

THE INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE FOR WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY

WARPS



ISSUE 20
SUMMER 2003
UK £4.95 US \$7.50

OUT OF THE JUNGLE

Lizardmen in the Old World

ISSN 1465-6604

EDITORIAL

By John Foody

Finally, issue 20 enters the big, bad world. It hasn't been a simple process, and between writing this and seeing it in print, it probably all got even more complicated.

It all started so well. Some months ago I had just finished writing the editorial for issue 20, patting the collective Warpstone back in celebration of the fact that we had reached this milestone in our short history. Back at issue one we had never believed we would get this far, nor that we would have so many loyal readers. With this, the bigger than ever issue 20 was ready to be sent to Hogshead.

Then, it all went a little wobbly.

James Wallis told us that he was intending to close down Hogshead. I suspect most of you will already be aware of this rather important news, but if not, check out page seven for some more details. With this the future of WFRP was thrown into the air, and with it, Warpstone's. As far as WFRP is concerned we still have not heard how Games Workshop intend to proceed with the game, if they do so at all. At the moment, it seems possible that the Black Library will take over the game and thus WFRP will return to Games Workshop once more.

The news meant that we had to decide the future of Warpstone. A number of options were open to us, the first being to just stop. We rejected this pretty quickly. Issue 20 was ready, and work was in hand for future issues. More importantly, readers had paid subscriptions and we had committed to producing more issues. Even before issue one, I swore that we wouldn't be one of those fanzines that just disappeared. Becoming an web-only fanzine was also rejected out of hand.

Another option was to become a subscription-only magazine. This would mean not having to deal with distributors and shops, something we were keen to avoid. The final option was to carry on as before. The extra work could prove just too much but we wouldn't know unless we tried. So for the moment we are printing and distributing the magazine ourselves, making it available as it was under Hogshead.

If this does mean too great a burden on us then it is likely we will take the subscription-only option. This would be a step back for us, perhaps the first we have really had. How long we would want to continue with this is also unknown, but we'll be here for the short term. Unless something major happens in the meantime of course...

You will also have noticed the price increase this issue. This reflects our increased costs but also that this issue is 25% bigger than the last. We still think its value for money and we hope it won't put readers off picking us up.

It may only be a short period, but while WFRP is not being supported it remains in danger of dying. Hogshead didn't release as many products as they should have done, but they gave the game visibility. Now, it is up to the fans to stop it dying altogether. Hopefully Warpstone will be at the front of this but there are many websites, not to mention other fan publications, which will play an important role in keeping the game alive.

I think this issue is among our very best and I hope you enjoy it. One way or another I hope to see you back here in four months time.

INFO



All correspondence to :

Warpstone
c/o John Foody
47 Snowdon Avenue
Hillingdon
Middlesex
UK
E mail: warpstone@bigfoot.com

Editor: John Foody
Associate Editors: John Keane, Martin Oliver & Mel Tudno-Jones
Proofing: Tim Eccles, Robin Low & Richard Murkin
Website Editor: Konrad Schubert
Cover: David Bezzina
Our man in the USA: Spencer Wallace

Illustrations:

John Keane		Ralph Horsley		Olivier Bergerat	
Steven Punter		Richard Martin		David Bezzina	
Oliver Bancroft		Pawel K. Klopotoski			

Talabheim District Maps by Alfred Nunez

Thanks to: Tim Eccles, Roderic Oswald, Alfred Nunez, N. Arne Dam, Anthony Ragan, Andrew Hind, Ryan Wileman, Luke Twigger, Tom McGrenery, Mark Bell, Zeno Collins, Patrick Hudson, Karl-Heinz Zapf, Natascha Chrobok, Toby Pilling, Thomas Larue, Erik "Esapesa" Sandberg, Richard Iorio II, Joanna Tadeusiewicz, Allan Sugarbaker, Anthony, Adam, Peter, Carol Johnson and James Wallis.

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SUBMISSIONS

Version 1.5 - July 1999

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.) 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 (but is not essential).

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 an 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 you want to see any WFRP related article then let us know. We will add it to the article list. Only the following on the list at the moment;

Careers: As mentioned in issue 10. Not new ones, but fleshed out cultures and backgrounds for the current ones.

REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

Reviews

2

The final Doomstones, Strike-To-Stun & The Dying Earth RPG. How do we choose which non-WFRP products to review? It's simply the ones we think you'll find interesting. "it was heavily combat orientated"



Mannioqs-quinsh

28

Elf Police in Marienburg. An article that came from a suggestion on the Article List and a passing reference in the Marienburg sourcebook. "the Elves have played a focal role in the development and destiny of the city of Marienburg"



Fragments

6

The full background to why Hogshead closed down with an interview with James Wallis, a Black Library review, a look at some German fan publications and lots more. "WFRP entered no-mans land once more"



A Noble Failure

36

Why you should allow your PCs to mess things up. Be tough! Don't let them get away with it. "PCs will overcome all obstacles, including their own stupidity and bad luck"



The Correspondent

9

Tim Eccles regular column takes a look at alignment in WFRP. It is a subject that looks to remain a topic of debate for a long time yet. "This raises questions about the purpose of alignment within the game"



Roads and Roadwardens

37

Those brave guardians of law and order, travelling The Empire's road to save the innocent from murderous brigands. Who then string up on a tree without a trial, of course. "often the only form of law seen in remote regions"



Scaled Down

11

A look at Lizardmen in the Old World. Not just another baddy, rather a race out of time. "Always looking like a remnant of mid-80s D&D, the lizardmen have languished on page 222"



The Real Enemy Within?

42

The Empire is at peace, they claim. Pull back the curtain and see the reality. A scenario of three days outside Middenheim. "He believes that hope will do as much to attack chaos as the sword"



If We Build It, They will Come... 18

The first part of our series on Guilds, as introduced last issue, begins with a look at the Human and Dwarfen Engineer guilds. "Imperial engines of destruction relied upon hurling rocks and large spears at their opponents."



Talabheim

49

Part four of our city background. A look at some more districts in the city. Next issue it all comes to an end. "The history of the Dwarfs in Talabheim is long and mostly bitter"



The Lowest of the Low 23

A look at those detested individuals who have the have both human and goblin blood. "The progeny of the two have the misfortune of attracting the spiteful abhorrence of each."



A Taste of Family Life

63

A short scenario with a change of pace. "As GM, you should be well aware which character is weakest"



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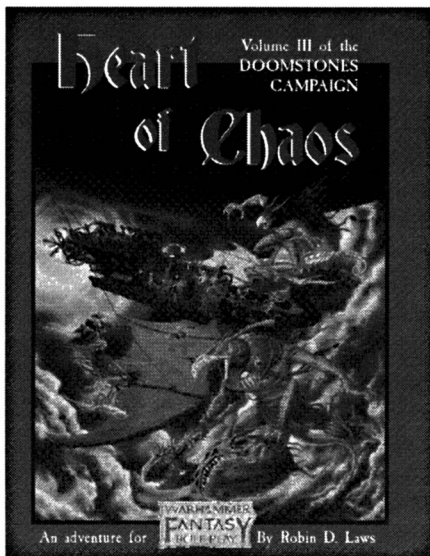
ABBREVIATIONS	A	Number of Attacks	Fel	Fellowship	M	Movement	SL	Secret Language
	AP	Armour Points	GC	Gold Crown	MP	Magic Points	SS	Secret Signs
	BS	Ballistic Skill	GM	Gamesmaster	NPC	Non-player character	SW	Specialist Weapons
	CI	Cool	Gu	Guilder (Marienburg Coinage)	P	Parry	T	Toughness
	CR	Complexity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

HEART OF CHAOS DOOMSTONES VOLUME III

By Robin Laws

Published by Hogshead Publishing

Reviewed by John Foody



The final part of the Doomstones campaign has been, like Realms of Sorcery, a long time coming. The original four parts of Doomstones, released in two volumes by Hogshead Publishing, were published in 1989 and 1990 by Flame Publications. With their demise, the concluding chapter was never completed.

Doomstones has been much maligned over the years, by myself among others, although the campaign has many fans. The biggest problem was that it was heavily combat orientated, including a number of "Dungeon Bashes". These are often regarded as not being part of WFRP - a position I don't entirely agree with. This orientation was a direct result of it being a modified D&D scenario, a baggage that weighed it down. The changes made for WFRP couldn't shake this ancestry off, even with Graeme Davis editing. *Heart of Chaos* is the first part of Doomstones to be custom-written for WFRP. The author, Robin Laws, is highly regarded, having worked on *The Dying Earth* and *Hero Wars* RPGs. He had a daunting task ahead. Not only did he have to write a good scenario, but he had to save the rest of the Doomstones campaign as well.

After a useful breakdown of the plot, there is some guidance and discussion on running a linear scenario. In some ways this advice gives the impression that this is a scenario for newcomers. This is misleading, for *Heart of Chaos* is in no way a scenario for novices. I found the section welcome, however, and, as with the whole book, it was well written with a clear, concise style. A nice touch is the bolding of key-points throughout the text. These allow the GM to pick out, at a glance, the essence of a particular passage. There are also a number of player-specific handouts, which generally work, although they are aimed at the pre-generated characters. Often these could slow the game up, but here it is better than taking each player aside to tell them the same information.

The opening is not smoothly set up, and I feel GMs will have to work to get it right. Nevertheless, the PCs are straight in on the action. The first real part of the scenario takes place in a Wild West style town. From there the PCs get to meet various religious fanatics and other strange folk, go travelling around mountains and visiting abandoned Dwarfholds, all on the way to an apocalyptic finale.

There are a number of encounters in the scenario that are fun. Many situations are cinematic in execution and these generally

work as entertainment. The sequence with the hut will stay with many players for a long time. Sensibly, Robin Laws has also covered what could happen if the PCs make mistakes in certain encounters. This returns to the initial advice on linear scenarios and how to make them work. Still, there a number of potential deadends.

Different in style to the previous parts of the Doomstones campaign, roleplaying is encouraged over combat elements by the story. Indeed, interaction with NPCs is essential to the players' success, more so than in any other WFRP scenario outside of *Power Behind the Throne*. GMs will need to be fully conversant with who-is-who and what they want. This is why I feel it is a scenario for experienced players and GMs. Some of the encounters last a long time and players must tread a fine path, their PCs interacting all the time with not always rational NPCs.

There are some good rules for travelling through snow and mountains, and these are full of nice touches. Also interesting is the treatment of beastmen. Laws provides a new angle on these off cannon-fodder enemy. Players will probably be initially confused, while GMs will enjoying playing them.

Parts of the scenario, particularly some encounters, do seem unnecessary but can easily be left out. At one stage the PCs encounter goblins with magic items. These seem to be added to simply make the them tougher opponents without any worry about game balance. Perhaps it is because it does not much matter, as it will all be over soon, but it still doesn't sit right.

The Dwarfhold carries forward the theme of Dwarf ghosts from previous parts, ending with a rather unusual whodunit. However, although it is initially interesting, this is a terrible dungeon. Maybe it is supposed to be ironic, or a homage to previous Doomstone dungeons, but it singularly fails. I got bored reading about monsters just waiting in rooms for PCs to wander along.

Heart of Chaos works perfectly as a sequel to the Doomstones campaign. The ending is memorable and over the top, and ties up everything in a suitably apocalyptic fashion. Laws has succeeded in carrying forward the themes and plots, so that it feels like part of Doomstones. It is more successful than the earlier parts in capturing the Warhammer feel, but still falls short in many places. It is ideas that rule here, not atmosphere. Laws doesn't seem to truly grasp what Warhammer is about. WFRP is about much more than *Shadows Over Böfenhagen* style scenarios; but the best carry a certain essence that this fails to capture.

Certainly, the first books in the Campaign are needed to make this work. As a standalone scenario, *Heart of Chaos* is near worthless. Some encounters and sections could be cannibalised to be used elsewhere but many work only in context. It is worth reading a copy for some of the ideas and approaches that Law takes, however.

Overall, you should buy this book if you own the earlier books and want to play the campaign through. However, it is not a reason to buy the Doomstones as a whole. It is understandable why Hogshead wanted to finish the campaign off, but they need to produce stronger material if they are going to convince players to stay with WFRP.

The Complete Doomstones Saga

Crossing the Border: Short Scenario in Hogwash 3

Part One: Fire & Blood: Originally published as *Fire in the Mountains & Blood in Darkness*

Part Two: Wars & Death: Originally published as *Death Rock & Dwarf Wars*

Part Three: Heart of Chaos

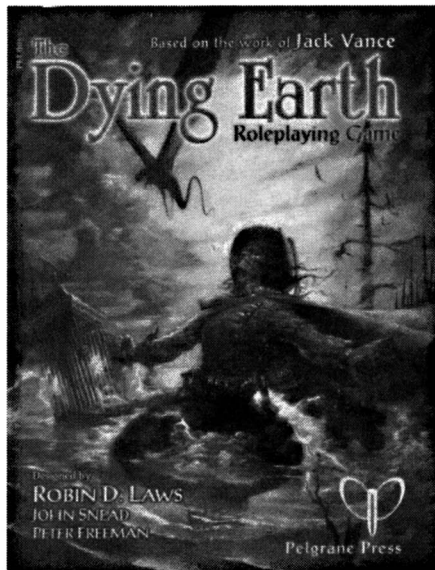
Also, look out for "Who are the Feathered Priests" in *Warpstone* 16, a history of Doomstones.

THE DYING EARTH RPG

By Robin D Laws, John Sneed and Peter Freeman

Published by Pelgrane Press

Reviewed by Patrick Hudson



The novels and stories in Jack Vance's Dying Earth series have a special place in the world of roleplaying games. As one of the early inspirations for Dungeons & Dragons they directly inspired the "fire and forget" magic system and some spells were taken directly from the pages of *The Dying Earth*. The original D&D thief character class was partly inspired by Cugel, the amoral rogue at the centre of two Dying Earth novels, and several magic items

from the series made their way into the D&D inventory. More importantly, perhaps, the picaresque adventures across a seemingly endless backdrop of weird magic and strange creatures fed the playing style of much that was to come.

However, the unique flavour of *The Dying Earth* has never really been caught by D&D or its successors. D&D developed from small unit medieval miniatures wargaming with a fantasy twist, and those elements have always stuck very hard. In Vance's novels, the characters pick hairs and cavil at all opportunities; when set upon by bandits or the city guard, they are more likely to try and connive and cajole their way out of the situation than beat them into submission. The protagonists rarely profit from their adventures: Cugel's surroundings may change, but any great wealth he gains, he will inevitably lose in some frustrating or arbitrary manner, any comfort will be short lived, and behind every advantageous deal there is a disadvantageous caveat. Any Gamesmaster who treated his PCs the way that Vance treats Cugel would quickly find his game deserted.

The Dying Earth is ostensibly our own world aeons in the future. The Sun is old, and its flickering red light gives everything a seedy tinge. Isolated settlements of variously hostile people live by bizarre customs and rules, rationalising their behaviour through warped logic reminiscent of Lewis Carroll or Jonathon Swift. It is a world of moral ambiguity and sensuousness, where the right hat and fine manners mean more than one's skill with sword and magic; where good wine, fine food and a comfortable bed are greater treasure than gold or gems. It is these aspects of Vance's world that Pelgrane Press endeavour to emulate with *The Dying Earth* Roleplaying Game.

The Dying Earth RPG is generously illustrated with art that ranges from the adequate to the outstanding. It is nicely laid out, with illustrated headers and footers, liberal use of boxed out text to vary the pace and a sensible two-column format and clearly printed text, which seems free from typos. In some places production problems mar the images – the radiating rectangles that appear on rules variation boxes are distractingly jaggy, and the map on page 153 is very poorly reproduced.

The opening chapter, Getting Started, is an extended answer to the

"What is Roleplaying?" question. It assumes the reader is a novice roleplayer, perhaps someone who was turned off by the more martial elements of traditional games and wants to play something a little gentler. More importantly, it asks the experienced roleplayer to put aside notions of how they thought fantasy games were supposed to operate and look at things in a fresh light. For those who have played other games, the following advice is given:

"1. If you're in a fight, something has probably gone horribly wrong. 2. Characters are more or less alike. 3. Killing? How uncivilized. 4. Your character will inevitably suffer reverses. Try to enjoy it."

These points largely stake out the game's territory.

Chapter two covers character generation, a point system set at three power levels. The lowest level of power is "Cugel level", where PCs are basically thieves, with occasional magic spells or items. Next powerful is "Turjan level", named after the wizard who appears in several stories. At this level, players are more magically adept, and have much higher ability scores, as well as enough character points to buy several powerful items. At "Rhialto level" the characters are Arch-Mages, and the adventures cover the bizarre circumstances that occur when awesomely powered mages gather, such as those depicted in "Rhialto the Marvellous". It must be said that the rules as they stand best support the lowest and, to a lesser extent, highest order of play.

Points are allocated between the main abilities of Persuade, Rebuff, Attack, Defence, Health and Magic, and can be used for skills, magic spells and unusual possessions or magic items. Each of the first four attributes has six styles associated with it and the player chooses or rolls randomly for this style at character generation. Persuasion can be (for example) Glib or Intimidating; Rebuff can be Wary or Pure Hearted; Attacks can be pursued through Cunning or Finesse; and Defences can put through Sure Footedness or Vexation. These descriptive terms help to flesh out a character's personality and perhaps physique. Background is considered unnecessary for most characters: all are considered to be vagabonds or some such, or so old as to make enumeration of their past life tedious.

Chapter three covers the essential rules. The basic mechanic is very simple: roll a six sided die: 1-3 is failure, 4-6 success. In the event of failure, a point from the relevant ability pool can be spent to roll again. In opposed actions, opponents can pay from their own pool to negate the successes of their foe. Characters may roll as many times as they wish before they succeed, run out of points in their ability pool, or decide that discretion is, after all, the better part of valour.

There is more specific guidance in chapter four, Abilities in Practice. Specific skills and abilities are examined in detail and there are plenty of examples of play to illuminate various situations. However, because style benefits offer situational rather than numeric advantages, they can be easily overlooked during play if not kept close to hand. In our first play test games, trumping and special style abilities didn't come much to fore very much while we got our heads around the point spending system.

Particular care is taken to enumerate the correct application of Persuasion and Rebuff. It is possible, indeed necessary, that characters take actions they know to be foolish or unwise, and roleplay the situations accordingly. The Persuade/Rebuff contest is the main conflict in the game in the same way that combat is the main conflict of most other frpgs, and all must roleplay it with the conviction they would a good, swashbuckling fight.

The combat rules, in the meantime, are more than adequate, although somewhat finicky. When a character is defeated in an Attack/Defence contest, they must make a health roll, failure of which means spending a health point to roll again and hopefully avoid taking a wound. I'm not sure why the health points were included, as they only serve to draw combats out. I would guess that they represent some gesture toward hit points, but I think this could have been achieved by allowing characters to buy more levels of wound - characters have three levels of wounding: Hurt, Down and Dead. Combat came up on more than one occasion in our games - and is certainly never far away in the

books - and the system runs smoothly enough, even if the first few rounds can be rather uninteresting bidding matches.

To regain ability points, players must refresh themselves in a manner appropriate to their style. This leads to nice in game moments, such as Forthright characters searching for an injustice in which to intervene, or Purehearted characters seeking evidence that good will prevail. It sometimes takes a little GM imagination to get the characters to their goals, but it provides excellent short-term motivation to get characters into truly Vancian situations.

In Chapter Five we get to the all-important magic system. Given the importance of "Vancian magic" to *Dungeons & Dragons*, it is interesting to see what the Pelgrane Press people made of the same source material.

Obviously, *The Dying Earth* RPG shares the fire-and-forget system with D&D. Characters are allowed to memorise a number of spells based on their Magic ability pool. Access to magic is controlled by tying the cost of learning spells to the level of character: it is easier to learn at Rhalto level than it is for those of Cugel level.

Similarly, there are three levels of magic available. The lowest order of magic are the cantraps, blessings or curses that yield boons or levies on their recipients, or minor physical effects achievable by powerful wizards. This facet of magic goes rather under explored: no particular mechanic is given for success or failure and there is apparently no cost for casting. Conceivably, characters could cast as many as they wished under the normal task rules, with characters allowed to spend magic points to reroll if they fail. The idea is intriguing, but appears to me to be too open to abuse to be really usable. Fortunately none of the players in my games thought to use them.

Above cantraps, stand spells proper. The Grimoire lists a generous sampling from the known spells, most taken from *The Dying Earth* stories, with some original contributions to fill a few gaps in the listing. The spells cover a wide range of situations, and their definitions are sufficiently loose to allow for varied application.

The third level of magic is the use of sandestins, demon-like magical creatures utilised by arch-mages to produce miraculous effects. Like cantraps, the results of sandestin actions are largely player-defined. However, players must barter "indenture points" to get the sandestins to do their bidding using the Persuade skill. Additionally, sandestins are independently minded and GMs are encouraged to play sandestins as pedantic and obtuse creatures who will go to any lengths to confound their masters.

Chapter Seven provides a small selection of Equipment, while chapter eight offers Player Tips, outlining the basic expectations of the game. Players are discouraged from violent altercations in favour of disputation and cunning as a way around obstacles. Character improvement is by way of improvement points given out when characters use "taglines" - potentially comic phrases handed out by the GM before play, allowing the players to contrive situations where the phrase is an apposite response to events.

This bears repeating: character advancement is not based on characters overcoming obstacles, defeating monsters or achieving plot goals. Experience points are awarded for a player's ability to use their taglines in a comical way. This serves to move the focus from action to dialogue, from the end result of a story, to the progress of the story itself.

Next follows pages of useful advice for beginning GMs, and an excellent guide to inventing suitably Vancian scenarios. The elements described in this advice could be applied to many other games, making this a useful chapter for even the casual reader. There is more information on taglines and awarding experience, and a mechanic for "Sympathy Points" which rewards the good hearted and punishes the wicked. I didn't feel the need to use this in play, as the dice seemed to have their own sense of justice, but over extended series of adventures this could help GMs guide the plot. I was disappointed that this section didn't really contain advice on how to handle character temptations in play, mentioned during character creation, and briefly in the Player's Tips.

The next few chapters outline the background of *The Dying Earth*: Places, is an alphabetical listing describing all the locations visited in the stories, followed by the same for Creatures. Much is left deliberately vague: exact distances are not given and several conflicting entries are provided for each creature. There is no real map, just the badly reproduced sketch of Cugel's journeys. This matches with the mood of the stories, where people tend to be ignorant of the world beyond the next valley, and even arch mages know more about events of the 17th Aeon than their own. Creatures and personages have ability pools measured against the average ability of the players. This

makes creatures equivalent threats for (or opportunities to!) player characters, also emphasising the unchanging nature of the hostile environment.

The final chapter is an Adventure, centring on a festival of food in Cuirnif, and the attendant competitions in cooking and eating. This adventure ran well as an introduction for my group, and there were plenty of options for players to pursue. It did require splitting the party up which can be difficult to manage if you're new to the game, but when we played it, it went pretty smoothly.

The Dying Earth RPG does an excellent job of providing a medium for adventures in the style of its source material, with a system that encourages players to act like characters from the books, forever looking to their own advantage and comfort. My regular group of players didn't need much encouragement to get into the swing of the game. Thrown into town without a penny, they became adept at cadging drinks, and winning bets.

It was, however, difficult to run with large numbers of players: without a clear round structure, contests can devolve into shouting matches when too many are involved. Although rules are provided for timing actions, they are somewhat vague and it is a chore to ensure that all ambitions are satisfied while keeping a modicum of verisimilitude.

As well as a good supply of supplements, the game is supported by the quarterly *Excellent Prismatic Spray*, and this provides much of value to GMs of other fantasy games. The location descriptions feature detailed breakdowns of NPC schemes and plans, and scenarios such as "The Three Golden Swans", a detailed description of a rural inn and its colourful locals, could easily be used in any fantasy game.

If you're a fantasy fan looking for a distinct change of pace, then *The Dying Earth* RPG will provide something more in line with humorous fantasy than the usual suspects. If you're a fan of Vance, you will find valuable advice on injecting Vancian elements into your regular game and plenty of background material if you want to use it. *The Dying Earth* RPG is a breath of fresh air for fantasy gaming, taking its inspiration from one of the original sources and taking the idea down a very different road.



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Issue 4 of Warhammer e-zine

Reviewed by John Foody

In the year since its launch Strike-to-Stun has become hugely successful. Now they've found their feet we've decided to give the latest issue a review. On online magazine edited by Natascha Chrobok, STS is dedicated to the various facets of the Old World as presented in WFRP, Mordheim and Fantasy Battle. By having regular "issues" STS has more of a magazine feel, an approach that works well.

Each issue contains a lot of information, some based around a central theme. Within an issue you will find Old World background, army lists, interviews, fiction, news and much more. This issue they talk to Games Workshop's Alessio Cavatore, an interview that is well handled and interesting. This "catch-all" approach means that they try and review every Fantasy Warhammer product released. Alongside this they also have a forum for discussions on the various games as well as hosting other sites.

The theme for issue 4 is the Southern Old World, an area covering Tilea, Estilea and the Border Princes. Previous issues have looked at Vampires, Albion and Bretonnia. There are articles on the history of the area; its people, some new careers and a closer look at the Estilan Inquisition as well as some NPCs that could be encountered. This material is generally good and useful. It's worth the time of any GM planning on taking their players to these regions to check this background out. However, GMs are still going to have to do some work. My sole criticism of this material does not involve problems with any of the individual articles - rather, it is simply that when taken together they still do not give a real feel for the area they describe. In part, this is because STS have cast their net a little too wide. By covering the entire Southern Old World, the strength of the background was diluted. I would much preferred to see a closer look at Estalea, which most of this background covers anyway, giving more details to get my teeth into and fleshing out some of what they have here.

One of the articles included in this section is actually of use on a wider basis. Garrett Lepper examines the Rom, the gypsies of the Old World. Garrett has made a good attempt at bringing gypsies to WFRP without romanticising them too much or just swapping common real life myths across. A few of the details on Rom PCs seemed a little pointless, but otherwise this was a good article.

The WFRP section contains a wide variety of articles, from new rules to in-depth examinations of background. The quality is of a good level, although some pieces would have been much stronger if they could have been developed just a little more. A good example of this is the Dark Ages material by Paul Slevin. This is an ongoing series of articles about the Old World 500 years ago. It is an excellent idea, but the article here on Trading and Communication only sketches the basics. An article on Childhood in WFRP also suffers in the same way. It is an interesting idea, but one that is not really tackled in enough depth to do the topic

justice. More development would have made it more than just another PC background piece.

A lack of depth is not an accusation that can be levelled at "The Price of Money" by Iija Steffelbauer. This is a general look at historical coins and monetary systems. However, it is purely background information, with little direct relevance to WFRP, although it does contain a few ideas that could be used in games. Questions need to be asked of WFRP's monetary system, and this provides some of the groundwork - but none of the answers. Of similar interest is Greg Phillip's alternative background to the Warhammer world: one without Slann. It is an interesting piece and offers another view on how magic works. The creation background is well worth reading. Even if you disagree with his version (and I do) it could still be useful as an in-game "heretical" argument. Presenting these alternative ideas is something STS seems to be ideal for.

"Making the Rules Fit the Atmosphere" is an interesting argument for a 2nd Edition, although it focuses too much on just talking about the rules. Less successful is "Overrated: The Lethality of WFRP", by the same author. Here Garrett Lepper's argument is flawed. He argues that the D20 rules would be better for WFRP combat. However, he compares WFRP rules to modified D20 rules. Everything mentioned as a D20 solution could be done in WFRP, if the same amount of changes were applied. The article feels like an argument being made for the sake of it.

The "A to Z of Careers" is an excellent idea. The various careers have long needed expansion, detailing the culture and background of each and how it fits into the wider world. STS are now up to D, presenting us with Duellists. It is an interesting series, with some nice ideas. However, at least with this example, the career isn't really brought to life.

Unfortunately, the scenario with this issue is a poor one. "Isle of Ruin" by Will Earthlink completely misses the feel of WFRP and lacks atmosphere.

Proving that the simple ideas are often the best is the WFRP FAQ. This list of answers to those frequently answered questions is an excellent resource. It looks at some of those simple questions (What is the Naked Dwarf? Do Gnome Jesters really get 20 attacks?) and offers solutions and ideas for resolving common issues. Spot on.

The reviews are generally well written and informative. However, there is a little too much of going through a product and just saying whether it is good or bad. I would like to have seen a little more in-depth discussion and examination of content.

Overall, the look and feel of the STS site is excellent. It is easy to navigate and the articles are generally easy to find. However, because there is so much information on STS it feels a little unfocused. Because it is presented by issue, this is mitigated to some degree. Still, presenting the contents of an issue more clearly would improve matters.

There are other minor areas of STS that I feel could be strengthened. Some of the editing might be a little better, with articles developed more or tightened up. A symptom of this is that some pieces are noticeably weak. However, the same could be said for any magazine. Including *Warpstone*.

Nevertheless, all these are minor points. STS is an excellent resource for Warhammer fans, providing plenty of ideas and background for players and GMs. As an unofficial site, its depth and approach are impressive. The STS team have done an excellent job of getting the site up and running and keeping it going with regular updates. I highly recommend you check it out.

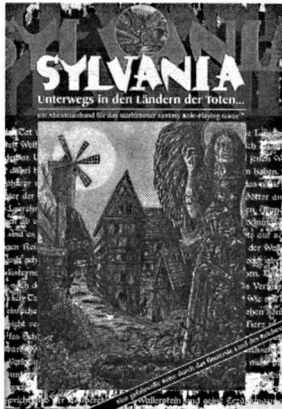
WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

BRIEF REVIEWS AND NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF WARHAMMER



Sylvania and Schnutenbach Two Fan-Produced German Scenarios

The lack of German language WFRP products has led one gaming group to publish two scenarios. Like *A Private War*, these are unofficial, produced with only enthusiasm to back them up. An impressive looking pair of books, editor and writer Karl-Heinz Zapf told us all about them.



Schnutenbach is basically a village description, like the village in Death's Dark Shadow". Indeed, *Schnutenbach* shares the ideas of various characters and scenarios set around a central location. The scenarios are a mix of plots: from monster hunting to murder mysteries. It has been successful enough to warrant a second edition, including a number of new scenarios. "It will be bigger and better I hope", said Karl-Heinz, "with two really long adventures, a new small village called Stammheim and many more characters."

Schnutenbach came about when Karl-Heinz and two friends decided to create a village for their playing groups. However, then the game's club needed something to show at "Spielemesse Speil", the large German convention; Karl-Heinz's scenario fitted the bill and was a success with the fans. "Warhammer players in Germany are really happy if they see any publications in German!" It seems official releases are very rare.

The second release, *Sylvania*, features the quest for writings from the dreaded Nagash which have the power to make a vampire in Sylvania even more powerful. The characters must journey through this cursed land to reach their goal.

Meanwhile, Karl-Heinz continues to work on further scenarios. Some are available for *Schnutenbach* and another, *Unter dem Chaosmond*, is a huge campaign set in Kislev.

Both scenarios are still available for 7,50Euros each (without postage). To order, contact Karl-Heinz at kh_zapf@yahoo.de, and he will give you the relevant details.



Thrud is back!

For those of you old enough to remember Thrud the Barbarian from *White Dwarf*, he's back! There is a new comic out now by creator Carl Critchlow and a website at www.thrudthebarbarian.com



Sea of Claws Errata

The map in last issue's Sea of Claws article was clearly drawn by a seaman whose cartography was a little awry. Ferlangen is placed too far west, and should be located some forty miles to the east of Norden and about ten miles south of the coast, upon the Erengard Road. One can also tell that this same seaman was a Marienburger, since only they adopt the rolling 'r' in Norden to make it Nordern. As good Imperial citizens, it is recommended that you use the correct form of this name, 'Norden'. It is also safe to say that the same mapmaker had been on the rum, as Armau should of course have been Aarnau.

All Quiet in Kislev

The second part of Tim Eccles A Private War Campaign, All Quiet is Kislev, is out now. For more details see the Warpstone website. Review next issue.

Bergsburg Project

The project's move to a new site has brought a new burst of life to the growing city. The website has been comprehensively and impressively overhauled. The Bergsburg Council have done an excellent job and there is a variety of new material and excellent website touches. Check out the ever-changing rumours on each page! The new site is well worth a visit, so get across to www.bergsburg.darcove.net.

MiM No More!

The long running Polish RPG magazine, *Magia i Miecz*, has folded after ten years and one hundred and three issues.

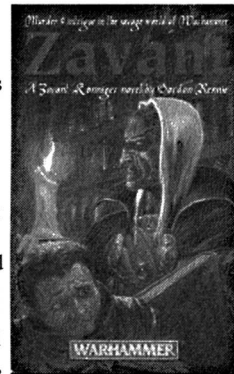
Zavant

By Gordon Rennie

Reviewed by John Foody



Sherlock Holmes is one of the most powerful figures to ever dominate fiction. Indeed, I have had a number of discussions recently where people are unsure, to say the least, that he is a fictional figure. The character's legacy is felt in every detective of literature and film that has followed since. So strong is Arthur Conan Doyle's creation that many authors writing alternative Victorian fiction, where he is said to be a real character, choose deliberately not to use him. However, many writers have, seeing the great detective solving the mystery of Jack the Ripper and other crimes. Rarely do they pull off their aspiration, however.



With Zavant Konniger, Sherlock Holmes goes Warhammer. Konniger is a cleric of Sigmar with a towering intellect, some dodgy ideas and a bit of magic. Author Gordon Rennie is being brave. Even taking the character to The Empire, Rennie does little to disguise him. This in itself is not a problem - just a high benchmark.

The book is a collection of four short stories, each narrated by Vido, Zavant's Halfling manservant. Three are set in Altdorf, with the fourth and longest taking Zavant to an isolated monastery. In each, Zavant is called in to investigate a mysterious death and there follows an investigation, leading to a combat against a great evil

In this aspect, and others, the stories certainly follow the template of much of the other Black Library fiction, but it would have been interesting to see Rennie try something different.

Zavant is among the better releases of new Black Library fiction. The stories are generally well written, although it is occasionally slightly sluggish. Generally, however, it's fast moving and fun and could spark off some ideas for GMs. Rennie makes Zavant an interesting character, bringing him to life. The slant taken with Vido as a Halfling is also interesting.

If you haven't tried the new Black Library fiction, Zavant isn't a bad place to start. As to whether Rennie succeeds in truly bringing Sherlock Holmes to the Warhammer World, the answer is, sadly, no.

VALKYRIE QUARTERLY

Reviewed by John Foody

The latest issue of *Valkyrie* (24) is the best yet. It seems to have settled in terms of form and content, and is the better for it. This issue is a "History" special and potentially contains more than usual for WFRP players.

The main features are varied in quality but the article on Gypsies stands out. It is certainly worth a look for WFRP GMs. However, it is the regular articles, reviews and columns where the magazine is strongest. Even if none of the features are of interest these still provide entertainment. The only thing that really let the side down is the lack of a letters page and the terrible Yamara cartoon.

Valkyrie has come a long way in recent issues. If it can smooth off those remaining rough edges and hit its quarterly release dates, it deserves to grow. *Valkyrie* is available from all good game shops, or check out their site at www.caliverbooks.com.





HOG NO MORE



The Demise of Hogshead by John Foody

After months of rumours, Hogshead Publishing announced on the 26 November 2002 that they were closing down. With this, WFRP entered no-mans land once more. After eight years in the industry, James Wallis decided to pull out of gaming because he had had enough. In the press release proclaiming the end, James said: "the company is not going bankrupt. It is refreshingly solvent. However we are bored, creatively frustrated, and increasingly despondent about the future of the specialist games industry."

He went on to state that *Nobilis*, which he described in an interview at Ogrcave.com as "the best thing Hogshead did", would find a home with Guardians of Order and that *SLA Industries* would revert to the control of Nightfall Games. More importantly the English-language licence for *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay* has been handed back to Games Workshop.

Hogshead did leave WFRP fans with a fine going-away present. The full-length adventure *Fear the Worst* by Michael Mearls was made available as a free PDF download from their website.

James Wallis went on to elaborate his reasons in an interview at Ogrcave.com, stating "I had no idea that running a small business is so incredibly time-consuming". In addition to saying how D20 had changed the marketplace for the worst, he also bemoaned the attitude of some fans: "if a company takes over an existing game and doesn't publish stuff exactly as the fans expect, you become their enemy for life." Indeed, he went on the attack against various people that had obviously annoyed him over the years, no longer worried about the company's image. These messages on various Internet discussion groups, while perhaps justified, have in many peoples' minds tarnished the good name of a Hogshead a little.

In the days since Hogshead's announcement, there has been a lot of discussion regarding why the company closed down and what was to happen next. Games Workshop have the licence back, and thus must decide whether to kill it, keep it in-house (as is their stated policy) or licence it out again.

Some believed that the Games Workshop's Fanatic imprint would take it over, as they are the home to other smaller Games Workshop games. However, Jervis Johnson, Head of Fanatic press, put an end to such speculation on a discussion group. "WFRP isn't something that Fanatic would look after, as we concentrate on miniature based games. The licence for WFRP will now be looked after by Games Workshop's 'New Business Developments' team, who are responsible for 'maximising the potential' of any intellectual properties that Games Workshop owns but which aren't produced by other Games Workshop departments at the present time. I would also imagine that there is a chance that Black Library may be thinking of publishing WFRP."

So the focus switched to the Black Library. I approached Marc Gascoigne, the man in charge, and asked for his thoughts. He replied, "the licence is now back in the hands of our publishing division. Games Workshop are now considering the best action to take to ensure that this great game remains supported and in print for as long as people want to play it. We do want WFRP to continue, and indeed to thrive, but we have a whole range of options to consider."

Games Workshop confirmed this later, stating their intention to keep the game alive and mentioning that a number of companies had shown an interest in taking the licence on. However, they also said a decision was at least six to

Check out the full James Wallis interview at www.Ogrcave.com: www.ogrcave.com/interviews/jameswallis2.shtml See overleaf for our own talk with him.

twelve months away.

Apart from Games Workshop publishing the game again, it is possible that the licence may be awarded to another company. The favourite for this has to be Mongoose Publishing, being UK based and having a proven track record. They would certainly get new products out, but whether they could consistently manage a high quality would remain to be seen. All we can do is wait and see...

The Legacy of Hogshead

Now that Hogshead Publishing is gone it is time to look back at the eight years they held the licence and ask what they achieved. Is WFRP in a better state than it was before they took over? Indeed, what lasting legacy will they pass on to the future of the game?

From a personal point of view, Hogshead took *Warpstone* on and brought it

to a wider audience than we ever expected. Assuming that you accept that *Warpstone* succeeds in supporting WFRP and keeping it in the public eye, then this was smart move by Hogshead. *Warpstone* provided regular WFRP material and involved little work for Hogshead.

Although there are a number of reasons for it, Hogshead only released seven new books for the game. That is less than one a year. Rather a poor output.

The best of these (*Marienburg* and *Dwarfs: Stone and Steel*) were excellent, while *Heart of Chaos*, *Realms of Sorcery* and *Dying of the Light* were more of a mixed bag. So were, by their nature, the *Apocrypha Now* books. *Dying of the Light* came in for a lot of criticism but I think it should be forgiven its failings. It was Hogshead's first attempt at a sourcebook and had many good points. If more scenarios had followed there would have been less focus on it over the years. Hogshead also managed to get *Realms of Sorcery* published. Again, it contained much material of value although it was flawed.

James Wallis declared that he only wanted to publish high quality material, a desire that came across strongly when talking to him. Although he may never have been a real fan of the game, James had an excellent understanding of the background. The scenarios that he wrote (*Carrion up the Reik*, *Bad Tidings*, *Lustrian Bubble* and *Border Crossing*) were all solid WFRP material. Many of the books also had his mark on them. Hogshead also sought to bring in 'big name' authors to write the books so as to appeal to a wider audience, although this approach seems to have caused a number of problems. *Realms of Sorcery* and *Heart of Chaos* both felt as if someone not truly happy with the game had penned them (a criticism that could also be levelled at *Something Rotten in Kislev*).

In itself, it is not a bad decision to concentrate on established writers, but there was a need for balance. Hogshead's failure to bring forward new writers was perhaps its worst fault. Only the *Dwarf* book was written by someone new to the industry (although, in fairness, parts of other books were contributed by new authors). I don't believe Hogshead never received material worth publishing – they just never took a risk with someone new. They may have had to work with the author to help them out, but it could have been done. However, instead, Hogshead were appalling at responding to submissions. Many people waited years for a response and when it came it was cursory.

Hogshead was more successful in encouraging artists, and a number of new names graced their pages. This was especially true with some of their non-WFRP games.

Hogshead had many of the right ideas. Take *Hogwash*, for example: an excellent little free fanzine, it contained previews and exclusive material for fans. However, little seemed to come of them. It seems possible that James wasn't really focused on the game as much as WFRP fans would have wanted him to be. He has frequently made it clear that he not happy with the way RPGs have stood still. To his credit he did something about it, publishing games that tried something new. He admitted that WFRP was the "cash cow" that allowed him to do this. However, because of his interest in these new games, WFRP suffered from a lack of attention.

Although there is more Hogshead could have done, I do think that WFRP is in a better state now than it was before Hogshead took up the licence. Hogshead ensured that the game remained as high profile as possible, as well as getting some good releases out. At least *Doomstones* was finished and *Realms of Sorcery* saw the light of day. The legacy they leave the game is two-fold, however. I think that *Realms of Sorcery* will be most influential book since *The Enemy Within*. However, I am not convinced that this will be a beneficial influence, with much of the background swinging heavily to WFB. More positively and significantly, WFRP is stronger and more fan-involved than before. This is not a direct Hogshead influence, but if they hadn't taken on the game it is possible it would have died off by now. Through fan publications and, more widely, websites, the amount of material available for the game is impressive. The quality is variable, but there is a large amount of good background out there. Thus, the Old World is growing slowly, even if it is no longer officially published.

In the end, the influence of Hogshead on WFRP was mixed. However, Hogshead may well be remembered for its other games. Their real success came from outside WFRP: *Nobilis* and the *New Style* games, particularly *Baron Munchausen*, will be taken up elsewhere and remain among the most interesting and influential releases of the last ten years.

AN INTERVIEW WITH JAMES WALLIS

Questions by John Foody

Why have you chosen to close down Hogshead?

There are various reasons, none of which are in any particular order. I don't feel the games market is in a particularly good shape right now: its overall turnover is up but the revenue per product is down and print-runs are shrinking. Hogshead's business model was based around the steady sales of perennial products, and the market doesn't sustain that any more - these days it's all about new stuff, and old stuff doesn't sell. We were worried about the future of the Warhammer FRP licence. I was bored and could feel myself burning out. And although Hogshead has been profitable for the last six to seven years, it's not been profitable enough to pay me a wage, though it still demands as much of my time as any full-time job would. And I already knew at that stage that the company was unsellable. Ultimately I realised that I had no more enthusiasm for what I was doing, and could see no more reason to keep doing it for free.

Were Games Workshop unhappy with your treatment of the licence?

I think they were happy; they never directly said they weren't, and if they weren't happy then they'd have terminated it and taken it elsewhere. But we were aware of changes within Games Workshop, with the establishment of the new Publishing division. They'd changed some of the terms of the licence and had been making enquiries around the industry about RPGs in general.

Did you try and sell the company?

I did; in fact I'd been trying to sell the company for almost eighteen months. The sticking point was whether the WFRP licence was transferable or not. The contract said not, but I had a verbal assurance from Games Workshop that if they approved of the purchaser, then it would be fine. Unfortunately, after I'd got a buyer lined up and everything seemed ready to go, that turned out not to be the case. [Since this interview Hogshead has been sold. However, it will not produce any of the games James was involved with - Ed]

Did you feel you made a WFRP a success? Could have got more products out? Did Games Workshop help or hinder your efforts?

I think we did pretty well for WFRP. We got it into a lot of outlets and distribution channels it hadn't been in before, and into the hands of a lot of customers who wouldn't otherwise have come across it.

There's no question we should have produced more products, but we got bogged down very early on. A number of freelancers were very slow about delivering projects, and we'd already put money down for them. We also made the decision that we wouldn't start any project until we knew we had the money to pay for it - I've seen too many companies go the other way and die from it - and that held things back; in particular we suffered from a number of distributors either trying to screw us over, refusing to pay our invoices, or simply going bankrupt on us. One of them almost put us out of business in 1995. So it was mostly cashflow rather than lack of creativity that held our release schedule back.

Games Workshop was generally helpful. This may surprise people, but I'd say their input improved the quality of products overall. Nobody knows the Warhammer world and what makes it work like Games Workshop, they really understand the games market, and while their exhaustive approvals process may have delayed some things, it helped to keep us focused and to get the products right.

Many of your non-WFRP games received great Critical plaudits. Did that not reflect in sales?

Some of our non-WFRP products have been hugely successful. *Baron Munchausen* sold through two print-runs and has been translated into five languages, for example, and *Nobilis* sold out its first printing in three months. Others have been less stellar successes. But we never spent money on these products that we knew we couldn't afford to lose; if a product went bad, it didn't endanger the company.

Did Hogshead manage to do what you wanted it to do?

Well, I wanted to take over the world. So no.

What are you most proud of in Hogshead's achievements?

Two things. Firstly, Hogshead was the first publisher since Games Workshop to prove it was possible for a British company to compete in the US-dominated RPG market, and I'm enormously proud that we were able to lead the way for companies such as Mongoose and Britannia. Secondly, in terms of games, *Nobilis* sums up so many of the things I wanted to do in RPGs — imagination, innovation, quality, maturity of presentation — that it's difficult to know how Hogshead would ever have topped it.

Do you feel WFRP has a future?

It all depends on Games Workshop. Games Workshop now turns over more than £100m a year, and when a company is that size it raises the bar for all of its projects and licences — they all have to generate a certain amount of money to be worth doing in the first place. And RPGs are pretty borderline, to be honest. There really isn't a lot of money in the RPG field. GW has to think carefully about whether it's worth them even licensing out the rights to WFRP again — whether the time their staff will spend looking after that licence could be better spent on another project that would earn them more.

But assuming that GW is willing to grant the licence to someone else, or even produce the games themselves, then WFRP is a commercially viable game — in fact it sells better than many of the d20 products out there. Alfred Nunez's Dwarf book sold two thousand copies in its first month — many publishers would be hanging out their tongues for sales-figures like that.

What are your own plans now?

Have a holiday. After that, I really don't know. The purpose of the holiday is to help me decide.

Will we see you writing for WFRP, Inferno etc in further?

I probably won't be writing for WFRP, at least not for a while — I need to think hard about my relationship with RPGs from now on. You have to remember that I've been writing this stuff for print since I was 14, almost two-thirds of my life, and I've lost sight of whether I enjoy it any more. Give me some time off and I'll get back to you. Plus, as I've said, there's not much money in RPGs. Freelancers are paid appallingly badly.

I've got a novel due out from Games Workshop shortly — *Mark of Damnation*, which I'm really pleased with — and they've said they want three more books based on the same character, so I'll be busy for a while. Meanwhile Christian Dunn who edits *Inferno* is busy commissioning more short stories from me... so I've not left the Warhammer world behind just yet. And there's a lot of stuff I can do in fiction that I could never do with RPGs, and I'm really enjoying myself.

THE CORRESPONDENT

Alignment By Tim Eccles

By far the main criticism of alignment in WFRP is that the system is far too simplistic and/or a product of WFRP's era (i.e. the 1980s). This raises questions about the purpose of alignment within the game. Warpstone has already examined a particular example in "A Touch of Evil?" (*Warpstone* #16), which has been well discussed. I do not wish readers of this column to form the wrong opinion of myself as a gamer, but two other incidents have also led me to attack and kill fellow party members. Whilst the episode in "A Touch of Evil?" primarily revolves around perspective and environmental context, these other two involved non-Human characters. One was where I killed a Gungan PC in a Star Wars campaign and the other was in WFRP, where my Dwarf character 'killed' a fellow Dwarf PC for what he felt was a gross act of cowardice and a failure to honour his word. Needless to say, all three incidents led to a fair bit of sensible discussion from myself and bickering by my fellow players. These issues have led me to revisit the idea behind alignment as a general tool, and within WFRP in particular. Anthony Ragan argued in his editorial in *Warpstone* #9 that the concept should be discarded. I disagreed then, and I disagree now. For all its faults – and there are many – it does provide a basic map for decisions about actions and how they should be viewed.

Alignment is too Human

One basic criticism of alignments is that they are described from a Human perspective and that non-Humans are exactly that - not Human. In other words, WFRP describes alignments with Human values and judgements, whilst non-Humans in WFRP act according to different conventions. I am not convinced. Firstly, this does not, in itself, preclude the concept of alignments; rather it suggests that the concept should be broadened out to reflect racial (and perhaps cultural) differences. Secondly, I am far from convinced that WFRP non-Humans are, in fact, not Human. What do we know in any official material about either Dwarfs or Elves - or Halflings come to that - that makes them alien in their motivations? Nothing that I can see in the psychology article in *Apocrypha Now*, or anywhere else, establishes a clear distinction between different species' motivations. Indeed, the non-Human history of the Old World is highly Humanised in terms of its political wars and ambitions! To my mind WFRP non-Humans are not actually non-Human. Runequest has very alien Dwarfs (mostali) and Elves (aldryami), but WFRP simply takes Human beliefs and extends them to a more absolute form for Dwarfs (such as family, kin and honour) and Elves (such as 'greenness' and 'culture'). There is nothing that I see in WFRP that proposes any heavily different moral scale that could compare with that in Runequest or even Dark Sun. This might change with the forthcoming sourcebooks.

Rather than criticise the existing alignment as being Humanocentric, I would take this argument as an opportunity to develop a moral framework for nations and races - much as Runequest did. Runequest produced a simple 'FAQ' for its people and cultures concerning the basic questions that PCs might have: why am I here, who am I, what will happen when I die, who are my allies, how do I believe the universe works and all manner of similar questions.

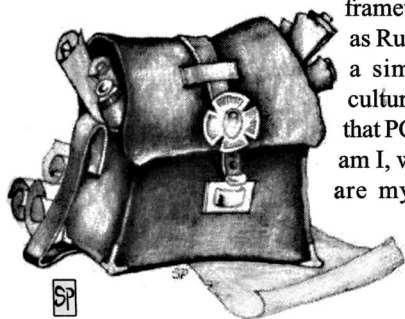
As currently written, another

primary concern is as to whether Elves should be seen as of good alignment when every other playable race is broadly 'neutral'. Linked to this is whether the concept of 'good' is too subjective. This can be seen as very much a product of the 1980s, its anti-Thatcherism and nascent environmentalism. Elves are there to look after the environment and to protect culture from philistines seeking to cut public spending. If I take the Runequest example again, then the change in the Lunar Empire from the second edition, where they were the 'evil empire', to the current one, where they are simply an equally valid social structure, mirrors the ways in which we (and our games) think differently. There is clearly a danger that alignment becomes a 'real world' measuring stick, rather than a 'game world' one. Again, however, I find that a criticism of what WFRP gives us, rather than the principle of alignment as a measuring stick.

None of this, in my opinion, negates the idea that Elves are good. In fact, I find that it helps define them. After all, whilst they might be perceived as arrogant and paternalistic, there is merit for this in game. They are clearly superior as a species, as witnessed by their statistics as starting characters. They are also the effective heirs of the Slann. Indeed, reading WFRP literally, they can control gods. To my mind, Elves perceive it as their inheritance and their duty to look after the world and to work for the greater good. This might cause them to engage in 'evil' acts or to act in what might appear to be an arrogant or unpleasant manner, but their end goal is to protect the world from chaos and create harmony. The alignment system offers a simple framework to explain this behaviour, since it looks at intentions rather than results.

The position of Dwarfs is perhaps clearer in that their social organisation is better understood. However, here again I believe that the neutral alignment clearly represents their decision and behavioural framework. Obviously, there are differences between Humans and Dwarfs, but I remain to be convinced that these are greater than (say) the beliefs of a Human follower of Shallya and one of Sigmar. Slayers are good examples of the point. Whilst they might see themselves as without honour (which is why they become a clanless Slayer), they clearly do feel honourable enough to recognise their breach of honour, accept a penalty for the breach, make clear their breach to everyone and die for it. If they were genuinely without honour, they would not become Slayers, but move somewhere else and start their lives again. Slayers seems to come in two types. The first is where an individual deems herself to have failed, and thus takes the Slayer option - sometimes against the wishes of family and friends. This is an honourable (if stupid) action, as they are judging themselves by some (self-policed) norm or standard. The second is where the community (sometimes wrongly) deems the individual to have failed, thus socially ostracising him. The more noble would then take the Slayer option, to save their family from any associated slight. However, others might (with some justification) simply tell their accusers to stuff it, and leave. Again, their decision to accept unfair or harsh judgement implies an honour amongst Slayers which is not found in those who walk out.

The extent to which alignment can be linked to each species' moral and social conditioning is clearly highly problematic, but it does give us a road map. Once we have sourcebooks for every race and detailed narratives on the many political and religious perspectives throughout The Empire and other states, then we can safely dump the alignment system. Until then, alignment offers a simple guide to acceptable



behaviour within the general environment. This in itself is useful, since not everyone who plays WFRP wishes to engage in sociological and philosophical discussions on the rights and wrongs of different types of behaviour across the many social divisions - including rural/urban, regional, national, religious, and species.

Alignment is too Simplistic

Clearly alignment as given is simplistic. That in itself is not a fair criticism, since much of WFRP is simplistic. Many of the basic rules are very simple: this is one of the good points of the game, so far as it still provides believable outcomes. Currently, alignment is allocated very little space in the rulebook; I would argue that more is needed in any future edition, rather than dumping the concept. Alignment serves as a basic 'measuring stick' for PCs and NPCs. It seeks to explain motivations, and there is nothing else that we have that can do this. It is essential to have some idea 'why' people behave as they do, and alignment is the only mechanism we have to do this.

If it were to be discarded, this would be a mistake. If it were replaced, this would require a much more thorough analysis of each species' motivations. We have very little on Human beliefs and motivations, and only one paragraph on each non-Human species in the bestiary. The world section only describes history, not the motivations to the extent that they impinge upon ordinary perceptions. History in our own world has moved a long way from assuming that history is all about kings, queens, wars and 'great events'; now, considerable interest is placed in describing (ordinary) people and their lives. PCs are rarely going to be motivated by the sacking of Wolfenburg by Fennone raiders or by what happened to Great King Curmudgeon in 1066 IC. They might be shocked at the murder of granny next door - or they might not, since they did it in vengeance for her playing her lute too loud at 4am or running numbers for the


Carroll Gang. Once a PC is developed and players are familiar with the Old World, then their characters can develop a basic moral framework. As the game progresses, this will (and should) evolve. However, the alignment system provides a basic measuring stick about the acceptability of behaviour within the game and allows players to position themselves within a broad spectrum of alternative general perspectives.

Conclusion

Obviously, this is an enormous subject that could take up the entire issue in itself; it is also one that continuously arises. Within the gaming environment, the bottom line is that I need something to help me decide if I'll help the old lady out, slit her throat or simply nick her bag. Using my own personal philosophy misses out on one of the joys of role-playing, which is trying to think 'in character'. Therefore, I need some guidance as to how I should act. Obviously the primary source of this is the GM and how the GM runs the game. However, the GM must obtain their own lead from the rules and adventures. As the WFRP canon currently stands, there is remarkably little information on this. Elves and Dwarfs will soon have their own books, but we are particularly lacking something that tells us how we should act as ordinary PCs in The Empire. Are we self-interested, or do we feel part of a wider community? Does the Church of Sigmar advocate helping old ladies across the road or that they should be left to fend for themselves in a war of survival of the fittest? To what extent can I allow temporary aberrations to be forgiven and when do they necessitate that society takes a different view towards me? Alignment as it stands does not answer details of this nature, but it does offer us a basic compass for how the inhabitants of the Old World generally perceive themselves, their society and how one should act. If we discard it, we must be sure that there is something to replace it.

Valkyrie

Valkyrie

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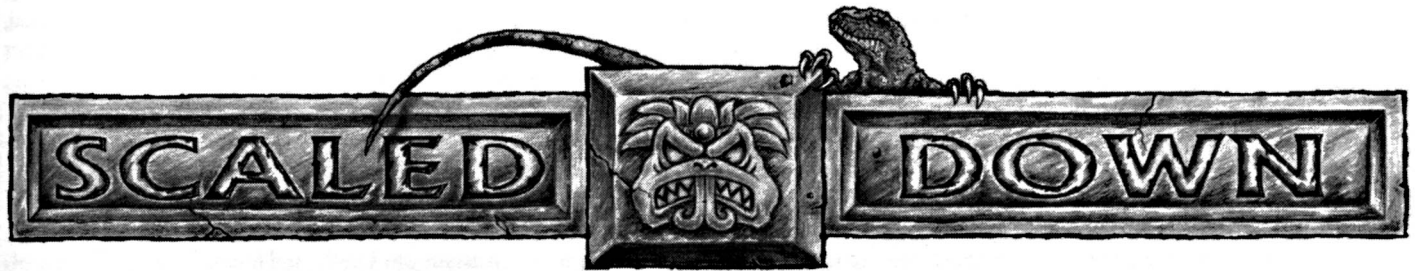
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Valkyrie



Lizardmen Beneath the Old World by Ryan Wileman

Mannsleib was full and its light streamed through the jagged masonry of the ruined outpost, casting shadows that resembled colossal broken teeth. The party picked their way through the remains of the Dwarfen masonry carefully, their fogged breath illuminated by the moon's eerie light. Heinz sniffed the cold mountain air, and turned to Anders. 'What about here? It's out of the wind, and we can light a fire over by the wall.'

Gudran looked at Anders, 'Do you see the rune above the door, manling? The chamber is protected by Valaya. We will find no safer place to bed down tonight.' Anders nodded and removed his pack wearily. The other two began to make preparations for the night, while he foraged for firewood in the chambers on the ground floor below. When Heinz had got the fire going, he called Gudran over to the where the flickering flames lit the wall.

'Here, Gudran. What's this all about? It looks like old Dwarf scribble. Do you think it says where they stashed the loot?' He grinned at her.

Gudran frowned at the Human's tactless joke, and made her way over to where he squatted by the wall. He moved out of the way to allow her to see the carvings. The original stonework was fairly typical of the style practiced 2,500 ago - stylised representations of the ancestor gods predominated, with complex knotwork interweaved between them. However, scratched over the ancient relief carvings was a message in Khazilid. Only a desperate Dwarf would damage excellent craftsmanship in this way, and Gudran's interest was piqued. She leaned closer to read the scrawl. Closer inspection revealed it to be a hastily written warning of some sort. The reader was cautioned to be aware of 'the reptiles' that had apparently broken through the lower levels. The armoury and the Temple of Grungni had fallen to them, and the anonymous author was particularly vexed by the latter event. Gudran soon realised why - the message ended with the oath of the slayer. Gudran's blood was chilled as she read the declaration of shame by the long-dead Dwarf - he had been the cleric of Grungni and he deemed the loss of the temple to be his dishonour.

She wheeled about to address Heinz. "This outpost may not be the shelter that we anticipated, manling. There was a..." Gudran's words were suddenly disturbed by an ear-piercing scream from deep below them. It sounded like Anders.



A flick through the Bestiary in the WFRP Rulebook will reveal a diverse collection of intelligent races, most of which have played some role in one of the many adventures available. However, one exception sticks out like a sore talon - the lizardmen. Always looking like a remnant of mid-80s D&D, the lizardmen have languished on page 222 while GMs flicked past to look for something more WFRP, such as the skaven or the fimir.

I have always felt that the lizardmen and their larger, malodorous cousins the troglodytes have been unfairly overlooked. When GW released the Lizardmen Army



Book, I thought that we may be on the verge of bringing the world's oldest race back into the spotlight. I was disappointed to see that the lizardmen had been transplanted wholesale to distant Lustria - making their inclusion in most campaigns yet more unlikely.

Some of us enjoy the mental contortions involved in bringing recent developments by GW into line with the classic WFRP background. The Lizardmen Army Book represented a challenge. How could we explain the existence of lizardmen and troglodytes beneath the Old World? Indeed, the question of how these lizardmen are related to the saurus, skinks and kroxigor of Lustria and the Southlands is also of interest.

The aim of this article is two-fold - firstly to detail the history and role of lizardmen in the Old World and secondly to provide ideas to GMs to use them in their campaigns. The article attempts to make some links between the older background and the new. Hopefully it succeeds in destroying the "you are in a room 10' x 10' x 10' - there are D6 lizardmen" syndrome by presenting the lizardmen in a more 'WFRP' light.



History

Thousands of years ago the Old Ones came to the world. Who or what they were is unknown - the Slann would have it that the Old Ones were the powerful leaders of their own race, while Elven myths refer to them dimly as creator gods. Upon arrival on the planet, the Old Ones began to manipulate it - changing both the geography and the biosphere to suit their requirements. They manipulated the evolution of the races native to the world and nurtured their development.

The Old Ones built their cities and temples in the mysterious continent of Lustria, away from the main homelands of their experimental races: the Elves, Dwarfs and Humans. But the enigmatic Old Ones did not restrict their operations to the western continent, as outposts were constructed across the world from the depths of the Southlands to the frozen lands of the poles. The Old World was no exception and before the collapse of the warp gates the Old Ones monitored and influenced the progress of their experiments from hidden bases all over the continent. Many of these were hidden deep underground where even the delvings of the new-born Dwarfen race would not find them.

Servants of the Old Ones

The aims of the Old Ones were obscure and incomprehensible to Human minds. Manipulation of the mammalian races of the world may have been somehow linked with the control and understanding of the forces of the Warp. But the Old Ones also took the native reptilian life of the planet and used them as slaves and servants within their cities and elsewhere. Through the slann, they bred or refined three discrete intelligent races to perform different roles. The saurus were their warriors - large bipedal carnivores, capable and ferocious in combat. The mental and physical dexterity of the smaller and amphibious skinks was designed for the complex tasks involved in the upkeep of the Old Ones' cities. Finally, the gigantic amphibians known as Kroxigor were used as beasts of burden under the auspices of the skinks and Slann.

The End of the Old Ones

When the Gates at the poles collapsed, the Old Ones were destroyed, leaving both their subject races and experimental subjects to fend for themselves. The fate of the Elves and Dwarfs is well known, but what happened to the reptilian servants is less clear. In Lustria, the Slann tried to continue as the Old Ones instructed them. Contact was lost with the cities and research stations of the Old World and Southlands, and the true aims of the Old Ones forgotten. This situation continues to this day, with the slann of the Southlands isolated from the Lustrians physically and telepathically. The fate of the bases in the Old World was far more dramatic...

Decline and Fall

When the gates collapsed the Old Ones' operations in the Old World were thrown into chaos. The massive psychic backlash turned many of the presiding Slann insane, leaving the reptilian servants isolated and with scant supervision. The consequences were bloody and dramatic.

For a century, the remaining Slann tried in vain to maintain the plans of the Old Ones. Although many were rendered catatonic by the psychic overload, some were possessed by demons that came into the world at the collapse of the Gates. The surviving Slann commanded their servants to battle their possessed brethren, resulting in scattered skirmishes and the majority of the leaders being wiped out and inexpertly mummified by their skink retinues. The various species of lizardmen lived in anarchy; without the controlling influence of the Slann they were incapable of organising themselves. Food became scarce, and the primitive sauruses reverted to barbarism, hunting the weaker skinks for food. The rigid society that had been ordained by the Old Ones collapsed, and within 500 years the skinks were wiped out. Wandering bands of sauruses and kroxigor stalked the caverns and abandoned research tunnels, eking out an impoverished existence consisting of half-forgotten tasks and avoiding starvation. Forgotten by the Slann of Lustria and the Southlands, the lizardmen of the Old World became savage and primitive.

With the expansion of the Dwarfs, the lizardmen were pushed further underground. Their cold-blooded nature made survival difficult in the sunless subterranean caverns, and many succumbed to the cold of the deep earth. The surviving communities were those located near to volcanic hotspots, where the planet's crust was thin enough to warm the caverns above. These tended to be located beneath the mountainous regions of the Old World.

The New Races

With the passing of the Old Ones, the Old World became dominated by the new races - the Dwarfs and Elves, then later by the Humans, goblinoids and skaven. Deep below the surface, the lizardmen were rarely seen, although they were not entirely unknown...

Elves: Whether the High Elves knew anything of the lizardmen below the Old World when their colonies thrived there is not known. Any records of contact between the two races are hidden in the libraries of distant Ulthuan. Certain tales of the Phoenix King Bel Shanaar suggest that he despatched Elven explorers to the Old World and Lustria to see what remained of the Old Ones' works, although this may be a modern interpretation of ambiguous texts.

It is almost certain that the Wood Elves know nothing of the lizardmen beneath the Old World, living in the forests distant from the mountainous regions.

Dwarfs: Of all intelligent races, the Dwarfs know more of the nature and existence of the lizardmen beneath the Old World than any. During the peak of their civilisation, many holds and mines were established and the race delved deep into the earth. During this golden age, the Dwarfs fought and cleared the natural caverns below their new holds of all hostile creatures, which included the lizardmen.

It was the dwarfs of Karaz-a-Karak that first termed the saurus and kroxigor 'lizardmen' and 'trogloodytes', respectively. During the later stages of the construction of the great city, the delvings of the Dwarfs descended to a complex of natural caverns that were populated by a community of lizardmen led by a savage reptile known to the dwarfs as 'Karnac'. The two groups fought for almost a hundred years deep below the city, but eventually the desperate ferocity of the half-starved lizardmen proved too much for the Dwarfs and they wisely chose to seal off the caverns by collapsing the connecting passages. This battle is recorded in one of the first entries in the Book of Grudges of Karaz-a-Karak.

Other communities of Dwarfs had small skirmishes with the reptilians, but the majority of encounters occurred after the mass volcanic activity of -1500 I.C. The main adversaries of the Dwarfs in this devastating period were the skaven and goblins, but there were small pockets of lizardmen whose settlements had been disrupted by the upheaval. Many lizardmen were killed by surges of magma, and most of the Old Ones' tunnels lost forever, but the survivors took to making opportunistic raids for food against the Dwarfs, goblins and skaven alike. Few surviving Dwarf records of the time mention the lizardmen, although the Khazalid names of certain ancient runic weapons such as 'Scalesmasher' and 'Snakebane' hint at their presence.

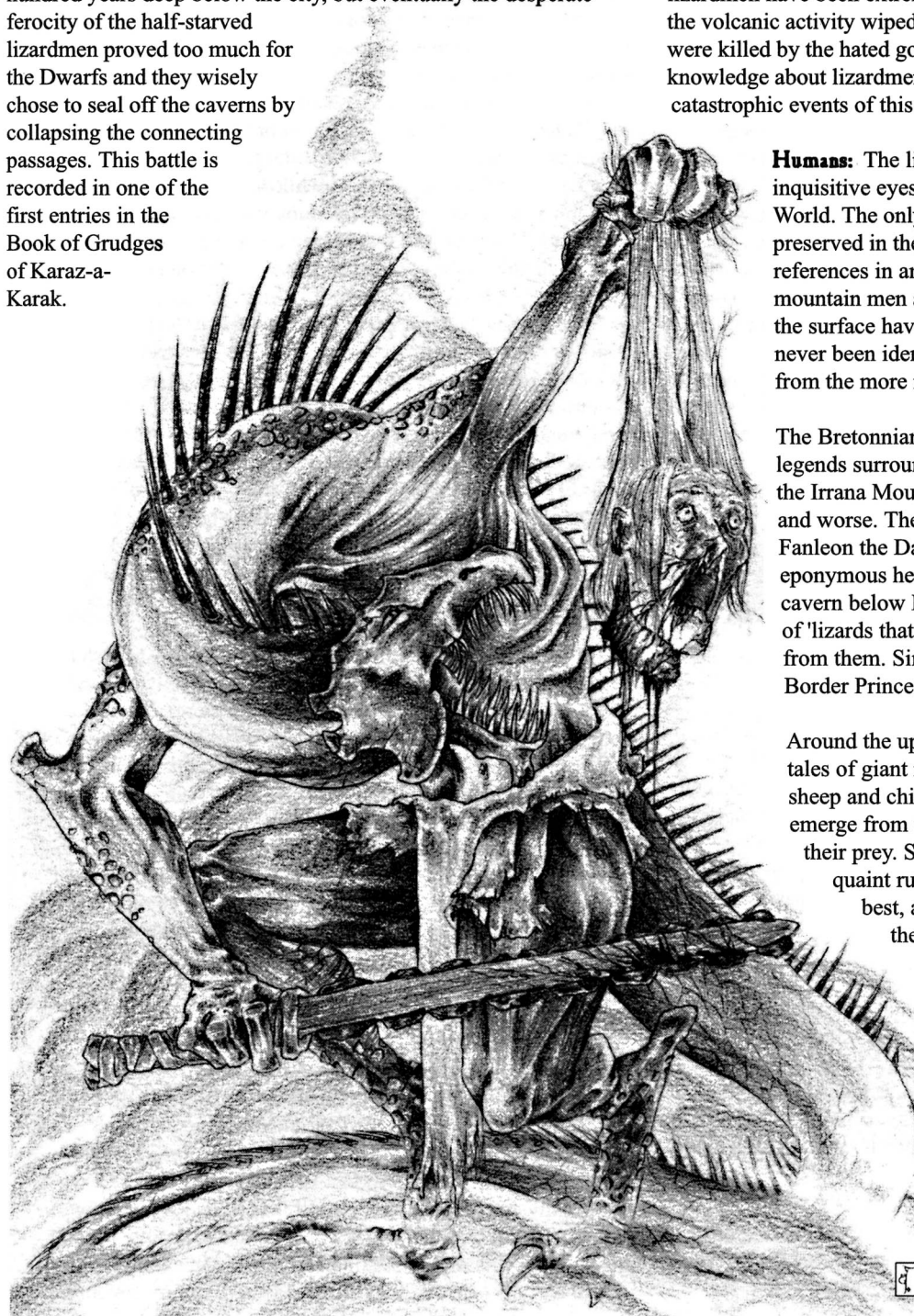
Since the volcanic eruptions of -1500, Dwarfen encounters with lizardmen have been extremely rare. The loremasters assume that the volcanic activity wiped many of them out, and the few survivors were killed by the hated goblinoids or heroic Dwarfs. Most of the knowledge about lizardmen acquired by the Dwarfs prior to the catastrophic events of this period has been lost.

Humans: The lizardmen have remained far from the inquisitive eyes of Humans since their arrival in the Old World. The only knowledge of their existence has been preserved in the form of folklore and legend. Vague references in ancient texts and the ramblings of insane mountain men are dismissed or forgotten, and raids on the surface have been so rare that the lizardmen have never been identified as a threat to Humanity distinct from the more numerous and better known evil races.

The Bretonnian and Estalian peoples have certain legends surrounding the tunnels that are said to riddle the Irrana Mountains, populated by bandits, evil wizards and worse. The romantic legend of the bandit king Fanleon the Dashing features an episode in which the eponymous hero leads his band of brigands into a vast cavern below Mount Zardéle. The bandits fight a band of 'lizards that walked like men' and win their treasure from them. Similar stories are told in Tilea and the Border Princes.

Around the upland regions of The Empire there are tales of giant reptiles that come in the night to steal sheep and children from their homes. They are said to emerge from the rock itself and melt back into it with their prey. Sophisticated urban citizens dismiss these quaint rural folktales as whimsical superstition at best, and sheer idiocy at the worst. But due to the highly localised nature of the stories, few are known far from their point of origin.

However, evidence of lizardman caverns was uncovered by miners in the Middle Mountains in 2378. Following a seam of coal deep into the rock, the Ostlander miners broke through into a chamber which bore the marks of a crude chisel and contained the skeletons of several reptilian Humanoids seemingly laid out in death. They bore the remains of battered armour, amulets and weapons



of strange design. The foreman was as superstitious as most Old World miners and he immediately filled the breach in the wall with rubble and instructed his men to look elsewhere for coal. However, a certain Josef Albrecht took the opportunity to liberate a few pieces of jewellery bearing odd designs before sealing the chamber.

Goblins and Skaven: Although the history and legends of the skaven and goblinoids are practically unknown beyond their respective cultures, it is likely that they have had many encounters with the lizardmen in the past. When the plague monks of Clan Pestilens landed in Lustria, they may have been aware of the similarity of the Lustrian lizardmen with their Old World equivalents. It has also been reported that a small tribe of goblins in the highlands of Ostermark bear the image of a reptilian demon on their shields and banners.

Chaos: Although faithful servants to the Old Ones in the ancient past, the lizardmen of the Old World are not incorruptible. Though most communities are too deep in the earth to be affected by the winds of magic and the influence of chaos, this is not always the case. Some lizardmen learn to love bloodshed and murder beyond mere survival, and become enthralled to Khorne. Other follow stranger paths, alien to the mammalian mind, but clearly influenced by one of the lords of the Realms of Chaos. Deep below the Dragonback Mountains are several communities of lizardmen who worship a great worm that dwells at the centre of the planet. Dwarf explorers' accounts have mistakenly identified these lizardmen as peculiar beastmen, but none were ambiguous as the nature of the Worm God recognisable from idols and wall daubings. The entity is clearly an agent or minor godling of Chaos, corrupting the simplistic minds of the lizardmen and using them to fulfill its own mysterious agenda.



THE LIZARDMEN TODAY

The burly bodies moved in silence through the tunnels, while their burden struggled ineffectively against his bonds. The skaven squealed out to the Horned Rat for his help, but the callous god of the ratmen was not listening. The strong scaled arms of his captor squeezed the breath from his lungs, and crushed his broken leg, sending waves of agony shooting up the skaven's spine. He cursed the ambitious Grey Seer that brought them here, and spat blood onto the wall.

Dragged into a larger chamber, the skaven looked about him. The stone floor had battered Dwarf and goblin hides strewn around some sort of crude statue made from black stone. Its crude edges outlined a figure that resembled a bloated toad or frog. The pungent odour of rat urine rose as the skaven lost control of his bladder once again, this time at the sight below the statue. A pile of fresh hearts lay in a pool of blood, while the assembled lizardmen feasted on the remains of the Grey Seer and his retinue.

Hidden Developments

Deep below the events of the surface, the lizardmen have survived the trials of the preceding millennia. Despite the rise of the warm-blooded races above them, they have remained largely oblivious to

the events going on above them. Over thousands of years a primitive social order has emerged where older, stronger saurus lead small communities of around 30-50 individuals living in an area of connected caverns. They compete with other groups for the scarce resources on which the lizardmen eke out their existence - their resilience a credit to the genetic manipulation of the Old Ones. Without the skinks to control them, the kroxigor became slow-witted and savage, living uneasily alongside the saurus.

Within a lizardman community, life is difficult and harsh. The groups will be dominated by the strongest or oldest individual. This position is a precarious one as the leader is open to challenge by the other lizardmen at any time. As a result, the position of leader is forged not only by strength, but also by a constantly changing pattern of alliances and combat. The benefits are considerable, however. First access to any food acquired by the group is the primary motivation, but reproductive dominance is another. Lizardmen can and will change sex several times during their lives - a legacy of Old One tinkering that was intended to reduce sexual dimorphism. The two sexes are largely indistinguishable other than by scent, but when a female lizardman is guarding her nest or young, she will grow slightly larger and more aggressive. Infant lizardmen are smaller than adults, and their scales take a while to fully harden. They are vulnerable to predation by other communities, and even by their more distant relatives within the community, who sometimes practice infanticide for both nutrition and evolutionary reasons.

Food is always in short supply. Although the lizardmen have very primitive food supplies in the form of semi-domesticated fungi and blind cave fish, this is insufficient to maintain large populations and the saurus lack the intelligence to exploit the resources further. They spend much of their time scavenging for food, and when times are particularly hard they will raid the caverns above or attack other groups of lizardmen. Stolen provisions and the bodies of the fallen will stave off starvation for a few brief weeks before the hunt must resume. The effects of the fungi on the kroxigor metabolism has been particularly unpleasant, leading to the release of a pungent and foul-smelling odour.

The life of a lizardman below the Old World is nasty, brutish and short. Most communities span a small complex of caverns and tunnels - larger caves are appropriated by the more powerful members of the band, while smaller ones serve as armouries, domiciles, fungus farms and so on. Carnivorous Snappers roam freely amongst the lizardmen like stray dogs in Human settlements, while the kroxigor tend to dwell in the caverns on the edge of the communities. The caverns of the lizardmen are mostly left in their natural state, although some walls may bear rough daubings in various pigments lit by irregularly placed torches. Certain caverns may be the long-abandoned remnants of Dwarfen delvings, whilst others are the dust-covered remains of the Old Ones' bases. What these hold is for the GM to decide, but there is a good chance that fragments of the prophecies of the Old Ones may remain intact...

Religion is as much a part of the life of lizardmen as it is of any other race in the Old World, although it lacks any kind of organisation or priesthood. The lizardmen offer prayers and worship to a number of fearsome entities that they hope protect them in battle and provide plentiful food. Crude idols of stone are occasionally erected in the caverns of lizardman leaders, some bearing frightful reptilian visages while others resemble bloated frogs or toads - possibly harking back to the Slann that were once masters of the race. Sacrifices made to these idols are devoured by

the tribe, with only the heart offered as thanks to the god. Occasionally a tribe may worship stranger idols - technological artefacts long-since disabled or even the mummified remains of a Slann priest.

Although almost the entire existence of the lizardmen is spent hunting for food, the lizardmen still retain some vague racial knowledge of their purpose below the earth. Saurus will sometimes patrol long empty corridors as in the days when the Slann were their masters, and kroxigor will lift huge blocks of masonry and shift them back and forth aimlessly - none knowing why they felt the need to do so, and lacking the skinks or Slann to instruct them in their role.

Lizardman material culture is impoverished and dominated by goods pillaged from ruined Dwarfholds and the products of their rude craftsmanship. Weapons tend to be stone or bronze clubs and axes, with shields made from reptilian hides stretched over a framework. Armour is rare, as the lizardman's tough scaly hide offers protection, but armour that is used is usually plundered from the Dwarfs.

Locations

The locations of the Old Ones' bases in the Old World are unknown, even to the lizardmen. Similarly, it is unclear where the lizardmen are to be found today. The Dwarfs of old recorded that the raids tended to occur beneath the Dwarfholds of the World's Edge Mountains, although all major mountain ranges in the Old World have some geological hotspots that may support communities of lizardmen. Recent expeditions by a party of Dwarf miners below Karak Varn have reported seeing shadowy figures too tall to be goblins or skaven moving around at the periphery of vision. This suggests that the lizardmen survive beneath the Black Mountains. The same is likely to be true of the Grey and Middle Mountains and the Vaults.



USING THE LIZARDMEN

Friedrich led Lotti by the hand through the trees, laughing as they ran. The sunlight played on the track as they picked their way through the roots up to the old forester's hut. The valley walls towered steeply above them, with rocky outcroppings breaking through the earth from place to place. No-one would disturb their illicit tryst - few people came up here from the village and they had seen the forester rolling around on the floor of the tavern half an hour ago. Friedrich couldn't be too careful - if his father was to discover his liaisons with a mere scullery maid, he would be furious.

When they reached the ramshackle wooden hut, Friedrich leaped ahead and flung open the door to the woodshed with a dramatic gesture and called out to Lotti. 'Fraulein, your lodgings await!' He bowed deeply, but straightened when he saw Lotti's terrified expression. She was frozen with horror, looking past him into the dark interior of the woodshed. Cautiously, he crept towards her, petrified that some busybody from the village had hidden up here to catch them en flagrante.

When he reached Lotti, she whispered to him in her rough rural accent 'There's something.. nasty.. in the woodshed'. Friedrich

turned, and was met with a cold reptilian stare and the light of the sun reflecting from hard scales.

As mentioned in the introduction, it is very easy to play lizardmen in the Old World as generic dungeon-bash monsters and although this is not entirely without merit, it does not fit WFRP as played by most groups. If you choose to adopt the history and background outlined above, it is possible to give the lizardmen more depth and provide them with interesting motivation.

The picture I have attempted to paint is one of a desperate race constantly on the brink of starvation and lacking the intelligence or resources to improve their lot. The half-remembered duties of the past are acted out by lizardmen who do not understand the significance of their role as former servants of the Old Ones. This is a race that consumed the physically-weak skinks and Slann in desperation; now, without their guidance, they are forced to eke out a sorry and aimless existence.

As such, it is worth thinking of the lizardmen as less like D&D monsters and more like one of Lovecraft's subterranean civilisations. The half-glimpsed horror of the serpent people, sand-dwellers or Deep Ones is far preferable to straightforward combat with a recognisable adversary in a well-lit chamber. Remember that unlike most intelligent races in the Old World, the lizardmen are reptilian - their brains work differently to those of mammals; in the case of the saurus, they were manipulated to be suited for combat - an encounter with the lizardmen should be an encounter with an alien and savage race. Furthermore, this is the slave race of an ancient and extremely advanced civilisation. Who knows what secrets they unknowingly guard or what certain individuals would do were they to discover hints as to the origin of the lizardmen in the Old World?

They can also be encountered above ground - haunting ancient ruins or scavenging for food. It is possible that some tribes live near enough to the surface and far enough from civilisation to spend the daylight hours basking in the sun before the cold night descends.

The mystery around the lizardmen can be used to build an adventure incorporating research of dusty tomes, insane scholars and subterranean paranoia. When (or if) the PCs do venture beneath the earth, play the lizardmen as lurking horrors watching the party from the shadows. Scare them! Wait until they are regretting entering the caverns, then hit them with a kroxigor and try to convey the encounter as akin to being jammed in a tiny unlit cavern, 3 feet from the salivating jaws of a Tyrannosaurus Rex with a powerful smell that's bad enough to make you vomit. That's much more WFRP.

Profiles

As should be apparent in the above text, the saurus are the lizardmen described in the WFRP Bestiary and kroxigor are troglodytes. It really is as simple as that!



ADVENTURE IDEAS

Under the Edge

In the foothills of the Grey Mountains and west of Dunkelberg is the

Schuppzahn Edge, a long ridge of exposed rock and tumbled boulders. Dark legends surround the cliffs - local folklore tells of scaly demons that dwell in the fissures of the granite rock face, emerging periodically to steal away livestock, children and lone travellers. Despite the excellent pasture, shepherds prefer to take their flocks to graze on the hills over the valley. Seventy years ago, the scholar Doktor Gunter Madden came to the region to record the local folk culture for his 'Myths, Dances and Songs of the Imperial Peasant' - a mammoth text which never saw the light of day. Madden became fascinated by the local legends of scaly demons, seeing parallels with the 'Eidechsevolke' of southern Averland and the tales of reptiles that walk like men from the League of Ostermark. After speaking with the people of the area, Madden took a small party of well-paid locals to the Schuppzahn Edge to investigate. The last anyone saw of Madden was the moment he entered an overgrown cave known as Hodel's Hole, named after a hermit that had lived there in the 22nd century.

In recent months, the local farms have had an unusually high number of thefts of livestock. This was considered to be the work of beastmen, and the farmers petitioned the burgomeister of Dunkelburg for more patrols in area. Last week one such group of militia were lost in the hills near the Schuppzahn Edge and on the same night Klinsmann's farm was raided and all inhabitants

disappeared. Enter the PCs. Concerned about the effects of peasant superstition on the productivity of his quarries in Schuppzahn Edge, the burgomeister of Dunkelberg recruits the PCs to sort the problem out. He's perfectly happy for them to bring a couple of beastmen heads into the town to keep the locals quiet, but the PCs don't know that.

The reason behind the raids is that there is a small community of lizardmen living in the tunnels beneath Schuppzahn Edge. This year has seen a number of cave-ins, and the reptiles have been cut off

from their food supplies. Starvation is driving them to take desperate measures, venturing onto the surface at the dead of night and stealing whatever food they can find. The militia patrol found the lizardmen raiding party and were slaughtered and eaten.

The locality should have plenty of clues to hint at the true cause of the disappearances, and potentially some red herrings. The PCs should be exposed to the local legends which are ignored by the authorities and dismissed as peasant rubbish. The attack on Klinsmann's farm should have left some clues - some loose scales, a discarded and broken weapon belonging to the lizardmen and the

remains of one of the farmhands half-devoured. The location of the livestock thefts, lost patrol and Klinsmann's farm should allow them to start working out the source of the raids. Eventually the PCs should be told of Doktor Madden's disappearance, and venturing into Hodel's Hole find his remains and (more importantly) his research notes.

The location of the entrance to the lizardmen's caverns is unknown - the cliffs extend for several miles and searching every single fissure and hollow would take years. However, the PCs can set a trap in the immediate vicinity - luring the lizardmen out of their caverns and then dealing with them. Besides - how stupid would you have to be to set off underground against a foe of unknown capabilities and number? Very stupid, especially in WFRP.



This scenario should be run as a whodunnit, rather than a dungeon bash. It should also raise more questions than it answers - the PCs are extremely unlikely to suspect lizardmen at the start, and by the end they will be left wondering exactly what these creatures are and what they were up to under Schuppzahn Edge. More importantly they've only fuelled the fears of local peasants, so the burgomeister is unlikely to be very pleased.

My Enemy's Enemy...

The Dwarfs may have lost much of their knowledge of the

lizardmen, but there are those who guard what little remains. The loremaster Brok Sparhelm has spent a large part of his long life tracking down the lost knowledge of the fallen holds. In that time he has begun to piece together an admirable knowledge of the lizardmen and their activities. A recent find in one of Karak Norn's libraries point to further knowledge in a forgotten Dwarf outpost in the Vaults. Sparhelm works through Dwarf agents to employ the PCs to escort him to the location of the outpost and aid him in his work.

This could be run as a straightforward dungeon bash, but it would be far more interesting to add an element of intrigue to the proceedings. One way to do this would be to have Sparhelm as knowing more about the lizardmen than he lets on and he has employed non-Dwarfs as he intends to offer the party to the lizardmen as a means to bargain with them. Perhaps years of study have led Sparhelm to believe that the lizardmen should be courted as allies of the Dwarfs to assist in the battle against the goblinoids? Maybe he suspects that the lizardmen are guarding powerful advanced technology that he can use to further the struggles of the Dwarfs?

The Idiot Box

A steep track leads away from the Schicksalstor Gate of Bergsburg into the foothills of the Middle Mountains. Winding around the hills and through the heather, a branch of the path eventually leads to the tiny hamlet of Wahnsinningen nestled on the edge of a broad plateau. The isolation of Wahnsinningen has led to its inhabitants acquiring peculiar habits, and an even more peculiar reputation amongst the people of Bergsburg. Hochland merchants joke loudly about the inbreeding that is assumed to go on in Wahnsinningen and the reputation of being the home of backwards hill folk is strongly associated with the village.

One month ago, two prospectors headed out from Bergsburg towards the plateau. Magnus Hofler and Karl Augsmann were eager to pan for gold in the Lakertbach, the stream that emerges in the Middle Mountains and gushes down across the plateau and through Wahnsinningen before plunging towards the River Drakwasser. This was assumed to be a fruitless journey by the Prospector's Guild of Bergsburg, but they gladly took the prospector's membership fee and wished them well. Hofler and Augsmann informed the guild that they would return in three weeks and report any successes, as stipulated in the guild regulations.

The prospectors have yet to return, and the guild are concerned that the pair have found gold and are intending to make off with it themselves. They employ the PCs (and send with them a representative for obvious reasons) to find Hofler and Augsmann and bring news of their success or failure in panning the Lakertbach. The PCs will be told that the pair set off for Wahnsinningen as their first base camp, and they should begin their investigations there. Upon arrival in the village the players will be struck by the backwardness of the inhabitants - all the jokes and rumours are based in reality. Many of the population share common familial characteristics, and it is difficult to ascertain whether they are merely simple or acting deliberately ignorant. Convey the grudging hospitality of the villagers to outsiders, and make the PCs feel uneasy but not threatened.

On the first night that the PCs stay in the village, they will gain little information on the prospectors. Confirmation of their stopping there is all that the customers of the 'Sprite of the Heather' Inn will reveal, and even that should be difficult to get out of anyone. At some point

during the night, a very odd event occurs. Everyone in the inn (bar the PCs) freezes where they are and stares into space. Eyes glaze over and mouths fall slack. Nobody moves. The PCs should be baffled and slightly perturbed. After 5 minutes the inn's customers return to normality and continue as if nothing has happened. None recall their trance, and will consider the PCs insane (or looking for a fight) if pressed about it. Wizards will have detected no magical effects at work, or at least nothing within their comprehension.

That night, the PCs should be plagued by odd dreams, but tell them all separately about it. Curious and alien visions of amphibious creatures that walk like men stalk their sleep, while scaled figures parade around a brightly glowing object chanting in some sibillant tongue. Alter the details for some PCs - incorporate images of strange metallic objects and demons behind glass and so on. The cause for these dreams and the odd behaviour of the villagers is an ancient techno-magical artefact located in the caverns beneath the plateau. Millennia ago, the Old Ones established a base here and despite the intervening years, some of the contents have remaining intact. The artefact causing the mysterious effects on the village switches on and off periodically, sending out powerful psychic waves intended to subdue and influence the minds of their experimental subjects. The visions seen in dreams by the PCs are being 'broadcast' by the artefact - representations of the past and present reflected by its mysterious design.

The prospectors came to the village and happened across a tunnel not far up the Lakertbach. They explored the caverns briefly before being subdued by the artefact and captured by the lizardmen who still guard the Old Ones' tunnels. Having declined to barbarity, the lizardmen worship the artefact and intend to sacrifice Hofler and Augsmann to it. The PCs should have no difficulty finding the tunnels and exploring them, but dealing with the artefact and the lizardmen (who greatly outnumber them) will be more difficult. They could attempt to galvanise the backwards villagers into an attack on the lizardmen, but this seems unlikely to work. Any attack on the tunnels will be confounded by the fact that the artefact may well pacify them with a psychic emanation at any time - which does not affect the reptilian brain. Bargaining with the lizardmen could be possible, but will need to get around the fact that there is no common language and the two cultures are effectively 6,000 years apart, not to mention several evolutionary branches.

The scenario could be further complicated if the GM decides that the villagers are in league with the lizardmen, and gave them the prospectors for sacrifice. This could lead to a situation much like that in 'The Wicker Man' in which the PCs are themselves in danger of being sacrificed to the artefact. Furthermore, evidence in the form of crude Human copies of ancient Slann idols could be found in the village, along with odd reptilian ceremonial gear.



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IF WE BUILD IT, THEY WILL COME...

A Look at the Engineers' Guilds By Alfred Nuñez Jr.

Mention of the Engineers' Guild brings to mind the most famous: The Dwarf Engineers' Guild. But what if a PC is a Human Engineer? Do they belong to a group run by Dwarfs? Or do they have their own obscure professional association? Comparing these two societies will shed some light on the function of engineers, and their guilds, in the game.

Brief History

The Dwarf Engineers' Guild is the oldest known "guild" in The Empire, although not in the sense that the word is currently understood. Its origins stretch back to well before the founding of The Empire, in the Dwarf realm of Karaz Ankor. The Guild was a name adopted by the Dwarfs Engineers craftguild to incorporate all its member clans. This became an issue when the fall of several Dwarfholds during the millennia-long wars against the Goblins forced the resettlement of many Dwarfs, who were driven from their mountain homes and were forced to find new habitation in the flatlands and mountain ranges west of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

These Expatriates, as the Dwarfs living among Humans are known, were few in number. As a result, the restrictions associated with the craftguild quickly broke down (with the sole exception of the Runesmith's Clan, which is still famed for its traditional attitudes) as practitioners of the crafts found that they lost touch with their fellows. However, the precepts of the Engineers were remarkably strong, and would not be withered away so easily. Many of the Expatriate Dwarf Engineers simply refused to allow their knowledge to be lost. Thus the Dwarf Engineers' Guild restructured itself so that artisans of great skill could be admitted without the traditional consideration of their clan's craftguild origins.

Dwarf Engineers' Guilds were formed in the newly founded Imperials towns of Reikdorf (later renamed Altdorf), Middenheim, and Nuln. Emperor Sigmar used the Guild to build the defences that would safely guard the growing centres of his united lands. He also commanded the Dwarfs to train his people in such areas as stonemasonry, carpentry, and castle construction. A later Emperor, Sigismund the Conqueror, directed the Dwarf Engineers to construct war machines (ballista, trebuchets, and the like) to assist with expanding The Empire's boundaries. He also required the Dwarfs to teach Humans how to operate and repair the various war machines (which soon led to the founding of the Imperial Artillerists' Guild). In time, Dwarf Engineers became such an integral part of Imperial life that chapters were also established in Marienburg and Talabheim.

Gunpowder Weapons

For nearly a millennium, Imperial engines of destruction relied upon hurling rocks and large spears at their opponents. Should fortifications prove too strong, siege towers were constructed so that the soldiers could attack the walls while sappers tunnelled to undermine the defences.

During this time, the fragmented



Empire endured centuries of intermittent warfare as one provincial ruler or another declared themselves Emperor and tried to impose their will on the Old World. In time, a Wizards' War broke out, which then provided the religious authorities with an excuse to suppress sorcery across the land. Rumours of evil arose from the forests, and particularly from the province of Sylvania. Even from outside The Empire, the situation looked desperate; The Empire looked set to collapse. It was at this point that the Dwarfs of Karaz Ankor made a fateful decision to share the mystery of gunpowder, and of the weapons of war that used its frightful power, with the Expatriate Dwarf Engineers' Guild. Emissaries were sent to the Imperial rulers to bring news of these weapons to the Humans who controlled the lands where the Expatriates dwelt. Needless to say, it was not a decision taken lightly, and to this day some Dwarfs consider it to have been a mistake.

The gift was not always warmly received. The Ulrican rulers of Middenheim and Talabheim had serious misgivings about gunpowder weapons, as did the Grand Theogonist in Altdorf. The cannons and handguns brought by the Imperial Dwarfs of Karaz Ankor were their oldest and simplest (naturally, the Dwarfs had no intentions of sharing their more advanced designs). However, in marked contrast with the former Electors (the Electoral process had been dissolved by the Grand Theogonist years earlier), Empress Magritta of Nuln saw the potential of such weaponry. The fact that the High King secretly sent his second son as an emissary to her underscored the importance of Nuln, and of its domination of The Empire's southern provinces, to the Dwarfs. Empress Magritta was needed as a strong ally who could protect the northwestern flank of Karaz Ankor. The Empress agreed with demands that the secret of gunpowder and its weaponry would become the monopoly of the Nuln Dwarf Engineers' Guild, and so the die was cast. The Richtofen Foundry was established in 1991 I.C. by the Dwarf Engineers' Guild for the manufacture of cannons and handguns. They were charged with refining the designs and improving reliability, along with their main responsibility: teaching Humans. The adjacent Nuln School of Gunnery (where the Imperial Gunners' Guild was established) soon opened to train gunners in the use of cannon.

In time other Imperial cities learned the value of gunpowder weapons and began their own programmes but Nuln has remained the major Imperial centre for the manufacture of gunpowder. Only Marienburg comes a close second to rivalling Nuln.

During the early years of Emperor Magnus the Pious' reign, the Dwarf Engineers' monopoly on the construction of war machines came under threat as the Marshal of the Imperial Army and the provincial Electors demanded quicker and cheaper deliveries. The Cult of Sigmar also pressed for Humans to join the ranks of Engineers. Naturally, the Dwarfs stubbornly refused. Negotiation and threats soon followed, and eventually it fell to the Cult of Verena to broker a compromise. The Dwarfs agreed to instruct suitably skilled Human artisans in the manufacture of war machines and handguns and to help them form an Engineers' Guild of their own. In return, the Dwarfs were granted first refusal rights to meet the product demands of the Emperor and Elector of the city where their chapter was located. As Marienburg did not have an Elector, the Dwarfs were also obliged to meet the Baron of Westerland's requirements.

Within ten years, Imperial Engineer chapters were found in the cities and large towns across The Empire. Quality varied considerably, from being as good as Dwarf-built to being but a poor imitation thereof. Even the latter found buyers, however, in an economic niche for cheaper, though generally less well-made,

products. Nonetheless, the Imperial engineers, between them, siphoned off a fair share of the work that had previously been undertaken by their shorter counterparts.

Schools of Engineering

In 2490 I.C., the distinguished Tilean engineer Leonardo di Miragliano gained an audience with Luitpold I. Some believed that Leonardo's skills rivalled that of the best Dwarf Engineers, while some of his innovations exceeded anything believed possible. The Tilean offered to open an academy to train men of great talent and imagination in "the art of creating wondrous works, including exotic weaponry of intricate design." Impressed, Luitpold called forth the Guildmaster of the Imperial Engineers in Altdorf and commanded the two men to make Leonardo's proposal a reality.

Later that year, the Altdorf School of Engineering admitted its first students. Among the more talented was Ludwig von Meinkopt, the man behind most of the working weapons of war currently in The Empire's arsenal. His most famous and (relatively) reliable creations were the Helblaster Volley Gun, Repeater Hand-Gun, and Repeater Pistol. Sadly, Ludwig's accidental and premature death in 2507 I.C., coupled with Leonardo's departure two years earlier, greatly affected the School's creative output. Since then, many of its projects have remained permanently in the experimental stages.

The other sections of Imperial Engineer Guilds have established their own schools of Engineering, though all lag in inventiveness when compared to Altdorf. They also tend to be much smaller.

Engineers' Guilds

The Dwarf and Imperial Engineers' Guilds are not as common as most others. In The Empire, chapters of the Dwarf Engineers' Guild are only found in the handful of cities mentioned above and Kemperbad. Imperial Guilds have been established in the same cities, as well as in a number of large towns (mostly provincial capitals like Averheim and Wolfenburg).

Few apprentices are accepted, as only the most gifted of either race meet the qualifications for admittance. This restriction is intentional, as it limits the number of Engineers and therefore drives up prices. Competition can be severe in cities where the two guilds co-exist. Those that have time and money hire Dwarfs, as their craftsmanship is usually of higher quality than their Imperial counterparts. On the other hand, Imperial Engineers can generally manufacture and deliver items more quickly, whilst charging less. Civil Engineering projects, such as sewer repair and other public works, are typically the domain of Imperial Guilds.

Due to the nature of their craft, Dwarf Engineers' and Imperial Engineers' chapters are located in the metalworking districts of the cities and large towns where they operate. The grounds of the large guildhouses are surrounded by high, stoutly-built stone walls. Not only is this intended to keep prying eyes away, but it also contains any residual explosions resulting from shortcomings in the manufacturing process.

Joining the Guild

There are a couple of ways that a Dwarf may join their Engineers' Guild. The first is to be recommended by another member, usually a kinsman. The petitioner must bring a sample of their skill to a panel of Engineers selected by the Guildmaster. This body evaluates the work on the merits of the petitioner's current level with an eye to determining their potential to contribute. Should a petitioner be found wanting, the Guild will find a Dwarf artisan under whom the petitioner may learn a craft. It is rare (being considered

dishonourable) for a petitioner who fails to gain admittance to the Engineers' Guild to reject such efforts to find an alternative profession.

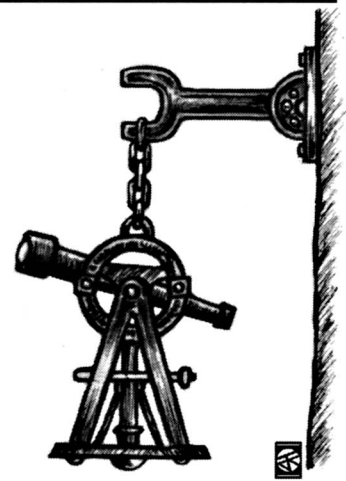
The second method of admittance is by proving their ability as an artisan with a demonstration, typically involving the crafting of complex works. Many who gain access by this route are really Dwarf journeymen who have studied other crafts, particularly building or stoneworking, and who find themselves unable to reach the level of Master within the respective Imperial guild to which they belong. In many cases, it is claimed that this is a result of discrimination on the part of the Human Guildmasters. These Dwarfen artisans must still prove their worthiness to the Guildmaster of the local chapter.

In contrast, the Imperial Engineers' Guild will only accept applicants as apprentices if they are journeymen in their current craft. As with their Dwarf counterparts, these journeymen will typically be highly capable builders or stonemasons who have become frustrated by the lack of opportunity to become Masters, and who prefer to leave their profession rather than toil for years. Petitioners must submit their work to a panel of three Master Engineers as a preliminary step. Any whose work is considered worthy are invited back for an extensive series of interviews before finally being judged worthy. Those who succeed become apprentice Engineers once an understanding can be reached with their former guild. These new members are treated more as novices (journeymen) of the craft rather than as apprentices as in other crafts. [GM Note: anyone accepted in to the Engineers' Guild is considered to have joined the Engineer career, even if their standing in the Guild is that of a journeyman.] Those who fail are notified after they have been escorted out.

There are occasions when Dwarf Engineers feel constrained and frustrated by the restrictions imposed on innovations within the Dwarf Guild. Sometimes they 'rebel' by pushing through plans considered "unsafe" or "without proper testing" by the Masters of the Engineers' Guild (though the Expatriate Guilds are much more flexible than the Engineer Guilds of Karaz Ankor). Any rebellious Dwarf Engineer who continues to act in an unDwarf-like manner is forced to undergo a humiliating process known as the Trousers Leg Ritual, and is summarily expelled (some stories also tell of head shaving). Known as "wetbacks," these outcasts occasionally join the Imperial Engineers, where their expertise make them highly valued.

Dwarf Engineers' Guild

Once a petitioner is found acceptable, they must participate in a solemn ceremony of initiation. The exact nature of the admittance rite varies but the common ritualistic thread involves a formal oath to observe all Guild laws (especially protecting secrets), upon the strictest of penalties. The newly-admitted Engineer receives a ring which slides open to reveal a concealed emblem; they are also given the tools of their trade. Other than these trappings, there is nothing to overtly identify members of the Guild.



New associates are then assigned to work under the auspices and direction of a Master Engineer. From their Master, Engineers learn by-laws and techniques. To outsiders, it seems as if Dwarfs frown upon innovation. But the fact of the matter is that they prize craftsmanship above all else. The reason for this, simply put, is because the reputation of the individual Engineer and of the entire Guild is at stake. The quality of the workmanship, as well as soundness of design and materials used, are all crucial for success. The Guild is tradition-bound, which explains its tendency to lean on proven methods. New ideas usually lead to decades of research and development in order to ensure that they meet exacting standards of professionalism and reliability. Thus, the failure rate of Dwarf-made devices remains exceedingly low.

The jobs assigned to these novices progress in complexity until the Guildmaster decides (with the Master Engineer's concurrence) that an Engineer is ready to perform on their own. This is the first step in ascension. Further upward movement is based upon proficiency as a craftsman, reliability of products, and reputation.

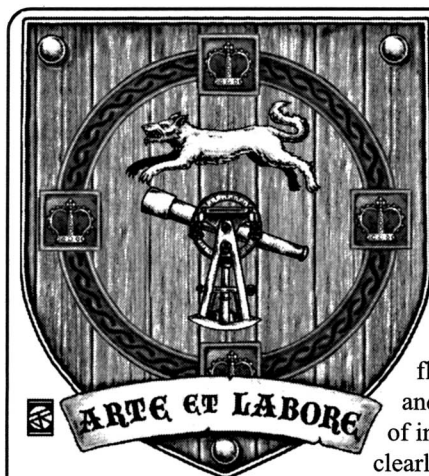
Should an opening become available amongst their own rank, the Master Engineers meet to determine who is worthy of consideration. Candidates are ranked by level and reputation. The top five (or sometimes fewer) are then given a task to measure their mettle. Those who exceed the requirements are classed by talent. The most qualified is then elevated to the rank of Master Engineer¹. The eldest Master also serves as Guildmaster.

In addition to Engineers, Dwarf Alchemists, Artillerists, Gunners, and Sappers are counted as members of the Guild.

Imperial Engineers' Guild

Once a petitioner to the Imperial Engineers' Guild is found acceptable, they must undergo an initiation similar to the one for the Dwarf Guild. The formal procedure varies, but there is always a ritual oath to obey the Masters, and agreement to assist the local military in whatever capacity the Elector (or his designated representative) chooses. Failure to obey these obligations can lead to expulsion or some other equally harsh sentence. The Imperial Guild has even sued for damages caused by violations of their covenant.

The newly-admitted Engineer receives a livery with the Guild's coat of arms embroidered on its front to identify them as members of good standing. The liveries are made of thick linen and dyed with the colours of the city where the chapter is located. These articles also provide some limited protection during work. The Guild even provides (at minimal cost) a set of tools as well as a medallion with



Whilst the official motto of the Human Guild is simply the Classical 'Arte et Labore', more recently this has been adopted with the additional phrase 'alis volat propriis'. Again, this is a Classical term, literally meaning 'he flies on his own wings' and is used as a statement of independence. Here it is clearly a formalisation of the

Guild's increasing antipathy towards what it perceives as the pomposity of dwarfs in general and their guild in particular. That the additional motto is increasingly and publicly adopted is a sign that the Guild is preparing to push itself, politically and technically, as equal to the Dwarf Engineers Guild.

the Guild's coat of arms emblazoned upon it.

New members are assigned to work under the supervision of a Master Engineer. From their Master, Engineers are further drilled in by-laws and techniques. In contrast to their Dwarf counterparts, Imperial Guilds thrive on innovation and are more than willing to risk reputations to find a career-defining invention. As a result, the Imperials are considered rather reckless, especially with new-fangled devices. Periodic explosions or collapses are not unknown, and accidents abound. Being an Imperial Engineer poses considerable danger – and a number of artisans join for that very reason.

Engineers may move from one Master Engineer to another depending upon their development, demonstrated skills and weaknesses. Every year, the Guildmaster and Masters meet to evaluate the Engineers to determine which ones are ready to work on their own. This is the first step in an Engineer's rise. Movement from one rank to the next is based upon skill as a craftsman, reliability and speed of work, and political connections.

Whenever there is an opening, the Masters convene a meeting with the Guildmaster to determine which Engineers should be considered for elevation. As a general rule, Masters nominate their own protégés. Candidates are then ranked by their level of skill and, to some extent, the number of inventions or innovations in which they were involved. Accusations that certain Engineers take more credit than warranted are commonplace. The Masters then discuss the candidates before casting votes. As expected, a fair amount of politicking (and bribery) takes place during the pre-election period. Balloting continues until a majority has decided on someone.

Imperial Engineer Guildmasters generally hold their title until they die or retire. Once there is a vacancy, jockeying for the esteemed position commences. Typically the competition between Masters is fierce and alliances continuously shift. At some point, a winner emerges, after a vote, to become the new Guildmaster and then everyone else can return to their craft.

Since there isn't a Master Engineer career for Humans, it is suggested that the advance scheme for the Artisan career be used. Additional skills could include Evaluate, Specialist Weapon - Pistol, Specialist Weapon - Bombard, and Super Numerate.

Unlike their Dwarf counterparts, the Imperial Guild contracts a number of non-Engineers to perform specific tasks. These individuals are usually Alchemists from the Wizards' and Alchemists' Guild (to manufacture gunpowder and other compounds), Gunners (to field test new versions), Labourers (for grunt work), and Scribes (to manage the books). Artisans from other guilds are also sub-contracted to assist in the civil engineering projects undertaken by the Imperial Guild.

USE IN CAMPAIGNS

Most of this information can be used by GMs to give their campaigns more depth and provide roleplaying opportunities for their players. Players who want to join a guild may well be advised to think hard as to do so may effect their ability to get mixed up in "adventures."

On the other hand, players who have a career in a craft such as Engineering may well practice their vocation without contacting the relevant guild. This situation provides a good segue to introducing the players into the politics, bureaucracy, and power of the guilds. Generally, players should come off worse the wear, with fines, beatings, prison, etc.

Then again, players may insist on joining the guild in hope of finding a wealthy patron. If so, this background allows the GM to

have some fun at the players' expense. Perhaps one or two are able to work their way through the levels without difficulty, while some find themselves blackballed by a Master. The rest may just not be good enough to advance. The players could then learn how to use the guild's by-laws and politics to enhance their position. Perhaps one of them could even eventually become a Master. This could introduce players to guild and city politics. A few interactions with noble patrons could also draw the players into some of the plots of the privileged.

Scenario Hooks

Industrial Espionage

Whether a PC is a member themselves, or knows someone (family, friend, or acquaintance) who is, they are approached by a representative of the Imperial Engineers' Guild for a delicate task. Apparently, someone has been obtaining secrets with the intent of selling them. (This could be the local Dwarf Engineers' Guild or some foreign concern such as a Bretonnian noble or a Tilean merchant.) The Guild is not sure who it is, but they have suspects. An associate recently found documents in a seedy dive, appropriately named "The Hole in the Wall." The Guild wants the PCs to find the spy, determine their contact, and then catch the two in the act. A relatively straight-forward task. Or is it? The GM could add a twist by making the contact a cultist of the Horned Rat or some anti-technology group of radicals who fear that Humanity is losing its way...

Saboteur

In another angle to the above theme, the Guild fears that they have a saboteur in their midst. A number of engineering marvels seem to be suffering minor breakdowns and malfunctions in a short amount of time. The Masters have found two or three small suggestions of tinkering with the gadgets, but cannot reach any firm conclusions about who is responsible. The PCs are hired to find the culprit before the Guild delivers a machine they have been contracted to build for the local baron. The perpetrator could be of the same ilk as the spy in the previous hook. Or, it could be someone very different – a wild Snotling who has "adopted" a particular Guild member and is trying to secretly impress her with its "skills", say. Another possibility might be for it to be a Halfling labourer attempting to teach himself a new craft when everyone is absent. For those who like Gnomes, the saboteur could be the relative of a banker who is trying to collect on a bad debt from a delinquent Engineer.

Oops!

An Engineer hires the PCs as escorts so he can deliver a complicated piece of work (like a large clock) to a powerful noble. Due to its delicacy, travel is only possible at half the normal rate, with frequent stops to ensure that the road travel hasn't damaged the merchandise. This means that every odd day the party must set camp outside the safe confines of coaching inns. Throw in an occasional scare and some random episodes – such as a bandit raid, a visit by a hungry wolf, pilgrims travelling to the next shrine while looking for alms – and one has the makings of a rather unusual adventure. To make matters worse, the noble may decide he doesn't like the product and demands the Engineer returns after making certain modifications. Or he might simply take possession and refuse to pay because of a some scratch or dent.

Racial Engineering

by Tim Eccles

I have problems with racial stereotypes and the idea of some genetic racial advantage, even where we 'know' that races in WFRP were originally genetically engineered to be as they are. What follows are some ideas that, whilst accepting this mainstream view of Dwarfdom, suggest that by 2512 Human engineers are just as capable *in principle* as dwarf engineers, though Humanity as a race might be less inclined to pursue the ideal to the same degree as Dwarfs. This is presented primarily in the form of in-game material to allow individual GMs to use the idea without bothering themselves as to its veracity. WFRP is at its best when undermining stereotypes, but at the same time these stereotypes have to be prevalent enough to be accepted as such.

It is clearly ludicrous to assert, as do those Dwarfen liars, that Sigmar was unable to build war engines and it took Imperial citizens over a millennium - and we then had to be taught like children - to learn how to maintain a simple winch and pulley war engine. If Sigmar had no war engines, it was because he did not need them, not that he was too stupid to build them.
- Baron Silas Greenbach, taken from the records in the Peerhaus (Talabheim) from a speech to the assembly. He tragically died the next day after scaffolding fell on him while inspecting a tenement for investment.

The idea that Dwarfs are innately superior craftsmen to Humans is obviously not one that receives universal acceptance by Humans in general, and those within The Empire in particular. Is it true, though? The construction of any engineering project consists of its design, its manufacture and its maintenance. When Humans first appeared, Dwarfs had already established efficient designs, manufacturing techniques and had the wealth to maintain their constructions. However, these are historic advantages that were eroded over time as Humans obtained the designs and copied manufacturing and management techniques.

Even if Dwarfs are innately superior designers, their innate conservatism has led them to restrict the development of new ideas and allowed Humanity to catch up. By judicious deconstruction of machines captured and found abandoned by those who stole from the Dwarfs, by trade, and by bribing individual Dwarfs to sell their secrets, Humanity also obtained the design standard maintained by the Dwarfs. Similarly, by employing itinerant Dwarf wanderers to show their techniques, by imprisoning Dwarf technicians and forcing them to train Human workers, and by purchasing Dwarf manufacturing plant, Humans progressed in their ability to construct to Dwarf measure. Added to this, ingenuity and dexterity allowed Humanity to equal Dwarf construction techniques. This leaves only the question of whether Humans wished to surpass Dwarfs in engineering, and here the answer is less obvious. It would seem few Humans have either the interest or wealth to produce equipment to these exacting criteria. Still, that does not mean they are incapable - just lazy.

Church Archives. Untitled work, hand-written in unclassified ink on bull (provisional) hide. Section: Engineering, Room 52. Record Number: Unknown MCXXXII. Origin Unknown.

Since Humans must have been able to obtain Dwarf designs, construction methods and manufacturing processes over the 2500 year decline of the Dwarf kingdoms and their co-existence within The Empire with expatriate Dwarfs, the only remaining reason for the difference in ability is the maintenance of items, and this is essentially an economic decision. I do not think that there is any doubt that, as a group, Dwarfs have higher standards and produce only the highest quality material. Similarly, they are likely to engage in greater decoration and individualisation. However, these are socio-economic traits, and not concerned with the ability to produce items, but more the willingness to spend resources in this manner.

Sure, if you want a work of mass and design that will last a thousand years, go visit the Dwarf Engineers' Guild. I can do the same job, of course, but you won't be able to tell your fellow merchants down the Guild that it was built by Dwarfs. However, we are talking here about housing for your factory workers at a price of 10GCs per unit that you want built yesterday. I dare you to go ask them for that.
Guild Master Hannelore Moescke, Guild of Builders.

Dwarfs claim that they are all honourable, follow universal codes of law and behaviour, and will not sell trade secrets. If this were so, there would not be the civil war within the Doomstones Campaign (*Dwarf Wars*), the Slayer career, or the Chaos Dwarf race. Individual Dwarfs sell secrets for gold or status and they reveal them under torture or as part of a belief in a cause. Given this, the notion that Dwarf agents could reclaim this knowledge, or even slay Humans with it, is simply impossible. Such lore will likely exist in universities, churches and the holdings of the powerful, and attacking these would effectively involve a declaration of war. Once information is out, it cannot be 'put back into the bottle'.

The three Dwarfs found in the temple grounds had to be slain, having refused the offer of surrender. They were covered in tattoos of a sort that I have never seen before, and when my local contacts within the Dwarf community saw them, they refused to discuss the matter at all.

Worse, I have been instructed by the ranking cleric to stop the investigation, and told that these were clearly lone individuals acting on a whim. I have lost sixteen good arbitrators and everyone is hushing this up! Why?!

Diary of Officium Arbitrorum Judge

Whether a particular campaign decides that Dwarfs are racially superior or not, (some) Humans will still retain a tendency to despise them for their superior attitudes. Play with it, and use it as another stick to hit Dwarf PCs with. Naked Dwarf syndrome? Wait until they walk into the next labourers' tavern!

*Dwarfs are liars, Dwarfs are scum
They take our jobs and then some,
Dwarfs are fumlbers, dwarfs are dull,
Yet they claim that their work is more full.
Imperial craftsmen are just as good,
Why won't you rich employ us instead?*

Poem by Hanzi Vogeler of Nuln,
social agitator and part-time poet

THE LOWEST OF THE LOW

Half-Orcs in the Old World by Toby Pilling

There is no race more hated in the Old World than Half-Orcs. Humans, demi-Humans and the elder races generally detest any goblinoid, while Goblin kind has a corresponding enmity for all Humanity. The progeny of the two have the misfortune of attracting the spiteful abhorrence of each. Even the WFRP rulebook is the source of racially inflammatory language, with Half-Orcs termed the “spawn” of mixed races. Such is their unfortunate fate.

However, these unwilling victims of prejudice and bigotry present a fascinating case study for enterprising GMs of a people with no homeland and no roots. A society of outcasts, linked only by the mixture of blood pumping through their veins. Beyond the stereotype exists a rich seam of independent culture to develop as background material for any campaign and a source for endless adventures. Who knows, it could even produce a few PCs...

HALF-ORCS

In a literal sense, the number of Half-Orcs in the Old World is tiny. The number of children produced from union between Orcs and Humans is extremely small, as might be expected.

The fact to remember though is that the term Half-Orc encompasses the descendants of Humans and any goblinoid race. Indeed, for Half-Orcs in some parts of the Old World, namely Kislev, it is Hobgoblins who form the main goblinoid ancestry.

Extrapolating beyond that, the term “half” is misleading. It should surprise no one that the vast majority of Half-Orcs usually have greater or less than the 50-50 split of parentage that their name implies: the individuals who produce most Half-Orc offspring are other Half-Orcs.

There are three main societies that Half-Orcs live within: Goblinoid, Human and their own.

Goblinoid Society

Very little is known by Imperial scholars about Goblinoid society, given the paucity of eyewitness testimony. It appears however that the original source of cross breeding within it occurred through Orcish males mating with unfortunate Human females who had been captured on raids. These women, though rare, were kept as chattels to be used as slaves or ransomed back to their own people. Many wonder how Orcs could possibly be attracted to Humans. It is important to point out though that Orcish society is very coarse and violent and such actions are less to do with attraction and

more about imposing dominance, breaking resistance and humiliating enemies.

Children who were thus born into this society faced many disadvantages. Their mothers were slaves of an alien race who might hold little love for a child born out of violence and coercion. As for their fathers, paternal love is not renowned as an Orcish trait.

Half-Orcs therefore find themselves at the bottom of Goblinoid societies. They mostly fill subservient, serf like roles. Some are treated no better than their enslaved Human parent. Success in Goblinoid society is almost completely based on the survival of the fittest and the domination of the strong. Given the weaker “humie” blood, this places Half-Orcs at a physical disadvantage





straight away. For that reason there are few warrior Half-Orcs in Goblinoid society, although those that do earn this elevated status tend to be exceptionally good at their job, having much to prove and plenty of opportunities to test their prowess against sceptical Orcs. Those that do rise above the drudgery of servants have done so mostly because of the stronger mental faculties their mixed ancestry has blessed them with.

Half-Orcs are more intelligent than their simpler cousins – they have to be deviously cunning to overcome the many barriers they routinely face. Those Half-Orcs who rise to positions of power or influence within Goblinoid society are therefore the premier examples of their race – truly remarkable individuals. Though few in number, some of the best wizards in Goblindom have been Half-Orcs. They also make good diplomats, scouts, spies and assassins, given their propensity for guile rather than all-out violence. For natural reasons they have become the main intermediaries between Goblinoid and Human society, rare though negotiation is between the two.

Mention should be made of the relatively sizeable Half-Caste minority within Hobgoblin society. As the members of the Goblinoid race with the most Human like features, this is perhaps unsurprising. Hobgoblins have quite a distinctive culture and are the most nomadic of the Goblinoid breed. They have a history of raiding Kislevite territory, taking Human captives amongst other booty. It is also known that the Half-Caste children that result are treated more fairly (equally badly, perhaps) than their counterparts in mainstream Orcish strongholds.

Whilst they have Human blood, most, though not all, Half-Orcs that have grown up in Goblinoid society share its evil alignment. This is as much due to the brutalising influence of their society as to any taint of Orcish blood.

Human Society

Humanity shares the Goblinoid hatred of Half-Orcs. Unfortunately for the latter, it is a hatred born of fear.

Hardly any Half-Orcs have Human fathers. Not only are Orcish females rarely found outside their own societies but also men on the whole are not as vicious in their desire for copulation. Of course, there are exceptions. The city of Brionne within Brettonia boasts the infamous pleasure palace of Madame Giscard, where it is rumoured that, for a fee, those who hold such bizarre tastes can spend time with Orcish courtesans...

The Half-Orcs in Human society again come about mostly through Orcish atrocities against Human women. These are usually carried out on raids or during war. Those women lucky enough (some would say unlucky enough) to survive such a harrowing experience sometimes bear unwanted children. The fate of these helpless babies is often cruel. Many are abandoned or simply done away with quickly. Whilst one could argue

the taint of Orcish blood means no such child is truly innocent, others stress that their progeny should not pay for the sins of their fathers.

Those children taken in by their mother and her family often suffer the effects of abuse and neglect, physically and mentally. Perhaps those most fortunate are the babes abandoned outside Shallyan temples in their swaddling. They eventually find themselves in orphanages, where at least their guardians are often caring. Even here, though, the bullying and victimisation of Half-Orc children by their Human peers is a perennial problem – so much so that a small, specialist orphanage for Half-Orc children was once opened near Nuln. Sadly (perhaps inevitably), Sigmarite fanatics burnt this down during the Age of Three Emperors. It was never rebuilt.

True Half-Orc children grow into adulthood suffering from an incredible number of barriers to opportunity. The lack of a father figure can be taken for granted, and often the mother is unloving. Because of their physical differences, they are seen as ugly. Their mental abilities are lower than those of most Humans, so they are teased for being slow and stupid. At least their Orcish enhanced toughness makes them better able to bear the myriad forms of abuse and punishment their bodies regularly bear. It can be no surprise that many of these individuals feel disenfranchised from a society to which they only nominally belonged. Often, the emotional scars suffered when young damaged their psyches – the abused turn into the abusers. Of course, such behaviour then confirms in mainstream society that Half-Orcs deserve their hate-figure status.

Most Half-Orcs in Human society therefore exist on the fringes. When they belong to a community, it tends to be one shunned by normal folk. Many Half-Orcs consequently survive in the criminal underworld of The Empire. It is here that not only their outcast status becomes an irrelevance but their differences become advantages. By nature or nurture (let us leave that debate for the moment to Shallyan theologians), many are cruel and ruthless. Their fearful countenances are useful in an intimidatory environment. Lastly, their enhanced resistance to pain and better night vision are also positive boons in illegal pursuits.

Within the criminal fraternity, Half-Orcs tend to find roles that rely on strength rather than subtlety – there are many more footpads than embezzlers. They also tend to congregate in the largest cities. Whilst no Half-Orc minority in The Empire is large enough to establish a ghetto, they do tend to live together in the slum areas. It is here that they can achieve a status approaching acceptance, even sometimes respect, alongside the fear. The largest community of Half-Orcs in a city within the Old World is that of Sartosa, off the coast of Tilea. Most inhabitants of the Pirate City are outlaws by definition, so Half-Orcs have found this to be a haven. Some Half-Orcs have become captains and a few even employ all Half-Orc crews.

Beyond conurbations but still outside the law there are those Half-Orcs who maintain an existence as outlaws and bandits. Again, a sizeable number of the race choose or are forced into this through their outcast status.

It would be wrong to suggest though that all Half-Orcs are criminals, or evil. Whilst Pit-Fighting varies in its legality over The Empire, many Half-Orcs do move into this area. The careers of rat catcher, jailor and executioner also attract Half-Orcs, for whom the stigma is of a peripheral nature.

Moving beyond cities, there is a large body of transient Half-Orcs making a living as mercenaries. Again, the worry of being shunned by decent society is inconsequential. There used to be whole regiments of Half-Orcs operating in The Empire, but this practice has mostly died away due to various security scares and the revulsion of the peasantry to overlords employing such - not to mention the fact that mercenaries in these regiments often found themselves used as cannon fodder in the most dangerous battlefield assignments. Few Human commanders shed tears at Half-Orc blood. Tilea still has a few Half-Orc companies operating, but for the most part Half-Orcs now make up a minority of generally Human units.

It is when Half-Orcs have grown up in the rustic backwoods of The Empire that they tend to gain more "normal" employment. Once again, many of the ranger type careers they move into allow them to pursue a more solitary existence, cut off from most Humanity, interacting often only with nature.

Sadly, academic careers are not open to Half-Orcs within The Empire - with one exception: graduates of the previously mentioned Shallyan orphanages. Here, pupils who excel can become initiates of the cult or gain training and employment to work within it. This is a touchy subject, though, and argument rages within the cult whether opportunity for Half-Orcs should be expanded or curtailed.

Obviously, it goes without saying that the further removed a Half-Orc is from his goblinoid ancestry, the more accepted he will tend to be by society at large. Some Half-Orcs are virtually indistinguishable from Humans as the generations pass.

It is worth noting that the legal frameworks within The Empire reflect to a large extent the discrimination displayed by society at large. Half-Orcs have far fewer rights and privileges accorded them. Indeed, in most Elector provinces they can even be legally killed with little recourse: Sigmarites and Ulricans are at least united against goblinism, if nothing else.

It is not as if Half-Orcs are regularly hunted down and killed on the streets, though. Having no legal status is not the same as being illegal. The culling of the race is usually regulated through various archaic byelaws, which vary from province to province and town to town.

As for numbers, it is Talabecland and Talabheim that

contains the largest population of Half-Orcs in The Empire. This is due to obtuse theological and legal wrangling granting that area exemption from the ban on Half-Orc slavery. This exact subject will be covered further in a future article.

Some areas of the Old World, principally Bretonnia, have actually embarked on campaigns of complete Half-Orc extermination. Cynics would argue that this is less to do with those nations' crusading piety and more to do with privileged nobility diverting the hatred of downtrodden serfs onto a conveniently despised minority scapegoat...

Half-Orc Society

Many would argue that no such thing as a Half-Orc society exists. It is certainly true that no sovereign (or otherwise) state exists for them to live within or call their homeland. What passes for Half-Orc society then tends to be small isolated communities that exist in spite of the persecution they suffer at the hands of all other Humanoid races. They are usually situated in remote, inhospitable locations, self sufficient and cut off from the outside world. Within The Empire, this often means a fragile existence deep in the enormous forests. Here, they battle against nature as well as the other more menacing denizens who share the backwoods. Life can be harsh, but news spreads within the Half-Orc fraternity and such communities always attract settlers who tire of the interminable hatred and long to be free and accepted by their own. In such communities, Half-Orcs can be found practicing any trades commensurate with the rather basic needs that their society requires.

The religious beliefs of these societies are a mish-mash of the regular Old World pantheon and lesser-known goblinoid deities. Shallya is often principally venerated and it is not unknown for Human priests to visit or open missions, often bringing with them a band of willing Half-Orc colonists.

As a postscript on Half-Orc society, it is worth noting that many of their legends and prophecies ascribe to the eventual creation of a Half-Orc homeland. There have been several dashed hopes over the centuries, but many Half-Orcs believe that a great leader will one day arise to carve out a country where they can live in peace and prosperity, safe from hatred and fear for eternity. For they do share a brotherhood: a brotherhood of blood.

Conclusion

It is little surprise that many Half-Orcs tire of or rebel against the societies - Human and Goblinoid - which constrain them. Some move into Half-Orc communities, as we have seen. For others though, whether through a mercenary motive or a more pure ideal, they choose to break from the shackles and pursue a different path. A path that, often as not, leads to adventure.





ROLE-PLAYING HALF-ORCS

If you as a GM decide to let players run Half-Orc characters, it should be quite a challenge to their role-playing skills. Not an insurmountable one though.

In many ways, Half-Orcs are quite apt for adventuring material – most adventurers are itinerant, penniless and are frowned upon and mistrusted by decent folk. Half-Orcs just take that outcast status a step further.

It may be necessary to tweak initial skills a little, to ensure for example that an exiled Half-Orc Wizard's Apprentice can speak Old Worlder. It might also be wise to assume that Half-Orcs who are player characters tend to be the ones who have the most Human physical features – perhaps they are second or third generation. This will avoid the worst of the persecution and make them viable adventuring material.

Beyond that though, the peculiar status of Half-Orcs as a marginalised minority presents a wealth of role-playing possibilities, which in my view can enrich any campaign.



THE HALF-ORC CHARACTER PROFILE

M	D3 + 2	A	1
WS	2D10 + 20	Dex	2D10 + 20
BS	2D10 + 20	Ld	2D10 + 20
S	D3 + 1	Int	2D10 + 15
T	D3 + 2	Cl	2d10 + 15
W	D3 + 5	Wp	D10 + 20
I	2D10 + 20	Fel	2D10 + 10

As a mongrel race, Half-Orcs vary extremely widely in their physical characteristics. These largely depend on each individual's progenitors and how far removed they are from the original cross breeding. As mentioned earlier, Half-Hobgoblins tend to look the most Human. On the whole, though, compared to Humans, Half-Orcs tend to be taller and broader shouldered, but also have less hair, with longer arms and more crooked legs. Skin colour varies, but tends to pale green or light brown and is often quite warty. Their faces also signal their mixed

heritage: a larger jaw with more prominent teeth, a heavy brow, slightly pointed ears and sunken eyes. They are not the most attractive creatures to look at.

Many believe that Half-Orcs have inherited the worst characteristics of both races. They are seen as crude, course and violent whilst also possessing a talent for duplicity and high cunning. The truth is rather more complicated.

Whilst many Half-Orcs have a low frustration threshold and may have trouble managing their anger and impulses towards violence, they also have as many different personality traits as Humans themselves. It is the continuous abuse, hatred and discrimination they have endured throughout their lives that has understandably turned many towards surliness and suspicion. There is no Half-Orc "type". The only constant tends to be the loathing they suffer from.

Speak

Depends on upbringing: Old Worlder if in Human society or the common goblin tongue in Orcish. Half-Orc communities tend to speak a debased patois combining the two.

Night Vision

10 yards

Alignment

Neutral – Evil

Height

Male 5'8" + D10"

Female 5'6 + D10"

Psychology

At GMs discretion can be *subject to animosity* towards all other Humanoids. This makes them rather hard to function as PCs though!

Age:

The age of the character may be determined by rolling 5D6 for 'young' characters, and 5D10 for 'mature' ones. If the result is less than 16, roll again, adding the new score to the old. This gives a potential age range for Half-Orcs of between 16 and 65 years.

Initial Fate

Points:

D4

SKILLS

The initial number of skills a character begins with before career selection is decided by rolling a D4. Then modify the result according to the character's age, as shown on the table below. Note that there are a number of mandatory skills for Half-Orc characters as listed.

Age	No. Skills
16-20	+1
21-30	+2
31-40	+1
41-50	
51-60	-1
61 +	-2

All Half-Orcs have *Spot Trap* (a lifetime of justified paranoia develops this skill). If the character has two or more initial skills the second will be one of *Flee!*, *Immunity to Disease* or *Speak Additional Language – Goblinoid* (or *Old Worlder*, if from Orcish society), with an equal chance of each. Any remaining initial skills should be selected at random from the appropriate column

MANNIOCS-QUINSH

BY THOMAS LARUE. ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIK "ESAPESJA" SANDBERG.

The night was completely dark. Heavy clouds kept the light of Mannslieb and Morrslieb away from the rainy, empty streets. All was silent except for the tranquil, almost hypnotic, pitter-patter of the light rain on the rooftops and paving stones. Nothing disturbed the peace, apart from the motions of a rope dangling from a second storey window. Slowly, a black silhouette emerged and cautiously began to slide down the rope towards the dark, wet alley, moving through the inky shadows towards the black waters of the Lughsoll Canal. Almost impossible to discern in the pitch-black night, a small boat floated in the placid water, whose surface was disturbed only by small raindrop craters. The silhouette hastily made its way to the boat – only to suddenly freeze as two armoured shadows emerged from the small skiff, accompanied by a soft yet commanding voice. They wore long helmets and wielded long spears, pointing them at the chest of the black-clad figure.

"Nusgoim Sigta omelei ehrew?"

"I d...I don't speak Elthárin." replied a bashful voice after a short delay.

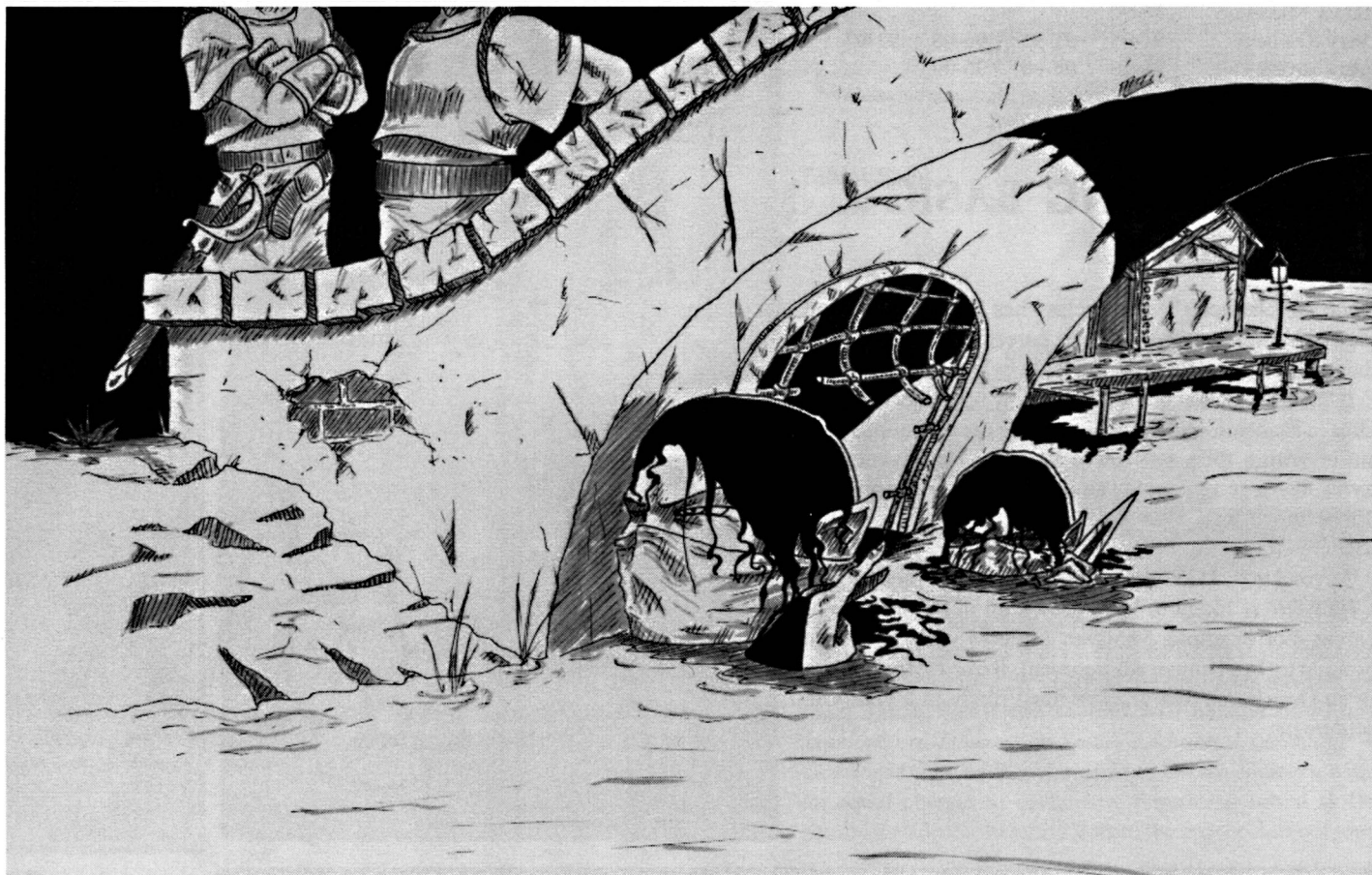
The dark alley behind him suddenly became illuminated. He swung around to meet the sterner voice that emanated from behind him. Its owner was a tall figure dressed in robes and with a sphere of light floating above his palm, his face hidden behind the shadow of a hood.

"So...you will not be able to understand the judge when he gives you your sentence. What a pity. Sleep now and awake only to face the consequences of your foolish deeds." His hand reached out and touched the thief's shoulder, who sagged down with a quiet sigh.

The Marienburg sourcebook mentions, in passing, the Manniocs-quinsh, the Elf police force on the islands of Geldern, Oranjekoft, Rijksgebouw, Vlotshuis, Westerleer and Zeeburg. However, it gives us little detail beyond the fact that they are more commonly referred to as Mannikins. This article looks to expand on this organisation and examine how it can be incorporated into a Marienburg campaign. The common perception of this police force is that they are the guard force for the Elf islands. However, there is much more to them than that. Even though the article will, to some degree, describe particular locations and personalities within Elftown, every GM should feel free to alter it to their liking.

INTRODUCTION

Ever since their arrival in 2150 I.C., the Elves have played a focal role in the development and destiny of the city of Marienburg. They were one of the many combined forces that, during Marienburg's struggle for autonomy, helped sway the outcome of the war of independence from The Empire. Today they secure the city's great wealth by opening and maintaining trade routes, and furnishing traders with exotic and rare goods. However, the strong presence of the Elves in Marienburg is not to everybody's liking. Many teamsters, workers, sailors and other town citizens have their own reasons for disliking, or even in some cases



loathing, these “sneaky bastards with ‘em pointy ears”. Tensions often run high between Humans and Elves, especially when trade with the New World or whale hunting is brought into discussion.

To ensure that their people would not be harmed, and that any physical outbreaks of xenophobia could be controlled, the Elves formed their own watch and guard: the Manniocs-quinsh who soon became known as the Mannikins. They police and guard the six islands, which together constitute “Elfsgemeente” (or simply “Elftown” to the common man on the street). The Elves refer to it by the name of their old fortress: Sith Rionnasc‘namishathir. However, they do not stop at the border between Elfsgemeente and Marienburg. The Mannikins also believe in information gathering, pre-emptive measures and outer defence lines to ward the Phoenix King’s subjects and their properties from harm or damage. Thus they boast a number of highly trained field agents, spies and information brokers as well as an impressive undercover strike force. Though the public is largely unaware of this, the Elves are often present when and where one might least expect it. The Fog Walkers (Marienburg’s own intelligence service) are aware of their presence, but not the breadth of the network, and they appear to have little interest in interfering. However, they are exceedingly careful when operating outside the limits of Elftown. The last thing they want is to give the numerous firebrands any material with which to cause new anti-Elf riots.

THE HISTORY

Like most law enforcement corps, the Manniocs-quinsh has its own history. In this case, however, two kind of annals can be found. The first is the Manniocs-quinsh’s jurisdictional history; the second is their true history. Even while the negotiation delegations gathered on the deck of the Lughsoll-Siaisullainn on the first days of Erntezeit, 2150 IC, Sea Elf Wavemaster Sullandiel Fartrader knew he had to obtain the right to uphold some form of armed force to defend and preserve the interests of the Phoenix King of Ulthuan. Even though negotiations were arduous on the whole, there was no great initial reluctance to having an Elf force present on the ceded islands. However the scope and authority of such an armed force was not made clear until much, much later. And, almost needless to say, not until there had been much bloodshed.

The original treaty provided for a small troop of watchmen, some light armoured soldiers and archers, as well as two dozen heavily armed guards for the personal protection of the Exarch and other dignitaries. Diplomats from the Imperial court in Aldorf had reminded Baron Matteus van Hoogmans of Westerland that no foreign troop could enjoy legitimate use of force on Imperial soil. Therefore the armed force of the High King of Ulthuan had jurisdiction solely on the six islands granted to him by the Baron of Marienburg. Although initially sceptical about this limitation, Fartrader finally accepted this decree, although he had a private talk with Baron van Hoogmans after a dinner in which he stated that serious crimes against the Elf Community and its inhabitants could have repercussions, fuelled by his subjects’ anger and demand for justice, that might be beyond even the Exarch’s capability to contain. One possible consequence of this might involve Elven troops retrieving any suspects from Imperial soil back to Sith Rionnasc‘namishathir. Although somewhat startled at first, Baron Matteus made the mistake of taking this warning as a concealed exhortation to help the Elves with the defence of their own quarters against xenophobic outbreaks.

His misinterpretation became obvious to the public in 2391 IC, following the death of a Sea Elf and the arrest of one man well outside the borders of Elftown. Violent riots shook the city for two days and the future of Marienburg lay on a knife’s edge. The whole story started when a merchant from Tilea and his bodyguard killed an Elf from the Clan Lianllach, whom had made some romantic, almost erotic, comments about and suggestions to the merchant’s wife. As they fled from the pursuing Manniocs-quinsh, the bodyguard was shot down by archers on Elfgate Bridge. The merchant and his wife escaped and managed to avoid their hunters until they reached the Suiddock, where a landing party of Sea Elf Marines caught him.

They brought him back to Elftown to face a certain execution. Although

many wanted to close their eyes to the whole sordid incident, some high officials and merchants suddenly (and vocally) became conscious that the jurisdiction problem would repeat itself, perhaps leading to disastrous consequences for the city of Marienburg. A sizable faction, however, were of the opinion that the incident pointed to the lack of options for the Elves (who had brought both protection and lucrative trade to the city) that would allow them to hold persons attacking them accountable for their deeds. This, they believed, should be altered as quickly as possible. A group, the Antici Club of Gentlemen (named after the executed merchant), was quickly gathered. Officially a very exclusive club, it was in fact a discussion group for high officials on both “sides” of the conflict to plan ways in which further incidents could be avoided. “Members” in this club included several high-ranking officials of the watch and of the Manniocs-quinsh, the Master Overseer of the Wasteland Export-Import Exchange, High Priests of both Haendryk and Manaan and advisors to both the Council of Burgomeisters (precedent to the Directorate) and the Exarch. Several practical steps were taken to strengthen the control of non-Elves’ whereabouts within the Elftown. Eventually, however, the Club’s most important decision was to allow for an expansion of the jurisdiction of the Manniocs-quinsh concerning capital crimes, such as murder, rape, espionage and kidnapping.

Even though the Antici Club’s suggestions included restrictions to this extension of jurisdiction, e.g. through a system of appeals to an Imperial Magistrate if extradition to Elfsgemeente was perceived as unlawful, Emperor Anton von Krieglitz (Emperor Dieter IV’s father) said no to every proposal restricting The Empire’s sovereignty over its own territory. Leopold von Krieglitz’s son had taken great displeasure to his father’s disbanding of the Second Fleet and thus was strongly opposed to any further concessions to the ungrateful merchants of Marienburg (although he did not impose this policy consistently, which the downgrading of the Imperial Excise Service showed). Thus the problem of jurisdiction remained. Further lobbying attempts by the Antici group and the Burgomeisters did not yield any results.

However this all changed in 2429 I.C., when the City Council declared the Wasteland’s secession from The Empire and Emperor Wilhelm III recognised (after losing almost the entire Imperial Army in the Battle of Grootcher Marsh) the late Province of Westerland’s claim for independence. The expansion of the Manniocs-quinsh’s jurisdiction from the six islands to the whole Wasteland’s territory was not instantaneous, but it took place only two years after the successful secession. So on a sunny Guilstag morning in early Vorgeheim 2431 I.C., following a short ceremony, an amendment to the original Treaty of Amity and Commerce was signed in the Tivolo Gardens. This stipulated that every Guard of the Phoenix King of Ulthuan had the right to exercise his authority in the whole territory of the Wasteland.

The Antici Club still meets from time to time, and has its lodge on the top floor of a four-storey building, not far from the Gull and Trident Inn, overlooking the Rijksweg.

THE ORGANISATION

The Exarchate’s law enforcement forces are divided into two bodies, commonly referred to as Solhar Manniocs (“Sun Guardians”) and Tarn Manniocs (“Moon Guardians”). It was the late Sullandiel Fartrader’s son, Ciobahn Ultharion, who declared at an early stage that while the sun and the moons may hide and rest depending on the hour of the day, the envoys of the Phoenix King should always be alert and vigilant. Thus the organisation of the Manniocs-quinsh was divided into two separate entities. To enhance this fact, it was proclaimed that the control and management of these two bodies should never fall under the same Clan. To this day Clan Aisellion has had the honour and privilege of managing the more overt activities of the Mannikins, such as watch patrols, guards of honour and internal security (overseeing the Hall of Trade and other important buildings against infiltration and sabotage). The covert operations of the Manniocs-quinsh were, for the first two hundred years following Ciobahn Ultharion’s division of the Guardians of Peace, controlled by the Clan of

Lormorillan. This clan is the smallest of the eight present in Elfsgemeente. During the last three hundred and fifty years they established a small but strong retail network in The Empire, Kislev and Bretonnia, thus enabling them to sell goods (especially luxury items) coming into Marienburg. However, this all changed when the previous head of the Lormorillan Clan, Aswen Yerniall, did not manage to prevent a series of kidnaps and killings through torture by followers of the Cult of Stromfels of high ranking members of Clan Tallaindeloth. As a consequence, the High Council decreed that the Exarch should henceforth have direct control over the Moon Guardians.

SUN GUARDIANS

Although Clan Aisellion supposedly enforces the duties of the Sun Guardians, some watchmen are recruited from the ranks of NaShathiri (the clanless). The main role of the Manniocs-quinsh is to provide watch patrols. These patrols start and end at the three watch barracks. The three posts have different responsibilities and the size of the garrison stationed in these barracks consequently varies. Common to all the barracks is their access to magically enhanced boats. Each patrol boat is an elegant skiff into which a lesser water elemental is bound, allowing the controlling Mannikin to speed the vessel at an incredible rate. The listed numbers of guards, sergeants and so forth should be read as an estimate of how many are stationed. Each Mannikin (including mages, sergeants, etc.) follows the same rotating schedule: eight hours of patrol, eight hours at the watch post (ready to respond to serious threats, administrative work, training, repairing equipment... et cetera) or at any sentry-box, and eight hours of personal time. Even though the numbers of listed mages below could seem low, given the fact that magic is "commonly" used in Elven society, several mages can be supplied by the clans to the support of the Mannikins should the need arise (especially from the Clan Tallaindeloth).

One post is situated on the island of Westerleer, mere minutes away from the Hall of Trade. Manned by twenty guards, five sergeants, one wizard and Captain Tinuviel Hopebringer (when the latter is not successfully courting an Elven singer at the Three of a Kind). The patrolling area of this barrack is restricted to the island of Westerleer. However it also has to handle the security at Elfgate Bridge and thus takes on the arduous task of controlling each and every person that wishes to enter Sith Rionnasc'namishathir (although not every one crossing the Elfbridge is searched or questioned). Furthermore this office handles the administration (which is not overwhelming) concerning all watch patrols.

The second post is located on the island of Geldern (close to the northernmost of the two bridges which crosses the Sullandiel Canal), near the docks that run along the Northwest strands of the islands Zeeburg (which is closest to Rijkers' Isle) and Geldern. It is a rather impressive building with two high turrets (the whole building is built in solid white stone with almost no windows), which provide lookouts with a perfect view of the docks and neighbouring waters. The two turrets are equipped with ingenious lamps and mirrors mounted on swivels. (These can be used much like modern searchlights). These devices are also mounted on three other smaller turrets spread out on the docks, thus enabling the Manniocs-quinsh to flood the waters surrounding the docks in light should it be necessary. (Most commonly, however, they use them as deterrent, preferring to use their effective night vision instead). This barrack is the largest of the three, as its garrison has to cover both the islands of Zeeburg and Geldern and even, to some extent, the small isle Rijksgebouw (situated in the middle of the Grand Circle Canal). The post is manned by thirty-two guards with eight sergeants, two mages and one of the two captains that rotate as commanding officer. (The Captain responsible for the night shift bears the title of Star Captain and has some unique duties.)

Star Captain Kallista Soltarhen'radil currently supervises the night shift and the dayshift's commanding officer is none other than the nephew of Lord Gilleriad Fairwind (Head of Clan Aisellion), Eairmen Foamrider. Although many muttered that he got his position through familial favours, he has shown an almost uncanny flair for uncovering smugglers.

These two captains are well aware of their main task, namely the

preservation of order in the docks and the hindering of any smuggling attempts. Another problem, which has been increasing, is the intensifying number of attempts by burglars to enter Elfsgemeente from the Vlaklands.

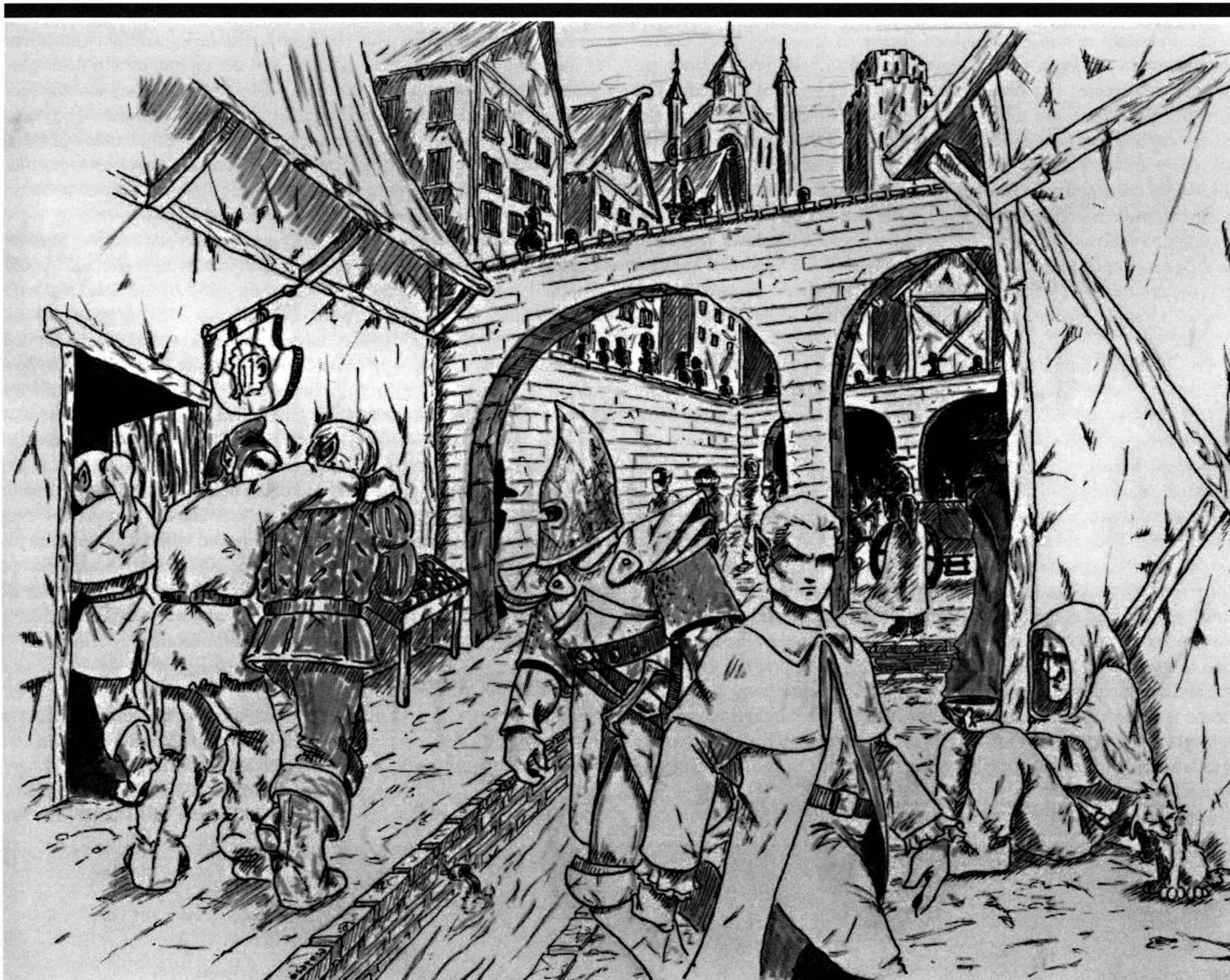
The third post is placed two alleys south of the "Race the Winds" shipyard on the island of Oranjekoft. The post is manned by twenty-four guards, six sergeants, one wizard and the permanent resident, Captain Urdianel Kallarial (father to Kirista Kallarial, owner of the Singing Moon in Middenheim). Unlike other captains, Urdianel actually lives at the post, with his wife. The two top floors of the four-storey barracks accommodate Urdianel's rather luxurious private apartment (The Singing Moon has showed considerable profits in the last few years). The post is responsible for patrols in both Oranjekoft and Vlotshuis (the island closest to the area known as Noordmuur).

While the so-called Mannikins handle everyday law and order, the Solhar Manniocs also boast highly trained elite troops. These serve under the detachment formally known as The Golden Eagle Legion, usually referred to as the High Guard. The High Guard is a detachment of elite watchmen (in total thirty-nine men with three lieutenants and six sergeants; the Commander of the High Guard is invariably the Exarch) assigned to ensure the Exarch's and other important dignitaries' security. They are also often used in parades and other official ceremonies. They are better trained and more experienced than "usual" Mannikins. The High Guard is administratively split into three units (each headed by a Lieutenant and two sergeants), which rotate on a weekly basis. One unit is responsible for the personal protection of the Exarch, one is responsible for patrolling the area around the Rosenbad Mansion and looking after special guests, and the third is kept on alert in reserve.

To gain a position as High Guard, one must have served at least thirty years within the corps of the Manniocs-quinsh and pass severe physical and mental requirements.

The High Guard are stationed within the Rosenbad Mansion, sometimes designated by Elves as the Eire'naro Residence because of the light orange colour (Eire'naro means "the hue of orange struck by the pale rising sun") of the marble stones with which it is built. These stones were brought in directly from Ulthuan and the mansion was drawn and its construction overseen by the great architect Galmaris Rosenbad. It was completed in 2177 I.C. and was proclaimed by the Phoenix King as the permanent residence of his Viceroy. The building itself is a masterpiece of Elven architecture, with elegant yet simple lines. Two grandiose stairs lead up to a beautiful half circle of columns guarding the front entrance of the building. The mansion is situated on Rijksgebouw with a huge and beautifully arranged garden (with trees and flowers brought from Ulthuan) at its back bordering the Great Circle Canal. Distinguished guests wishing to arrive by boat use a splendid wharf located here. The garden of the Exarch's residence is known throughout the Old World for its splendour and every three years it is the centre of the Exarch's traditional Summer Garden Party, an event to which all royalties and the finest (usually interpreted as 'most influential') individuals in the Old World are invited. The whole of the Rijksgebouw becomes a floating island of luxury in the middle of the Great Circle Canal for three days. The celebration of the return of the Elves to the Old Continent culminates in a grandiose firework display, which makes the Black Pool Illuminations of Middenheim Carnival look like a five shilling firecracker.

Deep within the cellar system of the Rosenbad Mansion lies the Eogath-Loren, the Eye of Loren. The Eogath-Loren is placed in a sealed large cellar only accessible through one door, which is guarded by a unique magical ward, which leaves the ten-inch thick Dwarfen steel door almost immune to magical spells. There exists only one key to this door, which is passed down to each new Exarch. Beyond this door reside two retired High Guards. Each day they receive food and drinks through a small one-way sliding hatch, as they must live in total solitude for one year, after which they are relieved. In one of the chambers stands one of two large all-seeing mirrors (8 feet high and 4 feet wide) offered by the Phoenix King as a gift to the Elves of the Wood. The other stands in a similar room in the Royal Palace in Athel-Loren. These magically enhanced mirrors



were conceived not only to show the other mirror's reflection, but also to echo all noises (as if the mirror was actually a window). A small bell fastened outside the room, by the huge door, can be used by the two High Guards to signal that the Elven Queen and King in the Wood wish to speak to the Exarch.

MOON GUARDIANS

While most Manniocs-quinsh operations are conducted in the open on Elfsgeemeente, critical situations can arise requiring more drastic solutions. This is why the Mannikins also boast an impressive undercover organisation, although they are used most rarely. This is mainly because the Elves are extremely wary of provoking new anti-Elf riots. Despite the fact that they are officially allowed to operate throughout the Wasteland, this official right has never been "sanctioned" by the masses. Consequently, the Directorate and the Exarch would be put in a most awkward position should information leak out about the covert operations of the Mannikins.

Undercover operative units are divided into three branches. The Star Gazers, or Rion'kosdar, handle information gathering and intelligence. They are an assembly of deep undercover agents (most of them are actually Humans), spies and other informants. They are headed by a triumvirate of three senior intelligence officers, often too old to be in the field (or in the worst case have been revealed as deep-cover agents). This council is in direct contact with the Exarch and although the Clan of Lormorillan no longer has any formal rights over the Tarn Manniocs, it traditionally holds one of the three seats. Though the Council started as a coordinating

institution for Star Gazer operations, it grew in importance and has now become the sole body with which the Exarch regularly discusses covert operations. Each member of the council is responsible for several "cells" of informants, usually consisting of two to three persons. In some cases a member of a cell is unaware of the other members. A golden rule is that no member of a cell may ever gain knowledge of members of any other cell. Only the Star Gazer Council has the full picture.

The second part of the organisation is known as the Nightwalkers, or Tar Loemer. They are highly trained and skilled field agents. Often old adventurers or explorers, they are used in delicate operations outside the borders of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir. The members of this unit are not permanently enrolled into the ranks of the Mannikins. Most of them, like the Stargazers, hold normal occupations and work undercover. Some are Humans owing some form of allegiance to the Elves. Many of them display great martial prowess and often have a leading part in any operation. Thus they always contribute in the planning phase of the operation. In many, if not all, cases they also take part in its implementation. Nevertheless, this happens only when the situation poses a limited risk. If the head of operation assesses the situation as being dangerous, he may (and often is forced by the Star Gazer Triumvirate) to call upon the help of the Shadows, the third branch of the covert organization.

The Shadows, Tar'il, are an elite corps composed of combat experts, highly trained warriors and occasionally one or two master war mages from the ranks of Sea, High as well as Wood Elves (although the majority are from the ranks of Sea Elf Marines). They are drawn from the very

highest stratum of the Elven armed forces. If tests are strenuous for candidates to the High Guard, tests required to join the Shadows are almost unbearable. The final test is called the March of Solitude. The worthy candidates are individually dropped into the waters of the Manaanspoort Sea between Marienburg and Fort Solace, approximately sixty-five miles from the safe harbour of Marienburg. They have two days to return unnoticed to the isle of Rijksgebouw, preferably with some evidence of their concealment skills, such as a Watch Captain's sword. Furthermore, no one can apply for service within the Shadows. One must first be recommended by at least two members of the Shadows, before a board constituted of the Shadow Weaver, the Star Captain, the two Shadow Captains and the Head of the Stargazer Triumvirate select those worthy of the trial.

The Shadows' number of members is fixed at seven, although it is rumoured by some that other groups of Shadows exists, hidden in secret places on the island of Ulthuan. The Shadows in Marienburg are organised in two groups. While one group is stationed in their quarters below the Rosenbad Mansion, near the stairs leading to the old tunnels of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir, the other is in training (usually in Marienburg, but sometimes they wander out into the Wastelands or even travel back to Ulthuan). They rotate duties on a monthly basis. A Captain leads each group, which consists of two additional members. The Shadow Weaver is the seventh member. Although ranks are assigned, they are not formally used, and in fact every Shadow treats their comrades as equals. Each new member must swear eternal loyalty to the defence of the Elven race and is tattooed on the chest with four fire-breathing dragons encircling the stylised picture of the old fortress of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir. The tattoo is made with special ink: when struck by moonlight it glows with a bright silver light. This ink and its ingredients are a well kept secret, available only to certain Arch Mages at the Royal Court of Ulthuan, and to the Shadow Weaver.

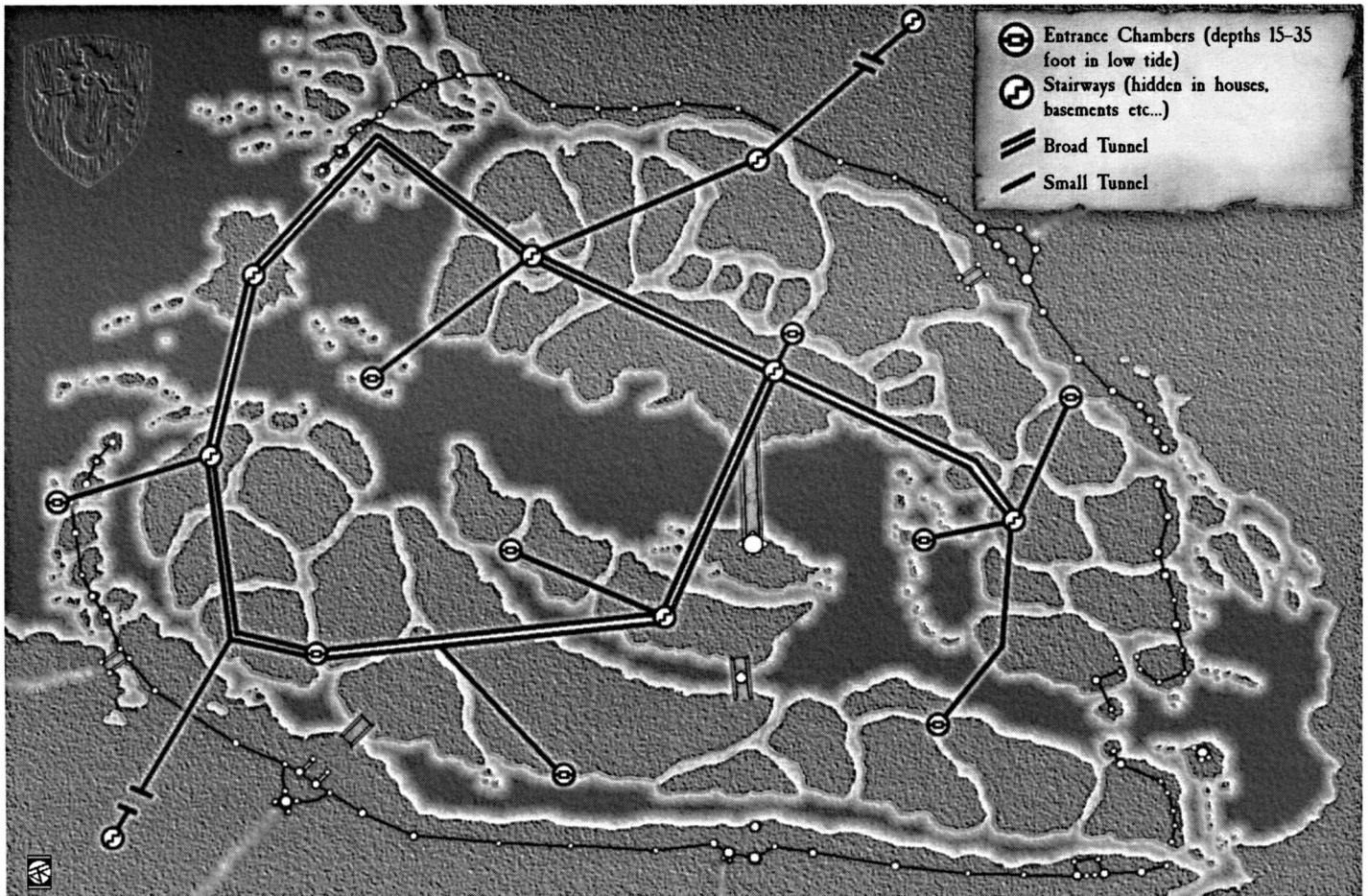
When on missions, the Shadows dress in dark blue, high quality, leather

uniforms, covering their whole body and offering lightweight protection. If the need for discretion is minimal and the operation is not set near water, they may wear heavier armour. This is rare since they seldom fight head on, preferring stealth and guerrilla warfare techniques. They also master the art of fighting under, on, or near water. Since many of these warriors have an experienced life behind them, they may use whatever weapons they prefer, although it is important that they bear no marking or other trace that can be trailed back to Elfsgemeente.

For some time, Aebrin Thenllac, once a wardancer and a former Shadow Captain (he was succeeded by Nabior Eldihuir, former Sea Elf Marine Captain) has acted as Shadow Weaver, the head of the Shadows with responsibility for the training of future Shadows. Although this position is considered one of the highest and certainly an honourable post for one of the Shadows, the occupation of Shadow Weaver is considered to be a sort of retirement office. Since Aebrin was still very young when chosen for the job, many were surprised. Given that he was a successful and praised Nightwalker (with a record of many successful spectacular operations), he was considered by many Tarn Manniocs to hold some influence over covert operations and many believed that he was, despite being a NaShathiri, headed straight for the Star Gazer Council. However he recently lost his position as Shadow Weaver, which has sent a small shockwave through the whole establishment. No one knows why, except that he was summoned to the Exarch while a visitor from the court of Athel-Loren was visiting. Officially he has been reinstated as a Nightwalker, although no one has seen him for months.

SITH RIONNASC'NAMISHATHIR'S SECRET

Sullandiel Fartrader had managed to get some information on the old fortress of Sith Rionnasc'namishathir before his departure for the Old World and thus during the negotiations on his fleet's flagship, his primary goal was to get hold of specific islands. On his list were, among others, the islands of Westerhoolm (where the Cathedral of Manaen and The



PROFILES

College are built), Luydenhoek, Verrepunt (now Rijker) and Rijksgebouw. Why just these islands? Mainly because old plans of the fortress showed there were access stairways down to underground tunnels buried deep in the ground. The Dwarfs built these tunnels during the Age of Friendship, while working with the Vloedmuur. Although many tunnels were destroyed in 1502 some remained intact. Using these tunnels is not easy for Elves (but the Dwarfs constructed them so that claustrophobia would be reduced by building them wide and lofty), thus all Tarn Manniocs, and Shadows, receive training in orientation in the passageways.

Some smaller tunnels have been restored for use and have been equipped with intricate lock-chambers. This allows troops to exit directly into the water of the canals. The outer doors of the lock-chambers are skilfully camouflaged and very hard to find. Should anyone attempt to do so, they must know what they are looking for. The lock-chambers' doors cannot be spotted from the surface but may be identified underwater. Many Elves are wary of the use of these tunnels. They are afraid that the Dwarfs who maintain the Vloedmuur might come across the deeper system of tunnels. Still, they provide a perfect way of moving large squads freely and unseen among the city, a luxury that the Elves would like to preserve.

PATROLS

Westerleer: Patrols are quite frequent. Daytime: 2-3 hours between each patrol. Night: 3-4 hours. Six Mannikins are permanently posted at the Elfbridge and four at the Hall of Trade.

Oranjekoft: Patrols are not that frequent, although the north side is well guarded (for intrusion from the Vlaklands). Daytime: 3-4 hours. At night: 3-4 hours (except for the northern side where patrols can be expected at 2-3 hours intervals)

Vlotshuis: Daytime: 3-4 hours. At night: 4-6 hours

Zeeburg: Patrols are quite frequent, especially around the dock area. Daytime: 2-3 hours and

Manniocs-quinsh

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	51	41	4	3	7	71	2	41	41	51	51	41	41

Skills: Disarm, Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder, Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Swim, 50% chance of Dodge Blow, 50% chance of Fleet Footed, 20% chance of Marksmanship

Trappings: Sleeved mail coat, mail coif and helmet, spear, rapier, 2 manacles, whistle, Elf Bow.

Manniocs-quinsh wizard (level 1)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	41	31	3	3	7	71	1	41	41	61	51	51	41

Skills: Arcane Language – Magick, Cast Spells (Petty Magic, Battle Magic Level 1, Elemental Magic Level 1), Dodge Blow, Dowsing, Identify Plants, Magic Sense, Read/Write, Rune Lore, Secret Language – Classical, Scroll Lore, Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder

Trappings: Dagger, hooded cloak (leather jacket underneath), 5% chance of Spell Ring (16 MP with Zone of Steadfastness, Breathe Underwater and Part Water).

Magic points: 18

Spells: Petty – Magic Alarm, Open, Sleep, Sounds, Zone of Silence; Level 1 – Cure Light Injury, Fire Ball, Steal Mind, Walk on Water, Zone of Hiding

High Guard/ Manniocs-quinsh & High Guard Sergeant

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	60	50	4	4	9	81	2	51	51	61	61	51	51

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Fleet Footed, Read/Write, Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder (plus 20% of an additional, Arabian, Norse, Cathayan or Nipponese), Secret Language – Battle Tongue, Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword & Two-Handed, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swim, 50% chance of Marksmanship, 50% chance of Very Strong, 50% chance of Lightning Reflexes

Trappings: Sleeved mail coat, breastplate, mail coif and helmet, spear, two-handed sword, Red Cloak with golden rim (Manniocs-quinsh sergeants wear green capes with sergeant's insignia) whistle, magical ring (allows the control of the minor water elementals bound into the patrol skiffs) and Elf bow (if Marksmanship has been rolled).

High Guard Lieutenant/ Manniocs-quinsh Captain

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	65	55	5	4	11	85	3	51	71	61	61	51	61

Skills: Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Read/Write, Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder (plus

40% of an additional, Arabian, Norse, Cathayan or Nipponese), Secret Language – Battle Tongue, Specialist Weapon – Fencing Sword & Two-Handed, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swim, 75% chance of Marksmanship, 50% chance of Very Strong, 50% chance of Very Resilient

Trappings: Sleeved mail coat, breastplate, mail coif and helmet, two-handed sword, rapier, buckler, Red Cloak with golden rim and lieutenant insignia on left shoulder (Manniocs-quinsh captains wear blue capes with captain's insignia), magical ring (allows the control of the minor water elementals bound into the patrol skiffs) and whistle.

Specific skills (not included in profiles):

Captain Tinuviel Hopebringer: Acting, Charm, Consume Alcohol, Lip Reading, Very Resilient, Wit

Captain Urdianel Kallarial: Astronomy, Cartography, Law – Elthárin & Marienburg, Ride, Secret Language – Classical

Captain Eairmen Foamrider: Law – Elthárin & Marienburg, Magical Sense, Sixth Sense

Shadow

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
5	75	65	4	5	12	90	4	71	61	71	71	61	61

Skills: Concealment – Rural & Urban, Disarm, Disguise, Dodge Blow, Marksmanship, Pick Lock, Prepare Poisons, Read/Write, Scale Sheer Surface, Shadowing, Silent Move – Rural & Urban, Sixth Sense, Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder, Specialist Weapon – Blowpipe, Fist, Flail, Lasso, Fencing Sword, Parrying Weapons, Throwing & Two-Handed Weapons, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun, Swim, 75% chance of Very Strong, 75% chance of Very Resilient, 50% chance of Lightning Reflexes

Trappings: Shadow uniform, 2 daggers (one in boot), 2 throwing knives, additional weapons according to mission.

Although a profile is given for the typical shadow, it should be stressed that they all have individual backgrounds (usually military, although some battle mages have been known to gain entry into this prestigious force), skills and trappings. The training provided by the Shadow Weaver and his assistants back on Ulthuan is equivalent to the advance scheme of an Assassin. Before any mage is recommended however they must have fulfilled at least one warrior career. Usually they are also well-trained Illusionists and/or Elementarists. No profile is given for the Star Gazers and Nightwalkers as they are even more individually formed (the Spy advance scheme can be used).

at night: 2-3 hours (except the docks where patrols come by each 1-2 hours). Permanent sentries are placed in the three watchtowers with searchlights (see above) on the docks.

Geldern: Same as Zeeburg.

Rijksgebouw: Patrols are frequent, day and night time: 1-2 hours. There is a 10% chance that each patrol is constituted of High Guards instead of regular Manniocs-quinsh. Ten High Guards, with one High Guard Lieutenant and two High Guard Sergeants are permanently on watch near the Rosenbad Mansion during daytime.

SENTRY BOXES

As mentioned above, the Elfbridge posts six guards at all times, four at the Hall of Trade and two in each of the three watchtowers at the docks. Other sentry boxes are posted as follows. Each major bridge (twelve excluding the Elfbridge) has two sentry boxes in its mid-section (one on each side); they are manned 50% of the time during daylight and always during the night.

ADVENTURE SEEDS

STEALING A NECKLACE

While returning from an errand in Elfsgemeente the PCs are caught in a line at the Elfbridge. It seems that the Mannikins have closed the bridge and are searching every person leaving Elftown. The search is very thorough. They are conducted in the privacy of rooms at the "Three of a Kind" by male and female Manniocs-quinsh. The scene is drowned by angry shouts from merchants and their bodyguards and people are scuffling here and there. All are searched, even Elves. No exception is made. A blank face meets every question about why the search is being conducted.

This is what has happened: Alfons Punt, a remarkable burglar, stole a ceremonial piece of jewellery offered by one of the "leading" Wavemasters, Sirian Nechtaroenilye (now presiding over the Clan Lianllach) to the Exarch's wife for the celebration of their marriage. The theft took place one hour ago and Alfons found himself in a bit of trouble when it was discovered too quickly. He decided to let one of the PCs carry the goods for him past the Elfbridge. The Mannikin searching the PC who has the necklace will not show that they have found it but will give a pair of Nightwalkers a nod and they will follow them. The Exarch (rightly) believes that this was an ordered burglary with a higher purpose (since only the necklace was stolen). Indeed Alfons has been hired by Sirian to steal the piece of jewellery and put the Exarch in an awkward position. The next day, at noon, a major reception is planned at the Rosenbad Mansion for the anniversary of the Exarch's marriage and his wife is obligated by tradition to show all the gifts. When the necklace (which was handed over at a public occasion) is found to be missing, the scandal will undermine the position of the present Exarch. Sirian would love to see himself (on behalf of his Clan of course) in the position of Exarch. The stolen item is a gold necklace with three beautiful and large sapphires (value: high!! Say around 5,000-6,000 Guilders, or perhaps more). Alfons Punt, who lives and has his "office" in Kruiersmuur, two houses away from Dmitri's Apothecary, will try to retrieve the necklace at a later opportunity. The Nightwalkers are looking out for proof against the mastermind of the operation. The first the PCs will know about any of this is when one of them eventually finds that they are carrying a necklace worth a fortune. What will happen? Will the PCs act to get rid of this marvellous piece of jewellery? Sell it? Investigate as to its origin? Will they draw a lot of attention to themselves? Who will get the upper hand in this complicated ménage à trois...? Remember that the Nightwalkers are not keen on making this a public matter. But the clock is ticking...

THINGS NOT MEANT TO BE KNOWN.

Late one night in a deserted pub or empty street, a pick-up diver Jochem Krabbenbos has had a little too much to drink and begins to ramble about the black angels of the depths. Marienburg PCs will know that since

Marienburg is built on islands and water is always near, some people have taken up the career of pick-up divers. They dive and pick-up things that people have dropped into the water, provided the item isn't too heavy (or too small for that matter) and that the depth is reasonable. Jochem insists on showing the PCs where he saw them. If the PCs do not want to follow him, let him stumble and fall into the water as they are walking away. After rescuing him, or after having simply listened, they will be led towards Doodkanal, through the dwindling streets and small alleys. However, the poor man's memory isn't what it should be.

He was diving one late afternoon after a case of Bretonnian brandy which he saw a merchant drop earlier the same day. Unfortunately, he dived as three Shadows and a Shadow Weaver were emerging out of a lock-chamber for an exercise. After being spotted, one of the members of the Shadow group (the only mage amongst the seven Shadows in Marienburg) decided to throw a spell at him, knocking him unconscious and letting him drown, or so they thought. Miraculously, he survived (an Elf noticed him in the water, and he was pulled out and resuscitated). However, he still has some important memory losses. He will direct the PCs to the right area (within a 100 yards radius from the actual spot of the lock-chamber), before passing out.

This situation will be observed by a Nightwalker, who has been posted in the vicinity to look after any further developments following the incident at the lock-chamber's entrance. Three days later Jochem will be found dead. An autopsy (the PCs will have to pay or force a doctor to obtain one; no-one cares about a low life scum like him) will reveal that the severing of the spine (at the third vertebra from the hairline) through the use of a sharp, small object caused the death. It is almost impossible to discern the wound. This is the work of a professional. Perhaps an eyewitness to the deed can be found (although it is not likely; the Shadows rarely mess up and they will not make another mistake). Of course if the GM feels generous, an urchin could have seen somebody in black clothes diving at a certain point and not resurfacing. Will they find the lock-chamber? Will they start to investigate the tunnels? Will they draw the attention of the Shadows? The Star Gazers and a few Nightwalkers will hold them under surveillance for three weeks, after they have being spotted together with Jochem (before his death), and would prefer to remove them permanently than to let the secret of the tunnels emerge. The elf that pulled Jochem may also decide to warn the PCs of what is happening.

FEMME FATALE?

While on business in Elfsgemeente the PCs stumble into a desperate young woman running for her life. She grabs onto the nearest PC (she will try to go for the best looking male character) and falls to her knees, sobbing and panting. She clings to the PC's legs and pleads to him for help. She has barely the time to say that she has been kept as a slave before they are joined by three armed Elves. One of them appears to be member of the nobility; he is accompanied by two of his own private guards. The girl accuses the noble of slavery and he approaches the girl with his guards with the full intention of dragging her back into the mansion from which she appeared. What happens next is up to the PCs. A watch patrol composed of four guards and one sergeant shows up around the nearest corner, three rounds after the Elves have arrived. If the PCs offer physical resistance then the Elves will fight to get her back - they are quite set on retrieving the girl! In this case, they will be arrested and brought before the Exarch for trial. The Mannikins will defend the Elves and allow the girl to be dragged back into the house. If they watch her being dragged back nothing else happens, except that they may have some trouble sleeping. Is the girl really kept as a slave? Is she only mentally deranged and looked after by an Elf noble that holds pity for the poor women? Why aren't the Mannikins doing something about this? Is the whole thing a lovers' quarrel?

LATE NIGHT B&E ACTION ANYONE?

The PCs are approached by an incognito elf, who presents himself as Sul Einoiril, Lieutenant of the Golden Eagle Legion. He has heard of them

before and would like to hire them for one night's job. If they agree, he makes an appointment for later in a more secluded place where he can explain the work. The PCs may get suspicious but let them retain confidence in him (perhaps by letting them choose the place of the next encounter; another way may be to let him show some form of credential for his alleged title of Lieutenant of the High Guard). On the second meeting he tells them that he needs them to break into a warehouse near the docks on Zeeburg and steal something for him. The High Guards are not sure that security around the docks and warehouses is what it's supposed to be. Lately a growing number of burglaries has been recorded (he asks the PCs not to mention this to anyone), and always when one specific patrol is out. He (and others within the top strata of the Mannikins) believes that there is something wrong with this unit: either they are getting

sloppy or worse still they have been bought. He has therefore planted a crate marked with the label "El-Alamein & sons" in warehouse number 23, on Zeeburg, which is to be retrieved on a specific date and hour (at night). The crate should be taken back to the Vlaklands, where Sul and three members of the High Guard will await. Should the PCs be successful in their endeavour the Mannikins will be exceedingly grateful to them. Should they get caught during the action, they will be released after five hours (the time Sul and his guards will wait in the Vlaklands) and only half of the agreed fee will be paid. Is Sul really a High Guard Lieutenant? Or is he just a disguised Dark Elf henchman to a necromancer wanting to retrieve a crate, which has by mistake been unloaded in Elfsgemeente? What is in the crate? Spell ingredients for a ritual that may raise the dead of Deedesveld Graveyard? A mummy? Nothing but sacks of grain?

Kallista Soltarhen'radil, Star Captain
Ex-Manniocs-quinsh Sergeant, Manniocs-quinsh (Watchman)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I
5	69	52	6	4	10	93
A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	58	70	57	63	67	70



Skills: Animal Care, Dance, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Etiquette, Excellent Vision, Follow Trail, Haggle, Law – Elthárin, Lightning Reflexes, Read/Write, Ride – Horse, Scale Sheer Surface, Secret Language – Battle & Thieves Tongue, Shadowing, Silent Move – Rural & Urban, Speak Additional Language – Old Worlder, Arabian and Nipponese (although the last is weak), Specialist Weapon – Fist, Fencing Sword, Lasso, Net & Two-Handed, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swim, Very Strong

Trappings: Sleeved mail coat, breastplate, mail coif and helmet, two-handed sword, rapier, buckler, Blue capes with captain's insignia and a silver round clasp with a star inside (Star Captain's insignia) fastened to a red piece of cloth stuck into her belt, whistle, purse with 35 Guilders.

Quotes: "OK, you little Human bigot. You want a brawl? Just wait until I put my sword belt down and I'll give a run for your money. Tomorrow you will see your true face in the mirror. Believe me. It's ugly and bloody."

"Yes, your Excellence. I will see to it that these Humans never bother you again..."

Appearance: Tall (6'2"), slender (139 lbs) yet athletically built; Kallista's body is near perfection. Her head is crowned by a flow of red-brown hair often tied up in a knot to hinder the curls from getting into her face. She has green eyes; however the left iris has a touch of silver-blue, which almost hypnotises people not used to this singularity.

Personality and Motivations: Kallista is a very tough Sea Elf. She doesn't let anyone trample on her toes, and should people insist on doing it, they will bite the dust, so to speak. She is however a multifaceted person, in that she believes in quite opposite and sometimes contradictory principles. She believes in loyalty to her elders, the structure of the clan society (despite being a *NaShathiri* herself) and the freedom of the individual (after having lived her whole life under the strong rules of various hierarchies). Furthermore, she has developed, for a Sea Elf, strange affinities, foremost of them is an almost unquenchable love and admiration for horses. She has made many trips to the lands of Arabia to purchase some of the best horses in the world. She has her own stable (at van Kempen's Stable on Eilbote street in Oudgeldwijk with three Arabian full bloods and two Lipizan horses from Magritta. (Her father is an immensely rich noble on Ulthuan, who has profited from the lucrative trade in luxury items between Nippon and Marienburg.) She

has worked her way to the position of Star Captain, and would very much like to serve directly under the Exarch. Thus she is interested in attaining a position as a High Guard Lieutenant.

Connections: She is on very good terms with Trancas Quendalmanliye, with whom she dines regularly (at least four or five times a month) and she has involuntarily learnt that Trancas did something very bad in his younger days. She does not know what it is and is not interested in knowing more, but she fears the worst. She is respected by her fellow Captains, with the exception of Tinuviel who tried to woo her once but failed. She sometimes rides together with Urdaniel (they both like riding alongside the coastline, admiring the majestic ships sailing into the Manaanspoort) and has befriended his daughter while she visited from Middenheim.

Background: Kallista was born one hundred and twelve years ago on her father's ship bound for the Old World, caught in a storm. Manaan took back one life as he had allowed one into the world. Her mother died from a serious case of puerperal fever, one day after the sighting of L'Anguille's lighthouse. Filled with sorrow, Kallista's father Arcaill nevertheless vowed never to let the death of his beloved wife weaken the love for his newborn daughter. Even though Kallista was born three-weeks prematurely, she was strong and healthy. As she grew up Kallista showed that this force was not only physical but also mental. She was not afraid of searching out new experiences. Even though she showed an intrepid and curious approach to life, Arcaill's daily life was too perilous and irregular (he had to make long and tiresome voyages) for an infant. He left her in the care of distant relatives in Marienburg. She quickly adapted to the life in Elfsgemeente and became interested in the duties of the *Manniocs-quinsh*, since her father's cousin, with whom she stayed, held a position as High Guard Lieutenant. Working her way up through the hierarchy of the Mannikins, she attained the position of Star Captain four years ago. She does not often see her father, as he has retired to Ulthuan and stays there for most of the time. Every three years (for the Exarch's traditional Summer Garden Party) he returns to Marienburg to pay her a visit.

Note: The office of Star Captain was introduced by Ciobahn Ultharion three years after his separation of the *Manniocs-quinsh* into the Sun and Moon Guardians. At first the two organisations were not properly co-ordinated, which resulted in the information about a Fimir raiding party approaching Marienburg from the north not reaching the Sun Guardians. During the night a young Captain woke up for no apparent reasons, driven by a strange feeling. He was the first to see the Fimir and raised the alarm by charging while shouting his war cry. Together with his mutilated body they retrieved a piece of his red cape and a personal family clasp shaped in a ring with a star inside. Since then it has been passed on as the office's insignia. The Star Captain is invariably one of the four *Manniocs-quinsh* Captains. He or she has the task of linking the information gathered by the Moon Guardians to the Sun Guardians and vice-versa. They frequently takes part in the Star Gazers Council's meetings and sometimes even at the High Council. Although the four Captains are formally equal in standing, the Captain holding the title of Star Captain is regarded as a close advisor to the head of the Clan Aisellion in matters regarding the functions of the Mannikins.

A NOBLE FAILURE

Letting it all go Wrong by John Foody

It's a great feeling for players when they successfully complete a scenario and they get to bask in the warm glow of a job well done. With luck they can enjoy the money they've earned, boast of the villains bested and the innocents they've saved. However, this is WFRP, that "grim world of perilous adventure," so success can't happen all the time. Can it? With few exceptions, the official modules tend to assume that the PCs will overcome all obstacles, including their own stupidity and bad luck, to successfully reach their goal. But as any GM knows, wherever players are concerned, there is often plenty of that to go around. Indeed, the price of failure in many modules is so high that the writers appear to be unable to grasp the possibility of it going belly up. From the villain getting away to large scale devastation there is so much room for failure. I'm here to convince you that this is a good thing and can only improve the game.

I know that many games of WFRP have involved the failure of PCs, so I am partially preaching to the converted here. But it is odd that players often remember the rare instances of when it all went wrong, usually followed by the finger of blame being pointed at the guilty party. Not only are such failures fun but they add realism to campaigns. It is this harsh reality that works so well in WFRP. If players always expect things to go well, a real element of the unknown and of danger is removed.

All very obvious you say. It is, but to some degree GMs help players to their goal. If you have spent money or time on a scenario and the PCs go wrong after the first encounter, the GM often guides the party back on track. After all, you want them to experience the adventure, enjoy the set pieces and meet the great NPCs. You may even fudge some dice roles to let characters live or change elements so that players go in the right direction. There is no problem with any of that; it's all standard GM work. However, it is balancing this against the actions of the PCs that is an art. A game where players succeed no matter what they do can never reach its potential and will become stale.

Accepting that failure is an option in a scenario is the first step. You may not know exactly how the PCs will fail but you will have a good idea of what the general outcome will be. This may be that cultists sacrifice the innocents or the Orcs destroy the village. Whatever it is, you should be prepared to see it through. The flip side of this is keeping the scope of the scenario to a reasonable level. A village being destroyed will not have the same impact as the Emperor being assassinated. There is your dilemma. If you write a scenario where your PCs are going to save Karl-Franz, do you fudge it if the PCs fail? I'd argue that you must let the Emperor die, or else there was no point in having the adventure in the first place.

When creating a scenario you should spend some time planning for the unexpected, such as PC failure. In military circles it is recognised that the "Fog of War" means that you will seldom, if ever, proceed as planned and it is recommended that half of planning time is spent on preparing for such contingent situations. Remember "No plan survives contact with the enemy!"

It is the impact of the failure that holds the most possibilities. All those indiscretions and crimes that PCs commit on the way to solving a scenario will not be so easily forgiven. Indeed, the villains of the piece are more likely to be in a position to cause

harm to the PCs, especially if they haven't been uncovered. Even worse, they may have made an enemy out of their patron or those who have helped them along the way. It is even possible that their lives are now in real danger. By the PCs setting out to investigate a plot, they make it known that someone knows, or suspects, what is going on.

It is the enemies the PCs make that can provide so much fun. Nothing works as well as an archenemy who pops in and out of their lives to make things miserable, while reminding them of the fragility of life. However, these have to be played right. Take, for example, Grey Seer Thanquol in the Felix and Gotrek books by William King. His schemes are forever foiled by our heroic pair and in the end he is no longer a figure of danger but instead a figure of amusement albeit one with Rat Ogres and huge warp-power. He is the stereotype masked villain who cries, "Curses, foiled again!" before disappearing in a cloud of smoke. In an RPG campaign, having a villain win from time to time, especially when through the fault of the PCs, makes him a real threat. It also makes them a more interesting character. It makes them realistic and therefore believable. As the PCs uncover more about this figure it can also make things much less clear. One fine moment from my own campaign came when the PCs cornered the villain they had been tracking for months. He convinced them that he was actually fighting on their side, just in a different way. It played on what they knew, enough for them to pause and allow him to strike and escape. So, although they solved the larger plot he was there to fight another day. The players spent some time squabbling over whether he was telling the truth. By the time they finally caught up with him it cost one player two Fate Points but provided much entertainment for them all.

Whether involving a reoccurring villain or not, failure in a scenario offers opportunity for the PCs to make amends later on. A whole series of adventures can arise from the PCs trying to put the genie back in the bottle. With luck (and maybe a gentle reminder) they will also feel a personal obligation towards putting right what they allowed to go wrong. GMs have to do the work for this, but they get to reuse characters and locations from the initial scenario. This is another benefit, not a shortcoming: eventually a sense of attachment to the locale will develop, which will make it all the more poignant when they next fail and the whole place, together with all the inhabitants who they have come to know, is destroyed.

In the end, failure keeps players on their toes. Knowing that if things go wrong, they will be the ones to blame. They could end up in mortal danger, broke, cursed, or just simply on the run: all those situations that, deep down, keep them happy because it is interesting. It makes the world more alive as a breathing, living place where the good guys don't always win and everyone does not always live happily ever after. This attitude/atmosphere is what makes WFRP what it is. Failing also makes success more rewarding when it finally comes. The players will know they earned it, and therefore deserve it. This being WFRP, success is a relative term, but let them enjoy it while they can. So, when you next write a scenario, consider the ramifications of what will happen should the PCs do entirely the wrong thing at the critical moment. Let things go to hell in a hand basket – and let everyone enjoy the ride.

ROADS AND ROAD WARDENS OF THE EMPIRE

By Richard Iorio II

The roads in The Empire are few in number, but very well travelled. Contrary to popular belief maintenance and patrolling of roads is not a function of The Empire. Instead it falls on the shoulders of individual provincial governments. Each province maintains roads within its borders, as well as protecting all travellers. To ensure their safety, provinces have hired road wardens who patrol the roads, and wardens are often the only form of law seen in remote regions. This article deals with not only road wardens but also the roads of The Empire.



Development of Roads

The development of roads in The Empire can be traced to the first Emperor, Sigmar Heldenhammer. When Sigmar began the forging of The Empire he saw the need for roads. That would not only make it easier to move troops and goods, but would also unify all regions of The Empire. The first roads were nothing more than simple footpaths or forest trails but Sigmar realised that he had to make them permanent.

The first major road built was the Old Dwarf Road. Recognising the growing Empire, the Dwarfs saw the need to have an easy-to-travel land route. The Dwarfs offered to build the road; all they wanted in return was free use of it in perpetuity. Sigmar in turn wanted the construction process to be a way for both the Humans and Dwarfs to work together. He stated that as long as his countrymen were involved in the process they could proceed. The Humans learned many new construction techniques while the Dwarfs solidified their relationship with The Empire.

Construction began in 11 IC and took five years to complete. Starting from Black Fire Pass, the road reached the city now known as Wurtbad. Typical of Dwarfen construction it was built to last, and at the time was an engineering marvel. The Human and Dwarf crews first excavated parallel trenches some 40-feet apart to provide drainage for the road. Then using the material taken from the trenches, a foundation twenty feet wide was raised three feet above ground level. Into this foundation 6-inch thick slabs of granite were placed. The road was built as straight as possible, and instead of going around hills, cut through them.

Next, Sigmar commissioned the building of the Altdorf to Middenheim Road in 30 IC. The project provided a much-needed link between the northern and southern regions of The Empire. Unlike the Old Dwarf Road project, the Altdorf to Middenheim road was not paved. Instead a fifty-foot wide swath of forest was cleared and the existing footpath expanded to allow wagon traffic.

Other Emperors were to follow Sigmar's lead and commission road-building projects. It was Sigismund the Conqueror who saw the need for roads to aid

in his military campaigns. The first road he commissioned was the Old Forest Road in 500 IC. Sigismund wanted a way to move his troops easily from the northern regions to the southern borders. Seeking the aid of the Dwarfs, the Old Forest road was built in a similar style to the Old Dwarf Road. It took four years, since the construction suffered many setbacks. The majority of these were raids conducted by tribes of goblins. The Humans and Dwarfs suffered many casualties, but they succeeded in finishing the road.

Sigismund also commissioned the construction of the Great North Road. Aggressive in design, it would link not only Talabheim to Middenheim, but Middenheim to Marienburg. With campaigns in the Wasteland, Sigismund needed an easy route to move troops. The Altdorf-Middenheim Road was good, but was quickly becoming congested with increased traffic. To remedy this, a second route to Middenheim was needed, as well as a land route into the Wasteland. Construction took place in two phases. The first phase took three years and linked Talabheim to Middenheim. To speed up the process, a hard-packed dirt road some 40 feet in width was created. When completed in 508 IC, the second phase of



the project started. Following an existing forest trail, the route was widened some 40 feet. It took five years to finish, due to being delayed by constant attacks from the Wood Elves of the Laurelorn Forest.

The Elves were opposed to roads being built near their lands, not least because they provided easy military access for the new Human empire and brought with them the threat of immigration into Elven lands. The Humans were also clear-cutting much of the forest to provide for the construction of the road. The Elves resorted to many acts of sabotage in order to halt construction, but with little success. Finally they withdrew deeper into the Laurelorn Forest, and strengthened their borders. The second major problem faced by the construction crews was that Sigismund wanted the road built through the middle of the Schadensumpf. This vast marsh hampered construction and caused many deaths.

In 530 IC Siegfried the Lawgiver commissioned the rebuilding of the Altdorf-Middenheim Road. The road that dated back to the time of Sigmar had become the major link between Altdorf and the north. It could not handle the large amount of traffic and Siegfried wanted the road rebuilt in a similar style to the Old Dwarf Road. It was to be widened to fifty feet, and raised five feet above ground level. An agreement was reached with the Dwarfs to begin building the road in 531 IC.

To speed construction two crews were assembled, one in Altdorf and one in Middenheim. A bet was placed on which crew would reach the midway point first and the mixed Human and Dwarf crews worked hard and fast. Three years to the day after the start of construction, the Middenheim crew reached the half way point, and exactly two minutes behind was the Altdorf crew. In the spirit of comradeship, the two crews laid the last brick, made out of gold, together. A regular brick, painted gold, soon replaced this. The original brick was taken away, and its current location is unknown. With the placing of the golden brick, the last major Imperial roadwork project came to an end.



Imperial Roadways

Six hundred years later the Black Plague held a death grip on The Empire and the Skaven leaped at the opportunity to invade. With a lack of funds combined with the destructive tendencies of the Skaven, the road network suffered. It would not be until 1124 IC when Count Manfred Skavenslayer drove the Skaven out that the long, slow process of rebuilding the roads began.

In 1980 IC the Dark Ages (as scholars refer to them) settled across The Empire. The granite slabs that paved certain roads were pulled up and used to build other more useful structures, and the roads began to deteriorate. More importantly, bandits and other groups plagued the roads, and the areas outside of cities became a no-man's land. Roads, for the most part, were deserted, and only the brave, desperate, or foolish travelled them.

The rivers of The Empire have always been important, and with the deterioration of the roads, not to mention the danger road travel posed, many turned to the waterways for the transportation of goods and people. Some rulers still saw a need to maintain their roads, but lacking the necessary funds, their efforts were mainly superficial. Remote regions and those close to rivers saw little need to do even this much and shifted their focus to the rivers. It would not be until Magnus the Pious that the roads once again would become important.

Magnus realised the importance of the roads and saw the need to link riverways together. As a result, Magnus attempted to take control of the roads back. With the growth of the forces of Chaos, Magnus also needed a way to move troops quickly and efficiently throughout The Empire.

In the years before Magnus was declared Emperor in 2304 IC, provincial rulers were free to levy the tariffs or tolls they wanted. Many provinces grew wealthy from these. To make matters worse, there was no uniform toll, and merchants faced different costs depending on province or location. The more important the road was, or the closer you came to a major city, the higher the toll would be. Seeing the end of their easy

money the provincial rulers fought vigorously against Magnus' move. Teamsters and coaching companies were in favour of Magnus' plan and lobbied loudly for a standardised road toll. To drive home their point they went on strike and refused to deliver goods or people. Faced with two angry factions, Magnus acted, and acted quickly.

Twenty-five years into his reign Magnus declared that control of the roads in The Empire would stay with the provinces. In addition, they would be allowed to keep all road tariffs under the stipulation that provinces levy a standardised toll set by the Emperor himself. Magnus went further and decreed that provinces must provide for the safety of all travellers. This meant that they were required to maintain the roads and provide for road wardens to protect all travellers. The money for road maintenance and for the road wardens would come exclusively from the collected tolls. The agreement was ratified in 2337 IC and the current system has been in place ever since.

Today the Imperial Roadways are generally well maintained and patrolled. Many of these roads have also begun to be repaved, and currently there are a number of Dwarf construction projects underway. In addition, there are many small roads that cut across The Empire, but these are often nothing more than two travel-worn ruts, or footpaths that through the years of use have become recognised as roads. Currently in discussion is a proposal for construction of a road from Karak Kadrin to Wurtbad. This has caused a debate over who will pay for it. Ostermark is a poor province and the cost could break the treasury. Stirland, though wealthier than Ostermark, would also be hard-pressed to come up with the needed capital to finance such an undertaking. The Empire has suggested that they finance the project together, and that they would jointly control all tolls levied along it. This suggestion has not been warmly welcomed.



Road Wardens

The groups charged with the task of maintaining the peace along The Empire's roads are collectively known as road wardens. From protecting tollbooths, to enforcing Imperial laws in remote roadside villages, the wardens serve a very important function. Middenland, Hochland, Reikland, Stirland, Nordland, and Ostland are the only provinces that fund and maintain road wardens but even for these the commitment to their wardens varies.

Warden jurisdictions begin where the city limits end, generally recognised as ten miles from the city gates. Within city limits, wardens take a subordinate role to the city watch or local militia. If wardens arrest a criminal outside of their jurisdiction, the law requires them to turn the prisoner over to the local authorities. In addition, wardens are not allowed to enforce laws or arrest criminals within the city limits without the approval of the local magistrate. When investigating a crime within the city limits, wardens are required to contact local authorities and turn the investigation over to them. The above only applies to the major cities or towns in The Empire. For towns or villages without an organised watch, road wardens take the lead in maintaining the peace.

Wardens are typically organised in patrols of five: four wardens led by a sergeant. This can vary and are subject to local conditions, such as bandit activity, greenskins, or forces of Chaos. Patrols are on duty for four weeks and then enjoy a one-week rest period. While on patrol, wardens can stay at any coaching inn and receive free meals. Furthermore all inns must keep at least two rooms available for wardens at all times. (Wardens can issue dockets that allow innkeepers to claim back modest costs for these services from the provincial tolls – but the expenses incurred are never fully covered.) Though many inn owners complain about this requirement, they see the benefit of having a constant warden. Along major roadways, warden patrols are constant; and travellers and villagers can typically expect to see a warden patrol everyday. Along minor roads, one can expect to see a warden patrol at least every three days.

The daily life of a warden is filled with constant travel on horseback. Wardens are underpaid for the dangers they face. From finding bandits to

fighting the forces of Chaos, a warden is in constant danger. Sergeants have seen much in their time with the wardens, and tend to be grizzled veterans. To survive long enough to become a sergeant is a testament not only to their ability, but also to their luck.

The next rung of leadership is captain. Based in rural villages and towns, captains administer the day-to-day operations of the patrols. A typical captain supervises six to ten warden patrols. Captains ensure that tollbooths are staffed, wardens are paid and arrested criminals are dealt with. Promotion to the rank of captain is earned, and only the most skilled achieve this rank. Typically warden captains have seen six to eight years of service, and may well have seen things that would have broken a lesser man. Most are rotated to a new posting every two to three years, the theory being that it minimises corruption. This is normally not an issue, but there have been cases of captains working with criminals or worse.

At the upper level in the warden chain-of-command is the Warden Commander. Based in the province's capital, they are responsible for running the entire operation. The provincial ruler appoints the Commander to the post. In theory this position is based on merit, and only the best are appointed, although in some provinces it has become a political post. It is often not what you know, but whom you know, and some Commanders have attained this position through money and not merit.

Wardens patrol only the roads within their province and this proves a problem when a suspect crosses provincial borders. There are many rivalries between regions and nowhere is this more apparent than in the ranks of road wardens. There is little co-operation, and to make matters worse, they compete when it comes to apprehending criminals.

The worst case of this rivalry is the one that exists between the Middenland and the Reikland wardens. The origin of this feud goes back to the notorious coaching inn murders of 2498 IC. Over a three-year

period a serial killer was stalking the coaching inns along the Altdorf-Middenheim Road. The killer targeted women, and murdered a total of twenty by the time he was discovered and fled south, with a Middenland warden patrol in pursuit. The killer's horse threw a shoe, fell, and broke its leg. While he was pinned under the horse, the Middenlanders went to arrest him but were stopped by a group of Reiklander wardens who had arrived at the scene. As it turned out, the killer had crossed the border into Reikland, leaving the Middenlanders with no jurisdiction. He was taken into custody, and credit for the capture went to the Reiklanders. Accusations of credit-stealing and counter-charges of incompetence rapidly soured matters between the two groups. To this day, both are bitter rivals.

The provincial rulers provide for the funding of wardens. For some provinces, the value of their roads and wardens is high, and extra money is spent on them. For most provinces, however, wardens are poorly equipped and funded. As a result of the low pay it is difficult to find qualified candidates. Reikland and Middenland place a high value on their wardens and all candidates face a two week training period before they are assigned to their first patrol. For Hochland, desperate for wardens, new wardens receive one week of training before they are sent out.



Daily Life of the Warden

The warden's day begins at sunrise, when, after a quick breakfast, they saddle up and begin their patrol. From looking for criminals to checking the integrity of the road, a warden spends most of the day on horseback and protecting travellers. Typically they patrol twenty miles a day, for this is usually the distance between coaching inns.

The general rule told to all new wardens is that there is no normal day. Patrolling is not easy, and the months spent on the road change a person. A warden is worn from the weather and from the sights he has seen. It is a hard life and only those who are strong survive it.

Wardens wanting a more predictable day seek a tollbooth assignment. Two shifts keep twelve-hour watches, and they stay at the booth to ensure that the collected tariffs are safe. Wardens also work to stop the transportation of illegal contraband. All merchant wagons and coaches are inspected, and in the event illegal goods are found the items are seized and the merchant arrested. It is not unheard of for the guilty party to bribe their way out of a jam. It is a common site at many tollbooths to see wardens sitting around and it is hard to distinguish who is on duty and who is off.

Perhaps the best assignment for a warden is acting as village watchman. Relatively safe and easy, this is a common assignment in Reikland and Middenland. They train and organise the militia, and work to enforce the law. Village wardens work twelve-hour shifts but unlike their tollbooth counterparts these shifts are busy. From tracking down roaming 'monsters' to mediating disputes between villagers, most find their days anything but dull.

A warden's uniform is simple in design and consists mainly of a tabard emblazoned with the province's crest; this is worn whenever the warden is on duty. In addition to the tabard, provinces provide their wardens with a chain mail shirt. This shirt is the property of the province and must be returned when the warden leaves the service. The better Provinces also provide two pairs of trousers and a pair of boots each year.

All wardens are issued a hand weapon and often a bow or crossbow. Typically the wardens of Reikland, Middenland, Nordham and Averland use crossbows, while Stirland wardens are split in the use of bows and crossbows. For wardens patrolling the roads the crossbow is the weapon of choice. The bow is preferred for wardens stationed at tollbooths, or assigned to a village posting.

The most important possession to a road warden is his horse. Horses are vital for the work that wardens do. One reason for wardens to be based in villages and in tollbooths is so the wardens have a place to raise and train horses. All horses are given out to the individual warden before going on patrol. Horses are very well cared for, and it is joked among the Hochland



wardens that they are better cared for than them. There have been reports of warden captains selling horses for a profit. When caught and punished, the typical punishment for a horse thief is the stripping of title and then twelve years of hard labour. In Nordland, selling warden horses carries the death sentence.

Views on the Road Wardens

Reiklanders and Middenlanders have a love-hate relationship with wardens. Their roads are relatively safe thanks to well-trained and well-funded wardens. They work hard to ensure the safety of not only travellers, but also residents along the province's roads. Unlike other regions, they actively seek outlaws and other threats that plague the countryside. However, for the common man, wardens (though they can be a bit over zealous) are a blessing. Merchants and other unsavoury types despise wardens due to their rigorous enforcement of laws and tariffs.

Innkeepers personify this love-hate attitude. As a result of all inns having to set aside two rooms for the wardens, from which the innkeeper never sees a profit, innkeepers typically provide the worst food. After all, the law does not require for the freebies to be good, or of a high quality. Nordland has few wardens and they tend to be poorly trained and ineffective in preventing crimes. Many turn a blind eye to lawbreakers if "donations to warden charities" are paid. The organisation is corrupt from the top down, and good wardens are quick to leave, or mysteriously disappear (see below for more details).

Ostland does not see the need to provide for a more skilled force. Ostland is not wealthy enough to fund and support such a large group and instead rely on paramilitary groups and mercenaries to maintain peace within the borders.

Ostland wardens say they are overworked and underpaid, but despite this they do a good job. Innkeepers treat wardens better than in most areas and they make sure to send wardens off with enough to eat while they are on the road. Another interesting trend is that inns are now keeping three rooms free so wardens have more room when they are resting at night.

The views of Averland, Hochland, and Stirland on wardens is similar to those found in Reikland and Middenland. These provinces have many roads and there is a need to patrol them. Unfortunately, they do not have enough money to fund as many wardens as they would like. For those who have dealings with wardens the general opinion is that they do a good job with their limited resources. The complaint from most coaching companies is that wardens in these areas are not that responsive and never available when needed. As a result coaching companies are beginning to fund their own groups responsible for ensuring the safety of coaches. This has caused many problems, namely the lack of jurisdiction these groups have. Innkeepers complain that they are not a regular presence in their common rooms, and when they are there, they do nothing but sleep. Villages who are lucky enough to have wardens stationed there view them as a welcome addition to their communities.



Wardens of Nordland

Based out of the provincial capital of Salzenmund, the Nordland Wardens are a corrupt group. Due to the lack of funding that Baron Weiner Nikse provides, many seek other avenues to earn a living wage. Generally this translates into taking bribes and turning a blind eye. This has changed with the appointment of Franz Leber to the rank of Warden Commander.

Franz Leber (pictured above) has been with the wardens for close to fifteen years. From his first days as a warden, Franz realised that there was no profit in his job. Instead, real money could be made from smuggling, slaving, and highway robbery. In his early years as a warden, Franz made many contacts with petty bandits and smugglers. He agreed to ignore their lawbreaking, and warn them of possible arrest if they cut him into the profits. As Franz rose through the ranks, he became privy to knowledge that he passed on to his associates.

As Franz grew older he became a known figure within the underworld



of Nordland. It was when he was appointed captain and assigned to Grimmenhagen that Franz consolidated his power, organising the various smugglers and outlaws into a collation. To ensure that his group was provided for, some were appointed to positions in Franz's staff. Some outlaws were even made wardens and assigned to duty in tollbooths or on road patrols. This ensured that the group could hide behind the law, and aided in their criminal efforts. Franz was careful not to attract too much attention to himself. He did work to locate criminals and bandits, but these were rivals to his criminal empire. Franz gained a reputation of being tough on criminals and he was relentless in tracking them down. Though the funding for wardens is very minor, Franz managed great results with little funds.

Five years ago Warden Commander Chedwic Malkowsky was found murdered in his bed. Franz was called to investigate and bring the killers to justice. Sensing the chance to rid himself of a rival, Franz took to the investigation. He and his investigators discovered that Commander Malkowsky was linked to a cult dedicated to Slaanesh and had been accidentally killed during a ritual. His men uncovered the secret temple, and in a daring midnight raid killed them all. Heralded a hero, Franz was appointed to the position of Warden Commander.

No one knew the truth behind the murder and investigation. Commander Malkowsky was suspicious of Franz, and secretly investigated him. He was close to discovering his crime ring, and was about to level charges against him. Franz got word of this and had Malkowsky not only killed, but made sure he was discredited as well. He framed the murder on a rival smuggler who had left Franz's organisation so that he could run his own smuggling ring. To ensure that there would be no reprisals he informed Commander Malkowsky of Franz's dealings. Before he could act Commander Malkowsky was murdered, and all the evidence pointed to the smuggler. Provincial law allowed for the killing of all Chaos cultists if they threatened the safety of the province, so Franz labelled the smuggler and his group as worshipers of Slaanesh, and pinned the murder on them.

Due to the lack of funding the province provides for their wardens, they soon learn the value of bribes and graft. Not everyone in the Nordland Wardens is bad; there are some who believe in their job and the work they do. Sadly, the corrupt wardens overshadow the good ones. Wardens who are tired of the dirty dealings and attempt to shine the light on the corruption often find themselves permanently removed from duty.

Though some within the provincial government have their suspicions that Franz is corrupt, no one has been able to find any evidence. Through his running of the crime ring, Franz has grown very wealthy. Yet Franz

goes to great lengths not to display his wealth openly. He is modest in public life, and argues for more funding to help the wardens. Franz is a cold calculating man, and he is quick to use his wardens to end threats to his position.

The uniform of Nordland wardens (pictured on page 39) consists of a mail shirt and blue trousers. Instead of the tabard, Nordland wardens wear a yellow sash draped across their chest. The sash rests on the left shoulder and ends at the right hip. The sash is emblazoned with a black horse with a setting sun behind it. This crest dates back to 2353 IC when the wardens were founded. The sash also displays the rank of the warden. For Wardens the sash is worn with only the crest. Sergeant ranks display with a single horizontal bronze bar, and a single silver bar above the bronze bar displays Warden Captain's ranks. The Warden Commander's display adds a gold star above the silver and bronze bar. Length of service is designated by the addition of a blue stripe to the base of the sash. For every five years of service another blue stripe is added to the sash.

When wardens are attending important ceremonies or events they wear their dress uniform dubbed *stiff necks*: the name derived from the high necked collar of the shirt. The trousers and long jacket are dyed blue and the shirt is white. A yellow ceremonial sash is worn draped from the left shoulder to the right hip. Beside the Warden crest, rank designation, and years of service designation, any medals that the warden has earned are pinned to it. Only Wardens and Sergeants wear the jacket while dressed in the *Stiff Necks*. Warden Captains wear a ceremonial breastplate, draped across the chest of which is their ceremonial sash. Warden Commanders also wear a ceremonial breastplate as well, in addition to a helmet topped with a blue plume.

The central base of the Nordland Wardens is located a mile west of the provincial capital of Salzenmund. Based in Fort Prahlen, this is where the majority of all active duty wardens are sent out on patrol from, and where new wardens receive their training. Captain Albrecht Krugen runs the fort and is responsible for training and supervising the ten warden patrols that begin here. Located in Salzenmund is the Warden Headquarters, where the management of the entire organisation takes place and where Warden Commander Leber secretly runs his criminal empire. The headquarters is in a modest two-story brick building and two warden patrols are based here at all times. The office is where the payroll is kept and where salaries are sent out from every month. Franz's day is filled with various administrative duties as well as ensuring his crime ring continues to make a profit and remain hidden. Aiding him in this is Georg Marx. Georg is Franz's right hand man and has been with him from the start.

The town of Beeckerhoven is the major timber producing area in Nordland. Because of this, four patrols are stationed here and help protect the baron's interest. They are led by Captain Mikhail Blum: a good man who is well respected by the town. Currently on his third consecutive tour, for the past two years Blum has been investigating increased bandit activity in the region. He also suspects that there may be some corruption within the Wardens but has no idea about Leber and his activities.

Smaller, but equally important, is the town of Grafenrich. This timber-producing area also has four patrols stationed here, and Captain Klaus Dor commands them. Klaus is a high-ranking member of Franz's crime ring, and before joining the wardens was known as the Red Mask. The Red Mask was a highwayman who plagued the Middenheim-Erengard Road, and killed many during a two year span. When the Red Mask began to target smugglers loyal to Franz, the Warden Commander was quick to deal with him. Found and brought to Salzenmund, the Red Mask was given the choice of joining Franz's ring or standing trial for his crimes. It did not take long to reach a decision. The Red Mask stood trial, and appeared to be executed for his crimes. Around the same time Klaus joined the wardens and set the record for the quickest promotion in Warden history.

The town of Oldenlitz has two patrols led by Captain Dagmar Noll. Dagmar is corrupt and helps with the smuggling operation but is ineffective and lazy. Two months ago a Warden Road Patrol discovered smuggled Bretonnia brandy in the warden's barn. Franz is angry with this, and is slowly starting the process of bringing Dagmar "to justice".

The village of Seucheshof has one warden patrol stationed here. The

patrol is led by Sergeant Rudolf Zauberlich, once leader of a small group of bandits. The bandits joined with Franz after they were caught stealing from Nordland tollbooths. For a year the group caused much trouble, but they impressed Franz with their daring. The bandits were caught and were hung for their crimes, and Rudolf was assigned to the remote village. Besides protecting the village, Rudolf organises all coach robberies and petty coaching inn thefts.

The village of Grimmenhugen has no warden presence to speak of. This small coaching village relies on a volunteer militia to protect the area. The reason behind the lack of warden presence is the case of Axel Lungenburg. He and his men were obvious in their abuse of power while protecting the village, running a slavery ring out of the warden station. When word reached Franz he was quick to bring them in and he is now looking for the suitable patrol to take over.

Currently there are a total of thirty warden patrols stationed throughout Nordland. A majority of them are corrupt and have ties to Franz's criminal ring. The ones who are not on the take are overworked with the task of protecting the province. The general feeling among the populace is that the only way to have a warden appear is by dropping a few Crowns in the right hand.



Warden Campaigns

Plots with PCs as wardens can make an excellent basis for a campaign. The career of Road Warden is described in the *WFRP* rulebook. For road warden sergeants, use the Mercenary Sergeant profile and use the Mercenary Captain profile for PCs who are promoted to the rank of Warden Captain. Warden Commander is a position that should not be granted to PCs.

PC patrols do not necessarily have to be limited to the warden profile. Any PC, regardless of career, can seek admission into the ranks. Thief careers might seek to join to escape the authorities, while Wizard's Apprentices, or even 1st Level Wizards, might seek to join to cure their desire for adventure. Coachman who have either quit, or have been fired, can easily adapt to the life of a warden. PCs, regardless of whether they are using the Warden profile, are referred to as Wardens. They also enjoy the following benefits: free meals and room while on duty, monthly income, accommodation while off duty, and training.

Wardens earn a salary of five Crowns a month. Wardens are also provided with a horse, weapons, armour, and basic clothing while in service. These are issued when they join and must be returned once they leave the service of the Wardens.

While off duty, wardens are given a place to stay in the barracks, while sergeants are given their own private quarters. Captains, majors and commanders are given their own house. All of this is located at the warden's base in each major city. These compounds are located in the outskirts of the city, and serve as staging grounds for all patrols. Commanders and their staff are located in the provincial capital within the city limits.

By far the most adventuresome warden campaign would be one based on the road assignment. Road assignments offer PCs a chance to do much, and the GM is free in creating numerous adventures. Typical adventures can deal with mutant attacks on coaches, or tracking down slavers plaguing the villages in a region. More involved adventures can deal with investigating mysteries along the road. There are also many opportunities for role-playing events with travellers along the roads or with guests at the coaching inns. For ideas on this type of encounter refer to *Low Life on the Highway (Corrupting Influence)*.

The most rewarding type of campaign, however, may well be the village assignment. Here the PCs are stationed in a small remote village and all the action deals with protecting the inhabitants. This type of campaign offers the players a chance to interact with a recurring cast of locals, and also offers the GMs many hooks for adventures. From missing children to roaming packs of beastmen, such a posting is rich with potential.

THE REAL ENEMY WITHIN?

A Scenario by Tim Eccles

Background

This scenario is set in the village of Schoninghagen, south west of Middenheim city state. The action occurs after *Empire in Flames* and the installation of the new Emperor. It is essentially a role play scenario, and so can be played by characters who have completed TEW campaign (and contains some TEW spoilers), but it can equally well be used as a starting point for a new set of PCs if things ended up a little over-powerful. The village offers scope for all races to be present, and a possible set-up would involve characters arriving from small farmsteads to make their way in the village (or in the "big city" of Middenheim) after serving their initial career apprenticeships.

The scenario is also aimed at helping players to understand the new order of things in The Empire under Heinrich. This, of course, is based on my view for my own campaign, and yours may differ. Essentially, I have assumed that Heinrich is a good ruler, aware of the massive inequality and poverty in The Empire, and is seeking to offer his people a better standard of living. Not only does he genuinely want to help his subjects, but proposed concessions on employment, wages and working conditions are likely to forestall civil unrest and remove some traditional causes of people's turn to Chaos. He believes that hope will do as much to attack

chaos as the sword: Heinrich X's first pledge was to be "tough on chaos; tough on the causes of chaos". Heinrich thinks (plausibly) that social concessions will keep The Empire firm. Of course, such actions please neither the nobility nor the political activists, and this scenario shows players some of these clashes, and the inevitably hard route facing The Empire in the future.

It is quite possible for the PCs to not interact with anything that happens in the village and simply pass through; this is not a failure since the scenario still sets the framework for this 'new' Empire. It is also important that PCs realise that events occur without their involvement as well; the world moves on, even where they do not (choose to) involve themselves. WFRP statistics are not provided since the adventure can be run at differing levels. There is little combat aside from possible brawls with NPCs (who will conform to the general templates of 'labourer', 'militiaman' and the like).

Schoninghagen

Schoninghagen is the largest village within the boundaries of the Middenheim city state, but it is contested by Middenland (*Warhammer City* p96). According to *Warhammer City* (p95) the village has a population of 171, is adequately wealthy (3), deals in timber and trade and has 5 average garrison and 8 militia to guard and police it. It is essentially a



sleepy, well-off suburb by Old World standards. The people are largely Ulrican and are quite tolerant, due to their location; Dwarfs are always welcomed throughout the city state and Elves are not uncommon here. Traditionally, full employment has helped this attitude. The village is a centre for the local timber trade, produces furniture for export to the city, and is on a surprisingly popular trade route. They also have regional coachworks for the Hofbauer-Bodelstein Trading Company (*Corrupting Influence*). Its timber is well known for its quality in the northern parts of The Empire. However, recently things have not been so good. The rise in Chaos seen in *The Enemy Within* Campaign has hit trade due to the dangers of travelling, and the civil war mobilisation from *Empire in Flames* all but terminated business in and through the village. Unemployment followed, businesses went bankrupt and large groups of men and beasts roamed the countryside. Improvement seems likely, however, given the promises of the new Emperor, the receding of the Chaos threat and a new Imperial Order.

Specifically, Schoninghagen consists of (the numbers in brackets correspond to the map overleaf):

Two taverns (1 & 2), which are both basically drinking shacks. Neither has any obvious title, but are called Forester's Axe and Graf's Arms by the locals.

One inn (3): The Stoppelmoor Advance, which is exactly as given in WFRP (p329).

A workhouse/shrine to Shallya (4): It offers basic help to those in need. It is run by four uninitiated sisters of Shallya, and serves as part of their training for the priesthood. One, Hilda Optmann, has been tempted into joining the Guildsmen secretly.

A village hall (5): Two priests, Mikel Bekter & Reul Merton, share the hall – a rather shabby building that also serves as a communal barn in good years. Each has a large 'parish' centring upon the village in which they base themselves.

Unimpressive shrines to Sigmar (6), Ulric (7), Taal (8), Rhya (9) and Mórr. (10), which is alongside the graveyard.

Stoppelmoor Keep (11): Run-down and in urgent need of repair. The local lord, Heinz von Stoppelmoor, lives here with his very small staff.

Hofbauer-Bodelstein coaching house and works (12), which is a fenced compound.

Two guild houses: The Workers' Guild (13) & The Craft Union (14) are both small sheds whose upstairs premises are used for 'offices'.

One smithy (15), run by Olaf Gesith, a taciturn Nordlander, who remains independent primarily because most villagers have need of his monopoly service. One rumour continues to surface that the Hofbauer-Bodelstein

works might open up their smithy to the villagers, but this has not happened yet.

Two factories: Both produce furniture from the local timber. Jurgen Richter (16) and Hans Meier (17) each own one. Both factories consist of a group of nondescript timber buildings, surrounded by a timber fence. The fence is a deterrent, but not a proper defence.

Four warehouses (18), of typical Old World style and condition. These belong to the other four merchants in the village.

Six merchant's villas (19), with some stone at ground level and the radical inclusion of a chimney.

A number of timber rich farmer's houses (20), which are superior to the others primarily in terms of size and garden space.

A range of timber and turf housing for the woodcutters, craftsmen, hunters, labourers, retired, women and children (21). All these consist of a single room with a small garden in which to grow some vegetables.

There are also a new inn (22), three factories under construction (23), houses under construction (24) and the Militia Barracks (25). There are no shops as such, but most ordinary items can be bought from a local fairly easily and cheaply. The same is true in terms of access to skills appropriate to the village and its inhabitants. Since the village also serves the surrounding area, it has a relatively large religious establishment, though mostly of lay priests and initiates.

The Plot

There is no plot as such. The aim of the scenario is simply to have the PCs pass through an uneventful village on their way to or from Middenheim. Of course, this being the Old World nothing is quite so simple. The PCs are brought into contact with two main adventure threads. Both of these are the result of a chaos cultist who is out to cause trouble and social unrest in a village; they both involve the competing interests of merchants and workers. These are an excuse for a GM to begin to showcase some of the nuances that distinguish The Empire under Heinrich from that under Karl Franz.

Guild trouble: Unemployment has caused a deal of unrest in this normally peaceable village and the rather indolent authorities have been 'caught on the hop' by it all. Without any apparent remedy from the religious or secular leaders, a good deal of recent labour trouble has become progressively more militant.

There have always been two craft associations in the village. The Craft Union is a guild for skilled craftsmen, whilst the Workers' Guild is a friendly society for so-called 'unskilled' or 'semi-skilled' labourers. Craft workers have never known unemployment here, and their guild is struggling to reconcile their traditional conservative attitudes with the needs of starving and under-employed members. The Workers' Guild has always struggled to achieve recognition from the authorities, the usually benign economic situation allowing the local authorities not to forcibly close what is probably an illegal movement. However, the current crisis has popularised the movement and led to an increase in solidarity and a rise in their relative political support. The two groups dislike each other, the authorities dislike them both, but traditionally the Craft Union and business owners have tolerated each other for mutual benefit. The Workers' Guild is also (although this is known only to some) a criminal front for the guild head Franck Stamm.

Muller trouble: Muller is the name of a local ruffian and folk-hero, whose identity is unknown and whose anti-authoritarian actions are claimed by each group in the village to support their own. In reality, his purposes and identity are unknown and he serves as simply another variable in the tortured social divisions of the village. Most would probably link Muller to Stamm and his more radical followers, but most ordinary people enjoy seeing the authorities made to look fools.

Wolfgang Zwirner: Into this already troublesome mix comes the 'priest of Sigmar', in reality a chaos cultist out to stir up trouble for a little fun. The scenario begins when he meets our PCs and they enter the village.

Dwarfs and Elves in the Village

One point about my own campaign, possibly relevant here, is that Elves and Dwarfs do not necessarily dislike each other. I play The Book of Grudges as being an individualistic thing; that is, individual Elves, and tribes, are named, but not the entire race. Since the Wood Elves are essentially a post-Dwarf/Elf War culture, there are fewer mentions of them in the Book. There are also other records including a Book of Contracts and a Book of Favours, and the Elves are named more positively in these. Lastly, the Imperial Dwarfs swore an oath to "honour the scatterbrains" until the Chaos Dwarfs were exterminated; whilst this is not binding on the other Dwarf cultures/tribes in my campaign, it is a generally tolerated position. All of this is because I find that the Dwarf animosity as presented in WFRP is simply unplayable, in terms of party mechanics and the arbitrary method of rolling for psychology. To have all Dwarfs have animosity to all Elves is simply racist and that is not a 'neutral' attitude. Quite rightly, players prefer to create more individualistic characters and do not enjoy being forced into such straitjackets. The importance of this is that both Dwarf and Elf NPCs are found here, and they do not immediately fly at each other's throats - though they might later decide to do so of course!

The Cast

Heinz von Stoppelmoor is nominally lord of the village. Nominal because his family has been so forgotten that successive Grafs have not formally removed his power. He is a typical country squire eking out a living; being unmarried, he will be the last of his line here. His keep was never really meant to serve as anything more than a token of lordship, and has been allowed to degenerate. It is now mortgaged to Jurgen Richter.

Jurgen Richter (pictured page 46) is the real power in the village, because he is a successful businessman. He owns one factory, will soon buy the other and is responsible for all the new construction. He is pretentious and obnoxious, and 'knows' that money can buy anything. He lives in a villa, but is already planning the renovation of the Stoppelmoor Keep. His family have lived in the village for generations. Most locals suspect that the Richters are crooks, but that they have looked after the village with the proceeds of their activities. Most recently, Richter has funded some banditry under the cover of the recent troubles.

Hans Meier owns the other furniture factory, but has been badly hit by the recent troubles. He has also found himself the target of labour upheavals. The other merchants who live in the village are simple buyers, transporters and sellers. All of them have struggled recently, and are considering various offers from Richter.

Petit-Sergeant Kelso leads the garrison and the militia. Both he and his men are fairly honest. They know very well that they have to live in the village and therefore turn a blind eye to certain minor indiscretions. However, one of the militia (**Gustav Holst**) is openly a Democrat, and one (**Otto Deutsh**) is secretly a Guildsman. Kelso has fought Chaos in Kislev.

Franck Stamm is the elected head of The Workers' Guild, which owns a large hall in the centre of the village. The Guild is a workers' union and

friendly society, currently campaigning for higher wages, less hours and better conditions. They are currently targeting Meier's factory. In fact, the Guild is a cover for a protection racket and other criminal activities. Of its fifty members, fifteen know its true nature. It does good works for the poor with its illegal gains, and is popular among the needy. Its members may also be Socialists or Democrats.

Thomas Kneckte (pictured page 47) is head of the Craft Union, which also owns a hall opposite to the Guild. The Union serves construction, coach, woodwork and agriculture workers. However, it is only open to "craftsmen", and whilst it also offers welfare support, it is less popular with the majority who see it as elitist. It is, but uses this to ensure its own members receive better wages and conditions. It has about thirty members. Two of its members are secret Guildsman spies, some are Democrats and a couple are Socialists. GMs should note that the two organisations have some eighty members in total, which is effectively every working man, woman and child in the village as very few are not members of one or the other.

Conrad Reizman (pictured page 47) is technically the village leader, and is an honorary lay priest of Rhya. He is the Elder, 'appointed' by the Graf on the advice of the overlord. In reality, he is losing any control that he may have had; the rise of Stamm and Kneckte, and of Richter, have left him largely an irrelevance. He has tried to force Kelso into action, but the Sergeant cannot foresee any problems, and cannot act without evidence of some crime. He is scared, and afraid to admit that he is losing control. On top of this, he has elven concerns.

Toyarriel Laldryami is the forestry technical supervisor, reporting to Reizman. Allavandriel Fanmaris (WC, p84) persuaded the Graf that the village's timber should be taken carefully, in order to preserve stocks and hunting in the region. The Laurelorn sends a supervisor to ameliorate the



environmental damage done by the villagers. Each supervisor spends only six months, as it is soul destroying work to them. With all the new construction, and Richter's new factories, Toyarriel is demanding that Reizman act to stop work at once. However, the jobs created are desperately needed, and Reizman dares not.

Ralls Longbeard is a Dwarf historian of some renown, who has lived here for three years whilst he completes some theses on Dwarf history. He has uncovered some interesting artefacts in this area, suggesting a Dwarf habitation on the site at some point in the past, and thus stayed a little longer than he originally intended. He is planning to leave soon. He runs a few classes for the village children at the Workhouse, and is a popular figure. He has also become rather friendly with the Shallya initiate **Hilda Optmann**, and is unsure how to proceed; the feeling is reciprocated, but the relationship has many cultural stigmas. He also finds Toyarriel Laldryami likeable, largely as a result of their joint interest in history. He dislikes Grimli Evesson and his intolerance, but is bound by a family obligation to assist him.

Grimli Evesson is a Dwarf engineer born in Middenheim. He has been employed by Richter to investigate the potential uses of wood-fired machinery in his factory. Laldryami, the Guild and the Union have just discovered this fact and are all horrified. He is a very single-minded and stubborn Dwarf, who cares for nothing but machines and indulging his hatred for Elves. Bearing in mind his birthplace, and the fact that he knows little of true Dwarf culture, this hatred has little basis, but Ralls has found it impossible to discuss the subject. Grimli thinks that Ralls is a traitor to his race.

Johann Frondei is an agitator and a Unionman, who works in Meir's factory as a designer. He is a Democrat, who believes in Emperor Heinrich's ideals, but who also believes in a broader spectrum of political enfranchisement. He talks of universal democracy, but in reality wishes to see a property-based vote to complement the role of the nobility.

Vladimir Illyichinov is a Kislevite émigré, and a Socialist agitator. He abhors the nobility, and calls for a reallocation of wealth. He was thought to be a harmless crank, but has gained support in the recent troubles. He and Kelso are actually good friends from their days fighting Chaos, although Kelso is a committed Imperialist. This may help explain the failure to capture him, despite a 10GC reward for information in these hard times. One of the merchant's caravaners is a Socialist and he imports pamphlets for him from Otto's Printworks in Middenheim (*Apocrypha Now 2*).

Wolfgang Zwirner is a missionary. He has documents from Arch Lector Kaslain ordering that he be granted every courtesy. Note that the fact that Kaslain is dead does not invalidate them in a world of slow communications. However, they are forged, and Zwirner is really a cultist of Tzeentch. The forgery was done by Dirk Oester of The Sign of the Quill in Marienburg (WD135) and is very good; only characters with the skills Evaluate, Read/Write and two of Etiquette, Heraldry and Law, could tell on a successful Intelligence test. Nor does anyone in the village know enough theology to see through his charade, and although both priests may have their private doubts, the letter will convince them. There is also a letter of introduction to Oester, which was meant for Zwirner to pass on to a colleague. Oester thought that Zwirner was simply on the run; he would be horrified to find out that he had helped a cultist (but would the PCs believe him?). The letter can be used as a resource for PCs passing on to Marienburg, should they require help or wish to blackmail him. Zwirner's plan is to lay the seeds of chaos by preaching a message of bigotry and intolerance. Normally the villagers would be scornful of this "Sigmarite priest", as they are surprisingly tolerant Ulricans. However, the recent crises have caused hardship and fear, ripe grounds for prejudice. Zwirner claims to represent a neo-Unberogen sect of Sigmar, called the Sons of Sigmar, who argue that the Unberogen tribe is the true racial heart of The Empire. He claims to have made researches that show that the village consists of true racial Unberogens, who have had their Sigmarite inheritance stolen by... well, simply insert any minority group that suits

TIMELINE

Day One

- 3pm: PCs meet Zwirner outside the village, arrive to a local holy day and witness a Unionmen meeting. Trouble erupts.
- 4pm: Meier offers the PCs a job to watch his factory.
- 5pm: Grimli delivers tirade against Elves.
- 7pm: Village burgers meet behind closed doors, whilst Unionmen meet outside.
- 8pm: Richter argues with Laldryami, who is then beaten up. Evening feast commences. Guild and Union hold meetings. Illyanovich leaflets the Union.
- 8.30pm: [Onwards] Meetings break up, festivities continue but Guildsmen and Unionmen get drunk and start fights. Unionmen push around one of the merchants. Laldryami is seen lecturing von Stoppelmoor. Zwirner gives his first speech. Richter and Bekter or Richter and Zwirner meet.
- Midnight: Arson attack on Meier's factory by Guildsmen working for Richter.

Day Two

- 3am: Muller rapes and kills the daughter of Lorn Schmeiss in her own home. Zwirner plants the necklace from the girl he killed on the drunken Klaus Reimen, lying outside in the open.
- 3.30am: Muller raids another merchant's house, though PCs might note that the distance between this and the other house makes it impossible for it to be the same person.
- 9.00am: Zwirner lectures Richter's workforce. Klaus Reimen sells the necklace.
- 10.00am: Reimen is arrested and incarcerated for suspected murder, once the necklace from the missing girl is traced to him.
- 10.30am: A forester discovers the strongbox stolen from Schmeiss in the woods. A farmer's wife and daughter from an outlying farm are reported missing. Captain Fleister and his men arrive. The inn is filled.
- 11.00am: Zwirner blesses the new factories, but then proclaims the dwarf machine a sacrilege. The Guildsmen start a riot. Zwirner is taken to the Guildhouse to celebrate. Richter meets with Kelso and Reizman to demand action against Zwirner. Grimli goes to find Zwirner armed with a crossbow while Ralls chases after him.
- Midday: Richter, accompanied by Kelso, orders the Guildsmen back to work. They are met by a hail of abuse and retreat. The Guildsmen call a strike.
- 5pm: The halfling merchant Blibby Longtoes arrives and leaves.
- 6pm: Ralls, out with Hilda, is verbally and physically abused.
- 8pm: Toyarriel Laldryami leaves the village.
- 9pm: Zwirner visits von Stoppelmoor's keep.
- 11pm: Zwirner throws a bomb at the Shallyan workhouse

Day Three

- 6am: Zwirner departs.
- 7am: Illyanovich is seen leaving Stoppelmoor's keep.
- 9am: von Stoppelmoor is found dead.
- 10am: The Middenlander soldiers leave.
- 11am: The Unionmen elect to strike.

your needs here. No one these days in The Empire has any idea of their pre-Sigmar tribal origins, and in any event the Teutogens lived in this area. It is extremely unlikely that PCs would realise this, though, unless a character is very lucky with a History skill check. non-Humans are the easiest target for this ploy, but so too are Human immigrants and the rich: both Laldryami and Grimli (with his machine) are trying to take away Human jobs; Ralls is stealing Unberogen heirlooms and Human women;

Halfflings are all fat and lazy, etc. Zwierner is interested in causing maximum disturbance, and (as a priest of Sigmar) is technically in charge of Captain Fleister.

Captain Fleister is commander of a troop of twenty infantry raised as part of a support group for the Templars of the Fiery Heart. After the civil war had been avoided, The Empire was awash with soldiers. Heinrich decided to put some of them to use, before they did any harm, by organising them into forces who could be sent out on chaos purges. Not only did this keep the troops out of trouble, but also travel and trade are beginning to flourish once more. This troop has just completed a tour of the Drakwald Forest. Whilst the villagers appreciate their work, these soldiers are both Sigmarite and Middenlanders. The troops are looking for some relaxation after their tour, and before returning to their base in Middenland. Kelso is worried about his ability to control their 'relaxation'. Fleister is a good soldier, but two of his men are genuine Sons of Sigmar, a sect that believe in the purity of tribal origination and that Sigmar's tribe, the Unberogens, were chosen to lead and dominate The Empire.

Mikel Bekter is the resident priest (though technically an initiate) of Ulric, a passive man happy in this quiet village. He has no idea how to cope with the social unrest, nor even of the official Ulrican position on any of these issues.

Ruel Merten is the local priest of Taal, who also maintains the local shrine to Rhya together with Reizman. He dislikes Reizman, whom he feels is unfit to represent Rhya and has no sense of natural balance. He generally gets along with the Elven overseers sent, but has never really been able to understand Laldryami.

Sigmund Dorf is an ordinary forester. He is also an agent and spy for Middenland, although it is highly unlikely that he will reveal this. He does own a document to this affect, which would give him command of Fleister and his troops should he choose to reveal it. He is a Guildsman, and although not involved, has an inkling of the Guild's real activities.

Muller is the name of a mysterious criminal, who has a 10GC bounty on his head. He has some popularity with the peasants because his crimes are aimed at the merchants and wealthy farmers. He has tended to rob, although he also torched one of Meier's buildings after he was forced to lower wages. He scrawls "Muller was here" type messages at the scene of his crimes. There is one claim of rape at a burglary of one of the richer farmers, but most do not believe it is anything more than an attempt to discredit Muller by the authorities, or a wife who was caught cheating her husband. Muller is actually a cover for the Guild's activities, and a Guildsman did badly rape the woman, as Kelso will confirm to anyone

Politics

To some extent the politics described in this adventure depends upon that established within the GM's own campaign. WFRP is remarkably silent on the politics of peoples within The Empire. The Craft Union and Workers' Guild fit easily into the framework set out for guilds in Warpstone 18, but the terms Democrat and Socialist are used in this adventure in a more general way. If the campaign already has similar political groups, the GM should substitute these. 'Democrat' within the adventure is referring to a group who believes in a wider suffrage, but still inherently in the 'natural' order of the existing world, including the role of the Emperor and the nobility. Their democracy would essentially be based upon property ownership and would be for the 'deserving' members of society. Socialism is a revolutionary creed here, aiming to establish a true democracy of the people for the people by the overthrow of the nobility and other elites. Some members probably naively envisage a peaceable transfer whilst others are ready for a war.

asking. The name, however, will become used by all of the proponents in the coming events as a sort of universal call sign.

The Train of Events

Help Needed

As the PCs approach the village, they hear two cries of "Help!" and three beastmen explode from the undergrowth. Zwierner, to lend credence to his story, waited with them close to the road for a party able to kill the beasts. He then ordered them to attack, and ran out and up the road, appearing to flee. He will happily help kill the beastmen, since they have served their purpose in getting him safely into The Empire's heart.

Rangers and Elves will not hear the beastmen before the attack, because they were well hidden and waiting. Let them roll if you wish, but the odd fact that beastmen chasing a priest made no sound should be a clue for the truly observant.

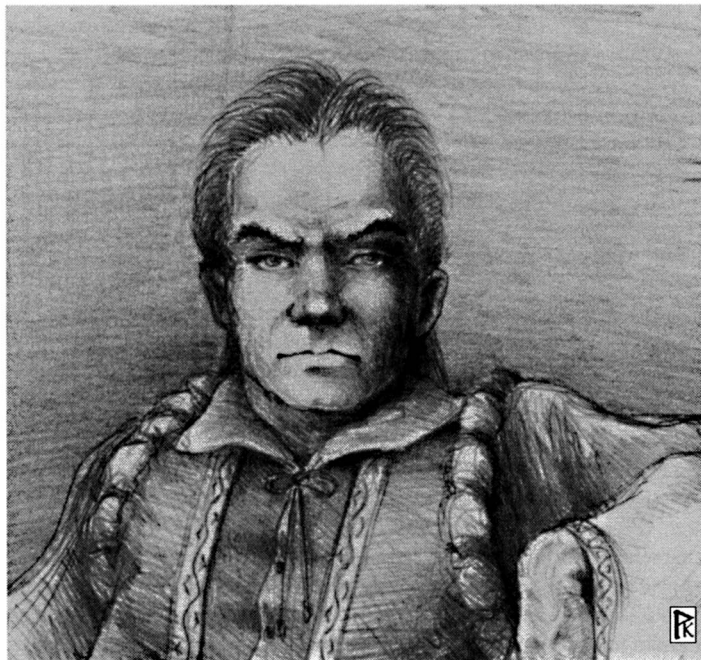
Zwierner will be grateful and friendly and seek to accompany the PCs into the village. He will offer them drinks and lodging at the inn. He has plenty of money (at least 50GCs in ready cash, and a necklace worth at least 20 GCs, which he will keep discretely on him). This is partly because the abused corpses of a rich farmer's wife and daughter are lying in the Drakwald Forest, having been waylaid returning to the village. They will be reported missing the following morning.

Welcome to Schoninghagen

As the party arrives in the village, they see an open air meeting on the village green. It is being harangued by Illyichinov, who is calling for the overthrow of the nobility, the freeing of the masses and the closing of all temples. Zwierner will listen interestedly. Shortly, Kelso and three soldiers start to wade through the gathering of thirty. Illyichinov will curse the lackeys of imperialism and run off. No-one will attempt to stop him. Should the PCs attempt to, Kelso will be officially grateful and secretly annoyed.

Zwierner is as good as his word, and will buy lodging for the night and meals for the PCs. The only inn is the Stoppelmoor Advance, named after a military victory over Goblins in the times when the Stoppelmoors amounted to something, should anyone ask.

What follows is a series of events that PCs are free to interact with, or not. Should PCs not involve themselves, then a series of civil disturbances will occur that the local militia will be able to manage (albeit with help from some local Middenland soldiery), a girl's killer will escape and Lord von Stoppelmoor will be slain. None of this in any way impinges upon the PCs and they are quite free to move on or watch from the sidelines. The GM will also need to run the events with an eye to the storyline and the characters involved. The cast of characters has already been outlined. What follows is a general statement of intents and actions. Use as you see fit to throw these at your players.



Day One

It is a holiday in the village, called by the priest of Ulric to honour the new Emperor. Many people are around, dressed in their best. Attractive female PCs will receive attentions from country bumpkin youths, who will not be able to understand or accept the word “no”. The festival itself is rather nondescript and seems to consist simply of not having to work. A religious ceremony is held in honour of Ulric, but few locals can recall what the festival is celebrating. It appears to be an excuse for most to get mildly drunk. Normally, villagers would get very drunk, but the recent hard times and the political undercurrents have kept everybody a trifle anxious.

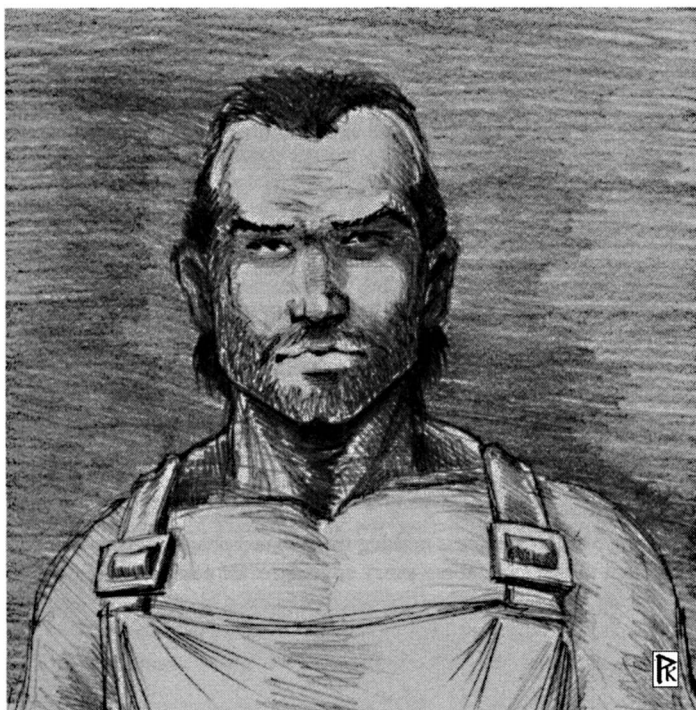
Frondei will address a meeting, stressing the future and looking forward to an evolving political structure. About forty will listen to him, of whom about ten are Guildsmen who will start some trouble: throwing things, etc. Have a PC hit to liven things up. As people flee, the Unionmen in the crowd will seek to protect Frondei, and a brawl will occur. Kelso and about six men will arrive, but will be late, as Deutsch will contrive to delay them. No arrests will be made.

Grimli tells the regulars in one of the taverns that their jobs are in jeopardy, because of Elf objections to his machines.

There is a meeting of the village council, outside of which Frondei will again be lecturing a small audience of about a dozen. The meeting is private and is to discuss logging, Richter’s new machine, the building programme and the general employment position. The Elder, priests, merchants, technical supervisor and Kelso are all present. Toyarriel Laldryami will be seen arguing with Richter outside the village hall, and will leave the meeting. The Guildsmen and others will jeer him. Observant PCs may also notice half a dozen men discreetly following him. They will beat him up, if not prevented, once he has left the environs of the hall. These people are Guildsmen who will don hoods. They will flee if interrupted; they will not seek a fight and do not want to be caught.

Rumours of Richter’s machine are spread widely. Both the Guild and Union call meetings. Illyanovich leaflets the Union on the evils of mechanisation; few can read, of course.

Richter is currently in an uneasy alliance with the Guildsmen. He is paying their “insurance” in order to close down his competitors, but is beginning to look towards the removal of the Guild. Perhaps the PCs may help out here? In the meantime, it is he who pays for the beating up of Laldryami.



That night, he also pays three Guildsmen for an arson attack on Meier’s factory.

Meier is looking for a new night-watchman, after Muller attacked the last. No villager he trusts will take the job. He will pay up to two PCs 5 shillings a night. Foiling the arson attempt will earn a 5GC bonus. Watchmen will miss the party, unless they bunk off.

There is a feast and bonfire in honour of the crowning of an Ulrican emperor. However, it is not a happy affair given the news and rumours. After the day’s forbearance, Guildsmen and Unionmen get drunk and start fights. One of the merchants is pushed around by Unionmen. Zwirner gives his first speech, much more impressive than Mikel Bekter’s stuttering welcoming, and lays a few seeds of doubt. Non-Human PCs may receive some verbal abuse from drunks.

Jurgen Richter and Mikel Bekter may be seen in conversation. Richter is explaining to Bekter that he should not call such a public holiday again. Bekter is visibly shaken and goes to find Reizman. He shrugs off the “advice” as just that, but privately is increasingly worried.

Laldryami is seen lecturing von Stoppelmoor to get him to act in honouring the Graf’s tree agreements, but leaves quickly after Zwirner’s speech starts. Von Stoppelmoor gets drunk.

Richter and Zwirner chat, and later meet at his villa. Zwirner offers to help solve the labour problems with a blessing and his polemic against foreign shirkers. Richter agrees to allow Zwirner to attend his talk in the morning and bless the new factories.

‘Muller’ rapes and kills a young girl, the daughter of the merchant Lorn Schmeiss, in the safety of her own home, after she had been safely escorted there by the clerics of Taal and Sigmar. He also stole a strongbox holding 100GCs, which was later found empty in the forest. What actually happened was that after dropping her off and then splitting up from Ruel Merten, Zwirner returned, and was allowed in by the trusting girl.

‘Muller’ raids another merchant’s house during the night. Actually, this was an opportunistic action by two Guildsmen who get very little, and are chased off by a servant.

Zwirner plants the necklace from the girl he killed prior to the scenario’s opening on a drunken forester, Klaus Reimen, who sells it to a militiaman for 2GCs.

Day Two

Reimen is arrested and incarcerated for suspected murder, once the necklace from the missing girl is traced to him by Kelso.

Zwirner lectures Richter's workforce, explaining to them the causes of their problems. Richter begins to question his judgement in allowing him to speak. Anti-Dwarf and Elf feelings are now running high.

A range of badly written graffiti appears, it is being copied from originals given out by Illyichinov, Stamm and Zwirner.

Captain Fleister and his men arrive. The inn is filled; I hope that the PCs booked their whole stay....

A halfling merchant, Blibby Longtoes, arrives. He can find nowhere to stay, and no villager will put him up. He is forced to continue his journey to Middenheim. He is prepared to hire the PCs as extra protection for 4/- per day, but they must leave at once.

Richter announces that wages must be cut and hours lengthened in the new factories in order to ensure their survival. He promises that things will improve in the long run, and that Sigmar's blessing will guarantee this. Zwirner blesses the new factories, but then proclaims the Dwarf machine a sacrilege and a Dwarf plot to destroy Human jobs. The Guildsmen start a riot, destroying the machine and chasing Grimli to Ralls' house. Fortunately, Kelso restores order quite quickly with the help of Fleister.

Ralls, out strolling with Hilda, the initiate of Shallya, is verbally and physically abused by the Sons of Sigmar, who lead on some six Guildsmen. Fleister balks at acting against a Sigmar priest, and there is much support for Zwirner. He is taken to the Guildhouse to celebrate, and becomes popular when he takes the whole Guild to a tavern for drinks. It is not his money after all! He very quickly persuades Stamm to follow his ideas. From now on, unprovoked attacks on non-Humans will take place in the village.

Grimli swears an oath of revenge on the meddling priest, and goes to find him, armed with a crossbow. Ralls chases after him, pleading for him to stop.

Meanwhile, Richter meets with Kelso and Reizman to demand action against Zwirner. Richter, accompanied by Kelso and six men, order the Guildsmen back to work. They are met by a hail of abuse and thrown items. Things start to get ugly. Kelso retreats slightly and sends for all his men.

In their drunken stupor the Guildsmen decide to call a strike. They shout for the Unionmen in the coachworks to join them and are told to #*%\$@ off. Zwirner calls for retaliatory action, and the Guildsmen start towards the works. They are accompanied by other patrons, including many of the off-duty soldiers. Kelso and his militia block the avenue, until Otto Deutsh (the secret Guildsman) announces that he will not stand against honest Imperialists. The others begin to waver. Grimli and Ralls then arrive. Allow the PCs to determine what happens here. Fleister will arrive with his remaining troops in two minutes, although the two Sons of Sigmar at the least will stay with the Guildsmen, and Fleister must make a Leadership test to control the rest of his men.

Toyariel Laldryami leaves the village, unless the PCs do something to make him believe that it is worth staying. This will spoil good relations between the Elves and Middenheim. It will earn the PCs political favour from both if a solution can be found, although the PCs may not realise this at the time.

Zwirner will leave that night. He has already cased von Stoppelmoor's keep, and will call round in the evening, ostensibly to use the keep's shrine to Sigmar. He will kill the unsuspecting von Stoppelmoor, creeping out and then throwing a bomb at the Shallyan workhouse before staying the night at the keep. He will desecrate the small altar to Sigmar and leave at dawn with about 200 GCs of contraband. This stuff will need a good fence, but he knows of Pfandleiher's (WC, p39).

Day Three

Day three concludes the action, though leaves many plot hooks. A chaos cultist has sown discord and moved on. Illyanovich will be seen leaving Stoppelmoor's keep early in the morning, and the murder will be discovered. Actually, to make ends meet, Stoppelmoor has been hiding Illyanovich and providing him with bed and breakfast. Illyanovich was drunk last night and heard nothing. Of course, who will believe a noble-hating foreigner, besides his friend Kelso? This is the only real part of the adventure that PCs are likely to be able to solve.

Richter and Grimli will still probably be out to destroy the Guild, and may use PC help if they can get it. The Unionmen elect to strike after much debate, and demand that Richter calls an independent mediator from Middenheim. Again, Richter may employ PCs to persuade workers back. He will also pay 5/- a day to strike breakers. In fact, Richter always has need for muscle; whose bandits do you think have been preying on merchant traffic? Heinrich's social and economic reforms are likely to be able to ameliorate such troubles, but workplace negotiations are certainly not likely to be skills that the average bunch of adventurers will possess. Such occurrences are, however, likely to appear more frequently on their travels as modernisation slowly takes a foothold within The Empire. Strife will always be a source of work for certain groups of hired muscle, too. The Middenlander soldiers will also leave in the morning. Where to, and in what state, will depend upon events.

Within and around the village, there are many unsolved crimes that the PCs can investigate; banditry, murder, theft. Kelso will be able to afford 5/- a day plus basic board and lodging for extra militia for at least a week, following the events of the last two days and the uncovering of Otto Deutsh. Do not forget also that the picket lines that will have to be policed, the "scabs" will have to be escorted into work and the company property will need protecting from strikers. Richter is a most promising NPC 'villain', as the cause of much of the banditry and village unrest. He has many enemies who might be willing to pay to be rid of him, just as he will pay for his own protection. Things might get very nasty before Middenheim decides that it is necessary to involve itself more formally.

Conclusions

As stated before, this is not a normal scenario, but more a matrix of ideas in which PCs can interact. Good role-playing and lateral thinking can affect events, and GMs need to incorporate this into the developed timeline. On the other hand, simply reacting to events should provide some decent experience and lessons learned about this new Empire. Some loose ends remain, however.

Catching Zwirner: The PCs are not intended to catch Zwirner, although good work might do so. They might well elect to follow his trail after the murder. Zwirner's disappearance is suspicious enough, but might not prevent Illyanovich being hanged for the killing. It is possible that the PCs are suspicious after the beastmen in the forest, his generally troublesome preaching, his (forged) warrants, and so on, and may - with good role-playing - manage to follow him secretly and witness some of his activities.

Stopping the unrest: Short of being nobles or super-heroes - or both - the PCs cannot. Unrest like this is to be found throughout the countryside but the economy is once again settling itself down and the traditionally prosperous regions like this will then return to normal. However, unrest will still continue in poorer areas and Heinrich will need to decide whether to enforce his social programs or to allow the local nobility to crush such opposition. This theme should be developed in other scenarios as part of the background to events.

Catching Muller: Muller is nothing more than a phantom here; PCs must learn that they cannot solve every adventure. Of course, noble PCs can always catch any old peasant and attempt to force his execution through a servile court. Things need not change too much under Heinrich!

Uncovering Stamm and his criminals: PCs ought to vacate the area very quickly!

TALABHEIM

Part Five: From Butcher to Silversmith

Demi-Humans

Standing at three hundred or so individuals, Talabheim has the second largest population of Dwarfs in the northern Empire (Middenheim has far more). Most of the Dwarfs live within a section of the Silbertor district known as Khazid Angaz, or “Iron Town.”

The history of the Dwarfs in Talabheim is long and mostly bitter. Their warriors and artisans are said by the dwarfs to have accompanied Talgris when he led the Talabec tribe into the crater, and the Dwarfs were involved in the construction of Talabheim’s first fortifications and the East Road. The Dwarfs also built the now infamous Tarnhelm Keep upon the solid foundations of some ancient ruin from the time before the Elf-Dwarf War. Its origins are not certain; the ruins are definitely not Elven.

For many years the Dwarfs were an important part of Talabheim life, the defence of the city and its commerce. Things took a turn for the worse in 1360 I.C. when Duchess Otilia gave refuge to Ar-Ulric at her court and declared herself Empress. Fanatical Ulricans from across The Empire descended upon Talabheim and, in support of the Sigmarite Heresy, Otilia outlawed the cult of Sigmar. The fallout from the anti-Sigmar riots also affected the Talabheim Dwarfs, with many fanatical Ulricans suspecting them of being agents of the Grand Theogonist. Battles raged across Khazid Angaz as the Dwarfs defended their homes. Many on both sides died until Otilia’s soldiers separated the combatants. The Talabheim nobility not only knew the importance of the Dwarfs to Talabheim’s prosperity, but they feared antagonising the Dwarf Empire of Karaz Ankor should the mob succeed in slaughtering the Dwarf population.

Suspicious of the Talabheimer nobility and Ulrican clergy, the Dwarfs knew they must tread softly or face renewed persecution. They began slowly to fortify their homes, and the Iron Town in general. In 1547 I.C., a political settlement between the Graf of Middenheim and Ar-Ulric allowed the latter to return to Middenheim, but this did little to allay the Dwarfs’ concerns since the Ulrican hierarchy in Talabheim still contained anti-Sigmar fanatics. A few years later, with Middenheim and Talabecland at war against

each other, severe shortages in food and other provisions forced the Talabheim authorities to impose a draconian rationing program. The amount allotted to the Dwarfs was less than the poor classes received. However, Dwarf losses were far lower than those of the general populace, due to the Dwarfs’ ability to live off their ale and years of hoarding dried food in secret cellars or behind false walls.

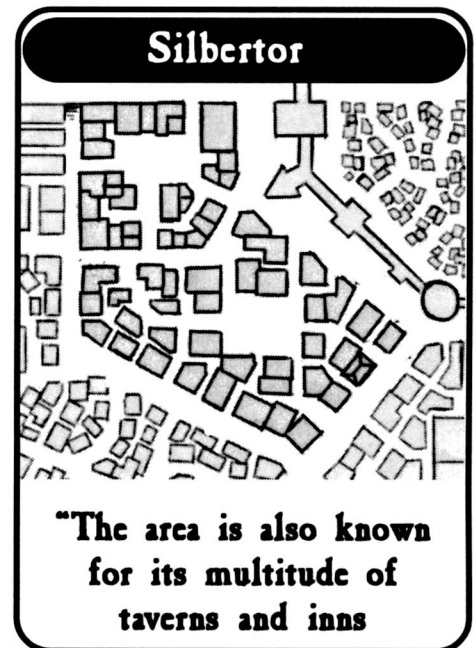
The Dwarfs’ sufferings were repeated during the rationing implemented during the 1900 Ungol invasion, as well as in 2010, during the War against the Vampiric Counts of Sylvania, and the 2122 invasion by the forces of the Kislevite Tsar. The restoration of The Empire in 2304 under Magnus the Pious seemingly ended the Dwarfs’ troubles. Unfortunately, recent tensions between the cults of Ulric and Sigmar and the rumoured enfeeblement of the Emperor may signal another period of hardship.

Currently, there are five Dwarf clans in Talabheim: the Ironhelms, Stonefists, Steelclads, Mightyhammers, and Earthbracers. The Ironhelms are the largest of the clans and its Elder, Skaldor Ironhelm, is the chair and spokesman of the Elder Council. Many among the city’s government, as well as in the Peer House, mistakenly consider Skaldor to be the leader of the Dwarfs. The fact of the matter is that if there is anything that could be interpreted as a government it is the Elder Council itself – no single individual has the power to direct them, even when one is (temporarily) permitted to lead them.

As may be expected, Dwarfs make up a considerable portion of Talabheim’s armourers, blacksmiths, jewellers, militia, soldiers, and stonemasons. There are some, however, who take up other professions, such as merchants, rat catchers, tradesmen, and watchmen. Bardin Stonefist, Clan Elder, is one of the more successful merchants in the city. Bardin has not only cultivated favourable trade arrangements with Karak Kadrin in the Worlds Edge Mountains, but he also represents the interests of Director Arkat Fooger of Marienburg (See *Marienburg: Sold down the River*.)

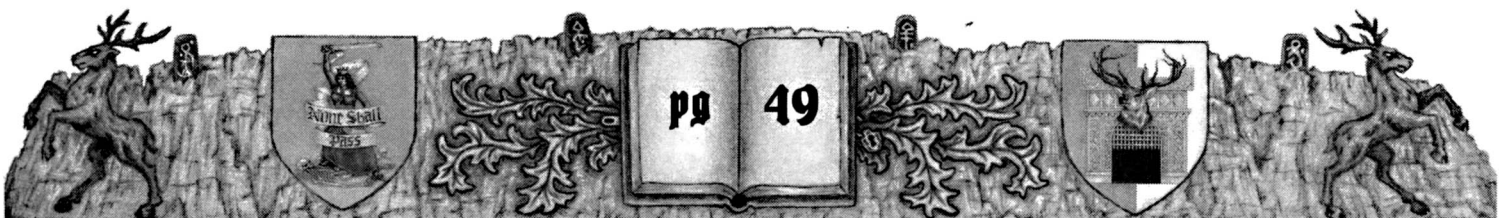
Halflings on the other hand tend to find Talabheim too dour and humourless. However, a small enclave has established itself, many of whom are families of cooks working for the nobility. The area they inhabit is often called Cookstown.

Very rarely seen in the town are Elves. In fact a tiny number have their home here, although most of these are ‘retired’ adventurers. The reception they get is not always friendly. Some of the more backward locals tend to see them as a kind of forest-spirit.



One of the main mercantile districts of the city, Silbertor is dominated by the presence of the Dwarf Ghetto of Iron Town. However, the name derives from the Silberstrasse, a street long famous for its silver workers. This has remained virtually unchanged over the years, and some fine silver jewellery can still be found here at good prices. The rest of the area is also heavily populated with shops and the homes of the traders. At the end of Silberstrasse, in a newly built home, is the Guild of Silverworkers. They remain heavily involved in local politics, an influence little damaged by the revelations of heavy bribing of city officials over the years. The silver work is heavily influenced by Dwarfen design, and sometimes someone tries and passes a peice off as Dwarf work.

The area has a solid middle class feel, being populated by many Artisans. Consequently, this



concentration means that there is a large number of apprentices. They are known for drunkenly causing trouble at the weekends. There is also the irregular game of football with apprentices charging through the streets with their rallying call of “eads up”. This has been known to occasionally descend into rioting, especially when the traditional rivalry with Goldstrades apprentices is involved. Under Talabheim law (known as Stroh’s Law) a master artisan can be charged for the crimes of his apprentices. It has not been used for many years, but as is typical under Talabheim law it has never been repealed.

The area is also known for its multitude of taverns and inns. Iron Town is the destination for the discerning drinker, while many taverns cater almost exclusively for students and apprentices. However, outside this can be found a generally high quality of establishments in which to eat, drink and sleep.

Celestial Heavens

This drug den is a small, stone building deep inside the bowels of the city, hidden amongst the backstreets. It is crowded and dingy, the smoke from incense and drugs stinging one’s eyes and obscuring vision. Not only are drugs available, served by attractive oriental women, but companionship can be bought in the rooms in the rear.

The proprietor of Celestial Heavens is a (relatively) cultured Half-Orc by the name of Marghiz. He used to run the overland trade route to Cathay, but deteriorating health brought about by lung rot forced him to look for a more sedentary lifestyle. He offers cultured companionship for upper-class clientele and is the city’s foremost information broker. A fully equipped torture chamber has been installed in the basement for both extraction of information (and,

when required by visitors seeking special services, pleasure); it is fully soundproofed of course! He gains his information through various means: people tend to talk when under the influence of drugs or beautiful women; he has an informal network of street informants; and when all else fails, he is a frighteningly accomplished torturer. Marghiz himself is rarely seen, though he is always at hand in case of trouble.

The more beautiful women are reserved for the upper-class clientele, and are expected to be able to provide conversation, entertainment, and flattery. As such, they are recruited young and put through an apprenticeship to nurture the necessary skills. As some of his clients are military officers, nobility, or government officials, Marghiz values his women highly.

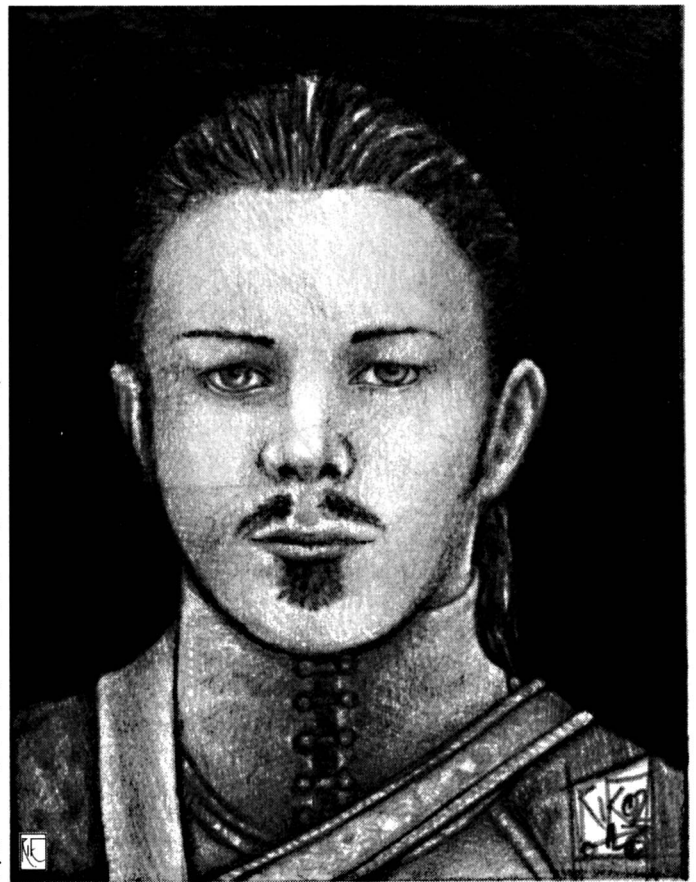
Hochland Crossing Coaches

Hochland Crossing is one of the smaller coach companies in The Empire. It is based in Bergsburg and operates a Middenheim-Bergsburg-Talabheim service only. It does not have any proper offices in Talabheim but instead operates out of two coaching inns - the Bald Badger in Talagraad and The Peacock in Silbertor.

It is currently the only company to offer an alternative to Tunnelway’s Talabheim service (see *Warpstone* #17). To get around the City Charter, any passengers must pay a 2GC 1/- “training fee” in order to become “guards”. They are loaned a sword and chainmail shirt and paid a fee of 1/- for the duration of their service, that is - the thirty-minute journey! This essentially means one pays 2GC (including Entry Toll) for a coach ride between Talagraad and Talabheim, a price that severely undercuts Tunnelway.

The service is new, of dubious legality (in the eyes of the public), and complicated by the need to register as a “guard”. It is also hampered by Talabheimers’ inbred conservatism and distrust of new ideas. All these factors conspire to make the service less popular than price alone would suggest - for now.

Depending on how this scheme turns out, other coaching firms such as The Four Seasons may mimic it - this would almost certainly mean the end of Tunnelway Coaches, who are obviously furious about Hochland Crossing’s behaviour. The authorities however remain reluctant to get involved so long as no laws are broken. Hence Hochland Crossing work very hard to ensure that all aspects of their business remain 100% legal, as they know Tunnelway would



jump at any chance to shut them down.

However, the Head Accountant, Gustav Spritzer, is involved in embezzling a portion of the Entry Tolls that the company pays on a monthly basis. If this fact came to light then the authorities would side with Tunnelway and would shut down Hochland Crossing’s Talabheim business immediately.

Compared to the poorly motivated, criminal atmosphere at Tunnelway, Hochland Crossing’s employees are generally loyal and well paid. The manager of the Talabheim branch is Lukas Witger.

Hochland Crossing is more than it seems. As well as a (profitable) coach business, it also transports shipments of gold from the Prospectors’ Guild in Bergsburg to various customers (mainly jewellers) in Talabheim. These shipments come on a very irregular basis and are naturally kept very secret. The gold is dropped off at The Peacock, owned by Hochland Crossing. The Peacock was secretly bought by Lukas Witger at the time he was setting up the Talabheim branch; the illusion is maintained that it is an independent inn which lets out space to Hochland Crossing.

The only people in Talabheim who know of the gold shipments are Witger and Mikael Brachest (actually a Hochland Crossing employee). This is one reason why Hochland Crossing needs to run passenger coaches all the way into Talabheim. If, for some reason, they were forced (probably by Tunnelway) to stop, then they would have to re-

Talabheim: Credits

Project co-ordinators

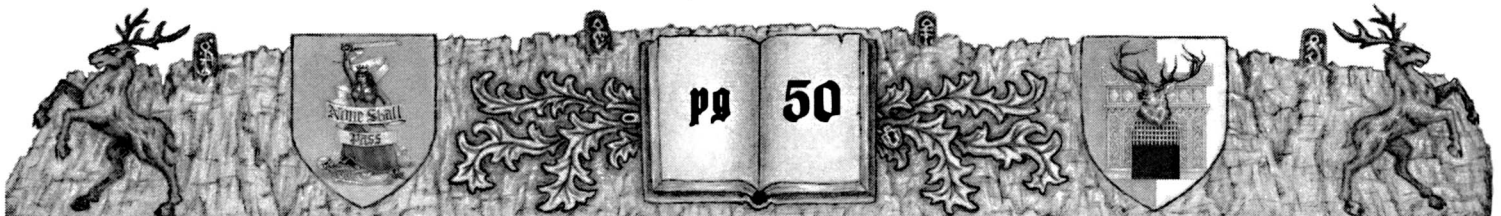
John Foody & Noel Welsh

Project Team

N. Arne Dam, Alfred Nunez, Anthony Ragan with Andrew Hind, Ryan Wileman, Luke Twigger, Tom McGrenery, Mark Bell & Zeno Collins

Part Five

Demi-Humans: *Alfred Nuñez Jr. with John Foody, Noel Welsh / Zeiterrase: Zeno Collins, Additional Material by John Foody / Barrer: John Foody, Additional Material by Ryan Wileman / Silbertor: John Foody & Luke Twigger, Additional Material by Andrew Hind / IronTown: Alfred Nuñez Jr. / Suden Eldenstadt: Ryan Wileman / Custom & Law: John Foody & Ryan Wileman*





examine the options for getting the gold into Talabheim.

Details of the Bergsburg part of the company appear online as part of the Bergsburg project (www.bergsburg.darcocore.net).

NPCS: Lukas Witger (picture on page 49) runs the Talabheim end of the Hochland Crossing business. He started out as a prospector working in the Middle Mountains but was not very successful. In desperation, he took a job as a coachman; the job was dull but at least the wages were more regular.

Until just last year, Hochland Crossing only ran as far as Talagraad. While on a stopover there, Lukas realised just how expensive Tunnelway's fares were to get into Talabheim. After getting a Tunnelway driver drunk, he found out about the City Charter prohibiting any other company from transporting fare-paying passengers into Talabheim. Then he had an idea - to pay passengers as "guards" but to charge them for "training" - that satisfied the legal requirements alright, and they could still turn a profit while substantially undercutting Tunnelway. On his next return to Bergsburg he put forward this suggestion to his boss and was rewarded with the task of running the Talabheim end of the operation.

He returned to Talabheim and hired a lawyer to check out the legality of his proposed scheme.

Although it went against the spirit of the City Charter, the lawyer agreed that it did not contravene the letter of the law. Safe in the knowledge that his scheme could work, Lukas took on staff and sought out premises to operate from. By coincidence, The Peacock in Silbertor was just about to be renovated and the new owner agreed to lease space to Lukas.

Within a couple of weeks, the first coach made its tentative way from The Bald Badger to The Peacock. Lukas himself drove that day, his heart all aflutter as the Talabheim militia stopped the coach at the entrance to Wizard's Way and told him that only Tunnelway could take fare-paying passengers from there on in.

With great trepidation and trembling hand, Lukas handed over the recently signed forms that showed that each person on the coach was a guard working for Hochland Coaches. The militia were puzzled and initially distrustful but Lukas persevered and pointed out how, even though it looked like a passenger coach, each and every occupant had a chainmail shirt and a Hochland Crossing badge. After a two-hour delay while the militia consulted their superiors, who consulted their superiors, who consulted the City Charter, the coach was permitted entry and Lukas' brilliant scheme had succeeded!

Nowadays, Hochland Crossing coaches are a common sight and the militia rarely stop them any

more, as they know that there will be yet another coach-load of Hochland Crossing "guards" with an average employment term of half an hour onboard. They don't even have to wear the chainmail anymore, though the badges are mandatory.

Lukas is content with his lot in life: things have certainly worked out a lot better than when he was panning for gold in the streams of the Middle Mountains, miles from civilisation.

Working for Lukas is Gustav Spritzer, a Talabheimer born and bred. He's worked for many merchant houses and businesses in the accounts department but generally changed jobs every couple of years. This is because he's an habitual embezzler, determined to get rich more quickly than is possible just by working. He changes jobs before the scale of his takings from a particular company become too great. He's very good at masking his activities and scams to appear as legitimate expenses or else to look like someone else has been doing the embezzling.

He leapt at Lukas' offer of a job when he was starting up the Talabheim branch of Hochland Crossing, seeing it as an opportunity for him to build his embezzling schemes into the fabric of the company's accounts right from the word go.

What Gustav doesn't know, is that Lukas knew what he was doing when he hired him. Before doing anything else, Lukas had made some quiet enquiries



in the wrong end of town, saying how he didn't agree with taxes and could anybody recommend a suitable accountant. When three different people had whispered Gustav's name, he knew he'd found his man. Lukas knew that Tunnelway will be trying to get Hochland Crossing shut down and has been setting up Gustav to use as a scapegoat if necessary. Lukas is prepared to lose a little profit to Gustav along the way; he views it as his "legal insurance premium".

Adventure Hooks: Either the Excisemen or Tunnelway Coaches would be very interested in any information on the financial dealings of Hochland Crossing. PCs could be hired to raid the offices and steal account books and other documents. These could be 100% above board, implicate Lukas or implicate Gustav depending on the GM's wishes.

Alternatively, Lukas could arrange for the raid to take place himself. He'd masquerade as a representative of the Excisemen or Tunnelway and would ensure that any accounts found would implicate Gustav. Lukas could use this tactic if it looked like Tunnelway might get him closed down, or if he lost patience and thought Gustav was getting greedy and embezzling too much.

The Peacock

The Peacock is a large, recently renovated inn in the Silbertor district of Talabheim. It is especially popular with mercenaries and soldiers, many of whom work nearby as warehouse or caravan guards for Silbertor's mercantile population. Despite its typical clientele, The Peacock is a remarkably quiet and peaceful place, brawls and rowdy behaviour are infrequent.

This may be because The Peacock is famous for having the toughest bouncer in Talabheim - Mikael Tijsson is a huge man, originally from Marienburg, who has worked as a top judicial champion throughout The Empire. Now forty-seven, he has retired to Talabheim.

He doesn't often have to do much; a threat from him is usually more than enough to break up a fight and quieten the place down. If he were to overstep the mark and actually maim or kill someone, he has enough friends amongst the noble families of Talabheim that he has represented in the past who could pull strings to keep him from jail.

"Peace and quiet's what I like and you gentlemen having an argument is disturbing my peace. Why don't you take it outside before I'm forced to hurt someone?"

Iron Town

The Dwarf Ghetto is situated in the northernmost section of the Silbertor district. Unlike other parts of this district, the buildings of Iron Town (or Khazid Angaz to the Dwarfs) are constructed entirely of stone, and are all two stories or less in height. The roofs are constructed entirely of hardwood from the nearby Great Forest.

Iron Town is the centre of metalworking in Talabheim, a fact that doesn't sit well with the Human

Skaldor Ironhelm

Elder of the Ironhelm Clan

Careers: Engineer Guildmaster, Master Engineer, ex-Artisan Apprentice, ex-Artisan (Weaponsmith), ex-Engineer

Alignment: Neutral (Grungni)

Skills: Acute Hearing, Carpentry, Chemistry, Drive Cart,

Engineering, Magical

Sense, Metallurgy, Mining, Read/Write (Reikspiel), Scale Sheer Surface, Scroll Lore, Secret Signs - Dwarf Engineers' Guild, Secret Language-Guild (Smith), Secret Signs- Artisan, Set Trap, Smithing, Spot Traps, Stoneworking

Possessions: Axe with *Rune of Striking* (+10 WS), helmet, mail shirt under tunic, dagger, engineer tools, anvil, bellows, workshop/home (doubles as the Engineers' Guildhall)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	52	30	5	7	11	53	1	65	78	65	85	76	37

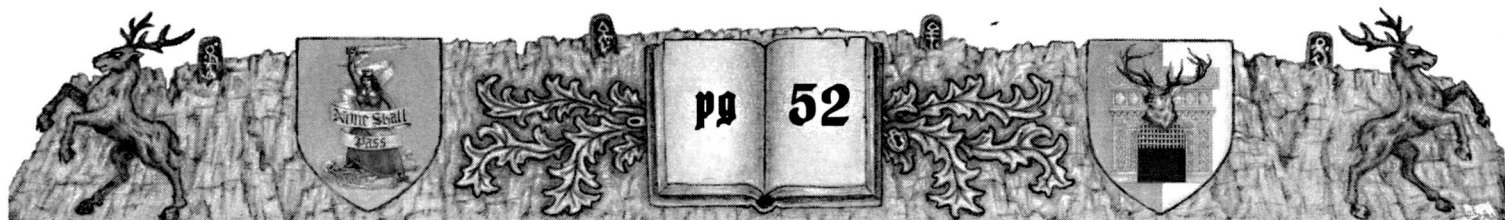
Skaldor is a typical old Dwarf with craggy features. He and his clan are said to be descended from the first Dwarfs who entered into the crater with the Talabec tribe's chief, Talgris. Skaldor has lived his entire life in Talabheim, except for the few years he spent visiting Karak Kadrin. Whatever delusions Skaldor had of resettling in that Dwarfhold were quickly dispelled as he realised that the Imperial Dwarfs of Karaz Ankor didn't consider Expatriate Dwarfs (such as he) as equals. There seemed to be some bitterness from whatever slights may have occurred in the latter years of the Goblin Wars over 2,500 years ago.

Skaldor returned to Talabheim and became a renowned weaponsmith and master engineer. He succeeded his old master as Guildmaster thirty years ago. As Guildmaster, Skaldor assumed the overall responsibility for the defensive mechanisms that were installed throughout Iron Town. He is well aware of the dangers posed by Ulrican extremists, and understands that the Dwarf community must look after itself. They cannot look towards Karak Kadrin for assistance, nor can they wholly trust the Peer House and Duchess to protect them. Hundreds of years of history have taught the Talabheim Dwarfs the bitter truth.



blacksmiths and artisans in the other parts of Silbertor (two groups who are historically in the forefront of any anti-Dwarf violence). Many of the nobility and military hierarchy commission weapons and armour from Dwarf craftsmen. Meanwhile their ladies prefer the intricate jewellery crafted by Dwarf jewellers. Most of the Dwarf artisans have their workshops situated at Isernplatz. The large square is typically filled with the din of hammers battering and shaping metal on anvils.

A large communal hall of stone is built near the main road leading northward from Khazid Angaz. The Dwarfs close their workshops down every 33rd Brauzzeit to observe their Day of Remembrance (which also happens to be a major holy day to the Ancestor God Grungni). On this day, the Dwarfs of Iron Town gather inside their communal hall to recount stories of their ancestors' exploits, exchange gossip, drink copious amounts of decently aged ale, and have a generally good time. Few outsiders,



including Dwarfs from other regions in The Empire, are permitted to attend. Dwarf adventurers who are from Talabheim originally are always welcomed.

Not surprisingly, there are a number of ale houses in Iron Town. One of the more notable, and the largest, is Iron Bru's Barrel Tavern. Iron Bru's—as it is known by the locals—has the largest variety of ale in Talabheim. Non-Dwarfs are welcomed at Iron Miek's, but they are only offered a limited selection of weaker brews like Milner's Very Pale. Milner's is still hardy when compared to the watered down mannish brews served outside Iron Town. For Elves and loud, obnoxious Humans, the Dwarf barkeep will serve a look-alike ale known as "Fools' Brew." Not only is it more potent than Milner's, but it has certain "ingredients" that can test the drinker's intestinal fortitude. Anyone drinking Fool's Brew must take a Toughness-10 test. Success means that the victim feels a little queasy, while failure means a messy bout of "Nurgle's Jig" (Chronic diarrhoea).

Shrine of Grungni

Underneath the Iron Town communal hall lies the Shrine of Grungni. The shrine can be reached by stairs hidden in an alcove in the back of the large hall. The stairs descend about thirty feet and open into a large room. A couple of stone pews stand before a raised dais. A large stone statue of the Ancestor God with a pick in his hands stands upon the dais. During the Day of Remembrance, each Clan Elder spends some time in the shrine honouring Grungni and their respective clan ancestors.

Given the history of Dwarfs in Talabheim it is unsurprising that there is a concealed door behind the statue that leads to the tunnels below the area. The locking mechanism on the far side ensures that any pursuers would have considerable difficulty getting past this obstacle.

Defenses of Iron Town

To an astute observer, it should be clear that the outlying stone buildings of Iron Town have very narrow windows facing the areas outside the Dwarf ghetto. Moreover, there are no doors on these sides of the outer buildings. Many Talabheimers see these odd designs as representing nothing more than the Dwarf's clannish ways. As a matter of fact, the architecture of the outer buildings underscores the Dwarfs' concern about their safety.

Only four streets connect Iron Town with the rest of Talabheim. Each entrance has large wooden gates that are generally used to seal off the quarter whenever the Dwarfs are celebrating one of their holidays. The gates have an obvious defensive purpose as well.

The streets of Iron Town are very clean and well maintained by the residents. They also conceal some clever traps and defensive mechanisms. At each of the four entrances to Iron Town, sections of the street can be pulled up through concealed handholds to reveal shallow pits armed with sharp spikes. These street sections also have props upon which they can stand to form defensive barriers.

Other measures include concealed barrels of gunpowder under certain intersections and hidden

traps in the cellars of Dwarf buildings. All defensive mechanisms have the intended purpose of slowing down pursuers so that most of the Dwarf populace can descend to the tunnels below.

Since the disaster of 1360 I.C., the Talabheim Dwarfs have secretly excavated a tunnel system through which they can escape in the event of another Ulrican rampage. These tunnels took centuries to finish and indeed they were only fully completed during the 23rd century. However, many remain little more than shallow crawl spaces.

Custom & Law

Stop that damned racket!

The playing of the sackbut and tabor is banned for commoners, unless specifically granted permission by a member of a recognised noble house of Talabheim or Talabecland, but this can be vetoed by the sitting Duke. Emperor Talgris XII notoriously loathed the sound of the sackbut, and had a deep-seated aversion to the repetitive beats of the tabor - this is notable as one of the few laws that he forced through the Peerhaus through bribery and coercion of peers. It should be noted that illegal sackbut and tabor parties are not unknown in the wilder parts of Eldenstadt.

Zeiterrase



"a lower class area that tries to distance itself from its poorer neighbours"

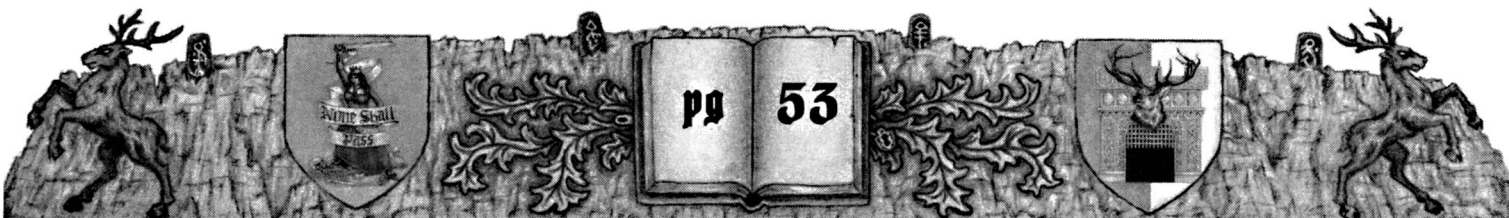
Trapped between the Blutberg and the mercantile Silbertor on one side and the slums of the Suden Eldenstadt on the other, is Zeiterrase, a lower class area that tries to distance itself from its poorer neighbours. The people here work hard and make do. They don't give up the constant struggle to stay solvent, and endeavour to do a little better tomorrow than they did yesterday. The locals look down on the Eldenstadters because they've given up, they don't care any more and have fallen to crime and drinking themselves unconscious. However, the Zeiterrasers know that things may get better if you work for it. They don't drink—well, not much, and not first thing

in the morning. They aren't wanton criminals—well, it's not really crime, it's just very sharp business practice, and if the Guilds (or Watch) don't catch you at it it's not really a crime, is it? No, the Zeiterrasers know they're better than their neighbours because they haven't given up and have clawed their way out of the slums and aren't going back no matter what they have to do to avoid it.

Many people from Zeiterrase work in the shops of Schaffenhörst and Silbertor, and the warehouses of Steinhaus. They travel across the East Road just after sunrise and return at dusk. A few have jobs as servants in the houses of merchants, and either walk to work every day or sleep in the servants' scullery or kitchens, returning to their families only on Festag or state holidays. What matters is making as much money as possible to keep your head above water and save for old age in case your children won't be able to look after you in your dotage (assuming you live that long). The district has a determined air about it; people can see the desperate poverty-ridden slums of the Suden Eldenstadt next to them and want to avoid it at all costs. Crime here tends to be against the shops of the mercantile districts. It is acceptable to steal from those who have more than you, but never from your neighbours who are in the same boat; you might need their help one-day! Community spirit is based on envy of the wealth of the Nordengatter and fear of ending up in Suden Eldenstadt. The gangs in Zeiterrase are made up of local youths, who are especially determined to keep Suden Eldenstadter youths out of their streets. Any Suden Eldenstadter gang member caught in the Zeiterrase can expect a severe beating before being thrown back.

Locals are house-proud and Zeiterrase looks better than Suden Eldenstadt, partly because the housing is a better quality and partly because the inhabitants try hard to keep it that way. Buildings are more likely to be of brick and timber than just timber. The plaster on walls tends to be painted attractively, though a little faded, roofs tend to be slate or tile, and great care is taken to repair damage as well as possible. Housewives spend time scrubbing their front steps and windows. People save their best clothes for festival days and special occasions, children are scrubbed before being sent out to play. During the many festivals, locals decorate their homes and streets as best they can afford, and when the decorations are taken down they are carefully packed away for the next. Some brighten up their homes with flower boxes on their window ledges. Luckily the streets are a bit wider here too so they don't get quite so clogged with effluent, and the locals quickly deal with any problems as they strive to maintain a clear difference between themselves and those in the slums they've fought to escape.

Another reason for Zeiterrase's wider streets is that Talabhiem's premier abattoir is based here, where the smell won't offend the richer city dweller's sensitive nostrils. Herds of cattle are often led through Zeiterrase from the outlying farms or the East Road to its gates. Cattle or swine are not an unusual site on the streets and they can become quite crowded just before winter when most animals are slaughtered.



Friehof Abattoir

Built in the far north-western corner of district, abutting Suden Eldenstadt is Bovinskien Square, the west side of which is taken up by the Friehof abattoir. Run by the Friehof family, who have owned and managed this business for decades, almost all the posts are hereditary. Being born into a family that works for the Friehof practically guarantees you a job for life. Tradition is very important here as the way the meat is slaughtered and prepared affects its toughness and taste. The Friehofs want nothing to spoil their reputation as the best providers of quality beef, mutton and pork in the city. In all the nearby streets the noise and smell makes itself known; the alleys often echo to the clatter of herds of cattle or flocks of sheep being herded to the abattoir leaving a trail of dung in their wake. The nervous sounds of the animals echoes round the square and the tangy smell of blood and flesh pervades the air. On a hot day you can taste the raw meat on the air. Cutting through the worst of this smell is the wood-smoke from the smokehouse, the strong flavours of the different woods used for different meats making the local air a bit more bearable. Luckily, the wind blows most of the smell into the Suden Eldenstadt.

A long single storey building, the compound has pens for animals near the main gate. There is a smokehouse and salting house built against the south side of the wall, with offices attached to the main building. Beneath the abattoir is the cold room for storing fresh meat. At night several hired men from the Brotherhood of the Pit guard the abattoir; so far they have discouraged any attempt at robbery. Pilfering is also rare thanks to reasonable wages and the fact most of the workers are related and have a job for life.

The Friehof abattoir was built by Volker Friehof the great, great, great grandfather of the current owner Hiram Friehof, head of the family and Prime Cuts Master. At sixty-two years of age, Hiram has run the abattoir for thirty years, showing no signs of slowing down. He prides himself on still shaving himself every day. Hiram has an imposing personality and his piercing blue eyes show a clear intellect, while his shoulder length mane of white hair makes him look more of a scholar than a butcher. But then, the Friehof's were never mere butchers.

The Senior Cuts Master is Siegfried Friehof, Hiram's eldest son and heir. Although forty-one years old he isn't ready to take over, and even feels that it may be his son who will do so. Not such a bad thing, as Siegfried doesn't think he could live up to his father's legacy.

The other important position at the abattoir is Senior Butcher, held by Erberhardt Brandaur, husband of Winifred, one of Hiram's daughters. Only thirty two, Erberhardt has fitted in well with the family business, and even stays clean shaven like Hiram. This has revealed a scar on his left cheek which was picked up while working as a mercenary in Marienburg.

One of the younger Friehofs checks the quality of the merchandise before it is collected by the herdsmen (several rural families hold these jobs) and driven to

the abattoir. This is done slowly so as not to exhaust or panic the merchandise. When the herd arrives, the herdsmen corral the cattle, sheep or pigs until they are led to be slaughtered in small groups (to avoid panic). The slaughtermen kill the cattle quickly and cleanly before the porters hang the cooling corpses by the hind legs to drain the blood. Some of this is drained into vats for use in black pudding or other recipes. The vats are sealed to stop contamination, and sent straight to the appropriate catering establishment. The surplus is left to dry; dried blood is a popular fertiliser with some farmers, and blocks of the dried blood are boxed up and sent to customers in the crater and outside. Friehof beef blood and bone-meal fertiliser is much renowned.

Drained carcasses are hung up on movable racks and moved to the butchers' rooms. Offal is sold to the poor, and the bones are sold to glue manufacturers. Suitable bones are sold to make hilts for cutlery, buttons, inlay on cheap ornaments and so on. Dung left behind is given to the dung collector in the Suden Eldenstadt without charge (he is an old friend of the family). The various cuts of meat are either smoked in the abattoir smokehouse, sent to various butcher customers, salted (usually cheaper cuts) and used for trail rations or stored in their cool room. The Friehofs have a regular business supplying meat to most of the noble houses and many of the richer merchants, as well as a standing contract to supply salted and dried beef and pork to the military of Talabheim.

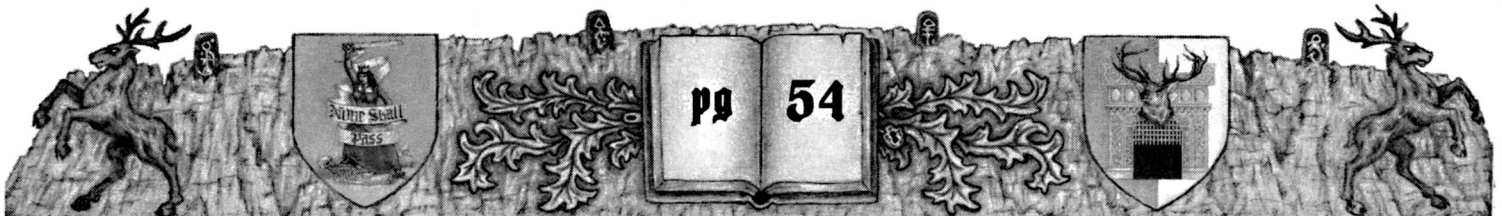
The cool room is a large strongroom carved out of the rock of the crater decades ago by Dwarf engineers. Unable to get deep enough to use this area for anything much, the engineers sold the land to Hiram's great, great grandfather, who built the abattoir above it. The small room is quite deep enough for storage, and does keep the meat cool. This has been enhanced by the expensive practice of bringing ice from the mountains to place in stone bins. It is possibly the coldest place in the city.

The hierarchy in the abattoir runs from the Prime



Cuts Master Hiram down through the butchers, the slaughtermen, the porters, the herders and finally the apprentices. These apprentices are the eldest sons of current workers, trained by their fathers to replace them when they retire or die. Second and younger sons may get similar jobs or other posts within the abattoir. The system is full of ritual and structure: the methods used have been handed down for decades. To change them would be to change the quality of the meat. The last innovation was the metal carcass rack, designed by Gromm Drunsson twelve years ago – and that was really a copy of the original wooden rack with a few innovations to ease the process of carcass moving. His ideas for a treadmill - powered, automated version were politely but very firmly refused.

Despite the smell, mess and noise, the abattoir is a very friendly place. Staff are always happy to talk and show people round, especially new customers. They pride themselves on treating all customers, no matter how poor, with the same politeness, respect and quality of service. Anyone enquiring about



business will get to the Prime Cuts Master Hiram Friehof as quickly as possible. The Friehof family has always tried to keep up staff morale with good working conditions and wages. The tradition of apprenticing sons gives the abattoir a strong family atmosphere, and PCs should enjoy a visit here: chatting with butchers, swapping tobacco with herders and getting the occasional free sample of smoked sausage or salted beef. As servants of many of the noble houses and rich merchants visit the abattoir it is a good place to pick up information. For when large numbers of servants are left standing around waiting to be served, their primary entertainment is gossip, and things they wouldn't mention if questioned tend to slip out while standing about doing nothing. PCs could learn all-sorts of things provided they don't look out of place or show too much interest in what's being said.

PCs may come to the abattoir in a number of mundane ways:

- ◆ Working as guards at night.
- ◆ Being asked to oversee shipping of perfumes and oils for soap production.
- ◆ Some nobles prefer hunting wild boar to domesticated pigs and hunting these for the abattoir is a necessary if slightly dangerous job.

Soap Factory

Built along the south western corner of Bovinskien Square this factory is a long low building surrounded by a high wall topped with spikes. Interesting smells come from within, adding to the curious scents in the area. The offices are above the main factory floor, while several outbuildings contain the locked stores of perfumes, dyes, herbs and oils used in soap production.

The carcasses of cattle have many uses, and this is another. The factory gets its raw material from the abattoir and other items, such as perfumes, herbs and oils, from a select number of merchants within Talabheim. The bulk of soaps made here are for the common folk and are used to scrub clothes, floors and so forth, and are thus inexpensive. The factory also produces a wide range of soaps for their richer clients. Their most profitable soaps are those made for the personal use of those that can afford them.

Scented, coloured and medicated soaps are all produced here, and prices can be high for soaps that include rare perfumes. These soaps are popular with the nobility (and with the rich merchants who try to ape them). Some families have a special soap "recipe" made for them alone. The Friehofs would not consider selling any of these personal soaps to anyone not of the family, and the recipes are closely guarded.

Currently running the factory is Hiram's second son, Werner, heir to the Friehof Soap Factory. Looking younger than his thirty-six years he is tall with a husky build and corn hair, and has inherited his father's blue eyes. Like him, he likes to stay clean shaven. Although he is the manager, most of the power lies with his mother Gisela, which means she gets the final say. At fifty seven she, like her husband, shows no sign of slowing down or retiring, despite grey hair. While not imposing physically her voice carries far and makes anyone on the wrong side of it feel like a child caught doing something very, very bad. She is training her daughters to take over from her when she finally retires.

Calp's Pottery

Located in the back lanes of the district, the name of Calp has long been associated with fine pottery. It has never been fashionable but it is good quality at good prices. Currently in his fifties, Ernest Calp is the latest in the family line. A short, balding man, always in good humour, he is popular locally. However, he has recently attracted official attention because of a large collection of life-size, clay figures in his back garden. Calp has been raided twice by the Dogmen, on the command of the university and local Temples, who suspect he is up to something. Their main suspicion is that he is trying to create a golem, but after some investigation, they are not sure what to think. Calp is often to be seen in public with his old friend Hiram Friehof.

Drumin Repairs

This building is actually two houses knocked into one by the group of young Dwarfs who live and work here. Theodor Drumin, Sven Rugnissunn and Hergari Gromsdottir use the ground floor rooms as workshops to make and repair kitchen utensils and tools. Hergari also makes some decorative items such as buttons, broaches, combs and hairpins and so on. While still young and not apparently very successful, they make a modest income and don't charge people too much. Visitors must ring a small bell as the door is always locked.

This is all merely a cover. All three are "wetbacks" who keep their work secret and only sell items to people they trust (which does include some brokers who act as intermediaries). While they do have family and friends in Iron Town there is much less chance of discovery here and Humans do appear to like new ideas. Well, the ones who are only visiting Talabhiem do. Theodor purchased these houses knowing they had large cellars – something of a rarity in Talabhiem.

It is in the cellars that really interesting things are to be found: Theodor Drumin's weapons' designs and prototypes. All his paperwork is carefully filed and

ready for use as manufacturing guidelines. He has several interesting new weapons here: a device that pumps or "throws" flaming oil, a steel repeating crossbow that (unlike the bamboo Nipponese design) can fire stronger bolts and has a stronger bow, and anything else the GM wants. Sven Rugnissunn has a few prototypes for things like automated chicken pluckers, hand held cannons, gunpowder-powered harpoons, and new mining tool designs. His most impressive prototype is a barrel with water proof leather arms for lowering a person underwater to work on ship wrecks. This is completely untested. Hergari Gromsdottir has prototypes for several plumbing pieces, and pieces for her steam power designs, some new telescopes and a one-man glider large enough for a Human.

There are numerous ways in which the PCs might meet the three Dwarfs. They always need more tools, materials and engineering books, which the PCs can go and buy for them – or if the owners don't want to sell, steal for them. Rare treatise on mechanical birds from Araby or Nippon, large amounts of copper tubing, and especially ground lenses for Hergari's telescopes, are all examples of the types of goods the artisans are willing to pay for.

Also needed are guards and front men for Theodor's weapons development and sale. Demonstrating a Dwarf Organ Gun for Tilean dignitaries or new ballista designs to Marienburg whaling executives could give the players hours of dangerous fun. Perhaps a crime lord may want a Dwarf drill to facilitate a robbery, or a cult wants to dig up something quickly. "At the Old World's Core" anyone? New designs, and possibly the designers themselves, would be targeted for kidnap and theft, which could prove awkward for the PC acting as front man. The Dwarf Engineers' Guild and even the nobles of the city itself may want to halt this research, if they find out who is responsible. Perhaps Drumin wants to approach the Trust (*Warpstone* Issue 18) and wants to find out more about them. Sven's new underwater breathing barrel needs testing by a gallant volunteer ("good pay and excellent health care benefits guaranteed"). You never know what you may find deep beneath the waters of the Talabac.

Karpol's End, Debtors' Prison

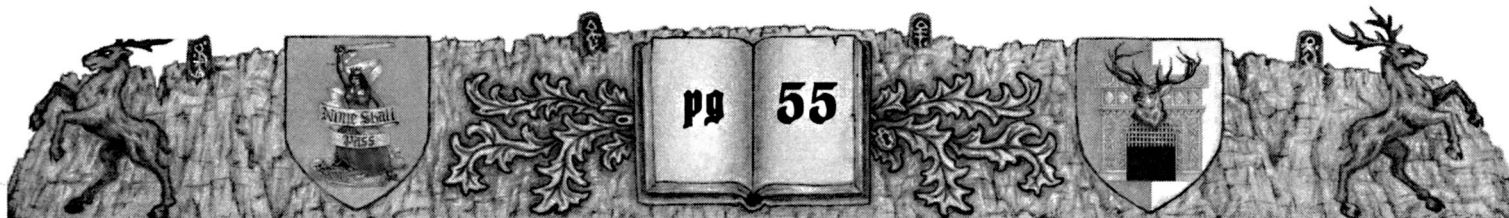
Located on the southern edge of the district is the prison, Karpol's End – a dark crumbling presence. Here those incarcerated for debt are placed. The regime is not as harsh as Tarnhelm Keep, but the staff are corrupt and the chance of survival depends greatly on your wealth (a problem if one is in the debtors' prison) and social class.

Custom & Law The Short and Pikes

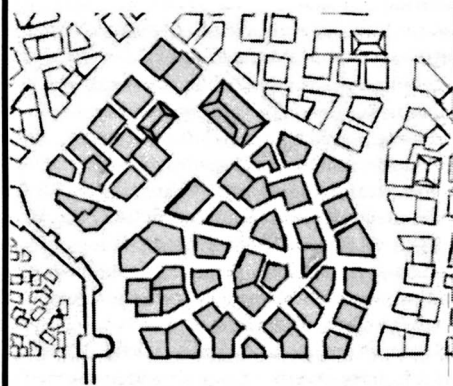
Dwarfs are not permitted to own (let alone bear) pikes or spears within the city walls. This law was introduced by Emperor Oskar III in 1987, supposedly for aesthetic reasons. Since relations with the Dwarfs have become slightly less strained in recent centuries, it is unlikely that the city would endeavour to search every Dwarf dwelling for pikes and spears. Ironically, Dwarfs are permitted to manufacture any weaponry – but the fee for pikes and spears is paid *prior* to the smithing, meaning that the ownership changes hands before the weapon exists.

Custom & Law Wig Tax

All wigs are subject to a 8/- tax. However, members of the nobility and Talabheim officials are exempt, as are a number of Royal Wigmakers. It is a tax designed simply to stop the wrong-sort-of-people wearing them.



Barrer



"Barrer is bland in appearance and atmosphere and offers few reasons to visit it"

Barrer houses a wide range of residents but nobility dominates the population. Generally, the homes nearer to Nordengatter are the more exclusive while those bordering Nyesnavistny are often home to higher-ranking bureaucrats and rich merchants. The houses are often large; however, Barrer is bland in appearance and atmosphere and contains few reasons to visit it. The Royal Theatre is the exception, with the cream of society coming here whenever a new production is staged.

Royal Theatre

Officially titled the Theatre Illustrious of his Royal Duke, the building is huge and impressive. Nevertheless it is rivalled by the smaller Nyesnavistny Theatre, whose productions are more original and entertaining, if not lavish. The theatre is still one of the places for the nobility to be seen, especially on opening night. Should the Duchess be in attendance then the fight for seats will be fierce indeed. The theatre is largely funded by the city and few of its productions make any profit.

The rivalry with the Nyesnavistny Theatre is also more personal, the manager Karlos Rapheim, having

Custom & Law Petty Treason

A servant caught stealing from his master is guilty of petty treason. A servant who lives under his master's roof, is to be punished with a dozen strokes from a leather belt between a quarter and half inch thick. Otherwise they should be handed to a magistrate for sentence.

In all cases the master may make suitable recompense from the servants own belongings, or else register the amount as a debt at the Hall of Records.

come to blows with the playwright and star Josef Schatzstuffel on numerous occasions. His hatred has become so intense he has considered arranging for their productions to be sabotaged. However, he has spread scurrilous rumours, some of which have stuck; especially those claiming that Schatzstuffel is an anarchist.

The Blumentopf Order

This exclusive fellowship takes the role of social organisation and also functions as a guild of sorts. Membership comes exclusively from the senior house-staff of the nobility of Talabheim - the head stewards, castellans and butlers responsible for running the elements of noble life, which have no associations with power or leisure. The members of the Order are exclusively male and limited to only those gentlemen's gentlemen whose lives are devoted to the most important noble families. As such, the current membership stands at eight. The name of the fellowship comes from a semi-legendary retainer to Grand Duke Theodor, said to have died defending him from a Skaven attack while attempting to continue serving dinner.

The Order maintains chambers in a house in the Barrer region, where on the rare occasions that the members are not working they can retire to drink and discuss the doings of their masters and mistresses. Despite their servile attitude around the nobility, the members consider themselves to be superior to the rest of the city's servants and their belief that with power comes responsibility is not inappropriate. The unique access that they have to the lives of the nobility, coupled with the tact and impeccably phrased suggestion made to their masters, give the members a degree of influence over noble life. This is employed by the Order to ensure that the nobility maintain traditions and a conservative outlook - something that the members take very seriously indeed. A careful remark made by the manservant to a young rake can avert a potentially catastrophic marriage and channel his energies in a far more appropriate direction.

"The hunter is feared by the hunted."

Inscription above Lodge door

The Great Northern Lodge

One of the largest societies in Talabheim. Membership of the Lodge is open only to men of noble blood. The society arranges for its members to indulge a love of hunting, in and outside the crater. However, many of its members have never even been on a hunt but membership shows you are one of the "select few". The annual fee of 50GC keeps the poorer sort away.

The Lodge headquarters is located in Barrer and this also acts as a gentlemen's club. It is a haunt of the younger nobility and is thus a rowdy place. Consequently, little power dealing of any action is ever carried out here. They own, or have use of, a number of smaller estates in the Drakwald forest. The Lodge arranges the hunts, supplying food, mounts

and servants. This allows the hunters to enjoy the chase to the fullest.

A Chairman heading a council of six others controls the Lodge's activities. Membership of the council is seen as essential to those with designs on climbing the political ladder. The members vote for the nominees every two years although canvassing goes on throughout this period. The current chairman is Baron Artos Tradheim, a popular and respected hunter.

Outsiders see the Lodge as little more than a social club for young nobles. However, over the years there have been rumours the Lodge has smuggled in Orcs or Beastmen to hunt. The braver whisper that members of the poor are also kidnapped to provide the sport. However, nothing has ever been proven.

Hans Platz

A status of a small, ragged street boy stands at the centre of this square. Although the local call him Hans, no-one knows who he is or who raised the statue.

Talabheim PCs

PCs born in the Grand Duchy of Talabheim should use the career tables as listed in the main WFRP rulebook. The background and detail of some careers will need to be looked at with reference to the Talabheim background. For example a Boatman is likely to be based in Talagraad, while a Rat-Catcher may never have seen a sewer. With agreement of your GM, amend the following on the Warrior table: A role of Seaman should be amended to Noble.

Where were they born?

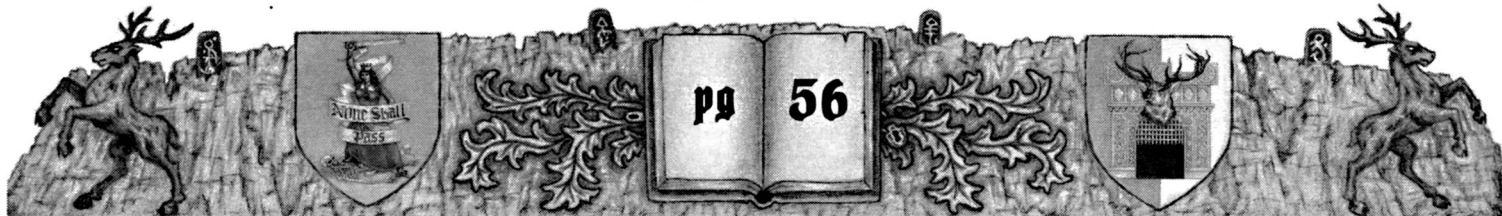
Most born in the Grand Duchy will have their home in the City of Talabheim. Outside of Talagraad, it will be a rural location.

Dic Roll	Place
01-80	Talabheim
81	Breitblatt
82	Gründach
83	Klarfeld
84	Sumpfrand
85-92	Talagraad
93	Vateresche
94	Waldfährte
95-96	Other location inside the Crater*
97-00	Other location outside the Crater*

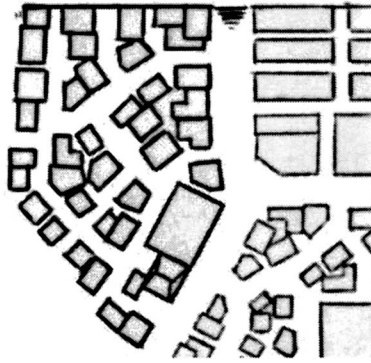
* Other locations could be a farmstead, manor house, back of a coach etc.

Talabheim Names

Talabheim Names are generally Imperial but with a strong Kislevite influence. See *Chart of Darkness*, and *Warpstone* issue 2 and issue 6 for listings of these. They are also available on the *Warpstone* website.



Suden Eldenstadt



"It is otherwise regarded as a depressing and destitute district"

Several centuries ago, as the population of Talabheim expanded during a period of relative prosperity, a large number of houses were built to the west of the Old City. The poorer dwellings were located at the very borders of the city, along the East Road towards Taalgate. This area came to be known as Eldenstadt, as it was the first major area to grow up outside the walls of the Old City.

Eldenstadt is bisected by the East Road. North of the highway are many households of Kislevite origin, living in poverty. South of the road is the area referred to as Suden Eldenstadt. Its reputation throughout the city is not good - while being seen as preferable to the Old City itself, it is otherwise regarded as a depressing and destitute district. Well-heeled citizens will rarely, if ever, have any reason to visit the dark streets, much to their immense relief.

Suden Eldenstadt is nothing better than a slum. An observer stood atop the Temple of Taal at the edge of the crater would see the mass of cramped hovels huddling closely over the winding streets which cut through the area. The housing is rarely more than two storeys high, and of the poorest condition. At ground level the problems are even more apparent: many of the streets are canopied by overhanging buildings, which occasionally meet in the middle, blotting out much of the light and making the roads dingy and threatening. Few have proper sanitation, and many of the streets are little more than compacted dirt with a ditch cut down the middle. The fogs that seem to cling to the area exacerbate the overall impression of misery, long after the morning mists so common in the crater have cleared. There are no cobbled streets; the only attempted road improvements resulted in all the stones being stolen and lobbed through windows across the city.

The houses lean crazily as a direct consequence of subsidence and neglect and some look like they could collapse at any moment. Part of the reason for their

decrepit appearance is that the buildings were constructed hurriedly and from cheap materials after the district was burned to the ground in the riots of 2430. Although the authorities blamed insurrectionary elements for the inferno, older citizens who survived the events of those nights claim that they recall the Watch herding Eldenstadters into their homes and setting them alight.

The environment has made its mark on the locals. Desperation has led to despondent misery and resentment of the wealthier people of Talabheim. The constant hardship of life has fostered an 'every man for himself' attitude amongst locals; the community spirit and civic pride evident in neighbouring Zeiterrase cannot be found here. Many of the inhabitants are involved in criminal activities, more through necessity than from any particularly evil intent. A stroll through the streets will offer many examples of the life led by the Suden Eldenstadters. Packs of threatening stray dogs roam the dirty alleys, while gangs of disenfranchised youths engage in violence merely to relieve their boredom and the weary expressions of the men and women tell a thousand tales of poverty and despair.

Those Suden Eldenstadters who work are employed in households and businesses in other parts of the town. Within the area there can be found the establishments of a handful of artisans, a number of inns and a few small markets and shops. These tend to serve the needs of the locals or represent some of the few legitimate means to make money within the

district. Outsiders are not welcome within the area - there are few reasons to come here, and the only nobles to ever visit are heavily guarded young rakes looking to make trouble.

Culturally, Suden Eldenstadt is far less Kislevite than the areas north of the East Road. The populace are largely citizens of Imperial origin, and there is an undertone of rivalry with the 'immigrants' from the north. That said, the influence of Kislev is still apparent in the names and religious practices of the area's populace. To the west is the area known as Zeiterrase, an area looked upon with resentment by Suden Eldenstadters - they regard them as snooty and superior, despite the fact that there is very little more wealth there. A common Eldenstadt expression to describe Zeiterrase is, 'they walk around with their noses in the air - as if their sewage doesn't stink the same as ours.'

During the day, Suden Eldenstadt is bustling, but is still not safe. Strangers are recommended to steer clear of the darker, residential back streets and stick to the main thoroughfares. Despite the activity on the streets, the atmosphere is still depressing - no one will greet the PCs with a cheery wave, and the locals will either ignore them or barge past silently. At night the area is quiet and unsettling - those who venture into the streets will need some sort of protection unless they have a desire to be robbed and quite possibly murdered. It is at night that the street gangs prowl, looking for something to do and for an easy source of income. The inns remain open for





much of the night, but the patrons are rarely welcoming and PCs are unlikely to be offered a room unless they look worth robbing, or are in the company of a local known to the staff. Once in a while, a group of young nobles may come to the area looking for trouble, in the form of violence, gambling or worse. However, the Old City is seen as having far more potential in this respect, as the Suden Eldenstaders have a notoriously poor sense of humour when baited.

Talabheim's obsession with tradition and ritual is as prevalent here as it is elsewhere, although more through an inability to change than any sense of history. The locals will attend city-wide festivals and events, but the escapism of the Parade of Geistschreck or the Festival of Gold are mere days of mild distraction from the drudgery of the life of the average resident. The traditions of Suden Eldenstadt take a far darker and less celebratory tone. For example, on the corner of the Schlossdamm and Der Gabel, the locals burn an effigy on 7th day of every Brauzzeit, to mark the anniversary of the death of Messerstrang - a vicious child murderer who was lynched here in 2252. He has since become a bogeyman invoked by local mothers to frighten their children, but older members of the community are oddly silent on the matter, for some reason. The locals also commemorate the Great Fire of 2430 - on the anniversary each year a thousand candles are lit, with

flames on every street corner for a week - it is an eerie sight, with the candlelight illuminating the fog during the hours of darkness. The other notable ritual specific to Suden Eldenstadt is Plague Day - traditionally celebrated on the last day of summer. The origins of this custom are lost and the practices obscure: a member of the community dresses in a tattered cloak made from rats' skins and parades about the streets. During his journey he hands out bread, but the practice is not to thank this figure but to berate him and pour insults on his head.

The major thoroughfares in Suden Eldenstadt radiate from a square towards the borders, with a great number of tiny winding streets in between. With the exception of Hexenstrasse, none of the roads are straight; instead, they take gently winding routes through the houses. The most noteworthy locations are:

Schinkel Platz - a small square at the centre of the district, with market stalls, a water pump and several inns. The buildings around the Platz are the best in the area, and several of the more successful local tradesmen and criminals live in the townhouses here. However, these residences are by no means pleasant, and anyone who makes enough money to leave the

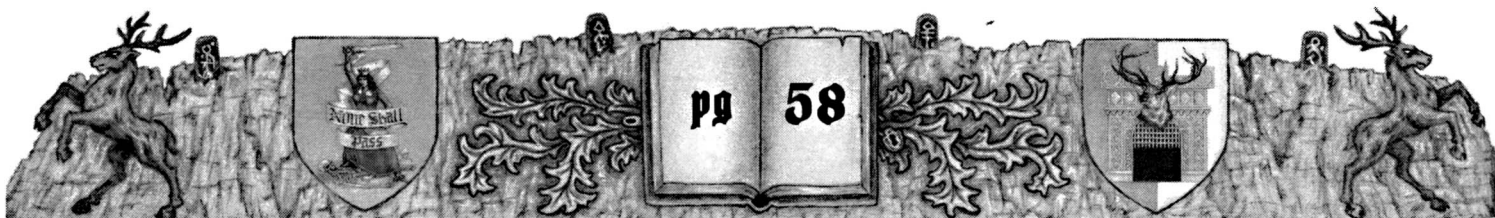
district will usually do so. At either end of the square, at both junctions with Hexenstrasse, are located two statues - a stag and a wolf, both rampant. These statues still show signs of the Great Fire of 2430, having never been fully cleaned since then.

Hexenstrasse - the main east-west road, running from the Field of Justice to the edge of the city. The section closest to the Field of Justice is relatively wide, and on most days of the week there will be a number of market stalls here selling food, cloth and various household sundries. Hexenstrasse passes through Schinkel Platz and is almost completely straight.

Junkerhaus Strasse - the street which runs north from Schinkel Platz to the East Road. The main Watch Post for Suden Eldenstadt is located here. The street is named after the Junkerhaus, a ramshackle and imposing building which towers a storey above the surrounding residences adjacent to the East Road. It was formerly the home of a minor noble who abandoned life here when conditions became so poor. Dark tales circulate about the house, and few of the tenants stay there for long, despite the lower rents.

Breite Weg - the southeast road from Schinkel Platz, which leads to Zeiterrasse. This street is exceptionally broad, and a deep, stinking open sewer runs down the length of it. The houses here are particularly poor, and the street is renowned for the large and savage packs of mongrel dogs that prowl and fight in the wide road.

Schlossdamm - the road that runs through the very worst areas of Suden Eldenstadt is a dark, shadowy



route south from Schinkel Platz. The buildings on either side are overhanging and shut out much of the daylight. Few people would be stupid enough to venture down here at night; even the locals would only risk it during the daytime.

Any PCs visiting Eldenstadt, for whatever reason, will be met with hostility and blank faces. None of the locals feel that they owe anyone anything, and will not impart information or directions readily. Even the beggars are sullen and grasping, and frequently offer little more than lies to any inquiry made by a benefactor. To find their way around the district and gain access to the places of interest, not to mention to ensure that they are not separated from their possessions within ten minutes of entering the area, the PCs would be sensible to employ a bawd. Fortunately, one of the only welcoming faces in the area belongs to Sergei Rahlov - who will cheerfully help a party of strangers when in the area. Of course, he will want some sort of repayment in addition to the commission he receives from the inns and brothels he steers the party towards...

The Yellow Tatters

The 'Tatters' is an inn located on the northern edge of the Schinkel Platz. It is a ramshackle building, partially constructed from the charred walls remaining from the fires of 2430 and added to when finances and materials were to hand. Consequently the interior is as confusing as the outside, with both floors on more than one level, doors that open to brick walls and windows which look out on other rooms.

The proprietor is the recently widowed Casillda Carcosa, who runs the inn with her sons Luté and Raul and her daughter Camila. Ten years ago, Casillda came to Talabheim with her husband Filipe from Magritta. They were forced to flee the city with the children, as Filipe had witnessed something which he did not dare tell anyone, including his family. Upon arrival in Talabheim, the family used their small savings to rent a room in Suden Eldenstadt while Filipe looked for work. It was at this point that the Carcosa's luck changed. Filipe won the Yellow Tatters in a bet from the former owner and petty criminal Günter Hofmann, and the win was upheld by an anonymous but powerful rival of his. The family found themselves in possession of an inn, and although it was rundown and unkempt, it became a source of regular income.

Last year Filipe was killed - apparently by Günter Hofmann's cronies. (He is renowned for holding a grudge.) Two weeks later Günter was found dead in his room, pinned to the bed with an iron spike. Gossip is rife amongst the residents of Suden Eldenstadt that it was the same mysterious rival who enforced Filipe's winning of the inn that killed Günter. Whatever the truth is, no-one has hassled Casillda or her family since, and they have continued to run the inn. The situation is far from happy - Casillda spends her time dressed in black, mourning her husband's passing, while her children run the inn. They have pleaded with her to end her remorse, but to no avail.

The inn is patronised by locals, and is appallingly unwelcoming and cheap. The walls are filthy and the

beer tastes like water or worse. There are four rooms for guests, each furnished with a hard bed and fleas. The bar itself is dingy and depressing, with the clientele hostile to strangers and non-locals. Most are too drunk or desperate to start any trouble, but the atmosphere is forbidding and disagreeable.

Hexenstrasse Pawnbroker's

This unassuming pawnshop stands on the main road running east to west in the district, nestled amongst a number of poor quality shops selling the basic needs of local citizens. The shop has no name, but it is in relatively good condition in comparison to the surrounding buildings - although not ostentatiously so.

The owner of the shop is one Heinz Pendel, a curious and reasonably rich businessman who not only makes a great deal of money from his pawnbroking business but also by owning much of the residential property in Suden Eldenstadt. It is his monopoly on both trades within the area that make him so wealthy - his money comes from maintaining an iron grip on the purses of the locals, mainly through his loans which are frequently taken to pay the rent. He cuts a strange figure, due to his being a midget - most people assume that he is a Dwarf, a mistake that is further compounded by his grizzly beard. It isn't clear how old he is, although he's probably somewhere in his late fifties. He is almost completely bald and his beard is grey. Local folk realise that he is not a Dwarf, but strangers (not including other Dwarfs) will almost always make this mistake. There is an apocryphal tale that he was once visited by a poverty-stricken Dwarf who addressed him for almost twenty minutes in Khazilid before Heinz walked away, saying that if he wouldn't speak in Reikspeil he wasn't going to do business.

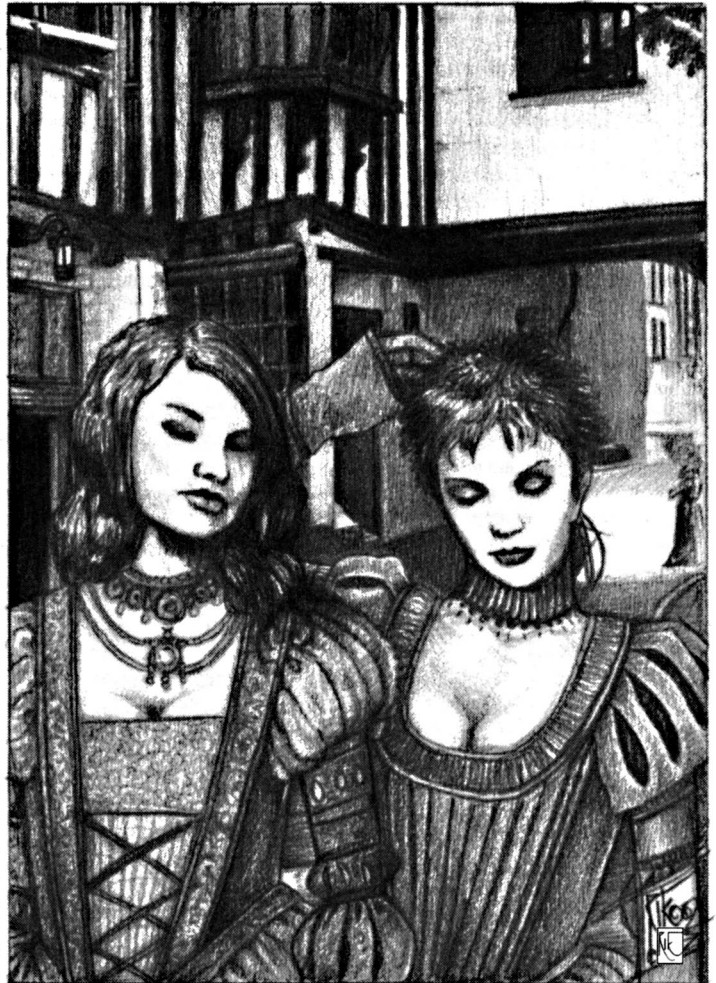
Heinz is a private individual who likes to keep away from the public side of his business. He pays off the relevant gangs to maintain the shop's security and to collect outstanding rent money. He lives above the shop in a manner well below his means - his clothes are cheap and threadbare, allowing him to blend in with the rest of the locals. Although most know who he is, they struggle to make the mental connection

between his widespread business interests and the man himself. It is this that maintains his security - few people link their destitution to his practices. He has few friends, and few people know him well enough to describe his personality. Sergei Rahlov calls him 'quiet, clever and nasty', and he is - he has no qualms about throwing any family out on the street if they cannot pay their rent, and the pawnshop contains many items of sentimental worth. It is not clear where or how he spends his money - he seems to have no family within the city, and other than taxes and protection, he incurs few expenses.

The Tangled Skein

A small inn located deep within a labyrinth of backstreets and cul de sacs in the south-west of the district, the Tangled Skein is dark and imposing. The bar itself is not very large, and the clientele are mainly big, ugly brutes built for causing damage to strangers who look at them. There are no overnight rooms and those who enter will be asked what their business is.

The inn really only serves a purpose as the reception to the rooms of Suden Eldenstadt's most brutal criminals - the sisters Alexa and Rosina Wals. Between them, this pair do not control much of the organised crime within Suden Eldenstadt, but their reputation for violent reprisal and seemingly random



beatings of other criminals have made them a much feared threat to law and order.

The sisters grew up in the worst parts of Suden Eldenstadt, the poorest, most desperate houses near to the edge of the city. They were born three years apart (Rosina is the elder of the two) to an unknown mother who abandoned them to the Chapel of Shallya as soon as they were born. When Alexa was seven and her sister ten, the two had had enough of the pious and 'do-gooder' priests at the Chapel and they ran away. The priests were slightly relieved to see them go, as their propensity for trouble was already well-established.

The two sisters were fiercely protective of each other, and joined one of the many gangs of street urchins to be found within the area. Before long they were leading the gang, and developing a reputation for violence against rivals. As they grew older, they joined older gangs, involved in more serious crimes - Alexa killed the leader of rival gang when she was fourteen years old. Eventually they came to lead a gang of men much older than themselves, but their viciousness and ambition impressed their peers sufficiently to stave off challenges. They established their territory, and began to accrue a small amount of wealth, mainly from protection money and illegal gambling.

The two sisters are now thirty-two and thirty-five respectively, and have held onto their position for many years. Not quite big enough to threaten the big players in Talabheim's underworld, they are nevertheless renowned for Rosina's intelligence and Alexa's diplomatic exterior. Nowadays they use their underlings to cause people grief, preferring to use their brains than a knife. Occasionally the Vory will pay them to perform some activity in Suden Eldenstadt, but the relationship has never grown beyond this.

The sisters are not popular within the area, as they have no qualms about harming locals for their own needs. It is testament to the lack of fellow-feeling in Suden Eldenstadt that they still thrive here. They also harbour a deep-seated grudge for the 'soft' attitude of the priests of Shallya - believing that the only way for the poor to make any money or accrue power within the city is for them to employ brutal and direct means. Whilst they do not make any direct moves against the Chapel, they are satisfied that it receives little interest from the locals, and they often instruct their boys to rob some of the middle class attendants as they leave the area.

Prächtig's Pie Shop

On the north-east edge of Suden Eldenstadt, facing the Field of Justice, is located a small shop from which emanates a delicious aroma. The scent of cooking pastry and succulent meat can be smelled drifting across into the trees that surround the field and into the surrounding streets. This is Prächtig's, the celebrated pie shop and bakery.

Emil Prächtig is an unusual character for Suden Eldenstadt, his demeanour being naturally positive and welcoming. Rightly famous for his delicious pies, he has a strong loyalty to Suden Eldenstadt and even

a degree of civic pride. The standard of his produce is so high that many of his customers come from right across the city - servants are dispatched from the grandest houses of Blutberg and Nordengatter to secure a basket of Prächtig's finest: the venison pie. On occasion, members of the City Guard will come across from the Barracks to collect a large order for their comrades. These customers frequently quiz Emil as to why he maintains his excellent shop in such an unsavoury part of the city - but his replies are always a stalwart defence of the area.

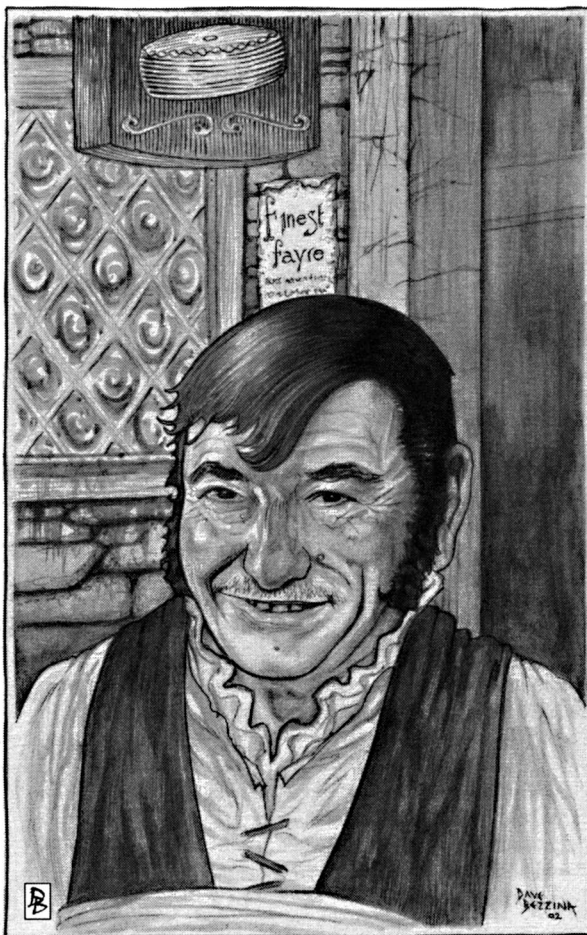
The shop is busy at all times of the day until closing time, around 8 p.m. in the evening. Emil will be there all day, ensuring that the ovens are constantly hot enough, that the ingredients are all to his exacting standards and that no important customer is left waiting for too long.

Emil's pride for Suden Eldenstadt has recently taken a more active tone - he wants to raise Suden Eldenstadt's living standards to those of Zeiterrase. Although frequently defeated by the negative outlook of the average Suden Eldenstadter, he has begun to think of means to improve the area. His popularity gives him some degree of influence with locals, but he lacks the imagination to bring the community together to improve matters. He is also conscious that the criminal fraternity and nobility like the area as it is, and that any obvious attempts to raise living standards would make him some powerful enemies - few people in the city like change.

Chapel of Shallya

The Chapel of Shallya stands adjacent to the Hospice near the border with the Zeiterrase district. The chapel is rectangular in shape with a bas relief of Shallya's heart over the doorway. A small rectory is attached to the rear and houses the four priests and three initiates who do Shallya's work. The Shallyans run soup kitchens in the Old City, Eldenstadt, and Zeiterrase districts.

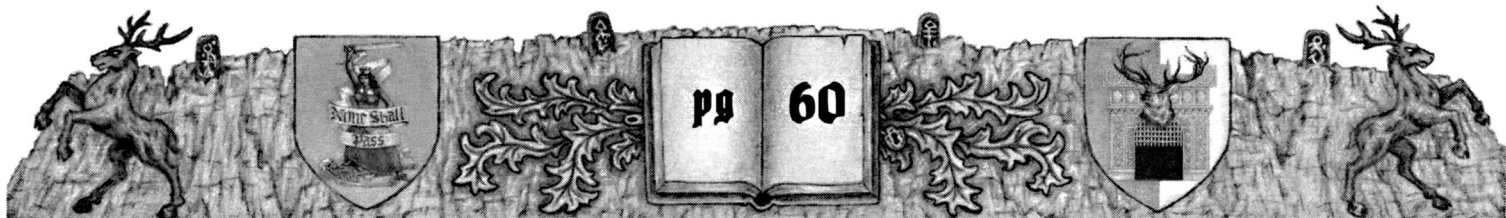
The Shallyan mission has little political clout. Talabheimers are very conservative, and contributions to aid Shallya's helpers are hard to raise. Such difficulties have rendered the chapel subordinate to the Temple of Shallya in Middenheim. There is even some pressure among a minority of the cult hierarchy to close the chapel and hospice unless the city's leaders are willing to lend some support. The attendants at the Chapel are few and far between, but consist mainly of a handful of citizens drawn from Zeiterrase and a small number of Eldenstadters. These are supplemented by the occasional visit from



a grateful convalescent or someone offering prayers to heal a relative, but all in all the city's population has little interest in the less self-serving elements of Shallya's doctrines. The priests run a small orphanage, with only five or six children at any given time - once they reach a suitable age the children are farmed out as apprentices to local artisans, although just as many fall into the hands of more shadowy figures.

The attitude of the priests and initiates tends to fall into one of two modes - there are those who take the lack of support from city authorities as a challenge to their faith, becoming martyrs and failed social reformers. The other option is the more common, a slow retreat into depression and general loss of passion, leading to belief in the more anti-establishment teachings of Shallya. This is not behaviour born out of a desire to avoid trouble; it is more the effect of years of being ignored and discounted by the city's religious authorities and an ungrateful and cynical population.

The senior priest at the Chapel is one Brother Innig, a man who long ago resigned himself to the fact that the work of Shallya was going to be a relatively thankless task in Talabheim. This is not something which he has a problem with, as he has always been suspicious of those who do the Lady's work for personal gain. His attitude is echoed by two of his



Sergei Rahlov
Eldensadt Bawd

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	39	40	3	3	7	42	1	38	42	44	44	32	56

Religion: Neutral (Ranald - in his Gamer aspect)
Skills: Blather, Bribery, Charm, Comedian, Flee, Gamble, Palm Object, Secret Language - Thieves' Tongue, Sixth Sense, Street Fighting, Seduction, Story Telling, Very Resilient, Wit
Possessions: Leather jack, battered hat, cheap but well-kept clothing, dice, cards and a short sword.
Quote: 'Will you take a look at those, my friend? You could see her coming around a corner!' (filthy laugh)

Sergei has a permanent leer on his battered face - a face that looks like it has been everywhere. Despite his thirty years and good health, his face is wrinkled and creased like that of a man twenty years his senior. He wears a huge grin most of the time, broken only occasionally by a comic and slack-jawed feigned double take when something surprises him. Sergei is balding, and his remaining hair is wavy and flat against his scalp. Despite his Kislevite origins, Sergei speaks with a ripe working class Imperial accent. He has probably the filthiest laugh you have ever heard.

Sergei is an immensely affable and generous man, always seeming to be eager to help a stranger in need. Most people in the area know him well, and will greet him in the street with a wave and a shout, to which he will reply with some query about their welfare. He has a wicked sense of humour, which is notable particularly for its bawdiness and suggestion. Few people fail to warm to him. His two great weaknesses are women and gambling - both of which he is powerless to resist. Though no great beauty, his charm and 'profession' allows him plenty of success with the former and an ability to borrow money to fund the latter. Despite his womanising, Sergei has a tendency to behave chivalrously towards women and those he feels need his help - PCs who employ him will not be guided into some dark alley where footpads wait in the dark.

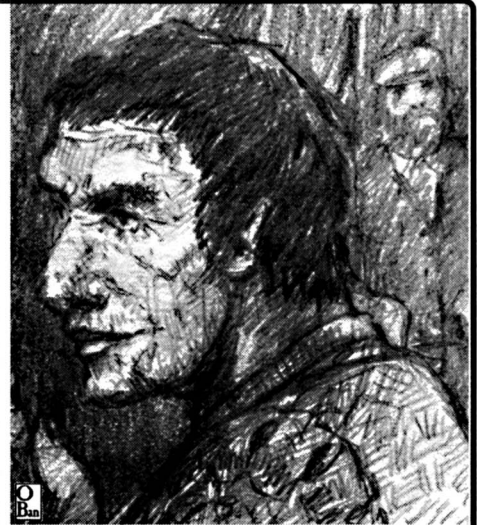
Sergei was born in Talabheim, the son of a philandering Kislevite cooper and his seamstress

wife. His father was an absentee, frequently away from home, visiting one of his many mistresses or carousing with his Eldenstadt drinking cronies. Having no brothers or sisters, Sergei was doted on by his mother, and indulged as far as her meagre income would allow. It was clear from early on that Sergei's strength lay not in learning a trade so much as getting on with people, often the wrong kind of people. As a teenager he became a lookout for one of Eldenstadt's many illegal gambling dens - charged with the duty of calling out a warning should any members of the Watch be approaching. The constant contact with unsavoury elements and drink, women and gambling had an inevitable effect on Sergei, moulding his impressionable mind towards a desire to surround himself with the trappings of a gentleman of leisure who lived by his wits.

As Sergei grew into adulthood, he served in various roles throughout the criminal underworld of western Talabheim, and in the process got to know many of the major players. He became acquainted with and trusted by senior members of the Vory, innkeepers, gambling rings, madams in brothels, drug dealers and racketeering gangs. Despite the fact that many of these characters were (and still are) dangerous sociopaths, Sergei seemed to be liked by all and sundry, with his cheerful demeanour and bawdy sense of humour making him welcome no matter how insalubrious the surroundings.

His role as a bawd and general guide to Suden Eldenstadt emerged from his knowledge of the area, and also as a direct consequence of his needing some leverage with the many gambling dens to which he owed money. Sergei took it upon himself to help those who were looking for illegal pleasures, in exchange for a small commission, some payment, and a few more days to pay off the people who ran the places. Meanwhile, his womanising led to numerous illegitimate children and angry husbands - it is still common to see Sergei climbing from a second floor window in his britches, clutching his clothing underneath one arm. PCs who know Sergei will also see a surprising number of children in Suden Eldenstadt who resemble him in some way - his tightly wavy hair and crumpled features are certainly hereditary.

The income from his 'work' combined with his



ability to find 'liberated' goods, has allowed Sergei to live reasonably well for an inhabitant of Suden Eldenstadt. Despite this, he is always hard up - the one thing that can occasionally make him less popular with his friends is his tendency to borrow money which he doesn't pay back. This is always to back 'a dead cert' in the pit fights, or to play another round of cards, or to 'make back what I owe you'. Suffice it to say, that while Sergei is not a bad gambler, he is a compulsive one, and it is therefore unsurprising that he is frequently out of pocket.

PCs enlisting the services of Sergei will have an incomparable route into the shadowy world of Suden Eldenstadt, with the only disadvantage being the cost and the sporadic need to help him avoid an irate spouse or debtor. He knows almost everyone in the area, and has a special place in his heart for Alexa Wals, which gives him leverage with the local criminals. Although she feigns a dismissive attitude, she does have a great deal of affection for Sergei, although this is purely platonic. He is rare in this respect - Alexa and her sister are almost incapable of any real sentiments towards anyone. Sergei also has a reasonable knowledge of Eldenstadt, but beyond there his resources are stretched. He has no special knowledge of the Old City, and like many citizens will avoid going there.

immediate subordinates, Sister Wetzen and Sister Urteilen, both natives of the city who have little revolutionary fervour, content to tend to those that need their aid. The only priest who finds the acquiescence of her fellow priests frustrating is Sister Besseg. She is still young enough to feel a passion for social justice, but meets frustration at every turn. She has made overtures towards the followers of Ranald in the city, hoping for a mutually beneficial relationship, as is found in many cities of The Empire. However, the respectable routes to the powerful which the Shallyan church offers to Ranald in other cities are not in existence in Talabheim, and nothing has come of Sister Besseg's efforts. She has begun to consider petitioning the church in Middenheim to move elsewhere in The Empire, somewhere she can 'make a difference'. She is friends with the Verenan

cleric Jurgen Kurski. They occasionally meet for dinner and spend the time arguing over how to solve society's problems.

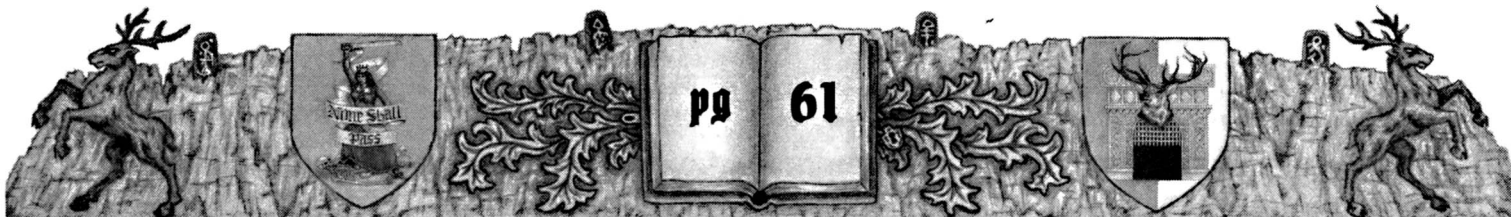
Erberhard Gropper: Dung Collector

Dung collecting is the career of choice for those citizens that enjoy the open air, have a strong sense of civic pride and want to come face to face with nature in the confines of the city. Erberhard Gropper (pictured page 59) is such a man - every morning he gets up early and spends the rest of the day walking the streets of Talabheim with his handcart, a big spade and an almost non-existent sense of smell. Although he lives in a tiny room in Suden Eldenstadt, the whole city is his workplace - with the obvious exception of Blutberg, his is a service which most citizens welcome.

Most dung collectors sell the fruits of their labours to farmers within the crater for fertiliser, and make a meagre, but liveable wage. Erberhardt, however, has hit upon a way to make his dung go further, as it were. He was approached by an alchemist last year, who has an interest in buying the product of his labours for a far higher price than his usual agricultural clientele.

It didn't take him long to find out what the dung was being used for - the alchemist was using it in the illegal manufacture of gunpowder. Erberhardt is not stupid - he knew a good thing when he found it, and has maintained an air of ignorance ever since.

However, in the last few months Erberhardt has taken to drinking heavily with his new-found wealth, and his tongue becomes very loose when it is lubricated.



WARHAMMER ONLINE

A FRAGMENTS SPECIAL BY JOHN FOODY

Recently, there has been some talk of Games Workshop planning an on-line version of the Warhammer world. This plan is now underway. On the back of their success with the *Lord of the Rings* game, they have are looking to create a multi-player on-line version of Warhammer. Not only that, it is one that seems to be more in the spirit of roleplaying than the Battle Game – although that is where the background is based. The planned release date is Spring 2004 but the team behind it are keeping fans up to date with developments.

Unlike previous Warhammer computer games, *Warhammer Online* will be developed by Games Workshop, alongside Climax Entertainments – the UK's largest independent computer games developer. Together they have formed a new company, Warhammer Online, headed by former White Dwarf editor and Design Studio boss Robin Dews. Rick Priestley – Warhammer's original creator and now Games Workshop's Design

Director – is leading the game design team. Indeed Rick says, "my ambition for Warhammer Online is to finally see a game that is the bastard offspring of the union of Carry On and Monty Python. Warhammer was always a cheerful melange of the serious and absurd and so the list of sources that have inspired Warhammer is always going to be eclectic. The obvious candidates are Tolkien, Robert E Howard (et al), and Michael Moorcock - solid fantasy fare for the time. Less obvious perhaps - Shakespeare, Milton and William Blake - truly no source is sacred."

WOL say that "The high levels of social interaction mean they owe far

more to the role-playing and play-by-mail fantasy games of the 80s and early 90s than the recent spate of computer RPGs." They have consciously taken a step away from the idea of large battles, mostly to retain the integrity of the background. "We all accept a bit of fudging in order to create an exciting tabletop wargame – most Lizardmen would never lay eyes on a Dwarf let alone fight a pitched battle against them. But somehow, this fudge didn't seem quite right in a Warhammer world game." This direction seems to open up many more opportunities for playing and bringing the Old World to life, certainly with WOL intending to retain the "grim and gritty" feel familiar to WFRP players.

Robin Dews in a recent interview said, "the instruction to the art team was to render the Warhammer world in as 'real' a fashion as their technology would allow - complete with mud, blood, filth and decay!" It seems to very much an ethos for the game. "Our current copy line for the game is 'Dark Horror and Adventure in the Warhammer World!' That pretty much sums up where we are headed. We want our players to be stunned, overwhelmed and perhaps a little scared by the environment they find themselves in."

The game will be set in the Reikland, but this is just the first step towards opening up the whole Warhammer World. The first episode of Warhammer Online will take place in the area of The Empire between the River Reik and the Grey Mountains, stretching from Marienburg in the north to the foothills of the Black Mountains in the south with Altdorf as the centre. They are using a day/night cycle in the game of approximately 90 minutes. 24 hours of game time therefore lasts for 1½ hours of real time.

Assuming that a hardy adventurer can march at around 5mph, the distance between Altdorf and Nuln works out to about 240 miles, 48 Game time hours or three Real Time hours of march. Given that very few people could march

non-stop for 48, a more realistic journey time would be about 96 hours. This converts to a travel time of around six days Game time or six hours in Real time. It follows on from this that it would take a determined player around 18 hours Real time to walk along the Reik from Marienburg in the north to the foothills of the Black Mountains – a very large game world but hopefully with not too boring a journey.

Nevertheless it is the cities where much will be happening. Robin Dews says, "the towns and cities are also the focus of our skill and career system. Here you can get a job - Rat Catcher, Beggar, Sewer Jack, etc. and build a little fame, wealth and reknown before you risk your neck in the wider world." Sounds rather familiar! Head outside the towns and it gets more dangerous. "It's the spaces between them, where law and order no longer exist, and where Orcs, Beastmen, Mutants, Outlaws and Cultists prey on the weak, that you really don't want to venture into alone."

As to what can be played, WOL are promising choices from Human, Dwarf, Elf, Halfling and Ogre. However, they are not enforcing alignments, with the possibilities of players falling to Chaos. It will be interesting to see how this will be handled. It seems characters are broadly following the WFRP line, where they develop by gaining skills. From the screen shots we have seen it looks like they have simplified the profiles. WOL want to "enable our players to shape their own destinies rather than forcing them down certain pre-determined paths." As to whether characters stay dead when they die, they are still working on it. Warpstone prays that there won't be a Resurrection spell.

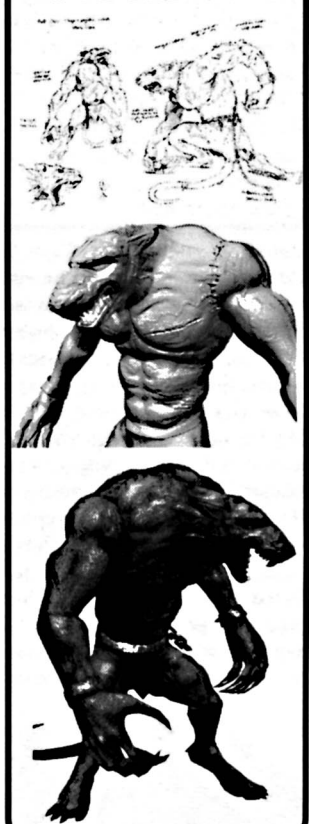
The approach to magic already seems very interesting, and I think it would work excellently as a WFRP magic system. It fits into the game world but provides something different. If only Realms of Sorcery had waited! WOL claim that the system will try and simulate the Winds of magic. Matt Sansam, from the WOL team, says, "for any given area of the game world we know both the maximum possible magical field strength as well as the current rate at which the field is refilling. By varying those numbers we can create a wide variety of effects and have areas where the magic is strong but refills slowly or where the magic field is very small but refreshes very quickly, or any other combination we like."

A spell will cost a set amount of magical energy to cast, no matter who casts it. The bit I like is that it takes a master mage a shorter time to cast the spell than an apprentice wizard. Also, each second a spell is being cast causes damage. Thus that apprentice is going to get badly hurt casting a big spell. Finally, casting spells again and again in an area will begin to attract demons. Matt Sansam finishes by saying, "basically magic in the Warhammer world is a dangerous thing to mess around with but as long as you're prepared for the risks the rewards are great."

Another interesting element is the use of Skaven. It seems they won't be computer-controlled characters. Rather they are to be reserved for GMs and game designers' use. Robin elaborates on this different idea: "This backs up the secretive and clandestine nature of the Skaven and the way in which they operate in the Warhammer world. It also means that if the players ever encounter a Skaven in the game world - in the sewers under Altdorf or the swamps around Marienburg - they'll know that this is no simple AI drone, but a real intelligence looking back at them and ready to react." From what we have seen, we think that WOL is being approached with ambition and respect for the background. Whether this will result in a worthwhile game we can only wait and see. Some of the screen shots here give a glimpse into the direction they are going. We'll keep you up to date with developments but you can check our website or www.warhammeronline.com for more information.



THE BIRTH OF A WOL RAT-OGRE



A TASTE OF FAMILY LIFE

A Scenario by Konrad Schubert

This short scenario can be run for a small group of PCs, either as a respite (he he he) between adventures or a session with only part of the group present or while the group is involved in a slow-moving city adventure so that the players have to split.

There isn't a time limit; it can last a couple of days or more, depending on how sadistic you feel. When you think your players have had enough, just bring it to a conclusion. There should be no need for dice rolling just roleplaying.

Could you be so kind?

A PC is approached by his sister or other female relative, or a female NPC he knows well. She has to go with her husband for the reading of a will in a neighbouring town and cannot take her children along. Could the player be so kind to look after them for some days? Please? Pretty please? As soon as the player says "Yes" or even "Maybe, I'll see..." she immediately thanks them and says that she will wait for them the next morning. If the players are unsure, drop some hints that the family may, as a result of the will, come into some money in the near future.

The Nightmare Begins

When the group arrives at the house (a well-kept property located in a well-to-do area) the relative will be waiting on the doorstep while her husband prepares a small carriage. The family servant, who is going with them, is helping. They greet the players, and the relative lists their tasks:

- ◆ The children have to be in bed at sunset.
- ◆ No playing outside if it is raining.
- ◆ "Bathe them once a week or whenever they come home too dirty... but let me tell you, this happens fairly often" she smiles weakly.
- ◆ Their school is in Oldenstrasse. Take them there an hour after dawn.
- ◆ Make breakfast, lunch and dinner.
- ◆ Take them from school at noon, make them eat lunch with lots of vegetables before they go out to play.
- ◆ No sweets except for a biscuit from the red jar after dinner.

She gives some money for expenses (you decide the amount) while calling for her two kids, Matthias (twelve) and Erika (ten). Both children look well behaved, being clean and shy. Now, if your players have kids they may know better... the others may be lulled into a false sense of security.

Both parents leave after a few words with their offspring ("Behave, don't be a nuisance, do your homework" and so on). Then with the characters ("Be careful, they're very important" – This can be interpreted in various ways but doesn't have any hidden meanings) and then the group is left all alone in enemy territory.

As soon as their parent's carriage disappears behind a turn Matthias and Erika look at the adventurers, evaluating them. Somehow all kids will know at first glance who is strict and who is not and this pair are no exception. As GM, you should be well aware which character is weakest (in terms of discipline, not physically) and you should assume those players will be the targets.

The Parents

Markus is a stocky man in his late thirties, in good shape but slightly balding. He began his career as a pedlar and with luck and skill managed to establish a small shop in town dealing in spices. He soon joined the Merchant's Guild. Lately he received a well-paid job offer from one of the most prominent merchant families. He would have to give up his independent activity but would gain powerful contacts and high incomes.

He is still thinking it over.

Astrid is a tall, red haired woman, thirty years old and very good looking. (She will laugh off compliments, patting her hips whilst saying, "not since the first baby!") She takes everything very seriously, but this fact might not always be apparent as she also jokes and smiles about things.

(If you have the PCs' families well detailed or if you are using a previously known NPC feel free to change these descriptions.)

The School

Run by the local Merchants' Guild, the school offers general tutoring. Children are first taught some basic education in reading/writing, simple mathematics, history, geography and religion (from age 7 to 10), then boys are introduced to a trade while girls are inducted into socially adept forms of behaviour and are taught how to run a household (from age 11 to 13).

Events

Here are some small ideas for events. Remember that the players will be ready for kidnap attempts or the like. They may spend a lot of time imagining where the danger can come from but probably they will not realise the real danger to their nerves will come from the kids themselves.

But today is a holiday! One day, as the characters are ready to take the kids to school the children declare, with an innocent expression, this is a holiday. Obviously, this is a lie. Or maybe, if you want to make a fool of the players, let the characters drag the screaming kids to the school only to discover that they told the truth – if this situation can be engineered, so much the better as it may fool them to think the children are trustworthy.

It wasn't me: While the kids are all alone in the kitchen there is a crash. Describe the sound as like a window breaking followed by what seems to be muffled fight sounds. As the characters run in, worried, they will see the kids sitting at the table with innocent expressions and the biscuit jar lying broken on the floor, its contents strewn everywhere. It's easy to imagine what happened but both children will pretend it was the other who did it. Feel free to decide the truth; it could have been one of them or even both working together to get the cookies.

At the market: Probably the players never had to bother with shopping for groceries before. This will be a true adventure for them. Getting short changed, pickpocketed (the crowd at the market is rather big) and dealing with the tricks of the stallers (displaying fresh fruits and vegetables on the top of the pile and then filling the basket with the ones at the bottom for example) should be enough to break them down. The children are, of course, extremely fussy, so whatever is bought they will demand that it is sent back. And if the children are brought along for the trip, they will either run off and hide or simply get lost and cry.

Flood: Ever tried to bathe a kid who doesn't want to? It is similar to bathing a cat although the injuries are smaller and the amount of water spilled much greater.

Bleah! Can any of the characters cook? Kids are known to avoid eating good things, so imagine what may happen when served badly cooked meals!

Quiet moments: Do not give your players only the bad things. Parenting is not only waiting for the next disaster to happen, after all. Let them help the kids with homework or read them a bedtime story, or tell them about their adventures (and remember to ask a lot of questions while they are doing so).

I didn't notice: Will the characters follow the kids when they go out to

play? If only one does so make the pair split, each going to his/her friends. Will one of them stay out after sunset? Or will they try to sneak out at night...?

Look at my poor child!: When a character arrives at the school to take the kids home they will be approached by an enraged parent. Her child was beaten by Matthias. Assault the player with insults about his parenting skills and Matthias' barbaric behaviour, and enjoy the way the poor soul tries to defend themselves. Physical force just isn't an option in polite company – even when that company isn't actually being polite.

But she hates me!: An old teacher at the school is set on tormenting Erika in every possible way. One day Erika comes home from school crying. If the players (or at least one of them) have been good until that moment she will tell the story. How will they react? Talking with the teacher will leave them with the feeling she is a bitter soul who hates bright kids.

Quick, come... er, wait here... oh, shit!: While out with the kids the players will see someone they're after or have been after. The crowd is rather thick and if they want to catch the NPC they have to move quickly. But taking the kids along may be dangerous, leaving them is unthinkable... and the school is about to open.

I didn't take it!: Some money or a small valuable object disappears from a PC. Are the kids involved? Was it a pickpocket earlier on?

The bully: A boy at school regularly steals Matthias' snacks. Matthias will not complain, but careful PCs should notice he eats hungrily once at home. If questioned he will eventually tell the truth. The problem is that the bully is a tutor's son. The woman is reasonable if approached in an educated (but firm) way, and will see to it that her son won't try such

things again. If approached rudely she may refuse to speak with the characters. Approaching the bully and scaring him may lead the teacher either taking a dislike to Matthias or even trying to expel him from school. Teaching him some self defence will lead to the bully's defeat and a suspension from lessons.

I just came for a visit and...: If you think the group is seriously neglecting their duties introduce a relative of the family (uncle, grandmother) who was too busy or unable to take care of the kids but who wants to make sure everything is fine. Imagine an old skinny lady waving her finger under a player's nose while berating him for keeping the house dirty.

These are only some ideas; feel free to invent others to annoy your players (or, if you have kids, just use your own experiences). Balance tender moments with mightily annoying ones.

Ending the Adventure

Sooner or later the parents will be back, they will read. Their behaviour will depend on what they find upon their return. Dirty kids and house or similar things will mean the players won't be liked ever after. A spotless house and happy kids will earn considerable gratitude. If the players were really good (in the children's eyes – the parents may see things differently!), make the kids hug them and wave goodbye, maybe with a tear or two.

Experience

Vary awards based on roleplaying and educational skill. Being too strict isn't good, but allowing the kids to do whatever they want is even worse. Reward nice scenes.



KRACE SOUTHLANDS

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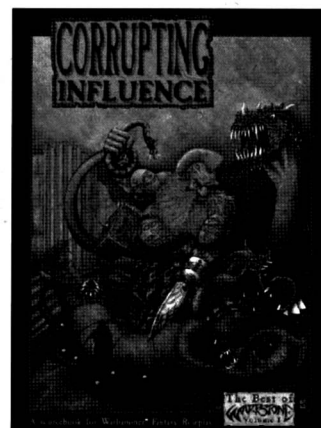
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