & The Empire

Tomorrow, the murderer and criminal Stefan von Stratenheim will be executed for his crimes. He shall be thrown from the North Gate tower, a rope of justice around his neck. Thus we herald our forthcoming victory.

There are only three inns in the merchant quarter, all struggling to make ends meet. The Scale & Coin's landlord clearly remembers the three men staying here ("northerners, a bit uncouth"). They said they were in town for a meeting. The three had gone out last night but his son said only two came home last night (Wink! Wink!). They had horses stabled here and left early this morning. A man (dignified, white hair) delivered a gift late last night ("a bottle of wine I'd guess"). They had a private meeting yesterday with a soldier and another merchant ("Tilean, small, pencil moustache, spectacles, drank boiled ale. Ugh!") This was Armin and Alfredo Pizarro, Heiner Mack's clerk.

Searching their room, reveals two robes matching the one in the chest, some bloodied blankets and the undrunk bottle of wine. The bottle matches the poisoned one given to Armin, and is itself laced with Nightshade.

Further Investigations

It is possible that the PCs will decide to try to track down Alfred Koltzack, likely to be only known from his description. The deduction that he works for the von Syberg household is not likely to be far off. However, it won't be easy: Natalie will deny knowing him, as will Mathieu (genuinely so), as will kitchen staff and the like. They will recommend they talk to Fritzcal Meier, Master of the House. Meier is in charge of the servants of the Keep and knows Alfred. However, he is loyal to Yvette and will not admit knowing him until he has spoken to her.

Two possible encounters may well take place around this time. Both should encourage the party to leave town. The first is the issue of a warrant for their arrest in connection with the Baron's murder. It has been issued by Ulrich, under advice from Yvette. Mathieu was unaware of it and has no power to rescind the warrant. If they are caught, it means death. As commoners, they are even more likely than Stefan to be executed. Use this event, when the PCs are getting too close to Alfred.

An optional encounter is one showing Natalie's betrayal. After a PC has gone to her for information she arranges to meet them after dark. This is in the town, a quiet square near the palace. Yvette has decided to capture one of the PCs for torture. She intends to find out what they know and then kill the captive. The trap is sprung and Natalie apologizes to the PC, soldiers closing in. Flight is the best option if the PC is alone.

Secrets

This information should be enough to make them put much of the plot together. They will probably have an idea that someone important in the Keep is involved but not one hundred percent certain whom. With Duke Reiner von Stratenheim due to arrive tomorrow and Stefan about to be executed they need to bring the situation to a close. The answers seem to lie with Heiner Mack at the Three Gallows. Alternatively to bid for more time they may look to the approaching Duke Reiner and his army.

If they inform Lord Mathieu of their plans then he will agree with them. He will look worried then say, "I will tell you something of the utmost secrecy and before I tell you must swear to never reveal it." If they say yes then, "The gates will be closing and you will not be able to enter easily again. However, there is small waterfall a mile east of the town. Behind is a secret passage leading to the dungeons here, known only to the family. Follow the passage taking a left each time. I will have the area watched. If others bar yourselves enter I will collapse it. May Sigmar go with you."



Mercenary Camp

As they leave town, they see Krillheim Kate's mercenaries packing up camp and moving away from town towards the nearby hill. Her scouts saw the Baron's army moving towards the town and Kate has decided to withdraw. She is using late payment as the excuse but is simply holding out until prices rise.

Searching the mercenary camps for news of a soldier with only one ear or one who has gone missing will yield no positive answers.

Arms Dealer

Heiner Mack was behind the murder of the Baron. Although it was organised on Yvette's instigation and planning, he was in no way an unwilling participant. They came up with the plan together, using Alfredo and Alfred Koltzack as go-betweens. Mack knows that he is dealing with one of the von Sybergs but doesn't know for certain whom. He suspects Ulrich. It was Alfredo who contacted the mercenaries, choosing the most disreputable of the bunch. After the killing the two survivors came and got their money from Mack himself. The merchant knows nothing of the Baron's ring.

Heiner Mack is still holed up at The Three Gallows. His shipment arrived last night and he is now awaiting the arrival of the Stratenheim representative. Wagons filled with weapons sit in the courtyard, guarded by a half-dozen (none too vigilant) guards. There is no exotic weaponry, just a mixture of solid basic items. The inn is filled with drivers and guards. Mack and his party are upstairs making final preparations for the deal. The purchase had been organised month's ago. He had heard the Duke wasn't to going to make the buy but with the possibility of peace about to be shattered it is going ahead. If the PCs challenge him now, he will simply deny it. Surrounded by his men he is confident and smug. Once he is safe, he will order them captured (only if they are likely to surrender) and locked in the cellar.

A little while later, a unit of Stratenheim troops arrives. They are led by Captain Harnish, cousin of the Duke and a close friend and advisor. His escort is heavy, protecting both him and the gold they carry. Two of the men carry 1000GCs in a chest.

The coins are part of a batch of two thousand minted in celebration of the peace (a thousand here, five hundred still in Stratenheim and five hundred taken by Stefan to Kappelburg as a gift). If the PCs discovered the coins on the mercenaries and/or those paid to Armin, they will discover they match. This fact is the key to uncovering Yvette. The five hundred that Stefan brought to Kappelburg was placed in the treasury. Requesting money, Yvette was given three hundred of them. She gave them to her servant Alfred, who paid them out, the remainder hidden in his room.

As the men dismount outside, Mack sets up a table in the middle of the inn. Soldiers enter ahead of Harnish who marches up to the table. The chest is placed beside him and opened. He dips a hand in, tossing coins on the table.

"Here is the money as promised. I had hoped we would not have to deal again. It seems the gods decree I will not die in bed."

Mack smiles smugly, "Statenheim's money is always good, Captain. Newly minted too. I am honoured."

"It is. I'm sure you won't appreciate the fact but

these were minted in celebration of the peace. If there had been peace I would have taken great pleasure coming here and throwing you out for good."

"Now! Now! Captain, I would of course prefer to see peace come through your victory. But, let us get to business. Please come check the merchandise. I am sure you will agree it is, as always, the finest quality."

"I believe it will be merchant." They go outside together. Here Harnish checks the goods and then leaves, his men driving the wagons.

Making their accusations in front of Harnish is a good idea. He is backed up by enough troops to intimidate the caravan guards into submission and is willing to take action. He will arrest Mack, Alfredo and anyone else the PCs implicate. They will be dragged back to the Baron's camp. He will only do this if they the PCs approach him in the inn and he is forced to make a decision. This is of course if the PCs

throughout, convincing himself of its validity. If Mack has not already been arrested he will order him so.

The merchant and his scribe will be dragged before him in chains, both protesting their innocence of any crime. They will deny any knowledge of the PCs accusations, proclaiming them liars. The Duke, in no mood for games, orders them to be questioned by one of his captains, who is also his torturer. They are dragged away. At this stage Reiner summons Lord Ernst and informs him of what is happening.

Before long, both men have told what they know. Both captives are in fear of their lives and answer the questions from Reiner and Ernst. They spend half their time blaming each other, claiming their own innocence. At the end of the questioning, both nobles are convinced of the truth of the tale. However, Reiner is realistic enough to know that it makes little difference. Stefan is still likely to be executed once the army comes within site of the walls. Although it is unsaid, this will lead to the execution of Ernst.

Lord Ernst volunteers to enter the town and uncover the culprit, swearing that he will return. Reiner declines, instead telling the PCs that it is in their hands. He will camp his army here until the morning, giving them time to enter the city and free Stefan.

Ambush

If on their return to Kappelburg, the PCs do not know about the secret route into town, then they will have to find a way in over the walls. Patrols and guards are greatly increased and they run the danger of being seen as enemy spies. If this happens then they may well get into fight, the troops being somewhat on edge. Capture will result in explanations to a disbelieving Captain, with stubbornness perhaps being greeted by a torturer.

The secret route is as described. The waterfall itself is hidden at the bottom of a small valley; a somewhat picturesque scene. The entrance is narrow and once through the passages split and twist. Sometimes they have to crawl and other times climb. After some time they near the Keep, entering larger tunnels. Here Yvette has laid an ambush for them. A group of her men, led by her bodyguard have been sent to make sure they die. This fight should be adjusted to make things difficult for the PCs. The men are hidden in the dark recesses of the tunnel, masked and covered with black cloaks. If undetected they will leap out, concentrating on first taking down any spell-casters. While Rudolf lives they will not retreat, otherwise they run after four are dead.

Searching the bodies, they recognise Rudolf as Yvette's bodyguard. They also find one of the Stratenheim gold coins on him.

Uncovered

Entering the town, the PCs will have to get to see Mathieu. Once in, they will then have to convince him that Stefan is innocent. Although, he personally believes this, evidence is needed to convince others. With Mathieu's backing, Alfred Koltzack is easily found and arrested. Mathieu knows he must be quick and arrests him without referring to Yvette, a huge risk. It is obvious at this point that Yvette is the likely guilty party.

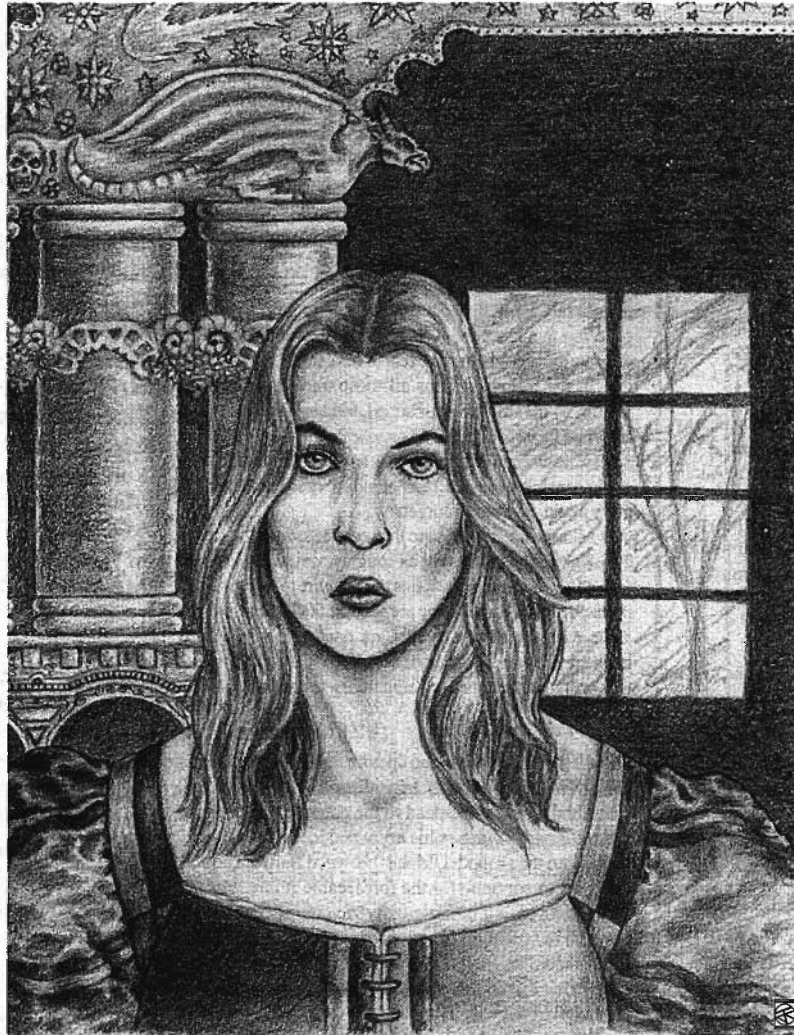
Initially Alfred says he was working for Stefan and will not change his story until confronted with the full evidence. In his room is a small chest with 120 pieces of Stratenheim gold. Once this is found he takes full

can make a good account of themselves. However, he is more than willing to believe the worst of Mack.

Duke Reiner

The Duke rides at the head of his army, mostly men from his own land but also including a mercenary unit from Kislev. He has bought a big enough force to discourage attack should the peace initiative fails. Lord Ernst travelled by his side, sharing his table and was allowed to keep his weapon. However, with the news that Stefan was to be executed Ernst was placed under armed guard. Reiner knows his force is not big enough to storm Kappelburg but hopes it is enough to frighten the town. He believes this and Lord Ernst's life is enough to save Stefan.

If the PCs arrive at the camp without Harnish they will be arrested by guards and brought unarmed before the Duke. He will listen to the story and asks questions



responsibility, hoping to divert blame from Yvette. He gives the full story, implicating Mack and the mercenary second.

There is one link showing Yvette was directly involved. Approaching the Baron's Treasurer will prove this. His records show that Yvette personally withdrew five hundred gold coins. It was this money that was used to pay those involved.

Mercenary Second

If they decide to track down Hans Dirtee, the mercenary second, they will have to get him to Kappelburg. Summoning him and Krillheim Kate to the Keep to nominally discuss the mercenaries is perhaps the best idea. Dirtee still has the Baron's ring on him, proof of his guilt to most. His confession to the killing after being hired by Alfred is more than enough to convince. Kate is shocked by this turn of events and promises to fight on Kappelburg's side. If a PC suggests having her arrested for the moment, Mathieu will agree and she will be thrown into the dungeons.

Yvette's followers

Alfred Koltzack

Over sixty years old, Alfred is a tall, dignified man with white hair and beard. He serves Yvette as he served her mother. He knew both of them as children and his loyalty to her is unbreakable. Service to Yvette is the point to his life and as long as her interests are protected he can see nothing wrong in his actions. He has acted as a go between for Yvette, Heiner Mack and the mercenaries. If the scheme fails he will willingly take the blame upon himself to protect his mistress.

Natalie Blum

A distant cousin of the von Sybergs, the position of lady-in-waiting was a great honour for the young Natalie. She is attractive, intelligent and ambitious. The court at Altdorf is her intended destination once she has learnt the courtly skills. Here she hopes to attract a wealthy and powerful husband. Her loyalty to Yvette is only one of self-interest. She is unaware Yvette is behind the Baron's murder or the attack on Stefan.

Rudolf Bratsch

One of Yvette's bodyguards. He is loyal to her and knows the extent of her betrayal. He believes she is completely right and sees the PCs as the enemy.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	53	35	4	4	8	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
2	29	45	29	29	35	35

Skills: Animal Care, Disarm, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Ride - Horse, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Specialist Weapon - Fist Weapon, Street Fighting, Street Fighting, Strike Might Blow, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike To Stun, Very Strong
Possessions: Chain Armour, shield and hand weapon.

Soldiers

Also loyal to Yvette, they trust in her and follow her orders.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
4	43	30	3	4	8	40
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
1	29	39	29	29	29	29

Skills: Animal Care, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Ride - Horse, Secret Language - Battle Tongue, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow
Possessions: Chain Armour, shield and hand weapon.

The Duke Arrives

As the sun rises over the forest, Ulrich orders Mad Miguel's men to enter the town to help protect it. A few hours later Duke Reiner arrives. The news flies around town and many people panic, although most are resolute. A herald arrives from Reiner and announces that unless Stefan is freed in exchange for Lord Ernst, he will attack. They have until midday.

With the evidence the PCs have given to him, Mathieu goes to his father to convince him. If the PCs have managed to uncover much of the plot and have either Alfred or Hans Dirtee admit to their crimes then Ulrich will be convinced. Not that he is happy about that, but is honour bound to accept.

Peace

Ulrich is convinced and Mathieu frees Stefan. Together they leave town and enter Duke Reiner's camp. Here after a happy reunion, Ernst is freed. Leaving Reiner behind, the three return to the town. They are seen coming and the news spreads like wildfire. People rush to the gates to greet the returning hero, slightly confused by the turn of events. Ernst dismounts and followed by Mathieu and Stefan climbs to the battlements. Here he quietens the crowd and speaks, "My people, I have returned to you with news of peace. Stratenheim is once more our neighbour and friend. There have been those that have tried to stop us reaching this place but such traitors will be dealt with. Now, we are once more under Sigmar's gaze, for side by side we are stronger. Greenskins and beastmen still threaten our borders and people but we will stand side by side to stop them." A cheering that has been growing since he started to speak eventually overwhelms the rest of his speech.

In the following days all those implicated (except Yvette) by the PCs are imprisoned, tried and hung. Ernst is crowned Baron and secretly expels Yvette from the town. She swears vengeance on the PCs and Lord Stefan. In time she becomes a mercenary leader, possibly to encounter the party again. She won't forget.

Meanwhile, the PCs are treated as honoured heroes at The Keep. They can stay as long as they want and are offered any armour or weapons they require (Scarce or less), perhaps even a horse. They are offered 50GCs each, Ernst apologises saying the coffers are empty. If you feel so inclined you could offer a pension of 25GCs a year instead. PCs will have to return to Kappelburg to collect.

War!

Should the PCs fail to come up with results then Stefan is hung from the battlements. In retaliation Ernst is executed, a herald delivering his head to the gates of Kappelburg. Duke Reiner withdraws his army and moves to Erzburg, razing it to the ground. Ulrich is crowned Baron. The war looks set to continue for the foreseeable future. For the next month or so it is particularly vicious but then settles down to the usual raids and skirmishes. In Stratenheim, Lord Alexander exerts more and more of an influence, and once Duke is likely to ensure the war will only end with the defeat of one side or another.

Meanwhile, the PCs are still wanted for murder not to mention being thought of as spies.

Experience Points

These are left to the GM to allocate as they see fit. They should be rewarded for saving Stefan (both times), helping Karl uncovering Mack, revealing Yvette and bringing all the participants to justice. They should be particularly well rewarded for bringing peace.

The Cast

Alexander von Stratenheim, Lord: Duke Reiner von Stratenheim's second son.

Alfred Koltzack: Lady Yvette's servant.

Alfredo Pizarro: Heiner Mack's Scribe.

Andreas: Squire.

Armin Lommel: Baron Wilhelm's Guard.

Axel: Heiner Mack's Bodyguard.

Catering: Altdorf Snacks Ltd.

Colmein Heinz: Local criminal.

Conrad Jaegar: Theo Herzog's manager.

Erik Meir: Cleric of Morr.

Ernst von Syberg, Lord: Heir to the Barony.

Prisoner of Duke Reiner.

Fist: see Karl Sorbas.

Gaunt: Heiner Mack's Bodyguard.

Gustav Fritsch: Keep Guard, friend of Armin.

Hans Dirtee: Mercenary. Krillheim Kate's second in command.

Heiner Mack: Merchant.

Helene Kant: Jeweller.

Jonas Feher: Keep Guard, friend of Armin.

Karl Sorbas: Fighter.

Karlton: Baron Wilhelm's Servant.

Kes: Serving boy at The Three Gallows inn.

Klaus: Baron Wilhelm's Guard.

Kriel Salder: Servant.

Krillheim Kate: Mercenary captain.

Liz Solherd: see Lizzie Sorbas.

Lizzie Sorbas: Wife of Karl. Ex-lover of Lord Stefan.

Mad Miguel: Mercenary captain.

Marianne von Stratenheim, Duchess: Wife of Duke Reiner.

Mathieu von Syberg, Lord: Son of Duke Ulrich.

Natalie Blum: Lady Yvette's lady in waiting.

Natja von Stratenheim, Lady: Duke Reiner's daughter.

Otto: Bodyguard to Lord Stefan.

Reiner von Stratenheim, Duke: Ruler of Stratenheim. Marching to Kappelburg.

Holding Lord Ernst captive.

Rickard: Owner of The Three Gallows inn.

Rudolf Bratsch: Lady Yvette's bodyguard.

Stefan von Stratenheim, Lord: Heir to Stratenheim. Peace envoy to Kappelburg.

Theo Herzog: Pit-fighter due to fight in Kappelburg.

Ulrich von Syberg, Duke: Mad old warrior. Brother of Baron Wilhelm.

Werner Nyman: Blacksmith.

Wilhelm von Syberg, Baron: Ruler of Kappelburg. Old and ill.

Wim: Heiner Mack's Bodyguard.

Yvette von Syberg, Lady: Daughter of Baron Wilhelm.



THE PASSING OF TIME II

Thoughts on ageing in WFRP by John Foody

*Past midnight,
Never knew such silence,
Perhaps my best years are gone...
But I wouldn't want them back.
Not with the fire in me now,
No I wouldn't want them back.¹*

Elder Wilhelm

Getting older: everyone does it. In the Warhammer World, though, it's something people aspire to, since most people die in middle age. However, PCs are that bit different to everyone else, so there's no reason why they can't go on for a while longer than normal. This can make for an interesting roleplaying experience in a number of ways. There is a real danger in many campaigns that everything happens in a period of two to three years, including travelling huge distances and spending long periods recovering and training. By having characters age and develop, the naïve ideal of a hero who never alters is replaced with something more quintessentially Warhammer.

As a character ages (however slowly), they will become more aware of their own mortality. This often instils in them a desire to leave a mark on the world. Often, they will achieve this through their actions, although most normal people simply achieve it by having children.

As in the RPG *Pendragon*, children can be an important and interesting gaming plot. As a character ages, his children mature. Perhaps one day, they can inherit his legacy. In the meantime, though, they can also become a valuable plot device, getting kidnapped or otherwise threatened. A word of warning, though: this can be overdone, as Hollywood has demonstrated on numerous occasions.

"It can't be bargained with, it can't be reasoned with. It does not feel pity or remorse or fear and it absolutely will not stop. Ever. Until you are dead."
Proverb on the nature of time²

"Me Bones are Goin'!"

Characters in the Warhammer world have a considerably shortened life expectancy than you and I, due to a whole host of factors. In fact, a human living to seventy will be thought of as ancient.

Roughly speaking, on reaching the age of 30 (Human), 135 (Elf), 100 (Dwarf) or 70 (Halfling), characters may begin to feel the effect of age. These are likely to manifest themselves slowly, possibly even over a number of years, although it will soon become apparent that the ageing process may limit their careers and possibilities for adventuring. To represent this, each year after the ages given above, characters should take a Toughness test on their birthday. If passed they suffer no ageing effects. If however the Toughness test is failed, they should make two rolls on Table One.

Happy Birthday!

To find out a character's birthday, follow the steps below. (This works best if used with the Almanac published in the GM screen.)

1. Roll 1D12.
2. Roll a 1D10 for the day.
 - 1-3 Roll 1D10 for the day
 - 4-6 Roll 1D10+10 for the day
 - 7-9 Roll 1D10+20 for the day
 - 10 Count the days, including relevant feast days. Subtract 30, and roll the resulting die (e.g. Nachexen has 32 days. When you include Hexenstag, this is increase to 33. Subtracting 30 means that you need to roll 1D3, so that the birthday will fall on the 30+1D3rd day of the month).

Alzheimer's Disease: (Elves are immune) The character must make a WP test or begin to show signs of suffering from this disease sometime during the year. Full details of the effects of this disease can be found in the Disease article in *Warpstone* Eight.

Arthritis: The character begins to suffer from arthritis. The first year this happens, they suffer pains in their joints, but there is no game effect. Each successive year, a further T test (with a +20% modifier) is made. Failure results in a reduction of WS, BS & Dex by 5%. Dwarfs do not suffer from arthritis.

Brittle Bones: Any broken bone takes twice as long to heal.

Eyesight: (If an Elf rolls this, re-roll it. However, if they roll it again, then the symptoms described below should be applied.) The character's eyesight begins to deteriorate.

Those with Excellent Vision lose the skill but nothing else. Other characters can lose up to 40 points ((1D6-2)x10%, with negative results being treated as 0) from their Ballistic Skill. The amount rolled reflects the severity of the loss. This will not cause the character to go completely blind, but they may have to read at a distance of an inch, and other characters may no longer be happy with them waving their bows around myopically...

Forgetfulness: The skill the character uses least is lost.

Hair: The character's hair begins to fall out or go grey. Also, large amounts of hair may begin to grow in the ears and nose.

Hearing: The character's hearing starts to go. The effects of this should only be subtle. For example, they may not hear a sneak attack or a nearby conversation. The Excellent Hearing skill is lost.

Heart Attack: The character suffers a potentially fatal heart attack. This doesn't happen automatically, but each time they are placed in a stressful situation (Critical, Fear test, etc.) they should make a T test. On the first failure they suffer the attack, suffering 1D6+1 wounds (2d6 wounds are sustained for subsequent attacks). Going below zero wounds results in a roll on the Sudden Death table. An on-hand character with Surgery skill may reduce the severity of any critical that results from this by one (e.g.

Table One

D20 Roll	Result
-1 or less	Re-Roll*
0 or 1	Roll on Table Two
2	-1 Movement
3	-1 Strength
4	-1 Toughness
5	-1 Wound
6	-10 Initiative
7	-10 Dexterity
8	-10 Intelligence
9	-10 Cool
10	-10 Will Power
11-20	No Effect

*Re-Roll three times with 1D10 (no modifiers)

Adjustments
Note that the Luck skill cannot be used to modify these rules.
-1 if Alcoholic
-1 for each 5 years above the minimum for humans (i.e. 36: -1, 41: -2), & 10 for Elfs, Dwarves and Halflings
+1 if Very Resilient

¹Samuel Beckett, *Krapp's Last Tape*

²Actually, this is taken from *The Terminator* (1984, James Cameron), but there you go.

Table Two	
% Roll	Result
1-2	Heart Attack
3-4	Alzheimer's
5-9	Arthritis
10-19	Hair
20-24	Teeth
25-28	Impotence
29-30	Mind Goes
31-32	Eyesight
33-35	Hearing
36-37	Brittle bones
38-39	Incontinence
40-41	Forgetfulness
42+	No Effect

from +3 to +2).

Impotence: The character loses the ability to have children. This may be curable with various herbal treatments, but these should be difficult to find.

Incontinence: The character slowly loses the ability to control their bowels and bladder. This will be slightly annoying to begin with, and will not truly trouble the character for another ten or twenty years.

Mental Illness: The character starts to become mentally ill, gaining one insanity point. Elves do not suffer from this affect of ageing, and can ignore the roll.

Teeth: The character's teeth begin to blacken, and possibly to fall out.

Why no increases?

You might reasonably expect certain Statistics like Leadership, Intelligence, Cool & Willpower would increase with age. They do. However, these are included as part of the natural career advancements.

Similarly, advances can be used to restore statistics lost due to old age. For example if you lost 10 points of Weapon Skill, bringing your total down to 47, you could spend 100exps to return it to 57 as long as your advance scheme includes WS advances. This represents experience compensating for the physical loss.

"My friends are gone, my hair is grey and I ache in the places where I used to play."³

Losing your looks

Apart from the effects on Table Two, getting older means, in most cases, your teeth and hair falling out, getting wrinkles and developing bags under the eyes. In game terms this does not affect Fellowship, as experience in dealing with people and a greater maturity compensate for physical shortcomings.

When the Stats are no more...

When a statistic reaches zero, the character dies. Of course, getting down to your last 1 or 10 within a characteristic means you are fading fast. You are assumed to have died of old age, unless the loss was very quick, in which case it is assumed that an illness overcame the character.

There is, of course, far more to getting old than losing points off your profile. Here are a few ideas on using age within the game.

Coming out of Retirement

Life's not too bad, with grandchildren running around your feet and the pain in your knees not too sore when the weather's good. Not only that, but you're popular locally; parents can always rely on you to entertain their children with stories of your past.

But what do you do when your old comrades turn up, wanting you for just one last mission? This kind of adventure has plenty of mileage in it, with the old folks trying to reclaim their past glories, and generation clashes ensuing between young adventurers who think they know it all and their forebears who not only *do* know it all, but have the scars to prove it.

Selling Out

So here you are, been fighting Chaos for years, occasionally saving The Empire, and where has it got you? Sitting here, arthritis-ridden, too weak to throw a log on the fire, no family, and only surviving on the charity of the Sisters from the Temple. Selfless, you've been. Now it's time to get something back. Praying to and fighting for Ulric, Sigmar and the rest has done you no good. Desperate times call for desperate measures. Especially when Tzeench or Khorne promise a renewed lease of life, with all the vigour you enjoyed in your youth...

Respect your Elders

It's a society in which many die young, and children are simply small adults. Everyone respects their elders. Those that have managed to survive a long time are seen as blessed. Any with wisdom or intelligence will likely find themselves in positions of power, should they so choose, especially in rural areas. But what happens when the young people start to resent this authority, and rally around one of their own instead? Can the elders really stand up to the wayward spirit of youth, especially if it matters spiral into violence?

Don't Fade Away

The ultimate way to stave off old age is to go out in a blaze of glory. Do it with enough style, and you'll go down in memory. The relentless approach of old age is a sure fire way to encourage this, with players having to weigh up the benefits of survival against the horrors of gradually debilitation and a slide into helplessness. Faced with such a choice, players who find their characters well and truly on the slippery slope may prove far more willing to make the ultimate sacrifice, especially if it means that someone else will live to sing the tale, so leaving a legacy for future generations.



TO THOSE THAT HAVE NOTHING

A Short Story By Travis Dunn

"to those that have, more shall be given; but to those who have nothing, even what they have shall be taken away." (Luke, 19:26)

Anton didn't like the idea of murder and he really didn't like the free tongues of his accomplices. He wiped the snot from his nose and leaned across the table. "Gunthar," he paused, "now look. You just don't say things like that anymore, okay? This isn't Bretonnia and we're not firebrands. You're talking about our Lord Karl-Franz here, not Boris the Incompetent; this isn't 1547, right? You can't say things like that anymore."

Gunthar was even more dungy than Anton, but he turned his head because Anton smelled worse. Although he had seen a soap once, he had never been able to afford such a luxury, and besides, everybody he knew smelled much the same, except maybe Wagner who was very clever and knew how to bribe Imperial customs during his transportation jobs.

Gunthar's lips parted and revealed a putrid grin. "My friend, you've listened too closely to myths of the Inquisition. If they really heard every little raillery against the Emperor, if by Verena's grace their ears tenanted the walls of every tavern, then, by Sigmar, guys like us would be hanged by now." Gunthar's confidence did little to mitigate Anton's concern. He had already convinced himself that some surreptitious spy had noticed the conversation. His voiced dropped to a whisper like a man speaking to another right during Festag mass.

"You say that, okay Gunthar, you say that and keep talking because this is Altdorf. This is the seat of the Emperor and Sigmar knows only how many of these beer swine around us would love to give our names to the Watch for a few shillings. Now I'm just asking not be on the gallows next to you, but go ahead and say what you damn well want."

Gunthar still showed his rotted teeth. "Don't be a stupid dog, Anton. Nobody's getting hanged."

Dietrich had finally drained his mug and interrupted. "Look, we're not here to kill each other, huh? You want to fight or sit and drink?" His words weren't chiding, but honest, and he spoke with a smile. "We're here to drink, are we not?"

A scraggly, greasy fringe fell over Anton's face as he nodded. "We're here to wait for Wagner!"

"Aye, wait we will, and drink too, for a sober man in a tavern is no better than a skinflint in the market," added Gunthar. "And I promise, not another word about the Emperor and Mutants."

Anton sighed, sinking back into his chair, his shoulders sagging under some unseen weight. He set down his bottle of Rotgut and began to languidly work at a blister on his palm. "Sigmar save me, I don't know why I'm mixed up with the lot of you. Truly, I'll be dead in the dungeons before I can even die of the pox."

Dietrich still smiled; his tongue rolled across his upper lip. "Relax. You know, the Watch don't even care what we say about the Emperor; hell, they probably got the same doubts themselves. No sane man can hear that a Mutant's legal now and not wonder a little. And the Inquisition is too busy with the agitators and witches, even Mutants, real true dangers. They haven't got the time for scum like us. You've got to understand, even if the Inquisitional Chaplain was hiding under the chamber pot, he wouldn't give two pence about the Tolerance Act gossip. Everyone's talking about it anyway, you see, everybody, their brothers, their twin sisters and all their cousins too. You can bet the Electors are talking about it even more than us; they've sure got to wonder what in bloody hell is going on, huh? You just know the courts are ablaze with fiery talk, so just you relax about our own chatter, Shallya have mercy, you goosey bastard."

As usual, Dietrich smiled as he thumbed his spade beard, cut shaggy by

dagger blade. Albeit smug, he was sincere – yet Anton couldn't let it go. The alcohol had excited him and his emotions were made ardent by the pungent drink. The promise of their job, just a few hours away, didn't help his nerves either – and anyway, he had heard stories of the penalties for treason. "You too? At least keep quiet, will you? I'm just saying you don't need to talk about such damned things so why do so?"

By now even Dietrich had lost patience. He gave another smile, the kind a peasant gives after a lay with his manorial lord's wife. "You know, Anton, maybe you're not cut out for this kind of work. I mean, you worry so much, maybe you should go back to the fields, huh? I mean, a guy who worries as much as you, maybe you should go back to safe work, like shoveling the shit out of barns back in Bundesmarkt eight days a week for two days pay. Perhaps that'd be more to your liking!"

Anton looked like a sheep-killing dog now, though he stared at Gunthar when he spoke. "I'm not afraid of the Watch. Guys like us, I think, we just need to not attract attention to ourselves. Half the guys in the dungeons probably thought they could talk casually like agitators in the taverns, and look at them now. I mean, the people aren't all happy, right? We know this and I bet the Emperor knows it too. So it makes god given sense to watch out, to listen to what the people say and see if they might get nasty."

Gunthar pulled off his scarf to inspect a hole he had just noticed; his neck was marked with dirt. "You know, Anton," head down he continued to examine the frayed cloth, "you almost sound like an agitator yourself sometimes."

Anton studied Gunthar. He never noticed how many cuts there were on his face, barely perceptible under the hair and grime. "Can we just drop the subject? Damn it, is that all right?" he hurried rather absently. There was still an eighth of a bottle of Rotgut to finish, he suddenly realized. "I wish Wagner would come." He clumsily reached for the flask.

"I think you worry too much," Dietrich replied dogmatically. Not that it really mattered to him; Dietrich had been in the schools for five years before his troubles began; that was where he learned that most people were very, very stupid, and decided

the he himself was very, very smart. He thought that Gunthar and Anton would eventually hang for some crime but that he would earn enough crowns through his trade that he could buy a shop and become respectable. This was also how he personally reconciled his actions with the gods. He knew what the Cult of Morr said about murder and Sigmar about crime; he played like he was indifferent to their tenets, but the reality was he was just as scared as Anton. (Gunthar was too careless to be scared.) He figured, however, that if he could die respectable, then his soul would be saved.

Finishing his drink, the room began to waltz for Anton. He responded, teetering back and forth like a wagon on a cobblestone road. "You think whatever in Khaine's bloody name you like. You may be older than me, Dietrich, and I'm not in Altdorf as long as you, but I watch and I listen, and I tell you the last thing we want, signed up for a job like this, is for people to think we're some kind of rebels and get the Watch down on us." His voice was low now, and sinister despite the slur. "Some people, merchants even, think it's perfectly safe sitting around in taverns talking about the Emperor. Then one day, nobody sees them again. Why? Because they're dragged to the dungeons by the damned Inquisition or the Watch or some damned thing." His eyes switched to Gunthar. "Look, of course the Mutant Tolerance Act is crazy; ungodly even. Verena only knows what's got in his imperial head and



yes, the Emperor is maybe mad. But you don't talk about it. That's what it is, you don't talk about politics. You Dietrich, as smart as you think you are, should know not to talk about politics." His face was colored and the words of his statements now soaked in Rotgut. "Sigmar and Ulric, let's just lay off the Emperor. Everyone here's too poor to be trusted. The walls got the ears of crazy drunkards and you know what? Karl-Franz is a damn fine Emperor."

A moment passed. "It's cause you've never done murder," said Gunthar. "You're all damn nervous cause you've never done a kill, and so you're acting like a damn child farm boy. Is that right?"

The accusation was poignant. "Look," replied Anton, "I'll admit it, I don't fancy murdering nobody. In fact, by Morr's good name, I hate the idea. I'm no villain, and I even light candles in his chapel, all right? I don't even like thug work. I mean, any of those jobs you could get killed. But I'm up for any job that comes along; I need the coins."

Since the family had split up after the land was taken from Anton's father for inability to pay the taxes, nobody in the world cared what happened to Anton or how he survived. He needed the money worse than the other three.

"It's cause you've never killed before, Anton," Gunthar repeated dogmatically. "Don't worry, the first time I done a murder, up in Delberz up north, I was damn nervous myself. I didn't even catch the dupe's throat until my forth stab. After that, hell, I almost peed myself; thought I saw the Watchmens' lanterns coming down every street. And it wasn't just the deed either. I was going in to pray at the Temple of Morr every morning, afternoon, and evening – sometimes twice. The priests saw me every day, lighting candles like a Witch Hunter burns heretics. And you know, it's scary, sure, I mean guys like us, we don't get hanged for one thing we get hanged for another, maybe something we didn't even do. But it gets easier once you accept this, okay. Trust me, by my honor, it really is easier than a mug." Gunthar finished his insight with a smile but since most of his teeth were missing or rotten, it reminded Anton more of a perverted Goblin.

"Right, but, I mean, this guy we're going to hit, a merchant, right? Getting robbed is one thing but dead is something else. He's not going to want to see Morr any sooner than us, right? I think he'll make some bloody objections, right? It stands to reason that he'll fight like a Knight possessed by the spirit of Sigmar himself. Four against one, well it sounds easy but he'll yell his damn head off. Hue and cry, right? He'll scream like a guy caught his finger in a coach door. What'll we do then, huh? I'm just saying, what'll we do?"

Anton realized that his voice had gotten louder than he meant and he quickly glanced around the room to see who might of heard. Almost everyone was by the hearth. On a cold wet night like this, the bar room would always migrate that way, like puppies onto their mother. Gunthar began to speak again, hushed this time. "The thing is, a killing, you do it right and they don't make a sound. With a robbery, the guy's going to be grabbing you, yelling for the Watch. But with murder, do it right and he don't make a sound, in fact, he'll be the quietest son of a bitch you ever heard; quieter than a Cleric in prayer. Quieter than a damn Duke when his peasants ask for food. Honest."

His raspy voice failed to sound convincing despite the head nods and malformed grin. It was now Dietrich's turn to interject and he spoke slowly and philosophically. "It's the gods is what it is. You coming from a small village and all, you just can't let it go. They tell you Sigmar and you think we're all brothers in the Empire, one big litter of happy dogs who'd never bite each other in the flanks. They tell you Morr and you think death. You kill a man and Morr will tear away your soul while you dream cause you've given away your body up to Khaine, right? Look, I mean, it's scary, sure. But if you really believe that, you better become a monk right now Anton; you just go right up to the Temples and tell them you want to enlist. Cause if you keep eating every thing the priests say about Sigmar like a hungry dog, you're never going anywhere! There's other gods too, Anton, that don't sit in beds of dung-covered lies shit out by their priests. What do you know about Ulric, huh? There's this Cleric who writes pamphlets up in Middenheim, Amadeus Gustavus, you should read his stuff."

Anton's face flinched. "You know, I've got enough troubles without they should catch me reading subversive pamphlets; that is Middenheim after all, and on Sigmar's name, this is Altdorf." He didn't want to admit he couldn't read.

"Hey," Gunthar interrupted, "it's Wagner".

Wagner entered the inn, removing his redingote as he approached the table. He was better dressed than the others; he could even maybe pass off as

a shopkeeper or peddler. A perfumed handkerchief hung from his pocket, none of his clothes had patches, and he bore a surprisingly rich doublet over his undershirt. In spite of this, he still had the face of a curate caught robbing the poor box. "Hey you bastards," he said cheerfully, withdrawing some masticated object from his mouth.

"Wagner, you son-of-bitch," welcomed Gunthar.

"Good afternoon, Wagner," Anton said, respectfully.

"Health," said Dietrich, raising he glass and smiling again. Looking at that bright, honest smile Wagner contrived a return grin but privately thought that Dietrich was the most dangerous of the group. His victims themselves would almost feel guilty taking him to the courts while the judge who sentenced him would have doubts and nightmares afterwards. Even at the gallows, the executioner would sincerely apologize as he affixed the noose. What, by Sigmar's good grace, is wrong with this man? The worst of it was even Wagner wanted to trust that smile and the man who wore it.

"Goddamn dogs," Wagner said aloud, peering down at his feet. "You know what I just stepped in? And all over my boots. The Watch should really do something about those beasts."

"More drink?" asked the Barkeep who had stealthily moved over to their table.

"Yeah," boasted Wagner, "Tilean Wine; the good stuff!"

"Best I have, a wet friend to the parched throat," the barkeep said. "You'll like it, sir."

Anton knew how expensive the order was. He couldn't help but wonder what Wagner had been up to lately that could fetch the crowns he was about to spend.

"Damned mutts, almost as bad as the rats," Wagner reiterated as the barkeep walked away.

"Well that's Altdorf," Gunthar said, wiping at a scab on his cheek.

"Damn right it's Altdorf, I've lived here eight years and seen the dogs breed like rats; invading our streets with their dung. Maybe the merchants should send them up to Kislew as fresh meat. You know, they don't mind eating the filthy beasts up there."

The party nodded in agreement. Gunthar coughed, recovered, and spoke. "Yeah, we've just been drinking and talking. Trying to tell Anton here about the Mutant Tolerance Act. Wonder what you think Wagner, about legal Mutants. Why'd the Emperor go and do that, huh? Why'd the Prime Estates let him do that?"

Disdain played across Wagner's face. "How many pints have you had Gunthar? Five, six? Before you tell me what you think, because I know you will, let me tell you something. It's been my experience that people who drink like you always claim to know something special, and the dirtier and more drunk they are, the more likely they'll claim to know something about the Emperor, like why he's warranted Mutants." Gunthar sat abashed, but before his ire could raise the barkeep brought the wine. The conversation was forgotten as they all waited until he had returned to the other end of the room.

Wagner leaned forward; for some reason he reminded Anton of a filmy, gray steeple. "All right, Dietrich told you guys this is a hit?"

"Yeah," said Anton, "and we're up for it. We need the money."

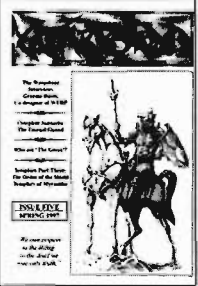
"Okay, the thing is," Wagner continued, "we have to find this guy first. He's a merchant, but high profile and not a peddler, so odds are he won't be in the mercantile districts. That means we'll have to watch the Guild for a couple of days, maybe even check with the coaching Houses to see who's come in; real sneaky work. It might take two, three days for us to find him, but who cares; it's money for walking and enjoying the fresh air. Now you'll convince me you're all smart guys if you don't ask about our employer, and he's paying good, so right there's every reason in the world for you to keep your mouths shut! The guy we're supposed to hit, though, his name is Johannas Teutegen or some such – a fat bastard who's drunk with money and too old to fight. We have the job of a lifetime landed in our laps right here." He smiled like a king and raised his glass. The others smiled too, and drew from their glasses.

Within twenty hours, each and every one of them was dead. Whether or not they believed in mutants, in the visible signs of corruption, they had failed to learn of the more insidious threats that lurked in the Empire. The enemies who cannot be spotted by their scales, twisted limbs, or extra eyes. The enemies within.



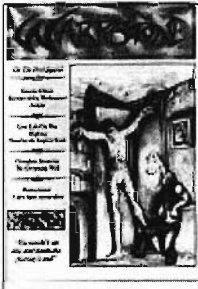
Issue Four
 WFRP on the World Wide Web
 Scenarios: *Wanted Past & Present Than Wat*
 Complars of the White Wolf *
 Hauer-Bodelstein Trading Company

SOLD OUT



Issue Five
 Interview with Graeme Davis
 Eternal of the Templars
 Media * *Seasons in WFRP: The Outline, Campaigns & NPCs* *
 Miscasting Spells

SOLD OUT



Issue Six
 Points Base Character Generation
 * *Scenarios: Drown in Hell* *
 Travellers in the Empire *
 Secrets of the Summer Artists *
 Executioner Career

SOLD OUT



Issue Seven
 Disease: Part One *
 Scenario: *Ostwald Skeltons* * History of Warhammer * *Magic Items Revisited* *
 Non-Human Skills *
 Bretonnia reviewed *
 Games Day 97 Report



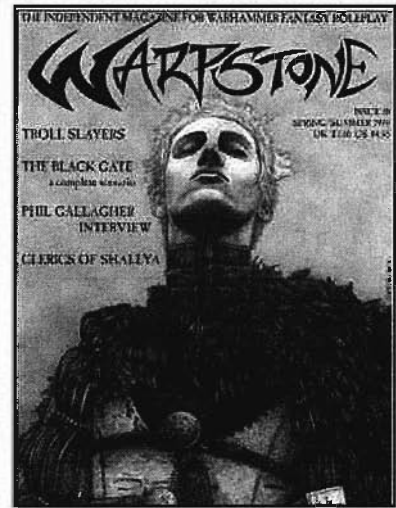
Issue Eight
 Disease Part Two *
 Scenario: *Missing* *
 Missing of Res *
 Writers: *Men's Last Best* *
Advanced Skills * Art Preview

SOLD OUT



Issue Nine
 Marienburg Special
 Whaling in WFRP
 Gentlemen's Templars
 * *Scenarios: Upon a Throne* *
 Marienburg *
 Priestess Career *
 Interview * Fiction

SOLD OUT



**ISSUE TEN
 SUMMER 1999**

Troll Slayers * *Complete Scenario: The Black Gate* * Phil Gallagher Interview * *Clerics of Shallya* *
 Seasons in WFRP * *Reviews of Power Behind the Throne & Dogs of War* * Games Day Rumours *
WFRP Creation Myths

	Back Issue 7*	Back Issue 10	3 Issue Subscription	6 Issue Subscription
UK	£1.50	£3.00	£8.00	£15.00
Europe	£1.80	£3.50	£9.00	£17.00
U.S.A.	£2.50	£3.50	£8.00	£15.00
Rest of the World	£2.50	£4.75	£14.00	£24.00
Rest of the World Surface Mail (5 Weeks+)	£1.80	£3.50	£9.00	£17.00

Country	Issues 7*	Issue 10	3 Issue Subscription	6 Issue Subscription
Australia	\$6	\$12	\$35	\$60
Canada	\$6	\$12	\$35	\$60
France	20ff	35ff	85ff	160ff
Germany	5DM	10DM	25DM	45DM
Italy	5,000L	10,000L	25,000L	45,000L
Netherlands	6NLG	11NLG	30NLG	55NLG
Spain	400p	800p	2,200p	4,000p
U.S.A	\$6	\$6	\$14	\$27

Please send Sterling (cheques/postal orders to **John Keane**) or if sending foreign currency please send cash (paper only). We cannot accept non-sterling cheques. If sending cash make sure it is well wrapped and we recommend registered delivery.

*We only have (very) slightly substandard copies of Issue Seven left. This was due to a printing error which made the pictures very dark. Thus these are being sold at a reduced price.

ORDER FORM

Return to Warstone, c/o John Keane, 5a Wolseley Road, Walsdstone, Middlesex, HA3 5RZ, UK

Name _____ Subscription Reference Number (if known) _____

Address _____

Postcode _____ Country _____

Please send me (Tick the relevant boxes)

One-year (3 issues) subscription Two-year (6 issues) subscription Subscription to start from issue number

Back issues: Issue Seven Issue Ten

Total Amount Enclosed _____

Sell your grandmother.



Buy this book.