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APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION
OGRE PCs IN WFRP

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EDITORIAL

By John Foody

Well, we are still here. Running Warpstone's distribution ourselves has proven a little more involved than we had hoped. Hopefully things will become easier with time and experience - but we shall see!

We did have a few comments about the number of typos in the last issue. Entirely my fault, but we have made moves to try and reduce them. Hopefully you will notice an improvement this time.

There remains plenty of discussion and rumours about the future of WFRP. One thing is for certain; the Black Library, who are charged with making a decision, do not intend to do so for some months yet. However, there is still original material to be found. Look at *Tetsubo*, *Sylvania* and *Le Grimoire* all mentioned in this issue's Fragments. There is also plenty of excellent material on the Web, one of which (The Bretonnia Project), we will be reviewing next issue.

As last year, Warpstone will be appearing at this year's Dragonmeet, alongside a number of the UK's other fanzines. We do feel it is important to promote this aspect of the hobby and not, as you cynics at the back may say, just for our own benefit. Although fanzines have suffered from the rise of the Internet, which has replaced many of their functions, there is still a real place for them.

On a similar note, you will likely have noticed adverts for *Valkyrie* and *Flagship* in recent issues, while forthcoming issues will have advertising from others. We don't charge for advertising, but either swap or give away space. Some of you are unhappy at us giving space to non-WFRP material but we know you will understand why.

We have some excellent material coming up in the future, including a huge scenario by Alfred Nuñez Jr next issue. This also has a very special cover, some thing we are happy to keep to ourselves for the moment.

Finally, we are thinking of doing a special edition of Warpstone, concentrating on one aspect of the WFRP world. It would be a limited edition and outside the normal run of issues. What do you think? Are we are just ripping you off, or does it sound like a good idea?

It is also great to see a letters page again this issue. I know some of you will have heard rumours of such things in the past...

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Talabheim District Maps by Alfred Nuñez

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www.warpstone.darcorc.net

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 do not 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 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 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 are 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 that you have 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

The Article List

If you want to see any WFRP related article then let us know. We will add it to the article list.

Careers: Not new ones, but fleshed out cultures and backgrounds for the current ones.

Guilds: We are running a series on the Guilds in the Old Worlds. Short articles on "mundane" guilds are particularly welcome.

REPORTS FROM THE HEART OF CORRUPTION

Reviews 2

An in-depth look at the Dwarf Sourcebook, as well as some Black Library publications and Hogshead's final release, *Fear The Worst*.

"Did Bugman invent home brewery sets and now sells them to finance his revenge?"



That's Entertainment 27

The history of Entertainers in the Old World, with an expansion of the Career itself.

"This new-found legitimacy led to a flowering of the Arts, spreading troubadours all over the Old World."



The Correspondent 7

Tim Eccles in his regular column mulls over a second edition WFRP.

"Whilst just about everything needs attention, I think it is important to keep the same basic mechanisms."



The Tears of Myrmidia 34

Our huge scenario set in Araby. This is the first time we've left the Old World, so let us know what you think.

"Greenskins swarmed out of the desert laying waste to the fertile lands around Amon."



An Early Demise 9

Some thoughts on roleplaying character death in WFRP, making it more than just another roll of the dice.

"Character death should be as vivid and realistic as any other important roleplaying event."



Talabheim 53

Part six of our city background. A look at some more districts in the city. We said it would all be over this issue. We were wrong.

"A word on behalf of a friend in the Duchess' ear is worth its weight in gold."



Hay For My Horse 14

Thoughts on ideas on expanding the Outrider career. Look out for the moustaches...

"The career remains mostly unpleasant and often dangerous. Yet it is positively vital to the success of any military operation and expedition."



Terms of Address II 59

How to address your betters. This time in Reikspiel!

"This list should be available to those with the etiquette-skill!"



The Professor's Dilemma 18

Some easy money to be made in this short scenario set in Marienburg.

"The professor is a short, older man dressed in a house robe and wearing a skullcap, a crown of white hair sticking out."



The Bakers' Guild 61

The latest in our look at Guilds, this time the bakers. Find out just what kind of Flour Power they wield.

"In reality, a system of patronage and bribery will circumvent this process for 'worthy' applicants."



Stomach for a Fight 21

Rules and background for using Ogres as PCs. Not to mention the chance to find out the difference between a Sour Belly and a Sour Bit.

"Ogre society is built upon their basic needs: to eat and fight. Nothing else matters."



The Forum 63

Yes. It's a letters page.

"WFRP was never meant to be so dry - its rich tone, at heart, is about the blend of the magical and the mundane."



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ABBREVIATIONS

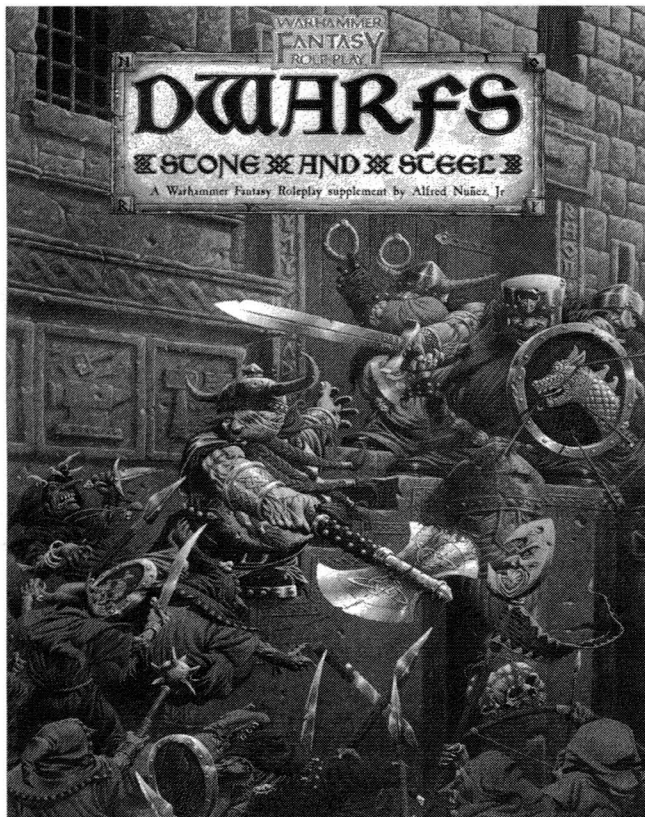
A	Number of Attacks	Fel	Fellowship	M	Movement	SL	Secret Language
AP	Armour Points	GC	Gold Crown	MP	Magic Points	SS	Secret Signs
BS	Ballistic Skill	GM	Gamesmaster	NPC	Non-player character	SW	Specialist Weapons
Cl	Cool	Gu	Guilder (Marienburg Coinage)	P	Parry	T	Toughness
CR	Complexity Rating	GW	Games Workshop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

DWARFS: STONE AND STEEL

BY ALFRED A. NUÑEZ, JR.

Published by Hogshead Publishing

Reviewed by Peter Rutkowski



The WFRP community may rejoice. The sourcebook *Dwarfs: Stone and Steel* is here and fills a huge gap in the background of the Warhammer World. Almost coinciding with the demise of Hogshead Publishing, this book takes on a double significance. Not only is it the first sourcebook detailing a WFRP race, hopefully giving new momentum to the game, it may also have to shoulder the burden of keeping the WFRP community going until someone takes up where Hogshead left off. DSaS might be able to do this admirably as it is a smoothly conceived and professionally published sourcebook for a game where such things, even after sixteen years, are still the exception to the rule. No gamemaster and no Dwarf player will be able to roam the Old World without DSaS. But in true Dwarf fashion they will have to take a large pickaxe to the book to make it work.

The design of the book is almost impeccable, a big improvement on *Realms of Sorcery*. The title illustration continues the tradition set by the original WFRP rulebook with adequate modernizations (identifiable Night Goblins); it has action, drama and even a bit of fun in the shape of the Dwarf in the background knocking on the door his comrades are defending. The typesetting is well done and the inside illustrations are of a high standard - no wonder, as they mainly stem from Games Workshop publications. The specially commissioned artwork in contrast remains a bit stale, tableaux-style, and sometimes is downright weird: view the post-modernist illustration on page 27; only a truly Dwarfen, Elven or Goblinoid reader with Night Vision will be able to

make sense of it. Or perhaps this was meant to be a Dwarf artist's impression of the underground of a Dwarfhold? It may be an ingenious help for gamemasters' descriptions: "It's dark, pitch-dark, black as coals, you're practically blind..."

Inside, Alfred Nunez has done a great (one is tempted to use the word magisterial) deed of collecting the disparate information on Dwarf history and culture from more than a decade of notoriously self-contradictory Games Workshop material. Even more than that, he has elaborated on the Games Workshop snippets and added substantial new information to form a coherent picture of Dwarf life. He only occasionally fails.

The 112 page tome has nine chapters and three appendices. The first chapter chronicles the history of the Dwarf race. Great mythical stuff and among the best material in the book. One yearns for a quiet evening in a roadside tavern with a Dwarf PC telling stories from his race's history up to the point where he pushes his gaming party to the brink of murder.

The next chapter lays out the workings of traditional, or mountainous, Dwarf society. A riveting read, but, naturally, very little of it will ever be disclosed to non-Dwarf PCs and it needs a lot of revision to transfer it to Expatriate Dwarf communities (on which more later). Next are chapters on holds, technology and magic. Again, little of this is immediately usable for a running campaign or personal Dwarf background, but it nicely fleshes out various pieces of information one may remember from reading *White Dwarf*.

The chapters on Dwarf characteristics and Dwarfs of Renown are very much geared towards the building of a Dwarf PC, with lists of names, places of birth, new careers, a page and a half of 'Roleplaying Dwarfs' and then a selection of more or less outrageous Dwarf characters who might well be used as spectral extremes in giving a Dwarf PC believability. The information on Dwarf language and script is fun to read but it remains doubtful how much of this should or could be used in WFRP adventures. But then again, this is the same problem as using mock-German for *The Empire*. Three appendices detail a Dwarfen timeline, glossary and a gazetteer of the Dwarf realms in the well-established manner of older WFRP publications.

The sections on magic and religion settle long-lasting disputes on these aspects of WFRP Dwarfs. The criticism flung at WFRP for its sketchy description of the world's pantheon is well-known. With the quasi-mythical outline of the Dwarf race's genesis DSaS gives a reasonable argument as to why the Dwarfs are what they are. Dwarf players are well-advised to 'search their souls' for their personal approaches to belief. As a declining race under a continuous military and cultural siege, religious fanaticism as well as scepticism are all viable options. Indeed, what DSaS does for the Dwarfs is sorely needed for Imperial players in the religious-nationalistic conflict between Sigmarites and Ulricans.

With magic Mr Nunez has opted for a liberal approach which fits in nicely. While we get everything and more than anyone ever wanted to know about runic magic (this being very much a standard operation for every fantasy RPG), the author has reserved one page for "Dwarf Wizards and Alchemists". Of course, it could be more, but this one page is filled to the brim with roleplaying potential. Having Expatriate Dwarfs practising Human or Elf wizardry, alchemy and elementalism can well be regarded as near-revolutionary, because it breaks the stranglehold on Dwarf players exclusively building characters of various professions who are really just slayers-in-waiting. This reviewer expects a whole generation of

creatively tiresome roving Dwarf alchemists populating the Old World in search of the Philosopher's Stone – and occasionally blowing up some bespectacled magical runt who's too clever by half. And they can still wield a (small) battleaxe.

Various other additions from Mr Nunez' own pen tread mostly unknown ground and some of them can be easily used to build a whole adventure. On a first read there appears to be something for everybody. Obviously thanks to repeated demands, he has also given us the Dwarf farmer basic career and worked it smoothly into the general background. But there is more, with details of the Dwarf navy of the Black Gulf, the infamous gyrocopter and very probably every Dwarfhold ever mentioned and just as probably never really located properly. If you've seen it in White Dwarf or WFB it's here, fleshed out to boot. One is left with the impression of a seamless transposition of even the most recent Games Workshop developments on the Dwarfs. This might be DSaS' greatest achievement. But it is also the book's greatest problem.

True, this is not just a gamemaster's-eyes-only book. Dwarf players are well advised to read it front to back several times to know their grudges. And with this attitude it comes to light that truly there are some grudges to be gleaned from this work. In undiplomatic terms: WFB players can enrich their slaughter-fests with DSaS no end. Although they will appear slightly deranged if they actually care about the where and why of their Dwarf army.

Gadgets like the gyrocopter or the Dwarf navy are acceptable in WFB but have no place in WFRP. They not only unsettle the technological balance of the game's background, they literally revolutionise the Old World. If Dwarfen steam technology is as advanced as DSaS states, then one wonders why there is any sort of innovation in The Empire at all. Surely, no Emperor in his right mind would employ such a charlatan as Leonardo di Miragliano if he only needed to ask nicely for a squadron or two of gyrocopters or balloons to lay waste to any opposition whatsoever. A plus-4 demon sword and Chaos armour? Well, try and survive carpet-bombing, Mr Chaos Knight! The only safeguard against this has to be the conservatism of Dwarf engineers. This was odd in the original WFRP and still doesn't work sixteen years on. One could argue that they need not be progressive as they already have a technological revolution up and running. Why this revolution has almost no repercussions in The Empire, or why the Imperial Dwarfs in the mountains still fight it out with Goblinoids using cold steel, Mr Nunez fails to answer. One might excuse the fun of getting carried away with the absurdity of Dwarf ingenuity, but unfortunately the effect is that this destroys the logic of the Warhammer World and effectively forestalls all adventures involving crackpot inventors, one of the staple ingredients of WFRP. (Think the Kugelschreiber chicken-plucking automaton.)

Naturally, there are a few factual errors (one would have to be suspicious if there weren't any). One is the case of Bugman and his beer. In Dwarfs of Renown, it says Bugman's brewery was destroyed by roving Goblinoids prompting a life-long revenge tour by the irascible brewer and his surviving employees. They sustain their grudge thanks to the hidden caches of weapons and beer. Alright. In other places the book states that Bugman's XXXXXX is the favourite beer at the Imperial court at Altdorf. A slight contradiction there, it seems. This may mean various things: the Emperor drinks something that only appears to be the original and whoever brewed it will have to answer a few unpleasant questions when Bugman

gets wind of this; or, Bugman's romp through the green hordes is a publicity stunt and basically a sham, but more creative than handing out beer mats to roadside taverns, granted; or – one shudders to even think something like this – did Bugman invent home brewery sets and now sells them to finance his revenge? Concerned citizens wishing to rat on Bugman to the Engineers' Guild are advised to contact their local grumpy shorty covered in oil smears.

Then there are four pages one could have done without. These are the Inferno!¹ bit: "The Doom of Kazad Grund". For those who own that particular Inferno! issue these pages hold nothing new and one feels most other readers would not have missed much without it. The main criticism here is that it does not give a general layout of a Dwarfhold, but depicts a particular historical moment, namely the storming of a hold by Goblinoids. It is therefore mostly obscured by the fog of war. Atmospheric, yes, but it doesn't help our architectural understanding. Especially since it is in the 'heroic' mould of the worst of EiF descriptions. A specially commissioned piece showing normality would have been more useful to all parties.

Most damaging to the value of the Dwarf book is the scattering of information on roleplaying, a structural problem of the book. The majority of hints and ideas for Dwarf characters are scattered across the book. Pages 92 and 93 ("Roleplaying Dwarfs") only give a brief summary compared to the wealth of information tucked away under every other heading. A full chapter with character building and how to integrate the rich background knowledge into game performance or at least filling out the information on these pages would have been of more immediately digestible use. Thorough Dwarf players will have a hard time getting all the information they want. But if they succeed, there will be nothing standing in the way of some outstanding roleplaying.

There is one structural omission, or perhaps a misinterpretation, which really lowers the roleplaying value of DSaS: the case of the Expatriate Dwarfs. Mr Nunez rightly argues that almost every Dwarf adventurer will be of Expatriate stock. They have to be, because the Imperial Dwarfs can all too easily mutate into your basic barbarian-in-a-tavern-destroying-and-killing-everything-five-minutes-into-the-game. The Expatriates should have been given more space in the book to show their interesting psychological disposition of being born into a close-knit traditionalist community and having to deal every day with a society which remains decidedly alien to the reactionary status quo of Dwarfkind. This would have made Expatriates true expatriates: individuals fighting for a place in Imperial society by shedding those traditions that make life impossible whilst keeping individual traditions which make sense to them and are acceptable to their compatriots (Humans). This would be the best motivation for an adventuring career, being markedly different from the Humans' social betterment and the Elf joy of adventure for its own sake.

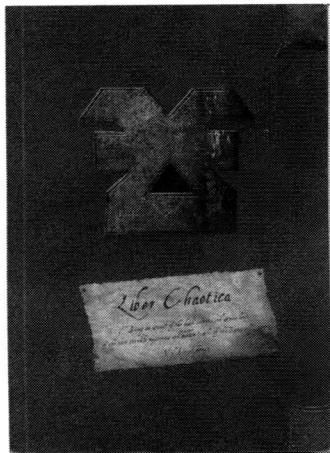
To sum it all up: DSaS can be huge fun for a gaming group with a Dwarf who notes down all his adventures and grudges in Khazalid in a small notebook and therefore becomes the slightly biased diarist-protocoller of the game. It gives a well-defined historical background to the evolution of the Dwarf nation. It has lots of bits and pieces to really make a Dwarf PC a fully rounded character (no pun intended). However, DSaS almost fails as a source for roleplaying Dwarfs in The Empire and anywhere else outside the rpg-unfriendly setting of Karaz Ankor. As mentioned in the beginning, you'll need a pickaxe. Preferably a steam-powered one.

LIBER CHAOTICA 1: KHORNE

BY RICHARD WILLIAMS

Published by The Black Library

Reviewed by John Foody



With this book, The Black Library has taken a change of direction. Although, it could, in part, be described as a fiction, it is largely a systemless background sourcebook. *The Liber Chaotica* books are four books dedicated to the main Chaos Gods.

The first book concerns Khorne, the Blood God, who with Slaanesh, has been the most difficult of the gods to deal with. The god of blood and war, Khorne has rarely been portrayed done with much subtlety. Not that you'd expect this with Khorne, but using him in WFRP creates problems,

ones that are not as much an issue for WFB. Indeed, Khaine, who shares a number of aspects with Khorne, remains the more popular WFRP god.

Written by Richard Williams, the first thing you notice of the book is that it is a fabulous looking piece of work. The parchment effect works well, especially when "handwriting" style is used. This is used throughout the book, sometimes as scrawls in the margins or behind the main text. Atmospheric and effective as it is, it gets a bit too much to read in one go. But this is not a problem as it does not form the main bulk of the book. The art has been well selected, often with sketches, rather than finished pieces, being used. The art of Ian Miller, pulled from GW's archives, features heavily but it is just so good and so 'Warhammer' that it would be churlish to complain.

Williams has written the text from the point of view of a disturbed priest of Sigmar. The text and speech are the results of his investigations into Khorne.

The first main part of the book gives a brief description of the god, then details some of those who serve him. A number of Human, or Marauader, tribes who live in the north and the east are detailed. The best of these tribes become the warriors and Champions of Khorne, his fiercest troops. This is a new aspect to Warhammer background for those who have only used WFRP sources. Although the concept may have to be toned down from what is given here it is a useful addition to the Old World.

Next follows details on the various trappings of Khorne, from weapons to mutations among others. For those looking to use such weapons, this offers some ideas while a description of shrines of Khorne is useful.

A couple of pages on Khaine is surprising to see but is wasted. There is then a large section on various demons of Khorne, from Bloodletters to Flesh Hounds. Perfect stuff if you are looking to include such a beast, although you will have to work out your own profiles. This has some advantages as this means GMs will design to their ideas and needs, highlighting the book's point that all such creatures are highly variable.

Then Richard Williams manages to perform an interesting trick. He includes background on Khorne in Warhammer 40K. However, it is still in keeping with the flavour of the rest of the book, with the narrator describing in visions. Even if you are unaware of 40K at all, these prophecies could be used for WFRP. The final pages of the book describe a prophecy of the last days, something that could be dropped into campaigns in various ways.

Liber Chaotica: Khorne is a useful addition to the Warhammer background. The presentation is excellent and the text gives a good background from a a WFB perspective, rounding up many

of the various elements. From a WFRP perspective it is far less useful, although this depends on the style of your campaign. Much of the faults come from the nature of Khorne himself. The god remains, unsurprisingly, a blunt force that GMs will have to make an effort to incorporate. There is nothing about how his influence is felt in the Old World proper, say among ordinary soldiers and leaders. There is little attempt to filter Khorne through "civilised" humanity. Perhaps there could have been some more general cults that aren't wholly related to blood and war in such a direct way.

While I would not recommend this book for WFRP GMs who only want a "solid resource", as a more general background it is worthwhile reading. Certainly, Richard Williams's approach is entertaining and atmospheric, if at times a little heavy going.

FEAR THE WORST

BY MICHAEL D. MEARLS

Published by Hogshead Publishing

Reviewed by John Foody



Fear the Worst is the final WFRP product to come from Hogshead. Indeed they proclaimed its appearance as a farewell gift to WFRP fans. Moreover, it was made available for free as a PDF download. Was this to be a worthy postscript for Hogshead's WFRP reign?

When first announced, *Fear the Worst* was to be a WFRP scenario containing D20 stats. It was aimed at attracting new players to the game on the back of third edition D&D's success. This never came to fruition, with Games Workshop not allowing Hogshead to use the D20 system in WFRP Products. Thus it remains a "pure" WFRP product.

Fear the Worst is a scenario authored by respected RPG writer Michael D. Mearls. This arrangement brings memories of the Doomstones, a converted D&D campaign, and *Something Rotten in Kislev*, authored by Ken Rolston to help boost WFRP's American sales. From the beginning Mearls had his work cut out for him as neither of those books has widely convinced players.

Physically, *Fear the Worst* is 56 pages long, including 12 pages of NPCs. There are also a number of functional maps but virtually no art. The layout is a little more compact than previous Hogshead products but is clean and readable.

The scenario is set in the village of Heideldorf, but otherwise no definite location is given. Hired as mercenaries to perform a number of duties at the famous Sausage Festival (the nice pun in the title becomes horribly apparent), they are required to interact with locals and festival visitors as well as dealing with some more dangerous situations. A number of plots run through the scenario and players do have some options over how much they want to get involved.

The scenario works well as an introduction for gamers new to WFRP. Mearls succeeds in incorporating a number of WFRP's more established themes and the central idea is solid. However, players more familiar with the Old World will find things a little more obvious - perhaps too much so. Such players can still have plenty to do, but the roleplaying side will need to be pushed to the fore, with PCs reminded that they need to act in a certain way in the Old World.

While aimed at new players, GMs need to be experienced if they are to avoid struggling through this. There is a lot going on. NPC motivation and interaction can be pushed to the background for a more simplified game, but this will lessen the scenario's impact. There is advice on coping with some of the GM's duties, but it is not as comprehensive or useful as that in *Heart of Chaos*.

There is much to admire in *Fear the Worst*. It certainly captures the atmosphere of WFRP. The NPCs are well detailed and their motivations are largely solid. It also plays nicely with the Old World's perception of adventurers. Elements of D&D are visible, but no more so than in other WFRP scenarios. Nothing glaringly

stands out, bar a few out-of-place magic items and overly high Experience awards. The combat quotient may be a little high for some, but it doesn't feel out of place in the plot, nor as part of an introductory scenario.

On the downside, the second part of the scenario is weaker than the longer, main part. This is largely the result of failing to set it up well enough. On a similar note, early in the scenario Mearls states how important the PC's actions are as they will influence later reactions to them. However, there is not enough guidance on how this should be implemented. Again, inexperienced GMs may well struggle with this.

Overall, *Fear the Worst* finds its place among the higher end of WFRP scenarios. It succeeds in being an excellent introduction to the game. I would recommend it to anyone wanting to try the game for the first time, whether they are new to RPGs or not. I would be more hesitant in doing so for more experienced players, but there is still plenty of good fun to be had within its pages.

The D&D influences have not, as many feared, harmed the scenario. Mearls has a solid understanding of what WFRP is about and it is superior to *Doomstones* and *Something Rotten in Kislev*.

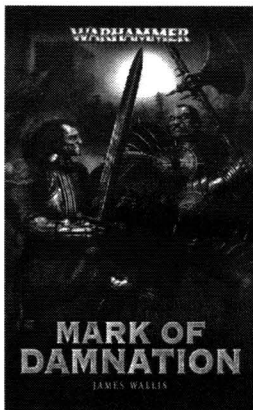
Considering it is free, there is no reason not to check out *Fear the Worst*. It proves to be a worthy send-off for Hogshead. Indeed, it is a shame that they didn't get to produce more releases of this kind before they handed back the licence.

MARK OF DAMNATION

BY JAMES WALLIS

Published by The Black Library

Reviewed by Tim Eccles



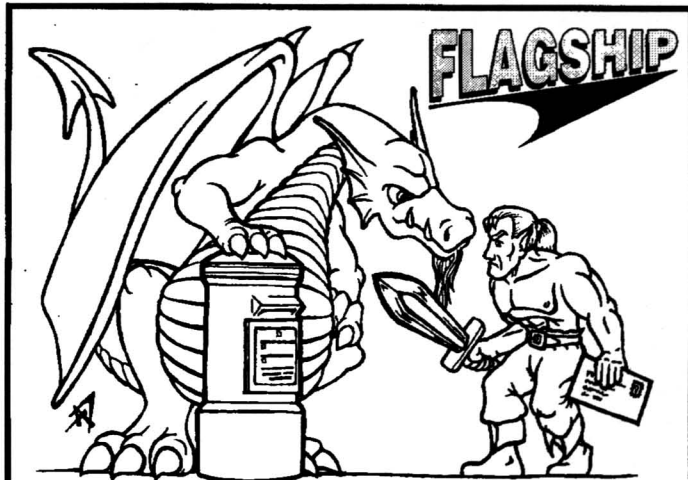
James Wallis' tenure as 'Mr WFRP' for a decade is evident in this work and adds depth to it. We have a generally consistent background and one in which the non-WFB aspects of the Warhammer World make an appearance. He knows the number of the moons, Shallya, and other inconsequential (to WFB) colour that clearly respect WFRP's position and development. Where errors do occur, most notably with the Knights Panther, this usually stems from the desire to adopt the WFB contradictions.

So far, so good. I do, however, have some major problems with the book. Most notably, I find it totally predictable. The plot revolves around the machinations of various enemies within and internal allied groups (supposedly) set up to combat them, some of which rely on a rather too centralist Empire for my tastes. This offers us a range of characters that may not be what they seem, but without wishing to give anything away, everyone is exactly what they evidently are. This rather destroys any sense of suspense. We also have the simplistic WFB approach to warfare in which everyone seems to die (no running away, no mutilated veterans) in the scenes where our hero leads his men into action. Worse, it is not only the characters that are two-dimensional but also the organisations. There are leaps of high fantasy (hordes of mutants in a secret [sic] underground prison) and tacky worse-than-B-movie spy groups. For example, our main spy group has a room and table at an inn, where they not only always meet but also talk business. It is one thing to have amateurish spies, but another to have the Empire's secret police as obvious and incompetent. This is not irony; it is idiocy. I like the idea of a main spy building on the banks of the Thames, er Reik, which everyone knows about, yet officially deny - but taping a book to the underside of a table in a room that everyone knows is used by the spies. Oh, please!

Wallis also attempts to develop the idea behind a gradual 'descent into chaos' of a 'good' man and how he seeks to deal

with his predicament. This is an idea that Games Workshop has tried to push elsewhere (such as in *Pawns of Chaos*) without - to my mind - any success. Sadly, I do not think it works here either. The book is actually a number of separate works barely stuck together, and appears suspiciously to be three short stories converted into the one novel. The first is a spy novel set in urban areas and works well. The second is tedious, revolving around 'living with beastmen'. Our hero's initial 'infection' is ludicrously obvious to the reader, but we have interminable pages describing it on the basis that the reader is too stupid to realise what is happening. We then move to living within a forest mutant community and the various issues concerning being and surviving as mutants. This does not work, but perhaps the sequel can develop the idea. The final 'section' is a traditional Warhammer battle, incorporating the usual (boring) battle descriptions and turgid philosophy on war.

In conclusion, the book does not stand out from the other Black Library fantasy books. If you like the general standard of their fantasy writing then you will like this. I was disappointed, but primarily as I had high expectations of the author, who I know can write well. His *Inferno!* short stories are much better; indeed, this book reads like three such short stories strung together. To his credit, he has attempted to examine the nature of Chaos - something that Games Workshop has always struggled with. Fan material has developed the nature of Chaos quite well, but the material on Khorne has always been weak given the fundamental problems with the concept. Whilst the infection itself is wearily overplayed, it remains unclear how the hero becomes infected into a Khorne cultist by followers of Tzeentch. The cult material is not strong, but it is probably the best that I have read. WFRP fans are likely to buy and enjoy the book, in part as we have so little else! In effect, you get exactly what you expect from the Black Library range, and competently written too.



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WARPSTONE FRAGMENTS

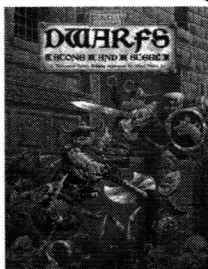
BRIEF REVIEWS AND NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF WARHAMMER



WIN DWARF BOOTY!



To celebrate the success of the Dwarf book, we have a competition! First prize is an original, signed piece of Ralph Horsely art (from *Doomstones: Heart of Chaos*, pictured) and a signed (by author Alfred Nuñez Jr and others) copy of *Dwarfs: Stone and Steel*. A runner-up gets a signed book. To win these excellent prizes all you have to do is let us know the answer to the



following question by March 1st 2004:

Q. Who is the most famous Dwarf brewer of all time?

Tetsubo

By Dave Morris. Published by Carnel

Reviewed by John Foody

In the early days of WFRP, Games Workshop planned on releasing a number of supplements covering the Warhammer world at large. Although the plan was shelved, the early manuscript for one of these, Tetsubo, has now found its way into the wider world. Over the years the fanzine Carnel has released parts of this material. Now this material has been revised and released in three sourcebooks.

Simply, this is 'Japan for WFRP', set in - "the distant land of Yamato, an island that lay beyond even the fabled land of Cathay". The three booklets (a total of 160 pages) are the Character's book, the Spiritual Book (covers magic and religion) and the World Book, which details the world of Tetsubo including the various creatures that inhabit it. The booklets are cleanly laid out with simple but striking covers. Carnel describes this as a playtest edition, but it gives you the nuts-and-bolts you need for playing in a Japanese-style setting.

Parts of the wider background do come through here, but the wider context is lacking. It also fails to make the background good for WFRP. While the style doesn't have to be the same as an Old World campaign, there does need to something distinctly Warhammer about it. Still it is a good start to an unknown region.

Tetsubo costs UK - £12, Europe - 22 Euros, USA - \$25 and is available from Robert Rees. For details of how to order and for information see carnel.sdf-eu.org/tetsubo/index.html.

Le Grimoire

The latest issue of the French WFRP magazine is a 104 page sourcebook for The Moot. Price is 15 euros for Europe (19 US\$ or 12 Pounds) including shipping. For details check out www.legrimoire.net. More details next issue.

Origin of Tree Worship

Issue 5 of Tim Eccles' occasional WFRP fanzine has just been released. It contains Tim's usual assortment of articles including his views on GW's annual report 2003 and what it means for WFRP, Treaty of Helmgart 2500, Empire fortifications and militias, some letters and the draft proposal to Hogshead for Realms of Chaos by Anthony Ragan and Alfred Nuñez Jr. Price is £1 plus postage. Details are at www.shadow-warriors.co.uk.

Apologies

We would like to apologise to Warpstone artist Eric Fessard who illustrated pages 13 and 18 of issue 20 for not crediting him.

Gen Con 2003

Warpstone sponsored Alfred Nuñez Jr's WFRP games at US Gen Con 2003. The two winners were Brian Kirby and Karl Keesler who we are told were very pleased with their Warpstone booty.

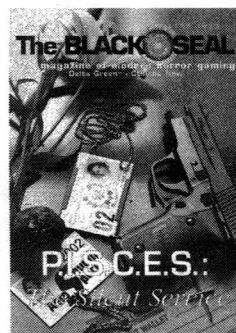
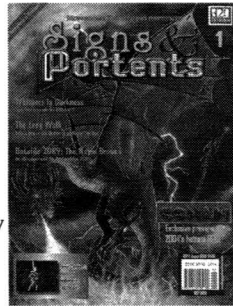
Sylvania and Schnutenbach now on CD

The two fan-produced German scenarios that we covered last issue are now available on CD. The price is 2.50 Euros (plus postage and packaging) direct from editor and writer Karl-Heinz Zapf. Contact him direct at kh_zapf@yahoo.de for more details.

GAMING MAGAZINES

We haven't had a recent look at some of the other various fanzines and magazines out there. With a few new ones available, it's time we did.

Signs & Portents is Mongoose Publishing's in-house monthly magazine. Mongoose publish *Judge Dredd*, *Babylon 5* and other games, with heavy support for D&D 3e. The magazine is glossy and well-presented, offering previews, background and other support to Mongoose games. Very little in issue one is of use for WFRP, but if you play any of the company's games then it's worth picking up and trying. For a recommendation to the general RPG player it will need to improve a little but it is early days. Price is £3.50, \$4.95.



The Black Seal is a high quality fanzine dedicated to Cthulhu Now and Delta Green, but from a UK perspective. Essential reading for games in a contemporary setting. For details and ordering, check out www.theblackseal.org. Price is £7 UK, \$14.50 US.

Recently, Carnel has had a steady flow of issues. Although there has been much less WFRP than in the past, it remains very entertaining. I particularly liked the issue (22) dedicated to wargaming. Issue 21 was a Star Wars special. A four issue UK sub is £5 from Robert Rees, TFF, 22 Victoria Square, Clifton, Bristol, BS8 4ES or check out carnel.sdf-eu.org/carnel/index.html.

Valkyrie issue 27 is a good read. Although none of the main articles hold any interest for WFRP players, the reviews and regular articles remain enjoyable.

Now on issue 104, **Flagship** has recently undergone a change of direction. Although still with a heavy Play-by-Mail presence, it covers games of all aspects. There is nothing in the vein of background or scenarios but the new changes work well and if you have not seen it recently, it is worth a look. A four-issue subscription is £15, while sample copies are available on request. Contact Flagship, 14 The Hollows, Exmouth, Devon, EX8 1QT or see www.pbmgames.com.



UK Fanzines at Dragonmeet 2003

The editors of *The Black Seal*, *Carnel* and *Warpstone* will again be hosting a table at Dragonmeet 2003, this year joined by *Flagship* and *The Whisperer*. In addition to selling issues of their publications, they are hoping to promote the essential role that fanzines play.

THE CORRESPONDENT

Warhammer: the Rebirth? By Tim Eccles

Since this series was always envisaged as a discursive column, it seems an appropriate time to look towards the future for WFRP. It is not something that I have decided to write upon lightly, as I am more than aware of how events can overtake a periodical like *Warpstone*. It is also the sort of topic that can be well covered on the fan forums such as the WFRP-List, *Strike-to-Stun* and *Critical Hit* - and has been. That said, I decided to take a think about a second edition of WFRP and what we might expect from a new (old) owner. In doing this, I would hope to examine why we play WFRP and why it still retains its charms, even in its third decade without revision.

Second Edition?

The first question is whether WFRP needs a second edition, and why? Hogshead Publishing were undoubtedly better businessmen than I am and from their actions one would conclude that there is no need. From a gaming perspective, I would disagree. I assume they believed that the costs of arranging a reprinting of the old faithful better reflected the market than those incurred by paying writers to redevelop the game, contracting for new artwork and arranging for proofing and testing. (Generally, lack of testing is a big gripe of mine in recent product.) It may be that the existing cover and set up was seen as a known commodity, or more simply that Games Workshop would not allow a new edition. Personally, I think a second edition is sorely needed and that a massive re-write is necessary. In part, this is to incorporate all the various sources currently scattered across a range of Games Workshop, Flame and Hogshead product.

It is also clear that some parts were never fully developed for reasons of time and space, or because of the naive hope of revisiting it in future product. It seems to me that there are so many copies of the rules in their many different printings that a new set would be a commercial necessity to anyone looking to launch the game again. I do not believe that simply reprinting existing product again would find a market - and I also think it would kill the game, as the fans would not stand for it. We have so much more choice these days than in 1986 - or even 1996. A sharper, new edition to herald the re-launch would be vital. The question, then, is what would go into this new edition.

Pruning the Foliage

What is needed is a fundamental review of what, at root, WFRP is. It is important that this is carried out in as neutral a manner as possible. Many of us have been playing the game for twenty years

and without official product to guide us have produced our own personal Warhammer worlds and house rules. This is good, but for a commercial product there is a need for a streamlined unity. We all need to be playing the same game in order for world continuity and consistency across games to allow WFRP to have some chance of

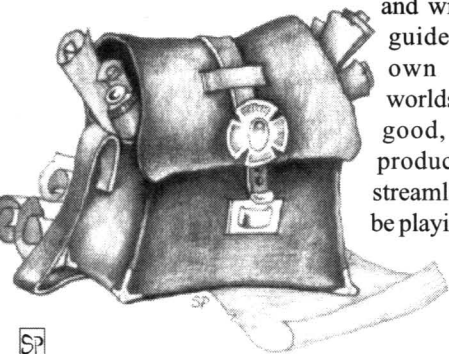
developing in new clubs and players' hearts. In any event, I think that the answer to my question is simple - we play WFRP because of the background and the world. It is this that the new rulebook should focus on, selling us the central core concept of WFRP - its world, the Germanic Renaissance setting and the enemy within. One thing that has happened over the last twenty years is that the world has developed in hundreds of different directions to serve the interests of hundreds of GMs without any central direction from a publisher. Worse, we have had the world radically revised for the mass battle game, leaving some GMs steadfastly living in the Warhammer of second edition WFB which was (conceivably) written before some players were even born. Others have taken the newest material and adopted it wholesale. Personally, I have attempted a middle line. I suppose that I am, generally, in the 'old fart' camp and prefer the older material, but I do not denounce all of the newer material, and have (for example) been using *Hordes of Chaos* in my current campaign. This all results in the need for a new edition to pull our world into a single, defined shape. To this end, therefore, I would place much more background into a second edition and seek to define the world, its inhabitants and its cultures. This is not simply about quantity either, but style. As an example, I would favour something along the lines of the first *Enemy Within* with its source material and background for Sigmar rather than the more formulaic approach to the deities currently given in WFRP. Since we all accept The Empire as the *de facto* centre of the world, I think space needs to be devoted to examining it in depth. Not only would this set a standard, it would also give a true feel of the game to potential buyers. With luck, other areas of the world would be supported in source material; surely a ready opportunity for pumping out further releases?

The Good

Besides the background, the most important feature of WFRP to me is its simplicity. Whilst just about everything needs attention, I think it is important to keep the same basic mechanisms since they (generally) work.

Character races are just about right. There are some problems and there is a need for some tinkering. One of the most obvious is the 'Naked Dwarf' syndrome; this can be easily resolved by allowing Dwarfs a starting range for Toughness of only 3 to 4. They still will almost certainly roll *very resilient*, which will give them a racial superiority, but not to the extent that happens now. My concern with Dwarfs, and a danger with the other races, is that we continue down the path of *Dwarfs: Stone and Steel*. I like the sourcebook and it is very good at what it sets out to do, but I do not believe that following WFB's lead so directly is necessary. WFRP should develop non-humans for its own needs rather than rigidly following the needs of a battle game. I see no reason for WFB to complain at this, since the two games would remain stablemates, but still stand as separate games - as they do now.

Less obvious, but more necessary, is a decision on Gnomes in the game. I am ambivalent about them, but all the races need their place in society to be outlined. If we cannot find one for Gnomes, then they can be quietly shelved. I do not like half-orcs (notwithstanding Toby Pilling's interesting article in *Warpstone* 20) but this might be



a time to consider their possible merits.

Combat is easy to GM. Some people have argued that it is too easy. I disagree. It plays just about right in my experience. It allows for tactics, can be played with figures if desired and has the right 'feel' for combat. It is deadly, but at the same time the 'little guy' always has a chance.

I like the career system in principle, but I agree with the many people who have offered extra careers and revisions that there is room for improvement. Because of my interest in background, I would like to see a firmer cultural context for each career, and I think some care has to be given to the skills and advances available to each. I continually change my mind on the need for career exits, but even if they are retained they need some attention. The skill system is once again a tradition and one that operates reasonably effectively. I think the game mechanics might be amended, allowing genuine specialisation (particularly by NPCs whose career it is, unlike adventurers who are simply dabblers). Otherwise, careers and skills are principles that I like.

The lack of monsters I tend to regard as a positive. There are a few ludicrous hangovers from D&D dungeon crawls and the like, but mostly we have sensible and rational creatures. This also means that we do not resolve all our adventures by introducing a new monster as a *deus ex machina*. In case much of my defence of WFRP seems a criticism of D&D, I do like some archetypal 'dungeon' monsters that are not in WFRP; my own campaign, for example, has carrion crawlers and rust monsters. The key is that they must serve some purpose in the campaign and fill, at least some notion of, an ecological niche. By limiting the number of creatures, WFRP has achieved this. I am not against expansion per se, and I would like to cull some monsters (such as the Goldworm), but there is a need to retain balance. Some of the statistics need revision, but this is not a serious issue.

The Bad: Cut Back Aggressively

WFRP as it stands is not a well put together book. There is a lot of wasted space; with careful setting out, a lot of extra material could be added. Much of the artwork is superfluous, adding nothing and taking up space. Art is a central part of WFRP and adds to its feel - but only when said art is relevant to the milieu and the section that it finds itself in.

I have never been convinced that any RPG book needs a 'What is a RPG?' section. I really do not believe that the game buyer has no idea what they are buying. This sort of material is better developed as a marketing tool - and better done on the internet, at conventions and at Games Workshop (and other) stores.

As for magic, I think the rules and spells are improved upon by *Realms of Sorcery*, but I tend to agree with John Foody (*Warpstone* 19) on his position on magic in general. It can certainly be improved, and removed from its D&D origins, into a much more culturally based system. Religion is rather staid to my mind and I would also like to see this better placed in its context with the background material that I mentioned above.

I am not entirely convinced of the need for an introductory adventure, nor that the one given is a good 'WFRP' style. It is rather linear and, whilst notes are given as to why Oldenhaller wants the gem, to my mind that is by far the better WFRP angle to take in the first place.

The Ugly

Games Workshop. However one elects to examine the current state of WFRP, there is no getting away from Games Workshop. In spite of it being regarded as the company that killed WFRP and many other elements of the gaming nirvana of the 1980s, I find myself liking the company a great deal. FRPs in general have been dying away for many reasons, mostly linked to computer games rather than Games Workshop. They made a commercial decision to kill WFRP at a time when they were looking to float as a PLC and needed to show a decent return on their capital across the board. There is nothing inherently unreasonable in that. Equally, fans accuse them of being a 'miniatures company' disinterested in RPGs. I am not convinced that the evidence supports this. Games Workshop is involved in a lot of things besides miniatures. True, many are ancillaries - property (to sell figures), manufacturing (to make figures), paints (to paint figures) and rules (to play with figures), but they also produce books (linked to their figures, perhaps), which are becoming an important source of income. The 'Big Bad GW' argument also fails to explain why they continue to support games that need very few figures (Bloodbowl, Mordheim) or support the production of a rules set that specifically undermines their own figure ranges (Warhammer Ancients). I predicted that Hogshead would lose their licence before it happened, and, yes, I know that James Wallis cancelled first - but he jumped before he was pushed. This is not simply my being wise after the event, since many WFRP fans and convention attendees will confirm that this was one of my boring 'pub monologues'. Taken straight from their corporate accounts, Games Workshop's strategy, at this moment, is to bring all of their activities under the one roof. Witness their move into distribution and the purchase of the firm producing their CCGs. Therefore, under their current corporate plan, Games Workshop will produce WFRP themselves provided that it can produce a satisfactory return for them. Personally, the thought of scenarios coming in boxes with floor plans and miniatures is something that I do not oppose, although Games Workshop operating WFRP does not necessarily indicate that this would happen. After all, one can buy all their other rulebooks without the box, figures and other ancillaries.

Conclusions

My final, and probably most important issue, is the need for a new edition to be playtested. Wizards of the Coast flaunted the amount of testing that 'third edition' had undergone, although it still seemed horribly broken to me. However, I have found consistently that new WFRP material does not fit, contradicts existing releases or is simply unbalanced. If we are completely honest, we have all discovered many areas of existing WFRP where the rules simply do not make sense, do not work or (in our individual opinions) need amending. It is imperative that a second edition is tested as thoroughly as possible in order to prevent these problems before they occur. I would be very surprised if there was a shortage of volunteers, willing to do this for free. We must recognise that time is also money and that such testing would slow development - but I think that it is imperative for any new release. A poor core rulebook will surely kill the system.

I think that the rest is up to us. As WFRP fans we all need to make decisions as to what we want in the game in the hope that we can participate in a revival. At the same time, we also have to recognise the aims and desires of whoever the new publishers might be. Ultimately, we all have to let go. But, in the meantime the *Warpstone* letters page awaits!

AN EARLY DEMISE

Death and Dying in the WFRP World by Rev. Lepper

"16 Your blow smashes your opponent's spine and abdomen, tearing muscle and shattering bone so that your opponent falls to the ground in two separate places."

The vivid description of a critical hit is well known to both WFRP players and GMs. Countless adversaries have been cleaved in twain in just such a fashion, since death is a common event in WFRP; but what happens when it is a player that suffers a critical and dies? The death of a Player Character, and others in the world, can be further developed and this aspect of the game is worth exploring.

Game Mastering the Death of a PC

The tragic happens: a character receives a critical hit and is dead or dying. Should a GM simply tell the player they are dead? Should their colleagues at the table know, even if they are distracted?

If the GM is not concerned about painting a gory picture, they may pass over the character's exact injuries during the heat of the battle. The party see the character sustain a grievous injury and collapse silently or scream in agonizing pain. The characters will not know the exact demise of their comrade until after the battle. If the party is outclassed, they may be forced to leave their fallen behind without knowing their true fate. GMs can write a note to the affected player to not publicly reveal information, creating concern for the incapacitated PC and therefore adding tension (and importance) to the battle.

In some cases it may be important or immediately apparent if a character has been killed outright, such as from a long fall or decapitation. In many instances however a friend's collapse in the chaos of combat may not be noted. Player Characters may unwittingly abandon their mortally wounded after pursuing enemies, running away, or celebrating before realizing their victory was won at great cost. After things have settled down, the other players may discover their ally's injury and desperately seek to provide aid. Violence has consequences, and the lingering death of a friend is a reminder that the adventuring lifestyle is a perilous one.

THE MOMENT OF DEATH

Simply stating that a character is dead does little to highlight the importance of death. This individual has been a companion, taking the same risks as others in the group and a bond between all of them is likely. Character death

should be as vivid and realistic as any other important roleplaying event, rather than something set aside. GMs should try to use the death to convey to the players the implications of such an occurrence. Unless characters have medical experience they may not know if or when death is going to actually happen, adding uncertainty to the affair. To ensure this element of suspense, when mortal wounds on the WFRP critical table are received, the GM should paraphrase the results so that characters are unsure what the level of injury actually is.

Instantaneous Death: Most adventurers know the risks they take, and if they should meet their end, this is the death they all pray for; a quick and painless finish to their lives.

The Heroic Death: Although embellishing the roleplay potential of death is important, this does not mean it should necessarily be prolonged into a tedious experience. In certain cases the death of



a character can be brief, highlighting the mythic dimensions of such an end, like a lone single Dwarf holding off hordes of Goblins so his allies can retreat. In this case, players looking back may witness the brave Dwarf valiantly fighting his foes before simply disappearing into the enemy onslaught. The grisly details are glossed over to preserve the "epic" feel of a heroic end.

The Noble Death: Sadly not all deaths are easy and painless. A player may die over seconds, minutes, hours, or even days. Such a slow conclusion is difficult for the individual experiencing it, but for their friends and colleagues it can be equally intense.

Adventurers, hardened by their lifestyle and motivated by firm ideals or true to their own rugged self images may face death with the resolve and character that they showed in life, bravely gritting their teeth as they slowly die, uttering their last words.

In this case, the GM should let the player roleplay the death scene, allowing them one last moment to fully run their character. To die a Noble death, that character must make a *Cool* Test; otherwise, in the spirit of a truly dark campaign, they suffer an "Ignoble Death."

The Ignoble Death: Not everyone is fortunate enough to die quickly. Although, some take their impending termination with great dignity, many do not. Death may come in seconds or hours; the injuries maybe so grave and intense that the character cannot bear the pain. They scream and howl, begging for it to be stopped. Characters may stand about helplessly wondering how they can continue. Will their friend's anguished cries draw attention? Can they bring themselves to put him out of his misery?

The character may not only be shrieking and emptying their bowels, they may be horrified at the ignoble circumstances, such as a dying Wood Elf struck down by a lucky blow. In such cases the character may be cursing their fortune, or asking to be avenged. Worse, the expiring character may blame their friends for their fate. Other characters may simply not want to go and will cry, beg and plead for someone to do something - a natural response, but sadly, useless.

The Tragic Death: Horrified by their friend's condition, the party seeks medical attention, only to arrive too late - the reaper has visited the wounded character at the last minute. This lingering doom can be used to greatly dramatize the tragedy. The characters are left wondering if a life may have been saved if they had been a bit faster or staunchly the flow of blood better, or shown more devotion.

The Silent Death: A silent death can be tranquil or horrific. If the character is struck unconscious or in shock, they may lie peacefully as they die and their companions may quietly await their demise. On the other hand, if damage has paralyzed the character, their death can be horrific, as the other players watch the character's fear, helplessness and paranoia build as they realize their life is gradually slipping away.

Left for Dead: Since most characters are medically untrained, they may well assume a gravely injured and unconscious associate is dead when the hardy individual will actually survive. The consequences of this can be great. The character that was left for dead may seek out vengeance. If anyone learns that the surviving characters left someone behind their reputation will be irreparably damaged.

If characters persistently leave behind the bodies of colleagues,

Death and the Soul?

The WFRP book states that Mórr escorts and watches over the souls in life, although Khaine seems more than capable of stealing souls. The presence of ghosts suggests that there are any number of ways that souls can avoid passing into the guidance of Mórr. Further insight into what happens to the soul can be gleaned from the original Realm of Chaos books.

The *Lost and the Damned* states that: "Every flesh-and-blood creature has a simultaneous existence in both dimensions [material world and the Realm of Chaos]. The physical aspect lives in the material universe, but its existence creates a shadow-self in Chaos... a shadow self formed from pure energy... Some people call this shadow-self the soul." (*Lost and the Damned* pg. 6). It also elaborates upon the nature of death: "The Realm of Chaos is like an endless sea, and like a sea it is neither empty nor still. It is populated by the shadow-selves of both the living and the dead for the death of the material body does not destroy the shadow-self. Severed from its psychic link to the material body, the shadow-self drifts in the Realm of Chaos. As it does so, some of its energies are dispersed into the general flow, but the strongest and most distinctive mental traits remain." (*Lost and the Damned* pg. 7). This book continues, asserting that these fragmented souls gather together into powers that represent an aspect that embodies a trait of the living.

This begs the question: Does Mórr truly rule over the dead? Or does he merely guide a soul to a power related to that character's nature? Is a soul condemned to float in the Realm of Chaos, victim to the attentions of daemons? Does anyone in the WFRP world know the truth, or are all the religions merely speculating?

merely pausing to scavenge gear before moving on, the GM may introduce encounters to remind them that the death of a fellow being is indeed a more significant affair than they have hitherto treated it.

Characters retreating from the field of battle leaving fallen comrades behind may very well be haunted for the rest of their lives.

Last Words

Characters who do not die immediately may have the opportunity to utter departing words, whispered to those cradling them and trying to ease their last moments. This is the opportunity for a player to let their character's final wishes and thoughts be known.

AFTER THE DEATH

The consequences of a death event extend long after the character has breathed their last. The following are some of the issues that a GM and player should consider.

The Corpse

When the act of dying is finished, the surviving party members will probably be looking down on their friend's corpse. All too often the only thoughts are to strip the body of equipment and move on. Unless it really is in their character's personality to be so

callous, players should be penalized in Experience Points, or in game events, for doing this. This was, after all, someone with whom their characters traveled, lived and ate, someone to whom they may have owed their own life.

The Old World has many superstitions about the dead and there are a number of moral and religious laws regarding the proper care of a corpse. These measures ensure that the dead rest peacefully and do not torment the living. It is believed by many that if a body is improperly disposed of it will keep a soul from departing. While this might be pure superstition, the characters have been exposed to these Old World beliefs and should take these concerns to heart. They too will hope that the cultural norms are followed when their time has come.

Leaving behind a body in a forest or forgotten tomb is practical, yet unthinkable to most Old Worlders. The player characters would probably feel that the least they could do is to have the body properly interred, which means transporting a corpse in less than ideal shape. A body is cumbersome and messy, yet still needs to be treated with respect even if there are only pieces of it. Player characters who consistently abandon the bodies of colleagues are going to have a grim reputation amongst their peers. Once they have the body however, the characters may have to take up the expense of burying it or disposing of it one way or another.

The Last Rites and Burial Practices

The rites are normally performed to assure a soul's departure to the afterlife. A priest normally performs last rites but in their absence a witness to the death usually says a few words. Since most Old Worlders have seen their fair share of passing they are able to improvise a proper last blessing. Dwarfs, in particular, have long ritualized rites invoking their ancestors and are taught from a young age to perform the proper services .

Notifying Next of Kin

Long overlooked and rarely played out is the effort to notify the deceased's friends and family that their loved one has passed on – often in a grisly manner or under dubious circumstances. Failure to notify the authorities of a death may look suspicious and possibly result in scandal. So out of respect, and with this in mind, many take on the arduous task of sharing their companion's last earthly moments with the loved ones of the deceased. Often the bereaved family and friends hold the

The Funeral Rites of the Underworld

The “underworld” of the Old World has its own rules, and its own deity: Ranald. Often followers of Ranald die in a manner or in circumstances that make a normal burial too risky or raise too many questions. Thus the rules governing disposal of bodies by the followers of Ranald are a bit different: while a normal burial is preferred, any method of disposal is grudgingly accepted. The reason for this is simple: when a follower of Ranald dies, it is believed that Ranald has played his last prank on the follower, by stealing their last bit of luck. He also makes off with their soul upon death, thumbing his nose at that authority of the afterlife Mórr and guaranteeing that the dead servant joins his master.

deceased's comrades accountable in part for the death.

Accusations, threats, and legal actions may be leveled against the former colleagues who could have to provide financial assistance to the bereaved family.

Eternal Sleep: Burial and the Grave

There is little universal to say about putting a corpse to rest as there are so many customs. For humans, the priesthood of Mórr mostly regulates burial rituals, but even then this depends on the wealth and import of the deceased. The poor are often dumped into paupers' graves while the truly important are buried with great fanfare beneath beautiful and elaborate tombs. Money is the issue: the cheapest burial in an unmarked plot on unconsecrated land with the presence of a Mórr attendant is at least 10GCs. For cremation in the “Flame Eternal” prices go from 15 to 40GCs minimum. Burial in a holy place is 25GCs and over. In the city these costs are doubled and an extravagant funeral will cost over 200GCs with the headstone or monument worth an additional 20 to 2,000GCs.

In urban areas, the handling of the dead is controlled by the Cult of Mórr, although it is common for other religious traditions to play a part in the ceremony of the burial. Sometimes each Cult's burial rites differ and, in a few cases, conflict and it is the role of the Cult of Mórr to mediate such disputes. In the countryside the Cult of Mórr has less authority and other, older religions still play a role, overseen by the priesthood of Ulric or Taal, or more rarely by druids. The Cult of Mórr frowns upon these older practices and aggressively tries to extend its influence into the countryside. These customs are often seen as “backward” by urban populations and are heavily legislated against in urbanized areas.

There are centuries of tradition that characters should follow during the last rites or burial. Players might want to improvise based upon their own experiences. For example, a follower of Ulric might very well decide that the dead should be buried standing, facing north, with their weapons to ensure that they will be able to greet Ulric in the afterlife standing like a true warrior. However, a follower of Mórr might believe that the dead should never be buried with a weapon, for the only entity they shall face is Mórr who will lead them to the afterlife. A follower of Rhya might insist that the dead be curled up in the fetal position as they are returning to their mother. The last rites and burial rituals should be closely tied to culture and this is another opportunity to evoke the feel of the Old World.

Dwarfen funerals are very solemn affairs, for one has just joined with the ancestors. There are strict rules to be followed. Families come together, the ancestors named (a process that in some clans takes days) and the body is ceremonially prepared and always buried in the clan or family tombs. Even after the burial proper the rituals continue so that the deceased will serve the family as an ancestor.

For Elves, death is simply another transformation similar to waking from a dream, a change to another state of consciousness. Sadness and weeping still occurs as death is seen as part of an inevitable process. Funerals are ritualised but the disposal of the bodies varies between communities – some bury their dead, others set them down river on boats, others cremate and consign the ashes to the forest. The deceased's life and death is celebrated

in gatherings that are muted in contrast to other Elven festivities.

Halfling communities all fast on the day of a burial and just before sunset the Halfling is laid to rest. The fasting is required to remind them of the loss that they have experienced, but after the burial the loss is symbolically set aside by the breaking of the fast. A great feast celebrates the legacy that the deceased has left behind. Tales are recounted, worldly possessions are given out, and toasts offered in memory.

Of course many other races neglect their dead or feast upon them. Ogres, Beastmen, goblinoids, Skaven and the like show little concern for their dead, often resorting to cannibalism. Chaos Dwarfs still maintain some of the ritual they once had as Dwarfs, though they consign their dead to a fiery grave in the furnaces dedicated to their dark god. Some do have rites associated with cannibalism, such as bone-carving. The stark contrast between the dark races and those they seek to conquer is a fitting reminder of what is to come.

Last Will and Testament

While some may think that picking over the possessions of a dead comrade is standard procedure, in truth their possessions should be returned to the family. Since local lords often tax the estate of the dead, failure to return the belongings for accounting purposes often earns the ire of the nobility.

Not all in the Old World are fools – and those seeking adventure know how dangerous the risks are and how untrustworthy their future companions may be. Thus many leave behind or carry with them their last will and testament should they meet a premature end. This document is intended to resolve all the questions resulting from their death; where they shall be buried, how, who should be present, and instructions concerning the orderly dispersal of their worldly goods and titles.

With so much at stake it is no surprise that this orderly transition is often anything but. Families typically possess an earlier will that disagrees with the papers the adventuring party has. Details over the will are hotly contested, with documents faked, changed or destroyed. Communities can be broken apart by the disputes which sometimes emerge over division of an estate.

Of course, formal documentation is rare among the illiterate, and in the absence of any legal documents common laws exist. For example, in death a serf or tenant farmer must repay all his debt to his lord before any distribution to the family. Generally in the absence of a will the meager estate is divided, with

two-thirds of the deceased's estate going to the children and the last third to the spouse. Among the Dwarfs, the entire estate is returned to the head of the clan who then redistributes the wealth to the family, with particular attention paid to the offspring of the deceased.

Suspicion and Consequences

While talk of dungeons and dragons might make for good tales around the fire they are appreciably difficult to swallow when offered as the explanation of a person's death, particularly in the absence of any evidence! Adventurers, mercenaries, and their ilk have shady reputations; most people will be entertained, but not believe. "A demon you say?" "Cults of evil worshippers in the sewers, in this town, led by the mayor?" Such claims are considered poppycock in a court and those that insist upon these explanations without substantial proof to back them up will find themselves tried for murder with the added charge of conspiracy.

This suspicion will be particularly acute if the deceased was of a higher social level than their companions. A Noble dying under mysterious and grisly circumstances in the disreputable company of a rat catcher, a bawd, and a gambler will certainly raise questions. Remember it is not only grief that is experienced by family and friends after death – anger is another common emotion. When a Noble, Cleric, or others die, the repercussions from family and friends may be hostile, and the characters could easily run afoul of the class structure of Old World society.

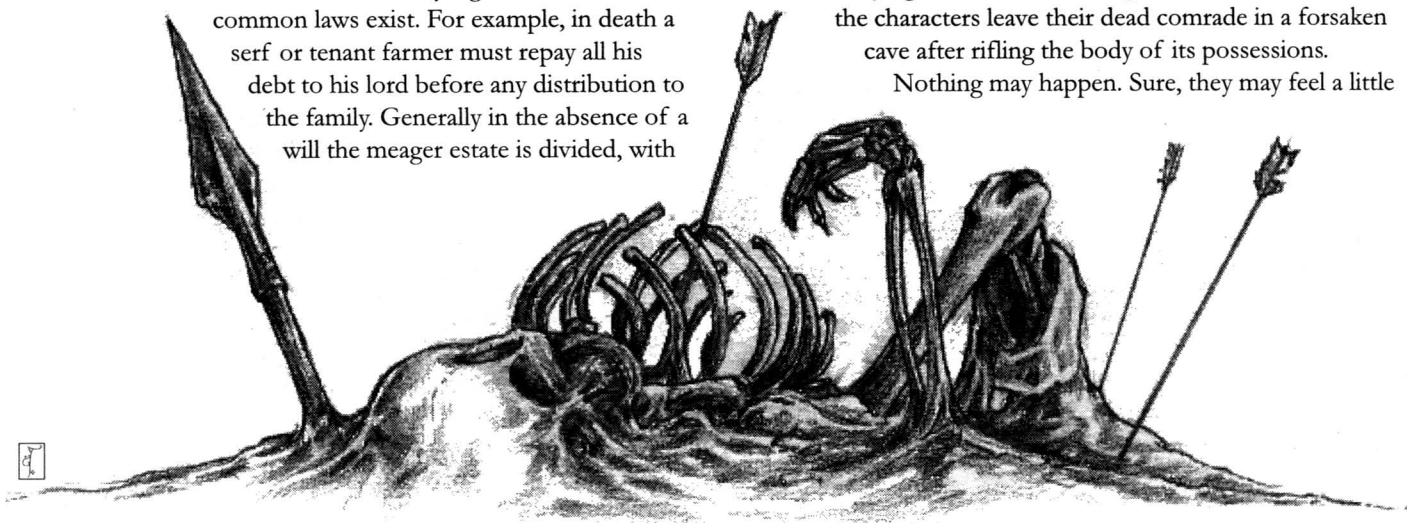
Debtors

The deceased may have made their surviving comrades executors of their estate, a position in which much trust is placed. For the survivors, this responsibility places them in a delicate situation, balancing the needs of competing interests. When the debtors come calling, it becomes even worse. Particularly among travellers, it is rare for financial accounts to be organized and an unexpected death often ruins the best-laid plans. A death may result in a financial hardship for the survivors and the deceased's family and the debtors may take advantage of the confusion and mounting debts.

Resentment from Beyond the Grave

So defying the wisdom of the generations before them, the characters leave their dead comrade in a forsaken cave after rifling the body of its possessions.

Nothing may happen. Sure, they may feel a little



guilt or possibly be condemned by the community. Then again, something worse could happen; the dead do not rest easily in the Old World. The characters may be haunted by poltergeists, ghosts or spectes that demand their body be laid to rest or that their children be cared for.

Maybe death alone is not sufficient to keep a player from adventuring with his companions, and one of the players could play a ghostly version of their late character. Such concepts have been explored in other games such as "Lost Souls" and "Wraith" and adaptations could be made to allow characters greater power and effectiveness in the Old World. Perhaps this may lead to the party being hunted by Clerics of Mórr.

Every Death a Novel

The information here is also applicable to NPCs. In this context the GM might get further meaning by re-examining death in their own games. The players may fight off a band of brigands demanding money, only to stand in the midst of mortally wounded men screaming for their families, holding in entrails, and crawling off into the woods to die. Perhaps their cries draw wolves, who then eat them alive. The point is that everything they fight has a life, has a history, and although their story may come to a conclusion their death should be just as significant. Not simply gold coins and a weapon should be left behind, but items of the living: drawings, gifts from family members, mementos or items they had produced. Both human and non-human creatures

will have items in their possession that are unique to them. Possessions which show that there was an entity perhaps not much unlike themselves.

So, the characters spend a couple of days in the forest after this encounter, chilled by the continuing noises of dying brigands. The next morning they return to a heart wrenching scene at a village: the men have all been killed (the adventurers realize by whom) and the village is left with widows and orphans uncertain how they'll make it through the winter. Never mind the outrageous taxes a tyrannical lord has imposed upon them, which drove their husbands, sons, and fathers into banditry as a means of providing for their families.

Every death is a novel, for even the most casual of deaths can be tragic and unnecessary. This grappling with violence and the consequences of it go further toward portraying the dark and gritty feel of the world rather than the critical tables or the counting down of wounds.

Conclusion

A character's mortality should be the governing element of their personality. They are sentient beings, they have fears and aspirations, and unless suicidal, their life is the most important thing they have. By focusing on the importance of death, and drawing upon its role play potential, the GM can bring home to players the importance of their own actions and make every death, characters and their adversaries, a small tragedy.

Death: A New Beginning?

There are those who fail to heed Mórr's call. Heroes are sometimes hard pressed to leave the world of the living with their great tasks left undone. Villains, driven by hate and greed, are even more reluctant to go "gently into that good night". PCs may battle on even though visited by death and the enemies of PCs may continue to plague them even after the PCs have run them through with steel.

If the GM and players are up for a challenge, death need not be the last chapter in a PCs life. The GM and the player can work together to reintroduce the dead character through dreams or omens, where the dead may continue to prod the living on to accomplish tasks. Or, maybe the player wants to take on a more active and experimental role and thus play a ghostly companion. There are no firm guidelines for doing this, although players and GMs alike should be able to draw upon a long tradition of ghost stories in literature, folklore, role-playing games and films to help guide them.

There's no need to throw out that character sheet either! Apply the following template to the existing profile of PCs or NPCs:

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	-5	0*	0*	3	+10	-	1*	0*	-10	-10	-10	-10	-

* Indicates that this characteristic is automatically changed to this number, thus BS, S, and Dex are equal to zero and attacks are equal to one. Their only attack is now a touch attack that causes fear. Fear tests must be made at -10%; if failed the individual attacked must flee the area.

There are a few other rules as well: the Ghost PC now causes *Fear* in living creatures, except their companions. The Ghost can be invisible and not affect individuals, although a cold draft will be present and animals will sense the Ghost PC and respond by either fleeing or becoming aggressive. As a ghost they are now immune to all psychological tests, for they have already received death's embrace. Lastly, they are immune to non-magical weapons.

Generally Ghosts are confined to an area, but instead the GM may rule that they are tied instead to a personal item or artifact of their own, and must remain nearby. Or the GM may decide that they are anchored to one of their companions and must accompany them until a collective goal is completed.

For those who want to interact more with the world, the GM may allow the Ghost to affect the physical world in much the same way as a Poltergeist. The Ghost may manipulate objects in the immediate area, and may use their Ballistic Skill (allow them their living BS) to throw objects within 10' of present location.

GMs and players should come up with their own abilities to reflect the powers of the dead. There is no need to adhere strictly to the image of the ghost in WFRP, but instead draw upon the vast wealth of other resources.

By using Ghost PCs, the GM presents the player with a new range of roleplaying possibilities. Both can use this to finish a section of the campaign, or if the player enjoys the opportunity, the GM can allow the player to be a ghost for the duration. Ghosts of dead characters can also be integrated into the campaign to aid players in need or provide a dramatic final appearance.

HAY FOR MY HORSE AND A CANDLE FOR ME!

The Outrider in WFRP by Peter Rutlowski

So you wan' be an outrider, eh, lass? Well, da mos' important thing's your 'orse. Always da 'orse first! And then of course da candle and da tin'erbox..." Old Karl Frecheim absentmindedly stroked the ends of his gigantic waxed moustache. Then he took a second glance at Charlotte with the one eye his long service in the Wissenland army had left him. "Erh, perhaps you won't need da candle. But a tin'erbox always comes handy." Charlotte just raised an eyebrow in response.

You don't see them often. Outriders are loners, always on the move. Most often they are gone before anyone realises they arrived. Still, where there is an outrider, there is an army not far behind, which relies on the outriders' expertise to advance into unknown territory. And there's a lot of unknown territory in the Old World.

Outriders are the eyes and ears of an army on the move. Depending on the size of the military body, the foresight and the assets of the commander, there could be a whole company of these lone horsemen (and –women) roaming far and wide in front of an army. And if they are not in the employ of the military, outriders can join one of the ever more common explorer caravans making their way to the east, the south or even overseas. The outrider can see and experience new things on an almost daily basis – but the career remains mostly unpleasant and often dangerous. Yet it is positively vital to the success of any military operation and expedition.

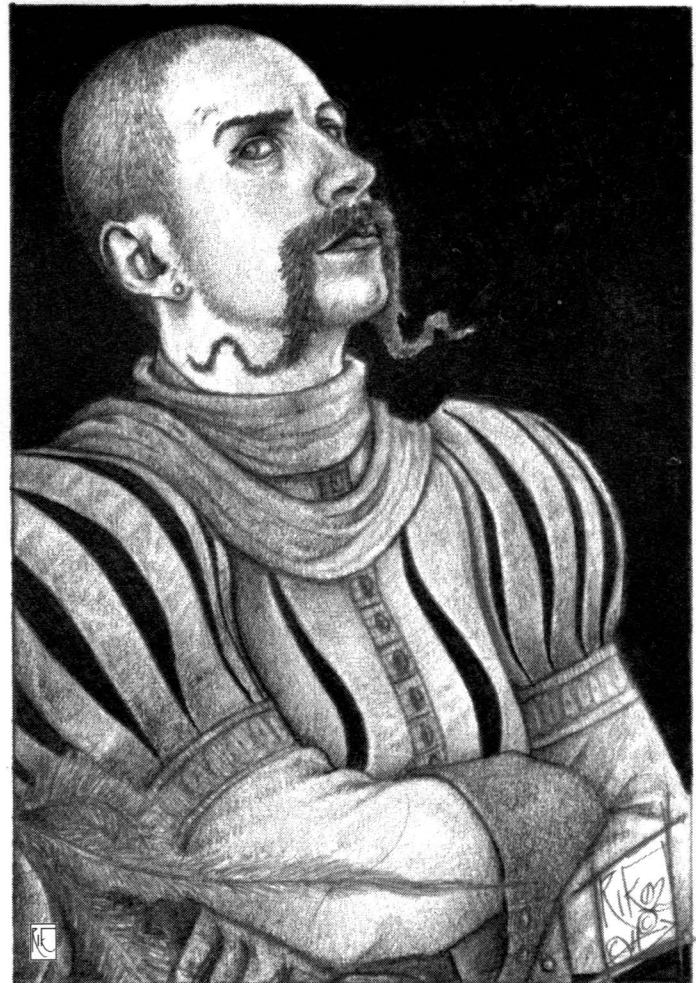
In real-world historical terms the outrider is the archetypal skirmisher and scout. For example, in the English civil wars, dragoons took on this role; in Napoleonic times any of the multitude of Light Horsemen could be assigned to scout ahead. In WFRP, by contrast, outriders are often something of an explorer, too. Knowledge of the lands of The Empire and the Old World is generally sketchy at best. Maps (especially accurate ones) are rare and most people wouldn't be able to read one anyway. (Translating from an abstract two-dimensional depiction to three-dimensional reality was not the norm in those days.) The Emperor's trusted officers know how to use a map and have heard a bit more about other parts than the rank and file, but they are also much too valuable to be sent ahead on their own to see what's around the corner.

This is where the outrider comes in. They ride ahead of the army, mostly about half an hour, sometimes up to two days, and watch,

observe, ask, listen, note and report back. They are elite specialists, and they know it.

The Horse

An outrider has only one truly close friend, and that's the horse he or she rides (Note: The independent-minded outriders have the highest percentage of women in all the armed contingents of The Empire's armies: more than half, actually. Many daughters of Noble and patrician families take well to this life, which suits their independent-minded nature and their equine enthusiasms.) The horse makes an outrider what the outrider is; it protects them, keeps them from harm and ensures their livelihood. The outrider always looks first to the needs of his mount and only then himself. Normally, the outrider's pack includes at least a



day's supply of fodder, a large blanket and a brush. Some also carry a collapsible leather bucket for water.

An outrider's horse is no ordinary animal. It is trained for warfare but not in the same way the mounts of knights are. It only leaves its rider's side when the outrider either expressly orders it to do so, is unconscious and needs help, or is dead. Outriders often try to acquire a new-born foal and develop a relationship with it from the earliest days. These horses are of lighter breeds than war-horses, with more stamina and endurance. They could carry the additional weight of a Halfling, but not much more. An outrider's horse is also trained not to panic in the face of the enemy and will never throw its rider in such a situation. The death of such a horse is a true tragedy for the outrider, who mourns as if for a beloved friend's demise.

The Lasso

Catching someone or something with a rope was not an integral part of the very first outriders' job descriptions. Nowadays, this is just one of the basic skills learned during training. Originally, this art came from Estalian mercenary cavalry during the times of the three Emperors. These men, who called themselves 'gauchos', had been mounted shepherds before they became soldiers. They used the lasso (hence its foreign-sounding name) for catching stray cattle. The skill came in handy when their employers suggested catching enemy commanders. Unhorsing a wealthy Noble clad in heavy plate armour with a simple tug on a rope was a favourite pastime of the gaucho mercenaries; the outriders detailed to bring in enemy soldiers for questioning eagerly acquired the skill.

Outriders refrain from lassoing prey that catch their heart's attention. Rather they seek to snare a verbal lasso round tonight's love interest...

The Duties

The *raison d'être* of the outrider is to scout ahead of an army. What distinguishes him from the Scout advanced career is the lack of what outriders call 'tree-hugging'. The outrider uses the natural environment to his advantage and knows a relevant skill or two to survive there. Nevertheless, some clean linen, a good stein of local beer, a hot meal and a wench or stable boy are more appreciated than a dying down camp-fire, the cold of night and forest sounds that make your skin crawl. Of course, very often the latter will be the lot of an outrider – but that's not through choice. Also in contrast to a scout, outriders despise the authority and discipline scouts are most often identified with when directly employed by an army commander. When not scouting, an outrider might be asked to deliver messages between distant parts of an army or between headquarters and the hinterland. This duty continues in peace-time if an outrider enters the service of a powerful Noble or a city. Then, titled as 'herald', he delivers news, messages and objects. The job basically is the same, but as a herald clean linen doesn't have to be paid for and you wear a gaudy vest with the arms of your employer, marking you as a trusted envoy. As such, outriders get an inkling of the

everyday political power-play in The Empire. But eventually, too much knowledge of such matters clashes with the self-preservation and self-indulgence vital to the outrider's style and they move on to other jobs.

The Style

Their élite status and their lone and dangerous work has led most outriders to develop a derring-do, easy-going, happy-go-lucky outlook on life. Rare are those outriders who observe more than the most rudimentary religious practices. A famous picture by the sometime Imperial court-painter Anneliese Ducker shows an outrider hurrying past a roadside shrine making only a furtive gesture of pious reverence towards it.

The most outward (and to many good citizens practically obscene) sign of a male outrider's non-conformity is his moustache. As soon as the outrider is old enough to grow a beard, he fashions it into the most impractical shape imaginable, preserved thus by hot candlewax.. An outrider after a hard day's work is a sorry and often comical sight. His moustache has dissolved into a misshapen mop of lumpy hair. Knowledgeable Publicans always have hot water and a burning candle ready as soon as an outrider comes over from the stables.

To prove the good citizens of every Imperial town right, an off-duty outrider (with restored moustache) will soon begin stalking the local beauties. This is where the female outrider draws attention. They are as much of a pest as a welcome attraction – some say – to provincial backwaters. Some young men regard a night with an outrider as their rite of passage. Often they join the army passing through their town after the outrider's left. Seasoned male outriders boast of the uncounted children they are convinced they have fathered. (Seasoned female outriders know well how to avoid such outcomes.) A good army commander never lets an outraged parent get to his highly valued scouts. Sometimes, of course, an outrider will pass through a town where some such incident has already occurred. A timely escape through a window or over a hostel's roof towards the stables is all in a day's work. Even the occasional bar room duel over tables and benches is a feature of the outrider's life.

But such adventures have to be done in style. An outrageous moustache is not enough. Since outriders by definition have to travel light, they normally only own one complete set of clothes. But the dusty, torn, blood-soaked rough materials of their professional garb certainly would not make enough of an impression on the yokels. Therefore, most outriders carry at least a fashionably slit two-colour jacket and some gaudy feathers to embellish their headgear. Part of their working clothes have become trademarks even to wear when off-duty: the wide leather gauntlets, the long scarf (used to protect mouth and nostrils from dust) and the thigh-high soft leather riding boots which are sometimes turned down several inches to sit just above the knee.

Training, Recruiting and Military Service

The professional legend of the outrider sees training as being

on-the-job, meaning that one only needs the characteristic disposition to become an outrider. Your ground-hugging peasant will never think of jumping on a horse and dashing off for an adventure, amorous or otherwise. This is partly true, partly false.

A happy-go-lucky attitude is certainly a prerequisite for an outrider. But it's not enough, nor was it ever. First off, one must be able to ride, and not just straight-ahead on roads but also wildly cross-country. Many an unruly scion of the nobility ends up among the outriders. And they have done much to develop the outrageous self-fashioning of the profession. A shrewd intelligence and natural resourcefulness also come into the making of an outrider, but these are things one can't train. Here, tutors normally weed out pea-brained candidates who would put the profession to shame. While in earlier times outriders were generally self-trained, nowadays former scouts set up as tutors (sometimes in the Noble household of a one-time fellow officer and friend). They breed outriders' horses and make sure the trainee gets to know and live with his chosen mount from an early age. The first weeks of a prospective outrider's career are solely confined to the petty existence of a stableboy. Only when the candidate has learned some humility and – much more important – to always care for the horse first, then the tutor will start the training of outdoors skills (*Ride (Horse)*, *Follow Trail*, *Orientation*, *Silent Move Rural*, *Secret Signs*). And when the trainee's head buzzes from the knowledge and his or her back is bloodied from riding, then a round of sword-fighting and either crossbow- or bow-firing will be added for good measure. Depending on the quality of the tutor and the trainee all this may well take a year (if a PC takes the career during gameplay). Candidates are taught the business from about the age of ten to fifteen when they are first eligible for military service.

Recruitment of an outrider traditionally rests on flamboyant behaviour, wit and fast-talk, but in these civilised times the ties of the loose fraternity of scouts and outriders have come to influence recruiting as well. Much depends on the recommendation and the name of the tutor. Scouts with an acting rank of field officer will organise the outriders as a screen of intelligence-gathering individuals way out in front of the advancing army. Rarely are outriders found in the thick of a battle.

For a long time there was no space for outriders in the peace establishment of the few Old World standing armies. Their natural resourcefulness, their adventurous outlook on life and the unwillingness (and often inability) to become part of a heavily regulated military or civilian world would keep them on the road. Recruitment was restricted to the time of war and then only for the duration. Partly, this still holds true today. But much has changed since the days of Magnus the Pious. During his reign the Imperial Army at Altdorf first introduced a special outrider and scout troop, the "Reiterknechte" (rider-knives), from which in peace-time are recruited messengers, low-level spies, part-time trouble-shooters and heralds accompanying diplomatic envoys. Other provinces and cities followed suit,

although on nowhere near the scale of the Imperial Army. Crippled or old outriders may be found in smaller towns serving as the magistrate's herald or town-cryer. These duties leave enough personal freedom for the outrider so that he or she won't feel too confined in their surroundings. But many an outrider will gladly abandon the quiet life for the gloriousness of roaming adventurers.

The Outrider PC

Why do such loners join up with a band of adventurers seeking money and/or glory? The answer is easy: Even more than a soldier or a mercenary, the outrider needs a war (or at least an armed expedition) in his life. Wars which cover any distance worth mentioning are an infrequent occurrence in the Empire. Most military engagements are confined to local clashes between baronies, petty feuds or small-scale counter-insurgencies. Professionals as well as levies will know the localities and hunters will be put to scouting duties. Also, there are enough outriders roaming the Old World so that, for example, hearing of a war in Tilea will not make an outrider on the outskirts of Marienburg turn his horse south.

Therefore, the outrider gladly embraces every opportunity to remain a free-roaming spirit, living for the day and only taking what he or she wants from civilisation. So adventurer parties are an ideal setting for the unemployed outrider, and consequently they don't mind fellow-travellers. Only, the horse must always be provided for. They might leave a horse outside a cave that needs to be explored, but never will they put it into stables and leave town for pastures green. First, a publican or stable-owner would immediately sell the outrider's horse and claim it was stolen; second, in the outrider's code of honour such a separation would be an unforgivable act of infidelity.

The versatility of the outrider – horseman, soldier, spy, adventurer – makes this career a good starting point for novice characters. Being basically jobless at the beginning of a campaign gives them the freedom to pursue whatever whim takes them, and also gives them the freedom to develop a colourful past (at least partly with the discretion of the GM). The horse-loving can become one feature of the notoriously long list of how-to-annoy-your-fellow-gamers-with-hogwash but it also adds atmosphere. The outrider's panache might be used as a welcome variant to the standard thief's non-conformity and it is more acceptable if a PC party includes pillars of civilised society such as nobles and clerics.

Career Exits

The WFRP rule book details three exits for the outrider: scout, highwayman and mercenary. The scout is the logical extension of the outrider, just more experienced and versatile: a grizzled veteran who has seen a fair share of the darker parts of The Empire and has come to value the discipline and authority a steady employ with an army's staff brings. Scouts might still be the loners they started out as, but some are also the commanding officers of a standing army's outriders.

The mercenary is your basic outrider minus a horse. A move in that direction should develop from the campaign played out. If the outrider is more often on foot and repeatedly in the same surroundings (city adventures), the GM might wish to give the outrider the opportunity to be separated from the horse.

The highwayman is a completely different kettle of fish. Since adventurers tend to move close to illegal status more often than not, and that status might change from town to town, from province to province, it is open to interpretation whether they end up as criminals or with a commendation from the Emperor himself. If the former applies, the outrider will not don inconspicuous drab garb and become a burglar on the move. Their *modus operandi* fits perfectly with the outrider's training: appearing out of the blue, hitting hard and fast and then disappearing. Acquiring intelligence for the movements of an army or acquiring riches for personal use; there is not much of a difference. Becoming a highwayman is then simply indulging more in the raucous style of the legitimate outrider and not giving a damn about the consequences. Not that they cared much about social conventions in the first place.

Roleplaying Hints

The outrider is one version of the legendary swashbuckler. Think Alexandre Dumas' Three Musketeers, think Errol Flynn and Stewart Granger. Also, think 'poor lonesome cowboys a long way from home'. But compared to the swashbuckler he or she is no jack-of-all-trades. The outrider is a horse-lover, the one to send to a market to provide decent mounts for a party. Having completed the career scheme, he or she will have learned enough about horses never to be sold one that is not healthy. The +10 advances on WS, BS and Cl come from just doing the job, as does the +10 to Initiative. The +1 on strength and the +2 on wounds depend on a healthy outdoors life. The +10 for Intelligence results from a combination of reading maps, getting to know different people, races and their environment, learning about different types of fortifications, their state and usefulness, assessing troop sizes and distances, and so on.

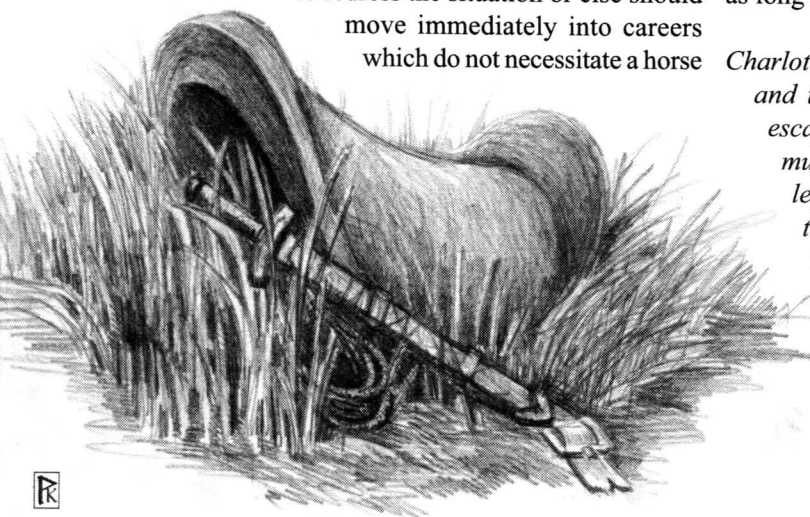
An outrider who loses his horse should either go to great lengths to redress the situation or else should move immediately into careers which do not necessitate a horse

under trappings. If the outrider player wants to move on, a heart-breaking intermezzo should be acted out where the horse is killed. Nothing less will do. If a horse is stolen, the outrider will go off on a fanatical hunt to retrieve it. Selling one's horse is definitely out of the question. If a horse breaks its legs or is otherwise permanently incapacitated, it is the sworn duty of the outrider to mercifully kill the horse. In any event, such things should be planned out with the GM in advance.

A note to lenient GMs: It is quite all right to portray the outrider as a cowboy from the Wild West. There's nothing wrong with that: John Wayne, Robert Mitchum and Steve McQueen all provide brilliant role-models for an Imperial outrider. But, of course, this can be overdone. Brandishing pistols for example (since Games Workshop Imperial outrider models carry them) should only be allowed after years on the job: the outrider must be able to load, prime and fire a pistol from horseback and they certainly don't get a six-shooter or some other WFRP revolving equivalent. Much better to use a silent crossbow – only in extreme situations, like when the outrider needs to effect a fast getaway, should the outrider resort to gunpowder weapons. While the mega-cool of Mitchum and Clint Eastwood types are valid characterisations to explore, an outrider should always attempt to introduce part of their lifestyle and pieces from the plethora of other cultures to a game. They are notoriously curious (comes with the job) and if they started out as petty nobles this roaming disposition only increases. But the outrider is also a tough, no-nonsense professional when duty calls. Where this comes together is in the flamboyant, if stringent, manner that off-duty living requires.

As a bonvivant and womaniser (or the female equivalent), the outrider always knows snippets of information about locations, albeit largely unrelated to the progression of an adventure. The past of an outrider can provide GM and group with numerous side-shows: an involuntary grandparent still bearing a grudge, some roadside tavern turns out to be the house of a good old friend, a nameless town the party passes through becomes the stage for a short amorous affair. The outrider will never shirk from the opportunity to reassert his or her self-fashioned image, as long as there's candlewax to be had at the end of the day.

Charlotte rode slowly back into Beckhafen. She was sore through and through. Today she had spied on a goblin warband, escaped a catapulted goblin and hacked down a lone human mutant who had suddenly hopped into her way on a single leg. That was surely enough. The young outrider reported to Baron Commander Otto von Habenichts and then retired to a tavern. She groaned as she stepped into the hot bath tub. Slowly, though, inch by inch, the weariness slipped away from her as she relaxed. After all, she'd just seen this cute boy lingering in the vicinity of Magnus Frotzel's halberdiers...



THE PROFESSOR'S DILEMMA

A Scenario by F. Jason Lindholm

This adventure takes place in Marienburg, although it can be easily adapted to any large settlement near the sea.

Plot History

Professor Zebling, a lecturer at Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks, has inherited a large tower house on a small island from his uncle - an elementalist of some repute who mysteriously disappeared. Already having a home of his own, Zebling rented out the house and was quite satisfied with this fresh addition to his income, until the people he rented to also disappeared. Concerned, he hired a local bravo to stay the night and find out what was happening. When even the bravo vanished he became very concerned. To tell the Watch would make the matter public and then he would never be able to rent the place, so he decided that all he could do was hire a larger

group and hope for the best. Enter the PCs.

What actually happened was that the wizard fell prey to his Art, or more specifically to his Art's spell ingredients. The wizard had taken delivery of a giant Amoeba, the spell ingredient for summoning a water elemental. While he was down in his lab in the basement he accidentally knocked over the amoeba's container and it escaped. It quickly attacked and devoured the magician and then slimed its way around his lab absorbing all kinds of exotic ingredients with the result that it got bigger. A lot bigger. However since it was on an island surrounded by salt water there was no way for it to escape, as the salt in the water would eventually kill it. So there it remained trapped, feeding on the occasional seagull until larger food showed up.

The Amoeba normally hunts at night since the sun will dry it out. During the day it hides in the tower's heating system, an innovation the tower's previous owner was very proud of. There is a large fireplace in the basement of the tower above which there is a large hole. The hole goes through the walls of the tower and has openings into all of the rooms except for the closet, storage and pantry. The rooms would get a bit smoky but such is the price of progress. Aside from heating up the place it now provides the Amoeba a cozy hiding spot and access to most of the tower. It will be hiding when the PCs arrive and stay there until nightfall or the PCs choose to start a fire...

The PCs will find various clues in the tower as to what happened. These will be: the slime residue the Amoeba has left, the rotten look anything organic has since it has been eaten away by the amoeba's digestive juices, and the occasional pile of metal objects which is all that is left of a victim after the Amoeba feeds. Another important clue in the pantry are jars of salt marked "pickling". This is the only way to reduce the Amoeba from its current huge size to that of a regular giant Amoeba.

The Job

The PCs are presumed to be looking for work. The job is newly posted on a local notice board, but if none of the PCs can read they could hear about the job through a mutual friend. The job description reads, "Looking for a group with strong arms, stout hearts and quick wits. Interview at 4 Klokstraat during the afternoon."

4 Klokstraat is a narrow two-storey home belonging to Professor Zebling with a well-kept appearance about it. Knocking on the front door results in Greta the serving girl answering. She will



take their names and ask the group to wait in the hall. She notifies the professor and leads them to the parlour on the main floor.

Professor Zebbling will enter and peer around short sightedly. The professor is a short older man dressed in a house robe and wearing a skullcap, from which a crown of white hair sticks out. Stooped with age, with a thin face that peers over his glasses, he is much more used to bullying students than dealing with rough adventurers and so is a bit nervous.

“Ah, greetings. Don’t you all look like stern people. Yes. Well, I have a little problem you see. I own a house, other than this one I mean, and people have been disappearing in it. I need someone to figure out what is happening. I have to rent it in order to pay the taxes, but I can’t if people keep disappearing. I mean who’s going to stay in a place where people vanish in the night? No one. So it is vitally important that you find out what is happening.”

The Professor will tell them the past history of the house (such as he knows) and describe to them the last time he saw each of the vanished people. He last saw his uncle during a visit when he was picking up some spell components. The last time he saw Herr and Frau Hader was just after they had moved in. This nice couple were the amoeba’s second victims. They had thought that the tower would be a nice home away from the bustle of the city. Instead a mindless monster ate them. That’s Warhammer for you.

He will not mention the existence of Hage Felberg. This Protagonist was the first person Professor Zebbling hired to find out what was going on at the tower. His failure to reappear the next morning is what convinced the Professor that he needed a larger group of adventurers to deal with the problem. He figures that to tell them might either make the PCs reluctant to take the job or hold out for more money. He will offer the party 5GCs each, one each now and the rest on completion. To get to the house that evening the professor will hire a boat to drop them off and pick them up the next day.

Staying the Night

The PCs will undoubtedly want to thoroughly investigate the house. There are a number of clues for them to find which will hint at both what happened and how to save themselves.

Tower Description

The house is a small three storey stone tower with a slate roof. The island it sits on barely rates the name, really just being a rock sticking out of the water with the tower built right on the edge of it. There is a balcony on the third floor of the tower and it is set into the south side of the building. A small stone dock sticks out from the tower’s base with stairs leading up to the front door, the tower’s only entrance. The oak front door is heavy, grey with age and stained by the sea. A large iron keyhole sits in its centre.

Main Floor: Entering the house on the main floor there is a main hallway with doors on each side and a large circular stairway at the end. The hallway has holders for two oil lamps and several pictures of landscapes on the walls. There is a long carpet that

stretches down the hallway that appears to have been eaten away by moths or something (but really the Amoeba). There are two doors on the right and two on the left.

The first left hand door is a closet, which still contains the former tenants’ boots and outdoor coats.

The second is the kitchen. The kitchen has shuttered windows above a broad counter along the wall. A search will produce nothing except what appears to be a bit of sea slime on the floor, the dissolved remains of the previous tenants’ servant. There is also a table with two chairs in the centre of the room. Two doors exit the room. The left door opens into a pantry filled with jars of pickled herring, pickled cod, salted meat and several large jars of salt. The other door leads down to the cellar.

The first door to the right is the parlour. It is a well-appointed room with curtains at the heavy lead glass windows, an Arabyan carpet on the floor and respectable, if not overly comfortable, furniture.

The second is a closet containing cleaning supplies and other odds and ends, including a working hurricane lantern.

Cellar: The stairs into the cellar are straight and quite steep. Going down them the PCs enter a large room that comprises the southern bottom half of the Tower. To their right is a large pile of dried peat next to what appears to be a large fireplace. To the left is a heavy door that appears to have rotted with age. The door is locked although there is a small hole about the size of a rat in the bottom right corner. This leads to the laboratory.

The laboratory occupies up the rest of the cellar. There are several slit windows high in the ceiling with plain, whitewashed walls. The lab itself is a mess. Glass is broken, the table overturned and there is a sense of general mayhem, above which a stuffed owl hangs serenely untouched. Of note is a tipped over crate with the words “Handle with Care” stencilled on it. Hopefully, the PCs can read. Inside is a very large earthenware pot. The pot is sealed at the top but the side of it is broken, obviously from when the crate fell. The contents must have spilled onto the floor but there is no sign of a spill. Perceptive characters may notice that despite all the broken glassware there appears to be no mess on the floor aside from a slight slimy residue.

Second Floor: Up the spiral staircase (which any Dwarf or character with the *Stoneworking* skill will recognize to be of superb if plain craftsmanship) they will see a long hallway with a shuttered window at the end with a door on each side. The floor layout mirrors the one below, except being smaller due to the narrowing of the tower. The PCs have a chance to find a belt buckle, several buttons and some coins, all that remains of one of the tenants.

The door to the right leads to the guest bedroom. It is a comfortable looking room with a large bed. There are landscape paintings of the seashore and a shuttered window. There is also a small wardrobe filled with clothes.

The door to the left goes to the library. The wizard’s spell books were in the lab and were eaten along with everything else organic, but this library still has a large selection of books. There are about twenty volumes that range in topic from history to natural philosophy to mathematics. There are two comfortable

chairs and several windows of lead-lined glass. There is also a small glass oil-lamp sitting on a table in the centre of the room.

The Third Floor: The stairs end on a small landing with a large oak door, a trap door in the ceiling leading to the attic. There is also a glass-slit window in the wall behind them.

Going through the door the PCs enter the main bedroom. It takes up the entire third floor and is furnished with a sumptuous bed, large wardrobe, a small book with various curiosities on it and two small bedside tables. There is a large lead-lined window on the opposite wall and a door in the southern wall. This door opens onto a sheltered balcony furnished with a couple of wicker chairs and a strong odour of guano. Lying on the floor of the room is a dagger, broadsword, mail shirt, and some more coins that belonged to the now deceased bravo Hage Felberg. Eerily, it looks like the owner of the possessions had a nap on the floor and then vanished, leaving them behind.

The Attic: To get to the trap door the PCs will need a boost, or to stand on something. It is very dark up there and any character without night vision will be unable to see once they get six feet from the trap door. If they don't have any illumination there is a chance they could start tripping over things. Once they are able to see they will find the attic filled with what could only be described as junk. Broken furniture, old clothes and odds and ends make up the most of it, including a quite amazingly ugly stuffed elk head.

Action

The idea of this adventure is a basic bug hunt. The PCs are in a tower with no way out until the professor shows up the next day. It is important to keep up a tense atmosphere. The PCs know that people have been disappearing but they don't know why. From the wreckage in the lab they might suspect some magical experiment gone awry but other explanations like a sea monster or even kidnapping by cultists will be sure to come up. The actual explanation will probably shock them.

The first appearance of the Amoeba is important. At this point it will be a huge monster and probably too powerful for the PCs to deal with by force. While it can get to almost any part of the tower through the heating tunnels it is not very quick so the PCs should be able to keep ahead of it if they need to. Hopefully they will come up with the solution on their own, but if you choose, an *Intelligence* test would be appropriate for an academic character. The answer is the pickling salt. By dousing the Amoeba liberally with salt they will be able to shrink it down to Giant Amoeba size. Cunning PCs might think about making salt walls to protect themselves. Cunning amoebas will crawl along the ceiling and drop on people. You should probably try to engulf at least one PC like this. They can still fight back and it takes a while for them to die so it will 'up' the dramatic tension a lot. Only sadistic GMs will do this when the Amoeba is still in its huge form however.

Troubleshooting

There are only two main things that can really go wrong in this

adventure. The first is that the characters attempt to escape the island as opposed to face the Amoeba. Experienced adventurers will probably be suspicious of the "I'll pick you up in the morning" line and may try to buy themselves some insurance. The most obvious thing to do is to get themselves a boat. If there are no seamen in the group it should be a simple matter to dissuade them. It takes two people to row a boat large enough to carry them all and without the *Row* skill they will probably be swept away with the tide. Desperate PCs might also be tempted to swim for it. Try to illustrate that they are a long way from shore. It's possible that they could make it but they would need the favour of the gods, and to spend a fate point, to do it.

The other is that they try to win through brawn, not brains. It is possible to beat the huge Amoeba if the group is warlike enough and gets some good hits in, but still unlikely. They will probably just end up dead. To avoid this you will have to overawe them with the Amoeba from the first. Make it clear that simple strength will avail them not. At the same time, keep the pressure on them. The Amoeba can get to any room in the tower so they cannot run forever and sooner or later they will have to stand and fight, so they had better come up with some kind of strategy.

The PCs might also strike upon the idea that since the Amoeba is wet then fire should be its bane. This is only partially true. While fire will hurt the Amoeba it will not shrivel it up. The only bonus they can get is that items like torches will count as regular rather than improvised hand weapons. Since the tower is made of stone there is no real way to set it on fire so they cannot just torch the place.

Lastly, some naive groups might split up the party. This is to be highly encouraged. Send the people who are not there out of the room and bring them back in with the line, "You hear screaming." Just remember that the Amoeba in its Huge form is a very dangerous opponent. Try to chase the PCs with it rather than just attacking. Trapping a lone character in the bedroom and having them escape by the balcony is the kind of stuff players eat up.

The Amoeba

The Amoeba in both its forms follows the rules for Giant Amoebas in the Monsters section of the WFRP rulebook. The Huge Amoeba is exactly like a Giant Amoeba except for its increased profile, and the fact that salt can be used to shrivel it down to Giant Amoeba size. GMs should tailor these profiles to suit the level of experience in their characters.

Huge Amoeba

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
3	41	-	5	6	18	43	4	33	-	-	-	-	-

Giant Amoeba

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	33	-	4	5	11	33	3	33	-	-	-	-	-

STOMACH FOR A FIGHT

THE OGRE PLAYER CHARACTER BY RICHARD LEON

This article details Ogres as a species for use in the Warhammer World. Players can use the background to embellish their Ogre characters, be they PCs or NPCs. Every adventuring group in the Warhammer World can benefit from having an Ogre - it just depends on how well the adventurers take care of them!

SOCIETY

Most Ogres live in their homeland in the Giantshome Mountains (known to the Norse Dwarfs as Grontklug Mountains and the Norse as Jonunheimen Mountains) stretching from the Northern Worlds Edge Mountains westward along the southern coast of Norsca. However, many have migrated to Human lands. Wherever they are found, Ogre society is built upon their basic needs: to eat and fight. Nothing else matters. Everything from language to religion reflects this attitude. The Great Maw is the primary Ogre deity, and it reflects their values fully. The cult hierarchy consists solely of fanatics who take this philosophy to extremes - for example by eating their kin if they don't live up to Ogre standards! All of this

makes Ogre 'society' something of a misnomer - ideas such as sharing are foreign, except to those Ogres who live entirely within Human society. The only reason it makes sense to talk of a society at all is because Ogres do sometimes group together (usually so they can get a "dinner" bigger than any one could manage alone), and when they do, they follow certain rules. Grudgingly.

Ogres speak their own language, *Grumbarth*. Very few words are spoken; none are written down. Expressions usually deal with eating, such is their passion for this activity.

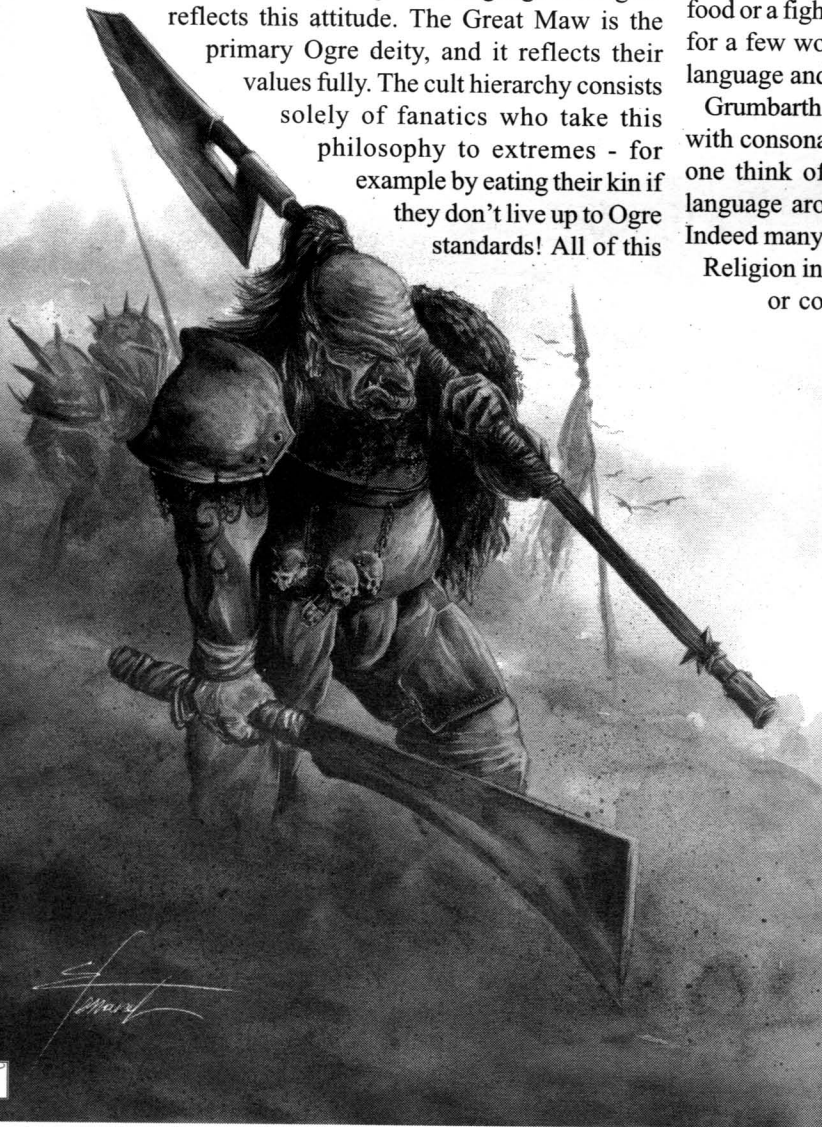
When Ogres do speak other languages, often Old Worlder and Norse, it is a flavourful approach to Old Worlder, translated directly from Grumbath. Thus, food represents nouns, adjectives, verbs and other parts of the language. Humans are called Slims, Dwarfs are Sour-Bellies and Wood Elves, Sticks. Verbs consist of words with multiple meanings, such as "dinner" which refers to having food or a fight. Adjectives are often incorporated into nouns, except for a few words such as "iddy" for small. Other races find their language and accent confusing, often to the point of frustration.

Grumbarth is a language consisting of short syllables and sounds with consonants only. It is a low grumbling language that makes one think of grinding rocks in a hailstorm. Ogres speak this language around kin and few outsiders understand or speak it. Indeed many words sound exactly the same to outsiders.

Religion in Ogre society is simple: when an Ogre devours prey or commences battle he pleases The Great Maw. Many Ogres commonly participate in eating contests in the name of their god. Ogres need no temple for worship. Those few who dedicate themselves fully are known as "The Maw's Chosen". The only known festivals are held under a full Chaos moon (Morrslieb) during which all manner of strange things are consumed. Many offerings are made to their god as sacrifice. Keeping the god happy is an easy task, but those who do not are devoured in his name.

There is a hierarchy of sorts in the small tribes that wander the land. Those blessed by The Great Maw are given leadership. Ogre tribes centre on The Maw's Chosen: a single Ogre champion and shaman who leads a tribal group numbering around ten to forty. Most wandering tribes gather and break up with the rise and fall of The Maw's Chosen.

In Ogre society, female Ogres play an important part, being honoured and feared by the males. Respect is given to the female when she has a family. She is usually a single mother taking care of the needs of her children. Her mate or mates are often out hunting in order to feed the ever-hungry brood. It is a major taboo for a male to tell a female anything. She has free rein to dispense justice to



any disobedient mate, which may include eating them. Males do not retaliate for fear that the other members of the tribal clan would swiftly make them a sacrifice.

Some males leave their homes to venture forth into "the land of the iddy". The only reason a female would also venture out is because she is barren.

Ogre life is simple and harsh. Life expectancy is very short due to their aggressive nature. One can always find an Ogre in the process of munching down some food or exchanging blows. Simply, it is the way they live.

ORIGINS AND LORE

The Ogres' racial origins and history are unsolved mysteries. Many scholars have debated the legends but few agree upon anything. The mystery centres on the Northern Chaos Wastes and the Giantshome Mountain Range surrounding the Wastes. In this forlorn area lies the answer to many questions, but few are insane enough to venture there. Several theories circulate amongst scholars but without hard evidence they are legends and hypotheses, nothing more.

Elven storytellers believe Ogres were once Humans who served the Old Slann. According to legend, this race served some role in maintaining the gate between the worlds. Many were inside this gate when the great cataclysm took place, and were changed as the tide of Chaos spewed from the Warp Gate. Evidence of this is chronicled in the personal library of the Phoenix King, but no one is allowed to look at it for fear the ancient parchments might disintegrate.

Another legend held by the Dwarf Loremasters is that a race of half-giants called the Morhod inhabited a city called Thoom, located in the Giantshome Mountains. They worked with the Old Slann to control the Warp Gate. They were transformed after the first incursion of Chaos in an accident. This claim is backed by a grudge written against the Morhod in the Dwarf Book of Grudges. This is one of the earliest recorded grudges.

Some Ogres tribes certainly lived in Ostland before being driven out by humanity.

Other legends are attributed to The Great Maw, the Ogre deity. Different conclusions are drawn in each society, however. Some call The Great Maw a Chaos deity, while others view the god as a myth. Some believe the god represents the spirit of the Ogre race as a whole. The best information on the lore and legends of this deity comes from the priesthood of Verena.

Priests of Verena established the Order of Godkind, a scholarly group based in Nuln. They study gods, demons and astral creatures associated with the different species. They hypothesize and test the views of many legends. Godkind scholars

agree upon a particular view of The Great Maw.

According to a scroll written in around 1100IC by a mad priest of Verena named Tyr-Sven who travelled with an Ogre tribe, The Great Maw was a gigantic tower hidden in the Giantshome Mountains. It was horribly transformed into the shape of a monstrous mouth with crooked fangs, large tongue and a terrible stench akin to rotten corpses. Occasionally an Ogre would walk up to the tower to placate the god and would disappear. Some offered sacrifices to it, watching "The Maw" gorge itself.

Many learned men doubt the authenticity of the scroll since the priest was sent to an insane asylum and later burned at the stake.

Some adventurous fortune hunters go as far as to enter the Giantshome Mountains in order to investigate the truth behind these different legends. Few ever return. But why not just ask an Ogre? It seems that they don't care for all this speculation. They are here and that's all that matters to them. They would respond, "No iddy slim or sour belly can stop us or da Maw!"

OGRES IN THE OLD WORLD

Citizens of The Empire and the Old World distrust and fear Ogres, with good reason. Many cases have been documented where Ogre tribes have, quite without warning, eaten a person or part of a village in their constant search for food. In some areas they are banned, hunted down and killed. Other areas require the Ogre to have a handler and a license to travel within its borders. Very few citizens actually accept Ogres as a friendly race, more a mercenary tool of war to be discarded when not in use.

The Tilean City States enforced an outright ban on all Ogres. The Cult of Myrmydia offers a reward for any Ogres killed (fifty gold crowns). Similar laws are in place in Estalia. Bretonnia holds laws that allow nobles to own Ogres, but to remain solely responsible for their actions and upkeep.

Ogres travelling through a few parts of The Empire and Kislev must have a licensed handler with them at all times, although this requirement has been decreased in recent centuries. This individual must be a citizen of that country and have up to three character witnesses to affirm that this individual is a responsible person and is not in league with Chaos. Licenses can be obtained in the nearest city at the Office of the Komission for Elven, Dwarven, and Halfling Interests. Licensed handlers must pay a fee to obtain their license and stay up to a month in the licensing city with their charge. The handler must demonstrate to the authorities, mainly the Watch Captain, competence in handling the Ogre during a variety of basic tasks. These tasks will often include heavy manual labour. Up to four Ogres may be under any one handler's charge. Fees largely representing the time of the officials involved (including the Watch observers) and

OGRE LEXICON

Common	Ogre Term	Grumbarth
Human	Slim	Smm
Elf	Stick	Sk
Halfling	Sweet Meat	Swm
Dwarf	Sour Belly	Srb
Gnome	Sour Bit	Sb
Dragon	Fire Belly	Frb
Troll	Stugly	Sg
City	Ogre Wall	Thmm
Town	Wall	Tm
Forest	Greens	Pt
Mountains	Teeth	Tg
Chaos	Stuff	Cs
Female	Err	Rr
Male	Emm	Mn
Walk	Rumble	Rm
Eat	Grum	Grm
Sleep	Nod	Dz
Fight	Dinner	Brth
Kill	Barsh	Brthz
Small	Iddy	Bd
Big	Ogre	Gr
Strange	Huh	Mh
Flat	Smash	Fg
Round	Mooth	Mrd
Bad/Horrid	Blah	Ptw
Tasty	Mmm	Mmm
Goodbye	Go	G
Hello	Oiy	Y

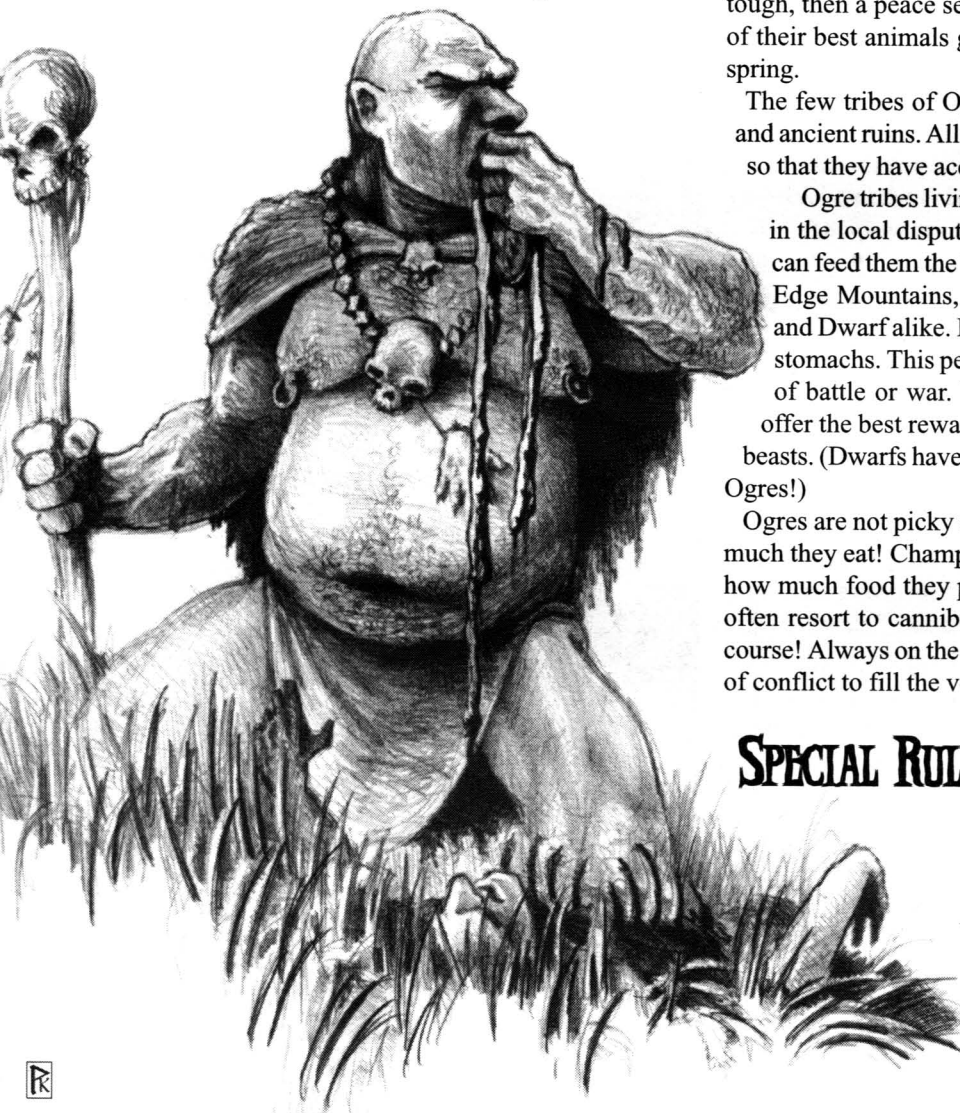
'insurance' (non-refundable) in advance of any damage that the Ogres might inadvertently cause. Any handler caught abusing their licence, e.g. having their Ogre smash public property, will have their licence revoked and be arrested.

Ogre mercenary bands are a fearsome sight to behold. Each warband is made up of a single tribe with The Maw's Chosen as leader. Typically, a Noble or a well-known merchant must sponsor the warband for it to be permitted to travel within a region. Often there will be a Human unit fighting alongside them (or against them in cases of mutiny). These warbands are rare and only a few are known. One famous group is Ulul's Chosen, sponsored by the Grand Prince Hals von Tasseninck of Ostland.

Ogres are also found in the wilder areas of the Old World, squatting near ancient ruins or caves. These few tribes are a menace and are outlawed by the local and state governments. Sometimes, however, a cunning human might sponsor such a tribe by helping them become mercenaries.

HOMELAND

By nature, Ogres are a nomadic, tribal species that thrive in the harshest environments of the Warhammer World. The majority of Ogre tribes wander the Giantshome Mountain Range, which forms



a semi-circle around the Chaos Wastes. These peaks are a chilling place where few Humans dare to wander, and where many Chaotic creatures exist.

The Giantshome Mountains are a frightening, strange, and beautiful place to behold. Many Norscan clansmen avoid this place, telling strange tales of laughing mountains and valleys where waterfalls spew forth colours that distort one's senses. Actual reports on this region are few; even the Tsar of Kislev knows little of what lies inside this secret domain. Maps are scarce and few explorers are willing to go to such inhospitable terrain.

Ogre tribes living in the Mountains are constantly on the move in search of things to sate their voracious appetites. Beasts of Chaos wander the area, which may force tribes to group together to fight them. When the battle is over they will often fight each other, Champion to Champion, to see who gets the lion's share of the food. Sometimes these fights turn ugly, spawning feuds that last for several generations. When the prey is scarce or the warbands of Chaos are present, Ogre tribes will conduct raids on the Human settlements to the south.

Many tribes conduct raids on Norscan towns and cities bringing with them a lust for battle and an empty belly. Spring and summer is spent raiding and plundering. The Norscans welcome this chance to practice with their blades on a real foe, and if the battle gets tough, then a peace settlement is reached by simply letting some of their best animals go. This tactic usually works until the next spring.

The few tribes of Ogres found in the Old World inhabit caves and ancient ruins. All of these tribes live near dangerous territory, so that they have access to more things to eat.

Ogre tribes living in other areas usually involve themselves in the local disputes of the region, giving aid to the side that can feed them the best and offer the most battle. In the Worlds Edge Mountains, Ogre tribes offer their services to Goblin and Dwarf alike. Loyalty belongs only to their tribe and their stomachs. This peculiar psychology sometimes turns the tide of battle or war. When Humans are involved, they usually offer the best reward and know how to placate these stubborn beasts. (Dwarfs have too much pride to placate a bunch of smelly Ogres!)

Ogres are not picky about what they eat but they are about how much they eat! Champions of the Great Maw often live or die by how much food they provide to their tribe. A starving tribe will often resort to cannibalism, with their champion being the first course! Always on the move, the Ogre tribe is constantly in search of conflict to fill the void of their bottomless pits.

SPECIAL RULES FOR OGRES

Special rules exist in this section covering advancement, combat and role-play. Various factors differentiate the Ogre from the other races. After the player has rolled up a profile and allocated skills and careers, players should read about their homeland and society in order to grasp the attitudes and beliefs. Roleplaying the Ogre is no easy feat but it can be done.

When advancing an Ogre there are a

few rules created in order to provide fairness in the game.

- ⌘ Ogre character profile advancements cost twice as much as for the other races. Intelligence and Fellowship can only be raised by 10 points. This reflects the race's slow wits and brute attitude.
- ⌘ Skills cost twice as much and only those skills listed in the tables below can be chosen, even if other skills are listed in the normal advancement scheme for their career. Only five *Specialist Weapon* skills can be learned: *Ogre two-handed, pole-arms, net, flail* and *fist* weapons..
- ⌘ The *Subject to Stupidity* rule applies to Ogres with Intelligence 12 and under. GMs should feel free to use this rule in any circumstance they see fit.

Combat for Ogres is different, because of their disposition and enormous size. The players should use this set of rules for Ogres to reflect the species advantages (which is also comes from increased from Strength, Toughness and Wounds).

- ⌘ Opponents in combat with an Ogre have a -10 to dodge a charging Ogre. The opponent also gets a +10 to WS or BS to hit the Ogre in combat due to their huge size.
- ⌘ Ogres use combat skills differently from other characters. When fighting bare-handed, the *Wrestling* and *Street Fighting* skills confer an additional *to hit* bonus of +10 (these bonuses do not stack). Ogres without these skills have the normal -20 to WS. All Ogres use a D6 instead of D6-2 for damage.
- ⌘ Ogres can use normal two-handed weapons like a Human uses an ordinary sword. Any penalty to Initiative is reduced by 10 (so -10 becomes +0, and -20 becomes -10) when wielded by an Ogre. Ogres cannot use knives or similar weapons.
- ⌘ Ogres have their own two-handed weapons. An Ogre with strength 6 or greater can use these weapons. These great weapons reduce the number of attacks an Ogre can make by 1 (but never reduce the total number of attacks to 0). Attacks with these weapons cannot be parried by anything under ten feet tall.

Other considerations are just bits of common sense that should be used by players and GMs alike.

- ⌘ Ogre players should not be expected to come up with any ideas for the group! Ogre players who like to comment on a harrowing escapade should only say "Me need lunch slim!" or other Ogre phrases.
- ⌘ Ogres are limited as to where they can go. When traveling, Ogres always go on foot; they do not use wagons. Staying at inns poses a problem since they usually are not welcome or only fit into the stables (yum!). Dwarf tunnels are out of the question!
- ⌘ Feeding an Ogre can be quite troublesome! On an adventure, Ogres are worse than Halflings due to their bottomless pits called stomachs. A good side adventure can include the hunt for some type of food (Fire-Bellies maybe?).
- ⌘ That Ogres cause Fear in creatures under 10' tall has advantages and disadvantages. These should be used by the GM and player.

Using an Ogre with these special rules enhances the play of a game session. Many types of scenarios can be used for them to

augment a travelling party (four halflings and an Ogre?). Roleplaying an Ogre should be a joy to anyone who loves to be a pain and smash objects at the same time.

CONCLUSION

Many things go into the creation of a Warhammer Player Character and Ogres are no exception. Details on the character's background, look and personality are an integral part of any good character. Role-playing this brute species establishes a challenging part simply because of their low intelligence and voracious appetite!



THE OGRE CHARACTER PROFILE

M	D3+4	A	1
WS	2D10+20	Dex	2D10+10
BS	2D10+10	Ld	2D10+10
S	D3+2	Int	2D10+5
T	D3+3	Cl	2D10+10
W	D6+12	WP	2D10+20
I	2D10+10	Fel	2D10

Speak	Grumbarth
Alignment	Neutral/Evil/ Chaotic
Psychology	Cause Fear in all living creatures under 10' tall
Height	Male/Female 10'9" + 2D12
Width	8'9" + D12'
Age	14 - 55/6D6
Fate Points	D2

PLACE OF BIRTH

Roll D6

1. Giantshome Mountains
2. Giantshome Mountains
3. Worlds Edge Mountains
4. Grey Mountains
5. Empire
6. Kislev

SKILL CHART

Roll a D3 to determine how many initial skills the character has. Then roll a D100 on the skill chart. Note that Ogres cannot gain skills that are not included on this chart, even if they appear in the normal skills list for a career.

Mandatory Skills: Consume Alcohol, Immunity to Poison

Initial Skills

01-05	Acute Hearing
06-10	Ambidextrous
11-12	Consume Alcohol
13-15	Disarm
16-20	Dodge Blow
21-23	Excellent Vision
24-28	Fish
29	Fleet Footed
30-31	Follow Trail
31-35	Immunity to Disease
36-40	Immunity to Poison
41-45	Lightning Reflexes
46-50	Luck
51-55	Night Vision
56-65	Orientation
66-70	Scale Sheer Surface
71-75	Sixth Sense
76-78	Speak Additional Language
79-83	Strike Mighty Blow
84-85	Swim
86-90	Very Resilient
91-95	Very Strong
96-00	Wrestling

Available Skills

Acute Hearing, Ambidextrous, Consume Alcohol, Disarm, Dodge Blow, Excellent Vision, Fire Eating, Fish, Fleet Footed, Follow Trail, Frenzied Attack, Immunity to Disease, Immunity to Poison, Lightning Reflexes, Luck, Night Vision, Orientation, Row, Scale Sheer Surface, Sixth Sense, Speak Additional Language, Specialist Weapon, Spot Trap, Street Fighter, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Strike to Stun, Swim, Torture, Very Resilient, Very Strong, Wrestling



NAMES

(Tribal Only - 33% Chance Human Name)
Ulul, Zorrg, Kolu, Mog, Thoom, Turd, Krud, Gruk, Grahh, Flub, Krum

OGRE CAREERS AND ADVANCEMENT

Roll a D100 on the career chart for a starting career. Any other basic career change costs 200 exp. Advance careers cost 400 exp. Each advancement costs 200 exp, reflecting their slow wits. Each skill gained costs 200 exp.

BASIC CAREER CHART

01-10	Bodyguard
11-15	Entertainer (Fire Eater, Strongman* or Wrestler)
16-20	Hunter
21-30	Jailer
31-35	Labourer
36-45	Mercenary
46-50	Outlaw
51-60	Pit fighter
61-70	Protagonist
71-77	Servant
78-95	Soldier
96-00	Woodsmen

*Note that they cannot get the *Strongman* skill. (Who could keep an Ogre on a strict diet anyway?)

ADVANCED CAREERS

Mercenary Sgt./Capt.	Torturer
Outlaw Chief	Shaman*
Templar	

* Realms of Sorcery, page 135

Note: Ogres cannot learn any skill not indicated on the Ogre skill list. Therefore there is no such thing as an Ogre who has Concealment Rural. They may, however, go to careers that have only a few skills they can learn.



THE GREAT MAW GOD OF OGRES

Description: The Great Maw is the primary deity of the Ogres. It is the god of devouring and conflict. Almost all Ogres worship it except for a few outcasts shunned by Ogre society. It stands for all acts of consumption and conquering. Followers devour those who oppose this deity. It has no form in the minds of the Ogres, but others portray it as a gaping mouth with a thick tongue and crooked curved fangs.

Alignment: Neutral

Symbol: The Great Maw's symbol is a simple "O" shaped in any fashion the wearer chooses. Devout followers of the deity, called The Maw's Chosen, wear an ornate tattoo of this symbol. The deity gives this symbol to the faithful as a sign of his favour. This tattoo comes in many patterns, forms and colours. Other Ogres who worship it carry a simple "O" shaped piece on their person, which varies from Ogre to Ogre.

Area of Worship: This deity is worshipped wherever an Ogre travels. Many tribes and those who live among Humans worship it in acts of eating or fighting.

Friends and Enemies: The Great Maw has no friends or enemies to speak of. It represents the Ogre's values of fighting and eating. Those who stand in the way of a hungry Ogre or a battle become the enemy. Any who help an Ogre eat or fight is the deity's friend.

Holy Days: Any night when Morrslieb is full is a time of celebration for the Ogre. Festivals of

horrific proportion are held at night where many strange things are devoured in honour of their deity. No one knows the reason why.

Cult Requirements: Only Ogres worship The Great Maw. "The Maw's Chosen" are special Ogres who follow a Templar/Shaman career, leading Ogres beneath him/her in tribes or packs.

Strictures: "The Maws Chosen" are subjected to intense scrutiny from their peers and their god. Any "Chosen" Ogre who doesn't live up to The Great Maw's code is devoured instantly.

Spell Use: Ogres who advance through the Templar Career may become a Shaman (see *Realms Of Sorcery* pg. 135).

Skills: Ogres "Chosen" by The Great Maw receive skills normally not available to other Ogres. They learn them from other "Chosen" or gain them as a blessing. These skills are *Fire Eating*, *Frenzied Attack*, *Luck*, *Night Vision*, *Sixth Sense* and *Specialist Weapon: Ogre Two Handed Weapon*.

Trials: Trials set by The Great Maw include acts of gorging and of killing large and unusual things and objects. Ogres who wish to become one of the "Maw's Chosen" must go through a lone pilgrimage in the Jotunheimen Mountains. Roll on the Cleric Chart with a -25% to reflect the harshness of this deity. The Great Maw instantly consumes those who suffer the Wrath of the Gods roll on the Cleric Chart.

Blessings: Blessings given by this god are few and far between. Blessings come in the form of a skill, increase in attributes or increase in size. Favoured test are ones that involve acts of great devouring or massive battles. Other blessings might include a never ending appetite or the ability to unhinge the jaw like a snake to consume more food.

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainer career in WFRP by Jody Macgregor

The Entertainer career covers a wide variety of jobs in the same way as the Thief and Artisan careers. These sub-careers contain some of the rarest and most useful skills in the game (check the entries for Fire Eating, Escapology, Mimic, and Strongman), but they lack detail. Worse, some are missing obvious skills and others, like Singer, aren't worth following at all. This article is an attempt to remedy the situation, though I have avoided tinkering with the advance scheme for reasons of game balance. If you feel the need to give Strongmen +1 to their Strength and so on, try to reduce the other advances by an equivalent amount.

The career information isn't intended to be useful only to the players; like the careers presented in the rulebook they can be just as useful for GMs planning encounters, or simply giving a sense of the way the Warhammer World works.

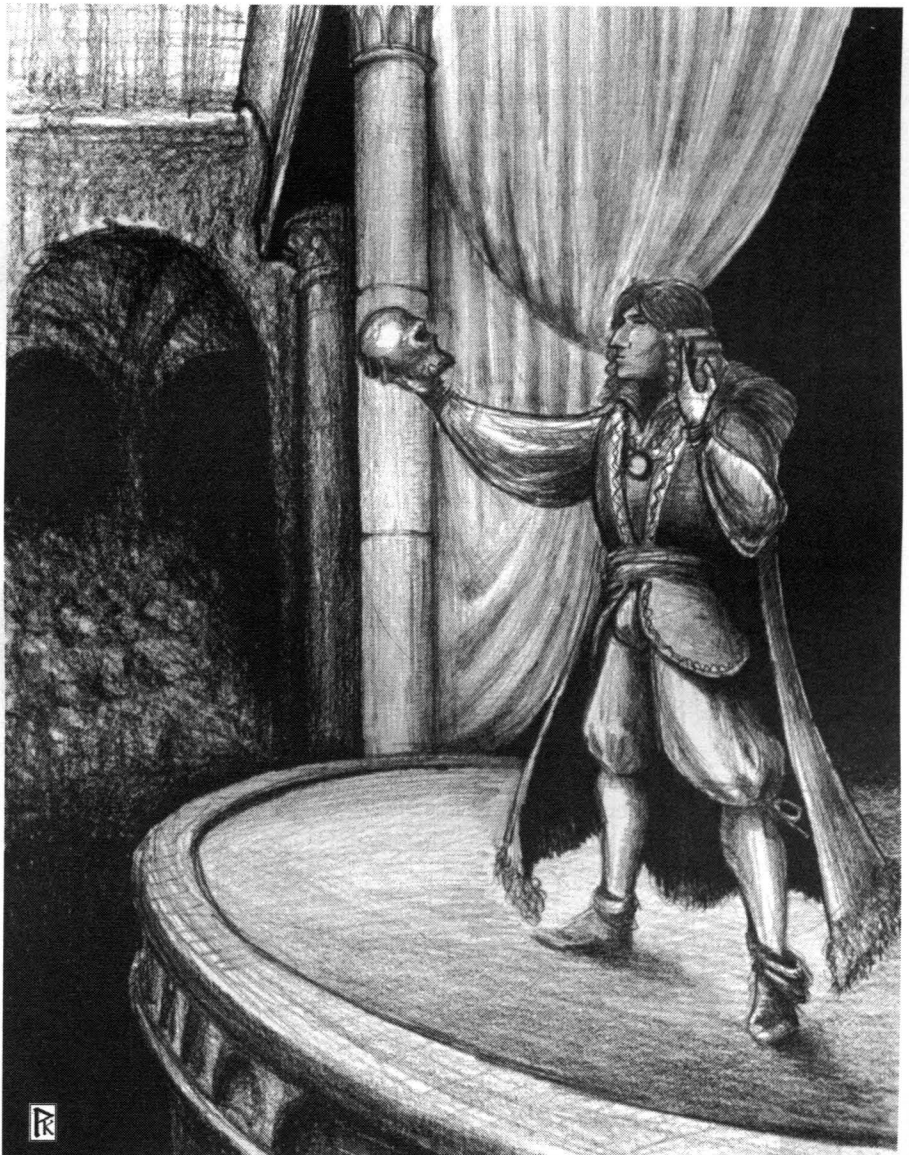
Entertainment in the Old World offers a relief from the drudgery and harshness of life and is sometimes a window to the outside world. With no mass media, entertainers are valued for their skills, even though they mostly occupy the lowest rungs on the social ladder. The nature of the job means they travel for much of the year, and so are often seen as little more than beggars. At the same time, a few who take part in the 'high' arts may be lucky enough to find a patron to support them. Even rarer are those who find fame and fortune, a handful of playwrights or actors known throughout the cities of the Empire, even by those who will never see them. The most widely welcomed entertainers are minstrels – and it is they who pass on a verbal history among themselves, concerning the origins of their art.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ENTERTAINMENT

The Trouveres

Brettonia is often seen as the birthplace of modern entertainment, not least by the Bretonnians. It was here that lyre-playing travellers known as trouveres, heavily influenced by the Wood Elves, first gained popularity. They travelled the kingdom with their brightly-caparisoned mules, performing at country fairs and market places,

attracting a crowd with feats of legerdemain and agility before launching into song. Among these songs was the earliest version of the hero saga, *La Mort de Rothnikson*, which quickly became a sensation at court. The trouveres found themselves playing before lords and ladies, and being richly rewarded. The best among them formed the Brotherhood of Minstrels, a musical guild which elected its own king and founded a school of music in Gisoreux.



This new-found legitimacy led to a flowering of the Arts, spreading troubadours all over the Old World and increasing the popularity of other arts, notably poetry. This golden age for 'the happy science' came to an end after King Jules the Just Good Enough was pressured by masters of the craft guilds to reject the Brotherhood's application to become a real guild, which they saw as a threat. If these show-pony musicians could found a guild, they said, who would be next – the rat catchers? Rumours abounded among the populace as to the real reason the application was rejected, ranging from the taint of mutation to heresy and anarchism. The King's next step was to institute the first system of licensing for buskers, a move widely imitated by rulers with grudges against street-corner artists and their political agendas. Ever since, there has been a widespread disdain for the very idea of entertainers' guilds all over the Old World.

In other countries the success of the troubadours led to imitators, often aiming at the common folk as an audience. Street bands called 'waits' formed to play in the cities, the most famous of whom were Old Tom's waits of Bilbali. Others began to rely more and more on the feats of skill the trouveres had used to gather an audience, giving birth to today's clowns, animal acts, escapologists and others. Meanwhile, the more refined tastes of the nobility were turning to the theatre, where dramas like those performed for the gods in ancient Estalia was coming into vogue.

The Rebirth Of Drama

The earliest plays were a means for Estalian priests to demonstrate the actions of their gods to the uneducated masses by performing the stories themselves, accompanied by magic to impress the audience. Their revival came with the rediscovery of several texts of the original plays by the devout Verenan poet Guido Zaretto, who arranged for productions of several plays. Among the most popular were those based on lore that had gone out of favour with the churches, such as the story of Myrmidia's love for a mortal named Ottokar.

The artform only spread throughout the Old World after plays began being written by new writers, of whom the three most influential were Jacopo Tarradasch, author of *The Desolate Prisoner of Karak Kadrin*, Will Pikewaver, who borrowed the plots for many of his plays from older sources, and the almost forgotten Christophe Mueller. Mueller was a contemporary of Pikewaver, and an actor as well as a playwright, who died on the cusp of his greatness. He was killed in a drunken brawl, stabbed in the eye by an unknown opponent. Little known is the fact that Mueller had been putting his acting ability to use as a spy for well-paying Noble households, potentially casting a different light on the circumstances of his death.

The dramas began as an entertainment for those highborn who had tired of the out-of-fashion troubadours, but soon became popular with the lower classes as well. Especially good at crossing this divide in the audience are the plays of Detlef Sierck, whose works of history and heroism have recently been made available in affordable editions for the literate all over The Empire. Another recent development is a Tilean form of drama called opera, which has become so esteemed that an opera house has been opened in Nuln specifically for performances which the locals cannot understand (even with the aid of detailed pamphlets distributed before each performance), though they enjoy the singing and dancing nonetheless.

The First Circus

A canny Imperial businessman named Pieter Farnham looked at the proliferation of flame-brand jugglers and snotling trainers on the

streets of Altdorf and saw an opportunity. He gathered together a band of freaks and performers for his Circus Spectacular, a show like no other. Formerly a charlatan with a fine line in medicinal products distilled from Lustrian bird-snakes (really fermented potato juice), Farnham announced his Spectacular with a storm of publicity, even hiring agitators to speak out against him as a way of ensuring people would come. When the Circus opened it was an unprecedented success, sating the people's desire to witness outlandish behaviour and freakish deformity, without risking their lives or souls. As always, imitators sprang up and travelling circuses are now a staple of Old World cultural life.

At various times, officials have tried to regulate these circuses, which they see as a haven for heretics and mutants (as they sometimes are), but popular outcry has hampered the bureaucrats and priests. The people love a circus, and the only safe way for the powers that be to police them is undercover.

TODAY'S ENTERTAINERS

The Life Of An Entertainer

Although a basic knowledge of the arts is instilled in members of the nobility from an early age, the majority of entertainers come from poor backgrounds. Many are born gypsies or vagabonds, or simply children of entertainers. They dream of attaining the prestige and wealth that comes with recognition, symbolised in a cycle of songs about Schlaraffenland, a mythical place where bread, cheese, and tobacco grow plentifully on the trees and the rivers flow with beer. Though the Brotherhood of Minstrels is long-gone, there is still a sense of kinship and shared culture between journeying entertainers which can overcome traditional rivalries. A coachload of travellers may be lucky enough to stop at a roadside inn to find a jovial competition underway between two strongmen, troubadours, or poets, in which each learns from the techniques of the other.

A semi-official but powerful guild exists among the travelling folk, providing services of the legal and illegal kind for its members, at the cost of ten percent of an individual's profits. The guild also regulates its members' behaviour, preventing blatant imitation of others acts, theft of performance spaces, and in some places forbidding members from marrying outside the guild. In some towns and cities, such as Marienburg, this guild has gained a foothold by setting itself up as overseer for festivals and fairs (see *Corrupting Influence* for more details).

Like other rogues, entertainers commonly worship Ranald. Bunko artists and escapologists are especially partial to his role as the Deceiver. Mórr, in his aspect of god of dreams, is sometimes seen as the giver of inspiration, and creative types may offer up a prayer to him at the beginning of a new work.

Buskers

Some entertainers become buskers through lack of talent, but others simply enjoy the freedom. It means being self-reliant, never having to settle for a cut of the profit, and going where you please, but it is a lonely way to live. Also, watchmen can be extremely hostile towards them. Some town councils and government kommissions offer busking licenses, but difficult clerks as well as long queues and stacks of paperwork keep them well away from the grubby hands of illiterate buskers who would only dirty the pages anyway. No adventurer will ever be given one, except as a special favour from someone with sufficient authority. Bribery is therefore a useful skill to learn.

"The show must go on – but not for too long or the rubes will get bored."

Hugh Rebick, Troupe Manager

Travelling Troupes And Strolling Players

Other entertainers function best in small groups, travelling in caravans or boats and performing anywhere from coaching inns to city squares. A performing licence is much easier to gain than a busking licence, requiring only five performers and a letter of commendation or a small bribe. Acrobats and actors like to travel in troupes (see the Rosae Theatrum in *The Dying Of The Light* for a good example). They have the support of like-minded artists and an appreciative audience for new acts, but less artistic freedom than they would have alone. For many travelling troupes the ultimate aim is to settle down and form something more permanent.

"Break a leg, you might get in a cast."

Old World theatre saying

Theatre Houses

Theatre houses are the homes of fine acting, music, and dance – the cultural centres of the cities. Some theatre managers keep things this way by performing straight retellings of the same old stories. Tales from the hero-sagas like those of Sigmar, Rothnikson and Magnus, religious tales featuring Ulric, and historical pieces full of nationalistic fervour are all safe with the crowds. In more cosmopolitan areas experimentation is encouraged, and in some places women are even welcome on the stage.

In the Empire, houses like Anselmo's and Duke's of Nuln and the Royal Theatre in Talabheim cater to the refined tastes of the wealthy, while the Temple of Drama in Nuln serves up more experimental performances, and the Nyesnavistny of Talabheim is often used as a forum for rabble rousing.

"There are suckers born every minute. Then they have children."

Pieter Farnhiem, Ringmaster

Circuses

All but the largest fairs are set up outside city walls, whether permanently or on a seasonal basis like Bögenhafen's Schaffenfest. Circuses have meticulously planned travelogues detailing which fairs to visit in which order, so that no matter where they go they catch the biggest crowds.

A typical Imperial circus is that run by Herr Schoenig. Schoenig's Circus Magnificent travels through The Empire in the summer months, with a major stopover in Middenheim for the carnival. They present acrobats and animal acts from Kislev, clowns from Tilea, and a troupe of knife throwers from Albion, although Schoenig considers anyone with a little exotic blood to be foreign.

Most of his acts, especially the freaks, are at least half humbug. The occasional sharp-eyed crowd member may heckle Three-armed Vilmer for his obviously fake limb, but it keeps down the chances of a vengeful crowd waving pitchforks and shouting "Chaos lovers!" Grug the Amazing Jumping Ogre is very real however, and likely to take it personally if pesky people come around asking questions without good reasons.



CAREERS

Acrobat

Acrobats find it easier to work in groups. Their talents are showcased best in a troupe, and it helps to have someone around to catch you when you fall. Common acts performed by Acrobats include the trapeze, tightrope walking, trampolining, tumbling, and the human(oid) pyramid. Acrobats have a rigorous training regime which keeps them lithe and supple enough to perform – or to turn their hands to crime, as some do when the money runs out.

Skills

Acrobatics, Dodge Blow

Trappings

Spangled costume

Career Exits

Thief – Burglar

“Mórrslieb’s an arrogant thief, stealing its spectral glow from the very stuff of Chaos. Mannslieb’s a thief, content to take her light from the radiant sun. All things are thieves.”
- from *Strange Flower*, a play by Manfred von Diehl

Actor

Some Actors walk the boards in the opulent theatre houses of the Old World’s most cultured cities, performing the plays of masterful writers like Pikewaver, Tarradasch, and Sierck. Many more travel in run-down wagons, staging impromptu performances in village squares and small-town taverns for audiences composed of mudsills and plebeians. A fast-track to fame, if not respect, is involvement in a good scandal. One well-known actress is believed to have seduced at least six of The Empire’s electors. Actors are a superstitious lot who believe it’s unlucky *not* to tell a fellow to break a leg, much to the bemusement of non-actors. Every third play has some misfortune tied to it, perhaps the worst of all being *Dire Combustions*, which is said to have caused murders, storms, and plagues by being performed incorrectly.

Skills

Acting, Charm, 50% chance of Disguise, Public Speaking, 10% chance of Read/Write

Trappings

Costumes and make-up, 25% chance of wooden sword, cheap copies of D4 plays from the following list: *Barbenoire: The Bastard Of Bretonnia, The Desolate Prisoner of Karak Kadrin, History Of Sigmar,*

Immortal Love, The Loves of Ottokar and Myrmidia, The Magnus The Pious Cycle vol. 1-7, The Romance Of Fair Matilda, Strange Flower

Career Exits

Raconteur

Animal Act

Dancing bears and dogs and counting horses are constant favourites among the lower classes. Maulings are rare, because many of the bears are declawed, defanged, and demented with age. Due to the warping influence of Chaos, some unexpected creatures (frogs, lizards, rats, etc.) can be taught complicated tricks, but only the best Animal Acts in the best circuses have

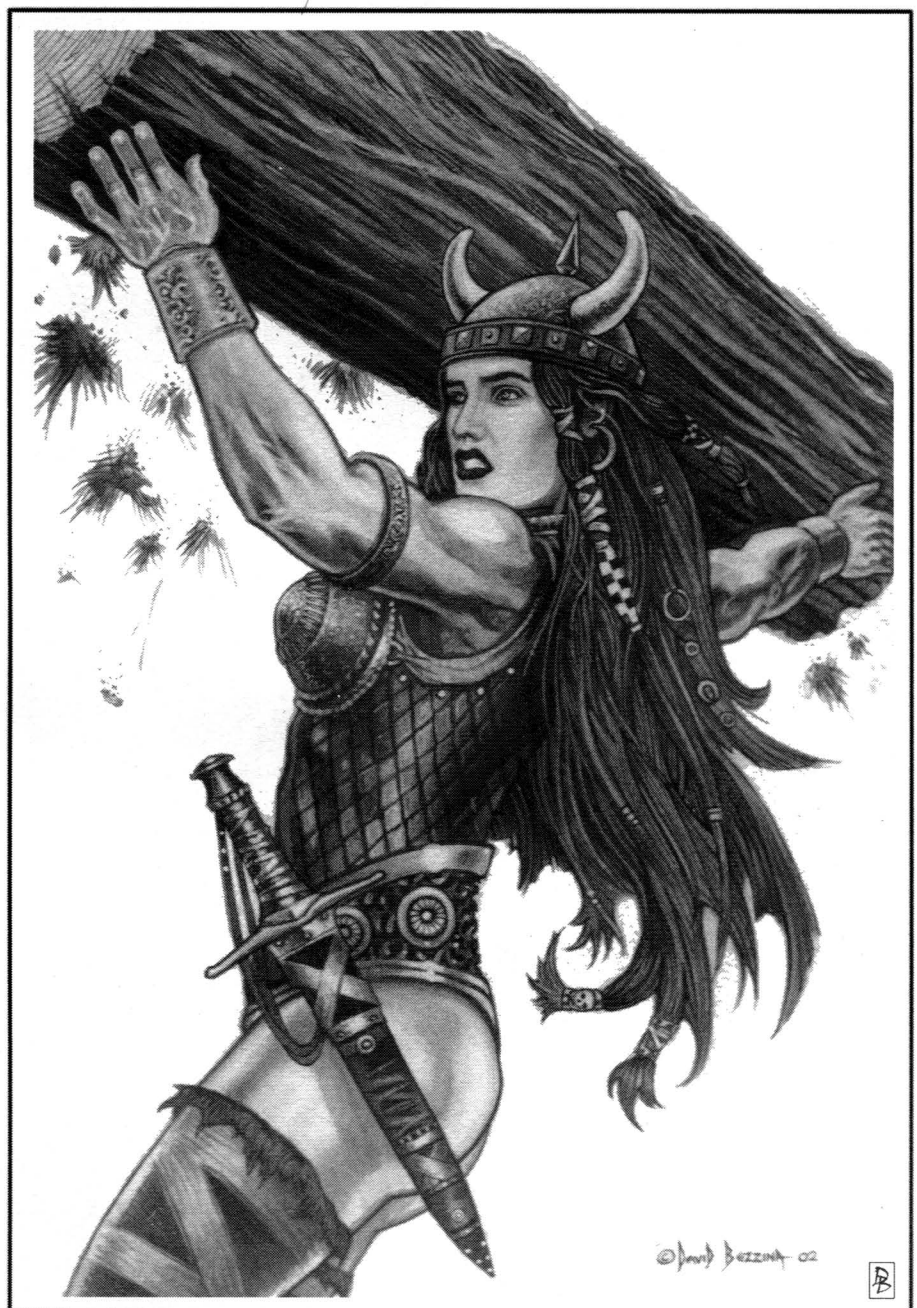
elephants and other dangerously unnatural creatures to parade around and teach tricks to. Some are even hired by the Imperial Zoo in Altdorf to train its beasts of war. This dizzying height of achievement is every Animal Trainer’s dream. It is rumoured that these beast-trainers are all members of a secret order, sworn not to reveal the secrets that allow them to train griffons and other creatures without becoming breakfast.

Skills

Animal Care, Animal Training

Trappings

Bear, Horse, or D4 Dogs (equal chance of each)



Bunko Artist

Bunko Artists, sometimes called grifters, make a living from the foolishness of others. The shell game (find the ball) and card games (find the Empress) are their favourites. Bunko Artists make enemies frequently, and are forever moving on when things heat up, rather like adventurers. They may act in pairs when they can find another grifter who can be trusted, one keeping an eye out for the Watch or pretending to play the game and win to show the suckers it's for real. When business is slow, partners resort to lightening a few of the player's pockets the old-fashioned way.

Skills

Blather, 50% chance of *Gamble*, *Palm Object*

Trappings

3 wooden cups, 3 wooden balls, pack of cards

Career Exits

Charlatan

Clown

Pedranello the White Clown was the first to distinguish himself from the hacks who called themselves jesters after he was thrown out of court by Duke Fulvini and replaced by a man with bells on his hat. Pedranello became a busker, and his act became famous on the streets of Miragliano before being copied widely in the circuses. Not one of those who imitate him know that Pedranello's make-up covered the changes caused by a diet of human flesh, but great tragedies are said to lie behind the painted tears of all clowns. It's a hard life. Sometimes, the bladder-on-a-stick doesn't raise a smirk. Sometimes, the thrown custard pie doesn't get a giggle. Sometimes, most dreadful of all, the ladder-swinging routine is met by complete silence. What choice does a clown have after facing such humiliation, but to cast off the floppy shoes of shame and turn to the life of an adventurer?

Skills

Clown, *Comedian*, *Jest*

Trappings

Bladder on a stick, make-up

Career Exits

Demagogue, Jester (see *Apocrypha Now*)

Escapologist

Not a single one of the many dialects of the Old Worlder language contains the phrase 'as sane as an Escapologist', with good reason. What kind of person wraps themselves in

chains and submits to being shoved into a sack from which they have less than two minutes to escape before being plunged into a cauldron of boiling water? Probably the same kind of person who will stand up to a corrupt official or climb down into a dark cavern full of indescribable monstrosities. And if you were wondering how they really do it – they keep a key between their toes.

Skills

Escapology, *Contortionist*

Trappings

D4 yards of chain and D4 locks

Fire Eater

A sure crowd-pleaser is always the Fire Eater or 'dragon act'. The frenzied applause makes burning off your eyebrows worthwhile. Fire Eaters use a fireproof-salve to protect their mouths when swallowing flame, and an alcoholic preparation which they spit through a lit torch to breathe fire. The secrets of these preparations are jealously guarded, handed down through the families of Fire Eaters. Circuses have been known to go to great lengths to steal or sabotage a rival's concoctions.

Skills

Chemistry, *Fire Eating*

Trappings

Alcoholic preparation, flask of protective mouthwash

Career Exits

Alchemist's Apprentice

Fortune Teller

Fortune Tellers – with the exception of a few charlatans – earn a living by being careful studies of character and masters of little-known lore. The others are merely convincing liars who own gypsy costumes. There is a line to be drawn between the Seer, whose visions are religious and apocalyptic, and the Fortune Teller's more personal revelations. A Seer may state, "Beware a hulking figure who stalks the land with a shadowed visage", where a Fortune Teller will say "You will meet a tall, dark stranger". As part of his general reforms of 2304, Magnus the Pious instituted a system of licensing for Fortune Tellers in The Empire, requiring them to have annual sessions with a priest of Verena or Mórr to ensure that they are not having audiences with the dead or demonic. Licensed Fortune Tellers will still be harassed and investigated unless they operate covertly or under the patronage of

one of the nobility, astrology being considered quite fashionable among the gentry. One place in the Empire in which Fortune Tellers operate openly is the Old City in Talabheim.

Skills

Blather, 50% chance of *Divining*, *Palmistry*

Trappings

Divination equipment

Career Exits

Charlatan, Seer

Freak

Freak is a general term for all those who make money by exhibiting their deformities to the populace. Some freaks are true mutants, but these are rare in The Empire where witch hunts are all too common, and unheard of in vigilant Kislev where they are outlawed. In the more decadent nations, notably Bretonnia, they are a common sight. In The Empire, they are often presented as "What You May Become", and although not stated, the implication follows, "Should You Follow Chaos". Other Freaks have relatively minor quirks, such as bearded ladies or the extremely obese. Yet other Freaks are self-made, and gain attention by the horrendous acts they perform, like hanging themselves from small hooks, hammering nails through sensitive areas of their bodies, or eating repulsive substances such as raw meat and chicken heads.

Skills

50% chance of *Begging*, *Dodge Blow*, *Flee!*

Trappings

Freaks may take a roll on the mutation table (see, for example, *The Enemy Within, Volume 1*) or sort out a gimmick with the GM.

Career Exits

Beggar, Outlaw

Hypnotist

Hypnotism as a form of entertainment relies on finding humour in the absurd – convincing people they are chickens, or that an onion is really a fresh, juicy apple. Real Hypnotists consider this a waste of their science, but many Entertainers use stooges for their subjects rather than real audience members anyway. This has not stopped some of the medicinal Hypnotists from forming the Mesmerist League, a group who exert pressure on lawmakers in an attempt to have the frauds banned. Some Charlatans have infiltrated the League already, as there is no

better way to gain respect from the academic Hypnotists than by loudly deriding the Entertainers.

Skills

Blather, Hypnotise, Public Speaking

Trappings

Silver charm on a chain

Career Exits

Hypnotist (Academic)

Impressionist

Impressionists consider their art a form of flattery even when the subjects disagree. As well as perennial targets like the former Emperors Boris the Incompetent, Ludwig the Fat, and Bloody Beatrice the Monumentally Cruel, current important figures drawn from the ranks of local nobles, merchants, religious leaders, and members of other nations and species are popular. Impressions are often broad caricatures with little relation to the target, but the audience rarely knows the difference.

Skills

10% chance of *Act, Comedian, Disguise*, 50% chance of *History, Mimic, Public Speaking*

Trappings

make-up, wigs

Career Exits

Actor, Demagogue, Raconteur

Juggler

Nothing turns you into unnoticeable background detail in a medieval scene faster than whipping out some wooden balls and juggling them. Some Jugglers vary the act by adding knives, flaming brands or precarious balancing acts into the mix, but honestly there's only so much you can do with throwing things in the air and then catching them again. Famously, they were banned for over fifty years in the 23rd century by the Count of Wolfenburg, soon after he was heard muttering, "not another bloody one!"

Skills

Dodge Blow, Juggle

Trappings

6 wooden balls

Knife Thrower

The Knife Thrower's act is to hit a target, or miss it in an extraordinary way, with a knife or occasionally throwing axe or crossbow.

The target may be a smiling girl, an apple on a youth's head, or just a bullseye. Knife Throwers require steady hands, keen eyes, and a callous disregard for those they fling instruments of death at for the entertainment of others. Some Knife Throwers fake their tricks with the help of an assistant who stands hidden behind their target, pushing a second knife through the backboard with the aid of spring-loaded contraptions while the thrower palms the first one. The real artistes of the profession from Tilea prefer to live on the knife's edge. The crowds prefer it that way too – an accidental death is quite an event.

Skills

Marksmanship, Palm Object, Specialist Weapon – Throwing Knife

Trappings

6 throwing knives

Career Exits

Targeteer

Pavement Artist

Pavement Artists are occasionally called screevers, although that term can apply to any beggar who scrawls a crude cartoon of a dove bearing a small purse to call on Shallya and the guilt of passers-by. Pavement Artists consider themselves to be above this sort of thing, and some actually are. Many are artists who do this until they can begin to sell their true work or earn a patronage. Few do.

Skills

Art, Concealment – Urban

Trappings

D6 pieces of coloured chalk

Career Exits

Artisan's Apprentice – Engraver

*"My love for you is a drain,
Please give me back my brain.
Just place it in my head,
You make me feel like one of the Undead."*

- from, *Your Love Hath Turned Me Into A Zombie*, by Theophilus Topfer

Poet

An exceptional poet may earn the respect of influential people, but most spend their lives in tortured poverty. Small amounts of money can be made performing poetry in taverns, but Poets soon learn to change their performance to suit the audience. *The Season is Spring and my Heart has Grown Wings* will not go down well with the rowdy patrons of *The Bloody Pike*. Common Poets aspire

to be called to court and have their poems published in worthy collections, but usually only those Poets who are born to the nobility receive this kind of acclaim.

Skills

Art (Poetry), Public Speaking, Read/Write

Trappings

D4 books of poetry. Add these to the list in the rulebook: *Songs of Iniquity and Expedience, Seven Salty Sailors, The Saga of Sigmar, The Season is Spring and Other Poems*

Career Exits

Demagogue, Raconteur, Student

*"Come ye home to Bilbali, come ye home,
She laments the cold night long.
She'll heat the water, she'll mend the clothes.
She thinks that she was wrong."*

- from, *Come Ye Home To Bilbali Estalian Mariner*, an old song of unknown origin

Singer

Singers may either specialise in formal music (often sung in the Classical tongue and with religious themes), or more boisterous popular music (like *Knees Up, Frau Braun*), or something in between. Good Singers will find work in theatres and the more fashionable nightspots, as well as temple choirs for the religiously inclined.

Skills

75% chance of *Charm*, 75% chance of *Dance*

50% chance of *Secret Language – Classical Sing*

Trappings

None

Career Exits

Initiate, Minstrel

Strongman

Strongmen find work most readily in the circus, where they fit a niche, and where professionals can cater to their peculiar dietary needs. Feats of strength they frequently perform include acting as a platform for a tower of acrobats, overpowering a bull or similar creature, and the always popular lifting of really heavy things. Strongwomen are not unheard of in the Old World. 'Big Brunhilda, The Empire's Strongest Woman' and 'Ilena the Kislevite Chieftain's Daughter Who Was Born on the Back of a Horse' are both popular attractions. In Albion and Estalia, tri-annual Strongman competitions draw competitors from far afield to compete in log-and-stone-lifting

events. Ogres have been banned from the Albion event since 2423 when Mad McGlashen celebrated his victory by eating several of his opponents.

Skills

Street Fighter, Strongman, Very Strong

Trappings

Weights

Career Exits

Racketeer

"The orcish horde advanced, while a foe came from behind.

Clang, crash, Sigmar's Silver Hammer came down upon their heads.

Clang, crash, Sigmar's Silver Hammer made sure they were dead."

- from, Sigmar's Silver Hammer, an old song of unknown origin

Troubadour

Troubadours are among the most common of Entertainers, and the most popular. Due to the low standards of literacy in the Old World, Troubadours learn from each other and at the feet of great Minstrels, with the

exception of the occasional self-taught genius. Many of the compositions therefore change constantly, except for the old favourites that will be requested no matter where a Troubadour travels.

Skills

Musicianship, Sing

Trappings

Lute, horn or drum (equal chance of each)

Career Exits

Minstrel

Ventriloquist

The Ventriloquist's act is a comedy duo performed solo. The tatty dummy, like a clown or a jester, can say the kind of things that could get a real person hanged for treason or bad taste, while the Ventriloquist acts as the comedic foil or straight guy. This artificial distance has saved several Ventriloquists guilty of speaking against the authorities from being arrested or worse. It has been a long time since anyone was arrested or burned for making their "wooden familiar" speak.

Skills

50% chance of *Comedian, Public Speaking, Ventriloquism*, 50% chance of *Wit*

Trappings

Tatty dummy

Career Exits

Agitator

Wrestler

Wrestling in the Old World is the less bloody descendant of pit fighting. This is not to say that Wrestlers are harmless, but bouts are fought to a pin or standstill, rather than to the death. Costumes worn are simple, and only rarely involve sequins. Travelling Wrestlers work in pairs or troupes (who perform all-out 'tag matches'). Dwarf wrestlers are popular in human lands.

Skills

Dodge Blow, Street Fighter, Strike to Stun, Wrestling

Trappings

None

Career Exits

Pit Fighter, Racketeer



Manager
An Advanced Career

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

Unlike respectable careers such as merchants, assassins and thieves, entertainers rarely form guilds. Only in Bretonnia and Marienburg have they ever been truly organised and influential, and in The Empire, where acting isn't even considered a real profession, they are restricted to the backwaters. Those unwilling to freelance and unable to find a wealthy patron of their art must turn to managers. Sometimes it's worthwhile, but sometimes you wind up working for Gruenliebe the Greasy.

Whether Theatre Managers or Circus Ringmasters, Managers are at the top of the Entertainer food chain. Managers hire and represent 'talent' whom they (sometimes) protect and nurture up the rocky path to recognition. They are also responsible for organising and advertising events, and making sure that the local fashion elite are in attendance in the hope that their lessers will follow. Some Managers are

unscrupulous types who will exploit talent in any way they can. Some were never Entertainers themselves, but have bought their position with money and power. The worst are a combination of both.

Skills

Blather
Charm
Evaluate
Haggle
Law
Public Speaking
Read/Write
Super Numerate

Career Entrances

Agitator
Charlatan
Entertainer (must have fully completed at least one Entertainer career)
Merchant
Noble

Trappings

2D6 Entertainers
A venue worth at least 1,500 GCs

Career Exits

Charlatan
Merchant



SP

THE TEARS OF MYRMIDIA

A Scenario by Brian Gillatt and Paul "Padre" Mackintosh

The **Golden City of Amon**, situated on the northern coast of Araby, is a peaceful haven of trade, decadence and plenty. It is known throughout ports of the known world as the home of the **Emir Nudul Salladh**, supposedly one of the richest men in the world. He is reputed to have harems constructed of solid gold, herds of riding elephants and one of the largest trading fleets on the seas. He now also has one very big problem.

Three months ago Greenskins poured out of the desert laying waste to the fertile lands around Amon. The Emir's Guard was helpless against Orcish might which massacred most of his army. All that stands between the Emir and utter ruin are the walls of Amon, a horde of unwilling slaves and dwindling reserves of the Militia and **Palace Guard**. Consequently, the

Emir has sent his messengers out into the world to recruit mercenaries by any means necessary. This is where the PCs come in.



PLOT SUMMARY

This scenario is in five parts, each of which takes between one and three hours to play.

Part One - This sees the PCs penniless in Marienburg at the height of summer. Desperate to find enough money to last the winter they meet with one of the Emir's recruiters. He engages them to lead a mercenary band to Amon, to help with the siege. Matters become complicated when a lawyer approaches and asks if they would retrieve the **Apiphet Kalas**

D'Or, a gemstone belonging to his unnamed client that went missing somewhere near Amon. Then there are fun and games as the PCs desperately try to recruit a mercenary force from amongst the few soldiers remaining in the city. Finally, there is the matter of another ship leaving in advance of the PCs, apparently for the same destination.

Part Two - In which the characters travel to Amon. During the journey they are attacked by **corsairs**, who capture one of the ships.

Part Three - On arrival at Amon the PC party faces a city under siege and in chaos. It will be as much as they can do to lead their small band through the crowds of starving refugees to the area of the wall that they are required to defend. Having settled in the city the party should be



keen to try to find the Apiphet. In order to do this they have to learn where the gem's current owner, **Gomer Azif**, is. This isn't too difficult as he happens to be the noble vizier responsible for holding the Greenskin hordes back at a major section of the main city wall. So he's well known, and in *some* ways well liked - as up 'til now he has been doing a good job. There are, however, *other* reasons why people tend to stay out of his way.

Part Four - When they get to Gomer's wall-fortress, the characters discover things are not as straightforward as they may have hoped. Gomer is a necromancer and is not about to give the gemstone up easily. Also, with the city in a desperate situation, his undead legions guard the walls at night (when the worst of the Greenskin attacks come). The PCs may now worry whether or not to go through with the robbery.

Part Five - At some point, the PCs must get away, even if they don't have the gem. The siege has not gone well (probably due to Gomer being handicapped by whatever the PCs did to get the gem) and they must flee for their lives as the Orcs break through. If this were not enough, there is one last twist, as a gang bent on taking the Apiphet attacks the characters.

Although this scenario is set largely in Araby it could be relocated to any convenient part of the Old World with a city on a river and loads of elephants (or similarly hulking beasts). Possibly somewhere like the New World coast with Elves replacing Arabyans and some New World behemoth impersonating an elephant. The Border Princes might be a good alternative too, with elephants playing the elephants.

We have assumed Araby is pretty similar to the various fictional stereotypes of Arabia (from *Carry On to Ali Baba*) and so do not go into too much history. For those who want to add more detail we recommend the following web site: www.warhammer.net/archive/fr/Countries.html then go to "Araby.txt"

The scenario does make a number of assumptions about the PC's actions. However, there should be enough general background to give the GM ideas of how other options should be dealt with. Similarly, the introduction can easily be amended although this may change aspects of the later parts of the scenario.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

It is midsummer in Marienburg. Most of the large trade and exploration expeditions have left for foreign parts, and almost all are yet to return. Consequently the city has found itself at a bit of a loose end. This is all very well for the trading houses and merchants who have little to do but wait for their investments to return. Likewise for the officials of the city - there is little to tax and Suiddock is relatively quiet in midsummer, which means the Watch grows fat

on Reikland sausage and Tilean brandy. But if you are, perchance, a gentleman adventurer stuck in the city, then the summer has more ominous overtones. Any chance of raising enough money to allow survival through the winter is dwindling as expeditions grow fewer and further between. Times may even be desperate enough for a gentleman to consider travelling to the Border Princes, or even to cold Norsca in hope of finding work.

Note: A 'gentleman adventurer' is the term used to describe a minor noble/member of the merchant houses who is usually hired to captain sea voyages. They need have no real experience of being at sea and usually serve to represent the sponsor of the voyage on the boat. Often such fellows will travel with three or four companions to protect them from mutiny or betrayal by the crew. (This happened in real history, and is described quite well in the book '*Nathaniel's Nutmeg*', by Giles Milton.)



PART ONE, EPISODE ONE BORED AND PENNILESS

Unless your party has permanent arrangements in Marienburg, this scenario will work best if the GM can arrange for the characters to be ousted from whatever comfortable rooms they have found (to make way for a visiting noble, say) and moved into cheap Suiddock lodgings. If this isn't possible, the GM will need to amend this lead into the scenario.

Gottri the Dwarf runs the party's rooms and they are sparsely furnished, rarely flooded and (very importantly) cheap. Unfortunately, it is rent day and the party will be rudely awoken by the sound of Gottri battering his hammer on their door and loudly demanding rent. Rent today is whatever sum of money will leave the characters with about two Guilders to their name, which should focus their attention nicely on job offers they are about to receive.

Gottri is a dwarf of the **Undermountain** clan. This is a clan of merchants and bankers, known for being ruthless negotiators and notoriously tight fisted. Gottri is in his 156th year and has heard every excuse in the book. Consequently he is prepared for any tricks the PCs may pull to avoid paying the rent - even going as far as positioning his two brothers, Harl and Stokki, in the street outside the window to catch anyone who attempts to flee. One of these has a blunderbuss.

If the PCs do something stupid like running away, then they're still going to need money as word of their debt spreads and they now become unwelcome in the hostelrys of Marienburg. Should they do anything really stupid like attacking, or even killing Gottri, then this

scenario becomes very much shorter. If the Watch don't catch up with them and make them stand trial, then they will discover that the Undermountain clan can pursue a grudge in the best tradition of the Dwarfs, and will be willing to go as far as placing a sizeable reward on the PCs.

Once they have been fleeced, they have little choice but to head down to **Freder's Platz**, the square outside the Wasteland Import-Export Exchange and is located as far east as one can go in Suiddock, just by the southern end of the massive Niederbrug Bridge. Here they can hope that one of the town criers will have a job that may be worth doing. As the PCs pass the docks they will notice several lateen rigged (*i.e. triangular sail*) **dhows** from Araby.

JOB SEEKING IN MARIENBURG

The square is a little way from the centre of Suiddock, closer to the main business end of the city. In early spring it would be bustling with representatives from all the merchant houses and many others trying to recruit crews. At this time of year it is quieter. Only two criers are present. One is **Dieter Neuberg**, a representative of the **Guggenheims**, an old Marienburg merchant family. He is looking for guards to escort the family heads to Middenheim, on the family's biannual trip to the carnival there. Pay for this would be eight shillings a day (slightly worse than standard mercenary wage) - not too thrilling. The other crier is even worse. He's a representative from the **Office of Public Works**, who are looking for people to investigate the rumours of reports of "red-eyed giant red rats who stand on two feet" below the city. The pay is worse at six shillings a day, but is surely not worth the risk.

Spirits in the party will be at rock bottom, so when the PCs hear the cry, '*Greenskins are invading the Golden City!*' (Delivered in a thick Arabyan accent) they will no doubt be interested.

Investigating the cry will lead the party to a dark-skinned, bearded man, wearing a fez and robes of silk and damask. His name is **Mustapha**. He has two guards with him, huge Arabyans dressed in baggy breeches and brightly coloured, loose shirts. They each have gigantic scimitars at their sides. He will explain, in the comfort of a nearby tavern, that he is a representative of **His Excellency Emir Nudul Salladh**, ruler of the **Emirate of Amon**. He goes on to tell how the eastern portion of the Emir's lands has been overrun by Greenskins, who swarmed out of the desert two months ago. The Emir's armies have been hard pushed to defend themselves, never mind retake the lost land, so he has sent out emissaries looking for mercenaries. During this explanation, Mustapha will gesticulate extravagantly, and it will be hard for anyone not to notice the gold rings upon nearly all of his fingers.

Mustapha has travelled the furthest north, with a fleet of three dhows. He has been getting a little desperate, having already stopped in Sartosa and having had little luck recruiting. In fact, although he won't admit it, many of his Arabyan crew were decimated by ship's fever, and then more deserted at Sartosa (including two of his pilots). They preferred to join pirate bands rather than return to a disease ridden, war-torn home. This means that so far he actually has fewer men than he started out with!

If Mustapha likes the look of the PCs (which he does) he will offer them command of two ships (the Ahi-Ah Batain and the Mentu Ka-

Rhe), while he travels on to Norsca with the third. The handful of mercenaries he has managed to recruit thus far will stay on the third ship with him. He will make extravagant promises to the PCs concerning what the Emir is prepared to pay - exciting enough that the PCs will accept. GMs may find that an offer of three times the mercenary wage (about 30 shillings a day) is enough to float the characters' boat (no apologies for the pun), perhaps with a further sum at the end of the campaign. You must decide whatever is reasonable for your campaign world, whilst bearing in mind this scenario is quite tough.

Once everything has been agreed, Mustapha will produce a contract for the party to sign (Player Handout One). Finally, Mustapha will give the players twenty Guilders for town criers and other expenses. The ships are already supplied and the mercenaries must provide their own weapons.

WHAT THE CHARACTERS KNOW ABOUT THE EMIR NUDUL SALLADH

Salladh's name is known - he is said to be one of the richest men in Araby, if not the world. Rumour has it he owns a harem constructed of solid gold, and that if a woman spends a year there she will be paid so handsomely she need never work again. There are tales of armies of Elven hounds and even of a tame griffin which the Emir rides. Almost all of these stories suffer from a surfeit of imagination and much the same is said of every other Emir. In the spirit of such gossip, feel free to make up anything you think may tempt the players further.



PART ONE, EPISODE TWO THE PICTURE BECOMES COMPLICATED

At this point the PCs will have a number of things to do - one of which is to recruit the rest of the mercenaries and crew, including the officers. Each dhow needs around thirty crewmen, but the PCs only have to find half this number as there are thirty surviving Arabyan seamen aboard. If the hired mercenaries double as crewmen, then the thirty Arabyan sailors can split themselves evenly between the two ships. The Arabyans can use the mercenaries' brute strength whilst supervising all work which needs sea-skills. To simplify things even further, the requirement for officers can be reduced if one of the PCs acts as '**Captain General**' in charge of both ships, and the PCs double up as the officers for the *Ahi-Ah Batain*. This means they only have to find a Ship's Master, Navigator/Pilot, Bo's'n, and maybe a Steward for the *Mentu Ka-Rhe*, i.e. another three or four men.

So, to summarise: the PCs need somewhere in the region of thirty mercenaries willing to serve as ship's crew on the journey, plus three or four officers to command the second vessel.

Seafaring PCs may well suppose that they can simply approach the **Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots** for crew allocation. Whilst this is the usual (and legal) method, this time it will not work. The ships are Arabyan owned and as such are entirely out of the Brotherhood's jurisdiction, of which the PCs will be politely but firmly informed. The Brotherhood cannot (will not) help. Unfortunately, this means the

This is a formal agreement laid out in the presence of the witnesses named below between His Excellency Emir Nudul Salladh, Supreme Ruler of The Emirate of Amon (hereafter referred to as the First Party) and _____ (hereafter referred to as the Second Party).

The agreement between the First and Second party will be recognised and honoured by both parties under the laws of the Independent Trading State of Marienburg and also under the Common Laws of the Lands of the Civilised World. (Those lands being the Dominions and Emirates under the Watchful Rule of the Grand Sultan of All Araby, and the lands of The Empire, Bretonnia, Estalia, Tilea and Kislev.)

The agreement is as follows:

The Second Party will accept the charge of the sailing vessel, Ahi-Ah Batain, Known in the Imperial Tongue as Thunderous Scourge of the Treacherous Seas, property of the First Party, and the sailing vessel Mentu Ka-Rhe, Known in the Imperial Tongue as Pride of the Mighty Desert Legion, also property of the First Party, and also to Captain a company of Various Men-At-Arms appointed by the Second Party, whose specifications can be found in the Second Part of this Agreement under the heading, The Crew.

The Second Party shall then accept sole responsibility for the Transportation of the aforementioned Men-At-Arms to the Emirate of Amon on the Northern Coast of Araby and to act as Captain during said journey.

Once Landfall has been made the Second Party will act as a Mercenary Company in the Armies of the First Party for the Duration of the Campaign against the Greenskin infidels defiling the Holy Lands of the First Party.

Payment for this Campaign shall be according to the suggestions made on Third Page and Fourth Paragraph of the Altdorf Agreement of the year Two Thousand Four Hundred and Forty Five by the Imperial Calender, also the Year Six Thousand and Seventy Four in Arabic Reckoning, where it applies to the appropriate remuneration of Officers and Gentlemen in a Military Undertaking.

The responsibilities of the Second Party.

The Second Party, will be, in accordance with the Merchant Trading Statute Number Fourteen, Paragraph 6, responsible for the safety and well being of the crew under his command, in this instance this Statute extending to encompass the safety and well being of the Men-At-Arms also under his command, as was found to be the legally correct Application of the Law following the Case made by Heinrich Ubermad's Halberdiers against the Schloss House of the Ostermark in the year Two Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty Three in the Imperial Calender, also the Year Six Thousand and Sixty Two in Arabic Reckoning.

He will also have a responsibility to return both the Ahi-Ah Batain and also the sailing vessel Mentu Ka-Rhe in a Reasonable State of Repair and will be held responsible for any costs incurred as a result of negligence on his part. (Excluded from this part are Natural Disasters such as Storm or Typhoon and Acts of the Gods.) Negligence is as defined in the Marienburg Shipping Regulations Chapter Sixteen, pages thirty-four to thirty-eight.

The Crew

Being as this Agreement concerns a Foreign Party and therefore is not required to acquiesce to the Requirements of the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots of Marienburg it shall therefore be the responsibility of the Second Party to appoint a company of not less than thirty Men-At-Arms and also to appoint Officers for the Vessels as he deems necessary.

Not included in this are any companions the Second Party wishes to bring on board with him. He is at liberty to employ not less than three and not greater than five able companions to assist him on this Venture. These companions shall be paid in the same manner as the Second Party.

Finally His Excellency Emir Nudul Salladh shall also undertake to provide those supplies and provisions needed for a voyage of this nature, however these shall not extend to the Arms and Armour required by the Men-At-Arms and such items should be provided by the Individuals concerned.

Signatories to this agreement, as signed and witnessed on the Fifteenth Day of the Month of Sigmarzeit in Year Two Thousand _____ in the Imperial Calendar.

The First Party _____ The Second Party _____

The First Witness _____ The Second Witness _____

PCs must turn to non-Brotherhood members. Combine this with the fact that it is out of season in Marienburg and you are left with only the worst sort of city dregs to choose from.

This part of the scenario is fairly freeform and any creative plans the players have for finding crewmen should be rewarded. One likely approach is that the party will use town criers to find the crewmen whilst simultaneously spreading word amongst their friends and contacts to find officers. During this process there is an encounter with one Albrecht Thiele to fit in (see 'The Lawyer' below). Probably the best sequence of events from a dramatic point of view is:

1. PCs hire town criers.
2. Interviews for the crew/mercenaries in which it is made obvious the men available are of very low quality.
3. Albrecht Thiele approaches the PC party.
4. Interviews with potential officer candidates.
5. A chance encounter

1. Hiring Town Criers: This is fairly simple. There are many people in Marienburg willing to carry out this sort of work at an average pay of 7 shillings a day. All these town criers need to know is what terms to advertise and when/where prospective recruits must go to be interviewed by the PCs. The PCs may decide to leave a note somewhere instead. This has one obvious problem - most mercenaries cannot read, so the written word is entirely wasted on them.

2. Crew Interviews: These should not be easy. If the PCs set a time at which they will be interviewing it is quite effective to drag this out as much as possible (but not to the point at which the players' frustration and doubts become boredom). For example, if they are interviewing in an alehouse at midday start by describing the interior, heavily emphasising there is no one there, other than a bored looking serving wench. Say nothing for a few seconds, tell them ten minutes have passed and still no one has turned up. Repeat this process until the players are thinking about moving off, then the door of the bar should open...

In staggers a man in his mid-fifties, dressed in an old military uniform that has seen better years. His hair is tangled and unkempt and his greying beard serves to hide the mass of scar tissue that passes for his throat. When he speaks, it is with a low, rasping whisper. Behind him are seven other men, four of whom are obviously his partners in alcoholism and are in similarly bad shape; the other three are barely teenagers, and one may well be a girl pretending to be a man! They are all laden with a ludicrous array of weapons: firearms, side arms, spare side arms, and a knife or two. Two also carry halberds and one carries a Henricus Salus (*Apocrypha Now* pg 39) (which he has

obviously used - his right arm is in a sling).

The leader introduces himself as **Arthur Amstrad**, of the **Second Mercenary Company of van Scheldt** (anyone with *Heraldry* or *History* will know that this company was wiped out ten years ago, when Fimir ambushed them in the wetlands outside the city). Arthur is desperate to find work for him and his sons, and will try anything to convince the party that he is the man for them. He clearly is not. He can barely focus, no doubt caused by the strong liquors currently sloshing through his veins. He certainly has difficulty turning his thoughts into words. Whether the PCs take them on is the players' decision. They might decide that if they can keep them away from drink then perhaps they will do. In practice,

however, that should be damned hard. This sorry band is all that turns up to be interviewed.

On day two hopefully some despair will be setting in. Any inquiries the PCs make will reveal that many of the city's mercenaries have already leapt at the chance to go to the Carnival with the Guggenheims, while the rest seem to have gone missing in the city sewer system.

However, after about a quarter of an hour of worry another group will turn up - much larger than the first. There are about twenty dressed in unconvincing mercenary outfits (with the poorly made insignia of a dog's face patched about their persons) and badly equipped. One sword between two is about right. A man called Karl, who looks very much like the picture on one of the wanted posters outside the alehouse, leads them. They are the **Dogs of Kruiersmuur** and are as good as the party is going to get. They look strong, if not particularly healthy, but more importantly, they will work for the basic wage and are anxious to leave the city. You see, they have all only recently been released from gaol after serving sentence for armed riot. They tried to set up their own Kruiersmuur Guild, covering all trades in their area of the city, but were disarmed and imprisoned by a force of Black Caps and armed guildsmen. Unfortunately Kruiersmuur is flooded right now, leaving many with no lodgings. Karl's



leadership is based on his ability to see them right - for now he simply wants to get everyone the food he promised.

Any other people who approach the PCs will be of similar calibre to the previous two groups. They should all be substandard with obvious shortcomings of one kind or another - lack of skill, strength, honour, sobriety, trustworthiness etc. It is clear that in Marienburg at this time of year there is no way of hiring the kind of men the PCs would feel comfortable about having at their back. This is when Herr Thiele steps in.

3. The Lawyer: Albrecht Thiele is one of the founder members of **Grabbe, Thiele and von Runne** - noted Reikland lawyers. He is now the firm's lucky representative in the lucrative city of Marienburg. He will approach the party just as they are about to give up recruiting for the day. Initially he will simply introduce himself and buy the party dinner, though it should be clear that he has some other interests. Only once the PCs have eaten, and consumed the pleasant and extremely expensive wine, will he get down to business. Herr Thiele will claim to represent an anonymous client (in reality Jan van de Kuypers). He will explain that this client wishes an item retrieved from a minor noble in Amon, one **Gomer Azif** (a cousin of the Emir). The article in question is a blue-gold pendant of sentimental value that was lost in an

unfortunate gambling incident a few years ago.

Herr Thiele will explain that there is evidence that his employer was cheated, and will also offer a large sum of money if the PCs balk. More importantly, he will add that his patron is willing to solve their recruitment difficulties (i.e. the ludicrously poor quality of their mercenaries) by paying for some of **Husker's Irregulars** to join their expedition. This should go a long way to grabbing the PCs' interest, as Husker's Irregulars are a highly respected unit of Dwarfen handgunners, with a reputation for both honour and extreme bravery. (You could also use the WFB Dogs of War unit 'Long Drong's Slayer Pirates' if you wished).

Note that no statistics have been given for the mercenaries. As a guideline remember that nearly all those who turn up are rubbish and should be around the twenties-thirties statistics wise, with brawling skills but not much in the way of solid military skills. Husker's Irregulars, however, are much better and should have statistics in the mid forties. A good few of them will also have two attacks, and all of them carry some form of gunpowder weapon.

One last thing: although he will not tell the PCs, Herr Thiele knows that in truth he is hiring them in a back-up capacity. Van de Kuypers is already sending one of his own vessels, commanded by Oldric van Reeven, with several of the toughest House marines to retrieve his gem while the chaos of war provides cover. Van Reeven has orders to masquerade as mercenaries to gain access to Amon.

A Dhow was a ship of perhaps one hundred and fifty tons capacity, usually with one main lateen sail, sometimes two, used in the Arabyan Sea. It was also the name of all sorts of Arabyan vessels running up and down the Guinea Coast of Africa usually trading slaves.

WFRP details: This is just the sort of ship to be used on the Old World's equivalent of the Guinea Coast, i.e. the eastern coast of the Southlands stretching north and south of the Gulf of Medes. A ship with two lateen sails would need a crew of around thirty to handle it, and could probably carry a cargo of 30-40 men if not carrying any other cargo. No-one would be comfortable though. They would be packed in like slaves - which indeed was often the cargo off of the Araby coast, though never (legally) around Marienburg.

SOME BACKGROUND

The pendant is not of sentimental value at all. It is a gold mounted diamond known as the Apiphet Kalas D'or (also known as 'The Tear of Myrmidia'). As well as being extremely valuable it has magical, amuletic powers. The diamond was found in one of the van de Kuypers' diamond mines in the Southlands. It was to be shipped to the Old World but corsairs hit the boat off the coast of Araby. These corsairs were led by one Gomer Azif, half cousin to Emir Salladh. Gomer had some magical abilities and recognised the stone for what it was. He immediately took it back to his fortified palace where he had it fashioned into a pendant. From that moment on his magical abilities blossomed, aided by the powers of the amulet. He is now a powerful wizard of the worst kind - a necromancer.

The money involved should be whatever is a large sum for your campaign world. We suggest several hundred Guilders, plus the wages of the troops. If the PCs hesitate, Thiele will simply up the offer; after all van de Kuypers can afford it. Herr Thiele will, however, be extremely careful to ensure the party doesn't realise his budget is pretty much limitless. If the PCs still hesitate, Thiele will point out that they are embarking on a military campaign, during which it is customary for the mercenaries to be paid in campaign currency. This is a debased currency minted for the sake of that campaign and difficult to exchange for goods or services anywhere else, especially in a city such as Marienburg where the value of money is known. He will then point out that he is willing to pay in real money that won't suffer the horrendous exchange rate of campaign currency.

4. Interviewing Officer Candidates: Obtaining officers is easier than getting crewmen. Through contacts and friends the PCs will find out that there are two groups in the city that may be interested in the job. Have the PCs encounter each group and then decide between them unless they insist on taking the first and never seeing the second.

(i) The first is led by **Rikert Bosman**, a man well known to the PCs as one of the more humanitarian ship's masters in the city. He is supposed to have a good reputation, but has been retired for several years now. Why he wants to serve again is unclear.

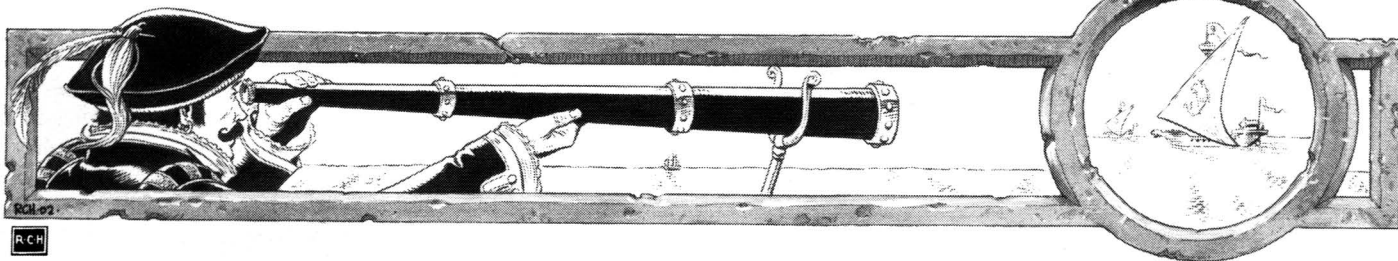
(ii) The second is led by **Lodewick de Wit**, a young ship's pilot who miraculously survived when his ship went down last year but he hasn't worked since. It's said he was in the water two days before some fishermen found him. It's also said that he hasn't dried out since and has been avoiding the Brotherhood of Seamen and Pilots' requests to report for work.

As will be seen from their descriptions both of these groups have markedly different agendas. It will up to the players whether their characters take on the capable, competent, but ultimately dangerous group led by Bosman, or if they risk everything on the inexperienced, weak but more loyal party led by Lodewick.

5. A Chance Encounter: At some point while hiring in the city, a PC may be told by an acquaintance that another group is putting together an expedition to the city of Amon. Alternatively, one of the folk they interview might let slip that he knows others who are going to Amon; or a sneaky-type PC might just happen upon the other expedition being prepared at a dock side in the middle of the night. However, the investigations will soon show they are not going to be comrades.

However they learn about it, the PCs have competition. A rival company is better advanced in its preparations their ship, a Marienburg trading house-owned vessel is already prepared to sail. It is also a speedier vessel than the dhows, being a nippy little caravel.

If the PCs attempt to take a look at the vessel and the crew, they might arrive in time to have interaction with van Reeven. This works well to set up tension and animosity as they are immediately antagonistic towards them. Van Reeven won't reveal anything at this meeting, but he and his well-armed crew who greatly outnumber the PCs will scowl at them. Make sure van Reeven does respond to any cheekiness by the PCs with threats - what exactly he threatens to do we'll leave for you to decide, according to the situation and what exactly the PCs say. In the end, van Reeven will have the PCs removed by the House van de Kuypers' dock guards, arrested for trespassing if necessary. What might surprise the PCs is the way they are simply released once outside the docks. Of course, this is because van de Kuypers *wants* the PCs to go about their business, as they are his back-up plan to secure



the gem if van Reeven fails.

Alternatively, if you want an air of mystery concerning van Reeven, with the PCs unsure as to what exactly they're dealing with, then you can have them arrive just as van Reeven's ship pulls away from the docks. Now their only means of learning anything is probably to bribe or charm information from the stevedores at the dock. It is up to you how much of the following they learn, based upon how effectively they go about attaining the information. One thing they may learn is that a "gentlemen" whose description matches the lawyer Thiele visited the ship.

The caravel is named "**Fleetfoot**" and is commanded by one **Master Oldric van Reeven**. It is owned by **House van de Kuypers**, and its official purpose is trade with the city of Amon. It is carrying a small but incredibly valuable stock of black powder and shot, which was loaded very carefully overnight, with van Kuypers's guards watching the stevedores' every move, and with harsh punishment for anyone either caught opening a lantern or smoking a pipe. Van Reeven is a hard man, tough as old boots, who has a reputation as a pirate even though he is in the employ of House van de Kuypers. He has his own personal retinue of men who always form the core of his crews, and who have been with him for years. There are many foreigners amongst them, including Southlanders, Arabyans and a berserker Norscan.

What no-one can tell the PCs is what's going on in van Reeven's mind. Yes, he has been sent to secure the gem, and yes, the PCs are being paid by van de Kuypers (through Herr Thiele) to provide a back up in case he fails. But Van Reeven does not intend to fail, or give the PCs a chance to succeed in his stead. It might not please his master van de Kuypers, but van Reeven intends to scupper the PCs to make sure they don't get in his way. He wants any reward that's coming all to himself.



PART TWO THE JOURNEY

There is one big event on the journey south, and it is not trouble aboard, which is what the PCs might be expecting. Surprisingly, most of the crewmen are happy enough. The Dogs of Kruiersmuur (or whichever mercenary scum were hired) are glad to have regular food. The Arabyans are chuffed to be going home. So basically everyone gets on with things.

The PCs might see signs of some trouble aboard the other dhow, the Mentu Ka-Rhe. Maybe a crewman is thrown unceremoniously overboard as punishment for stealing, then

dragged along for half an hour or so before being hauled back onto the deck. Whether the PCs order the Ahi-Ah Batain along side to demand an explanation is up to the players. It is standard Marienburg practice to deal brutally with thieves at sea. After all, thievery, or any cause of trouble in such tightly packed conditions, has to be discouraged. If this treatment seems a bit heavy, just think what is done to those who draw blood or commit murder! If the PCs don't show an active interest then the incident is merely colour for the journey. If they do complain, it might annoy the NPC officers on the Mentu Ka-Rhe. And annoying them might have consequences much later in the game.

As for describing the journey, it is up to you how you want to go about it. You may be happy just to say that it's a long journey south down the coast, with the weather growing ever hotter. Or you might want to mention some of the sights on the way (especially if this is part of a campaign) so that the PCs learn a little more about the Old World coast. You could mention the sighting of the great lighthouse of l'Anguille, the crossing of Thieves' Bay, and some of the features of the Estalian coast. Our feeling was that the events taking place later on were dangerous enough. So if you do intend extra encounters and excitement shipboard (i.e. in addition to the main encounter below) you may want to give the PCs a chance to heal before they enter the hell that is Amon itself.

The big incident to liven up the journey is an attack by two **Arabian corsair ships** from **Sartosa**, as the PCs cross the Southern Sea beyond the mouth of the Black Gulf. This is the final leg of the journey to Araby. Can you guess who is ultimately behind this attack? Yup, it's Oldric van Reeven. He has always been ahead of the PCs, and this meant he could make a deal with some old Sartosan chums. He has made a deal with the Sartosans concerning the PCs' two dhows. All men captured (and he has promised that Mustapha's dhows will be crammed full) are to be sold as slaves; and he will later recompense the corsairs further with a favour in return for the one they have done him.

What is worse is that two of the crewmen aboard the Ahi-Ah Batain are in on the plan. In amongst the Dogs of Kruiersmuur are two ex-crew of van Reeven's, and they have split up so that one is aboard each of the dhows. They were dismissed when they displeased van Reeven a year ago, but have been given this chance to earn his favour again. They have been ordered to do whatever mischief they can to aid an attack by van Reeven - like cutting the mainbrace to slow the ship or lifting the rudder out of its pintle so that the ships can't steer. Specifically, and this is important, they have been told that van Reeven will fly a yellow flag

when he attacks. They have no idea that van Reeven is not actually on the Sartosan vessels, but on spotting the yellow flags will go ahead with their sabotage. By the way, the PCs might know that flying such a flag is most unusual, as corsairs usually fly blood red pennants. Whether they can discover the truth behind this tangled web of treachery is another matter though, and besides - they have a corsair attack to worry about.

Before an attack happens, you need to be clear which PCs are where. There should be an opportunity for them all to be on board the same ship, as this will make the incident far simpler to handle. If they are on different boats, however, simply deal with each in turn during the major steps in the narrative below. If you can, you might like to physically separate the players to emphasise this set-up.

Such an attack might sound like a lot to handle, and should be described as chaotic and confusing to rattle the players, but the incident follows a fairly linear pattern. After the initial sighting of the two vessels (with a "Ship's Ho!" from above), the dhows are followed, gradually losing their lead. The PCs should be led to believe, however, that they *might just* make the southern coast before the Corsairs reach them. If the PCs' ships separate then one corsair goes for each dhow - which is what they are going to do as they get close anyway, even if the PCs' dhows attempt to stick together. Suddenly (make this dramatic) the PCs' mainsail swings wildly across the deck, threatening to knock less nimble crew off their feet and perhaps a few unlucky ones into the sea (make *initiative* rolls to dodge out of the way for an unlucky handful - which might include the PCs). Its main securing rope has been cut through and whips out from the flailing yard. This causes the dhow to lurch and slow. Meanwhile, the other Kruiersmuur saboteur takes advantage of the confusion this incident causes to wreck the rudder on his dhow by axing through the top pintle (the clasp which holds it in place). This means that the Ahi-Ah Batain decelerates whilst the Mentu Ka-Rhe ship veers off uncontrollably ahead. The PCs will be far too busy defending the Ahi-Ah Batain to see what's going on upon the other. You can leave that to simple narrative description once the PCs are in a position to take a look.

In the WFB "Tomb Kings" Army book (which has a good peek at Araby) there is no such city as Amon. If you wish to use a location from this book, El-Kalabad may be more suitable: It is listed on the map as being a "Trading Port". It is located on the Gulf of Medes.

As Amon will soon be overrun, this gives it a good reason not to appear on a map from a WFB book. WFB is set at later date than WFRP's 2512.

The corsairs basically pull alongside (aided by the fact that neither dhow is steering too well) and attempt to board. **All the PCs have to do at this point is put up enough of a fight to make the corsairs think it's not worth their while.** Go with the PCs' tactics, actions and shouted orders here - it is interesting to see what tricks they come up with. The corsairs are armed with scimitars, knives and crossbows, and will leap aboard the PCs' deck in groups of two or three while shooting quarrels from their ship at any crew not embroiled in the melee. Only a few corsairs have firearms - perhaps the captain and his mate. This action should be cinematic and exciting, especially if you keep in mind the three dimensional nature of the terrain: two ships, with masts and rigging and curving, raised bows, moving past each other side by side, with a gap in between plunging down to the sea, or perhaps scraping violently against each other, tearing off rails and splintering timbers. All the while corsairs leap onto the Ahi-Ah Batain with cheers and battle cries. In practical terms, it is probably best if you concentrate on fights involving the PCs (i.e. when it comes to applying rules and rolling dice), whilst generally describing how the rest of the crew and corsairs fare.

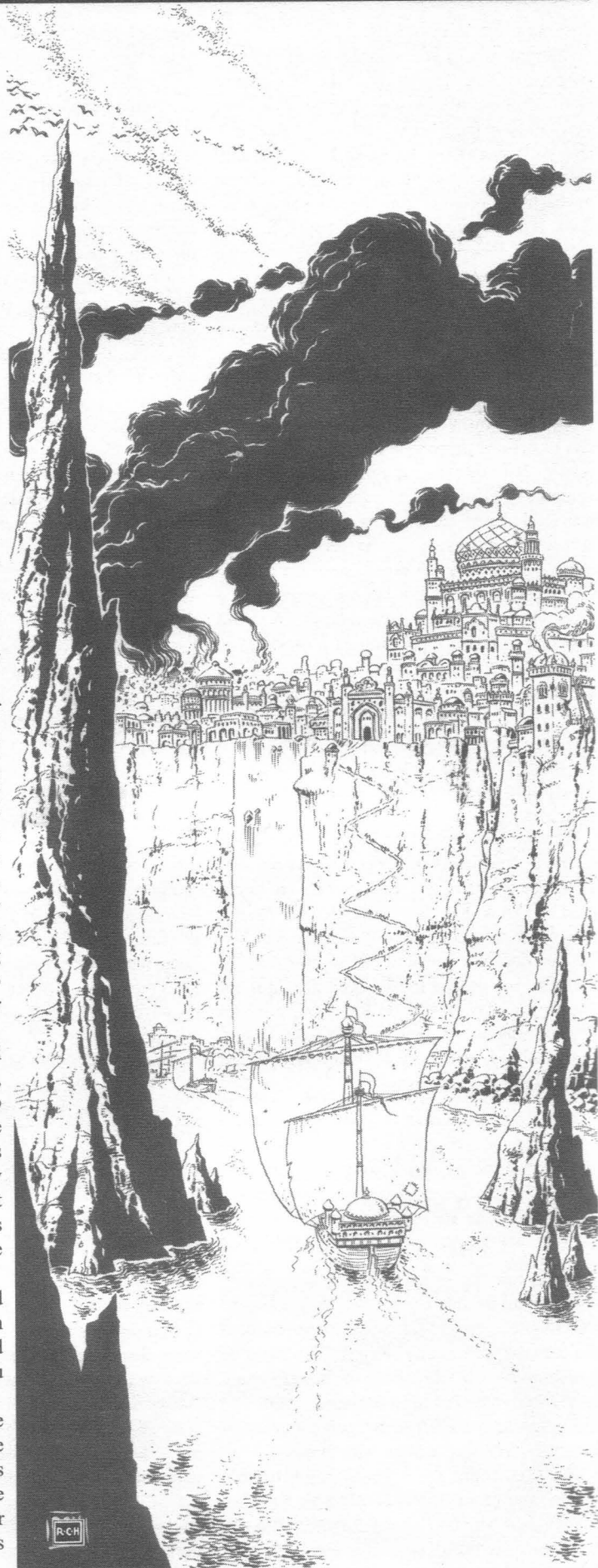
Note: A shortcut whenever an NPC fights another NPC is simply to decide who has the better chance (in terms of stats, skills and equipment) then roll a D6. On a 1, 2, or 3, the better fighter takes the other out; on a 4 or 5 the two continue the struggle into the next round; on a 6 the less able fighter wins. If they're equally matched, then - 1, 2 attacker wins; 3, 4 the two continue into the next round; 5, 6 the defender wins. This system can even be used with groups of NPCs - say three fighting three. Such shortcuts allow you to get on with the action that really concerns the PCs and makes the whole battle seem more intense and fast moving.

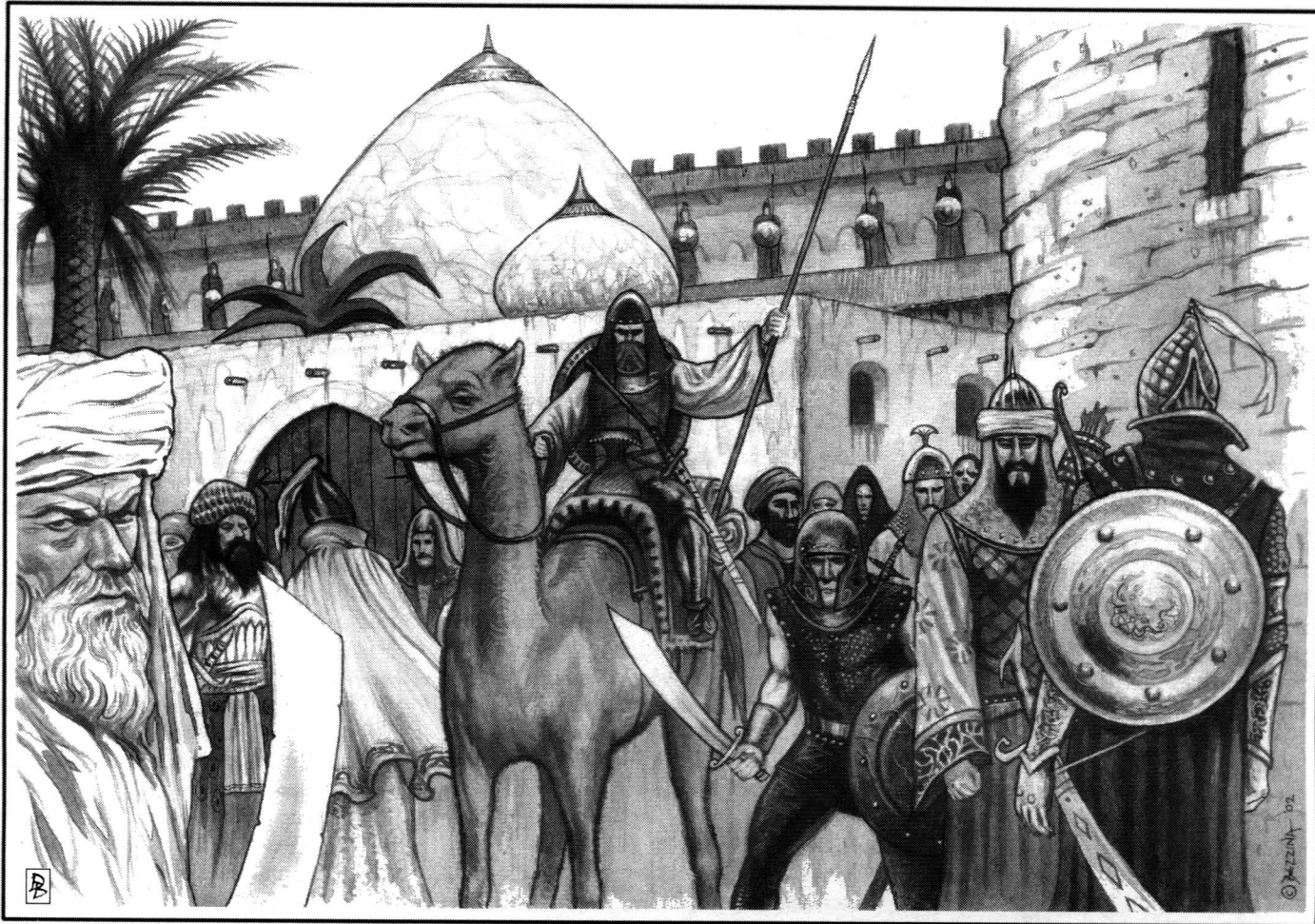
It is best for the scenario (if it is to run generally as planned here) if the Mentu Ka-Rhe does not make it. Of course, if the players come up with a brilliantly executed plan for its protection then who can argue? But there should be little scope for this. The Mentu Ka-Rhe is attacked by the largest corsair vessel, with many more fighters aboard, and should be captured quickly - especially when the NPC crew surrenders! If the PCs win out against their own attackers, then as already mentioned those corsairs will happily retreat to share instead in the prize taken from the Mentu Ka-Rhe. Even if the PCs have managed to take prisoners, they will discover that threatening their lives has no effect on the other corsairs - they just don't care. And besides, if the PCs push things and hang around too long, the other corsair ship might decide to attack them also - and it's doubtful the PCs can hold out again. The PCs should order repairs and be glad to have gotten away.

If the PCs were split across both vessels during the attack, the second boarding action should be played out just like the first. Make it clear, though, that despite the best efforts of the crew, the corsairs just keep coming. Eventually, one of the officers will fight their way across to the PCs and insist that they abandon the ship as soon as they can. There is a small skiff, perhaps large enough for six without sinking, that they might be able to break out and drop overboard if the characters can just hold off the corsairs for a minute or so... Once overboard, the corsairs will shoot a few crossbow quarrels at them before losing interest. The skiff can then be rowed back to the surviving vessel.

As the PCs are down to one ship, you have only half the crew and mercenary NPCs to deal with from now on. In fact, probably less than half - some of the NPCs aboard the Ahi-Ah Batain will have surely died in the attack. It's nice to have easily handled NPC numbers, don't you think?

We know what you're thinking: "What a waste of time doing those interviews with the officer NPCs." Not so! What if the corsairs decide that the best place to sell their newly acquired (and fairly healthy) slaves is the besieged city of Amon, where prices are high? In this way, the PCs might later be very surprised to see the NPC officers they left for dead in the Black Gulf being hauled through the city to be used as





cannon fodder against the Greenskins. Will they abandon them again? Such shenanigans will provide an extra twist.

If the PCs manage to capture one of the corsairs they may wish to interrogate him - as there are bound to be casualties lying aboard ship who didn't actually die. Being well-travelled pirates, their Old Worlder is good. After virtually no pressure (he is corsair scum after all) he confesses that his master **Naseem Nas Sharif** was paid by a captain from Marienburg to attack their ship. With a bit more pressure he remembers the name of the captain was van Reeven, and that he muttered something about them stealing his mission "over his dead body". This should make players uneasy: The fact that he is clearly out to get them can only be bad.

There is one potential consequence of this battle yet to be addressed. What if the PCs lose? In fact, this does not upset the scenario that much since the PCs are now slaves (along with their Arabyan and Marienburger crew). So the PCs are taken to Amon in the hold of one of the corsair vessels (the corsairs won't be so foolish as to deliver their cargo in a stolen Amon ship). Once at Amon they begin the process of being sold as slaves. Trust us, your players, like ours, *will* find a way to escape. The confusion

of the docks (see later) works greatly in their favour, as does the presence of fellow Old Worlders ready to lend a hand (or knife). From that point on it's just a matter of re-arming themselves and they are back where they would have been - armed foreign mercenaries in the city of Amon. They have not even lost their ship, because it was never theirs in the first place!



PART THREE OF FOREIGN LANDS

Things have not gone well in the Emirate since Mustapha left. The Orcs (and Goblins) have pushed back the Arabyan armies all the way into Amon itself. Now all that is left are the remnants of the Emir's soldiers (mainly the prettily dressed, and almost ceremonial, **Palace Guard**), a bunch of **slaves** (including both **Southlanders** and captured northerners of all types), some animated corpses, and fervent prayers that Emissaries will return to save the city.

THEMES IN AMON

Here are some general ideas concerning the background situation in Amon. These will help

you considerably if (when?) the PCs go off in unpredictable directions and forge their own storyline quite different from anything you expected.

Civil unrest - This is over war-taxes and hunger, i.e. the money and food extracted for the armies. We are talking a sullen populace on the brink of revolt, held back only by the realisation that letting the Greenskins in would be much worse than whatever they are suffering now. Picture camel stew for sale, whilst thieves roam around in their element as the black market expands to fill every need.

Desperate recruitment measures - The defenders are not just bringing foreigners into the emirate, but they are also forming militia, slave regiments, and worse - using Undead! Now, of course, no Arabyan trusts an armed slave, and no noble Arabyan warrior wants to lead slaves into battle. So here's where the foreign mercenaries come in. Armed with their exotic weapons and threatening appearance, the foreigners are to lead the bands of slaves in the war - driving them towards the Greenskin hordes. The Emir assumes that 'dirty foreigners' won't mind such a dirty job. By the way, do make sure you use the phrase 'dirty foreigner' a lot in Amon. Palace Guard and the like should be reluctant to touch the PCs, or their food, or

their drink (though the starving populace will do almost anything to get at these things). It is a matter of contrasts.

The practical outcome of this slave-using strategy is that the PCs will get to stay a while in the Emir's city while slaves are gathered (and armed with shields and short spiked war clubs - their native weapons) into bands for them to command. The Emir might give about eight slaves to each group of approximately four foreigners, so the PCs will eventually get one band (though it might take a few days). The mercenary scum they have brought with them on board will be divided into groups of three or four and also given slaves! Even the Husker's Irregulars (the Dwarfs) receive slaves, though they will probably just ignore them and let them wander away. The slaves are trouble from the start, being very reluctant to do anything, never mind fight. On top of this they are suspicious and frightened of the northern foreigners, especially considering that many can't understand a word they say! Let the mayhem begin!

Then there are the Undead. None of the Arabyans will talk about these, or openly accept they exist. They don't like them, being about as 'dirty' as you can get, but they're holding the walls at night and are controlled by the Emir's cousin. And he's a respected man! Best to ignore them and let them do what they do. Besides, they will surely be destroyed once the siege is over.

Martial Law - The Emir's Palace Guard now police the city, armed either with their traditional long spears and armour (including a large, round shield), or with a large batch of modern handguns that were shipped in last month (although they have yet to be trained in their use). They are supposed to ensure things go smoothly, but instead add further tension to the mix with their haughty manner and cruel attitude towards all the lesser folk around them - including refugees, slaves and foreigners.

The Result - Some poor players may start to think that everyone is trying to get them. Not so; it's just that *no one* likes them or the situation. That's a lot of dislike. All this, given time to ferment, results in a city in turmoil - and that's without taking into account the fact that the Greenskin hordes are on the point of bursting in! It is the kind of backdrop the PCs may attempt to exploit. Can they use their slaves effectively? Can they themselves stir revolt and trouble to distract the Palace Guard? It is also a situation that could really get in the PCs' way. Will the other foreigners, now commanding bands of slaves in a desperate city, really behave themselves? Will the locals' dislike of foreigners lead to trouble that they could do without?

ARRIVING AT AMON

As the PCs approach from along the coast the first thing they become aware of is the cloud of smoke that hangs over the sky, and the far-off, circling carrion. Also, and you ought to mention this for continuity reasons, they will notice big finger-like pinnacles of rock which rise up out of the sea several hundred yards out from the city - quite impressive, but unimportant for now. The sun will suddenly hit the gleaming silver and marble towers of the Emir's palace sitting atop the cliff tops. Build this up a bit as the PCs marvel at the wealth that has permitted His Excellency to construct buildings of pure silver. (Actually, it's only that thin, silver tracery called filigree.)

After the marvel has sunk in, and with players this will take literally moments, the PCs will notice the lines of ballistae and catapults lining the cliff face - pointing seaward...

AMON, CITY OF A THOUSAND HAREMS

Emir Nudul Salladh, as we have intimated on several occasions, is extremely wealthy. Some of this is from trade, some from slavery, and some from the careful construction of a city entirely to his own specifications. Although impressive and widely known as a city, Amon is more an overgrown port. Amon has a series of three walls, dividing the city into four sections, known locally as Quarters (all area names are those given by non-Arabyans). The Outer Quarter is the slaves, foreigners and free trade area. It is a sprawling mass of houses, tents and makeshift marketplaces that extends some way into the desert. There are no formal streets or order here; buildings have been constructed as necessity dictated. This area is now crawling with Greenskins.

The outer wall of Amon is not the most impressive, it stands only fifteen feet high and under normal circumstances would only have cursory guard patrols. This is because it divides the outer part of the city from the Artisans' Quarter, and as there is frequent need for passage between these areas security has long since become lax. The Artisans' Quarter is better constructed than the outer parts. The houses are a bit more solid and the area benefits from occasional guard patrols and the like. This section is now also occupied by rampaging Orcs and Goblins.

The Second Wall is much more impressive, and is intended to be the main defence of the city, clearly revealing the ruler's priorities. It is about thirty feet high and ten feet thick. Four massively fortified gates allow passage from the Artisans' Quarter to the Privileged Quarter. This is now the outer limit of Arabyan possession, the front line of the siege. The remnants of the field army with its slave bands are camped in the inner shadow of this wall, in a long, sprawling camp cluttering the outer reaches of

several palace grounds and gardens. They man the Second Wall day and night, except for one major section. This is Gomer Azif's responsibility.

The Emir's men only guard this particular section of wall during daylight hours. Why? Because something else guards it at night - an Undead army, the result of Gomer's magical summoning. As night falls, the living defenders descend the ramparts and return to their camps just as files of corpses emerge from Gomer Azif's wall fortress to take up posts on the walls. Any newly dead victims of the day's fighting, their corpses left littering the walls during the day, along with a few zombies who never made it back to the wall fortress at sunrise, also begin to stir. Then comes a nightmarish darkness, when the soldiers try to sleep while their Undead, rotting comrades shambling sickeningly along the ramparts, silhouetted in the moonlight. And then the screams begin, as Greenskins are hacked and clawed at by the grisly defenders, and thrown from the walls. During the day, the Emir's men know not to disturb the corpses which lie around them, but simply wrap a cloth about their faces against the stench and make whatever religious signs and gestures they think might afford protection.

During peacetime, a toll was levied for passage between these two quarters. Inside the Privileged Quarter most of the buildings are small palaces, and even simple administrative buildings are ornately over-decorated. The city's rich and famous all live here. The barracks of the Palace Guard are located here. They thus guard palaces (plural), not one palace. Every living citizen in Amon is packed into the Privileged Quarter - with tents, huts, and possessions crammed into the streets, and a crowd of humans and camels swelling every passage. The Palace Guard patrol here, not on the wall. Their job is to maintain strict martial law. They fight deserters and looters, rioting refugees and slaves!

The Inner Quarter is the smallest, with only a five-foot ornamental wall surrounding it. Here stands the Emir's Palace, in the little area of very formal greenery around which the original camp was built thousands of years ago. Surprisingly, this is still a peaceful area. None but the very rich are allowed here, on pain of death. And none but the very rich dare enter.

BACK TO THE PLOT

Currently the Greenskins occupy nearly all the Artisans' Quarter and are busy laying siege to the rest of the city, attacking the Second Wall. They have not yet gained control of the docks, where there is some fierce fighting. The docks are at the bottom of a sheltered bay area, upon either side of the waterfall which cascades down the cliffs into the sea below. There are

easily defended steps cut into the cliff-rock itself, leading up to the various quarters of the city.

As the PCs' ship approaches the city there will be a hail of ballista bolts and other siege weaponry fired in their direction from the Greenskin war engines on the cliffs. If the Mentu Ka-Rhe hasn't yet been destroyed, we would suggest that here lies an excellent opportunity (though the NPC officers aboard might manage to swim ashore - only to be taken as slaves).

The Orcs and Goblins manning the ballistae are pretty rubbish shots, and this is extreme range for them. All that is needed when running this bit is to roll some pretty dice because they make a nice noise and then describe how the bolts splash into the water around the ship. If you are feeling particularly vindictive, it might be fun to have a bolt fly across the deck of the ship, disposing of part of the sail and any pesky NPCs you have not enjoyed playing. Rules-wise this probably requires some fairly urgent sailing and piloting rolls from the players, in order not to sink the ship in Amon's harbour. Make the players sweat, with each failure drawing out the time in which the Greenskins can shoot at them - but allow them to limp in safely in the end.

DESSERTERS

The docks are part of the city that the Arabyans have to fight to hold on to. This is due to the fact that they can be accessed from the coastline at either side. The defences are not as sturdy here as they are at the Second Wall in the city on top of the cliffs. The city is not in immediate danger, however, as the steps leading up from the docks can be easily defended. As the PCs pull in they will realise that the district is in chaos. Several other boats are unloading a multi-ethnic mix of military types, emphasising the Emir's desperation, as well as hinting at his wealth. The boats are seen to disgorge passengers ranging from straggle slaves and conscripts to, a party of War Wizards from the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf (See *Realms of Sorcery* for more details). The wizards are far away from the PCs, and are immediately taken to the Emir's palace under a heavy escort.

More immediately pressing to the PCs, however, is the mass of deserters swimming towards their

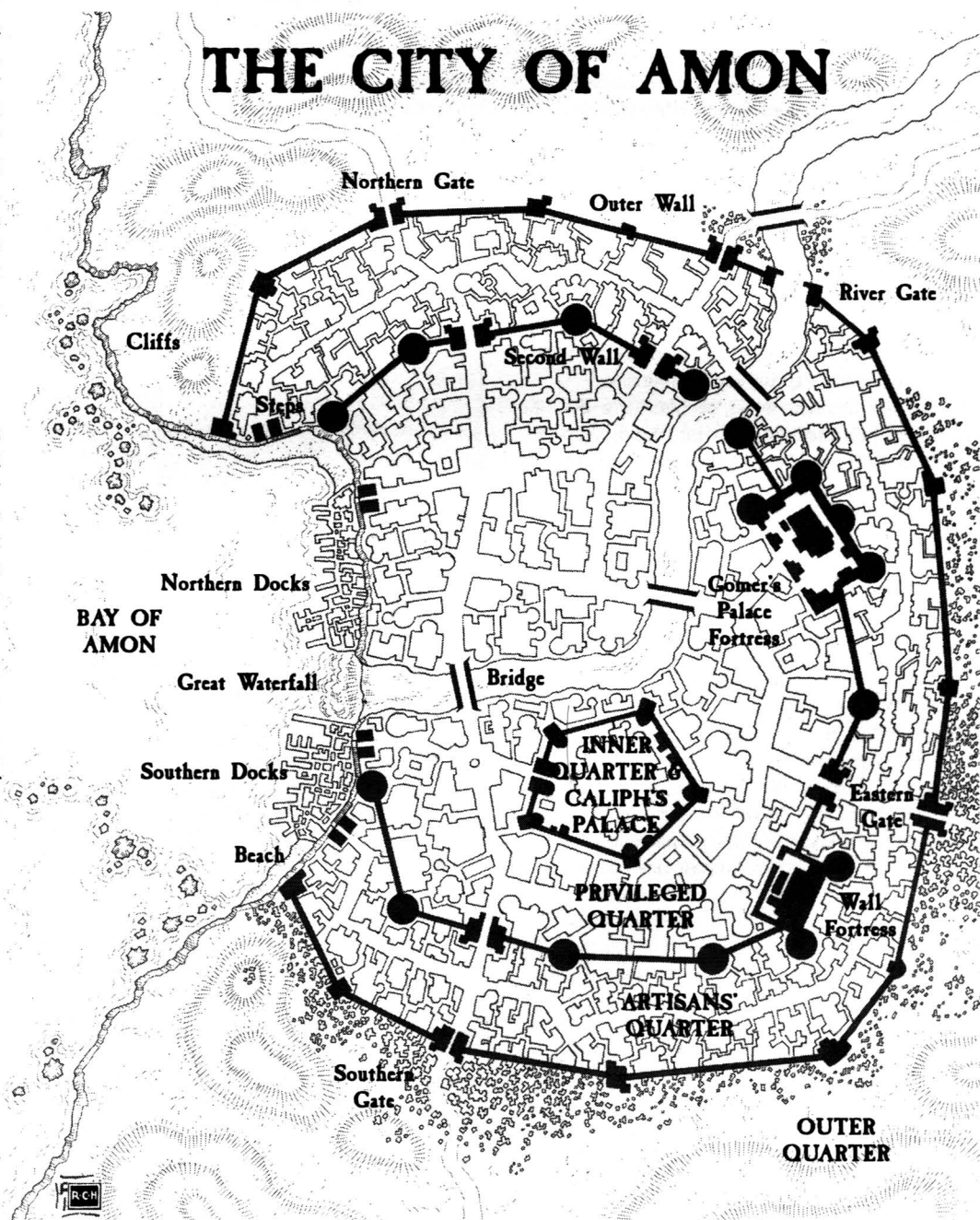
ship. This desperately splashing crowd consists mostly of slaves who have broken free of their masters and are now trying to find a sympathetic captain to take them away from the city. The slaves are mostly Southlanders, but there are a few Old World faces. As the PCs approach they will notice a single rank of Arabyan handgunners lining up at the dockside. Clearly their intention is to shoot the deserters! To make matters worse the Arabyan officer beside the gunners will start shouting to the PCs' ship (in basic Old Worlder) to encourage those aboard also to let fly at the poor souls in the water. Hopefully a few moments of existential angst will ensue.

This can act as a test of the PCs in the eyes of their men and nearby Arabyans; how they treat deserters will be noticed. Incidentally, Husker's

Irregulars will have no problems whatsoever with shooting deserters and will happily open fire unless very quickly ordered not to do so by the PCs.

IN THE DOCKS

Here mayhem reigns supreme. Basically, the PCs will be divided from the men they have brought with them, though kept together as a PC party. The locals' intent is to provide each little company of foreigners with a slave band. Some of the Arabyan overseers may try to break the Dwarfen mercenaries up into two bands. This is a bad idea and there may be heated argument and fights breaking out if this point is pushed. Husker's fight and die together and have done for hundreds of years. No Human is going to change this. More astute Arabyan



officers will know this already and would just let things lie; sadly though there is always one job-worth who has better ideas. In this case it is a man called **Kalleem** and who will be very insistent. Eventually, the PCs may have to intervene to stop a fight breaking out in the docks. How they handle this is up to them, of course, but keep in mind that the Dwarfs are very, very stubborn.

TO THE THICK OF THINGS

Straight after this incident the PCs and the other mercenary scum will join the throng of people marching to the front. What with the crowds milling in the city, the PCs will soon be separated from all the other mercenaries. It is up to you whether the PCs get their fighting slaves now at the docks. It is recommended that they are marched to the front line first, their only contact with slaves being the ones who carry the PCs' baggage in return for some of the remaining ship's food supplies. Each little company of foreign mercenaries will eventually be given seven or eight slaves. The other Marienburgers, Huskers and the Dogs of Kruiersmuur, are technically no longer under the PCs' command, but instead under the command of any Arabyan officer who chooses to give them orders. This means that if the PCs want the Marienburg NPCs to do something, they must persuade them, perhaps employing the kind of natural authority that stems from having been in charge during the journey.

There are several ways of handling the division of PCs and NPC crew into units, so do whatever you are most comfortable with as GM. The only hard and fast rule is to keep the player characters together at all costs, otherwise the upcoming action becomes horribly complicated.

If the PCs are a suspicious and paranoid bunch (good for them!) then they might already be keen to search for their potential rivals, van Reeven and his gang. If pro-actively paranoid (a dangerous combination) they might even be hoping to get him out of the way so that he does not upset any plans they later put into action. But finding van Reeven is all but impossible. There is the heaving crowd, the confusion and the Arabyan officers and Palace Guard shouting directions at the PCs to make sure they keep on the right track to the front line. Worst of all, there is the fact that the city contains umpteen ragged bands of armed foreigners, and the Arabyans cannot tell them apart. And obviously, van Reeven will not be using his real name, although other Old Worlders may know him. There's scope here for many false leads.

ENCOUNTERS IN THE STREETS OF AMON

As the PCs wander through the city you should add a few random street encounters to keep the pace up and portray the atmosphere of a city in

chaos. A selection of these is provided below for you to choose from. Numbers 10 and 11 are fairly important to the scenario, though number 1 is our favourite.

1. Rogue Elephant: This scene is best run in an overcrowded, maze-like area crammed with tents, refugees and their belongings (carts, barrels, camels). Perhaps this occurs as the PCs make their way to the military encampment.

Just as they encounter a particularly heavy crowd, the PCs hear a commotion and shouts of distress coming from up ahead, where a thick cloud of dust is being generated. Give them a chance to stew about this for a bit and make some preparation, while straining to see over the sea of turbans and fezzes to work out what's going on. What they cannot do is move away, as walls of ever more agitated people, camels and goats block every available exit between the tents.

Suddenly an enormous, grey creature (bigger than a warhorse) with massively twisted fangs and a tentacle in the middle of its forehead emerges from the dust cloud straight ahead, with

panicking Arabyans and slaves streaming ahead of it. It is of course an elephant that has gone berserk and is now charging through the crowd trying to escape everything. Take a moment to describe it well, so that the next bit works better: its bulk, the way it drags down any tents tangling its feet, the way it tosses an Arabyan effortlessly into the air. Unknown to the PCs it is merely a baby elephant and is being pursued by its mother and the mahout who owns it. After some swift *Fear* rolls, the PCs should get down to the business of killing the thing. Once this has been done, mum will arrive. Emphasise how mum is twice as big and many times as nasty. You could also mention that if her baby has been killed she is bloody furious. Of course, they could just stay out of the way.

If you want to be really nasty, have some of the Emir's mounted Palace Guard chasing the elephant from behind whilst shooting short bow arrows into it. Of course, they're trying to kill it. Your PCs won't believe this though. They will be convinced that the elephant is being driven maliciously towards them. If the PCs think of a way of dealing with mother and baby



peacefully, reward them well. The mahout may be generous with recompense (perhaps in the form of a favour). If they decide just to shoot them, well, profiles for elephants are included at the end of the scenario.

2. **Crowds begging for food:** *"Surely these foreign sailors have rations from their ships with them?"* This is not an encounter so much as a continual presence. The streets of Amon are lined with refugees from the desert tribes and the homeless from the outer quarter of the city. All of them are starving and desperate and will look to the foreigners for salvation. Particularly moral PCs may try and help a few of them. This may well lead to overwhelming demands from the others.

3. **Orc saboteurs behind enemy lines:** Or, more accurately, *Waaagh*-crazed marauding Orcs who burst through the front lines and forgot to stop.

4. **War Wizard plus escort:** The War Wizards (mentioned above) are from Altdorf and may need escorting to various locations, and perhaps may feel the need to be guarded while they do what they do. They operate by ordering whichever poor sap is nearby to do their dirty work, and the Arabyan guards with them have been told to facilitate these orders in whatever way proves necessary. If they pick the PCs it could lead to all sorts of shenanigans. *"You want us to go where sir? And dig a hole how deep? But that's suicide!"* etc.

5. **Two Rogue Elephants.**

6. **Foreigners looting traders' tents and stalls:** This inspires Arabyan hatred. The PCs are foreigners too, and will be held accountable if they do not try and intervene.

7. **Wild rumours:** The Orcs have broken through. Or the Emir has been assassinated/has fled the city/is aligned to dark powers or has run out of money. These reusable rumours can reappear in a number of forms throughout the scenario.

8. **A herd of Rogue Elephants:** Aren't elephants wonderful?

9. **A rioting mob of slaves:** These are driven into terrified panic by the Emir's guards. Cruelly, another company of guards has blocked a street up ahead so that the slaves can be herded into the mouths of their awaiting muskets and spears. The PCs might see the guardsmen setting up first and wonder why, then hear the sound of the approaching mob. If they're good guys, they might want to help the slaves avoid death. If they're stupid, they might get in the way themselves. OK, the guards won't actually aim at the foreign mercenaries, but they only received the muskets a few days ago and haven't had time to become skilled marksmen with them. Who knows where the bullets will fly?

10. **A zombie!** This staggers through the streets, and is avoided by everyone. No one tries to stop it, which might perplex the PCs. The horrified

onlookers simply jump out of its way, while whispered warning ripples through the crowd. It could be on some errand for Gomer (in his arrogance he's getting careless about public opinion). Alternatively, it could simply be a rogue zombie which has remained animated whilst all the others have collapsed for the day. Perhaps this zombie was once a wizard of some sort himself and as such has some possession which is now providing the magic which keeps him animated longer than the other zombies. But the magic is weak, and if the zombie is merely prodded, it will collapse into a rotting pile.

11. **Sabotage:** As the PCs pick their way through the chaotic streets of Amon, they suddenly hear cries of distress in Old Worlder. Rounding a corner, they come across a crowd of Arabyans gathered around one man. They will instantly recognise him as Pyotr Anders - one of the hired mercenaries from their own ship. He has been shot in the chest and is now making his dying speech in a dramatic tone. This is short and to the point: *"The bastards, they're on the roof, muskets."* Two gunshots will cut off his words as the PCs are indeed attacked by two musketeers from van Reeven's marines. The fight should not be too difficult: after all the PCs outnumber the marines, and there is a crowd of confused Arabyans to use as cover, but it will serve as a further reminder of van Reeven's ruthlessness.

Do not worry too much about running the siege itself. Pretty much all the PCs are required to do is stand on the city walls and fire guns or bows, so we just described this as a quick montage scene covering several hours of warfare. Only in our second play test when ex-slaves PCs went to the walls in an attempt to re-arm themselves did we get into any detail. The PCs spotted a bastion with musket armed corpses and climbed down to it. Trouble is, they did so just as the sun set, and found themselves trying to take the weapons from less than fully dead corpses! I think you can guess how troublesome this became. Let's just say some *Cool* tests were failed.

ARRIVING AT THE FRONT LINE

It is up to you whether the PCs have been assigned slaves yet. If so, then their additional duty is to ensure the slaves stay on the walls and fight whenever Greenskins attempt to scale over them. You might want to mention the occasional recently dead corpse on the walls, and the reaction of NPC defenders if the PCs interfere with one of them (like if they attempt to throw one off the wall, or worse, to burn or bury it). No one will want to tell the PCs why, but they will all assure them that it's not the done thing. They will say something along the lines of: *"Leave the bastards alone, will ya?"*

You want to sleep tonight, don't ya?"

If you want to flesh this period out, then go ahead. There must be all sorts of exciting situations which could occur whilst defending a thirty foot wall from marauding Greenskins. These range from getting a sword belt tangled with a ladder as it is pushed off the wall; ballista bolts to dodge whilst trying to pick off the Goblin crew; a fire suddenly erupting as a cauldron of boiling oil is poured over the wrong side of the wall (thanks to an Orc arrow felling the poor sod who was trying to pour it), while the Goblins it was supposed to burn actually do get over the wall, etc. But the real action will come after the encounter with **Dieter Wassenburg** (see below) who can tell them where Gomer can be found.

NIGHTFALL

Have night fall once you are bored of doing encounters, either at the front or in the city. This is when the PCs, like all the living guards, can retreat to the defenders' camp. This has the dual purpose of letting the party rest up a bit, while also finding out where Gomer Azif is so that they can plan a bit of burglary. Some clerics may be available to help with poultices and *Cure Light Injury* spells. It is now that the PCs will discover why no-one interferes with the corpses on the walls. As the living guards leave the walls, the corpses begin to stir. And long lines shamble forth from the wall fortress to climb the steps to the ramparts. Before long the mercenaries and slaves are replaced by the almost silent Undead. 'Almost' in that there are the sounds of shuffling feet, cracking joints and an underlying gurgling sound as coagulated blood-filled Undead lungs go through the motions.

The soldiers' camp is quite separate from the refugees, being a long strip immediately behind the Second Wall. There is an extremely eclectic mix of soldiers here - slave bands, the remnants of the Emir's field army, a couple of mercenary battalions from the northern Old World. They are eating, drinking sharpening blades or sleeping. The section the PCs have settled in is the one guarded nightly by Gomer's animated Undead. They will notice that all the while the rest of the soldiers can't stop glancing up at the walls to glimpse the shadowy movement on the ramparts, and the occasional frantic action as Greenskins are hacked apart by rusty blades wielded in bony hands.

This is where the PCs can encounter **Dieter Wassenburg** of the **Ostland Halberdiers**. Have him wander over during supper, to ask a few questions and offer some advice. If you prefer an action-packed introduction, then have him rescued by the PCs during some daytime incident on the wall of your devising, and then he can come over to offer his thanks after dark. Being a fellow Old Worlder he is likely to

befriend and share information with the PCs which they can't get elsewhere.

Dieter Wassenburg is a hardy man in his mid thirties, well muscled with a face covered in scars, garbed in white and black quartered doublet and hose, along with a breast-plate and tassets. An experienced soldier, he has fought in many a campaign. He has been in Amon for nearly a month and knows much of the local gossip. If the party ask he will explain their role as mercenaries is to go to the city walls and shoot Orcs. Gunpowder is provided and all they have to do is keep firing until there is nothing left to kill. This will take a long time due to the sea of green out there. He will also explain how they are supposed to use the slaves. If the Greenskins get through, the mercenaries are expected to drive the slaves forward as cannon fodder.

Dieter could also be the one who fills their minds with fears concerning the terrors of the night. If it is still daylight when he talks to them, he might simply say:

"Night's the worst! That's when they pull us off this wall. You don't want to go near the wall at night. Stay away, lads, if you know what's good for you. If you think the greenies are trouble, they ain't nothing compared to what walks those walls at night. You'd never see the like back home, at least I hope not. No decent

city would let a man like that defend them, using such filthy, cursed creatures."

If it is night, he need say little. The PCs will have seen what's is happening on the walls. Hopefully the party will get round to asking Dieter about Gomer Azif. He will tell them Gomer is the wizard behind the Undead, and that the wall fortress "just over there" is where Gomer resides. Rumour has it he watches from the top of the main tower throughout the night, directing massive magic to animate his guards.

A HARD DECISION

You could have a **Southlander slave** overhear the PCs talking to Dieter. It can provide a moral dilemma for PCs, and also could set up some trouble for later. Do they kill him or not? The slave appears not to speak Old Worlder, which might satisfy the PCs, but they might decide he is feigning ignorance in an attempt to survive. It could be worse. A local could overhear them, and wonder why they are so interested in the Emir's cousin, Gomer.

SEARCHING FOR VAN REEVEN

It may be the PCs have a further go at trying to track down van Reeve's men while everyone (alive) is resting for the night. However they do this, perhaps by asking Dieter, they will be informed that there indeed is another group of

Marienburgers in the camp, a group, furthermore, rumoured to be driving the Arabyans mad by refusing to get involved in any of the fighting! Dieter can give them directions.

Scouting van Reeve's little part of the camp is not too difficult at night. He has posted a few outer guards, but they are more worried about the situation on the Second Wall and are not taking too much interest in the events in the camp proper. Besides, it is angry Arabyans they've been told to watch out for, not meandering mercenaries. Once the guards have been disposed of, sneaked past or whatever, the PCs will be able to get a better look at van Reeve's company.

Van Reeve has commandeered three tents: one used as a mess hall, one as sleeping quarters for his crewmen and one for him and his mercenary marines. Tethered next to this last tent is a mixed troop of horses and camels he has been using as transport. Finally, there is a pile of food and gunpowder barrels. Four vigilant guards, all armed with crossbows and long swords are stationed here at all times.

Van Reeve has most of his men stationed here. A skeleton crew of ten guard his ship anchored a little way out from the docks, which means around twenty sailors and a further twenty marines are here in the camp. All of them



are armed, and about half of them have a firearm of some kind.

What the PCs do about this is entirely up to the players. Attacking the camp is foolhardy in the extreme and will probably result in their deaths or rapid retreat. Negotiation is not really an option as van Reeve wants all the money for the Apiphet to himself, and moreover suspects that this rabble are a threat to his favoured position with his employer - a threat that must be eradicated. Sabotage is the most likely option. Such an act will demoralise van Reeve's men, may cause casualties and could even up the battle at the end of the scenario quite considerably, though the players will not know this yet. (See *Meeting Old Rivals*, below.)



PART FOUR THE MATTER OF THE GEM

Now comes the hard part - how to get the gem. The PCs will have to devise a plan themselves, but whatever they do, it will involve getting into Gomer's fortress. Why? Because Gomer never leaves. With this in mind, what we will do here is describe the fortress and its denizens, and mention a few ideas for getting in so that you have something to work with when responding to your players' schemes.

THE FORTRESS OF GOMER AEIF

This is not really a 'palace' as the PCs might expect, but a walled fortress, sturdily built for defence. Luckily it's designed to keep folk out of the Privileged Quarter, and not to keep folk in. There are gates aplenty upon its inner walls. And as it is a component part of the Second Wall, there is access between it and the wall ramparts. The difficulties facing the PCs are not, therefore, architectural (as they are for the Greenskins outside), but more to do with getting past the guards stationed at each point of access.

Gomer does have living servants and soldiers, as well as the Undead he summons after dark. But he has only enough living defenders to guard the fortress walls, not the sections of the Second Wall which extend out from either side. This is why the mercenaries and army remnants defend those sections during the daylight hours. It is only at night that Gomer commands an army big enough to defend more than his fortress.

Gomer's servants are a mix of Southlanders and Arabyans, and very few speak Old Worlde. If any PC can speak Arabyan, their local tongues or has the *Gift of Tongues* spell, then they might be able to use verbal trickery to attain access. If not, then they are going to have to use stealth, force or a ruse to convince the guards that their access is permissible. This latter method should prove difficult. After all,

Arabyans don't like foreigners, so why give them the benefit of the doubt in a dubious situation? As a GM it is probably best to play any such attempts at communication by jabbering at the players nonsensically. If the players clearly aren't getting the message, repeat gibberish to them much more slowly and clearly, and if this doesn't work raise your voice (i.e. the 'DO... YOU... UNDERSTAND... ME?' school of communication.)

Normally any spell casting would cause great distress amongst servants and such like. See *Realms of Sorcery* for elaboration on this. If, however, *Gift of Tongues* is cast in front of this lot they will not react adversely, as spell casting is an everyday occurrence for servants of Gomer.

If the PCs cannot see a way to get past the guards without raising an alarm, there are other alternatives. For example, the characters might try to climb in through one of the latrine tunnels, which empty out of the base of the walls into sewer channels, which descend beneath the city. This all depends on just how 'low fantasy' you like your WFRP. The tunnels pierce through the walls, blocked at stages by ancient, rusty iron grills, which are easily broken with a combination of brute strength and ingenuity. At some point each tunnel turns to ascend vertically to a latrine. After that it's a fairly long climb up a narrow vertical shaft, its walls smeared in... Well, we will leave the description to you.

Now this is where things get really unpleasant, because if the first PC isn't the lucky kind, then chances are the latrine will be used during the climb, and the PC must keep silent or be noticed. This works best if the visiting Arabyan whistles as he enters the latrine. The PC in question needs a strong stomach and incredible willpower. If discovered, the Arabyan will assume Greenskins are attacking and find something (something else, that is) to throw down the shaft. If they do make it through, the PCs emerge into a latrine in one of the numerous little towers set upon the wall. They are now dirty, dirty foreigners.

Whether the PCs get in through a gate or a latrine, whether they use stealth, murder or con their way in, they will eventually have to make their way into the courtyard. That is the only way to get to the central tower, from which Gomer conducts his magics, and in which he is always to be found.

NIGHT OR DAY?

What really makes a difference to this part of the story is whether the PCs attempt to enter the fortress during the night or during the day. All the above is relevant to a daylight attempt. If the PCs do choose to go in at night then the experience will be quite different. Gomer's living servants will all be safely behind closed

doors in the barrack quarters in the north wall, so the PCs will find entry through one of the gates or from the walls very easy indeed. What they *will* find difficult is the steady series of encounters with zombies or skeletons. Unlike the zombie they might have encountered shambling through the streets, these Undead have one thing on their mind - defence of the fortress and the wall. In other words, kill anything that is not Undead!

Keep in mind that whenever the PCs enter the fortress, it is never a good time for Gomer. During the day his guard will be down as he is sleepy, and busy with his necromantic summoning. During the night his guard will also be down as he is still sleepy, but now occupied with orchestrating his horde.

What we will describe below is the fortress during the day. Modify encounters and descriptions accordingly if the PCs attempt a night-time raid.

THE COURTYARD

In the middle of this courtyard sits the imposing central tower, which has large, wooden, double doors at the top of a series of steps, guarded by three or four Arabyan soldiers armed with spears. Around the edges of the courtyard, sheltered by the fortress walls, are piles of corpses awaiting animation, in varying degrees of decomposition. These create an appalling stench. Anyone within five yards of a pile must make a *toughness* test or vomit uncontrollably. The ensuing nausea will ensure they are -10 to **WS**, **BS** and **I** for the next few hours. There is also a couple of open fronted tents near the main gate, containing barrels of gunpowder. Gomer is a fashionably desperate despot and has already begun experimenting with gunpowder. Some of his living guards carry long muskets.

On the three outwardly facing fortress walls are groups of around ten Arabyans. They are armed mostly with bows, though around one in five has a musket. Usually there is little activity during the day, as the fortress walls are even taller than the Second Wall, so that the Greenskins tend to attempt scaling elsewhere. The guards simply fire muskets or shoot arrows to support the wall defenders as the whim takes them. This inactivity means that several wall guards lazily watch the PCs in the courtyard, vaguely wondering what they're up to.

If the PCs are convincing enough, the Arabyan guards in the courtyard may assume they are here to help with the fighting and will thus encourage them to join the fortress wall defenders. How the PCs react to this is up to the players. They are going to have to find a way into the central tower, and that means getting through the door. There is no other realistic way in - no latrines, no wall access, no windows big enough to climb through or low enough to reach.

THE CENTRAL TOWER

Anyone approaching the central tower will be stopped by the guards, who have enough Old Worlder to say "Gomer say no entry" repeatedly. Probably the best chance for the PCs is to wait for the Greenskins to put on a big attack. The wall guards will then have more pressing distractions than a bunch of dumb foreigners. Once the wall guards are distracted there is only the little group at the door to deal with. Your players will come up with something. With the door guards out of the way, the PCs can amble inside.

THE GROUND FLOOR

The main door leads straight into a large hall, for dining and entertaining etc. At one end of the hall is an imposing double staircase that sweeps upwards to the other floors. Set into the staircase (opposite the main door) are two smaller doors leading to servants' chambers, kitchens, etc. The room itself has two long dining tables presently used to lay out the injured and dying. Approximately thirty bodies lie here, some already dead, some close to it. (Remember this, it may become important later on.) Around the walls hang a number of silk-worked tapestries depicting various scenes from fashionable poems about wine, women and oases. There is also a suit of ornamental armour with no magical properties whatsoever, other

than to creak in a sinister manner when anyone walks past it.

If one of the wounded Arabyans is asked where Gomer can be found, he points towards the staircase. The Arabyan doesn't understand the PCs' words, of course, except for the name Gomer. But that's enough. Should the PCs ignore this handy hint and go for one of the smaller doors they find themselves in a nondescript maze of storerooms, kitchens and servants' quarters. Any valuables were removed from here long ago and any servants have either been killed or fled the fortress during the siege.

THE FIRST FLOOR

This has a simple layout. The staircase leads to a central hallway from which the other rooms (lying between this hall and the tower's outer walls) can be accessed. At the far end of the hall is another smaller, less grandiose, curving stairway going up, as one would expect, to the second floor. Five doors in total lead from the central hallway. Four are double doors to various bedchamber suites, one in each of the four walls. The fifth is a single door and leads to a wardrobe (with a privy hole).

The Door in the East Wall: This is locked. The lock is CR 30 and the door is T3, W10. If the PCs enter, they find a large, well-appointed bedchamber taking up almost the whole of the eastern length of the keep. The most obvious

feature is the sumptuous four poster bed against the outer eastern wall. The rest of the room consists of a phantasmagoria of ornaments, statuettes and fripperies imported from around the world. Any PC with *Evaluate* will be able to identify several quite valuable pieces that could conceivably be stolen (total value approx. 250 GCs). Crucially there is nothing in here that resembles the *Apipheth* gem.

However, at the southern end of the room is a desk, upon which lies a large book, written in Arabic. If the players can't read the language the pictures are fairly self explanatory, depicting a number of disturbing scenes involving animated corpses engaged in very violent acts. The book is the *'Mortifaction'*, a tome on Necromantic magic, containing D6 level 1 and 2 Necromantic spells, and the spell *Pavane of Slaanesh (Realms of Sorcery p.235)*. To a collector it would be worth 1,000 GCs; to a witch hunter it would mean the death of you, your dog and all of your close relatives.

Finally there is an unobtrusive door in the north wall that leads to an unremarkable privy.

The Door in the West Wall: This opens onto a brace of rooms that are separated by a simple wooden partition. Both rooms are lined floor to ceiling with bookcases and have mahogany writing desks piled high with parchment manuscripts. The majority of the books are written in Arabic and Classical. Only about one book in twenty is in Old Worlder. Anyone studying the walls will be able to find books on virtually any topic (other than magic) in about 10 minutes. On a particularly good *Search* roll (10 or less on D100) they will find the one exception, a small book entitled *'The First Step'*. This is an introductory grimoire for wizards containing D4 Petty Magic Spells and D3 Battle Magic Level 1 spells.

The Door in the North Wall: This leads to three rooms. The first is a six-bedded dormitory with two doors leading to the other rooms - another privy and a living guardroom. The rooms have been empty for some time as the guards are unwilling to leave the north wall barracks, being the only area which the Undead don't seem to wander into. There is nothing of interest or value here.

The Door in the South Wall: This door leads to a large room lined with stone. The centrepiece of the room is a pentagram inlaid with gold. Around the walls are bottles, jars, astrolabes and trappings of things wizardly. Hanging on the south wall is a large coil of rope.

None of this will attract the PCs' attention at first. They are much more likely to be preoccupied with the sight of Gomer Azif standing in the centre of the room, Apipheth Kalas D'or hung round his neck, as he completes his animation of three skeletons.

Gomer animates each Undead servant initially with the full ritual. Subsequently, as long as they



have not been hacked to pieces in the meantime, he can *re-animate* them each night in a general spell that affects the entire horde. These three skeletons have had the flesh boiled off them before being brought to this chamber, as Gomer reckons he needs more skeletons in his forces. The zombies have been letting him down of late (as is their wont).

Gomer, if given any opportunity, will attempt to reason with the PCs. This is not out of the kindness of his heart, but merely a ploy to buy time so guards can arrive. In truth Gomer has murder on his mind, as killing PCs and animating them will make them *so* much easier to control. Hopefully a fight will ensue! You see, the PCs cannot know it, but Gomer can magically summon the captain of his guards, due to the fact that the captain is neither quite alive nor Undead, having been animated on the very point of death. The captain is the only servant in this unique state, but in terms of statistics basically the same as the rest of the guards. The captain will arrive with a handful of guards (themselves quite terrified of what happened to their captain) whenever you think is dramatically appropriate.

One other thing, and this is important, the time to say around two sentences of uninterrupted words is all that Gomer needs to re-animate his Undead horde. He can whisper these sentences under his breath. Or he can speak them whilst running, or backing off from the PCs, or lying on the floor with a bullet in his guts, slowly dying. Once he's said them, nearly every corpse on the walls and in the fortress will begin to stir - slowly, but surely. However, there's an exception - the thirty or so corpses lying in the ground floor hall. These haven't been animated yet, and so cannot be reanimated by the general spell! (See later as to why this is fun.) Even if Gomer dies, it only means the Undead become more stupid than usual as Instability takes hold, not that they will all collapse instantly. It takes a while for that to happen - about as long as you the GM think is right. Some go quickly, others linger.

THE SECOND FLOOR

There is a second floor to the tower which has little relevance to the scenario, unless for some reason the PCs flee upwards instead of sensibly downwards. (If they do so, the players ought to watch more films. Never flee upwards.) Like the kitchens it has been stripped of all valuables and is now an empty storage space with a single wooden staircase leading to the roof.

THE KEEP ROOF

If it is daytime, then why the PCs are up here we don't know. The roof area has been hit several times by some siege weaponry - large rocks, burning pitch and the like. Consequently it is incredibly unstable and will give way if

any serious amount of weight (like an armed and armoured PC) is placed on it. Give the PCs *Construct* tests to notice this before they step out there. Every round they spend on the roof has a cumulative 20% chance of causing the roof to collapse. Once this happens any PCs on the roof will fall to the second floor below suffering D3 S4 wounds each (modified by Toughness but not armour) for their trouble. Of course, any pursuing horde of zombies would also fall through, which might actually help the PCs to escape!

If it is night time then the PCs may have to come up here, for this is where Gomer might be found instead of in his summoning chamber (it's up to you). The rules described above regarding the roof's weakness still apply. Gomer has not fallen through because he has a better idea of where to stand, plus the fact that he's a thin man without armour and weaponry. The whole unstable roof situation could add a wonderfully muddlesome three-dimensional element to the struggle against Gomer, what with some PCs half buried under collapsed timbers, while others try to negotiate what's left of the roof to come to grips with Gomer.

GETTING THE HELL OUT

If the PCs have met (and robbed?) Gomer, then by now chaos should have broken loose, as Undead warriors from wall and fortress begin flocking towards the tower. It is only right and proper that the details of this confused fight are left up to you and your players, as the PCs will no doubt be scattered around the keep. The journey out of the fortress should be a hectic action nightmare for the PCs as stinking things lunge out of shadows to claw and tear at them, whilst the occasional panicked Arabyan guard adds rather more skilled attacks to the mix.

As mentioned, things are not as the PCs expect in the ground floor hall. There the dead do not stir, but lie motionless, being... well... still dead. Apart from the few mortally wounded - they continue their weak groans. Make this nerve-racking for the PCs, especially as they probably will not understand why this is the case. They have to pass right through this crowd of corpses to escape, groans and all, probably be expecting them to arise any moment. It's dark in there, only one or two torches cast flickering shadows hither and thither, and the faint sounds of battle penetrate from outside. You might even want to roll some dice, just to add to the tension. Then, just as they reach the doors and realise they have got through safely, they will step out to see a great shambling horde of Undead moving silently towards them across the courtyard! Ah, the irony!

As the Undead horde moves towards the tower, whether it is night or day, the same situation will develop on the Second Wall: gaps in the defences. If it is night time, the reason is

obvious, as the Undead *were* the defences. If it is daytime, then the gaps appear because the living flee the walls when the dead begin to rise around them. Either way, the defences are weakened. Unfortunately for all concerned the Greenskins notice the gaps and launch an attack in full fury. They begin hurling pitch-doused, burning goblins into the city and fortress courtyard, while scaling the walls and starting to get footholds. The remaining defenders on the walls will soon be overwhelmed. Any Undead who have not yet succumbed to Instability begin attacking anything that moves, including Arabyan defenders.

Meanwhile, as the PCs fight their way through the courtyard, one of the screaming goblin missiles is bound to come flying over the wall to land right on top of the open fronted tent with the gunpowder kegs. The tent canvas quickly catches fire, and the gunpowder is sure to explode shortly afterwards. If the PCs are crazy enough to still be in the courtyard when this happens, then provided they weren't too close, they will be left deafened and momentarily blinded by the flash and bang. If they were too close, they will be peppered by wooden splinters and burned by the wave of flames. Either way, like all living creatures in the courtyard, they'll enter a new kind of nightmare - the kind where they are being clawed at and nibbled by the living dead, whilst blinded, deafened, bleeding and disorientated. It is quite possible that several PCs will fail the new round of *Cool* tests this predicament necessitates, and either curl up in a whimpering ball or begin madly thrashing around. It is also highly likely that panicking PCs and Arabyans will hurt their own kind in the smoke and confusion. How forgiving will your PCs be if their comrades are responsible for their wounds? Eventually, enough sight and hearing will be restored for the PCs to crawl and stumble away from the awful scene. In the end, the explosion works in the PCs' favour - without it they would probably have perished at the bottom of a huge stinking 'pile-on' as the Undead overwhelmed them. And, of course, now that time has worn on, the Undead will be growing weak in numbers as they finally all succumb to Instability.



PART FIVE GETTING HOME

Once out of the fortress, the PCs return to the city environs. But it is now a combat zone, with street fighting and mayhem as the Greenskins start to rampage in bands. But the best is yet to come, because if the PCs think their troubles are over, they're wrong.

Knowing how players will be players, we realise that you ought to be prepared for anything. It is quite possible your PCs will see the mayhem in the streets ahead and decide to take another route. Where? Out of the city of course. To some players this will seem a clever ruse: just as the Greenskins all pour into the city, their PCs sneak out. They might think they can then go round the city and back to the coast, and they're right. But it shouldn't be too easy. (see pg 52 'Journeys Outside the City Walls'). And as for van Reeveen, he'll still be waiting for them at the docks, where all the boats are.

BACK IN THE CITY

The Privileged Quarter is now in confusion, a state of affairs which might actually help the PCs. There is chaotic fighting amongst the burning tents and palaces as Goblins and Orcs run riot, squabbling over who gets what. Camels stampede whilst Arabyans try to get past them to strike a blow against the goblins, then end up fighting their own slave-soldiers who are attempting to flee. The Palace Guard shoot at enemies and deserters alike, while foreign mercenaries try to loot what they can before leaving. Refugee Arabyans simply panic and scream, praying to their gods to save them. Everyone is fighting everyone! Mayhem! If the PCs just run and keep hacking and shooting they will probably get through. Many potential opponents won't bother to pursue passing PCs as there are plenty of other distractions in the vicinity.

Either way, make sure the players all realise that this chaos and carnage is their entire fault. Have befuddled, dying defenders clutch at them and, pleading, beg to know what mighty terror destroyed Gomer's power and with it the last shreds of hope that were holding the defence together...

MEETING OLD FRIENDS

At some point, depending on what happened on the way to Amon, one of the PCs will be surprised to see a familiar face - one of the NPC officers from the Mentu Ka-Rhe. In fact, many of the Marienburgers they hired and put on the Mentu Ka-Rhe are there, officers and crew, manacled as slaves, being driven forward to slow the Greenskins down. They all have short swords in their right hands, but the chain running through the clasps on their left wrists, linking them all together, means they are surely doomed to die. Will the PCs attempt to set them free? To do so they'd have to kill two spear-armed Palace Guards, then linger to break the chain, during which time they are bound to be attacked by greenskins, other guards or both. If they don't break the chain, there will be one hell of a tangled mess of NPCs once the running begins.

If the PCs do save the Marienburgers, then this is where their original choice of officers makes a difference. The NPC officers will show their true colours when it comes to a spot of bother later (see immediately below). But whichever group it is, there is something important they can both tell the PCs - they know where the corsairs' were planning on hiding their ship, the one upon which they were transported to Amon. They were going to hide it behind one of the farthest fingers of rock off the coast, hidden from sight of the docks. The main body of the corsairs were then going to take the opportunity to loot in the chaos. Perhaps they have not have returned to it yet.

MEETING OLD RIVALS

It's now that they should encounter van Reeveen and his gang, ready to 'accidentally on-purpose' mistake them for Goblins, but really to steal the gem. Van Reeveen will be only too happy that the PCs did the hard part (i.e. robbing Gomer). He reckons robbing them must surely be easier.

The meeting should, preferably, occur as the PCs draw close to the docks. This encounter can make a fine action finale to the scenario: A desperate fight, tooth and nail, whilst surrounded by crazy chaos. This is a good environment for the unexpected to happen, like a goblin arrow skewering one of van Reeveen's lads just as he is about to finish off a PC. A good environment for clever ruses like toppling a transfixed camel onto a pursuing foe, or picking up a loaded musket lying beside the corpse of a Palace Guardsman. (This latter move would be quite a risk for a PC to take - they can only hope it is loaded.)

But there's another dimension to this fight - the NPC officers. If it's Rikert and his men then they want vengeance against the PCs for abandoning them in the Black Gulf. Worse yet, Rikert once served under van Reeveen, and is now angry enough with the PCs to turn on them and help his old master! Only some very nice *Fellowship* or *Leadership* rolls (with suitable penalties) will have any hope of persuading him not to ally himself with van Reeveen, and even then, he will simply stand by and watch rather than assist. But if the PCs hired Lodewick and his fellows, then things will turn out differently. Lodewick is very grateful to have been saved by them just now, and happy to forget the Black Gulf incident. With this in mind, he and his men will stay on the PCs' side.

Hopefully the PCs will be able to deal with this last bloody combat. They might attempt a running battle, trying to turn the

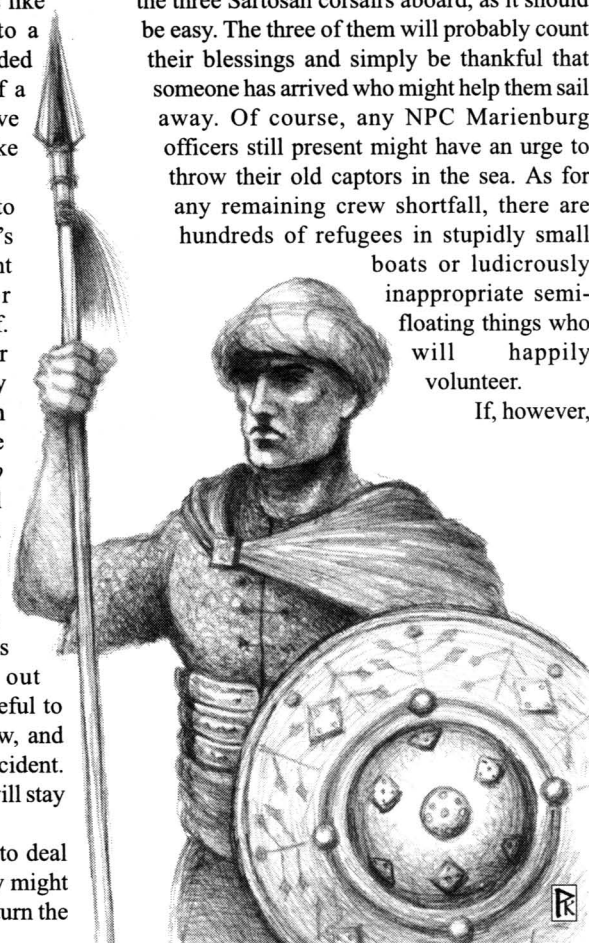
crowded confusion in their favour. They could attempt dastardly tricks, like shouting at Palace Guardsmen that van Reeveen's bunch are looters or deserters. I'm sure they will think of something. If they're beat, they could always just give up and hand over the gem! (They will have to be sure, though, that van Reeveen will honour any promise to leave them alive. And even if they can persuade him to, if Rikert is there and still alive, he might have other plans.) If you're very kind, Husker's Irregulars could turn up (at least what's left of them) and swing things back in the PCs' favour, though you might want to see the PCs grovelling to van Reeveen first, before the Dwarfs appear!

LEAVING AMON

The city populace is streaming to the docks to steal anything that floats - boats, rafts, upturned chests, barrels, even dead, bloated elephants. The PCs need only steal a boat, or some other floaty thing, to get away. It depends on the PCs whether they waste time trying to find something empty, or whether they turf some Arabyans out to get their ride. They might simply strip off, jump in and swim.

If the PCs know about the corsair ship, then they need only make their way to the backside of whichever particular finger of rock conceals it. From here on in it's plain sailing. We wouldn't suggest taking too long dealing with the three Sartosan corsairs aboard, as it should be easy. The three of them will probably count their blessings and simply be thankful that someone has arrived who might help them sail away. Of course, any NPC Marienburg officers still present might have an urge to throw their old captors in the sea. As for any remaining crew shortfall, there are hundreds of refugees in stupidly small boats or ludicrously inappropriate semi-floating things who will happily volunteer.

If, however,



your PCs never learned about the corsairs' ship from the NPC officers, then no problem. They will probably do what everyone else is doing and take to the sea in whatever they can. It is possible, if you are feeling generous, that they happen to spot under-crewed corsair dhow nestled behind one of the rock pinnacles. They don't know why, it just is! If they don't get that far out, then there is one last option - van Reeve's ship. The ten sailors van Reeve left aboard are getting desperate, wondering where their master is. They can barely defend the ship from the mass of swimming Arabyans, so if the PCs attack, they might be finally overwhelmed.

And that's it! The PCs sail off into the sunset. But not too far, as that is westwards and we doubt they want to attempt to cross the Great Ocean to the New World in the state they're in. Just remind them to turn north fairly soon.



THE CAST

Arm the NPCs as you wish. We tended to arm them according to the miniatures we used in combat. The scenario does give various indications as to what are appropriate weapons, and we won't repeat them here.

Rikert Bosman and Gang

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	39	35	4	4	8	35	1	29	39	36	39	38	34

Skills - Dodge Blow, Orientation, Row, Sail, Street Fighting, Swim

Précis - An old, hardened seaman, with toughened leather jerkin decorated minimally. The quality of his linen and his baldrick, however, give away his social status as a master. He wears a southern-style scimitar, and has a pistol tucked in his belt. He has a good reputation as someone who doesn't endanger his men. He once served with van Reeve, who he learned to admire when they were attacked by corsairs and van Reeve chose negotiation to get out of trouble rather than fighting. Bosman is not young (aged somewhere in his late 50s), and hasn't served actively for years now due to the fact that he had a good thing going with a smuggling ring. Recent difficulties, however, forced Bosman out before things got too risky.

Bosman's Gang - assume they have better than average statistics and all of their career skills. **Kadel Beukleman** is Bosman's Bo's'n! He wears the long, layered, leather coat of a marine, sun-bleached, beneath which he has two daggers, a short sword (for shipboard, close quarter fighting) and a blunderbuss hooked to his belt. His green hat, in contrast, is quite

garish. Part of Bosman's smuggling ring, Kadel took the cue from Bosman and also got out. Knowing that there's safety in numbers, he has stuck with Bosman and his little gang so that everyone can watch each others' backs. A tough old campaigner, Kadel used to serve as a marine for House de Roelef, but became a Bo's'n for the extra pay.

Helena Bezemer is the Navigator/Pilot. Intelligent looking and pretty, she is garbed as a scholar, including a long cassock of grey cloth. She wears a symbol of Manaak about her neck, and carries a staff that doubles as a cross-staff for taking astronomical measurements. She is Bosman's young lover, and has been trying to talk him out of smuggling for years now so that she can be one of his adventurers and put her book-learned skills to use. She has been a scholar/librarian/cleaner at Baron Henryk's College of Navigation and Sea Magicks (*Marienburg Sold Down the River*, pg 93-94). **Karl Bezemer**. Well dressed in velvet cloak and fine green doublet, Karl is a strong looking man who has obviously served at sea before. He has the hard skin of a veteran, if not the tar-smeared clothes of an ordinary seaman. He carries a gentleman's sword and wears a white hat like many healers. Karl is Helena's older brother. He has served as physician to many a merchant who decided to take to the sea himself - i.e. he has served *captains* not masters. He looked after the owners or military commanders of vessels. This makes him a gentleman's servant, and as such doubles as a steward - not counting out ship's biscuit for the gromets, but pouring port wine and serving luxuries like dried fruit to the officers. If his sister can do it, he'd rather be one of the profit sharing officers himself than a manservant, which is why he's joined Rikert's gang. He has *heal wounds* as well as stewarding skills.

Lodewick de Wit and Gang

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	29	25	3	3	6	38	1	22	30	45	27	40	30

Skills - Astronomy, Orientation, Row, Sail, Swim

Précis - Dressed in a redlined cloak and a brimmed, leather hat, Lodewick loses what respect his garb might give him by forever fidgeting and tugging at his clothes. His long sword is that of a land fighter, rather than a seafarer. Nervous and jittery, he was cast adrift when a ship went down in a storm and since then cannot sleep right. He spent two days in the water until found by some fishermen. He still wants to pilot a ship (as his father did) but basically has a fear of the sea which leaves him fighting panic whenever on a ship.

Lodewick's Gang - assume they have average statistics and most of their career skills.

Cees Mulders, Lodewick's Bo's'un and best friend (he loves him!) is a typical Marienburger to look at, with a baggy sleeved red linen shirt and a green scarf tied about his waist. He sports a cutlass and an ostrich feather in his leather cap. He was thrown out of the Seamen and Pilots' Guild after certain 'complaints' were made against him. They were false, made by his enemies, but the dirt stuck.

Ruben Oprel is a bow-legged apprentice lad in an orange cap, who everyone thinks is staring at them, but it's just the way he looks! He's an eager lad, an orphan friend of Watze (see below), taken under his wing since his mother 'disappeared' one night. He has mutant blood in him, but nothing has manifested yet.

Watze van de Drip is really a labourer and not a seaman. This is hinted at by the tree-feller's axe he carries. He has a full brown beard to go with his long hair. He never wears a hat. He needs to leave the city due to gambling debts and, as an old friend, he thought joining Lodewick upon a seafaring venture would be the best way. He is not a member of the Seamen and Pilots' Guild and could be in trouble if he attempted to serve as crew on a Marienburg owned ship. He is the one who encouraged Lodewick to get this job with the PCs

Oldric van Reeve and Gang

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	48	40	4	4	10	42	2	29	45	40	49	39	39

Skills - Disarm, Dodge Blow, Specialist Weapon - pistol, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

Description - He wears a long blue coat with many buttons, and a yellow waist sash. He always has two pistols with him, and is never without his cutlass by his side. His black beard is neatly trimmed. (See picture on pg. 37.)

van Reeve's Gang

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	48	40	4	4	10	42	2	29	45	40	49	39	39

Skills - Disarm, Dodge Blow, Street Fighting, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun

The Norseman is subject to *Frenzy*

Gomer Azif

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	25	32	3	2	9	52	1	43	57	56	52	45	32

Description: Gomer dresses in black robes, has a large pointed curly helmet thing, and big sunken eyes in a face like a skull. He never wears a fez but does laugh evilly whenever he can get away with it. He is mentally exhausted, which has added a new edge to his cadaverous appearance.

Skills: Arcane Language - Magick, Arcane Language - Necromancy, Cast Spells - Petty,

Battle Magic 1, Necromantic 1, Necromantic 2, Demon Lore, Identify Plants, Identify Undead, Luck, Magic Sense, Meditation, Read/Write, Rune Lore, Scroll Lore, Secret Language - Classical, Sixth Sense

Disabilities: Cadaverous Appearance, Morbidity, Nocturnal Lifestyle, Toughness Loss
Magic Points: 25
Spells: Magic Alarm (cast on the corridor outside his room), Reinforce Door, Magick Lock, Sounds, Cure Light Injury, Strength of Combat (cast the minute his magic alarm is triggered), Hand of Death, Summon Skeletal Champion (one was summoned in his room recently), Summon Skeletons (two of these have been summoned in his room), Control Undead, Extend Control, Stop Instability, Summon Skeleton Minor Hero

Trappings: Amulet of Thrice Blessed Copper (-1 wound to non-magical weapons), Energy Jewel (7MPs).

THE TEAR OF MYRMIDIA

This is a golden pendant upon a chain. The diamond enclosed by the intricately worked gold is said to be one of Myrmidia's tears, shed at the loss of a great army in an ancient battle. Legend says, in her grief, she went to the wilderness of Lustria to cry! The tears were lost, covered by the desert sands. The Tear is thus magical, full of grief and a yearning for vengeance for the dead. Which is what Gomez tapped into when he drew forth its magical power.

Even amongst the other diamonds, it was obvious that this was something different. It was soon identified as having magical properties. After further study, a priest at the mine identified it as one of Myrmidia's tears. The requests for information, sent out by the priests, were intercepted by Gomer's agents, and the delays caused by the prolonged studies allowed him to arrange its theft.

He knew that a diamond of such power would empower his summoning power, and magnify their effect to animate an entire army. The dead soldiers shall have their vengeance, for they will attack their enemies even in death. To a Necromancer, the Tear would be of great value indeed. Even minor Necromancers, with cunning, would find their powers greatly increased.

Sartosan Corsairs

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	40	45	4	3	8	40	1	29	29	29	35	29	29

Corsair skills - Disarm, Dodge Blow, Row, Sailing, Scale Sheer Surface, Swim, Wrestle

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	51	50	4	4	10	45	2	35	50	39	45	39	39

Corsair Captain skills - As Corsair, plus Acrobatics, Numismatics, Specialist Weapon - Pistol, Strike Mighty Blow, Story Telling

Locals

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	45	33	3	3	7	40	1	29	35	29	29	25	25

Soldier skills - Dodge Blow, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Stun [If armed with musket, count BS as 23 to account for little training]

Khabir skills - As soldier plus Disarm, Ride

Slaves

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
4	35	30	3	4	8	35	1	30	25	30	30	30	30

Elephants (Adult & Calf)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
6	35	0	6	6	40	18	2	-	10	15	18	40	-

If wounded, these beasts may become frenzied. If frenzied, they should certainly cause fear.



JOURNEYS OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS

Here is some information and one or two encounters to help GMs whose players take their PCs out of the city for whatever reason. PCs might attempt to find a land route home, or at least to the next Arabyan city, or maybe to avoid trouble in the city and circle the coast, from which they can swim (or whatever) back to the docks beneath the cliffs.

The River: This enters the city environs as a wide river, passing between the walls, before cascading in a waterfall into the sea below. A horde of river boats (which can be rowed or use a single lateen sail) are moored upon the banks within the city walls, as it is hardly a safe time to continue trade. Yet even with the siege, there is still some river traffic, especially as the river is wide enough to allow boats to avoid most of the goblin arrows shot from the banks. Occasional refugees arrive downriver, while a trickle of soldiers and supplies are still being sent up river to the few isolated palaces still holding out up there.

River Encounters: If the PCs attempt to escape the city by travelling upstream on the river (which does run fairly close to Gomer's wall fortress) then they will discover that the Greenskins have begun building a dam upstream where it narrows. With only a five-yard gap left to complete, the water comes rushing through. This makes it impossible to proceed further on a boat. Besides, by the time the discovery is made, the PCs' boat will already have run aground in the mud due to the water level lowering. The PCs are thus forced to abandon their boat and struggle to get to the riverbanks through the mud. A fine time for Goblin slaves to notice them, raise the alarm, and cause arrows to rain down in their general direction. Maybe an Orc war band will foray forth to attack. If it is night the PCs have more of a chance - there's darkness, and the fact that they're covered from head to toe in mud. Also, the natural riverbank sports a wide strip of tall reeds and rushes. Surely the PCs will manage to take advantage of some of this to affect their escape? Their pursuers are not renowned for intelligence. How many oversized Orcs simply sink into the mud is up to you. If it's all been too easy for the PCs have crocodiles lurking in the reeds to spice things up. Alternatively, if it is all too hard for the PCs, have crocodiles in the reeds attack any Orc pursuers.

DESERT ENCOUNTERS

1. Orcs and Goblins fleeing a cyclone (created by an Altdorf war-wizard) spiralling through their camps causing mayhem and death. The Greenskins would love to stay and fight but in this case run right past the PCs. How long will the PCs stand here wondering what's going on before they notice the cyclone heading their way? Getting too close will throw them about and could mean the loss of a few precious possessions (hopefully the gem will be safely tucked away somewhere secure).

2. A motley collection of huts and tents by a little stream form the remains of a war-band's camp. The only inhabitant is a little goblin called Chuffer. He's been fishing in the stream and now has two lovely smelling fish cooking over a little fire outside the hut he calls home. The fire casts ominous shadows around the camp, the breeze makes things rattle and tent-struts creak. The dried human heads hanging on poles add an extra dimension to the PCs' fear. But there is nothing to fear. There is only a little goblin called Chuffer. I wonder what will become of him?

TALABHEIM

Part Six: The Dead, the Rich and the Mad

So Just What do They do all Day?

The greatest influence in Talabheim is the nobility. Not only do they rule the city but also their presence pervades every aspect of daily life. But what do they do to fill their days? It is not a simple answer. There are many Nobles and their status, wealth and social rank differ greatly. Their lives may be easier than the average Talabheimer but few get to sit around and relax. Well, not all the time.

At the top of the chain comes the Royal Court. Those that surround the Duchess are likely to be showered with gifts, but they are expected to be summoned at a moment's notice to talk or to be set a delicate task (whether it is arranging a birthday cake or carrying a message to the Middenheim ambassador). Not to mention, keeping up to date with (or beginning) the latest fashions and generally keeping the Duchess and other members of the court amused. The benefits of belonging to the Court are huge. Although gifts of money are not commonplace, grants of land and titles are more freely given. However, there is real money to be made. A word on behalf of a friend or business acquaintance in the Duchess' ear is worth its weight in gold.

Talabheim: Credits

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Part Six

So What do They do all day?: *Noel Welsh / Nordengatter: John Foody with Tom McGrenery / Steinhaus: John Foody / Goldstrades: John Foody, Additional Material by Alfred Nuñez Jr. & Anthony Ragan Custom & Law: John Foody & Ryan Wileman*

Thanks to Ken Walton.

Of greater rank, but not necessarily power, than the courtiers are the Peers and they too spend their hours in the pursuit of power. It is not only the Peers but also their families and allies that broker deals in an attempt to keep the wealth and influence demanded of their positions. Otherwise, there are the frequent ceremonies and committees to attend. A call from the Duchess is also a possibility. Most have family fortunes to live on but nearly all have mercantile interests.

It is with this pursuit of trade that a large proportion of the middle and lower ranking Nobles with ambition spend their time. Much to their disdain, they must compete against the common merchants. However, most forget they have the advantage, for in Talabheim, many of the laws still work heavily in their favour. Other Nobles also hold a wide range of jobs, from lawyers and physicians to skilled artisans. Being a Noble gives all jobs a veneer of respectability, not to mention an additional degree of freedom.

After the merchant trade, the second most popular career is the military. Only Nobles may be officers, and the rank of nobility is equal to the rank entered. However, to the surprise of some, military life does mean that most have to spend some time at their duties. Still, the military are well respected by the nobility of the city, and service can help one go far. Many an heiress has been caught by a dashing young knight in uniform.

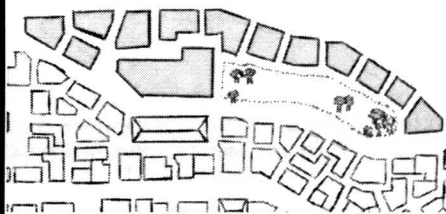
Although female nobility have been known to pursue both merchant and military careers, the vast majority are expected to spend their lives socialising and organising the household. Some spend their time doing charitable works amongst the poor, but their numbers are few compared to other Imperial cities.

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 servant's own belongings, or else register the amount as a debt at the Hall of Records.

No matter their rank the nobility share many common pursuits. Hunting is still a favoured pastime of a gentleman and the Taalgrunhar Forest provides good sport. Those of a more gentle persuasion may picnic on the Field of Justice, walk in Ottilia Park, or perhaps ride on the land around the city. Parties are also commonplace, and great store is held in whose parties you are invited to and who will attend yours. Shopping is also ever more popular, dominated by an interest in keeping up with the fashions and trends of the western Empire.

Nordengatter



"This is the city's most exclusive district, outside Blutburg"

This is the most exclusive district, outside Blutburg. Here many of the Peers and other well off Nobles have set up home. When they left The Old City, they went north and built their estates; these are large for a city, most houses surrounded by gardens and a solid wall. The streets are wide and although being nothing more than muddy paths, they are all tree-lined.

The area is very well patrolled, usually by mounted City Guard as opposed to the Watch. During the day, the area is busy with servants coming and going, many of whom live in the houses. In contrast, the rich rarely ever walk anywhere, instead travelling by carriage. Like Blutburg, Nordengatter has a huge number of byelaws, some sensible and some not so sensible, most are designed to keep undesirables out.



Otilia Park

Surrounded by the fine houses of Nordengatter is the lush greenery of Otilia Park. A large park, its border marked by a seven foot stone wall, it is a popular destination for the rich to walk and picnic. A staff of well-trained groundkeepers maintains the land, funded by the city. Inside, there are small woods, covered shelters and most controversially a statue of Grand Duchess Otilia on which the plaque reads "Empress Otilia". The Park is patrolled by the City Guard, who, during the day, are expected to wear full ceremonial dress. A small barracks is located by the south gate, and from here they patrol the district.

Diszipunterr University

Founded in 2120, by the Imperial edict of Emperor Eckhardt II, the university specialises in Ulrican theology, classical literature and history. Having said this, it also boasts a well-rounded complement of disciplines: the study of many languages, philosophy and some arts subjects, including music and heraldry. Law students attend an affiliated institution, the nearby H.R. Pumplegroover's School of Law, which concentrates almost entirely on the laws of Talabheim with a year spent studying Imperial law.

The University is surrounded by well-kept gardens and high walls. The location of the University is not popular with its Nordengatter neighbours, but there is little they can do. The main University building is impressive, towers and steeples rising above the surrounding buildings. Many of these are part of the University as well, mostly performing administrative functions. Inside the main building, even scores of statues (past pupils who have donated their likenesses) fail to enliven the somewhat sterile surroundings. There is a small chapel to Ulric just inside the main door.

The lives of the students are quite hard. In lectures, all are required to wear their academic gowns; made of red velvet, they are not well enough ventilated to make lessons in the summer particularly comfortable. Underneath this robe, students must wear the prescribed black breeches and jacket. Beige stockings must also be worn.

Outside lectures, these uniform restrictions are relaxed, though students are expected to dress "in a sober fashion". Unavoidable, though, are the university haircuts – two kinds are permitted. A student may simply shave his head completely (except eyebrows), or he must have a length of braided hair hanging down over the face, which he may only cut once per term.

The reasoning behind the dress restrictions are disputed. The most popular with students is that they are designed to humiliate the wearer. Slightly more widely accepted amongst staff, however, is the idea that the uniform is derived from that of a now-defunct monastic order of Ulric which once resided in the city.

Most of the students live in the Goldstrades,



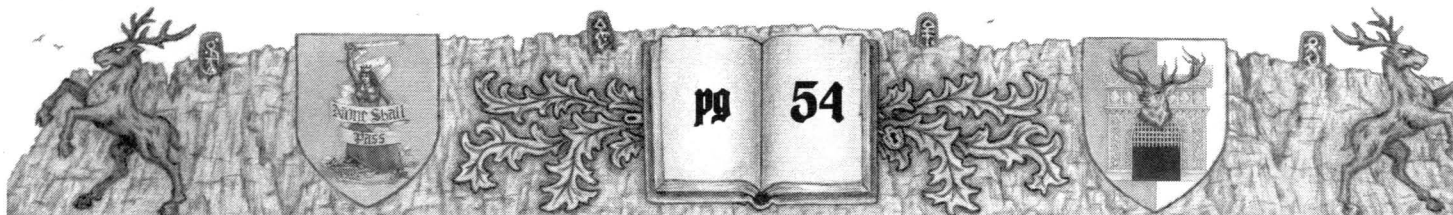
Frederdorf and Schaffenhurst districts: some of the poorer students travel from far as Ostenfeld. In these areas they are usually still on their best behaviour, aware that they stand out. The Old City and Eldenstadt is where they go to let their hair down.

Academic Succession: At other universities, students often dither over which course to take and which diploma would best benefit them in later life. Not so at the Diszipunterr, where these agonies are taken out of the students' hands. The rule of Academic Succession is simple – if your father went to the university, you study what he studied.

This rule extends to grandfathers and great-grandfathers in case the immediately preceding generation did not attend the Diszipunterr. If there is a gap of greater than three generations in family

attendance, or if there never has been any, then the student is free to choose his course. However, the Board of Directing Lecturers, the Richtedozenter, is also free to deny the applicant entry. Those entering under Academic Succession are always accepted.

Courses at the Diszipunterr University: The chief course as sponsored by the university is academic in nature. Many initiates of Ulric are sent by the cult to study with the university lecturers. They have their own course of study, and are not considered part of the university, although they are granted basic library access. All the courses are firmly influenced by Ulrican thought and a Sigmarite attending a history course might even be offended. When they join, students are made firmly aware that they are here to learn the wisdom of their



forefathers not to come up with new ideas.

Faculty of Arts

Classics: The study of the literature and civilisation of ancient peoples in the Old World. Study will typically centre on the ancestors of Talabheim, but some lectures are given on such diverse subjects as the Ancient High Elves and Native Lustrian peoples, all with various degrees of accuracy.

Heraldry: This course educates students in the detailed study of the banners, insignia and heraldic arms of the Old World. At the end of the course, the now-official herald will have an exhaustive knowledge of his subject, and be one of the most highly qualified members of his profession in The Empire. Despite this, the Heraldry course is a haven of second sons and low-born Nobles who cannot afford to leave Talabheim to go to university. This is due to the Academic Succession rule of the Diszipunterr (see above) and the comparatively low status of the herald in Noble society.

History: The history course concentrates on the history of The Empire and of Talabheim in particular, but allows students much more leeway in their choice of theses. Some are even allowed to mount archaeological expeditions.

Custom & Law Biafra's Law

"No unmarried women of common blood may travel abroad in the area known as Nordengatter. Punishment for this offence is three days incarceration with the hair to be shorn to the shoulders."

This law was passed after worries that prostitutes were distracting the younger members of the nobility in Nordengatter. It was decided that something had to be done for the sake of decency. Of course, it was virtually unworkable in practice, although it is used by the Watch when they just want to arrest someone. The cutting of the hair was to make them "less attractive and so unable to ply their trade".

A few years after it was first passed, the issue of the law's status was raised by Lady Margret Biafra when the Watch were forced to sweep the area, filling the jails with women. However, many of these were servants of the gentry, who were upset that they suddenly had no staff. This brought questions in the Peerhaus and a subsequent amendment to the law.

"No unmarried women of common blood may travel abroad in the area known as Nordengatter unless engaged by a household of the area, as evidenced by the carrying of tools to carry out a domestic task."

A little while later it was noticed that known prostitutes were being arrested with a scrubbing brush in their bags. Thus they became known as "scrubbers", a name associated with them ever since.

Language Courses: Several language courses are available at Diszipunterr. They include Bretonnian, Classical, Estalian, Tilean, Reikspiel and Slavic. Basic courses are designed to teach the language or dialect in question, while the advanced courses concentrate on poetry, literature and oratory.

Music: Music is in some ways the most popular course at Diszipunterr, yet in others, it is the most reviled. The reason for this is that music is the only course of study in which members of the upper middle class are able to obtain a scholarship. This is achieved through demonstration of exceptional talent. So, while the Diszipunterr diploma of music is well-respected in the courts of the Old World and among musicians in general (although there is a good deal of healthy rivalry thrown in), its availability to the great unwashed lowers its respectability. Of course, a Noble who studies music, is "clearly more at home with the hoi-polloi than those he claims as his own class, and is not worth dirtying one's hands with".

Faculty of Divinity

Theology: A course of detailed study of the tenets of the cult of Ulric, the theology course is one of the most heavily subscribed in the Diszipunterr University. All students must take a variation on this course. Some side courses allow basic study of other cults, but the central thrust is heavily towards Ulric. This annoys some followers of Taal and Rhya, but there is little that can be done.

The Library

The University is home to a well-stocked library, covering a wide range of subjects – some widely read, others a little more obscure.

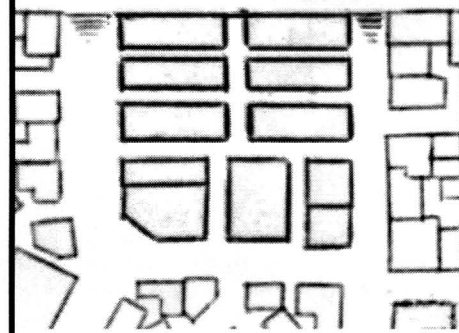
The library itself is a solid, circular building, three floors high. The public stacks radiate in a spoke-like formation from the outside walls, all in converging lines, with the result that the librarians at their desks in the centre can see any part of the stacks except where there is a gap in the shelves.

At the hub of this literary wheel is the Special Collection – those works too old, rare or dangerous to let any old undergraduate look through. The Special Collection housing rises like a solid pillar of closed and locked book cabinets through every floor, though it can only be accessed from the ground. Its staircases and balconies are quite separate from the public stacks, with a gap of six feet between the edge of the upper public floors and the central column. From the top floor, one can look all the way down to the chief librarian's desk. Only the senior librarians hold keys to the book cabinets, and one must have a very good reason and a specific work in mind, to be allowed to see anything from the Special Collection, which a librarian will fetch. Only a select few scholars become "readers" of the library, able to come and go in the Collection as they please.

A little-known fact is that the library is sometimes home to a shrine of Ranald. When it is not located

in The Old City, the shrine is brought here. Why this should be the case is unknown. Many of the senior librarians are all priests of the cult and do not steal from their own library, although the building and its confusing stacks have "lost" a few items over the years. A garbled form of this knowledge is available to all of the Diszipunterr's freshers – the library will pay good money for books, with no questions asked as to their place of origin.

Steinhaus



"Virtually all the goods coming into Talabheim pass through Steinhaus"

Officially a part of the Silbertor district, this is treated by most as a distinct area. Steinhaus holds a huge contingent of warehouses, built in long rows, separated by narrow streets. In the daytime the area is constantly busy with carts and people delivering and removing goods. At night the area is virtually deserted with only regular patrols making any noise. Few people live here but the streets are cobbled throughout and perhaps the best in the city. These have only been laid for the last two hundred years, a decision forced by the sheer amount of mud that had conspired to stop carts and people up until then – a problem that had been choking the city's trade.

Virtually all the goods coming into Talabheim pass through Steinhaus. Hence it is also the smuggling centre of Talabheim. However, when compared to Talagraad, the amount of smuggling is minor, and concerns only goods entering the city itself. All the smuggling takes place in daylight, as doing otherwise would be too obvious.

By law the owner of each warehouse must display a coat of arms above the doors. However, ownership is not limited to the nobility, with many merchants using the Merchants' Guild's Coat of Arms or one of their own design. These are usually identifiable by the inclusion of coinage somewhere in the design. The warehouses themselves are built to a number of common styles. Nearly all have two floors, with a winch situated on the roof to enable goods to be



transferred to the first floor or out of wagons. The most common style is a ground floor made of brick, with a wooden first floor. Only a few buildings have a side door, with the main doors, on both floors, locked with large padlocks. Some warehouses lock a night-watchman inside for the night.

With so much merchandise in one place and so few people around at night Steinhaus is heavily guarded. While the Watch patrols here frequently, they do not do so heavily enough for the warehouse owners' peace of mind. Hence private patrols are a regular feature. Different groups are hired by, variously, a half-dozen Noble factions, the Merchants' Guild, and some independent merchant interests. There are even semi-regular patrols by the Stevedores' and Teamsters' Guild (just to remind everyone they're there). Every once in a while violence breaks out amongst these groups, with running battles and dirty tactics. Approaching the area at night is extremely hazardous as it is possible that PCs may be mistaken for thieves or arsonists. All these groups are instructed to hand troublemakers over to the Watch for punishment. However, as long as they don't kill anyone they are given leeway to do what they want.

Arson is taken extremely seriously in Steinhaus. Those found guilty of the crime can be sentenced to death by tarring. These poor unfortunates are taken to the Watch-house and lowered into a vat of boiling tar. This hideous punishment has only been carried out twice in the last century. However, two minor fires in recent weeks have given rise to rumours that an arsonist is on the loose. In fact the culprit is one Gustav Litavir, a minor merchant. He has been using the fires to cover thefts he has made from his employer's stores.

The Association of Porters

Based above a shop on the edge of the area, the Guild of Porters is a small organisation dedicated to looking after the porters who work the Steinhaus area, unloading goods from carts into the warehouses. They are in direct competition with the Guild of Stevedores and Teamsters, whose headquarters are in Talagraad. The Association was set up by Lord Randolph Ragheim after he grew fed up with never having porters around when he needed them. However, he used them so infrequently that he didn't want to have to pay them regular wages. Although it has developed Guild-like concerns for its members, this remains very much a "soft" political force and they never seek to challenge the current order.

Its members are easily identifiable by the hooks they carry, their ivory handles carved in the shape of a bear. This tradition came about after some were purchased by mistake from a local carver. In time every member possessed one. Thus the porters are often known as Blaws, a word bastardised from "Bear's Claw".

The current leader of the Association is Henrich "Patch" Hock. His nickname comes from the pair of cauliflower ears he possesses and thus his resemblance to a vegetable patch. This and other wounds were earned from his time working as a pit-fighter. When he retired he became a Blaw and after twenty years took charge. In his time in charge he has fought hard to discourage locals from joining the Teamsters' guild by portraying them as a lawless force, dangerous to Talabheim's order. He is trusted by both the merchants and the nobility and has made a small fortune by skimming the top off any payments that come through him. However, his men are loyal to him and he has on occasion led them from the front when the teamsters stepped over the line.

Gestank Markt

The famous *Stench Market* is held on the first day of each month. Located in Stoff Platz at the heart of Steinhaus it sells goods left behind in warehouses. After thirty days of non-payment, warehouse owners are allowed to sell the goods to pay off some of the costs incurred. The market derives its name from the rotting food consignments that are regularly sold here. At the end of the day's trading, very few items are left, even if something is sold for a tiny amount.

The more expensive and numerous goods are sold by auction, operated in the centre of the Platz by the Merchants' Guild. They take a small percentage of amounts paid. Cheaper items and smaller consignments are sold on tables around the outside of the Platz. Here can be found a wide

variety of useless goods from cheap tin statues to rotting beef. However, crowds flock here in the hope of finding something interesting. Traders are regular visitors here and many goods bought for a few pennies are seen in their shops for the equivalent price in gold pieces. Recently, the reverse has started to happen. Traders are bringing their own goods here to sell as "warehouse stock". The practice is allowed to continue because of well-placed bribery, but many warehouse owners are becoming increasingly vocal in opposition.

"He's gone to the birdhouse."

Talabheim slang for going insane

Hartwig's Sanctuary for the Mentally Destabilised, or, The Birdhaus

Located on the edge of the district, this once used to be a warehouse. From the outside it still looks as though it is, although the following plaque adorns one of the large double doors:

Doktor Adolf Hartwig's Sanctuary for the Mentally Destabilised & Home for Afflictions of the Mind

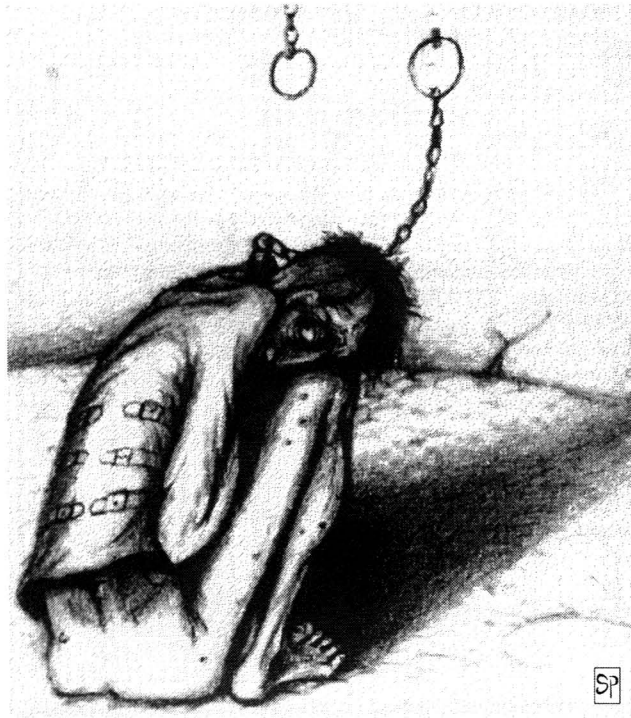
Viewing Hours Marktag & Konistag 10am.

All other business by appointment only

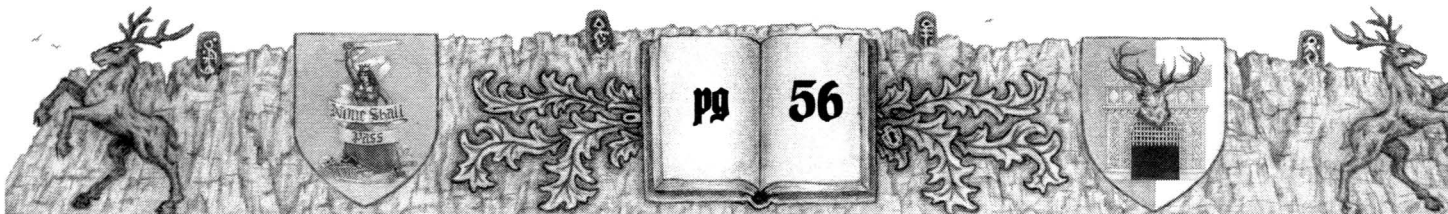
In the city it is known as Hartwig's Asylum or The Birdhaus. It occupies a curious place in the affections of Talabheim's citizens. Many people are afraid of the insane patients whilst still believing that they can be cured here. Indeed, the Doktors Hartwig and Gronemeyer are skilled at curing insanity through surgery. Many nobility have faith in the asylum and are willing to put their family members here. Twice weekly the public are allowed to visit, gawping and mocking the inmates. Entrance is 2GCs, which discourages the poor. Gauffman has the nobility convinced that "showing they are scorned by the populace quickens the return of the patients' normal state."

The Temple of Shallya is an outspoken critic of the asylum for its methods and its attitude to the sick. Unfortunately, while people are cured here, they have little chance of having it closed down.

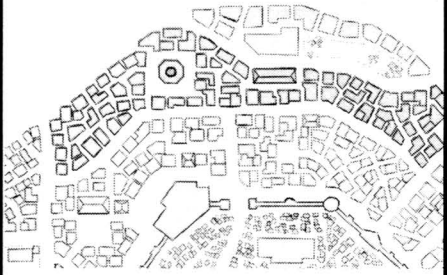
The asylum is built in an old warehouse. Doktor Hartwig purchased the building after it was discovered that the upper floor was rotting and the owner could not afford to replace it. It had been left standing in its decrepit state, and scores of pigeons had made it their home. Thus the name was gained even before it became an asylum. Hartwig chose the location as he knew the screams of the insane would bother few here.



SP



Goldstrades



“The artisans that have made their home here offer a high quality and expensive service to the ruling classes.”

One of the most segmented districts in the city, Goldstrades is really made up of a number of smaller areas. Most of the inhabitants are middle class but the social level visibly decreases street by street the further west you travel. It has been known for families to move one or two streets just to be seen improving their station. At the edge of Nordengatter the population mainly consists of poorer Nobles, those that cannot afford to live in the more exclusive districts or those that are happy not to. Elsewhere there are concentrations of senior wizards, Sigmarites (the area is also popular for visiting dignities from elsewhere in The Empire), a small enclave of Kislevian nobility and various artisans, not least of which are the goldworkers.

There is some debate as to where the area got its name. The Guild of Goldworkers declares it is because of their residency in the area, concentrated around Randolph Platz. Many view this claim as false, only put forward to match their rivals in Silbertor. This is backed by scholars who contend the Festival of Gold originated here, even in the days before the city spread this far. Even now those living in Goldstrades celebrate the festival in style.

The College for wizards is not the most popular location in the area, since wizards are treated with suspicion. This is countered by the regard for the founder, Frieda Gruenwald. The nearby Temple of Sigmar has also been unpopular in its time, with various Ulrican factions attacking it.

In general, the artisans that have made their home here offer high quality and expensive services to the ruling classes. Restaurants and taverns are of note and all have bouncers of some description. Watch patrols are frequent and prisoners are delivered to the local “Kennel”, which also incarcerates those arrested in Nordengatter.

Talabheim Battle College

Founded by Frieda Gruenwald, a powerful Hedge-



Wizard of her day, in 1361 (during the Age of Wars). Grand Duchess Otilia had just declared herself Empress in Talabheim without election, and felt a need to have magical defences to counter those of Middenheim. She gave a grant to Frieda for the founding of a college, which has existed ever since. Gruenwald is something of a folk hero, credited by many with building the Wizards’ Way, the tunnel through the high mountain wall that surrounds the city-state. The current High Wizard is her descendant Guenther Gruenwald. A statue of Frieda Gruenwald stands outside of the college.

The college is popular in spite of, or even because of, the difficulty of casting magic in the crater. Many

wizards find the extra strain involved hones the mind and sharpens their ability.

See *Realms of Sorcery* (page 37) for more information.

The Wizards Court

In a basement chamber of the College is a secretive Wizards Court. Founded in 1991 at the end of the Wizards War, the court was founded to enable Wizards to police their own in private. Only the highest ranking wizards are aware of its existence and it is they that act as judge and jury. When a wizard is brought before the court (often because of charges of practicing necromancy and demonology), three





also looking for suitable members to recruit.

*“Who can tell when they’ll come again?,
The Death Cart of the hooded men,
Poor or Peer,
Have no fear,
The Hooded men will come again.”*

The Guild of Mourners

Located in the centre of the district, the drab front gives little clue as to what lies inside. However, those watching the doors for a while are likely to see bodies being brought from all over the city. The entrance chamber contains statues of Mórr and Taal and it is this that makes the Guild of Mourners so unusual. Because of Talabheim’s burial practices, both cults deal with the dead. The bulk of the workers here are Clerics of Mórr, but the chief mourner is a Cleric of Taal. Although there is some rivalry, the departed are always taken care of.

Most bodies are brought to the Guild of Mourners to be prepared for burial by the clerics. Questions are asked of the family to discover under whose jurisdiction the body falls. No matter the answer, both sets of clerics observe the rituals for the appropriate style of burial. The real difficulty arises when the faith or wishes of the deceased cannot be determined. Most unknowns are taken to the Temple of Taal.

Prepared bodies are taken to the appropriate graveyard by Death-Cart. Hooded men, employed full-time by the Temple and forbidden to speak while on duty, drive these black carts. It is considered bad luck not to offer a prayer to Mórr and Taal whenever a Death-Cart passes.

Except for a few small offices and storerooms, much of the building comprises rooms for the dead. As to be expected, the nobility have their own rooms, guarded at all times by a member of the City Guard. Adding an extra level of security is the occasional presence of Templars of Mórr, whether from the Raven Knights or Order of the Gate.

Mina Fassbinder

A popular printshop, Mina is closely associated with the Talabheim Battle College. (see *Realms of Sorcery*, Page 89)

The Talabheim Warrant Execution Company

Once offices of a now extinct Noble family, this is home to the only legal bounty hunters in Talabheim (see next issue for full background).

wizards sit in judgement. Judgement is never pre-determined as the wizards are looking to discover the real truth behind the matter.

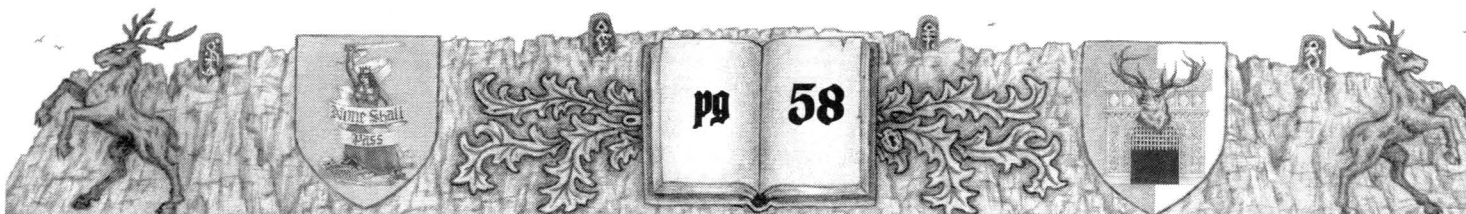
Those brought here often have no idea of where they are. They are kidnapped, disarmed and drugged before being transported to the Court which is brought together whenever someone is captured.

Those found guilty are either handed over to the religious authorities or sentenced to the feared prison, Sloskeys Oculus.

Unknown to all but themselves, the Court has been infiltrated by Ahnererbe (*Warpstone 15*), the highly secret Sigmarite Order. They seek to ensure that full punishments are carried out on guilty wizards while

Custom & Law East Shect

“Bed linen must not be hung from eastern-facing windows or balconies.” This is a superstition which was made law by the Peer House during a period of social unrest in the Age of Three Emperors. The god-fearing mood of the times resulted in a number of eccentric laws such as this.



FORMS OF ADDRESS II

REIKSPIEL VERSIONS BY LEIF ULRICH SCHRADER



Issue 17 contained an article by Toby Pilling & John Foody giving details on how to address the various ranks of Noble. This time the forms of address are given in Reikspiel. To make the list easier to use I have included the translation of the various forms of address as they were given in the original article. Please note that the translation is not necessarily literal.

Besides the forms of address given in that article I have also included some forms of address for clergymen. I have tried to keep these as general as possible, since the hierarchies of the various cults can differ enormously. I have also included guidelines for the pronunciation of the various forms of address. Failure to address a nobleman or a clergyman correctly should result in a negative modifier to all Fellowship and Leadership test with regard to that person. This list should be available to those with the *Etiquette* skill or after the appropriate Intelligence test. Bear in mind that different cults will have different ranks and titles, but those below offer a broad guide.

	REIKSPIEL	TRANSLATION	PRONUNCIATION	
Emperor	written	Seine kaiserliche Hoheit, Kaiser <first name>	His Imperial Majesty, Emperor <first name>	ZINE KYE-zehr-likh ma-yes-TATE, KYE-zehr
	in person	Eure kaiserlicher Hoheit	Your Imperial Majesty	OY-reh KYE-zehr-likh ma-yes-TATE
Prince	written	Seine kaiserliche Hoheit, Prinz <first name>	His Imperial Highness, Prince <first name>	ZINE KYE-zehr-likh HO-hyt, PRINNTS
	in person	Eure kaiserlicher Hoheit	Your Royal Highness	OY-reh KÖ-nig-likh HO-hyt
Princess	written	Ihre kaiserliche Hoheit, Prinzessing <first name>	Her Imperial Highness, Princess <first name>	EAR-eh KYE-zehr-likh HO-hyt, pin-TSESS-inn
	in person	Eure kaiserliche Hoheit	Madam, Your Royal Highness	OY-reh KÖ-nig-likh HO-hyt
Dukes/Grand Duke	written	Seine Gnaden, Herzog/ Großherzog <name> Or Seine herzögliche/großherzögliche Hoheit <name>	His Grace the Duke of <place name>	ZINE GNAH-den, HEHR-tso/ GROHSS-hehr-tso ZINE HEHR-tsög-likh/GROHSS-hehr- tsög-likh HO-hyt
	in person	Eure Gnaden, Herzog/ Großherzog <first name> Or Herzog/Großherzog <name>	My Lord Duke, Your Grace	OY-reh GNAH-den, HEHR- tso/GROHSS-hehr-tso or HEHR-tso/GROHSS-hehr-tso
Duchess/ Grand Duchess	written	Ihre Gnaden, Herzogin/ Großherzogin <name> or Ihre herzögliche/großherzögliche Hoheit <name>	Her Grace the Duchess of <place name>	EAR-eh GNAH-den, HEHR-tso- ginn/GROHSS-hehr-tso-ginn or ZINE HEHR-tsög-likh/ GROHSS-hehr-tsög-likh HO-hyt
	in person	Eure Gnaden, Herzog/ Großherzog <first name> or Herzog/Großherzog<name>	Madam, Your Grace	OY-reh GNAH-den, HEHR-tso- ginn/GROHSS-hehr-tso-ginn or HEHR-tso-ginn/GROHSS-hehr- tso-ginn
Marquis	written	Seine Durchlaucht, Marquis <name>	His Highness, Marquis <name>	ZINE DOORRK-lah-KHT, Marquis
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Marquis <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or Maquise
Marquise	written	Ihre Durchlaucht, Marquis <name>	Her Highness, Marquise <name>	EAR-ehri DOORRK-lah-KHT, Marquise
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Marquis <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or Marquise

		REIKSPIEL	TRANSLATION	PRONUNCIATION
Count/Earl	written	Seine Durchlaucht, Graf <name>	His Highness, Count <name>	ZINE DOORRK-lah-KHT, GRAH-ph
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Graf <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or GRAH-ph
Countess	written	Ihre Durchlaucht, Gräfin <name>	Her Highness, Countess <name>	EAR-eh DOORRK-lah-KHT, GRAIY-pheen
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Gräfin <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or GRAIY-pheen
Margrave	written	Seine Durchlaucht, Markgraf <name>	His Highness, Margrave <name>	ZINE DOORRK-lah-KHT, MAHHRK-grahph
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Markgraf <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or MAHHRK-grahph
Margravin	written	Ihre Durchlaucht, Markgräfin <name>	Her Highness, Margravine	EAR-eh DOORRK-lah-KHT, MAHHRK-graihph
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Markgräfin <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or MAHHRK-graihph
Baron	written	Seine Durchlaucht, Baron <name>	His Highness, Baron <name>	ZINE DOORRK-lah-KHT, BA- rhon
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Baron <name>	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or BA-rhon
Baroness	written	Ihre Durchlaucht, Baroness <name>	Her Highness, Baroness <name>	EAR-eh DOORRK-lah-KHT, BA-rhones
	in person	Eure Durchlaucht or Baronin	Your Highness	OY-reh DOORRK-lah-KHT or BA-rhonen
Knight	written	Freiherr <name>	Sir <name>	FRY-hehrr
	in person	Freiherr <name>	Your Lordship <name>	FRY-hehrr
Lady	written	Freifrau <name>	Lady <name>	FREY-frow
	in person	Freifrau <name>	Your Ladyship <name>	FREY-frow

ADDRESSING THE CLERGY

Church Head	written	Seine/Ihre Heiligkeit	His/Her Holiness	ZINE/EAR-eh HYE-lick-kite
	in person	Eure Heiligkeit	Your Holiness	OY-reh HYE-lick-kite
High Official	written	Seine/Ihre Exzellenz <name>	His/Her Excellency <name>	ZINE/EAR-eh EX-tseh-lents
	in person	Eure Exzellenz <name>	Your Excellency <name>	OY-reh EX-tseh-lents
Official of a church (abbot, temple head)	written	Seine/Ihre Hochwürden <name>	The Honourable <name>	ZINE/EAR-eh HOHKH-vürr-duhn
	in person	Eure Hochwürden <name>	Honourable <name>	OY-reh HOHKH-vürr-duhn
Higher Priest	written	Vater/Mutter <name>	Father/Mother <name>	FAH-ter/MOOTT-her
	in person	Vater/Mutter <name> or ehrwürdiger Vater/ehrwürdige Mutter <name>	Father/Mother <name> or Honourable Father/Honourable Mother <name>	FAH-ter//MOOTT-her Or AIR- vürr-dick-ehr FAH-ter/AIR-vürr- dick-eh MOOTT-her
Priest (without any distinct function)	written	Bruder/Schwester	Brother/Sister	BRO-dehr/SHVESS-tehr
	in person	Bruder/Schwester	Brother/Sister	BRO-dehr//SHVESS-tehr

BAKERS' GUILD

By Tim Eccles and Richard Iorio II

The place of food within the Old World is difficult to define. Whilst there are examples of expensive eateries and trade in processed foodstuffs, it seems likely that most Old Worlders would make their own food, so that support for those who manufacture food for the populace is likely to be limited. From this perspective, the original article on guilds within *The Empire* (*Warpstone* 18) tended to ignore those dealing with food industries. However, to balance this omission, a craft food guild is presented here. It is likely that most households would bake their own bread, but since a bakery can be a useful source of adventures, some ideas are presented here.

Founding Story

One story told about the formation of the guild revolves around the halfling Timmon Rollingcroft. Some versions of the story specifically describe Timmon as a disciple of Ranald, others as a simple follower of Esmeralda responsible for ensuring constant supplies to the kitchen. In the story, Timmon, almost from the minute he could walk, was working in the kitchen mixing batters and lugging ingredients. At this time, supplies were controlled by the Merchants' Guild and bakers seeking to trade had to apply for a licence as a merchant. Few were granted, ensuring that bakers had to employ a merchant to buy and sell their produce on their behalf. As Timmon grew older the baking business lost its appeal as the young halfling saw the desperate plight of the baker, divorced from both his supplier and his market.

Hearing the news of a grain shortage and that prices would have to rise, Timmon's father prepared his business for hard times. However, whilst out drinking one night, the young Timmon overheard some junior merchants and discovered that the shortage was in fact a lie; the merchants were simply seeking to gouge the bakers with inflated prices. Many bakers were already going out of business because they could not afford to pay such high prices. Timmon began organising meetings where he called for the formation of a guild. The Bakers' Guild, as he called it, would operate like other craft guilds in the city, protecting all members from greedy merchants by establishing their right to trade within the city. Many agreed with Timmon but few were brave enough to join, until a promise was made. Timmon told them that he had contacts with distant grain suppliers and he had bought shares in a large quantity of grain, enough to break the merchants'

stranglehold. It was to be delivered within a week. If Timmon could deliver on his promise of the grain the bakers agreed to form a guild and make Timmon its leader. Truth be told there was no grain - this was just an elaborate ruse. But Timmon learned of a large grain stockpile two days south of the city. He contacted some friends (Ranald cultists in some versions) who concocted a

story for the grain merchants, and passed themselves off as representatives of a Moot pie company needing supplies of grain. A price was agreed and paid in full using notarised payment bills and the grain duly delivered. Sadly for the merchants, the bills turned out to be forgeries. The Moot had never heard of the pie company and the grain mysteriously vanished from the warehouse it had been shipped to, only to appear within the city's bakeries. Faced with bankruptcy, the merchants agreed to allow the bakers to form a guild on receipt of fair payment for the grain (in the Ranald version, no payment was made and the merchants were roundly bankrupted).

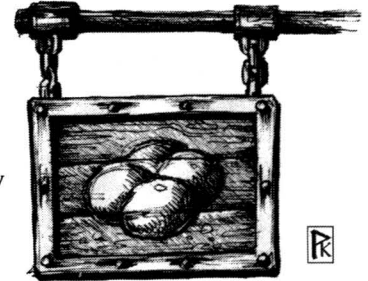
Organisation

The guild follows a typical structure. A standard weights and measures code is enforced, together with general standards for bakeries. In addition, the guild oversees all grain purchases as well as the training and promotion of apprentices, journeymen and master bakers. The guild is a relatively weak one, being a specialised breakaway of the Merchants' Guild. To this end the two guilds are enemies, and merchants will use their influence to minimise the power of such threats to their hegemony. At the same time, guilds such as the Bakers' are useful allies to those who oppose the merchants which can result in unlikely alliances.

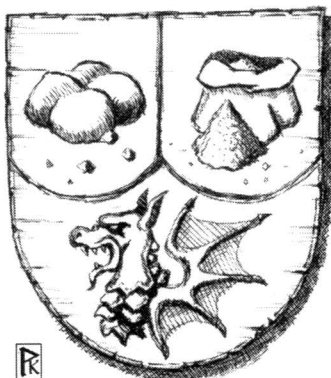
In some ways, the Bakers' Guild has become exactly what it claims to despise. Enforcement of standards is a nice idea, offering the consumers guarantees that guild products will not contain hair, rat droppings, wood shavings, chalk or any other alien objects. However, bakers have begun to complain about the rather steep cut that the guild takes from their profits. Whilst they realise that without the guild, their position might be worse, this does not prevent the grumbles. The Bakers' Guild does protect their way of life, and ensures that the market does not become too crowded with bakeries. The price may be steep, but if it were not for the guild, bakers would be at the mercy of merchants once again.

Joining the guild is difficult, but not impossible. To maximise profits and to maintain control, the guild carefully monitors the number of bakeries within a city. The reason for this is competition; the more bakeries there are, the lower the prices are set, and thus members (and the guild) profit less. Prospective members must petition the guild and demonstrate not only their skill at baking, but be willing to pay the steep non-refundable application fee of 150 GC. In reality, a system of patronage and bribery will circumvent this process for 'worthy' applicants. Once the baker has been accepted into the guild, he is given a licence to work in the city, which is valid for a full year. Licence renewal is usually an easy process, assuming that the baker has a clean record and pays the 50 GC renewal fee.

Since the guild keeps membership small, there is no formal



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Guild House. All meetings and guild business are (normally) conducted at the Guild Master's home. Usually this house is also the Guild Master's bakery. When an apprentice is ready to advance to journeyman status, or a journeyman is ready to be declared a master baker, their testing is done in the Guild Master's bakery as well.

The position of Guild Master is one that is chosen by member vote. The term is one year, and there is no limit placed on the number of terms a baker can serve as Guild Master. When the time for new elections is at hand, the current Guild Master, and any master-level bakers, lobby the collective guild. Candidates talk about their goals, and the work they have done to better the guild. Bribes are handed out and favours sought. Once the campaign is done, all members vote and the candidate with the most votes wins. During their term, the offices of the guild are moved to the Guild Master's house, and records and guild funds are kept there.

There have been cases where bakers who have either been expelled from the Bakers' Guild, or denied membership, have joined the local Merchants' Guild. This practice angers the Bakers' Guild and creates further dissension between the two. However, such a baker enjoys the backing of powerful merchants, together with their (usual) control of town councils - and thus public contracts. In theory, such a baker might be guilty of breaking the complex law surrounding the monopolies of recognised guilds, but no such case has yet been brought. The Bakers' Guild is still too weak to flex its muscle quite so overtly, and must rely upon politicking and less savoury methods to maintain its monopoly.

Adventure Hooks

The Bakers' Guild is probably best played simply as a backdrop to other events. Attempts to break the hegemony of the Merchants' Guild are always going to spill over into normal urban activities. GMs should have fun with arson, riots, robberies and general intimidation. However, the following ideas are of direct relevance to the Bakers' Guild, or its members, in some way.

Security: Setting up a new guild is always difficult. Politics is messy, requiring careful negotiations. This requires specialists, and one such individual is Frieda Nyman. She knows nothing about baking, and cares even less, but she knows about people and she is an astute politician and negotiator. She travels The Empire on behalf of the Guild, and discusses arrangements to set up new branches. For this reason, she is heartily disliked by the Merchants' Guild. Attempts to bribe her have failed, and she is now travelling to another town in order to persuade the council to recognise the bakers as a distinct organisation. The PCs can be employed either to protect her from attack or intimidation, or by the Merchants' Guild to carry out these. In the first place, they will attempt bribery again. What they are unaware of is that her family was once powerful in Marienburg before its secession. As supporters of the Emperor, they lost their position and fled. She feels an intense hatred towards merchants, whom she sees as despoilers of a once-great nation. Since bribery will fail (unless PCs are exceptionally devious) more physical attempts will have to be made.

Thieving or smuggling operations: One example of this is the bakery run by Doric Drandywine. Doric runs a small pickpocket operation out of the back room of his bakery. He calls his pickpockets *Kneaders* and they work the busy market place

robbing unsuspecting people. The *Kneaders* turn their daily take over to the *Crumpers* who are actually the journeymen of the bakery. The *Crumpers* then bake the take into loaves of bread, which is delivered to a small pub that Doric runs. Once a month Doric distributes the profits to the *Kneaders* and *Crumpers* by baking it into sweet buns. One way for the PCs to come into conflict with this group would be to have them catch a *Kneader* trying to pick their pockets. The *Kneader* flees and the PCs, being PCs, chase him down and bring the law breaker to justice. That night the PCs discover Doric's enforcers *The Muffin Men* waiting with their rolling pins to teach the PCs a lesson...

Protecting business: The Bakers' Guild looks out for its members. A bakery is having problems with a local gang which is vandalising the bakery and demanding to be paid protection money. The City Watch, which is understaffed and underfunded, has more than enough to do without helping a bakery. The guild could hire the PCs as security and charge them with the task of stopping the gang. In the process, the PCs learn why the watch has done nothing; they are on the gang's payroll.

Sabotage: Just because bakers belong to a guild does not mean they like each other. Two bakers are bitter rivals, and one decides to hire the PCs to sabotage the other's business. From spreading rumours of mice sleeping in the flour, to the beating up of delivery men, the PCs are paid to put the rival out of business. Obviously if the PCs are caught, their employers disavow all knowledge of the PCs' actions.

Baking tonight: For the past few months a killer has been stalking the streets. At first he was preying on the prostitutes along the docks. All the victims have been found with their internal organs missing and with a pie on their lips. Now the Pie Maker has started to kill in the more affluent areas of the city. The PCs, while investigating this, discover that the killings have taken place within a few minutes walk of the same area. In addition, the victims have been found with traces of flour on them. Eventually the PCs discover that a local baker is actually the Pie Maker and has been baking his victims' organs into the meat pies he sells.

Conclusion: It's All Just Politics

Warhammer FRP has one of the best urban settings available, and the Bakers' Guild offers another twist of intrigue to the already bursting pot. Guilds such as this one that have only developed recently, as part of the increased specialisation of business, play an important role in the social background. The Old World is facing (albeit rather slowly) the forces of modernisation, whilst more conservative traditions seek to oppose this change. The existence of the Bakers' Guild is an example of this in a very simple way. Therefore, it can be the source of intrigue between the two forces. Merchants can demand that a bakery owned by a member of the upstart guild be removed from an area zoned exclusively for their own members, whilst the Bakers' Guild campaigns for official recognition and the awarding of civic rights to its Master Bakers and other members. Taxation relief and other economic benefits need to be negotiated at the (provincial and Imperial) capital, whilst skulduggery might be attempted against such a delegation. The key here is to utilise traditional *Warhammer FRP* ideas, but apply them to something as mundane as a pie shop. Once the blood starts to flow and the money begins to be thrown about, the PCs might realise that where there is bread, there is dough.

THE FORUM

Robert Rees: [Issue 19] in terms of layout and production, all excellent as normal. The small text though is murder for reading in lowlight situations like coaches and trains. Even bedtime reading can be difficult! I appreciate you are making a decision of space but if you ever have a choice my vote is for easier text.

I quite liked the Order of the Ram despite myself. There were shades of Glorantha in the giant goats and I am glad the author realised that they might be too much for many tastes. The idea of having a mountaineering and rescue guild seems good although I would prefer to think that there are a number of such groups that superficially are very similar but that all have different histories, traditions and motivations for doing what they do.

I did have a few questions that I felt the author should have dealt with. How on earth do you keep animals underground for months on end? Where do the lodges get their wood (and by extension charcoal)? How can the group build such inaccessible Lodges? My guess from the article is that they are actually built by the dwarves from inside the mountain. Also how many natural springs are located high on a mountain slope? Presumably lodges are more like keeps guarding the passes. How can the Order give refuge and protection to criminals and outlaws? While I understand that disappearing into the mountains for a few years after disgrace might make sense if someone is escaping the law but how can the Order protect them?

Tim Eccles's article on surgery was interesting if involved and pessimistic. His view of physicians seems overly negative. A doctor's reputation in the kind of environment the Old World presents has to be based on success. While quacks, cranks and journeymen exist in all eras doctors who get results will always find themselves in more demand than those who talk a good talk but end up with dead patients.

I think the separation between doctors and clerics is in the overt and the private. Gods are interested in the miraculous, impossible cures not the minor nicks and cuts of life. When you get your arm cut off you go to a temple, when you have a stomach-ache you go to a doctor. A god will not cure your headache because such a minor ailment is of no interest to them (a worshipper has a headache; in a day's time they will not, when you are immortal what difference does it make?). However a brain tumour might interest them if the individual is of interest. If you have worms you might get a potion from an alchemist but you are unlikely to seek out a priest for magical healing. Adventurers do not tend to suffer from the minor ailments, which may perhaps put too much emphasis on magical healing. The answer though is not to give a rallying cry of "Demarcation brother!" and say this can only be done by surgeons and this by clerics. Situation and circumstance are better guides. After all a guild may declare themselves to be in control of a service or a trade but that is hardly going to matter to a god is it?

The Dawikoni were very average; interesting topic perhaps but it could have been done with a lot less verbage. Human vassals of a dwarf king, they are like humans but with an approximation of dwarf culture. I could see why it was dropped [From DSaS –

Ed]. I do think it was the right decision to publish it though.

Talabheim has, I am afraid, done me in. I think I have resigned myself to not understand the appeal at all. Perhaps this negative view coloured my opinion of the scenario that also seemed very lacklustre. There was certainly nothing wrong with it and in most publications it would have been excellent. However it seems to lack sparkle and life and the plot seemed very conventional. The situations and characters seemed quite flat. There was a lot of detail but no real spark of life. Sorry for not having any specific criticism but that is the way it is sometimes, you can say that something is not quite right and not be able to say why. I did laugh at the vignette between the one-legged soldier and the moneylender though; quite brilliant.

I am still reading through the Sea of Claws. I cannot make my mind up whether it one of the best articles I have read so far in *Warpstone* or just a sophisticated rehash of a lot of other pieces. Certainly I love the idea that in this terrible sea, alignment to demons of Chaos or Law does not matter much in the struggle to master Nature itself. The article may again be a victim of a generally negative outlook, the whole thing seemed based on the misery of the Russian Arctic Coast. Okay as far as it goes but you need contrast and if you look at the whole of the Arctic Circle there are as many active and vital cultures as there are depressed and downtrodden. Or maybe that is just my view on the piece and I am being too "down"! As I said I continue to read it and it was a great article to print.

Ray Ortiz: I have difficulty finding "useful" resources for my WFRP campaign, being that the setting, as conceived by many, has evolved into something I find barely playable. You guys and others have turned a great fantasy game into a medieval horror game with fantasy trimmings- sometimes offering scenarios and background material with absolutely *no* fantasy content (rape investigations... murder mysteries...). WFRP was never meant to be so dry - its rich tone, at heart, is about the *blend* of the magical and the mundane. The rulebook contains rules for dungeon-style traps, a great bestiary (Fimir Fimm, anyone?), not to mention illustrations that all support this idea.

I guess most notably I find myself constantly struck by the discrepancy between the vibe created by the games visuals and the one that exists in actual play (as promoted by many of the designers). The game's rich artwork has always painted (pun?) the game as a rougher, grittier, more "hardcore" alternative to D&D, with its images of "occult" style wizards and slobbering demons wielding two-handed axes and whatnot, yet the designing community shoots itself in the foot by minimising, almost to non-existence, these very elements. With Hogshead's demise, this all has a certain resonance now, and it might turn ironic should Warhammer Online manage to straddle the wargaming/roleplaying path successfully and send people in search of a tabletop version that might end up being (gasp!) d20 based.

I have difficulty communicating my point of view to other WFRP fans because they assume I want to turn the game into

D&D. I think there's a happy middle ground that has roots in the idea that, as adventurers, the players will encounter strange and frightening things more often than average folk (and in the tradition of the setting, suffer social/psychological/bodily ill for it, with adventurers being viewed as trouble-seekers and madmen).

I'll continue to play WFRP as I think it was envisioned- a dark, low fantasy (not no fantasy) world with a rich historical flavour. In the meantime, I'll keep purchasing *Warpstone* in the hopes that a spell or magic item or (god forbid) a monster lair shows up. You guys have been real troopers for keeping WFRP alive and I respect that- I just think some of your efforts are misguided.

JF: I agree with you that WFRP is about the blend of the magical and mundane. However, I think it is unfair to say we are misguided. The beauty of WFRP is that there are many ways of playing it and none wrong (Shadows Over Bögenhafen is a medieval (renaissance) horror scenario with fantasy trimmings). We write about WFRP because we are fans of the game. Personally, I prefer the lower end of the magical scale. I do use fantasy content, but it tends to creep in at the edges. Thus as, historically, I have written most of the scenarios, WS tended to have lower fantasy elements. This is in many ways a deliberate choice. I strongly believe that low fantasy scenarios are important to the background. By having these the fantasy elements are amplified. Having magic and monsters in every scenario takes the edge off, and to my mind, doesn't make best use of the background. It is this kind of scenario that has been, and is, generally hard to find. To my mind, it is easier to add magical elements to scenarios and the like.

*Saying that, having such an approach is not a policy. What we print reflects what we get. In an article I look for things like magic to be part and parcel of what it is about. We have received submissions with a heavy fantasy element, but often they are not up to standard. However, that has changed recently. Future issues of *Warpstone* will likely have a higher quota of such articles, with this issue and last showing this path.*

So will you see spells in future? Yes. There will be magic users, but probably not any new spells though. Magic Items? Again, yes, a few. But they will be important to a background or scenario. Monster lairs? Probably not as such. However, if someone sends us a good scenario based around a monster's lair, then we won't say no.

Thomas Larue: Now that the Hogshead years are over, we need to look towards the future. Whoever takes up the game needs to carry on the impressive work Hogshead started, especially with *Realms of Sorcery* and *Dwarfs: Stone and Steel*. There is a real need to alleviate what I would like to call the post *Enemy Within* campaign trauma that has plagued the WFRP community for so long now. The *Enemy Within* is one the greatest campaign ever to be written. This obviously became a problem when the production of adventures and supplements first stopped, and then started again under different companies. Every new supplement and adventure was compared but couldn't measure up. Another problem was that every new adventure had to relate itself to the campaign, i.e. whether the adventure could take place before, after or during the campaign. This is still obvious,

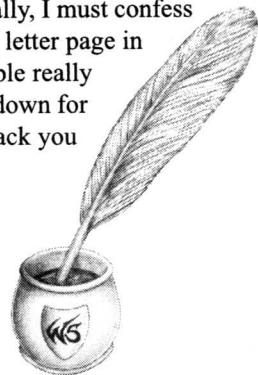
for example when you look at the contents of *Warpstone 18*: The Correspondent and The Real Enemy Within articles conclusively underline my point. What we need to do is to let go of the *Enemy Within* and to move on. In this the achievements of the Talabheim project and Tim Eccles' *A Private War* are pioneering (as are the numerous contributions in *Warpstone*), but we also need to get more adventures (and ultimately campaigns!) published through Hogshead's, hopefully as ambitious, successor).

In that respect I think that we should also venture beyond the Empire's border. Sure it's great to visit Nuln, Middenheim and Altdorf, but after a while don't you just start wondering how your PCs would manage the blistering cold of Norsca, the suppressing heat of Araby or on a divan surrounded by spellbound ladies-at-court at the Bretonnian Royal Court? Supplements should perhaps be able to give us a look into the Border Princes, or to expand the feeble rulebook descriptions of the Estalian or Bretonnian. The sky is the limit...

New supplements should also leave some white spaces out, allowing for each GM to provide with their own personal touch (another argument for leaving the Empire alone now). So far I think that most of the recent supplements have succeeded in doing this reasonably well. Lets hope that this continues (and improves) beyond the post-Hogshead era. With any luck Games Workshop should be able to make a wise decision about the future of WFRP, even though I must admit that I have my doubts (given that things nowadays seem to revolve a lot around "them green bills").

On issue 20: Toby Pilling's article on Half-Orcs was superb!! More of that stuff! More of opportunities for players to experience the grey and dark areas of the WFRP world. Tim Eccles "The Real Enemy Within" was enjoyable and showed how a good short scenario can be constructed (with an emphasis on timeline and characters). Tim's thoughtful exposé over Alignment was good, although I consider the whole alignment idea to be a good guide for inexperienced players. After a while, you learn how to hold true to your character's (and not your own!) values without having to scribble down Evil or Neutral in some box. "A Noble Failure" was right on the spot! This should apply to many other dimensions of roleplaying, such as NPCs as was briefly discussed in John's short text. Why are all NPCs just adequately sized (in skills, abilities and power) compared to the PCs? I agree that PC should not encounter hordes of Vampires or squadrons of Knight Panthers round every corner, but sometimes adventures should contain NPCs that are just too good for them to beat! Shouldn't the fact that you realise when to fight and when to run be as good (or even better) a reward as always finding yourself victorious? Finally, I must confess to being a little alarmed by the lack of a letter page in issue 19 (and 20). What's this? Are people really having that much fun that they can't sit down for one hour and give you the proper feedback you need? Could be I'm the one not having enough fun...

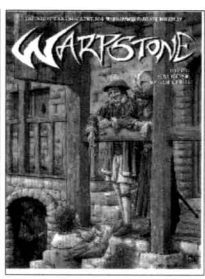
JF: A lack of letters page is simply a result of a lack of letters. Really, I've given up asking...



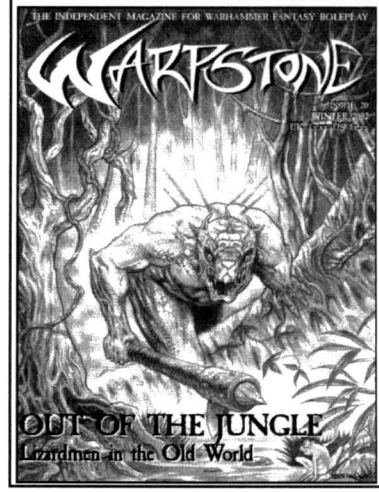
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A Private War

Would I lie to you?

A **Private War** is the first (of three) part of a campaign by Warpstone writer Tim Eccles. Starting in Middenheim, it takes the PCs through Nordland and Ostland on the trail of a mysterious academic to save the life of a supporter of the local Cult of Shallya. Whilst the PCs might be doing this for the best of reasons, they are as likely to do it for the minimum rate pay and the food allowance. After all, this is the Old World. As GM you get a full gazetteer of Nordland and Ostland in addition to the adventure. Want to know what dance is popular in Nordland or how to wear your beard in Ostland, then here's the answer. It is called 'A Private War' since the players will get involved in many private wars along their journey between the vested interests and groups found throughout the Old World.

The book is 98 pages perfect bound, priced at £9 post-paid in the UK and £12 international Airmail. Full details (and free extras) of all three parts (and the Origin of Tree Worship fanzine) can be found online at www.shadow-warriors.co.uk/Warhammer.htm